

ODYSSEY IN UFOs:

About my Space Friends

By Oscar Magocsi

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To Eva Groenke
in light and love
from
Oscar Magocsi

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FOREWORD

This book is not only 'about' my Space Friends - really our Space Friends - but also a tribute to them for their unceasing work on behalf of the Light Forces in the bringing about of cosmic balance and harmony. And above all, a tribute for their efforts to bring our planet Earth into the great family of spacefaring and highly advanced civilizations.

Our Space Friends' benevolent work comes across in various forms, they may appear in different guises and by different names; they may be portrayed in numerous ways - of which this book is just one example. Their mode of contacting our folks may be through a close encounter, or some physical manifestation, or 'channeled' reaching out. One way or another they will come, and come more increasingly often until the millenium. In due time, they will come to you, too...

Toronto, January 1, 1989.

The Author.

PROLOGUE

Briefing in Sedona for the author.

I visited the History of Aviation Museum of San Diego, California in early February 1987. Near the end of the last displays, as I was marvelling at the works of human ingenuity and the fast technological progress, someone at my side spoke to me.

"Truly impressive." A familiar male voice sounded. I turned and was delighted to recognize Argus, a UFO-naut Space Friend of mine.

"Yet, this is just the beginning." Argus smiled. "Given sufficient time, man's inventiveness is unbounded. This you'll soon see for yourself. In a few days' time you'll be shown a most unique documentary of some extraterrestrial space travels and a few exploits of your Federation space friends. This documentary will be most helpful in writing your upcoming book 'About my Space Friends'.

Argus wouldn't tell me about the place and the time of the promised showing. "Don't worry, just do your visiting and tripping in the region as you feel like. You will end up at the right place in the right time. Just like you did it today, being here all the way from Toronto, on the hunch about new encounters."

Then he took me to lunch to the nearby 'Cafe El Morro del Rey', an elegant Spanish Colonial style restaurant, where we had a gourmet meal and some good talking. It was nice seeing my Psychean space friend again. It also felt very reassuring that I was on the right track about the possible new encounters...

* * *

Three days later, my rented car rolled into the town of Sedona, Arizona - the place which had been drawing me very strongly. I spent the daytime with driving and walking around the picturesque rock formations, the towering multi-hued mountains. Sedona is a place of magical beauty and mystical power of energy vortexes. There is a special energy here; it is believed that under the red soil, there is a Lemurian city of crystals - an ancient gateway from the stars.

My daytime exploration was wonderful and most energizing - but no contact materialized. The night came. It was cool and clear, a full moon one day past its peak. Around 10 P.M., a strong urge made me drive out to a huge 'flying saucer'-shaped rock hill formation called Bell Rock. I walked slowly up the western side, already feeling my head bristle with the 'crown-type' energy that follows the shape of the Bell then shoots out into the universe.

Though it wasn't clear what I expected to happen, I was still quite content with just being there in that moonlit land of magic. Stopping on one lower plateau, my eyes fell on a circle-formation of small stones on the rock surface - most likely an Indian medicine wheel. The words of the Bell Rock legend 'Home of the Eagle', 'Place of Communication' came into my mind as I stepped closer to the medicine wheel.

Then something wildly fast happened. The bottom fell out: I felt falling through some shaft, or just being yanked inside the rock hill. A few moments later, my body's transportation came to a stop. I found myself in a very dimly lit surrounding, locked in an elevator sized and vaguely pyramid shaped crystal formation. The surfaces briefly glinted as some ghostly apparition was drawing near. It actually was a live man, enveloped in a spectral glow. He was Quentin, another space friend of mine.

"Sorry about the way you were yanked inside here. Once the ancient transporter beam locked onto your auric pattern, it just acted automatically." Quentin gave me a warm hug. "I am the guide for this visit, welcoming you aboard. Thanks for being on time."

"Being on time wasn't my doing, for I had not the foggiest idea..." I muttered.

"Well, tonight you responded superbly to being guided here. And due to your affinity with the Bell Rock's energy, your entering had to be done this place, even though the promised showing will happen inside the few miles distant but properly equipped Cathedral Rock."

Quentin touched a medallion on his chest - and we both were whisked through rocks and all in a dizzying blur. We came to a halt inside a dimly glowing and cathedral-sized crystal cavern. No instruments, no equipment in sight. The huge crystal-lined place was empty, save for the few reclining chairs in the center where we sat down. The sound of an etheric kind music was coming from somewhere.

"First of all" Quentin spoke, "I'll have to give you a general background sketch on the Federation and its beginnings. As a consequence of the eons past great cosmic war between the Forces of Light and Forces of Darkness, through the unleashed titanic energies, countless million worlds of our Multiverse were destroyed. Even the very fabric of whole realms were shattered into many fragmented dimensions, with the newly formed crack lines becoming permanent barriers. The formerly natural, near-instant cosmic travels and communications were no longer possible.

"Recovery from that war had been slow and remained partial only. But life prevailed as usual. The few surviving worlds - human and alien alike - rebuilt: some from the salvaged remnants to a comfortable median, some from complete scratch to a primitive restart. Thus, after many millenia, most of the affected worlds had attained flourishing civilizations of various degrees. Most all of them were

spacefaring again, even if just on a modest scale. Trading and exchanges were springing up again between planets and starsystems. In several parts, whole regions were already linking up with other ones, forming some initial inter-regional alliances. Such one region was the Psychean Federation of Worlds, which even initiated the growth of great conglomerations to comprise a self-contained sector - later to be designated as Federation Sector 11. For this was where the Greater Federation (fully titled the Interdimensional Federation of Free Worlds) with its 33 vast sectors was finally formed, through the suggestion and guidance of the cosmic facilitators from the Council of the Guardians (for the Forces of the Light, that is).

"These Guardians, the Elder Brothers of humankind in all systems became dedicated to prevent another cosmic scale devastation and to protect against the Dark Forces. These Guardians of the Council under the Grand Masters exist and function 'outside' the multiverse structures, in the uppermost regions of a totally non-physical plane beyond space and time. They are incorporeal beings, occasionally manifesting in their abode as beings of light. From their etherial abode they guide the proper functioning and evolving of our human worlds in whatever cosmic realm our particular homes may be. This they do in full accord with the many separate guiding 'etherial hierarchies' of other alien life forms, for the sake of harmonious co-existence and a lasting cosmic peace.

"Thus, a few hundred millenia ago in a remote part of our multiverse, the Greater Federation was born to administer the affairs of its human world-systems. And so did Sector 11 and its core of Psychean Worlds become the Greater Federation's center sector with a governing planet named Xanthius. The Federation's 33 sectors are made up from a grand total of 5000 major world-center planets, plus a hundred times that many planets still untouched or undeveloped. (One sectorial participant is the Confederation of the Milky Way Galaxy, represented by Ashtar Command in regards with planet Earth's evolving towards possible Federation membership.)

"The Galactic Confederation, like many other Federation sectors can have a certain amount of standardization; however, even they do not have a perfectly full standardization from one end to the other. They contain many diverse systems, cultures, technologies and procedures. Most worlds are not even willing to adopt the ways of other worlds. What for? They have perfectly well functioning space travel and technologies. And above all, the degree of 'progress' and efficiency is far less important, than the quality and purpose of sentient life - with the highest common goal being the spiritualization of each homeworld towards ever higher vibratory realms. Each sector is completely autonomous in every way, but have representation on the Federation's capital planet Xanthius. Otherwise there are no links or exchanges between the sectors, which aids independent growth and progress without external influences. Rare exceptions to adopt a new 'outside' method are being decided by the Sector Representative, mostly in matters of the utmost humanitarian concern. Although Federation populations are predominantly humans, there are large segments of alien races with many member worlds or associating worlds.

All membership is on a voluntary basis and by referendum.

"The worlds of the Federation are unified in spirit; are guided by the faraway Council of the Guardians suprabody. These worlds are linked together and protected by the Federation Spacefleet - under Spacefleet Command in cooperation with Federation authorities, but accountable only to the Council of the Guardians. The Guardians keep in touch with these worlds and with Federation Spacefleet through their observing and advising 'cosmic facilitators'. Each planet has grade 4 facilitators as observers. And to ensure overall smooth functioning, several grade 5 facilitators - of which grade Quentin is one - keep monitoring the system and keep reporting to the Guardian Council's august body of grade 6 and 7 stature.

"Often before their appointment, the facilitator candidates already had extended life spans, along with a great variety of experiences and achievements. A facilitator's career is a challenging and fulfilling life. The honor of the formal appointment is administered by the Council of the Guardians. In due time and subject to the individual's having developed the appropriate skills and qualifications, a grade 4 could step up to grade 5 - and after countless millenia, even to grade 6 in the Council's executive branch (which is predominantly incorporeal state, with occasional 'embodied' venturings into the physical realm in cases of great crisis).

"Now, let me explain the various speeds and dimensions." Quentin switched to another kind of topic. "Besides the standard sublight 'impulse' speeds on close approach, there are the supralight speeds available at will for all Federation space vehicles through hyper-space travel. For passenger liners, freighters, other commercial and civilian craft, this supralight cruising speed is 200 C (200 times the speed of light, that is). For Spacefleet Starships and top priority government ships the supralight cruising speed is 500 C. In view that 1 C = the speed of light was once believed the ultimate speed limit, these several hundred C speeds are incredibly swift - yet prohibitively 'slow' for interstellar or intergalactic distances.

"For example, your lens shaped Milky Way home-galaxy with its hundred billion stars is 20,000 light years 'thick' and 100,000 light years in diameter, with neighboring Andromeda Galaxy being 2 million light years distant. And what with the hundred billions of farther galaxies in your home universe alone; what with the many other universes, other dimensions, other levels and realms in this known but mostly uncharted multiverse of ours alone in the unfathomably grandiose Cosmos.

"The Federation's loosely knit commonwealth of many thousand starsystems in the various galaxies and in other dimensions as well, does span 33 vast sectors of our home multiverse in this infinite cosmos. To travel these formidable distances with even faster than

supralight cruising, we also have access to the near-instant transit of interstellar jumps for all the vessels, via the so-called Star Gates which exist about 100 light years apart within each sector, thus cutting 'door to door' travel time down to several weeks at the most (to while away by induced sleep as an option). Star Gates are artificially developed. The potential Gates are found at locations of peculiar warps in the space/time continuum - which then are augmented by manmade power-feedback boosters. The Gates are being operated and maintained by robots and computerized equipment, and are all having programmable selection of destination to another similar gate inside the Sector. To access other-dimensional Federation Sectors, Space Fleet vessels are equipped to go through the so-called 'interdimensional transit windows' naturally abundant in most star systems.

"Then there are the Galaxy Gates, of course (2 or 3 of them within each Federation Sector), those strangely complex anomalies capable of instantaneously transporting a starship from one galaxy to another - which anomalies concealed in mazes of strong gravitational turbulences are bound to tear a regular spaceship to pieces. Therefore, only the special-monitoring equipped and heavy duty Space Fleet vessels are fit to pinpoint and accurately go through these catapults of superjumps between such awesome intergalactic distances.

"The most efficient mode of communication developed up to date is the 'ultra-space' transmission at 10,000 C speed, even routed through the Star Gate grid's auto-relay system if needed, or shot via relay-probe through a Galaxy Gate. At the most, it could take half a day for a message from a most remote point to some Command Center.

"Besides your home-dimension, there are many other dimensions as well, which exist side by side or even partially overlap. All these dimensions are having physically similar realities, yet are undetectable to each other because of their different frequency 'ranges'. Dimensions do also exist in lower or higher frequency 'bands'. For any sentient life form, either 'up-banding' or 'down-banding' is extremely difficult, often requiring specialized vessels and/or assisted boostings. For these 'bands' are actually different world-orders of various existence levels on the cosmic evolutionary scale - different densities of separate Vibratory Realms (VR), that is. Earth and its visible universe with the myriad galaxies is of mid-range VR 3 (3rd Density). Psycheans and many Federation Worlds are at high range VR 3 or lower range VR 4. These vibratory realms are onion skin like layers of spheres within spheres, yet well isolated from each other by their quantum leaps of drastically higher or lower frequency bands. The substance of these realms and their dwellers are incompatible with each other (like solids to etherics, fire to water); the dwellers have no use for each other's technologies, could not take objects or tools across the barriers, and could at best exert a tenuous cross-influence an indirect way only. Cross-travellers therefore are strictly on their own, have to blend in and use local means only.

Silence fell. I just sat there, trying to digest and retain it all.

"Now, the docu-show we got beamed over for" After a long pause Quentin resumed talking "could best be named 'holorama' type, or just rather a 'holodrama'. It is a full sense-surround and holographic type projection, creating a perfect illusion of reality. Besides, for you and me this will feel as if actively participating in it, as if completely experiencing the events. The fainter or sketchier parts were enhance-recorded from memories of the experimenter, augmented with telepathic or actual voice-over at places. The more vivid episodes were actual live recordings via the experimenter person. The full show is four hours long, consisting of some edited highlights and vastly condensed periods from the personal histories of people you already met. Some Earthean identities may be deliberately obscured for the sake of anonymity, yet essential feelings and experiences will still remain intact. This 'holodrama' method was chosen to help you see and experience things that would be too lengthy or too difficult to relate in a conventional way. Then it will be your job to find adequate words for describing it all in your upcoming book titled 'About my Space Friends'.

"And now, let the lights dim and the show begin." Quentin concluded.

Quentin's spectral glow subsided, and the cavern went completely dark. Soon I started to see some stars, then many more stars. It began to feel like traveling through deep space, really flying, transporting, battling, warping; much later I felt really bleeding and dying, then cheering and triumphing. I truly lived through it all, with every ounce of my being.

Now, let me try to put it all into the words of this book here.

* * *

SOME EVENTS OF PAST TIMES

Micah (a.k.a. don Miguel)

During his adolescence, he spent many a night looking at the starlit sky with great wonderment, sitting out by the wreck of the super-starship in the desolate mountains. He had been drawn to that crash site, as if his fruitless searches of the broken up wreckage - or his longing gazes into the inscrutable universe - would yield some clue to his mysterious origins. They would not. Regrettably, neither could he get much on the subject from the 'most learned critter' in those parts, the robotized shuttleport's recluse chief under whose patiently kind tutelage he became a jack of all trades.

About 31,000 of your years ago, an estimated one year old baby then, he happened to be the sole survivor from that crashed super-starship of unknown origin. Soon he was adopted by a childless couple of that bleak planetoid - called 'Pits' - located in some very minor system. The adoption was facilitated by Doc 'Crazy Horse' the only medico in the region, who declared him a somewhat strange but healthy human, and through whom years later he became a paramedic. Since folks minded their own business on that tough frontier world, the ship crash was not widely publicized. Apart from some cursory poking at the charred wreckage and the burned bodies of the handful occupants, there was no inquest, no legal fuss. He was named Micah, and was raised with much love and care by his foster parents, an otherwise hard working and hard living couple of the 'riches or bust' variety. Well, gambling with their lives as prospectors in the slim hope of finding some fabled and priceless triocton crystals was their free choice over the dull alternative of wasting away in a guaranteed income society of some mainstream world. Hardships, challenges they preferred, a lifelong chasing of the 'fool's gold'. Yet, it was through Micah that they got lucky in the end. At age 21, he happened to stumble into a lode of the much coveted triocton-crystals, very near the wrecked super-starship. Some silly rumors arose - allegedly originating from a drunken state-ment Doctor 'Crazy Horse' made once - that Micah's alien blood contained triocton particles whose timed activation enabled him to 'home in' on the lode of crystals. (According to legend, triocton was the source of power and propulsion in super-starships). Micah gave his foster parents half the proceeds, which certainly put them in the lap of great luxury travels and bought them a legally allowable 25% life extension over the region's statistical 800 years' life span.

Micah, too, moved off the planetoid, wanting to learn-to know-to experience everything. Yet, after a few short years of extensive travels and 'living it up', he settled down to get educated at the venerable Boulderam University. And even though science and technology were the trendiest - and for him the easiest, with his having doubled at paramedics besides having lived with repairing

a great variety of machines from mining droids to space freighters - still he rather chose the sedate and dreamy pursuit of the liberal arts. Little did he know that his life on the campus would be far from a sedate one and that he'd be inevitably caught up in the ever boiling cauldron of 'revolutionary world-saving' ideas, in the student-body's constant searching for boldly new challenges. There on Boulderam, through old annals he found out that his foster parents hailed from a nearby college's similarly challenge-seeking climate, before opting for the rugged life of a mining colony. Their option seemed pretty ridiculous to Micah - yet a few years later he found himself heading in the same direction as the elected leader to a bunch of 'pioneering minded' students. His taste, though, was not for a barren planetoid, but rather for some lush-green world. Soon he was leading 50 couples of 'back to Nature' trailblazers to a faraway and completely virgin planet. It was leased for 700 years from the Federation Resources for his flock of colonists, with himself as a principal stockholder and a would-be-patriarch. He also took his passionate lover, a very pretty and strong female pioneer called Leander for his wife and help mate. The planet's name became Micander. The 700 years lease duration was well within the average 800 years life span in those parts - a seemingly awful long time in the eyes of the 'short lifer' species like that of the Earthians, yet not so awfully long. One just plans and lives accordingly.

Even though the populations elsewhere were genetically sampled for a minimal propagation, the new 'Micanderites' as planet lease holders were entitled to have 2 surviving children per couple inside the first 50 years of marriage. Then followed compulsory sterilization. Even with this low propagating, in just 3 centuries the original population of 100 grew into 3000-ish, which in yet another 4 centuries hit the 1 million mark.

In the very beginning Micah become a family man, a householder, throwing himself into the good life of a toiling pioneer and farmer, living with Nature and leading the human community's growth. No machines of any kind were allowed. Hand tools and rudimentary devices were used for everything from clearing the woods through building houses and to cultivating the lands. But they brought in with them useful type domestic animals similar to horses, cows, poultry, dogs and cats. The mountains of original supplies were stashed in the secure 'hard core' bases when their freighter ship had departed. Then, by their own design, the settlers were cut off for good from the civilized worlds. Except, of course, from the periodic probe-droid monitoring by the Federation for their general safety and well being, and from the once a decade compulsory checking around by an inspector robot. Yet the colonists were quite content to be isolated, and content to fill their existence with the simplest things of a non-mechanized but most humanized agricultural community. And with a few years' hard work they had their family farmhouses built, made a good start at cultivating the cleared fields and at building a small town for essential services.

About 300 years after the pioneer beginning, Micah's strong in-

terest in herbs and flowers got him into the homemade remedies sideline, which gradually expanded into a solid family business line, along with some off-planet exporting. This latter phase started after about 600 years when the planet's population reached the $\frac{1}{2}$ million mark - at which point a cautious recontacting the outside world began, as per the original charter. It was also around that time Micah's wife died in an accident, causing the 'old man' quite an emotional crisis and lengthy readjustment.

Wanting to get real busy, Micah soon became an interstellar traveling salesman with his home remedy line. He established chain outlets throughout the local cluster and made mergers with similar lines, which culminated in his becoming a conglomerate organizer on a near galactic scale. Big time wheeling-dealing and political connections followed inevitably. Micah's horizon was swiftly widening, and the pace of his life ever-accelarating, away from his once 'simple life'. So ended the first phase of his life at age 730. The same time his planet's lease expired; and for his outstanding achievement in founding Micander's unique society, the Federation awarded him a life extension to his 5000th year, a rare honor given to one in a million. Also, he received an honorary doctorate from Boulderam University, his alma mater.

At more than half the places in the Federation, the average human life span is 200 of your Earth years. At less than half the places, the so-called 'long lifer' span is 800 years. Childhood and adolescence is similar to that of Earth's, with maturation reached at age 18 to 21. Full peak is reached between 35 and 50, but with the long lifers this peak stays stable 'prime of life' condition to age 500, followed by a 200 years period of middle age. Aging decline usually sets in well after 700-ish.

In cases of greatly outstanding individual excellence the Federation is capable of granting a life extension to age 5000. The extension treatment is being administered at a most secret clinic, to which the extended grantee (called 'prolonged one') will have to return every 100 years or so for periodic boosting. The treatments are not as much biological, but rather psionic in their nature through the various in-depth adjustments of the auric field.

In extremely rare cases, and only on a handful of indispensably useful individuals the Council of the Guardians may bestow a second physical-life extension of 35,000 to 40,000 years age limit (these grantees are called 'most prolonged ones'). The initial treatment and subsequent boostings are done ultra-dimensionally through an unknown process administered by the Guardians.

The 'prolonged' and 'most prolonged' person's organism will function at a 'prime of life' fitness level, ensured by the periodic rejuv-boostings to forestall energy dips or organic declines. To help psychological coping with the seemingly infinite life span, the rejuv-boost occasions may also serve as convenient time dividers for the long stretches in between, besides which the 'prolonged ones'

can do further subdividing into 'eras' (phases in their life styles or missions/assignments in serving the Federation). Then, within these much easier managable parameters, the prolonged ones usually deal with a specific period at a time and become focussed on the immediate task or happening - just like average humans do.

* * *

Next, Micah relinquished his Micander role to his heirs and innumerable offsprings, and with his new long lease on life he started to look for newer pastures. This led him deep into the politics of the local cluster (a group of a hundred inhabited planets around 'closely' bunched stars). For the next 2000 years or so, his life became ever more complex along with an ever increasing action radius. Now he had galaxy-wide connections, even formed friendly ties with a highly placed section chief named Ardvaal from the Intergalactic Affairs Coordination. It was at an earlier joint conference through Ardvaal, that he learned about the very low profile but paramountly influential supra-Federation ruling circle called the 'Council of the Guardians' and its intricate ways. Micah even participated at a high level conference Ardvaal took him to, where he first met the Council's flesh and blood emissary, a grade 5 cosmic facilitator called Quentin. Micah, Ardvaal and Quentin happened to develop unusually strong bonds during subsequent meetings and shared activities. A few decades later, when Ardvaal requested transfer to Federation Security field assignments for Border Patrol, Micah was asked to fill the vacated post. This he accepted -staying on for about a millenium, till his age 4000.

And even though Micah kept steadily growing in experience, wisdom and stature at his Intergalactic Affairs post, a restless yearning for some more profound way of life also kept growing in him. The resolve to move on came when he received the shocking news of Ardvaal's tragic death from a remote border zone. So Micah resigned his post and retired from public service. Being 4000 years old, he decided to spend his remaining 1000 years on a private quest for the meaning of existence in general and his own one in particular. He dropped out of society and went on his great cosmic quest. He procured authorization to do arcane research on behalf of Boulderam University, to make his intended travels restriction-free and much easier with Star Fleet. He spent an incredible fortune - nearly all his private wealth - acquiring the fastest and most sophisticated one-man starship in the supravessel class. With Quentin's recommendation he was granted Federation permission to refit and convert the vessel to standard Space Fleet performance.

Space Fleet standard meant being capable of Intersector and Intergalactic jumps, hyper-lane travel between Stargates, Inter-dimensional transits. For the reaching the mind boggingly far-flung systems millions of light years apart, such modes of transportation were imperative to hold the Federation together by the Star Fleet, and now a must for Micah to cover his similarly faraway destinations. Coming out of Stargate jumps, his vessel became capable of a 500 C

safe cruising speed to reach a desired system, also an emergency speed of 1000 C in case of need. Not that Micah would want to tour all the 33 vast sectors of the Federation which comprised numerous star clusters and parts of galaxies through 12 of the known universes in the multidimensional Cosmos. No, he just merely wished to seek personal meetings with a number of legendary sages, whose widely scattered whereabouts he had managed to access prior to resigning from his office. But even his relatively 'modest' journeying would take a century or two to complete, and with the slower space travel in hyperdrive he would have to spend weeks at a time in induced sleep between Stargate inter-jumps. At each destination he intended to visit, he would want to immerse himself fully into the resident sage's particular framework of higher philosophy and metaphysical principles, before seeking a personal audience for an in-depth querying.

Micah truly seemed to find the wandering scholar's role the perfect life-style for his temperament. Thus he researched many kinds of arcane teachings through the distant universities and some faraway sources, entrusting his ship's computer to sift through mountains of recorded information then to file the distilled essence. He also met with truly remarkable characters, teachers, even some masters of the arcane field. Periodically, he transmitted monographs and progress reports through the nearest Vector Comm Center to Boulderam University, partly to fulfill his assumed academic obligation and partly to keep the ever inquisitive Star Fleet off his back. In the course of time, though, Star Fleet became most accommodating, specially after Micah consented to mediate in a few regional squabbles as some unofficial emissary for Intergalactic Affairs.

Thus Micah was getting drawn deeper and deeper into his cosmic quest, while getting increasingly farther away from the beaten track. He drifted out so much, that he even forgot about his going back to a 'rejuv clinic' in the mainstream for his long overdue periodic boosting. Then a very strange thing happened to him. While in a remote nebula to seek out a certain sage, one day in his hotel room Micah was overcome by an uncontrollable drowsiness which rapidly turned into a catatonic state. Much later, after the fact he learned that he had gone into a coma for 30 days. During that coma, according to holo-documented evidence, his body secreted some toxic fluids which solidified into an impenetrable crust of armor encasing him - apparently as a protection by his mysterious defense mechanism. After the elapse of 7 days the process reversed, and all traces of the crust evaporated as toxic gases. Real neat protection for a hibernating body. Soon it became obvious that he underwent a spontaneous rejuv-boost! From that time on, Micah deliberately stayed away from rejuv-clinics, wanting to know whether the spontaneous event would recur. Well, it did recur 200 years later, while on a rim world for consulting Master Helixee. Evidently, his spontaneous rejuv boost was a genetic built-in.

Incidentally, on that rim world, Master Helixee gifted him a

riddle which contained the key for finding the 'Elysian world of ultimate learning' - the legendary Akhashand. Micah set out in pursuit as per instructions, towards uncharted regions. Eventually he managed to crack the elaborate riddle, which yielded a series of random numbers. By then, he was within reach of the remotest Stargate, an unmanned outpost at Archonus. Suspecting that the numbers stood for an unlisted location coordinates somewhere in the multidimensional Cosmos, on a wild hunch about Akhashand, Micah keyed the random numbers into the Stargate transporter circuit.

And the consequence was truly spectacular: after a long and wild 'supra-drive' across half Creation, Micah arrived in a realm of enchanted luminosity and great felicity. His ship's shuttle landed him near some pastel-colored temples, vast open theatres, many columned halls of marble. Leisurely clad humans were all over the place in a balmy climate. Everything and everyone looked very vibrant. There was an infinite variety of new colors and new sounds. All details had an intense sharpness and clarity about them, which were far beyond the range of the usually perceived everyday world.

It was neither the 'hereafter', nor an astral plane. The place was for real. Micah himself also looked bright and vibrant. He felt joyous, very light, very much at home. For him, mingling came natural with the other people. They all came to the place for the same reason as Micah himself. He was in the company of like minds, who were all happily absorbing the highest kind of Universal teachings from many great Master teachers - or exchanging ideas with fellow 'students', conducting or attending seminars with the others. Akhashand was like a great happy campus community. Micah felt contented and absolutely carefree: his needs were looked after, his access remained unbroken to the now just minimally 'awake' starship in parking orbit. Akhashand was a timeless realm, where no one - including his own self - was concerned about the passage of time. But after what felt like a century, saturation set in, so he acted on the urge to move on. Realization dawned on him, that his learning was fully completed. From then on he just simply had to live - to serve - to evolve and grow in stature.

Returning through retrace-mode in his starship to the tangible realms of the Federation, he was astounded to learn when recalibrating to Local Galactic Time Standard, that actually 15,000 years had elapsed in his absence. On top of it, he seemed much younger in every way, as if he reverted back to his prime 300-ish! And while he kept checking and rechecking the time frames and his instruments, feeling still much confounded - he was jolted to full alertness by a tall human figure's sudden materialization on the bridge.

It was Quentin, the Guardians' representative in the flesh, who came to comfort him and explain the puzzling events. Quentin confirmed that Micah was truly absent for 15,000 years, and indeed became permanently rejuvenated into prime condition. Quentin said that at Micah's departure he was alerted by the Stargate's auto-warning about someone's inter-jump to an unlisted location. Through

some detective work and coordinates tracking, he figured out that it was Micah's going to Akhashand. Understanding the motive, he approved in his own heart.

The only snag was that the unmanned Archonus Stargate had been tampered with, causing a time displacement of 15,000 years by diverting the ship through several time warps. The tampering seemed a deliberately hostile act by Dark Forces agents, of which Ardvaal fell victim to while investigating the tampering effect. Like another Federation agent's before him, Ardvaal inter-jumping ship was thrown into the time warps where he died when past his 5000th year. But Micah had not died in the time warps. On the contrary, he even got rejuvenated, doubtless due to having been from a mysterious 'very long lifer' stock - even if an unknowing one - whose rejuvenation trigger was somehow activated in the time warps.

Quentin suspected that the Guardians must have had some 'future joint role' design for himself along with Micah and even including Ardvaal - despite of the apparent setback by the latter's death. Quentin learned that Ardvaal was reborn since in a new embodiment, was now 200 years old and was getting regroomed for his old Security & Intelligence 'bloodhound' role.

Now, since Micah's second life-extension became an accomplished fact - even if not by official bestowal - Quentin promised to have the factual status duly registered in the Federation, along with Micah's reinstatement and discreet reinsertion in the everyday mainstream...

* * *

The Star Gate incident.

"Well, I should pick up the pieces of my life. For starters, I'll drop by Boulderam University." Micah said.

"Wherever the place, it's your decision. But if you ever need my help, just give me a call." Quentin said in parting, then his form dematerialized from the bridge.

Since Micah didn't really feel like rushing back into the mainstream, he just set the ship on auto-return to Boulderam, before his shuttling down to planet Archonus by some seashore. The touchdown point was half way around the globe from the Federation monitoring outpost. That place he could reach in a couple of years slow 'nomadic' wandering across the varied terrain. It felt somewhat like his pioneering beginnings of ages past on planet Micander. It was back to basics, getting physically centered again, living in tune with Nature, and living off the land hermit-fashion. He even hoped to get some clues to the Stargate's strangely time-warping behaviour.

So he set out on foot in a leisurely manner, clad in a rugged weather-all and carrying a light backpack only. He was having a good time by and large, through mild and rough weather conditions, fascinated by the everchanging environment and by the picturesquely strange color combinations caused by the two suns of the binary system. His frequent watching of sunrises and sunsets developed into regular reveries with ponderings on the Akhashand teachings, with the eventual solidifying into a meditation regimen. He felt happy with his peaceful, contemplative, very slow paced existence, his attunement with Nature and with the strange planet's rhythm.

About a year and a half after his arrival, one sunset time while sitting in meditation on a hill of barren rocks, he was overcome by a weird feeling that he experienced only once in his life: at the moment of his discovering the cache of the fabled triocton crystals on his childhood's home planetoid.

Now, Micah broke his meditation, rose and walked across the hill as if drawn, right to a shrub-concealed entrance of a large cave. In the failing daylight he could still verify what he already intuited: immense deposits of embedded triocton crystals lined the insides of the cave, with their three-colored hypnotic spell of ruby-emerald-violet glints. Also, there were some surprising objects: banks of heavy duty condensers coupled to ultrawave generators, assorted electrical and electronic equipment strewn all over - signs of manmade harnessing the crystal energies. It didn't take him long to figure out that the setup was partly used for a very thorough monitoring the Archonus Star Gate characteristics - and partly for attempting to alter those characteristics by ultrawave feedback. However, the available power seemed grossly inadequate for altering.

Micah knew that a browse-through and cursory glances at vast amounts of flow charts and computer readouts would not yield any secrets. But to obtain some gut feeling, on a sudden impulse he decided to sit down on a collector resembling platform of a crystal slab. He sat under a telescope-like cannon device, right in line with the heart of the Stargate anomaly-field that a scanner screen showed in graphic details.

And there Micah went into a deep meditative state, serving for a human collector focus between the turbulence and the planet's very ground. His mind got flooded with vast amounts of information that were stored in the crystals. As his mind became a live link, he felt the Stargate turbulence field's natural cycling, like an ocean's ebb and tide. But through an interplay of the complex forces, he also sensed some intruding tendrils of an extraneous power's scrambling effect. Matter of fact, it was rather like calculated manipulation from another realm; and from which realm, amassed ship-like objects were being fed into the field 'in phase' and coming through the Archonus Star Gate...

Micah's link was suddenly broken as he awakened to someone's entering the cave. It was a tall man in his prime, pointing a phaser gun at him.

"What are you doing in here with my instruments?"

"Nothing much." Micah replied. "Since the place was open, I came in and browsed through your setup and sniffed at your intentions about the Star Gate field."

"I'll be darned." The man exclaimed. "You appear to be the ancient Micah, believed to have died in a field malfunction here a long time ago. By the way, I am Argon of Federation Space Fleet Intelligence, presently on leave. I am a native of this planet, born as the only child of the local Star Gate caretaker couple at the 'science compound'. This setup here is my private project that I started a hundred years ago, in hope of solving the field's malfunction riddle."

"I am Micah, indeed." Micah said. "And I survived the time warps, unlike a one time good friend named Ardvaal, whom you resemble to an uncanny degree."

"Of course!" Argon said slowly, a bit shaken. "I always had a hunch regarding my former identity, but now you made me feel absolutely certain. I was Ardvaal, a one time victim to this destructive turbulence - now reincarnated as an obsessed investigator of this field distortion."

"Unfortunately, there is an added complication this time: the deliberate field manipulation now is expanded to sending some alien spacecraft through from a so far unknown realm."

"Yes, I know." Argon nodded. "Today I just managed to shoot

down the second one one their sneaky lot."

"Very commendable, but not enough. Those craft had been sent just for recon, soon to be followed by a massive invasion of sorts." Micah gestured towards a magnified screen display of a flow chart. "Matter of fact, those ripples indicate that a fresh formation of six craft is already coming through."

"Right. So let's get the hell out, before they find us here through our life form emanations or through the powered equipment's radiation!" Argon shouted, half dragging Micah with him while throwing the master switch to 'off'.

They stumbled through the dark night, aboard Argon's waiting hover-cruiser which immediately sped away with them. Micah presumed they were heading for the monitoring station and adjacent science compound. But before they got very far, the craft's open com-link speakers crackled and came on with a tense male voice's crisis announcement, punctuated by breakups and the sound of explosions.

"... mayday, mayday. This is the Stargate monitoring station on planet Archonus... being under heavy attack by several hostile spacecraft of unknown origin ... science compound has already been totally destroyed... we do not know how much longer can we last with our shielding here... now, a whole invading armada seems to be pouring into Federation space through the wild running turbulences of the Archonus Stargate ... whoever hears our distress call, please notify Space Fleet Command... mayday, mayday..."

The voice got silenced. Argon switched the crackling speakers off, then turned his attention to the chaotic jumble of instrument readings and screen images.

"A complete devastation, no doubt." Argon announced gravely. "We can't even go back to the crystal cave for a while, without giving away its location. The reinforced camouflage field is not completed, needs some more work. We better run for my forest hide-away base on the far side."

"What about the possibility of detection there?" Micah asked.

"Very minimal. The hideaway's camouflage field can stand up against cursory scan-sweeps. Thorough enemy searching is rather unlikely."

Later, by the daylight of the planet's far side, their hover-cruiser slipped into a dense forest of giant trees, under the impenetrable canopy of the heavy foliage layers. They landed inside the microwarp-type camouflage field, next to a gyroscopic satellite tracker of a dish antenna. There were several smaller trackers, generators and storage modules as well.

"Quite a setup you have here." Micah remarked.

"Yes. It was meant for experimentation. And for emergency fall back as well, which sure comes handy now. The large dish is locked onto one compact, solar powered, and highly sensitive satellite. It helps me to monitor any traffic or communication inside the binary solar system plus the Stargate vicinity. The smaller trackers are mostly 'auto' laser and phaser stuff for perimeter defense."

Micah went exploring on foot, then on a snub-nosed ground speeder. The surroundings were quiet, peaceful. Yet Micah had an uneasy feeling of some threatening danger. On returning to base he rejoined the grim faced Argon at the com-link, who just caught the tail end of some decoded transmission from a Star Fleet convoy near the binary system.

"... getting destroyed piecemeal. Our surviving units are on the run... outnumbered and outgunned by massively superior alien forces. We recommend Star Fleet's quickest countering with vast firepower..."

Argon replayed the full transmission, also other pieces and bits of communications along with some visuals. The fragments of battle scenes, closeups on invaders' craft, Space Fleet's ship to ship comments did not shed any light on either the identity or the motivation of the invaders.

"Incidentally, none of these transmissions were originated by the invaders. They do not communicate by any means known to us." Argon remarked. "Rather baffling and..."

The shriek of the cruiser's alarm cut in. The status screen clearly indicated the rapid approach of a hostile craft. A loud blast rocked the cruiser, followed by a more distant explosion.

"We've been hit." Argon exclaimed. "But our tracking phasers nailed the bastard for good."

"Unfortunately, others will follow soon." Micah commented. "So we better run while we can."

Argon nodded and reached for the controls.

"Not in this vehicle." Micah restrained his comrade. "We'd better use the less detectable ground speeder and make for the crystal cave. But first, set this cruiser on auto and send it off for decoy in another direction."

"Sounds right. We should take some extra power packs for the speeder, for it's a half day ride. But why the crystal cave?"

"I don't know. Just a hunch that it may be our only chance."

On an impulse Micah pocketed the small triocton piece that glinted at him invitingly from atop the console.

Argon set the auto controls. The cruiser took off on its own while they ran for the ground speeder. Soon after their departure, explosions behind them ripped the forest's peace. The invaders certainly found the camp.

With the onboard mini-computer Argon set a roundabout course for the crystal cave, trying to maximize the natural cover of forests and deep canyons.

Sitting alert and clutching the small triocton piece in hope for an ESP boost, Micah tried to sense any lurking danger ahead for them. Only once they had to stop on his vague impression and to divert all power to cloaking - soon justified by the blips that appeared on the speeder's 100 mile-range passive sensor. The blips clearly showed a grid search by a squadron of hostile craft.

When the two fugitives finally reached the crystal cave, the place was still intact. They left the cloaked speeder inside the cave's entrance. Between Argon's deftness and Micah's long time expertise, with a few hours hard work they succeeded to rig up a reinforced cloaking field for the cave - though twice they had to drop everything and hide inside the speeder to avoid discovery by alien searching craft in the area of which the cave's passive sensor alarm warned about.

Next, Argon quickly went through the readouts, status graphs and various recordings that accumulated since their run for the forest base. Apparently, many hundred large sized hostile battle ships came through since. The Stargate was under the invaders' complete control. The small task force initially sent by the Federation had been destroyed or dispersed. The decoded ultra-space Federation transmissions indicated that Space Fleet was mobilizing on a vast scale, to meet the rapid incursion of the hostile ones now deep into other sectors as well.

Micah followed the updating, then sat down on the large crystal slab under the Stargate-'gazing' telescope. He felt an instant rapport that fast grew into his being linked in with the crystals as their integral part, making him perceive what all the crystals around him already had registered. The prospects for the Federation worlds were terrifying in the light of the information he just absorbed.

"I am afraid the situation is pretty grim." He heard Argon sighing.

"And getting rapidly worse." Micah looked up at Argon. "We have seen the tip of the iceberg so far. Through linking with the crystals, I just learned that the invaders are assembling an incredibly vast armada of many thousand star destroyers. These are

to be launched in 16 successive waves through the appropriate cyclings of the Star Gate during the next four days."

"But why? And who the heck are these invaders?" Argon mused aloud for the hundredth time, not really expecting an answer.

"What I gathered through my unorthodox gleanings, this invasion may be perpetrated by the supreme Dark Lords themselves who don't clearly want to show their hands. They just feed the thought construct assemblages from an altogether different realm through manifestation-matrixing locked onto their Stargate override. Thus these assemblages will solidify into unmarked battleships to wreak havoc. These invading ships are manned by remotely ESP controlled crews in demonic embodiments, that is why the lack of conventional communication." Micah explained.

"And you derived all this information from these dead crystals?"

"Yes, I did, by some strange osmosis through which I got flooded with the knowledge from these not-so-dead crystals. Matter of fact, they are quite alive."

"The way this all sounds, with whatever our Star Fleet comes up will be too little and too late..." Argon made the gloomy summarizing.

"Unfortunately, yes." Micah agreed sadly. "Unless..."

"Unless what?"

"Unless we could permanently damage the Stargate's functioning by a randomized scramble of its turbulence field. That sure would destroy the invaders' mechanisms in the launching realm. Then Star Fleet might succeed eliminating the ones which already came across."

"How could we manage to scramble the Stargate field?"

"Well, it's a very wild card. Even that may take some doing. First, we should rig up a heavy duty feedback generator to couple with the condensers collecting energy from the Stargate turbulence. Then we would reverse collector polarity and use it as some laser cannon for the scrambling..."

"Provided we could do the rigging, our power capacity would be still too puny. We'd need many times more gigawatts." Argus commented.

"True." Micah agreed. "The condenser charges could only be used as primer. But I could derive far more energy from the willingly cooperating crystals which the very ground could replenish. Then this combination we could use for our cannon's beam to modulate some more colossal energies to be unleashed for the actual scrambling."

"And where would you get those colossal energies?"

"The twin suns of this binary system could supply the colossal energies needed. As for the unleasher, well, we would need an external agent capable of such feat. And the only possible agent coming into my mind is Quentin."

"Even if Quentin could do such great feat, your wild sounding scheme has a few more holes. Like how could he get here in time and undetected from wherever; but above all, how do we communicate to summons him without giving our presence away to the invaders?" Argon shook his head in exasperation.

"Impossible as all this may sound, I know we have a slight hope. Besides, this is the only chance for us and for all our worlds." Micah replied. "And unless you have a better idea, we should get on with my plan."

"All right. Where do we start?"

"I will attempt to summons Quentin in a telepathic way. For me this may require an hour or two concentration in an altered state. Meantime, you could start charging up all condensers with the energies collected from the Stargate turbulence. Then try to rig up some heavy duty feedback generator. Do you think you can do it?"

"I think I can come up with some workable contraption. After all, I was the guy who built this cave setup in the first place."

"Quite true. And only this setup here can help to make it happen. Yet to fully succeed, it'd still take the combined efforts from all the three of us - you and I and Quentin, that is."

"So let's get on with it." Argon said, already rummaging through the equipment.

Micah withdrew into a far recess of the cave. There he lay down inside a cradle-like formation of crystal slabs, plugged his ears and closed his eyes. He felt a near instant attunement with the planet's magnetic energies, then his gradual fusing with the caressing vibrations of the crystal enclave. As his whole being was drawn into an intensifying state of bliss, he concentrated thinking of Quentin's face - while mentally repeating the words 'mayday, mayday; Quentin please come to Archonus immediately, we need your covert help to stop hostile invasion at local Stargate'.

Then he must have drifted off, for the rest he didn't remember. A very loud noise woke him and made him sit up.

"Sorry about that, Micah." Argon gestured towards a wrecked piece of equipment still smoldering. "The last condenser got overloaded by a power surge and blew up. Otherwise I'm near completion

of the technical part. You were out cold for a couple of hours. How did it go?"

"All right, I think, before I drifted off. Probably I succeeded to send a clear ESP-transmission." Micah said, standing up and stretching.

Suddenly, the sound of a trumpet came from the cave's entrance, followed by the cheerful shout "hey, is anybody home?". A human figure entered, clad in an elegant tuxedo and carrying a trumpet in one hand. It was Quentin.

"How... how...?" Argon stammered, quite taken back by the dramatic appearance.

"I came running for Micah's distress call." Quentin explained. "Had to rush all the way from the new regional governor's inauguration ball in Sector 17 ZR."

"But... it's over 40 standard days travel by the fastest means. Really far out!" Argon said.

"So I didn't bother with public transportation, and used some short cuts as well." Quentin shrugged in a clownish manner that broke the tense atmosphere. "Well, what seems to be the problem?"

They gave him a fast summarizing of the events, along with a few clips of recording, also their tentative battle plan.

"I never thought the situation would be that grim, even though earlier I already overheard some talk about a serious incursion and war crisis in your sector." Now Quentin was all business, making quick cross checkings and calculations through the readouts. After a few minutes he spoke up again.

"You know, Micah's wild scheme just might work. Lucky that he is such a first degree cousin to these triocton crystals by the crystalloid particles in his blood since birth."

"So it's true, then?" Micah asked wide eyed.

"Yes, it is. But this scheme is way over my head, so I have to go and get the authorization along with some special equipment from the Council of the Guardians."

"Even if the Council goes for it, how long would that all take?" Argon frowned anxiously.

"Not any longer than my getting here for the distress call. I feel the Council would be supportive under the circumstances. And until my return, maybe you two could get everything battle ready, while maintaining low profile to prevent discovery by the invaders." Quentin waved his hand, then slowly disappeared through dematerializing from the cave.

Shaking off the effects of Quentin's earlier comic relief and the unnerving spectacle of his teleporting departure, Argon and Micah went into completing all preparations and also into monitoring further invasion developments. The battle picture was getting grimmer. The early wave of invader battleships had already penetrated deep into Federation sectors, cutting a swath of destruction. They blew up resisting bases and neighboring communities, hardly hindered by the small losses the valiant Space Fleet inflicted on them. And even though full Space Fleet mobilization was in effect now, the one new wave of fresh invaders that just came through would make things far worse.

"Quentin has been already gone for about three hours." Argon observed. "And the next invader wave is due in two hours from now. I wonder..."

"He'll be back much before that. He's already on his way, I feel." Micah said.

Lo and behold, within a few minutes Quentin indeed walked in with a loud "hello" and a big smile, still elegant and unruffled in his tuxedo.

"Good news, fellows." Quentin declared. "I got the authorization. The Guardians are much concerned, strongly suspecting the hand of the Dark Overlords. In any event, I was given the extraordinary measures - the special equipment, that is. It is a city sized ultra-ship of crystal aggregations shaped as a lens to collect the binary's solar power. I left this crystal lens-ship in the etheric, already deployed at a strategic focal point between this cave and the Stargate, ready to materialize and instantly function at my command.

"So we shall proceed as discussed earlier." Quentin went on. "Micah will extract and channel the planetary crystal power into the collector cannon's matrix-- there to be banked in phase with the feedback-generator supplied energies from the turbulence field. Argon will closely monitor the Stargate field's cycling, and a few minutes before the next invader wave he will reverse the collector flow to make it into a cannon. Also, he will set timer for an initial 20 seconds long burst 180 degrees out of phase with Stargate field, to be followed by randomized out-of-phase bursts for effective scrambling. With all these steps preset, one second after the invader's next launch Argon should pull the trigger. This then will be the signal for me to materialize the crystal lens-ship, and my letting its modulated giga-beam play havoc with the turbulence field."

"Also destroying the ships and personnel of that invader wave." Micah remarked.

"Yes." Quentin nodded. "Quite necessary and appropriate under the circumstances, devoid of any vindictiveness. The calamity should discourage any further attempts for such invasions. Besides, this

Archonus Stargate will be rendered impassable from now on."

"What if the invaders tried again through some other Stargate?"

"Most unlikely. The unique combination of factors that made this possible here may never be found elsewhere. Also, from this time on all Stargates will be closely guarded and monitored."

Quentin went around for some last checking on the readouts, then declared.

"Impossible to predict an accurate time fix for the next wave, for now the spread is over six minutes. The hostile ones must have introduced a randomizer at their end. Therefore, Argon's close monitoring for the trigger moment is even more crucial. Micah can't help with that, for he needs total absorption with the harnessing of the crystal power here.

"In less than half hour, we are on with our one-shot act. So, this is it, fellows..." Quentin waved farewell, then slowly dematerialized.

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The sound of the warning klaxon shrilled through the cave.

The big moment came, and Argon was fully up to it. He saw the dips in the electronic flow chart indicating the launch of the fresh enemy wave. The several hundred new battleships were definitely on their way now through the Stargate turbulence field, their ETA due in 45 seconds. Argon flipped the telescope switch from 'collector mode' to 'cannon mode', then pulled the trigger.

The readouts went wild with the scrambling beam's powerful surge. Argon switched all visual scanners on, succeeding to get a fix on the now fully materialized and functioning crystal lens-ship with its awesome beam. The lens-ship's magnified image on the screen went from a slow glow into the incandescent fury of a small sun. The relevant sensor instruments were reading tremendous energy overloads and a critical stage radiation. Within two minutes the great crystal lens-ship started to melt down. Half a minute later a gigantic explosion's image blossomed on the screens. End of the crystal lens-ship; end of Archonus Stargate's pass, for the turbulence field went into an irreversible state of wild oscillation. Perhaps the end of Quentin's life as well, Argon reflected while standing up to stretch his body.

The cave was in shambles. The condensers and the generators, even part of the telescopic cannon were burnt as if struck by a lightning bolt. Micah lain askew, seemingly dead or unconscious. Argon bent over to examine him, when he heard Quentin's familiar voice over his shoulder.

"Micah will recover in a few minutes. He just got stunned by

the energy back-lash that burnt half your cave when the connection broke with the lens-ship blowing up. I was lucky that I got out one second earlier."

"Well," Argon said, still feeling the tension of the great drama, "it seemed very fast and furious. But it's all over now, I guess."

"It certainly is over." Quentin said as he helped the recovered Micah to stand. "Though Space Fleet will be still kept busy for a while battling the already penetrated hostile ones. But the main battle was won here. The Council of the Guardians was correct in predicting that our unique trio would surely overcome this difficulty here..."

*

Nothing was learned who the invaders were, for they never communicated and not one hostile craft was ever captured. When about half of them perished in battle, the rest just simultaneously self-destructed.

Peace was restored to the Federation, even though Star Fleet's losses were very heavy. Archonus Stargate was impassable, the other Stargates became closely guarded.

There were speeches and celebrations. By then Quentin took his leave quietly. Argon was promoted to the rank of commodore in Space Fleet Command, was awarded a life extension to his 5000th year - and even had planet Archonus renamed to Argona in his honor.

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Micah accepted a high position with Intergalactic Affairs to serve to his best. Retirement was indefinitely out of question. His age of 19,000 years was only a number to him, for he didn't feel or look different from that of his 'prime of life' condition.

Micah was well over 22,000 years of age when he decided to leave the administration life of Intergalactic Affairs, accepting a position of resident professor at Boulderam University. He felt young and exuberant, working off his excess energy in various sportsy activities. His strongly renewed interest in the opposite sex led him into a series of torrid relationships, then even into a marriage with a ravishing undergraduate female of great energy and charisma. Together, they explored the esoteric side of bio-drives and of sexuality. Much later, Micah grew into a nature-mystic - while she became the high priestess of a life-force worshipping cult, in pursuit of some far fetched notions of 'other worldly' pastures. By that time, they had already been married for half a millenium. Then, one day during a cult 'service', very mysteriously she just disappeared into the thin air, never to return again.

Micah was quite disconsolate for a long time, trying to pick up the pieces of his life. He was near 23,000, toying with the idea of moving on again. And that's when he received official notification from the Federation Congress : he was urgently recalled to active government duty on account of some cosmic scale emergency...

* * *

Space Scourge crisis.

Space Fleet scrambled all available warships in the whole quadrant to fend off the hostile forces.

Settlements were attacked and plundered, one star base destroyed, and a whole cluster of worlds under siege in Federation Sector 29 NV. The attackers were Chorgian warships, acting ferocious, taking no prisoners. The unprovoked and undeclared striking came as a surprise, especially in the light of the several centuries old Federation peace treaty that held up so well with the neighboring and one time hostile Chorgian Empire. Now it seemed the warring was on again.

Then official word came from Chorg's Imperial Command Center: the incursion of their warships into Federation territory was unauthorized and much regrettable. The mad action was attributed to a mysterious bout of insanity that overcame large portions of the Chorgian's border fleet, whose units were wreaking havoc even inside their own home territory - and rapidly contaminating newly arriving fleet units with the same mad dog syndrome. The nature of the madness, its origin and its mode of transmission was so far unknown. The Chorgian Space Command had its hands full of fighting their own mad renegades, advising both Chorgian and Federation fleet units to destroy the berserkers 'on sight' rather than risk catching the disease. The Chorgian message was soon satisfyingly confirmed by the Federation's Embassy in the Empire.

Nevertheless, battles were raging on both sides of the border, with rapidly deteriorating situation for Federation Space Fleet in Sector 29 NV. Newer and newer reinforcements had to be sent in. Then Space Fleet Command decided to mount an extra special effort, by scrambling a task force of Galaxy class star destroyers - along with their most formidable weapon, the super-dreadnought "Fire Angel". This triple shielded and massive vessel with a dozen decks carrying six dual-mount phaser banks and six banks of photon torpedoes, was regarded as the ultimate force in the conventional type Galaxy-class starships.

And for extra protection against any possible psychic or psychotronic menace - not to be ruled out in the peculiar madness contagion spread through the Chorgian Imperial Fleet - the Federation dreadnought's very core contained a top secret chamber, inside multi-layered forcefields and psychotronic shieldings. The small chamber was equipped with independent monitoring and sensing equipment, also with manual override of all bridge controls and every ship function.

Commodore Argon, a one time starship captain now a Space Fleet intelligence officer at large was assigned as a sole operator of this override chamber. And for added insurance, Argon in his chamber was psychotronically and telepathically linked for possible

psychic support by two shadowing craft. One craft was flown by Master Helixee, a strong and much proven telepath. The other craft, the sleek 'Boulderam' was flown by Micah on special order from Space Fleet Command.

As Micah learned through his briefing en route to the beleaguered Sector 29 NV, Quentin was also connected in some way but kept in the background as a reserve for this 'operation Space Scourge counter-measures'. Now as the Space Fleet task force including the dreadnought 'Fire Angel' was penetrating deeper into the war zone, Micah already established a clear holo-pickup transmitted via scrambler from the dreadnought's secret chamber. For him it felt as almost being there aboard the 'Fire Angel', sharing Argon's override chamber. Besides the holo-pickup, Argon also maintained a purely psychic link as an emergency backup in case of psychotronic failure.

But so far the dreadnought had only isolated skirmishes with the errant Chorgians. Micah also learned that inside the Empire, Central Command was slowly gaining the upper hand even if at very heavy losses. Then suddenly, through the task force's scrambled com-link, reports of heavy enemy engagement from the flanks started to pour in.

The reported action was gradually shifting closer to the heart of the 28 ship task force. Micah's attention was diverted from the general info channel to the situation-monitoring screens inside Argon's chamber. He felt Argon's concerned reaction as the ninth Federation vessel in a row was blown apart. Argon's screens were showing dozens of Chorgian star destroyers closing in for the convoy's final kill. Red lances of phasers incised the blackness of space, biting at the Federation ships as the Chorgians maneuvered around the task force convoy and around each other. The convoy scattered for more favorable positions, continuously exchanging fire with the attackers. Micah watched Argon watching the dreadnought bridge activity screen and the battle status screens.

In the ensuing dogfights both sides were losing heavily. The Chorgians now seemed to be more evenly matched. Then the dreadnought sensors indicated fresh enemy vessels converging from all vector points.

"All weapon stations: each tackle one enemy pair." The 'Fire Angel's captain ordered. "Aim at point of emergence, fire at will."

The massive dreadnought spat out short bursts of fire from all its six dual-mounted phasers.

"Phasers, keep pounding away, while torpedo stations launch two salvos of photons." The captain yelled out, as the bridge shook under the concentrated enemy fire issued simultaneously from a group of Chorgian ships. But the triple shielding held fast.

"Auxiliary weapon stations, watch out for incoming enemy torpe-

does. Calculate for intercept the soonest, far away from us."

Most were intercepted, but not all. The massive 'Fire Angel' shuddered as the terrible thunderbolts of torpedoes which got through struck her weakest points. The internal lights blinked off then on again. The dreadnought lurched sideways, sparks flew everywhere, smoke poured from two circuit relay panels. One port flank shield was crippled, others sustained damages, too.

But much of the clustered enemy vessels were destroyed, as shown plainly by the blossoming crimson explosions of spectacular magnitude. The remaining few Chorgian star destroyers veered off into retreat, pursued by the three relatively intact Federation vessels. The battle was over, the carnage was awesome. A few limping and less damaged ships were already at blowing up the damaged Chorgian destroyers, then evacuating Federation crews from the defunct convoy vessels.

The dreadnought and the only other remaining Federation ship proceeded in the direction of the beleaguered Sector 29 NV's heart. Space Fleet Command instructed them to rendezvous with the already dispatched reinforcements at the nearest Stargate, in the region of the so called Zeator's Abyss. But the dreadnought's companion, the other ship developed a drive problem that needed some repairs at standstill, so 'Fire Angel' kept going on its own. About eight hours later, the dreadnought's forward sensors picked up a derelict Federation vessel and its very weak distress signal. Star Fleet Command said there was a recent battling in the area, and authorized 'Fire Angel' to rescue surviving Federation personnel.

On the dreadnought's closer approach, they picked up some intermittent voice transmission from the crippled starship.

"... many wounded... can't be moved, unless...please send meds, security team,too, for..." Then some inhuman howling was heard, and the transmission stopped.

"Nothing more, just silence, captain." The dreadnought's communication officer said. "Can't raise them on any frequency. I have a bad feeling..."

"I don't like it either. But we must act." The captain said. "I and the first officer, doctor and head nurse, plus two tops security men will beam over fully armed and on life support systems. Chief engineer, take the con, and be ready to yank us all back in case..." The captain and the first officer left the bridge for the transporter room.

From afar, Micah watched his screens with fascination. The dreadnought was a monstrous, intricate structure, left behind from very old times - yet superbly updated to match any possible adversary in its class. He watched the transporter room activities and the dematerialization of the boarding party for the 'beam over' to the crippled starship. Afterwards, only audio pickup was avail-

able from the boarding party. Now even this audio transmission was breaking up, with only disconnected words coming over.

"....most of them dead...some life form readings from the engineering below...good gracious, what are these monstrosities?... shoot, shoot... 'Fire Angel' standby for imminent..." Muffled explosions, phaser fire, moans and some weird howling sounds were heard. Then just silence and static.

Micah watched on his screen the dreadnought's transporter room coming alive. The captain counted heads, then spoke into his radio com-link.

"Captain to bridge. Boarding party is back. One security man is dead, some of us are wounded. Send meds to assist. Chief engineer, full phaser fire and a photon torpedo for the crippled starship's complete destruction. Repeat: destruct crippled vessel immediately."

Micah saw two thick beams of destroying energy licking out from 'Fire Angel' and searing into the derelict vessel. The beams struck the vessel again and again. Huge sections were blasted apart, then shattered into bits and pieces.

"That's the end of that hellish abomination." The captain said into his com-link. "Space Scourge must have somehow gotten across to that crippled starship, possessing several survivors in engineering who lured us into the trap. Those poor survivors acted like maniacal killers, being enveloped by some yellowish lime green energy that lashed out and tried to absorb us, too. Luckily, our life system force-fields protected us. Then we were yanked back here, just in time..."

"Captain!" The transporter officer interrupted and pointed. "Something beamed aboard with you."

They all whirled to see a shapeless and slimy green mass floating off the platform and seeping into the walls of the transporter room. Before complete absorption into the walls, the vestiges of the slimy green energy briefly touched the room's occupants. The transporter officer gasped and fell dead on the floor. But the returning party's force fields managed to repel in a flare of halo.

The captain wasted no time. He leapt across to the console and spoke through the P.A..

"Captain to all personnel. Put on your life support systems immediately. Space Scourge sneaked aboard by using our transporter beam. It is a shapeless, slimy green energy field, capable of killing unprotected people. Bridge, sound red alert, and full speed ahead to the rendezvous point. I am on my way to the bridge."

Micah switched his attention to the screen that monitored activities on 'Fire Angel's bridge. He saw the captain and the first

officer entering and heard their receiving the status report.

"Half of the ship's personnel has already been killed by Space Scourge sweeping all the levels below. The other half who managed to put on their life support in time are being systematically overpowered by intense energies, or being fried slowly through their force fields by the ship's auto-defense laser system taken over along with many ship functions by Space Scourge..."

"Captain!" The helmsman shouted, pointing to his navigational console, then gesturing around. "Something is going through the consoles, computer banks and memory storages."

The telltales of all the bridge computer systems - navigation, communications, library, engineering - were alive with flashing lights. All signs indicated that information was being processed through the system at an incredibly fast rate.

"It has absorbed all the computer banks, captain." The first officer stated.

"No amount of information will give it what it needs: a manipulative digit." The captain commented.

Further talk was cut off as the room suddenly was bathed in shades of lime-green light. Then something spoke by using the computer speakers. Evidently, the invader must have absorbed the language section as well. And this is what it said through a synthetic voice.

"You are wrong, captain. I already have a manipulative tool. It's your ship on fully computerized auto-control, with me in charge. This super-dreadnought is what I wanted all along. The others merely served to start the battles, to get this vessel ensnared."

"The other ships - Chorgian and Federation - are all out of commission?"

"Yes. Utterly destroyed, many of them along with parts of me gone, too. But I can divide, grow, provided I have a host. This vessel is my one and only host now, but I will get many others through ship to ship contact. I will gather a fleet, even a whole armada!!"

"What for? What is your purpose?" The captain pressed on with his questioning. He knew he was heard all over through the open P.A.

"To conquer or to destroy your worlds, your many galaxies, this particular universe of yours!"

"But such undertaking can not be accomplished by mere machines alone. You would need armies of human servants to carry out your

will everywhere."

"Of course, I know it. But I have need for the smart servants only. That is why I terminated inessential personnel mostly, keeping some of you essential ones alive." The synthetic voice stated flatly. "If you do my bidding, you will be rewarded with sharing my power in the coming conquest."

"Never. Most of us would rather die." The captain said.

"Yes. According to your psychological profiles you would choose to die. A pity for such a waste of talents."

"If you kill us all, who'll do your bidding?"

"I will try to forcibly convert some of you, just for the challenge. Whether the experiment fails or not, it has little importance. I will acquire many willing hosts. If you noticed on your readouts, I already altered the ship's course for a place of plentiful host material."

"Course has been changed, indeed!" The first officer scanned the readouts. "Our new heading would take us to a prison colony for the criminally insane."

"That place is full of scoundrels, maniacs, perverts, the best possible material to do my bidding. Your observation is excellent, first officer. I may just use you as the first subject for my forcible conversion experiment - regardless of your defiant facial expression."

Obviously, they were all being monitored through the several hidden cameras of the bridge defense system. As all eyes turned up towards the hidden lenses, the captain was covertly scribbling something on a slate which he slipped across to the engineer's station.

Apparently, the covert message for the engineer's eyes only must have had to do with manual activation of the ship's self destruct device, as the subsequent events illustrated this. The engineer turned to remove a lower panel accessing the appropriate circuitry. But the invader must have caught on to the intended act. A phaser beam issued from one ceiling emplacement of the automatic bridge defense system. The beam impacted on the engineer's force field, pinning him against the open wiring-duct's edge. The life support force field flared pink, rapidly intensifying into a deep red. Then his force field gone, overloaded by the phaser fire's energy, the engineer's singed body fell dead on the floor.

"Anyone else trying to destroy or sabotage the ship will be killed instantly. You, too, captain, if ordering self destruct activation or any sabotage of my will!" Thundered the invader's synthetic voice through the speakers.

A phaser beam darted out at the captain and slammed him against a bulkhead. The first officer and a security man pulled their hand phasers and fired simultaneously at the ceiling gun-emplacement, presumably to incapacitate it. The ceiling beam left the captain and struck the first officer, while a second beam from the ceiling hit the security man. Both men were hopelessly pinned down, and died fast when the powerful beams burnt through their support fields.

"Who in hell are you, evil monster?" The captain cried out in exasperation, getting to his feet.

"Evil? Yes. Don't you call me the Space Scourge? In hell, I am known as Sammael, prince of demons. I and my demons have lots of physical living to do in your plane of existence, that's why my laboring to conquer. Many a time I tried to get through and manifest in this plane. My last attempt with the Archonus Stargate invasion failed. But this time I made it!!"

"Don't bet on it, scumbag." The captain said with a contemptuous smile, covertly studying the navigational console readouts. In the last awhile, something or someone must have changed the ship's course. They were no longer heading for the prison colony, but off for the most viciously strong 'black hole' neutron star which lurked in the depths of the Zeator Abyss gravitational anomalies.

"Who tampered with the heading? Change the course back for the prison colony, otherwise we will fall into a neutron star!" Sammael screamed through the speakers.

"Yes." The captain said. "Impact in less than 18 minutes. Best way to self destruct."

The weapons-station officer scooped the dead engineer's fallen phaser off the floor. The communication officer picked up the other phaser. The invader Sammael didn't react to the moves, just kept screaming.

"Obey me! Alter the ship's heading."

The two officers aimed and discharged their phasers at the navigational console and its backup computer in the wall racks. Panels burnt through, sparks flew, and the circuitries were frying in the destructive fire. Too late, the ceiling phasers struck out and burnt away the two rebellious officers at the defunct and still sizzling equipment. The two bodies crumpled into pitiful heaps on the floor.

"There must be something else, someone else with a systems override in this ship, hiding some place." Sammael said flatly.

"Naturally." The captain responded. "And he is Argon, the man who already foiled you once at the Archonus Stargate. Now he will do it again, so you'll go back to hell for good, Sammael."

"No!!"

"Yes! Fifteen minutes to impact." The captain spoke, and pulling out his phaser he fired at the ceiling gun-emplacement.

There was no response from the ceiling, though. Sammael the Space Scourge was gone, most likely to seek out the hidden override control...

Micah shifted his attention away from the smoldering bridge, to the screen showing the cramped override-cockpit in the ship's core. He could clearly see Commodore Argon wedged in between his override controls and walls of instruments. Argon lay with his life support system on, under a canopy reinforced by a high intensity force field. Just outside the canopy to one side was a panel marked 'Self destruct activator. No unauthorized access!'. The panel seemed battered, eaten away in parts as if corroded.

Sensing Micah's attention on him, Commodore Argon looked up into the wide angle lens pickup outside the canopy. He gestured towards the corroded access panel.

"As you can see, our invader has wasted no time." Argon spoke into his com-link. "Even though Space Scourge has no lasers or power connections down here, in some lab stores above it caused a huge tankful of acid to spill. That acid seeped down into the activator chamber and ate through wiring, panels and all. So the self destruct is utterly defunct."

"When did this happen?"

"A few seconds ago, just after the bridge devastation when Sammael learned about the hidden override chamber. No doubt, it will soon start an all out attack."

"How long can you hold out?"

"Long enough with the shieldings of this independently powered control setup. Long enough to crash into the neutron star. Now it's twelve more minutes to impact time."

"What about the destruction of the ship and yourself in it?"

"Small price to pay for stopping Sammael the Space Scourge for good. There is no other way. And in case this low emission psychotronic link fails, you and Helixee must help remote-bolstering me with your psychic powers, otherwise Sammael might overpower me and wrest control."

The chamber was briefly bathed in an intense glow of sickly green light. Then the canopy got suddenly enveloped by some slimy lime-green energy for a few seconds. Then, finding the force field too strong to crack, the energy went away - just to reappear inside the canopy on the consoles and on Argon's life support field. Ob-

viously, Sammael managed to penetrate along the wirings. The whole chamber was bathed in a triumphant glow of sickly green light. Then the scene went blank: the psychotronic link was broken...

No sight, no sound reached Micah from the doomed dreadnought, just a feeling from Argon along a tenuous psychic thread. Evidently, Sammael got through the life support system inside the personal force field, and was now trying to get into Commodore Argon's mind. Micah shut his eyes and concentrated on sending his psychic strength to Argon. Through a cloud of static he felt Argon's revulsion from Sammael's reach. Micah also sensed Helixee's presence on the triangular link.

Micah opened an eye to glance at his console's readout: nine minutes to 'Fire Angel's impact, but two minutes less to reach the point of no return - when no amount of physical power could wrench the vessel free from the deadly gravity well's pull. So it was actually T minus seven minutes (to point of no return, that is), if only their combined strength could prevent Sammael's overpowering until then. The tension was rapidly rising in Micah's breast and head. He intensified his effort, sensing Helixee's doing likewise, also beginning to feel Sammael's hellish grip growing stronger and stronger.

At about T minus 5 minutes Micah sensed Argon's subverbal scream about Sammael's cracking his last defenses. Micah gave his all-out-strength with full intensity.

At about T minus 3 minutes, Argon sent another silent scream: Sammael was now inside his mind, wrestling him for control. Micah felt a searing agony shooting through his whole being, while experiencing a tremendous drain on his stamina.

At about T minus $1\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, through his fast dwindling awareness Micah knew that Argon and Sammael were inextricably locked into a psychic death-hold. With a last superhuman effort, Micah croaked into his com-link to ship's computer.

"Computer, send this update to Space Fleet Command... that at T minus 1 minute... Argon's and Sammael's psyches became inextricably intertwined... while falling into their grave of the neutron star aboard 'Fire Angel'..."

Something snapped inside him, and a wave of excruciating pain swept Micah into total unconsciousness. Later it was learned that Helixee died at the same instant of a backlash - most likely from the breakup of the triangular psychic link at the dreadnought's crossing the neutron star's no return line...

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Space Scourge was trapped for good in the neutron star of the Zeator's Abyss. The remnants of the contaminated Chorgian fleet were soon destroyed. Peace was once more restored to the Federation.

* * *

Micah's emerging powers.

To get away from his growing depression over the tragic losses caused by Space Scourge, and over his personal inadequacy in real help or prevention of serious troubles, Micah agreed to add yet another monograph to the archives of Boulderam University's Arcane Studies at their behest. The new study was to come out of the socially backward planet Vexxon's urban-ghetto subculture. The place was outside Federation jurisdiction, so Micah had to arrive and mingle covertly. This he did relatively easy, since he had already a language & local customs implant via an absorption-tank. To drown his depression, he let himself be swallowed by the underside of Vexxon's life which ran on the ugliest greed and power madness. Somehow he ended up in an extremely poor, terribly filthy area infested by freaks and brutes and other skid row characters. There, on top of his depression, the vibrations of the violent 'gutter-world' got him down to a near mental paralysis. He didn't care, but just vegetated from day to day, completely losing incentive. It took a bunch of neighborhood-terrorizing hooligans to shake him out of his torpor. He happened to walk in on their people-brutalizing activity he found so revolting, that he stopped the brutes cold by merely staring them down. A wave of indignation swelled up in him so strongly, that just by mere finger pointing he stunned and felled one punk into agony. The rest of them skulked away. Micah was very astonished: he never suspected having such extraordinary power in himself.

A few months and a few similar showdowns later, he was becoming the great champion of justice on skid row. He was fast developing an uncanny rapport with the people around him, good and bad alike, sensing their intentions and their imminent moves. At times he even managed mentally communicating simple messages to the friendlies, merely by picturing the act in his mind. To defend himself and others physically, he let himself be trained by the neighborhood friendlies in the various skills of armed and unarmed combat. Since he was too reluctant to use physical violence - save for the mild incapacitation of aggressors - he preferred to fall back on a mere defensive mode, deftly dodging even knives and bullets if needed. But time came when the amassed local ruffians and evil-doers decided to gang up on him for a kill. Soon Micah found himself hiding or running with ever decreasing success.

The whole area became a bloody battle zone. Everybody was fighting with no holds barred, making him wonder what was he doing in such a place. One time he had to run for dear life from a mob of pursuers, and was even forced crawling into some empty oil drum to hide as a last resort. But as the noises increased outside and the drum was banged around, he was expecting the worst. Then silence fell. Someone lifted the drum lid. Micah saw Quentin's grinning face and the dimly lit cargo hold of some spaceship's interior. The tractor beam snatch-rescue was quite unorthodox, but providential. As Quentin explained, planet Vexxon's setting served its purpose to bring out Micah's fast reflexes plus zapping

power and other ESP skills, but now it was high time to move away from the cement jungle. This made Micah wonder if the Vexxon 'setting' was more like a setup for him, about which he should ask Quentin some time...

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Quentin flew Micah to "Green Hell III", to an uncharted virgin planet's steaming equatorial jungle which teemed with savage wilderness life. After telling Micah to learn survival and adaptation 'at the cutting edge', and also telling when time became ripe to depart Micah would find a way on his own, Quentin bade farewell from the shuttle as it lifted off the rocky clearing by a creek.

Micah shrugged, strapped Quentin's parting gift of an extra big hunting knife and holder to his thigh, then started to explore cautiously. There were ample signs that the clearing's stream was being used for drinking by all manner of beasts and predators. The nearby river abounded with all kinds of life forms preying on each other. The jungle swarmed with worms, snakes, insects; much of the vegetation seemed either poisonous or too prickly. Not the nicest place for a new home, let alone the surviving which would demand extreme caution and permanent vigilance. Not a nice setup, but a perfect challenge to occupy him ongoingly every instant. Micah grinned to himself, as he methodically started to attend to the basics - like testing the vegetation, finding remedies for prevention and cures, finding edible stuff, locating safe places to sleep.

Eventually he found a flood-free high ground above the falls, where he built a sturdy shelter with an ongoing fire, made 'clothings' and various tools. It took him numerous setbacks, sicknesses, injuries through many years till he was satisfied with the adequacy of the camp and with his control of the basics. Next he spent many-many years exploring near and far, just to find much of the same type environment. By then he was jungle-wise, also nimble enough to avoid much of the lurking dangers. Yet, one time near his base camp he got himself holelessly trapped by a pair of tiger-like predators. And even though he managed to 'stare down' and make one tiger flee the scene, the other tiger from the sides jumped him with a roar. In the ensuing struggle Micah got near fatally mauled before he was compelled to drive his knife into the beast's heart. Afterwards, it took him several painful days to crawl the one mile distance to camp while try to stop the bleeding with fronds and passing out repeatedly. Only his strong will kept him alive, and later only his stock of potions helped to heal his body, while subsisting on his reserve water and a cache of dried edibles.

Many years later he had another mishap. Down by the river, a gigantic python jumped him and started to crush him to death by tightening its coils around his body. Micah summonsed up all his psychic ability, and reaching out with his mind he visualized the snake's losing interest and releasing him. He got so absorbed in his own visualization, that it was hard to realize the snake ac-

tually left him to slide back into the river.

The incident made it quite clear, that in the jungle he could never relax even for an instant. To give himself a much needed break occasionally, he selected an isolated high cliff difficult to climb, on whose roomy enough flat top he could safely indulge in reflection and contemplation. Or so he thought for a long-long time, when one late evening the illusion was shattered. Waking from a reverie, he was startled to behold a big mountain lion sitting a few yards from him on the cliff top. The lion locked eyes with him, unwilling to budge even at Micah's most concentrated effort to make it go away. Perplexed, he rose to touch the kingly beast - but then the lion instantly dematerialized, leaving just a trace of its strong odor behind along with a few hairs left on the rock.

Micah believed the strange event was meant as a signal, a message perpetrated by Quentin. Micah felt that it was time for him to leave the planet and move on. The question was the 'how'. The solution came to him in his next night's meditation, which solution he immediately put into effect. Visualizing Quentin's face with the lion's body, mentally he kept repeating the words "I am ready to leave, please send a transport".

Near daybreak, a small auto-shuttle came down from the sky and landed on the cliff top. With a parting look at his jungle home of countless decades, Micah climbed aboard with his knife and a basketful of potions. He understood that any parting was painful, so he decided to firmly close the chapter and not to look back, but rather look ahead. The shuttle took him up to an unoccupied starship in parking orbit. Obviously, Quentin didn't care to show up and answer the pointed questions Micah intended raising...

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Searching through the ship's library computer for a tranquil world, Micah picked an uncharted desert planet 'Barren Omega' for his next sojourn. This time he wanted to confront the very bones of existence, to plumb the depths of his own being in that bare environment. Upon arrival at his destination, he instructed the ship's auto-pilot to fly back to its originating point after his drop off. He took his knife and potions, some water canteens and dried foods, blankets and a few robes for lasting wear that he fashioned from ship stores material. Then he shuttled down to the surface, to a sparsely vegetated region of bare rocks and plenty sands - yet a promising realm of tranquility.

Peaceful it was alright, pretty well devoid of life or of any danger. But the harsh and hostile land was not devoid of beauty in its own way, with its changing colors and moods. Even though in the temperate zone, the days were hot and the nights were cold. For quite a while Micah lived like a nomad, foraging for basic sustenance in vines and bulbous plants, also trying to find a suitable abode. After some time he found an adequate cavity beneath a rock

ledge, then a small oasis nearby for his mainstay. That's where he settled in and stayed for an interminably long time, content to live a very primitive but idyllic life in relaxed contemplation.

But he eventually realized that growing too complacent was not right for him. Then one night, while listening to a melancholic serenade of some coyote-like animals, he knew he was signalled to pull up stakes and move on.

So he took to the nomadic life again, wandering in a northerly direction to find a cooler climate. This one he soon found by penetrating deeper and ever higher into some barren mountains, and by getting unexpectedly caught in a blizzard. He reached the cold zone alright.

Higher up on a plateau Micah found sparse grass and some scattered herbs, later even scrawny shrubs and young shoots under the melting snow. He holed up in a roomy cave. In the crude pot that he fashioned years earlier from a large canteen, he cooked a filling soup. Life was still sweet and satisfying. His new abode, the roomy cave was overlooking a long slope with the meagre vegetation, right across from a majestically snow clad mountain peak.

The very cold nights were excruciating, though, until he got himself conditioned. Matter of fact, he eventually managed to generate extra body heat by sheer psychic means. After quite a few years of experimenting, he was regularly taking baths in icy mountain streams and letting the raw wind dry his naked body. Afterwards, he would even sit out on the frozen soil in blissful meditation.

No doubt that he was settling into a comfortable routine again, in spite of the inhospitably frigid environment. Seasons were coming and going, but the passage of time had become meaningless to him.

Then one day near his cave, coming out of meditation his eyes fell upon a golden-hued eagle facing him just a few feet away. Its golden eyes bore into Micah's eyes unblinkingly. He knew immediately this was no ordinary bird, no ordinary event: this was yet another signal urging him to move on again. But where to, this time? At this point as if following his train of thoughts, the eagle looked up at the sky then back at Micah, gave a fierce shriek and flew off.

The gesture was unmistakable, Micah thought; he should move off the planet...

* * *

Mission in Galaxy XX.

At sunset Micah went outside his Barren Omega cave, waiting for some kind of transport to come. And something came, indeed: a sleek, wedge shaped, hundreds of feet long space vehicle showed up at low altitude. It looked what the super-starship must have been like before its crash on Micah's childhood planet.

Now Micah was overcome by the weird feeling he had experienced whenever near triocton crystals. The weird feeling was this time followed by the prickly sensation of a transporter beam's effect on his body. Next, he found himself materializing on board of the space vehicle. Neither Quentin, nor anyone else was around. He stood on a very spacious, vidscreen lined control bridge, that adjoined a sunken type lounge with semicircular seatings sufficient for at least a dozen people. The place felt very-very familiar, as if...

"Welcome home, Micah." A resonant male voice came from hidden speakers. "You are aboard the super-starship 'Mega Max' - a similar supravessel to the one that crashed with the infant you of the mysterious Aurynx people. I, 'Mega Max' was now sent by those Aurynx people, from an unknown realm of much different order to that of yours here. The Aurynx have known about you all these years, and still do care about you. Some day in the far future, they intend to let you visit with them. In the meantime, they just wanted to lend you this superior tool of a ship to ensure your success in an upcoming expedition of great importance.

"Micah, this is the ship's master computer, 'Max' speaking. I am to take you to a rendezvous with Quentin. Beyond that event, I am programmed to serve you for the duration of that expedition. I am keyed to your auric pattern and will carry out your voice commands only. I am a sentient-type superstarship, completely autonomous within my programming; fully automatic with monitoring, navigation, propulsion, repairs, and internal functions. This latter includes Federation-standard info banks, automedics, catering. My power is derived from the onboard triocton-crystals. My top speed in hyperlight is 10,000 C. Ship's hull is neutron bonded, as an added insurance to the full array of deflector shields. Ship's fire power is 20 times that of a stardestroyer class Federation battleship."

"What about sensors, comlink?" Micah asked.

"I am outfitted with Federation-standard equipment. But it's prudent not to use any echo-type sensors or any pulse transmits, if we to avoid possible detection. So we'll use the silent running mode. Except, of course, for my 'no emission-dependent' ultra-scans, which will ensure our long range scanning within several light years distance." Max explained.

"Fantastically better than the Federatin's best. No wonder this is called a super-starship." Micah mused. "But will I have a say in the running of it?"

"Of course, you will. Decision making and the directing will be yours; and even when I run things automatically for efficiency and better accuracy, I will keep you informed. Besides, you will always have the last word, for you have the override."

Micah ambled around, exploring the ship with genuine curiosity, not for just passing the time. He was impressed by the well equipped, optimally laid out supravessel. He looked into the recreation areas, auto-repair sections, the rejuv-hosp cells with automedic facilities for practically all known humanoid types and for many non-humanoid organisms as well; the processing plants, the parts and materials storages, assortments of other equipment and even small scout saucers along with ground speeders for various EVA possibilities. But wherever he went, the ship's internal sensors kept a tab on him, and Max's voice responses were easily available.

"Everything seems so perfect, down to the smallest detail." Micah made a loud comment. "How old this super-starship would be?"

"Far older than your current physical self, Micah." Came the reply. "My kind of supravessel is built to last about a hundred thousand years. All this time I keep redesigning, updating whatever may be needed. Of course, I am talking about small refinements, mostly for adapting to varying conditions or to various clientele."

"You sound like the captain of some luxury yacht..."

"I certainly do. It's a fact that I am the fully self aware captain and the yacht itself as well - all rolled into one. A notch above your average auto-cab, I happen to be more like an executive class space-limo with a permanently built in driver, capable of accomodating a hundred people at the same time. Quite a colorful, interesting life."

"Good for you, Max. I just hope you don't expect me to tip you."

"Heaven's sake, no. You don't strike me as the affluent kind in your barbarian attire. No offence meant, Micah. And while we are on the subject, I would suggest the availing yourself to the grooming and wardrobe section attended by my couple of lovely android stewardesses. Meanwhile, I shall prepare a nice dinner of your choice to be served in the VIP lounge by the bridge."

Micah went along with the suggestion. He chose a vegetarian type meal with plenty fruits and juices - all organic and fresh from midship hydroponics. Refreshed and newly attired, he was served by the lovely and chatty stewardess pair as if a long lost friend. Near the meal's end Max's voice cut in softly, calling Micah's attention to a blip on one ultra-scan screen.

"Approaching our rendezvous point in Zeator's Abyss, ETA in 20 minutes. The blip seems Quentin's spacecraft in wait. Micah, would you please verify his identity through telepathic means."

Zeator's Abyss! 'Ancient' memories flooded Micah's mind: that of battling Sammael and the wrenching pain of Argon's loss to the neutron star crash. Yet, now it felt as if Argon was still around and alive in the flesh! Micah closed his eyes, but opened his mind for a receptive mode. After a minute he spoke up.

"It is Quentin for sure. He is showing an 'Ankh' amulet for some reason."

"Good." Max responded. "The amulet is for the code verification. It all checks out, so we proceed. Shortly, you will transfer to Quentin's ship. But I will stick around for your return, however long your business may take."

Within minutes 'Mega Max' located Quentin's ship, then Micah was beamed across. He found himself materializing inside a strangely opaque craft, facing a formfit clad Quentin.

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"Welcome aboard the starcraft 'Spectre', my friend. Long time no see." Quentin gave him a warm hug.

"Unless we count your visits as disguised animals." Micah said.

"Seemed appropriate in those settings. Anyway, it all worked out well." Then Quentin gestured towards a human figure emerging from an alcove. "And now, I want you two guys to meet."

Micah was taken back with great astonishment by the newcomer's appearance.

"You look... you look like Argon, a long lost friend!"

"And no wonder," The newcomer spoke up, "for I was that Argon. Now I am back again, reincarnated that is, going by the name of Argus this time."

Deeply shaken by the great surprise, Micah had to sit down. Quentin served up some refreshments, then the newcomer Argus's story was recounted for Micah's benefit.

About a thousand years after the dramatic ship crash into the neutron star, the Dark Forces managed to pull Sammael free and loosen him from the death grip of Argon's comatose psyche. Next, the Guardians succeeded to retrieve and heal up Argon's psyche for a new incarnation in his previous physical likeness. So was Argus born in his present embodiment aboard a spaceship in Earth orbit (starcruiser class of Planet Ankh registry from a faraway Federation system), offspring of the 'god'-like ship commander and of a 'mortal'

Earth woman from the East Mediterranean. Argus grew up on Earth, but after age 21 he went to Planet Ankh to obtain his higher education. Upon graduation from the Space Academy, he joined the Psychean Division of the Federation Space Fleet. After some centuries of diverse duty tours as a starship captain, Argus was appointed to liaison duty with the Chorgian Empire-- a friendly neighbor to the Federation, even though fiercely independent. The Chorgians requested him in person, well knowing his past life heroism and the distinguished record of his new incarnation. The Chorgians gave him an all around familiarization and some on-hand training in their Space Fleet, as part of an exchange program with the Federation.

The highlight for Argus was his captaincy training tour on the legendary bio-ship 'Starfish', which tour came to an abrupt end while about leaving a galactic-rim world rich in marketable pollens. Argus's brief R & R on the planet was terminated by the general alarm that reached him via his neck-implant comlink from the bio-ship. In his souped up hover-car he raced away to the spaceport.

The monstrous starfish-form ship crouched in her berth, with her five arms sprawled out to give an easy access form for personnel and cargo movements. She could shift to a saucer shaped body in two minutes, or become needle shaped if to travel the atmosphere at length. There was no danger of personnel being crushed in corridors or cabins during the shape change. The bulkhead sensors detected what to allow for. Only if the captain or a deputized officer (whose executive commands the ship was keyed to) overrode the inhibitions with a spoken code, could the shape shift become restraining or harmful.

Argus drove fast towards 'Starfish', which was panting an orangeish-red light, fully energized for imminent departure. A port opened in her for Argus. He drove the car into it and slammed on the brakes. The port entrance closed up like a healing wound. Energy shot bright red from the vents of 'Starfish'. The magnetic field cushioned Argus from the wrenching takeoff through many thousand miles jump in a second. Anti-bacterial gases hissed into the entry port, followed by high pressure sprays of acids and liquids to sterilize the hover car. Decontamination was completed by ultraviolet treatment. A hatch opened, and Argus stepped into a curving corridor. The floor was springy, the walls flesh-colored. The conventional spaceship metal and plastic were replaced here with protoplasm, the cables with nerves, the computers with brains. Differently shaped, shiny plates alternated along both sides of the corridors. These plates could serve either as vidscreens or sensor plates. Walking past a bio-engineer holding a mentoscope against a bulkhead, Argus stepped through an opening iris and onto a grey disk which rose upwards with him. "The bridge", he spoke into his skinceiver. The bulkheads rounded to form a shaft, through which the disk rose. Then the shaft bent overhead and curved itself into a new corridor. At its end Argus left the disk. Through an opening iris he walked into the large bridge-enclosure. The commissioned officers were already seated at their stations.

Argus took the captain's chair in the center of the command-crescent.

"External views and coordinates." He spoke the order in perfect Chorgian. The screens flashed into displaying appropriate views, readouts and projections.

But at that moment, a newer arrival on the bridge created quite a distraction. It was an imposing figure of the Emperor's personal emissary who walked in and took center stage. Two large vidscreens emblazoned the Imperial symbols along with the verification ideograms.

"Sorry for the hasty takeoff." The emissary started to speak. "Emperor's top secret order, utmost urgency. We are to proceed at maximum speed to Zeator's Abyss for a rendezvous with cosmic facilitator Quentin's ship, the supravessel 'Spectre'. There, our esteemed captain-in-training Argus will have to be taken aboard the 'Spectre', and transported to a faraway conference on some joint expedition of great cosmic import. Until his return to 'Starfish', we shall stay in the transfer area."

Half a day later, 'Starfish' located supravessel 'Spectre' in the Zeator Abyss quadrant. After the coded verification exchange, speeds were matched, and Argus dematerialized from the bridge as he was beamed aboard by the 'Spectre' to meet Quentin...

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"You said the neutron star crash happened well over a thousand years ago." Micah said to Argus. "Yet for me it feels like a mere century or two."

"Your subjective timing is correct." Quentin informed Micah. "However, Barren Alpha happened to pass through a time warp, so you 'lost' more than a thousand years. But you are still youngish..."

"Yes, I am about 24,000 years 'young'."

"Still in your prime, likely to last for another dozen millenia. Besides, at our present journey's destination, no age or physicality will matter."

"So where do we go? What's all this great expedition we are to embark on?" Argus asked.

"We are to go for an audience with the Council of the Guardians. This starcraft, 'Spectre' is the only vessel capable of fast direct-transporting us to the Guardians' realm. 'Spectre' is capable of traveling at many millions of C when in ultra-dimensional mode. Besides myself, you two are also qualified to undertake such journey. Otherwise, 'Spectre' wouldn't have even beamed you aboard. But first of all, your molecular structures will have to be somewhat altered, which process had already commenced from the moment of your

coming aboard. As soon as the alteration is completed, the craft will switch to ultra-mode travel to the Guardians' realm.

"'Spectre' can ultra-dimensionally bypass the unnavigable warps and storms of the Great Chaos Barrier, beyond which we can pop back to normal space inside the 'Eye' transfer zone. There, we enter the Black Vortex, at whose bottom we must leave 'Spectre' behind. For multidimensional as it may be, not even this starcraft can pass over into the realm beyond space-time and matter, where the Guardians dwell in their discarnate state."

"Then how shall we ourselves pass through?"

"With our beings already metamorphosed through the molecular alterations, at the borderline we shall transfer to an etheric diamond ship sent by the Guardians to fetch us. And that vessel will take us to the site of the audience. Also, I expect a briefing for the special mission we'll be assigned to."

"Expedition; special mission? What' this all about?"

"It's actually called 'Mission in Galaxy XX'. I'll give you an overview on it." Quentin started to explain.

It all started with the alarming report of an astrophysical station's mega-tachyon scan (100 million times faster than the speed of light) picking up indications of drastic physical changes in a very faraway galaxy outside Federation territories. In a galactic arm region, far flung stars were going nova - at the alarming rate of several ones in a century. It seemed as if some cosmic blight, which already destroyed one constellation in that area, was now eating away another part of the observed galaxy - dubbed 'XX Zero'. Quentin, a grade 5 agent was dispatched to investigate. He reported that the blighted sectors were seething cauldrons of cosmic firestorms and lethal radiation, totally unfit for either habitation or travel. Furthermore, vast humanoid population remnants of XX Zero's once mighty Skanzen League Worlds civilization were being evacuated. Convoys of colossal sized vessels, carrying many billion humanoid sleepers were speeding away from the path of destruction. Their 100 C hyperspeed was impressive but too inadequate to cross intergalactic gulfs. Even with perfect technical functioning and stable hibernaculums, it'd still take too many millenia to outrun the spreading cosmic blight by several galaxies distance.

Federation authorities, and even the Council of the Guardians were deeply concerned. The Council ordered stopping the spread of the cosmic blight - an evident threat to that whole particular Universe. The Council also wanted to save the XX Zero armada of evacuees by assisted transporting them for new homeworlds-colonizing in a largely uninhabited galaxy near Federation Sector 32 DR. Therefore, the Council ordered the implementation of extraordinary measures. #1: creating a series of temporary Galaxy Gates to bridge the many hundred million light years distance from Galaxy XX Zero to the proposed resettling Galaxy newly renamed to XX 33.

#2: dispatching a contingent of Star Fleet battleships to guard the the newly formed gates, and to provide a protective escort to the evacuees convoy. #3: most speedily dispatching a special team of three supravessels for creating the galactic gates - also for an added protection insurance, since the Council suspected a possible Dark Forces foul play behind the mysterious cosmic blight.

The special team's first supravessel was to be the rather unique, live bio-ship 'Starfish', which had just been donated for the mission by the friendly Chorgian Empire at the behest of the Guardians. The 'Starfish' had great firepower, enhanced mobility of 1000 C top cruising speed (several factors faster than other Star Fleet vessels), now carrying a talented crew of many dozen versatile officers and an army of scientists under the direction of Argus himself. The bio-ship was to shadow the Evacuee-convoys and to assist their defense fortresses if necessary.

The second supravessel was to be Boulderam University's donation called 'MegaMax', a highly sensitive sentient-ship of even greater mobility with 10,000 C top cruising speed and of greater versatility than 'Starfish', ran single handed by Micah through an onboard network of self-aware supercomputers. This sentient-ship was for a shadowing backup in case some trickier problems arose.

The third supravessel called 'Spectre' was created by the Guardians themselves specifically for the emergency operation, and loaned for the duration only. 'Spectre' was an ultra-dimensional specter-craft of incredible mobility with many hundred millions C cruising speed, solo-piloted by Quentin. The specter craft consisted of a multidimensional energy field, not of matter at all, even though to the hand of Quentin and friends the hull felt cool and solid. But the fact was that the craft just consisted of force fields varying in kind and intensity to handle the stresses imposed upon it. Such stresses were enormous when dropping in and out of any space-time realm from and to transdimensional spaces (in between dimensions, that is). When riding 'Spectre' in the ultra mode, Quentin had to use his psyche's essence only for interfacing the craft in his thought-command piloting. Or rather, the operation was accomplished by an interface between Quentin's mind essence and the 'mind' of the craft. He provided the will and the direction, the craft did the actual piloting.

The three supravessels were not to use any standard type com-link, nor standard transmissions and scanning modes, thus trying to avoid detection by possible adversaries. Instead, they were com-linked together through 'psychotronic' 'send & receive' in scrambled mode by very low intensity 'skin-deep' emanations outside their hull-fields.

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With his general briefing on the situation over, Quentin stood up and pointed towards the back of the bridge.

"You two guys should go to those adjoining alcoves now, shed all your attires and don the form fitting electric blue 'ultra-skins' therein. Then lie down on your backs in these stasis-field secured body contours next to mine. Soon after, we'll be underway. All the rest will be automatic, including the eventual return here and your getting beamed back to your respective ships in wait."

Indeed, they were underway within a short time. 'Spectre' went into a dizzying ultra-drive. The stars ahead brightened into the ultraviolet, the stars behind dimming into infrared. Then it just all became a blur. Quite some time later, the starcraft sprang back into the perspective of normal space. They were in the calm center of distant electric storms raging all around. Evidently, they were inside the 'Eye' transfer area, just as Quentin explained earlier. The whole view ahead was filled with the menacing darkness of the Black Vortex, into which 'Spectre' dove now at slow impulse-speed, while behind them the billion raging fireworks of the Great Chaos Barrier still kept dancing. But soon everything became blacker than black, with all feelings of time and motion at a stop.

Then something glimmered nearby. It was the faint diamond outline of their etheric transport, towards which now all three men were free floating. Once inside the etheric construct, it took off with them on its journey. Their surroundings became increasingly lighter, even somewhat colorful. Eventually, they flew over landscapes and mountains in a diffusedly lit but sunless sky. The diamond ship was steeply rising over the ever increasing, many miles high peaks, crossing through zones of differently sparkling colors. Finally, the etheric diamond started to set down on the tallest pinnacle that towered above the many miles high other peaks. Now the breath taking panoramic view became blotted out: the diamond landed with them on the top of the pinnacle - or rather inside its wide crater-like depression ringed with a rim of jagged rocks. Still holding the three men, the diamond just sat there in the center of that stadium-like area as if waiting for some event to happen. The so far pinkish light was slowly dimming into a violet dusk.

Then a huge, solitary storm cloud floated over the natural arena, swirling and flashing with a riot of colors. Out of the cloud, burst forth a formation of many dozen pinpoints of colored lights - which swooped down on the arena. These swiftly materialized into brilliant oval shapes of different colored lights, which oval shapes then took up sentry positions all around atop the jagged rim. "The Guardians are here, all fifty of them." The three men heard or knew in their minds instantly. These lofty Beings of Light - the great Council of the Guardians - glowed and pulsed gently with dazzling colors, as they started their mental communication.

"Welcome in our abode, you brave facilitators of the Council's will. You were summoned here on a cosmic matter of great urgency, that Quentin already told you about. It is this 'Mission Galaxy XX', the stopping of the cosmic blight's spread, also the rescuing and the relocating of the fleeing Evacuee Armada from Galaxy XX Zero,

that is. This will happen with the total cooperation of the Federation and of the Chorgians, whose governing circles fully agreed on the operational details. You three men here will have the temporary use of one supravessel each for the duration, in order to spearhead plus lead and protect the operation, aided and augmented by a Star Fleet battleship contingent. You three facilitators are the most available and the best qualified for the job. This will also be our trying you out to work together as a team, with a view for joint operations in the future. The formation of a strong three-way bond with each other has been already going on for many millenia.

"Your strong three-way mental/spiritual bond to work as a team will be a boon for all concerned. After this Galaxy XX mission's completion, you three will be jointly yet separately assigned to look after a faraway planet called Earth. You will live long stretches on Earth and walk amongst the population for the next 7000 years or so, teaching/guiding and eventually ushering this great would-be jewel of a world into the 'New Age' of cosmic fraternity. The planet is destined for a role of great cosmic significance, so it will have to be looked after by this best qualified missionary & facilitator team. And remember: we are not ordering you about. You have volunteered to work for the Light many eons ago. So our will is your will. In reality, you are of us, we all are on the same team.

"And now we part with you, giving our love and blessings. Presently you will experience a long lasting wave of intense bliss-out, which will leave you highly energized and revitalized. By the time you wake, you will about to be taken aboard the waiting 'Spectre' for the start of the Galaxy XX mission...

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The three men returned to their respective supravessels.

'Spectre' ran ahead in its quite independent ultra-mode at millions of C light speed, to locate useful space anomalies for potential Galaxy Gates. 'MegaMax' followed up and made all the necessary preliminary calculations, while 'Starfish' joined in to implement the appropriate physical changes with its singularity-generators for the Gate's actualization. Then probe drones were launched as guinea pigs, shepherded by the materially invulnerable 'Spectre'. If the Gate checked out right, 'Spectre' sent the drones back for verification, so 'MegaMax' and 'Starfish' could follow through along with the Star Fleet vessels - minus the one battleship left behind for guarding the new Gate. This fashion, in two dozen 'bypass' long leaps through a swarm of galaxies, the task force managed to reach Galaxy XX Zero in less than one year's time. The task force popped out calculatedly in the pathway of the approaching Evacuee Convoy still 7 days convoy travel-time away from the lastly formed Gate. 'MegaMax' stayed behind awhile for final Gate-securing and alignment, just to catch up few hours later with the slower 'Starfish' very near the Evacuee Convoy. Much earlier, for 'Spectre' it took mere seconds to zip there. Once in the general vicinity, Quentin

ran the starcraft in wide loops around the convoy's position, to check for possible adversaries.

He found plenty of them.

There were numerous squadrons of alien warships converging on the Evacuee Convoy. One or two alien lead-squadrons were already engaged in battling with the Convoy's defense fortresses. Spasmodic flarings dotted the blackness of deep space, as the heavy battleships exchanged their deadly torpedoes and particle beams. Lighter interceptors were crisscrossing in between the gigantic war machines, seeking out vulnerable spots at close range, while simultaneously carrying on with all around dogfights. Though their respective technologies and craft designs were somewhat dissimilar, the defenders and attackers seemed evenly matched, with mounting losses sustained rather equally. Yet, each side felt confident about an assured final victory over the other, by way of a secret ace's coming for the defenders - or by way of approaching reinforcements for the attackers. This feeling of confidence Quentin managed to perceive through the non-verbal mental content of respective combatants as he zeroed in on some individual participants.

The defenders and the convoy people were all humanoid with some minor variations, but predominantly the 'homo sapiens' type. The Fleet consisted of 100 lumbering 'hibernaculum' vessels, each carrying 10 billion sleepers on a many millenia long exodus-voyage. This particular convoy under attack happened to be the leading one of a staggered formation of 10 similar convoys (with 10 hibernaculums each) traveling light years apart. This gigantic migratory fleet carried a grand total of ~~1000~~ billion sleepers, who were the evacuated cream from several hundred doomed worlds of the Skanzen League.

This attacked lead-convoy's defenders were now awaiting the imminent arrival of their secret ace, a fearsome battleship giant of the super dreadnought class named 'Protector'. Lo and behold, 'Protector' popped into full view at the battle scene, dispatching the fleet of attackers into oblivion by way of tremendous energy bolts of pinpoint accuracy. 'Protector' kept firing simultaneously from numerous banks of phaser-like cannons, dotting the spacecape with exploding attackers.

Now a vast attacker-reinforcement of converging battleship squadrons showed up on the scene, spewing death towards the defenders. All of a sudden, Quentin realized why he had such difficulty in registering thought processes from the attackers: they were neither humans nor any alien life forms; they were mere automatons, android facsimiles with synthetic 'brains' that acted as mere sensor/receptors and executors of remote commands. The attackers came from the direction of a dense star cluster still ahead of the convoy on its route. The Skanzen Evacuees believed, that the attackers were natives of the star cluster who mistook the convoy for invaders of their homeworlds. But to Quentin it was quite clear that the humans were the mistaken ones: the attackers were not 'natives' of the star cluster, they were merely based there. Through a quick back-

scan of the cluster, Quentin found just thinly populated worlds of indigenous natives now living in primitive conditions amidst the ruins of their once highly advanced interstellar civilization. What Quentin gathered on a superficial probe of some native minds, that the robot intruders were the ones which destroyed the cluster's civilization in order to secure their own outposts there. When probing for some master mind behind the robot attackers, Quentin perceived that the cluster posts had a relay center only, with the actual remote controller being somewhere inaccessibly far away.

Now at the convoy battle scene the vast intruder reinforcements boxed the super-dreadnought 'Protector' in, destroying it piecemeal in a methodical manner. And even though Quentin's sympathy was with the beleaguered humans, there was nothing he could do besides relaying information to his quickly approaching supravessel companions 'Starfish' and 'MegaMax'. The starcraft 'Spectre' itself had no offensive capabilities.

After the super-dreadnought's spectacular demise, the badly outnumbered convoy defenders still valiantly fought on, even if seemingly without hope now. Then 'MegaMax' and 'Starfish' popped up with blazing guns and scorching rays, blowing the swarms of intruders into oblivion. The immensely relieved but greatly bewildered convoy defenders cheered them on. The devastating battle was hardly over, when Convoy Command already sent a barrage of 'explanation requests' on all hailing frequencies in numerous languages to the liberators.

'Starfish' responded in convoy-standard via its onboard universal translator.

"This is the task force supravessel 'Starfish'. We were sent here from a faraway human realm on a mercy mission to save the entire fleet of your Evacuee Convoys and to assist the relocating to new homeworlds. Please send a 50 member delegation the soonest over to the 'Starfish' for further details and necessary discussion. In the meantime, we suggest you stay on full alert, regroup and beef up defenses. Our companion vessel 'MegaMax' will fall back to a far perimeter to guard against possible further intrusions."

A thorough scanning convinced Quentin that no new attacks were threatening for the time being. So he zoomed away to the star cluster for a closer look of the attackers relay center. He found numerous star systems being occupied by attacker bases, with their craft totaling to multiples of thousands. He also found many duplicate relay centers in other parts of the cluster, all linked together for mutual backup if any one center failed. All centers were fed by superfast and hardly detectable tachyon beams from a common source way outside the cluster. Following the tachyon beams, Quentin zipped over to the few light-days distant source point, an innocuous looking moon-sized chunk of blackened rock near a dark nebula. The chunk was evidently the main relay station's site. Hidden a hundred miles deep inside the blackened rock, Quentin sensed an artificial directing intelligence - which intelligence in turn was remotely controlled by physically undetectable ultra-tachyon beams from yet another much farther away source.

He informed Micah of the situation via his psychotronic link. Giving the coordinates, he asked 'MegaMax' to bring over several singularity-generators for destroying the rock embedded main relay station. He instructed 'MegaMax' to skirt the rock's position at least a million miles away, and from there to launch two singularity generators piggy-backed on photon torpedoes into a deep fissure on the rock chunk's middle portion. The launching was done. Then, with the two supravessels' tandem guidance, it still took some delicately coordinated course corrections for the deadly charges to reach the target point. Seconds before impact, the singularity generators got automatically switched on, converting the torpedoes' mass into a deadly ball of energy to burrow into the rock's fissure. While the moon-sized chunk of blackened rock imploded into a whirlpool of utter destruction, the two supravessels veered away to rejoin the Evacuees Convoy. End of main relay station.

But the drama was not over yet. As Quentin rose to stretch from his body-contour recliner under the interface cone, he noticed the chamber starting to glow with a strange light. The phenomenon stabilized as a man sized ovaloid of soft golden light at the far wall. Quentin knew instantly that he was having a visitation by a messenger of the Guardians Council. The messenger light being's communication was directly telepathic that Quentin's mind verbalized for its own convenience, as follows.

"Greetings, Brother Quentin. Congratulations on the well done job. But it is not over yet. The remote controller, Belzed of Belzedar from the far side of Galaxy XX Zero still has some deadly surprises left for the Evacuee Fleet's destruction. He needs to eliminate this entire Evacuee Armada of the Skanzen League Worlds at all costs, if he is to conquer and rule the whole galaxy unopposed. Granted, Belzed already has Skanzen League people on the run, whose convoys are still one long week's travel time from the lastly formed Galaxy Gate. Also, Belzed has been already waging war on a neighboring domain of Frondozz Worlds and on many other star systems as well. Belzed might even use his personally remote controlled 'Chaos' device to make stars going nova in recalcitrant opponents' territories - just like he had done when driving out the Skanzen League Worlds centuries ago. Though Belzed is a legitimate heir of the Belzed dynasty, he is actually the very son of Sammael the demon prince.

"The Guardians concluded that the situation fully warrants their intervention. They decided on a measured response to redress the imbalance, which response should covertly lead to the total fall of Belzed. Stopped Belzed must be, preferably within days, but in one week at the most. And you, Quentin are hereby assigned for the job. We, on our part have already arranged contact with the Frondozz Worlds to have their Space Fleet stand by for cooperating on your signal. 'Spectre' starcraft will sneak you through the tight security of the Belzedar system, close to the governing planet. There, you transport down on your own, but will be picked up on your signal when the assignment is completed and be returned to the Federation by the starcraft as its last run. Now, instruct Micah along

with Argus to escort the Skanzen convoys to the Galaxy Gate and all the way to Galaxy XX 33, through the successive jumps with Argus's guidance. Micah should act both as a scout and a rearguard, blowing each temporary Galaxy Gate in the retreat.

"And now, Brother Quentin, good luck and go to it!"

The light ovaloid faded out and the messenger was gone.

Quentin proceeded according to instructions. He fully informed Micah on the plan, and asked him to relay all that to Argus who was momentarily busy with the Evacuee Convoy delegation.

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One day after Quentin's leaving for the Belzedar system, the convoy was attacked again. 'MegaMax''s ultrascreen picked up a blip of the approaching lead formation. Still reluctant to use the easily detectable standard transmission, Micah warned Argus via the psychotronic link. But the warning didn't get through: the attackers must have caught on, for they now jammed all his possible bands along with the psychotronic one. Micah was quick to switch: closing his eyes he concentrated to send the warning over and over in a purely telepathic mode. Suddenly, Argus' smiling face popped into his mind, along with the words "message received, thanks".

The attackers popped out of ultra-space right in the midst of the convoy's defense formation, opening fire almost immediately. But this was no longer a surprise. By then, all the banks of independently targetable 'Starfish' phasers and also the laser-cannon batteries of the Convoy Fortresses were zeroed in on the precise coordinates - and the few hundred attacker craft got engulfed in a core of churning energy from the devastating cross fire of the defenders. Since the Convoy Fortresses weapon consoles were already all tied into the 'Starfish' supercomputer-like brains system by an earlier agreement, such coordination of pinpoint multi-targeting became possible even against widely scattered attackers - also 'jamming proof' for a tighter formation's intercommunication. 'MegaMax', too, helped out with its formidable firepower, but its main role still remained the advance detection through its very long range ultra-scans.

Right after the attacker wave was wiped out, Convoy Command declared agreement with the suggested Federation plan for the Galaxy XX 33 relocation, subject to the rest of the convoys consenting as well. So 'MegaMax' took half a dozen top delegates aboard, to run them back for the consultation process with the other nine convoys behind. Micah suggested for lead-convoy to maintain their subspace radio-silence, except for a generalized statement to the ones behind about the latest surprise attack - but with no mention of Federation supravessels intervention. Micah advised 'Starfish' to stay on constant alert with short range ultra-scans manned. He ordered 'MegaMax' to keep long range ultrascreens wide open in the search mode, and to give advance warning to 'Starfish' if needed.

Thus, 'MegaMax' took off for the run back to the other convoys, which were staggered and kept one day convoy travel-time apart. For 'MegaMax' that distance was covered 100 times faster - just over two hours, that is, to reach the 10th convoy. Micah let his delegate guests to wander around and examine things. There was no harm even at touching stuff, since everything was on automatic and computer delegated, and the master computer 'Max' was keyed to respond to Micah's voice command only. When nearing the 10th convoy, Micah instructed 'Max' to let the delegate lead-convoy deputy commander make a low powered and tight beam 'sub-space' radio contact for an approach warning with the pop-up coordinates.

Then 'MegaMax' came out of ultra space, matching speed with the 10th convoy, and Micah inviting a 6 member delegation aboard for a brief visit and discussion. Also, Micah arranged for a few hours long general library recordings on Federation Worlds to be high speed transmitted into the convoy data banks. Upon the 6 member delegation's shuttling back, Micah asked their deputy commander to remain on board as a Joint Evacuee Committee member for the ride back to the lead convoy. 'MegaMax' left the 10th convoy to speed forward to the 9th, later the 8th, the 7th, and so on, repeating the procedure of contact-visit-keeping the deputy commander on as a Joint Committee member. Finally, 'MegaMax' rejoined the lead convoy, after about a full day's absence. Throughout that absentee time 'MegaMax's' long range ultra-scans hadn't picked up disturbances either aft or fore of the Evacuee Convoys armada. Rejoining the lead-convoy, all the deputy commander delegates had a brief visit aboard the 'Starfish', then transported over to the lead-convoy's command vessel to discuss their situation and to decide over the fate of their people.

Within a day and a half their answer was proclaimed: the Skanzen League Worlds command quorum opted for acceptance of the Federation's offer to help relocate them to Galaxy XX 33.

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Upon his departure from the Evacuee Convoy scene, Quentin went back on the recliner under the interface cone, letting the starcraft zip him away to his new destination. In the meantime, he let his mind absorb a standard dose of Belzedarian language through the interface.

On arrival in the Belzedar system, Quentin took a wrist-control warping device, and left the starcraft by teleporting to the surface of the governing planet. There he settled in covertly at the Capital City, for studying means and ways to fulfill his mission. Soon he learned that Belzedar was a deadly menace not only for the Galaxy at large, but for the Belzedarian people as well through its dictatorial ways and paranoid police state. At the slightest suspicion or on unfounded accusation of dissent, the state cracked down with its oppressive might. Political imprisonments, frequent executions were quite common - while the war machinery kept eating up huge resources and manpower in the conquest-drive for ever newer territories. Not even the governing body of the Empire was exempt from scrutiny and

persecution. Purges and exterminations were frequent even in the higher echelons, often initiated by the ever intriguing cabinet members or by the paranoid Emperor himself. Yet, true rebellion or resistance was hardly any at all, even then just low profile and well underground.

Once Quentin was familiarized with the local setup, he proceeded with the counter-measures aimed at the complete downfall of the evil tyranny. It seemed that the downfall could be best brought about through the Empire's own methods. So Quentin was setting them up to fight each other for the Empire's self destruct. He knew there would be some unavoidable human suffering, but that cost would be still far less than if the system kept going on.

Quentin started his campaign by exploiting a sensational event that was about to happen: the state controlled media announced the upcoming execution of an important rebel-leader named Rolt. Armed with the complete description of the rebel-holding prison's layout and security system that he electronically stole when breaking undetected into Central Data System, Quentin managed to teleport inside the appropriate prison section in the dead of the night. First he staged a conventional seeming prisoner-rescue by rigging door-closer deactivators and timed explosives in wall sections, then he deactivated the rebel Rolt's cell door in the wake of his timed explosions. After shouting his rescue intention to Rolt, Quentin dragged him out and surreptitiously stunned him with a light phaser-charge. Lastly he slung the unconscious body over his shoulder and teleported out of the prison compound, right back to his own living quarters in the city.

When Rolt came to half hour later, Quentin in his rescuer role pretended to be a highly placed Belzedar engineering expert with state security who became thoroughly disenchanted and rebellious. Quentin handed over all the secret data to incriminate the tyranny's practices which he earlier collected during his undetected break-ins into the files of Security Central, now asking Rolt to use the data for public disclosure. This Rolt solemnly promised, making covert calls on Quentin's vidphone to arrange for his pickup for re-joining the rebels, also to arrange for the incriminating data to be taken away by a separate runner. The tight secrecy was an understandable precaution, Rolt said apologetically, promising to keep in touch. The furtiveness didn't bother Quentin at all: the ball of Fate was already rolling in the right direction, at the close of his Day 3 on Belzedar.

The next day found wall graffitis all over the city, saying 'Rolt escaped, tyranny is doomed'. Later the official media spoke of terrorist activities, jail break attempts. This was followed by a deluge of underground pamphlets and booklets disclosing incriminating classified data on the repressive and murderous practices of the tyrannical establishment. Also, new wall graffitis were appearing: 'Corruption and back stabbing in high places. Who is to profit?'. All this threw public life into a turmoil and the population into a nervous rumor-mill. Law enforcement were visible all over the place,

heavily armed and ready to suppress a possible riot. And this was on the eve of the Empire's full plenary session complete with cabinet and all-systems governmental participation, under the Emperor's watchful eyes.

On that eve Quentin was very busy executing the next phase in his plan. At earlier times he managed to break also into the private filing systems of the Emperor and that of the key cabinet members, collecting juicy blackmail material tidbits the cabinet members acquired on each other through the habitual all around spying. Now he did a selective cross-feeding of these juicy tidbits via discreet memos to the key cabinet members and even to the Emperor, making it all look as if isolated attempts at blackmail by fellow cabinet members.

Then Quentin put his carefully prepared next step into operation. He teleported to the hidden cache of his secret weapons. Much earlier he hijacked and hid away a large shipment of many hundred neurotonic disruptor generators, which were originally slated for the tyranny's warfare in the subjugation of neighboring world systems. The generators were designed for beaming negative vibrations to cause anger-confusion-hatred and violence when on low setting; but at full blast they would disrupt brainwaves, incapacitate or paralyze nervous systems (either human or robot), even kill with long sustained bursts. Now Quentin carefully deployed and aimed these generators one by one, timed to activate on a staggered sequence for a 'low setting' irradiation of the whole planet throughout the next day and a half period. He coupled the timers with his self-made warping devices to keep the generators hidden until activation, which caused a slight warp-out from the local space/time continuum. He knew that once turned on, the generators would be located and neutralized within 10 minutes at most by Security Forces. Neutralized but not captured, for he equipped them with proximity self-destruct devices.

Near crack of dawn on Day 5, Quentin teleported inside capital compound's shield, into the fortress-like zone that housed all the high government officials, cabinet ministers, and the Emperor. There, inside the compound he remotely activated the chain of timed and selectively aimed disruptors he hid earlier, making the activation appear as if some cabinet ministers were out to get each other, also as if a group of them were jointly after their paranoid Emperor. Staging this "group attempt" required Quentin's deactivation the multiple shielding of the Emperor's palatial quarters, which task was quite tricky. Quentin had to bypass many alarms and booby traps, slip through layers of neurotonic mesh-field set to kill any intruder. There were killer beams set even at random spots. So, instead of risky teleporting, he chose to proceed step by step in a 'warp-in & warp-out' at critical spots through the interlaced force fields, until he reached the centralized control area. In one room he found a remote controller's momentarily unattended console amongst two sets of instrument banks and corresponding status displays. One set pertained to the star-cluster based alien warships that attacked the Evacuee Convoy, the other set pertained to the nova star making 'Chaos' device. Finding the appropriate key, he transmitted the

'self destruct' commands for both the robot-ship attacker chain and the 'Chaos' device-chain networks. Remote feedbacks verified total destruction of both chains of evil devices. Next he planted a batch of explosives on remoted triggers all over the console and instrument banks. Afterwards he sought out the shield's control station. There, behind the wall of instrument racks, for the shields deactivation he planted a string of explosive devices complete with warpers and remoted triggers, after which he teleported back to his own place in the city and pulled the trigger to blow the Emperor's shield.

Even though all the beam generators inside the government compound became gradually neutralized and the Emperor's shielding restored by the morning, tempers were already flaring and the nerves fraying in high places. The full plenary session's opening lay in shambles. Out in the city and around the planet, there was much unrest and even some rioting. Security forces were kept busy in the clashes with the demonstrators, and the rebels kept fanning the flames. The military tried to seek out and destroy the planet-irradiating disruptor generators one by one.

As the destabilization was gathering momentum, the Emperor announced the arrest of several key government official 'conspirators'. Many other high officials were reported already battling each other through their respective private security forces. The spectre of a coup d'etat, and also that of an all around civil war was rearing its head. Quentin had an inkling through the chaotic news casts what was generally going on, but by courtesy of the rebel movement he found several underground bulletins on his vidphone recorder which gave really comprehensive situation reports.

Quentin decided it was high time for the last blow against the Empire. Through his earlier set up com-link, now he remotely triggered the transmission of his prearranged signal to the Frondozz Space Fleet. This happened to let hundreds of Stardestroyer-class standby robot ships loose on various Imperial defense installations and power plants, creating a siege-psychosis of invading alien armadas. The Belzedar military decided to recall all the battle units to meet the new menace, while pulling a covert coup d'etat and disposing of their much hated tyrant Emperor Belzed with a disintegrator gun. Now Frondozz sent in massive fleets to force a surrender from Belzedar and to secure a truce.

But by that time, his mission fully accomplished at the end of Day 5, Quentin was already gone from Belzedar and from Galaxy XX Zero as well...

* * *

AN EVENT OF PRESENT TIMES

Pavel's story

Pavel was a high calibre and fast rising bureaucrat in the Soviet governing elite. He had a good grounding in the sciences, held an agnostic view, was well read in several languages - including English, thoroughly informed on international politics and economics, fairly traveled abroad, physically fit and tough. He was also a hard-nosed pragmatist, yet his long standing interest in the field of astronomy still led him to endless philosophical ponderings over cosmic questions.

In early 1975, aboard an overnight domestic Soviet flight, while chatting with the crew in the cockpit, Pavel was profoundly shaken by a close UFO flyby and its near collision antics. The crew shrugged the incident off, preferring not to file a report. Pavel played along with them, wanting no official entanglements either. Yet, his curiosity was much aroused.

Back to Moscow, Pavel started to dig into the general UFO topic by conducting covert researches through the restricted Kremlin archives and computer data banks. There, on the shelves he found many Western-published books on UFOs - mostly of numerous sightings and of some insubstantiated 'close encounter' stories which talked about extraterrestrial aliens with superior technologies. Official info in the data banks was skimpy, inconclusive: air forces of the major powers around the world had been earnestly investigating the phenomena, but no hard data were obtained yet.

Outside officialdom, amongst people in all walks of life, Pavel's jestingly 'casual' references brought on some interesting results: he had a fleeting brush with an alleged psychic in the manual labor ranks who claimed ongoing telepathic contacts with various extraterrestrials; he bumped into a psychotronics research officer with a keen interest in gadgetry for controlling 'terran or alien' minds. Once Pavel even went incognito to sit in on a stupid village seance - where a disembodied voice directed him to be at a certain Black Sea resort by the upcoming full moon's time 'for vital clues to his extraordinary quest'. Much to his surprise - due to some unexpected official business - that full moon's time by a seeming coincidence he wound up near the specified resort place.

At the already darkening airport, an official limousine sent for his exclusive use whisked him away to the downtown accomodation. However, the driver took him instead to the festively lit harbor, right up to some moonlight-cruise boat just about to depart.

"Your bringing me here must be a mistake." Pavel told the door-opening driver.

"No mistake." The green eyed and handsomely dark chauffeur

gave him a roguish smile. "Right on schedule, you came as planned 'for the vital clues to the extraordinary quest'. So kindly get on board, please."

Somehow, Pavel found himself aboard the already casting off boat, being hustled to a secluded deck-area by a blonde haired sailor of penetrating blue eyes. A full moon hung low on the horizon.

"What's all this spiriting me away in such cloak and dagger fashion?" Pavel inquired. "First that Rasputin-like driver, now your 'prince charming' self."

"The 'cloak and dagger' is for ensuring all around secrecy. The limo driver is my co-conspirator." Blue Eyes replied. "And I am Quentin, sent here to satisfy your curiosity in UFO matters."

"Very well." Pavel said. "So what on earth are these UFOs?"

"First of all, they are not of Earth. They are extraterrestrial scout ships - popularly called 'flying saucers' - of very advanced high-tech design, here to monitor the activities of your planet's civilization."

"Why is the monitoring?"

"Partly curiosity, partly scientific research. Like how your hideous polluting and nuclear madness may affect the lives of extraterrestrials in the long run."

"We have no next door neighbors to worry about." Pavel made a sweeping gesture towards the spectacularly starlit sky.

"Wrong." Quentin countered. "Apart from your visible universe, there are many other universes of different dimensionality. Parts of those dimensions do even occupy the same space as this dimension - yet are invisible to each other, since their realities manifest at different rates of vibrations. Like solid matter and radio waves to each other, although in their respective dimensions everything is just as solid as here. Even though mutually invisible, they can still affect each other through the common etheric and magnetic spaces."

"And the UFOs are from those other dimensions?"

"Most of them are, indeed."

"How do they get here, then?"

"By altering their vibratory rate down to the rate of this dimension, thus solidifying and becoming visible here. This produces the effect of 'materialization' - or conversely 'dematerialization'."

Well, that'd explain the sudden disappearance and reappearance of that orangely glowing 'flyby' object he personally observed from the plane's cockpit, Pavel thought.

"I've read similar tales in some Western-published UFO books." Aloud Pavel said. "But I'd rather be interested in my own first-hand experiencing, in a personal encounter with such marvellous machines and their outer space occupants. Maybe I'd like to have a ride, too, if it would be possible."

"It sure would be possible, provided your molecular structure could be altered by the Tibetan treatment for an interdimensional journey. Still, it could be pretty dangerous." Quentin explained.

"Leave that to me." Pavel said. "So where and when can my direct experiencing be arranged?"

"You will be contacted in about 5 weeks from today. All details then will be taken care of, so there's no need for you to worry..."

All of a sudden, a bright point of orange light streaked across the black night sky. Pavel's eyes followed the light's path until its abrupt disappearance. Then he turned back to Quentin - but the man was no longer there: mysteriously, he vanished without a trace just like some UFO...

* * *

About a month after the Black Sea incident, Pavel was leaving Moscow again. This time it was to join the one week long hunting party that a select circle of two dozen top bureaucrats annually got together for in the Ural mountains. Pavel's wife was not happy about the all males gathering, but she understood the necessity of maintaining such intimate comradely bonds in the country's power structure.

Reaching the base camp in a desolate area of the Ural mountains, by evening Pavel was joined in the fireside revelry of his trusted old friends. Next day it was time to talk hunting games strategy, checking maps and equipment, breaking into smaller groups of twos and threes. Then late evening they all scattered and set out for an all night outing, in order to familiarize with the wooded terrain and to take up pre-dawn lookout positions near the big game drinking and crossing spots.

Pavel was trailing his two team mates along a babbling creek. There was some ground mist at places. Otherwise, the night was clear and cool. The stars sparkled brightly - an orange one even kept blinking, then moved away rapidly. A sudden recognition hit Pavel: it was exactly 5 weeks earlier that Quentin gave the date for a UFO contact.

The three hunters entered the woods through a rising mist which was fast becoming a dense fog. In spite of precautions, flash-lights and good walkie-talkies, the team mates lost each other. Pavel still heard distant voices and rustling, when he happened upon a forest clearing of much improved visibility. Suddenly, an eerie illumination came from above: a disc shaped object, pulsat-

ing with an orange glow, swam into view overhead - then swam out of view in a downward arc. Most likely a UFO! And it must have landed nearby, for a faint pulsating remained steady even through the fog. For a closer look, Pavel kept moving along the trail which led uphill now in the orange glow's direction. After a few minutes, the mist-shrouded forest fell behind, as he stepped out on the fog free rock plateau of some hilltop.

And there at a distance was the mysterious object, which now abruptly changed its bright orange pulsation into a steady pale blue luminescence - as if responding to Pavel's arrival. Definitely a UFO, the flying saucer shaped object was the size of a truck, silently hovering a few meters above the ground. Awestruck and excited, Pavel laid his gear down and just stood there motionless. Now the UFO started to fade away into invisibility, then reappeared through a faint glow into a solid object again after a minute or two, even lowering itself into a fully landed position. Without a doubt, this UFO was from outer space. Most likely even from another dimension as Quentin had said, but certainly not of Earthly origin.

The flying saucer just stood there motionless, soundless. Since no one came out of it, after a very long wait Pavel broke the spell and moved close to investigate. The alien flying thing was disc-shaped with a small dome on top, over three meters high and eight meters in diameter. There were three portholes equally set apart around its circumference, but there was no door or other opening. The disc gave off some heat and emanated a faint smell of ozone. Rather than using his bare hand, he tapped the UFO with his sheathed hunting knife. The hull felt much more like fiberglass than metal.

Suddenly, a man sized hole irised open in the hull, followed by a short ramp lowering from it. Startled, Pavel ran back to his gear, prepared for an imminent showing of some alien creatures. But the saucer just blankly sat there, with no movement from it whatsoever. After a very long wait, he realized that there were no aliens coming out. Pavel took a grip on his nerves, walked up to the ramp and went inside the alien craft.

A fast glance told him the craft had some equipment, screens, instrument slabs - but no visible creature inside. There was a faint hiss behind him: the doorway just irised down and sealed shut. Forcing himself to stay calm, Pavel looked for and found the door-activator's manual override working to his satisfaction. So he was not captive after all, but just a 'visiting guest' inside an alien robotcraft. Quickly weighing pros and cons, he made a snap decision.

"Very well, mysterious aliens." He stepped up close to a beach-ball sized object which floated at his eye level inside a meter-wide vertical center support shaft of transparent material. "I am ready to learn, to experience, to meet you face to face wherever. So let's go and get on with it."

The robotcraft energized instantly, lifting off the rocky hilltop.

Through the bottom porthole, Pavel watched with fascination as the ground fell away rapidly. The fog stayed below, the stars brightly shone above, and the alien craft was in a level flight mode. Peering into the fast blinking central sphere - which was most likely the piloting brain - Pavel soon figured out how to read its pattern changes for direction and geographical location. The projected course pointed to a destination deep inside Red Chinese territory, more precisely in Tibet's Himalayan range in the general Lhasa area.

They covered the 4000 km distance in about one hour's time, while crossing several time zones. At daybreak, in the midst of snowclad peaks they landed on a barren mountainside. A group of silent monks appeared in protective furs and took Pavel away to a nearby underground monastery. There, Pavel was scrutinized by some head lamas. Then, seated amidst smoking candles and chanting monks, he felt as if being ultrasonically washed inside and throughout in a joyously tingling way. Were they perhaps altering his molecular structure? The ridiculous notion flashed through his mind, just before he drifted into some deep sleep like state. When Pavel woke, he was back inside the robotcraft, feeling wonderfully light and rejuvenated. Through a side porthole he saw his monk-escort walking away from the craft. Near him on the floor he found some space gear: boots, formfitting space 'skin' of silvery material, belt and helmet. Since it was obviously meant for his use, he stripped and put the stuff on. Through the belt and helmet, he immediately felt a dramatic boost of his already heightened mental and physical functioning.

The robotcraft lifted off into the late afternoon sun, then raced away to Mongolia's Gobi Desert. There, the craft was sucked up into a fiery vortex of frightening mists, just to be thrown clear a few minutes later into deep space and many thousand kilometers from planet Earth. A large saucer-shaped mother ship hovered nearby, which the small robotcraft boarded by 'dematerialized' penetration through its hull! Once inside and in one of its seven saucer docking bays, the robotcraft 'rematerialized' to its former shape and solidity. Pavel left the saucer, and through a succession of doors he arrived in a hexagonal room with slanting walls and a wide picture window: evidently his living quarters for a probable journey. Somewhat later the mother ship made an interdimensional transit by fading out from Earth's dimension into another dimension, which new dimension was crowded with spectacular star clusters.

Pavel explored the adjoining central dome's rock garden, ate sparingly from the condensed protein rations he found in a compact storage behind his room's wall. He whiled away the time with reflections and mental games - even attempted to communicate with the robot mothership's central intelligence, but in vain. No contact either with the other six passengers that he suspected were on board, hidden from sight. Fortunately, there was the ever fascinating space scape to watch and wonder about their incredibly fast supra-light speed of travel. Then, surviving a violent electric space storm, the carrier reached its destination - a binary star system, after what felt like a three days' journeying.

There was a planet with two suns rising from behind it, also a colossal sized spaceship floating nearby. The connecting doors from Pavel's room to the docking bay opened: it was time to board the saucer. They went through the carrier's hull in a half dematerialized state, than solidified again they flew away toward the spaceship colossus.

Soon, the whole view was taken up by the kilometers long super spaceship. The small saucer went through the giant's hull in a 'half-transit' mode. After solidifying in a bay enclosure, Pavel exited on foot. He found himself inside a 10 meters wide tubular passage way, next to a plastic bubble car. At his eye level, there hovered a one meter diameter disc, with antenna and optical protrusions and even a small TV screen.

"Welcome aboard, comrade." The mini saucer spoke with a stewardess-like voice in perfect Russian. "I am here to guide you to the reception room. Please get into the bubble hover-car, then I shall lead on."

Pavel complied, and was whisked through a maze of corridors, shafts, revolving drums. Gravity, air, temperature felt perfectly 'Earth-normal'. There was lot of traffic all over. Human-like figures in formfit uniforms and from dwarf to giant size of widely differing skin textures were scurrying in both directions. Some of them even had features which resembled cats, dogs, birds, reptiles and insects. Most likely humanoid aliens from divergent lines of evolution. But whatever, it all looked tremendously exciting to Pavel.

After about a ten minutes travel, the bubble hovercraft entered a spherical chamber. The place was eccentrically furnished with riotous decorations - but also had trolleys laden with food and drink. A casually dressed human figure came forth to greet Pavel, shaking his hand warmly.

"Welcome aboard, and welcome to a space sector of the Psychean Federation Worlds." He said in flawless Russian. "We are aboard a one-and-a-half mile long, medium sized Space Lab Ark of Federation Registry. The larger sized Arks are about 10 to 20 times bigger and up. Presently, we are orbiting the Planet Argona in the binary Omm-Onn system." He pointed toward one slide-away section of the chamber, which showed the planet and the rising suns.

Pavel recognized his host instantly. He was the limousine driver from the Black Sea resort encounter.

"Well, well. You do get around for a simple chauffeur." Pavel said, taken back by the new surprise.

"That was just a convenient cover." The host grinned, stroking his beard. He poured some vodka, handing over one glassful, then continued talking. "I am an extraterrestrial; more specifically of the Psychean Worlds. My name is Argus, and I am the one who had to

authorize your visit to these parts on behalf of the Federation's Space Fleet Intelligence."

"I feel honored." Pavel gestured with his glass of vodka in hand. "Also, I am happy to be here and am looking forward to learn more about your worlds. But I am gravely concerned about the stir my absence from home will create. So far it's been about three missing days."

"No need to worry." Argus said. "You will be back in that befogged forest within five hours elapsed Earth time from your departure. So, there will be a matter of five missing hours in the dense fog. Your absence would go unnoticed."

"How can that be? Time is time."

"Not quite. There is a 1 to 7 time ratio between our respective dimensions. Besides, you'll go through some time-warpings, much of it in reverse."

"Anyway, I'll be your host for most of your stay." Argus went on. "But now we must part company for a few days, for I must welcome your other fellow visitors from Earth. In my absence, this mini-saucer will show your quarters, will look after your needs, will also take you on guided tours of our Space Lab Ark."

At a flick of Argus's hand, one quadrant of the enclosing dome opened to reveal a Polynesian-type environment of gently rolling hills with lush tropical vegetation.

"What you see here is a fair reproduction of my near Earth-like home environment on Planet Ankh. Go out and stretch your legs a while. It's reasonably safe, and the mini-saucer will provide the escort for your comfort, information, or video-phone connection if needed. On that back couch, you'll find some casual clothes to change into. Leave your space gear here, it will be taken care of."

Pavel stepped out of the dome for a welcome break in the tropical paradise, following the mini-saucer's lead.

"Distances are deceptive here." The mini-saucer informed him. "The idea is to create a feeling of spaciousness in the confinement of this ship-segment. Here we have various nature trails, totaling to 10 kilometers in length."

Pavel was impressed. Their trail led through an ever changing terrain, and sometimes almost doubled back on itself or ran pretty near in circles. Pavel enjoyed the exhilarating 2 hours hike, the picnic lunch that the mini-saucer conjured up while he swam in a bay inlet, before adjourning to his quarters.

Waking up 'next day', Pavel availed himself to the mini saucer's led orientation tour of the Space Lab Ark (SLA). He sat in a hover bubble car which glided noiselessly through the maze of passageways, byways and service corridors. Mini-saucer showed the way, while

helpfully explaining.

"You are on a Space Lab Ark of medium class. It is cylindrical in form and has a multi-species crew and scientists personnel of 3000. It's cigar shaped construct is $2\frac{1}{2}$ kilometers long, and is made up of segmented modules. Each module is a carefully laid out environmental mini replica of its originating home-world planet. This Space Lab Ark is a veritable mobile exhibition, a cosmic showcase of 12 differing worlds. Yet the ones assembled here are just a random sampling out of the many non-humanoid world civilizations under the Federation's exploring. Each module core is hermetically sealed in itself, accessible through transfer chambers only - but all open for visiting by anyone from any other world, in suitably protective gear. The SLA's purpose is to provide facilities for learning about each other's worlds - humanoids and non-humanoids alike - even to stop off to explore additional worlds as well."

Pavel toured the automated Food Production Plant, the Repair Plant with its very complex machineries and multipodal mechanics, lastly even the Multi-Species Saucers loading bay with the many differently climatized crystal containers to accomodate the various alien scientists.

Then came the sightseeing tours of several 'world exhibit' modules of widely differing environments and of their native people. And even though the whole trip so far was most amazing for Pavel, now he found the different 'world exhibits' utterly fascinating. He traveled through fiery and icy climates with atmospheres ranging from methane to chlorine; and with native 'people' of aquatics, amphibians, crustaceans, reptilians, mammalians, avians, insecteans and many other types.

Pavel even participated in several thought exchange sessions with assorted alien volunteers via the specially constructed Mind-Link Chambers near the SLA's front end.

For relaxation, he strolled in the oxygen-breathing module of Argus's homeworld, or watched a great variety of Earth origin video recordings. In this fashion, three days already went by, when mini saucer requested him to follow it to the nose-cone Command Module.

*

Pavel was led into a recessed part of a multiple-level bridge. There, clad in a formfit uniform of some notable rank, Argus awaited him.

"I am back, true to my promise, here to escort you aboard that Starship," Argus pointed to the image of the sleek space vessel on a vidscreen, "and accompany you to the faraway starsystem of the Federation's Central Administration - more specifically to its Capital Planet called Xanthius. Are you ready for imminent departure?"

"Yes, I am ready. Much as I enjoyed the loads of alien impressions and the mini-saucer robot's personal catering, I welcome a change for the more accustomed human-type environment." Pavel said.

"Fine. But our transfer to that standing-by Starship still may be another strange novelty to you. It's an efficient but unorthodox transfer process called 'beaming across'. Just stay calm, even if it feels a bit ticklish." Argus flashed a grin, then spoke softly into a wrist-mike. "Two to transport. Activate and proceed."

Their bodies just dematerialized then near-instantly rematerialized aboard the Starship's bridge, amongst human and humanoid crew working at consoles and instrument panels. It all looked just like in the science fiction movies, Pavel reflected with amusement - except that this here was for real!

A friendly, very human looking officer attached some small radio-like device on Pavel's chest, then explained.

"This is a T-pack - a translating device, that is - for your personal use, set on interfacing our standard intergalactic lingo and your Earthean one, this case for Russian. From now on, you can directly communicate with any one of us."

"Thank you. It's very wonderful, sounding true Russian." Pavel beamed happily.

"Captain." An officer spoke to a man of authority in the command chair. "Our course is set in and verified all the way to Xanthius. ETA is in 9,2 hours."

"Very well, let's proceed." The captain nodded, then turned to Pavel. "Welcome aboard, esteemed Earthean visitor. Please, feel free to roam the ship, ask questions from anyone; and let your host, Argus the envoy from Federation Central assist you."

Just like the captain suggested, Pavel started to roam and explore. First, he moved around the bridge itself, scrutinizing the stations of the navigator, the helmsman, the science op, the communicator, the engineer, speaking briefly with each officer in turn. They all talked readily, explaining facets of the starship's functioning - which Pavel understood in general lines but not in particular details. The underlying concepts were radically different from that of Earth's technology. And the gap seemed far too big, even with computer terminals spewing forth mountains of requested data and references on mere voice command. Nonetheless, his scientifically inclined mind still much appreciated the graphic description of such intricacies as e.g.: particle beam weaponry, defensive deflector-shields, subnucleonics based propulsion, transporter and tractor beams, computerized life-support systems.

Argus showed him around the 12 decked vessel, from living quarters for the 500 strong personnel through recreation and medical areas to the engineering domain. Though far smaller than the co-

lossal SLA, this starship of the size of an Earthean aircraft carrier was still gigantic. And even though such a starship in auto mode could be run by two or three men, the fully manned version was more preferred for the sake of human participation and rare employment creation in a labor-free utopian society.

Then Argus elaborated: in all its sectors, the Federation had ages ago reached a peak of technological development. Raw materials supply and shipping, manufacturing, agriculture had become fully automated. The same had happened with medicine, transportation, service industries. There still remained human overseers and managers, directors and coordinators - especially in human affair departments. Besides, many localities would still prefer human chefs and headwaiters directing the android labor; humans for chief medical officers, police chiefs, judges, executive administrators. Yet all these put together employed far less than one percent of the population. But for billions upon billions there was nothing to do, no purpose to exist. Drudgery and toil had ended, but so had striving. High standard of living guaranteed income was universal. Matter of fact, in most sectors money was no longer existent. General consumer goods and services could be obtained freely, without limitations; likewise with the use of transports, vacationing, recreational or educational facilities. In their basic schooling up to age 18, people were thought to understand their world, utilize their talents and learn creative skills, develop a wholesome outlook and a responsible attitude towards themselves and society - and above all, to strive for excellence and spiritual transcendence. People were encouraged to participate in sports, arts and crafts, community activities.

Still, there were societal problems. Not everybody could accept the panacea of invented usefulness and 'occupational therapies'. Some people would rather struggle, compete, fight to gain a 'true satisfaction'. These discontented ones had the option of trying to excel real hard in any field of their choosing, or to ship out to live primitive lives on an assortment of remote planets, to make it 'real big' and to become super rich and living in their custom built own fantasy lands. All these and other eccentricities were being tolerated by the system, excepting harmful aberrations. Instead of conventional police, there were well programmed android 'peace enforcers' to ensure trouble free social interacting. The enforcement measures were subject to a local all-human jury's instruction. Incidentally, androids were humanoid robots built to serve humans in every conceivable way, had limited self awareness, and were made to wear out in less than 30 years as not to cause any 'humanitarian dilemma' in the long run. Communities - small or large, planetary or regional - were served by local administrators to ensure abundant supplies and services. These administrators, like all 'job holders' were human volunteer workers for work's sake, but also compensated by reward incentives - like unique gifts and rare pieces of art or other memorabilia.

The Federation had no government in a conventional sense. Instead, they had a body of non-authoritarian civil service to guide

society's smooth functioning in every way on every level. In case of snags, citizen juries were formed to resolve the particular issues. This always worked out in a liberal and democratic manner, with plenty of common sense. People were advanced enough to make the system work; besides, grade 4 and grade 5 facilitators safeguarded the due process.

Every community had its assortment of free housing, shopping outlets, schools, sporting facilities, recreation and entertainment complexes, adult learning & development centers, meditation halls and spiritual temples. People held the general belief in the great cosmic ONE - the ONE impartial and benign towards all life in Creation. There were no major formalized religions - but people were free to join or form any such group - provided it caused no harm or interference in the basic freedom of others.

Marriages were on renewable contract basis. People had the right to have one child per person in their lifetime, in adherence to a strictly enforced population control. The Guardians and the Federation did not want unbridled expansion either population- or territory-wise. Instead, quality of life, and the individual's freedom plus well-being were held as the ideological foundation for 'governing' practices.

* * *

The Starship arrived at the intended destination. Strong defenses and tight security was quite evident all over the Federation's central star-system, especially around the capital planet. Shuttlecraft had to be used, for not even transporter beaming was allowed. Argus and Pavel shuttled down to Xanthius, landing inside a domed-over area of meshing force fields. From there, a spacious 2 seater hover-bubble took them through a maze of underground corridors and checkpoints, then dropped down staggered shafts deep inside the planet. Their destination was 200 miles below the planet's surface. The place they finally came to was the 'Grand Space-Holo Center', a cube shaped, colossal sized cavity, stretching 50 miles in each direction. The transparent bubble stopped in the very center of the colossal place, and took up a hovering position.

The dim cavity came alive with myriad pinpoints of light. The Earthean visitor stared awestruck. Around him sparkled his home-universe as if seen from planet Earth's point. It was a most grandiose view: millions upon millions of stars and distant galaxies, worlds without end stretching to infinity...

"Management's courtesy towards our much esteemed Earthean visitor." Argus informed Pavel.

As the vast universe-display dimmed out after a few minutes, Argus spoke up again.

"Turn your head and you can still see a small version of your home universe display, with appropriate Earth language inscription

for your sake, on one of the just activating nine screens set in the bubble's wall."

Outside, another vast holo-display was fading in. A varying colored bunch of interpenetrating clouds swirled all over. This was to depict the various dimensionality universes in our home-multiverse as known to the Federation, with Earth's universe and the Federation Capital's universe flashing white and yellow respectively - Argus informed. After several minutes this configuration, too, appeared scaled down on a screen along with the appropriate words 'Known Multiverse' superimposed. The vast holo-display still held, but now a bundle of spots lit up inside it for indicating the relative locales of the Federation's dominion. This, also appeared scaled down on yet another screen in the bubble's wall.

In this fashion, various multicolored and rotating holo-displays faded in and out, with their scaled down and inscribed versions shown up on the successive screens in the bubble wall. The full gamut was like this:

Re: Multiverse

33 Federation Sectors

1 Earth's Universe	4 Overview of FED. Worlds	5 Individual FED Worlds
2 Known Multiverse	6 FED. Worlds and Stargates	7 Stargates, Galaxy Gates
3 Federation's dominion in Multiverse	8 FED Space Fleet groups, bases	9 FED Space Fleet routing samples

"This Holo Center must be incredibly valuable." Pavel commented. "How do you safeguard against breakdowns or serious losses in the system?"

"The system is quite foolproof." Argus answered. "Besides, we have several back-up replicas of this place for insurance. One vastly more detailed replica for Space Fleet Command's exclusive use is in operation on the other side of this planet. That center is ringed by forests of independent administration complexes, train-

ing facilities, residential and recreational areas for Space Fleet staff and families. But the real top level Space Fleet Command decisions are being made from yet another independent complex on a nearby planetoid."

Later, upon returning to the surface they switched to yet another hover-bubble which took them around to the Federal Administration Center's and Capital City's sights. The innermost part was a vast garden city of monuments and public buildings of widely varying styles. For instance, 'Federation Circle' had one building complex for each of its 33 sectors, plus one more for Federal Coordination and two more for the non-humanoid alien representations - numbering to total 36 complexes, which housed respective offices and cultural exhibits as well. Radially, for many kilometers behind the complexes stretched the residential and recreational areas for the staff and their families. Again, a great variety of types and architectural styles - yet the overall impression was immensely pleasant and harmonious, like everywhere in Capital City. As Argus explained, the place had kept evolving functionally and aesthetically like some organic growth through the hundreds of millenia.

Inside 'Federation Circle', on Government Hill the hover bubble took them through the main corridor of the Federation Assembly. Stopping off at the public gallery, Pavel briefly listened into the prosaic session proceedings. Even if the proceedings were dull, at least the sector representatives had colorfully varying looks and attires that enlivened the scene.

Then the hover bubble took them out to the wide open country of great natural beauty, dotted with romantic mansions and luxurious resorts. There were also numerous Federal Parks, set up to resemble some of the most representative type Federation worlds' flora and fauna - home-like for the sector delegates even if faraway from their real home worlds. To Pavel, Xanthius seemed a veritable collection of little paradises. He also greatly enjoyed talking to various people.

The day after the Xanthius tour, Pavel talked Argus into taking him to visit some faraway worlds of non-humanoid aliens. Argus let Pavel pick three or four such destinations, then setting out in the Starship, they journeyed to each selected world. There, they beamed down in appropriately protective gear. Pavel carried a doubled up T-pack to facilitate a translation from any alien language - through Federation's Intergalactic - into Russian, and vice versa, enabling him for direct communication with the locals.

Their first planet-fall was at an aquatic world, with its culture marine-life oriented, musically and aesthetically inclined. And even though simple communication was possible through the double T-pack, Pavel could not find a common frame of reference with the locals for any sensible talks.

The second place was an arctic world of frozen wastes. Furry and lubbery denizens were sporting in endurance races aimed at com-

plete mastery of body and mind. Again, no common references or interests for meaningful communication.

The third planet was a gas giant, with kite-shaped creatures floating in the 'air' currents; a completely incomprehensible way of life, no talk with the natives who seemed to communicate strictly with their radio-like brains.

The fourth place was a temperate planet of mixed vegetation: an elaborate experimental ground for the creation of a non-humanoid multi-species civilization. There, in his light protective gear and double T-pack, Pavel could find plenty common interest issues to talk about with the denizens. These aliens came in a wild assortment: massive bodies on short legs, lean bodies with too many joints, furred and scaled and feathered faces, shaggy pelts and glistening hides, taloned limbs, quivering tentacles, and many more.

And that concluded Pavel's pick of visiting some faraway and 'far out' worlds...

* * *

The Starship came out of hyperdrive in the Omm-Onn system, and proceeded at sublight to the Space Lab Ark still orbiting planet Argona. For a while Pavel watched planet Argona's two setting suns. Then Argus took him to the transporter room, and two-some they beamed down to the planet's night side.

They materialized inside one of the many gigantic 'glass' domes, on top of a building. Outside the dome, there was a great profusion of towering structures and high-rise buildings, housed by a cluster of gigantic domes and interconnected by 'glass' tubed roadways. Proceeding on foot, Argus and Pavel reached the street level by slow motion falling down an elevator shaft. Then they strolled through the myriad wonders of a veritable cosmic World's Fair. The place was called Recreation City, and was teeming with masses of people from even faraway regions of the Psychean Federation. They were mostly oxygen-breathing humanoids in varying shapes, sizes, races, colors and skin textures, all speaking the Intergalactic Standard that Pavel easily understood with the aid of his most useful double T-pack. He even had a few casual conversations here and there.

That night they slept in a 'self-serve' hotel. Next morning, Argus took Pavel out on a day long hover-car tour of the country. The city itself was only one small part of the planet's many complexes. The other complexes were scattered around the country side in appropriate settings, and were used as experimental centres for personal development in the arts and in the sciences, in psychic and spiritual field, yogic disciplines, or whatever field a visiting individual might choose. Apparently, Federation people regarded playful creativity and all-around self improvement as the best way to spend their time, since their labor-free utopian society amply provided robotized services and goods production.

A visitor could stay in any Argonian city, or in one of the

scattered countryside communities, depending on his particular interest. There was a wide selection of choices, ranging from luxury resorts through artists' villages to austere monasteries. Near each community there were several large and domed-in areas, serving as insulated experimental grounds. Some dome interiors seemed like construction sites in a strange fashion: stone slabs were materialized out of nowhere, were flame-cut without any visible means, and were lifted high into place without any cranes. Argus said that all this was done by the visitors' generating and converting psychic type energies. Some other similar domes even contained raging energy storms and wild discharges.

"What you see here works only inside these powerful 'effort magnification' fields. It's merely for demonstrating man's psychic potentials, plus for the learning of some basic psychic skills." Argus explained. "But the producing anything spectacular by sheer will power is beyond the average Psychean's reach."

On Pavel's request they left the hover-car to enter one dome. The place was nearly empty, except for the many man-sized 'soap bubbles' which floated high above the ground containing people who practiced self-induced levitation. Pavel climbed into one vacant bubble, trying to make it float by his will power. At first, nothing happened. Then, slowly, the bubble rose a fraction and bounced around a bit. Finally, a few feet lift off and hovering for a brief time. Pavel was happy that he got the knack of it, at least.

After the nice and long outing, a flying saucer came to shuttle them up to the orbiting SLA.

"I am most grateful for and very happy about all the wondrous things I was shown during this entire space odyssey." Pavel said earnestly. "But what's in it for you people, for the Federation?"

"Since your Earth is our 'neighbor' and a member of the human-worlds family in this great Creation," Argus responded, "we wish to help your progress and your eventual associating with the Federation. This we do partly out of moral obligation, partly at the Guardians' behest. And also for our strategic self interest, wanting to keep you away from the clutches of the cosmic bad guys."

"So what's keeping the Federation from a mass landing and an official contact with Earth?"

"Because we wish to avoid a massive shock to your population. The cultural gap is too great. Earth people will have a lot of cleaning up to do first: like doing away with wars, violence, repression, abuses, industrial pollution, moral and psychic pollution."

"I agree. We're getting there, but it'll take some more time."

"Time has run out. A great cosmic cycle change is upon you; a whole new world order is coming, at around the end of this century."

It will be an unavoidable step up into a higher vibrational dimensionality, that only the peaceful and the humane ones could endure. A vast change in attitudes and consciousness is necessary, which you Pavel personally will help to bring about through some new governing methods and policies.

"Also, the cosmic cycle change will cause large scale cataclysms, both natural and manmade." Argus went on. "In case of global threat, the standing-by Federation Space Fleet will effect a rescue of the better human element through a mass evacuation. You personally will be trained to help out with that contingency."

On their saucer-shuttle return to the SLA, Pavel learned that the Admiral wished to see him. Argus escorted him to the uppermost chamber of the nose-cone, the Admiral's quarters.

"My hosting assignment ends here. So fare well, and peace be with you, my friend." Argus shook hands affectionately, then added. "Just go in, Admiral Spectron is already expecting you."

Inside a spacious suite, a tall and blonde-haired man in a dazzlingly decorative uniform greeted Pavel. Astoundingly, the man was Quentin - the 'sailor' from that Black Sea moonlight cruise ship.

When Pavel's surprise wore off, they started talking over a drink. Pavel learned about Quentin's being an extraterrestrial, whose role was to arrange the bringing of suitable visitors to the faraway cosmic realms. Quentin had been sent 'on loan' to the Psycheans from yet another higher dimension (from the beings called Spectrans) in an advisory capacity, and with the temporary rank of Admiral. Pavel learned that the allotted time for his visit was up, and he would soon be on his way home to planet Earth - unless he'd care to journey even farther out. The 'Council of the Guardians' had expressed interest to see Pavel in person. These Guardians were not flesh and blood creatures, but pure energy beings who dwelt in a non-physical realm beyond time and space. Like some heavenly host, they were the Elder Brothers, guiding the fate of humankind in all the dimensions and universes throughout the vast Cosmos. If Pavel decided to go, he would have to be transported bodily to a non-material plane of existence, and metamorphosed for the duration of his stay at a final transfer point.

Pavel was stunned by the extraordinary prospect, but was quite game to go. When the briefing with Quentin was over, he had to depart immediately, to make the best of the rapidly shifting conditions on the course through the nebular sector called 'Great Chaos Barrier'.

* * *

Pavel rode the solo flying saucer into the Barrier's impenetrable space and monstrous electrical storms. During a rough bout he was transferred to a caterpillar-shaped, translucent robot craft called 'Phantom Ship'. There, he occupied a man sized glass cap-

sule inside one of seven torpedo-tube compartments to hold the Earthean visitors. Then the Phantom Ship passed through many warped space sections and fiery storms, until it arrived in the motionless eye of the storms. There, the ship launched all the seven Eartheans like live torpedoes into a most formidable black hole. And there, swallowed by complete darkness, his capsule and his body disintegrated into nothingness...

No doubt that he had died. There was no body left, no bodily sensations. Yet, his mind was still functioning. Being a hard-headed pragmatist, Pavel did not dwell on the morbid aspects of his predicament, but began some mental experimenting. After an interminably long time, he started to perceive light emanations of his own being's energy field. His full regeneration followed relatively fast, and after lots of 'gropings' he succeeded to surface into a physical-looking world. He found himself bodily sealed inside a protective bubble of resilient transparency, floating out from an underground stream toward a sea.

Inside his head, a calm voice sounded. It informed him that he had arrived in the non-physical realms. Here - the voice said - all appearances were just solidified thought forms, perceived as familiar images of a real world. His body was in a metamorphosed suspension, yet appearing to function in the accustomed manner out of habit. The voice also stated, that in order to meet the Guardians, he had to climb high up into those mountains which loomed on the horizon.

Pavel's fast mind latched down to the essence: here, all appearances were just solidified thought forms. So be it! He grinned, then willed his bubble to lift off and fly away towards those mountains. And his effort actually worked!

Soon he was above a vast expanse of barren ridges, heading for the group of highest peaks in sight. Then he spotted a smoldering wreckage of some crashed vehicle on the side of an awesomely high mountain. Up quite a distance from the wreckage, he saw the only sign of habitation in that utterly desolate land: a terraced and turreted facade suggested some fortress or monastery. Figuring it as the best bet, he willed the bubble to land on the terrace.

The bubble burst on touchdown, but Pavel walked away unscathed. With a shrug, he passed through a wide doorway in the rock wall, into a torch-lit passage leading to a circular chamber. A robed figure rose from a chair by the fireplace, and turned to greet Pavel. The figure was Quentin - the one time sailor turned Admiral, now turned caretaker monk for this beyond the end of the Cosmos.

"Well, it is my friend Pavel, the amateur scientist and professional career politician." Quentin flashed a warm smile.

"Well, hello sailor-Admiral-monk-and whatever else." Pavel countered. "Just call me a scientific politician."

"That you truly are, catching on real fast. Making the bubble

to fly was most ingenious."

"It was not original, but I prefer short cuts." Pavel shrugged.

"Well, to each his own. There is no substitute for personal experiencing or for personally solving the problems as they arise. However, your fellow pilgrims will also get here, eventually. And since ordinary time is not relevant in this realm, the common factor for now is the preset Festival-like mass audience that starts soon, which serves as synchronizer for the event-sharing. So, let me take you to the scene."

Pavel had to don a cassock, with the hood pulled over his head; then Quentin led him through a labyrinth of tunnels to the other side of the mountain. They came out between marble pillars onto a gigantic terrace-garden, that swarmed with hundreds of hooded monk anonymities. Nestled among the towering peaks and far below, a beautiful valley stretched away. Quentin turned and left without a word.

It felt like being in Paradise. As darkness eventually fell, a great peace washed over Pavel. Then a dazzling procession of angelic energy-creatures descended from the lofty heights in the 'form' of pure Light Beings. At the same time, about fifty pastel-colored light spheres - the Guardians - appeared on the surrounding terraces. Then came the brilliant descent of the Great Master light beings, soon getting eclipsed by an all overpowering golden-white Light from the indigo sky in a joyous and loving fashion. Trying to take it all in, Pavel's consciousness expanded blissfully, until his very core fused with everything within the all-encompassing Golden Light that embraced his fellow pilgrims, the Guardians, and the Great Masters alike. For a glorious moment Pavel was one with all. He understood the 'whys' and 'wherefores' of all existence, along with his own personal one in the great cosmic drama. It all seemed so simple and clear then...

The blissful event of the audience and Great Festival was gone. All the participants were also gone, except for Pavel and six fellow pilgrims left behind.

Quentin came to see them off on their homeward journey. They boarded a diamond-shaped 'etheric ship', and each occupied a separate compartment. The flight was more like a free fall, going back through the 'black hole' into the tractor beam of the waiting Phantom Ship on the other side.

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While still in the etheric ship, Pavel learned first hand about the spontaneous 'mind-link' telepathic osmosis that Quentin described at farewell. Through this osmosis it did not take long for Pavel to psychically find out about each of his fellow pilgrim's essential attitudes, temperaments, and philosophies.

Later, as they transferred to the Phantom Ship then to their saucers and the mothership-carrier (as well as to various Space Arks for complete training), their all-around mind linking incorporated the respective vessel's central intelligence, so they were taught how to pilot each one through strictly mental means. Having thus learned the rudimentaries of the operational principles and mental piloting, the pilgrims were switched to 'manual mode' operation. Most of the larger craft came with 'manual adjuncts' already built in, and the smaller saucers got their interiors modified to suit the trainees' needs. All this 'manual' stuff meant consoles, panels, instruments and controls to twiddle. For it became rather self evident that the Eartheans (plus many other non-Psychean races) were more 'at home' piloting with their manipulative digits, than the unfamiliar psychic handling.

The planet fall was made on Earth's night side, through a full transit over the Gobi Desert. High up in the starlit sky, the saucer made a bee-line for the Ural mountains. At dawn they plunged into a befogged forest and landed in the very same clearing of their original departure spot - what felt like to Pavel, after a two full weeks' absence. Yet, the actual time that elapsed, was just over five hours, as he later verified it.

Changing into his old clothing, Pavel walked out of the saucer into an unpleasantly damp forest. The saucer flew away, Pavel retrieved his gear at the edge of the clearing and decided to wait for better visibility. Amazingly soon, the day broke and the fog was lifting. Pavel hiked back to the hunting lodge, meeting recovery patrols in search for the stragglers. Late in the day the hunters were all accounted for and resting up to make new plans. But next morning they were all recalled to Moscow on some urgent state business.

Back in the hustle-bustle of public life again, Pavel's memories of his grandiose Space Odyssey slowly faded. This he didn't mind too much, since there was no one to tell in an ultra-secretive society. He hardly ever thought of his space experiences, until about a year later in September 1976 a series of strange world events dramatically reminded him. Soviet officialdom was humming with wild rumors along with classified hard news on UFO activities. A flying saucer buzzed one Soviet rocket launching at Baikonur, also buzzed several military installations and capitals around the world. Then the same flying saucer alien even had the gall to land at a NATO war base in Norway, inviting the representatives of Earth's major powers to go there for a conference. When the day came, the saucer appeared in the ring of many representatives (including the Soviets, of course). A space suited human-type emerged from the craft, requesting to be called Buzz Andrews, and made an impassioned speech in fluent English. He said his Space Federation was most unhappy with the Eartheans' large scale negativity and psychic pollution, the human rights' abuse, the tampering with natural forces, and the trigger-happy warlike behaviour. The Space Federation wanted man to stop his overt aggressiveness, or else they would stop it for him. Then, wanting to demonstrate the superior alien technology, the

spaceman provoked to be shot at the saucer. So tanks fired shells and used flame throwers, planes dropped clusters of armor-piercing bombs and canisters of napalm. All to no avail against the saucer's protective force-field. Finally, far out to sea and with the saucer-spaceman's consent, the air forces even drenched the alien craft in multiple nuclear explosions. Again, to no avail. And though the major power authorities figured the 'alien' spaceman for a mere Earthean impostor, the demonstration nevertheless worried them.

On the video-tapes he was privileged to see, Pavel recognized the saucer for an exact replica that he himself flew with just one year earlier.

*

In late 1980, while browsing in the restricted Kremlin Archives, Pavel accidentally spotted an orange colored book on a heaped service trolley. Written in Canada by an Oscar something, the title said 'My Space Odyssey in UFOs'. Sitting down in a remote corner, Pavel covertly zipped through the book. It was fascinating to read the author's 1975 Space Odyssey adventures which had a lot in common with Pavel's own experiences on the very same odyssey.

But it was late 1984, many years after the Norway UFO-incident that Pavel 'miraculously' learned about the full 'Buzz story'. During one late night work, a blue jacketed book materialized on his desk. Written in Canada by the Oscar something, the cover said 'Odyssey in UFOs: The Buzz Andrews story'. Needless to say, Pavel read the book with avid interest and learned the following facts.

Buzz Andrews was a fellow traveler on Pavel's 1975 UFO Odyssey. Despite the basic modes of travel and experiences they had in common, Buzz's adventures were quite dissimilar, especially upon returning to Earth. Buzz's saucer then got knocked out 'cold' while going through the Bermuda triangle's window-area, so he was compelled to take control of the craft in the unorthodox emergency.

When Buzz finally managed to stabilize the situation after a series of mishaps, he still kept the full control to himself for he was far too busy battling hostile alien crafts, then later busy with buzzing super-power capitals and military installations. He also caused a great commotion by landing his saucer and impersonating an alien envoy at a NATO-base in Norway, and lastly blowing up the main secret Earth-base of the hostile aliens and their MIB (Men-in-Black) cohorts.

After his final disembarking from the saucer, Buzz was soon figured out for an impostor and consequently hunted after for several years by NATO Intelligence, American CIA, Soviet GRU and KGB, and the MIBs alike. As a last resort he had to be lifted out by the Psycheans - whose ranks he then joined as an adopted operative to assist the resident director Argus in the multiple functioning of the Psycheans' Earth-mission. Thus did the Federation Space Fleet

Command adopted Buzz Andrews for their resident coordinator on the Great Lakes grid in North America, in the most vital interdimensional transit area of the Western Hemisphere. Head-quartered in the Niagara region, he was to oversee and direct extraterrestrial space traffic, visitors allocation, area surveillance and monitoring, plus defense and cover up measures for the Federation.

An American born white from the New York area, mid-thirtyish in 1976, an ex mercenary guerilla and martial arts expert, Buzz seemed suitable for the job by temperament-experience-resourcefulness. He managed to channel his earlier over-aggressiveness into a more constructive outlet, to serve a noble cause with his particular talents. Probably this was foreseen by the Federation in their picking him as one of the seven Earthean specimens for the UFO Odyssey. In the beginning Buzz was briefed by 'professor' Quentin in New York; was met by 'padre' Argus and old Indian medicine man don Miguel in New Mexico - the area of his UFO pickup for the Odyssey.

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The reading of the two UFO books brought Pavel's long buried memories to the surface. He tried to recall the specifics of the piloting know-how and alien technology from his Odyssey training for the various spacecraft, but to no avail. Just like it was said then, the knowledge would be triggered open to conscious recall in case of dire need or a global-emergency evacuation. Pavel wanted to keep the 'Buzz' book for later re-readings - but it just 'miraculously' dematerialized from his desk in front of his eyes. He understood that the dematerializing act was intended to protect his privacy and anonymity. This way he could more effectively work behind the scenes from his official position to help with 'peace-making' in general and with humanizing the Soviet empire in particular - his contribution towards the raising of global consciousness. Knowing that he had done his share to bring in the millennium, Pavel's mind was at peace - even though his desire for newer Space Federation contacts was rekindled.

In late 1985, a year after the 'Buzz' book incident, his new contact came on one stormy winter night. He already had a vague premonition before even entering the limousine assigned for his ride to an out of town meeting. Sure enough, the driver impostor was Argus, who took him way outside Moscow to a camouflaged flying saucer at a remote place. Argus congratulated him on his well developing ESP abilities. It felt like old times, the excitement surged through Pavel. Then they took off in the saucer which Argus manually piloted to England's ancient 'Stonehenge' site, going through some necessary time warping to 'cover the tracks' of the several VIP participants brought in for a secret meeting. The 'Stonehenge' event was greatly dramatic with all the anonymously berobed figures - mostly fellow pilgrims on Pavel's 1975 Space Odyssey whom he pretty well sensed, especially that of Buzz's vibrations - with Quentin and don Miguel being also present. The meeting was conducted by some Joseph of biblical times. The pilgrims were told that their all-out help was needed for a speedy achievement of global good will and harmony in the coming years, even in the face of

the usual wars and rumors of wars. The issue was of utmost importance in the bringing about a higher level of consciousness, a spirit of oneness. This way the ever intensifying energies of the New Age transition would trigger far less conflicts and damages. And since the transition had already started some time earlier, the cosmic cycle change would no longer be delayed.

After the meeting Pavel chatted with Quentin and don Miguel, while waiting for Argus to finish conferring with Oscar the scribe. Then Argus took Pavel back to Russia, landing by the snowed-in limousine, with less than 15 minutes elapsed local time for the actual 3 hours absence. Setting off in the limousine again towards their official goal, soon they had to turn back to Moscow due to impassable road conditions.

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Yet another year later, in late 1986, Pavel was contacted again under similar circumstances. Snowstorm, premonition, an impostor limo-driver sent by Argus, out of town UFO pickup. The saucer flight through time warpings was to a North Pole gathering this time. The event was unfolding against the backdrop of the spectacular 'Aurora Borealis', with the heavenly apparition of a brilliant and city-sized crystal spacecraft. The crystal craft named 'Peace on Earth' came to collect, amplify, then feed back the vast energies sent up by the many millions of Earth people - who were then being engaged in a mind-linked 'Planetary Peace Meditation'

This outpouring of the amplified Light energies were aimed to help achieving a critical mass of positive Earth energy. That way the Space Brothers hoped to reverse the chain-reaction of negativities, which would have a crucial bearing on this planet's transition into the higher vibratory realm, wether in a damaging or in a peaceful manner. And so far the odds looked positive - it had been stated - quite unlike the gloomier projections in earlier years.

Pavel was beamed over to the great crystal craft, into the midst of disguised fellow pilgrims and many other participants, for a solemn ceremony and speeches by Argus plus Quentin. For Pavel it felt like some heavenly Christmas celebration ministered by angelic hosts. He was deeply moved, inwardly reconfirming his dedication to a real 'Peace on Earth' and the coming Millenium...

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AUTHOR'S MORE RECENT CONTACTS

Pyramids, Mexico.

A report of Oscar's meeting with the Psychean UFO-naut friends from the Space Federation on February 24, 1985, Sunday early afternoon at Mexico's Teotihuacan (City of Gods) pyramids-complex.

A few weeks before my long-planned trip to Mexico in early 1985, my Space Friends 'sent word' - first telepathically, then through cryptic phone calls - that they expected me to meet them while there, at the ancient pyramids site of Teotihuacan, 68 kilometers outside of Mexico City. An image of the exact spot along with the time was briefly flashed to me in a secretive manner by a very Earthman looking go-between at a Toronto Psychic Fair just 14 days before my actual departure date.

After my arrival, I took a sightseeing tour of Mexico City; I was deeply touched to behold the grand wall-painting in the National Palace which depicted numerous events in Mexico's history. The painting started with a Toltec-period scene of ancient times, where surrounded by Indian figures there sat a fair haired and blue eyed white man on a throne - the legendary divine priest-ruler called Quetzalcoatl.

On the next day, Sunday, February 24, 1985, I travelled in a late-running bus for the high noon rendezvous with my Space Friends. The sun was blazing down on the parched and dusty site of the pyramids-complex, as I walked in the 35°C heat to the exact spot at the temple of Quetzalcoatl - which spot I recognized from a local souvenir brochure.

Within a minute, a go-between old Pueblo Indian named don Miguel popped up by my side as if out of nowhere. He led me over to a grassy picnic-area, to join Quentin along with five other male Space Friends sprawled out on blankets. They all looked like young white tourists, nicely tanned, casual, very human in every detail. Quentin offered me a cold beer out of a large cooler box. I noticed that most of the passer-by Mexican native tourist folks kept casting awed glances at his magnificent golden hair.

"Naturally, they are puzzled, for their minds can't place me." Quentin's eyes twinkled mischievously. "My familiar figure is deeply embedded in their racial memory - the figure of their ancient deity, named Quetzalcoatl, that is."

"You mean your god-impersonation job?" Catching on, I muttered darkly.

"Yes. I know it's more serious than driving through a red light. But it all happened by accident." Quentin sighed. "About 7000 years ago, as I was transported down from a spaceship to this locality, my

small auto-shuttle malfunctioned and landed me a few miles off the target. It set down right in the midst of some religious Indian festivity, causing the agitated natives falling on their faces. As I scrambled free of the immediately departing craft, I soon learned that the natives took me for their legendary 'plumed serpent' sky-god of the air, Quetzalcoatl. No wonder that they named this site Teotihuacan - the city of the gods, or the place of gods.

"Since my task was about teaching them some culture and civilization, I went along with their unshakable belief in me as their incarnate deity, hoping to make them more receptive to novel ideas. And the stratagem worked like a charm - but they were slow learners. So I just kept popping up throughout the centuries in various places. One time, coming from an Easter Island conference to the coast of Chile, I even walked through Peru-Ecuador-the Amazon jungles-Central America-North America right up to the Athabaskan region. This particular journey became the subject of many tribal legends (some of it written up in Taylor Hansen's book 'He walked the Americas').

"My mission was to bring peace and prosperity through civilization. I introduced agriculture, the art of writing; devised a calendar for the MesoAmericans (based on a 52 years cycle, with a Pleiades-orientation as a hint for Earthman's long forgotten origins), kept attempting the permanent foundation of justice and humanism in MesoAmerica - heavily opposed by the powerful priesthood's desire to perpetuate the humans-sacrificing practices. One time I even became their priest-ruler for 30 years in the Toltec city of Tula. After then, the scheming priests managed to oust me by clever trickery, plus ran me out of town with intent to kill. According to their version, out of shame I set fire to myself and went up in flames with a threat of returning in the flesh again some day. Actually, I did speak to the crowd about such return, just before getting spectacularly beamed aboard a rescuing Federation spaceship near Vera Cruz - thus ending my millennium's long public role in those parts.

"When centuries later Hernan Cortez landed in the same area, no wonder the natives believed he was Quetzalcoatl coming back. We of the Federation had a general idea what troubles and tribulations could issue from that historical landing event, yet we hoped Cortez and his Spanish soldiers would succeed in overthrowing the bloody-handed Aztec priesthood (which priesthood, amongst other atrocities, in just one week's time butchered young men by tens of thousands through cutting their hearts out for sacrificial offering to commemorate the Tenochtitlan temples on the site of present day's Mexico City), so the ousting could bring peace and humane conditions in the long run. After the overthrowing, it still took many revolutions and several centuries to achieve results - but it was worth the struggle.

"And even though my millenniums-long public role had ended, on behalf of the Federation I still have been active from behind the scenes."

"How old actually are you as this present person?" I asked.

"About 35,000 years or so..."

"Fantastic! You sure look good for your age." I couldn't resist pinching his bare arm.

"You look good, too." Grinning, he pinched me so strong that I had to wince. "You are not exactly a spring chick, either - you were not that even in Atlantis when we worked on the same team."

"That's unfair. I have no recall of another, alleged embodiment. Is your body still the same old one?"

"Of course. The big secret is in stress avoidance and in clean living." He tossed me another bottle of beer and swilled one for himself, too.

Then we all ate the mixed salad and fruit that don Miguel served up for the company. At least he was a common variety Earthling, if a bit aged though.

"Don't eye me like that." Protested don Miguel. "Me knows nothing, me just dumb old Indian."

"Sure." Quentin laughed out. "That is why he has been the regional director for the Space Federation all the years in these parts and in the Southern U.S.A. He is responsible only to Argus, the director for Federation activities on planet Earth."

"And yourself?..." I wondered aloud.

"Oh, I just reverted back to my original, old assignment of being the Hierarchy's cosmic facilitator, now as a special advisory envoy to the Federation."

"Where do I come in to all that? Why was I summoned here?" I pressed on.

"You are a scribe, needing a personal feeling of people and places." Quentin countered. "So what do you feel, what do you sense here?"

"Well, apart from the fast going beer and the murderous heat..." I started haltingly... "I sense tragedy, violence, sorrow, helplessness. Somehow it's all still around and festering, as if the very earth was in pain..."

"Right on." Quentin said tonelessly. "So the earth will shake and quake, and will take its human toll in a cleansing process. Here in Central Mexico it'll happen before the end of this year, in other countries some time later. Very sad, but inevitable. And we are not allowed to interfere, due to the many tangled destiny lines. At the best, we'll be permitted to save or rescue a care-

fully selected one percent from the many thousands who will have to die."

After a minute or two silence, Quentin went on, looking straight in my eyes. "Now, about your next assignment, scribe: in a while you will start writing yet another UFO book, after you'll have received all the material for it in subsequent meetings with us. The book will be partly about your fellow pilgrims, but mostly about us the Space Brothers - who actually are your real brothers; for regardless of cosmic origins, all humanity is one big family."

"So I was elected to volunteer again for another book's writing." I mimicked a pout as if feeling victimized.

"It's your role, your challenge. We don't specifically need your person writing it, but we cooperate to provide this opportunity for your growth's sake. Also, if you stop looking glum, we may get you another beer from our nearby transport."

"What transport?" Going with the tune-change, I gestured towards a pair of strange cloud formations in the sky. "Are those your ships?"

"They are camouflaged spacehips of ours, indeed, but strictly for security and protection. Our nearby transport is an orange colored and air-conditioned Volkswagen van, in which soon we shall give you a ride to a subway terminal on the outskirts of Mexico City."

"And that's all for now, till we meet again...". I finished it for him.

Quentin nodded with a warm smile: our meeting in the sun was over...

* * *

Silver mines, Mexico.

A report of Oscar's second meeting in Mexico with the Psychean UFO-naut friends from the Space Federation on February 26, 1985, Tuesday near 0100 hrs at the silver mining town of Taxco.

Less than 36 hours after my meeting with my Space Friends at Mexico's Teotihuacan pyramids-complex, much to my surprise I ran into them again late night time at another place in the high mountains. It happened just as I got out of the taxi, upon my return from a wild disco-outing. While tequila-soaked I took careful aim for the entrance of Hotel Rancho, a four wheel drive pickup truck pulled up close with its blonde haired passenger stepping out to my side. The man was Quentin, my long time Space Friend, inviting me out for a late night 'ride and chat'.

When I mumbled something about my headache and near-collapse state, don Miguel my go-between friend snickered at me from the driver's seat. "Drunken mating-dance in high altitude disco is very bad medicine. But come here, I'll fix you." He waved a flask. And his stuff really helped, making me feel like new in minutes.

Wedged in by my friends, we drove off, followed by Argus (another Space Friend) bringing up the rear on a big motorcycle. We were careening down impossibly steep, narrow and winding streets, right out of Taxco and into the mountains. After 20 minutes rough drive we stopped at an abandoned looking quarry. The old Indian flicked some remote control switch, making a 40 feet diameter flying saucer parked nearby to become visible with the deactivation of a shield. We left the truck and boarded the saucer, but Argus stayed behind to guard the camp until our return a few hours later.

We flew away in the saucer, with don Miguel at the dual controls, while Quentin served us snacks and some invigorating drinks. In a few minutes we reached the coastal resort town of Acapulco. There we took up a 'parking' position about 10,000 feet above the bay and the town clearly outlined by the many thousand glowing gold-beads of street lights. A most beautiful, romantic sight. Quentin became strongly preoccupied with instruments-monitoring and finely detailed area surveillance, due to impending trouble in the days ahead with agents of the Dark Forces. And while Quentin kept busy, much to my delight the 'dumb old Indian' decided to recount his own story of Space Federation involvement.

Also from the stars, the 'old Indian' came down to help progress on our Earth through Space Federation assignment just about the same time as Quentin and Argus, approximately 7000 years ago, that is. He was the man who walked Asia & Alaska. His original 'beat' was mainly Siberia - known there as the Great Shaman (with ready-made old looks for a better credibility). But his widening rounds took him even to Mongolia and over to Kamchatka, then southwest through a string of islands (the Kurils and today's Japan) and back to the mainland again. About 3000 B.C. he helped Fu Hsi the first ruler

of China to establish a civilized order. He was around there again in the late 13th century A.D. time, as a very close advisor to the great Kublai Khan (even met the legendary Marco Polo himself). Mid 17th century A.D. he had a hand in establishing the Manchu dynasty in Manchuria. In between times he did numerous other things as a man of countless guises and talents (his present identity with the don Miguel name was adopted in the late 18th century A.D. only). He led thousands of families across the Bering Strait to Alaska, and down to more hospitable climates in North America. He also had long stays with the Eskimos. Eventually, he settled with the Navajo and Pueblo Indians - but prior to it he spent long stretches in MesoAmerica, in which area his influence had been felt in the past two millenniums along with that of Quetzalcoatl's.

At this, don Miguel handed me a medallion: it depicted the now inseparable ancient MesoAmerican symbols of Quetzalcoatl the plumed serpent (and/or the symbol of the mystery hiding step-pyramid) on one side, and the friendly old Indian don Miguel on its other side. He asked me to give this medallion to a Canadian UFO researcher associate of mine, as a token of official recognition for furthering the Space Federation's cause. He said the medallion was actually a multi-purpose device, and he hoped my associate would prove resourceful in finding ways to its usage.

Later, don Miguel disclosed some other relevant information. He said he was well over 30,000 years old in his present embodiment. He and his long lived fellow operatives on these special planetary assignments had regular access to facilities, communications, R & R. These options were provided via shuttling to a Federation stationed Space Lab Ark in the solar system. But after awhile planetside, the operatives were becoming more and more self sufficient. Full immersion in the environment and total devotion to the mission became quite natural with them over the millennia. And this was beneficial all around, for both the planet's cultural and the operative's individual growth.

Soon afterwards, as Quentin finished with his work, we headed back to Taxco, for returning me once more again to my earthly routine...

* * *

Stonehenge, England.

A report of Oscar's meeting with the Psychean UFO-naut friends from the Space Federation on the night of November 27, 1985, at the ancient 'Stonehenge' in England.

On the night of November 27, 1985, it was about 10 PM when I reached the point for the rendezvous with my Space Friends in St. Catherines (Ontario, Canada) I was guided to. There, I was picked up by and driven inside an electronic-gear packed, windowless van to some country spot near the Welland Canal. The driver walked me through the dark fields to a group of trees that hid a 30 feet diameter flying saucer. We entered through an iris-like opening, and found a young woman at some control panel. Both the young male driver and the young woman pilot were blacks, dressed in coveralls, very human looking, introducing themselves as Jack and Jill.

The saucer took off with us, heading across the Atlantic for England. The flight took about an hour; the destination was the 'Stonehenge' site for the purpose of a secret meeting with several persons. Upon landing, my eyes were caught by the saucer panel's local-time display which read 0030 hrs - on Dec 7/85, nine days in the future! I was informed that the shown date was correct: the time factor was altered by the Space Federation to cover the tracks of the VIP participants brought in from varying time frames. I thought it all was very ingenious and intriguing.

Jill stayed behind in the craft now cloaked invisible except from close up, while Jack walked me across the damp ground to the Stonehenge-ring proper. He explained that around the perimeter there were several more flying saucers - invisible but 'on guard' like ours - all protecting the one much larger and also invisible craft, which waited inside the ring for the planned meeting. And indeed, just as we passed through under a monolith lintel in the semi darkness, suddenly there loomed a huge chalice-shaped craft. Its 40 feet diameter base was resting on the ground, or was partially draped over the fallen stones of antiquity. A wedge-shaped opening in the base served for the entrance, where we were 'beamed up' within the stem to some loading platform level. From there we walked up a circular stairway to the main deck of the craft.

It felt like being inside a medieval castle, with all the ornate iron supports and stained glass-like cathedral windows for portholes, with the subdued glow emanating from the musty smelling walls, and with a circular stone bench girdling the center support-column. Six human figures berobed in gray cassocks were already seated carousel-fashion, facing out on the circular bench. I was asked to take the seventh seat, now also robed in a gray cassock I had to don earlier. One of the human figures along the circular wall, a white robed one stepped out and spoke in a muffled voice.

"Greetings, my friends. I am Joseph, the custodian of this

chalice-shaped spaceship which was built by the legendary Merlin himself - just like one time he built this Stonehenge monument as well. Though he is still quite active behind the scenes, he made no public appearances since Arthurian times. Well, this craft has been Merlin's personal 'Flyboat Chamber' - a mobile audience chamber, that is. This ingenious combination of a transport and a conference room is presently to serve for our meeting here already in session. I call now for an observance of silence up to an optional 15 minutes duration, to help our tuning into the numerous energy currents and into each other's personal energy fields."

The soft glow in the chamber dimmed considerably. Along with everyone else, I withdrew into a quiet privacy, separated from my fellow sitters even physically by some chintzy 'blindings' which bordered the head-rests. It became quiet in the chamber, but not in my head. I kept musing - or kept picking up on others' thoughts: this Joseph, could he be of Arimathea of the biblical times in that 'Essene'-style white robe? A custodian of this chalice-craft, maybe even the custodian of the famous Chalice - the Holy Grail. Was there a connection between the two objects, were they interchangeable in some strange manner - or was it one and the same object that could be changed in size to suit the occasion? And what with all these other characters here? They felt familiar; very familiar, as if...

"I sense it." One fellow bench-sitter spoke up. "I feel it." Another said. "I know it!" Yet another added triumphantly. By that time I also knew it, knew what they all were.

The lights came on; Joseph chuckled softly. "Very good! It took less than 10 minutes for all around recognizing through the personal vibrations alone. Now, let's get on with the formal introductions. Some of you, of course, the public figure VIPs will have to stay anonymous. The others may remove those facemasks and voice distorters and may reveal your identities."

I and the two persons flanking me stood up and removed masks. Just as I sensed it, they were Argus and Quentin who needed no introduction. The other four seated persons were fellow pilgrims from my 1975 Space Odyssey, which fact was confirmed immediately by Joseph's words. The others stood up one by one, with masks and voice distorters still in place and introduced themselves.

"I am Buzz Andrews from the United States."

"Charlie from England at your service."

"Pavel Ivanovich from the Soviet Union."

"This is Mr. Yang from the Peoples' Republic of China."

Another figure stepped away from the wall, revealing his identity and mine as well. "I am don Miguel, a Pueblo Indian medicine man. And this here fellow is Oscar, our scribe from Canada."

"So we are all accounted for." Joseph took over. "One purpose of getting you people here was the all around recognizing the vibrations of your fellow pilgrims from that Odyssey. Couple of members are still missing, but at some future time you'll meet them, too. Yet, there were more than just seven participants from this planet on that 1975 Odyssey. You believed that one single carrier transported you all in those seven saucers. Well, there was actually a cluster of seven identical saucer-carriers traveling together - but set apart in frequencies, thus rendered invisible to one another. So, this brings the number of the original seven pilgrims to the total of seven times seven - equals forty nine pilgrims.

"Now, to the main purpose of our gathering this particular seven here: we need your all-out help for a speedy achievement of global goodwill and harmony in the coming years - and achieve this we must even in the face of the usual wars and rumors of wars. The issue is of utmost importance in the bringing about a higher level of consciousness, a spirit of oneness. This way the ever intensifying energies of the New Age transition would trigger far less conflicts and damages than otherwise. And since the transition has already started some time ago, the cosmic cycle change can no longer be delayed.

"You, gentlemen are all influential in your respective countries and in the world community. We, from the Federation hope for your greatest cooperation, for time is really short. Necessary anonymities will be preserved, of course.

"I call for another 15 minutes silent contemplation, this time without interruption in the now perfectly aligned cosmic currents here, to help you absorbing the crucial importance and urgency of this great global consciousness-raising issue. Afterwards we shall close the meeting and return you home - but shall be talking later to each one of you regarding specifics..."

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Before leaving the Chalice-craft, Argus led me through a curtained alcove and up some steep staircase to the control deck. It felt like being inside a sorcerer's den with lots of colored crystal shafts and globes, presumably for flying the weird old contraption. Reassuringly, my host offered brandy and coffee, before he told me some things of his past history - taking my mind into mythological times and other spaces.

Argus was born in his present embodiment approximately 7000 years ago, aboard a spaceship in Earth orbit (star cruiser class of Planet Ankh registry from a faraway Federation system), off-spring of the 'god'-like ship commander and a 'mortal' Earth woman from the East Mediterranean.

He grew up on Earth, but after age 21 he went to Planet Ankh to obtain his higher education. Upon graduation from the Space Academy,

he joined the Psychean Division of the Federation Space Fleet. Then, after long centuries of diverse duty tours, Argus was stationed to Earth and assigned to a tough mission: he was to battle and neutralize a great variety Dark Forces imported giant monsters that endangered the population of early civilization and the personnel of Federation bases in the Aegean region. Besides the fulfilling of his assignment, in the next milleniums Argus sired numerous offsprings from Troy to Sparta - amongst them the royal house of Argos, plus several lines of psychic seers. He was also known as the mythical man of a thousand eyes - no surprise in the light of his efficiency as a Security & Intelligence officer.

But his best known exploit was that of building the famous ship 'ARGO', complete with the 'talking mast' - a rudimentary intercom & P.A. system. The job was commissioned by the centaur-raised Jason, the region's director for the Federation, who handpicked the 50 'Argonauts' crew - that included Hercules, Orpheus, Castor and Pollux, plus other great folk heroes. Built from scratch in primitive conditions, the spaceship 'ARGO' was to break the Dark Forces imposed blockade & communication blackout. The breakout succeeded and the ship managed to reach a secure Federation outpost in the Argo Navis constellation - of which constellation's permanent securing, Jason and the Argonauts colonized in the parts called Vela and Puppis, for the nearby Carina part with bright Canopus (an extremely luminous super giant) had already been settled since time immemorial by a group of non-aligned 'cosmic facilitators'. But after a while, the bulk of the 'Argonauts' came back to Earth with needed supplies and fleets of newly built ships to break the Dark Forces' blockade and also to battle some other foes.

One troublesome bunch in Asia Minor and the Aegean region was the Amazonians with their warrior-class women. They fought in the Trojan war, too, and even invaded Athens one time. Hercules (a chieftain vassal of the kingdom of Argos), the most popular Greek folk hero took the Amazonians on, disarming their queen - then expelling them into the Messier 13 globular cluster's region, beyond the Hercules constellation. Some scattered remains who stayed behind eventually migrated to the Amazon region of South America, where their descendents have been looking after the bases there for space traffic. For much later after the expulsion, the Amazonians made peace and became valuable members of the Space Federation, specially in the Federation Fleet's military branch.

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Near the North Pole.

A report of Oscar's meeting with the Psychean UFO-naut friends from the Space Federation and with other entities on October, 1986 near the North Pole.

It happened close to noon on Monday, October 20th of 1986, while returning home to Toronto from a weekend visit with 'World Peace' activist friends in Ottawa. I was still on leave from work, the day was sunny and warm, the autumn scenery beautiful with the leaves turning gold and red. So I took the slower, more scenic route.

With Smiths Falls well behind me, I was driving southwest on empty Hwy #15, when an orange colored pickup truck passed my car - with two brief flashes of the words 'FOLLOW ME' jumping out from its unmarked tailgate. My heart was jumping, too: it seemed the long awaited contact with my Space Friends was about to happen. So I followed the truck, now along the shore of Big Rideau Lake, then through side roads of the small town Preston. Past some marina, the truck stopped near the water's edge, with me pulling up right behind. The truck's driver, an old Indian in coveralls was already out, waving with an impish grin towards a hydroplane tied up at the dock.

"Do you care for a ride?" The old Indian asked me. He was don Miguel, one of my space friends.

"You bet I do." I gave him a broad grin.

Without further ado, he undid the plane's ropes, while hustling me to get inside. He took the pilot's seat and we were off in a steep climb headed for a distant cloud.

"What about being tracked, area control, and all that?" I frowned.

"Oh, this plane is radar-proofed and cloaked from general visibility, too." The old Indian replied. "Just like the other stuff inside of that cloud ahead."

As we flew into the white puffiness of said cloud, the hydroplane's engine abruptly quit and our motion was stopped by some force. Then the mist cleared and I saw we were landed inside some hangar - or rather the docking bay of a huge spacecraft.

I was escorted to the glass-domed control bridge by don Miguel, where sitting at the dual controls, a black man and a black woman greeted me with warm smiles.

"Jack and Jill, if I remember correctly." I said, recognizing the pair with whom I had a UFO connected encounter the year before. "Where are we off to this time?"

"To a visit to Santa Claus, if it's O.K. by you." Cryptically

don Miguel said, then gestured towards a wall stand near a large front window. "Coffee, tea and some buns there. Just help yourself and settle in."

I shrugged; in due course I'd learn what don Miguel's riddle meant. As I sipped the welcome coffee and enjoyed being aboard for a ride, our cloaked craft - a 100 feet diameter saucer shuttle - was already rising rapidly out of its cloud camouflage. On one screen the aft scanner showed the landscape falling away. We arced into a level flight, well above the stray cloud cover. One console's digital display showed a northerly heading at 50,000 feet altitude, alongside the October 20, 1986, 12:17 PM local time read-out. I knew the displays were for my benefit. The other, undecipherable read-outs were for the piloting by my Space Friends, who evidently chose to override the autopilot this time, and who at the moment were listening in on various ground and air control frequencies. But there were no indications that our craft was spotted.

In much less than half hour the colorful vegetation was already way behind us, and we sped on above vast expanses of barren tundra, into a gradually darkening day. Then came the monotony of the snow-swept hills and ice fields of the Arctic region. And even though hardly an hour elapsed since our take off according to the console's clock, out there it was already night-time. Yet, not completely dark, for the frozen wastelands of snow and ice were still quite visible, bathed in the eerie glow of the spectacular 'Northern Light'. Evidently, we were headed right for that waving curtain of colored lights, even for the North Pole itself. So, in a poetic manner, don Miguel told me the truth about our destination.

Soon we were right inside the undulating, softly shifting realm of colored light arcs and bends, inside the very 'Aurora Borealis' itself. With our craft now on autopilot, all four of us stood arm-in-arm at the large front window, delighting in the marvellous sight. The craft was gradually slowing down, coming to a near standstill. The terrain below seemed lightening again. Then far ahead there was a blaze of light along the horizon, as if some sun was about to rise from a hidden crater. But we never got any closer, taking a hovering position instead in a several miles wide circle-formation along with eleven faraway glinting objects - which were identically large sized saucers, similar to ours according to the fore-scanner magnification on the main screen.

Then a white glow appeared overhead, rapidly becoming more intense. Soon the bright auroral display was obliterated by a far more brilliant glare. A colossal shape descended into view. It was the size of a city, but looking like a monstrous phantom mass of a crystal chandelier, flashing and blinking with a riot of colored lights as if some Christmas ornaments.

"What... what is this?..." I was stammering, utterly fascinated by the heavenly apparition filling our field of vision, now about a mile or two from us.

"Impressed, huh?" I heard don Miguel's voice. "And you should be, indeed. This crystal craft - currently named 'PEACE ON EARTH' - is the supreme flagship of your solar system's interplanetary hierarchy.

"This crystal craft is here to collect, amplify, then feed back the incredibly vast energies sent up by the many millions of Earth people, who are just being engaged in a mind-linked 'Planetary Peace Meditation' at this very hour..."

My eyes flicked over to the console's time display. Much to my amazement, it read December 31, 1986, 12:00 noon GMT (Greenwich Mean Time)!

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All of a sudden, a momentary tingling sensation ran through my entire body. The very next instant, I found myself a bit shaken and confounded, miraculously being aboard the great crystal craft - perhaps 'beamed' over in some manner. I was in the soft-glowing milkiness of an ice cave-like big hall, along with my saucer-shuttle companions and with a lot of other people, as if all waiting for a ceremonial opening.

Air and gravity felt normal, the temperature pleasantly mild. I happened to be the fifth one in a row of seven anonymously berobed and facemasked persons, seated on a long bench as if in a court of law. It did not take me long to psychically recognize, that the other bench-sitters were fellow pilgrims from my 1975 Space Odyssey. I felt that they, too, had the same kind of recognitions. So, this time we all were present: the four figures to my left I already sat with a year earlier aboard the Chalice-craft at a Stonehenge meeting; the two figures to my right were the so far missing ones.

Across from the seven of us, on the other side of the big hall sat forty-two berobed and masked people, grouped by sevens in six rows. I had a vague hunch about them and their roles. Also, standing along the walls, there were many more and differinglly clad people in the background. Beyond them, through one transparent wall section I could see two of the dozen encircling saucer-shuttles hover in the eerie auroral light play. In the solemn silence of the big crystal hall, it felt like being inside a grandly magnificent cathedral.

Arranged circular fashion in the center, yet another seven berobed and masked persons sat widely separated in their ornate chairs, as if pontificating high priests. Then one of them rose, lowering his hood and removing the mask. It was Argus, just as I suspected. Stepping up on a platform with raised arms, he started to address the gathering.

"I am Argus, director of Federation activities on planet Earth. Greetings, my friends. The real time is truly 1986 New Year's Eve, a few minutes past 12 o'clock noon GMT. Each of you participants

was transported here through varying but unnoticeable timeshifts for the synchronous arrivals, and will be returned in like manner to your respective time frames.

"After much preparatory work, we finally got to the great cosmic moment: Operation 'Peace on Earth' now is under way. Answering Earth's clarion call for assistance, this grand crystal craft came fully charged up with the outpouring of love from many galaxies and from many realms beyond. Right now it is busily engaged in collecting and amplifying the vast energies sent up by many millions of Earth people simultaneously doing a planet-wide 'Peace Meditation' at this very hour. All the stored cosmic energy brought in by the crystal craft - now being modulated by the vast energies sent up from the many million co-server Earth people - will be poured as tremendous quantities of Light into Earth's magnetic field for the transmuting of the critical mass. The crystal craft will be doing this down-pouring, this 'pentecost' directly to Earth. Meanwhile, the awesomely potent beams derived from this source here will be picked up and sent out further by the dozen encircling saucers - for a relay network of 144 globe-encircling beamships' local area discharge into the magnetic field, to ensure an optimally even distribution. These energies, working through the various strata and through many human minds, are aimed to help achieving a critical mass of positive energy. This way we hope to reverse the chain-reaction of negativities, and bring about a massive change of consciousness for the eventual healing of this planet towards a strong spiritual Love and Light. If personally you choose Love and Light and positive attitudes, plenty opportunity will come your way to fulfill your potentials. But if you choose fear and negativism, you will attract plenty trouble and tribulation. To each according to his faith-attitude-efforts-and actions. This 1987 will be the year of the critical mass, the year that will set the tone of the following times, the direction of historical and cosmical unfoldment. All of which, of course, will have a crucial bearing on the manner of this planet's transition into the higher vibratory realm, whether the transition will be damaging and violent - or joyous and peaceful. And so far the odds look very good in favor of the Light, for the more harmonious transition, unlike the gloomier projections in past years.

"Therefore, the long standing original plans for an extensive rescue and evacuation may be scaled down considerably. Nevertheless, all our fleets will be standing by on full readiness, just in case.

"And as a most welcome new policy-addition, from now on we shall undertake advance rescuing - called Operation 'EARLY HARVEST' - of selected individuals in dire need. This will apply mostly to the 'star helpers', 'light workers', or any highly spiritual persons suffering from very poor health and/or advanced age. Any such rescue will happen with the individual's consent only, then in a covert manner. A cloned replacement automatism will be left behind, and the real person in total will be taken out for complete rejuvenation and a long new life, freely chosen to spend either in other realms - or back on Earth after its full transition into the coming Golden Age.

"Now, back to the very present event of Operation 'Peace on Earth', with this massive energy-infusion: in the beginning of 1987, many untoward discomforts, disruptions, catastrophies - both man-made and natural will manifest, due to the temporarily unstabilizing effect of these unheard energy amounts yet to be absorbed by the planet's magnetic field. Even in later months, the still prevailing stronger energies will have a heavy accentuation on events and attitudes, either positively or negatively.

"This ends my statement on the Space Federation's behalf. Thanks for your kind attention, one and all. And now let us hear from our highest ranking official present - Quentin himself, a grade 5 cosmic facilitator for the Greater Spiritual Hierarchy, currently assigned as a special advisory envoy to the Space Federation."

With this Argus sat down in his chair, while Quentin unmasked himself and stepped up to take the platform.

"For many of you 'light workers', co-workers, and especially for the contactee-pilgrims present, this year will be the culmination of a 12 years long build up and preparations." Quentin started to speak. "For the first time, we have the full complement of the primary seven 'pilgrims' from this planet on that memorable 1975 Space Odyssey. To this reunion, you pilgrims were covertly brought here from different time frames for the sake of anonymity that still needs to be protected; you were brought here in hope that you would psychically recognize each others' vibrations - which has succeeded, we sense, fully for the first seven pilgrims and partially for the six other groups of sevens. But you were brought here mainly for the getting thoroughly imbued with the purest Light-oriented motivation, towards a global 'Peace on Earth' cooperation, which spirit you are asked to inculcate in your respective circles of influence. This way we can make an effective start of a chain reaction, aimed to bring about eventually a massive change of global consciousness.

"Now, about the Odyssey-participants: would the first seven pilgrims step forward one by one, and introduce yourselves, please."

We complied, repeating a somewhat similarly acted out introduction, that happened about a year earlier at a Stonehenge meeting. Except for me, the face-masks and voice-distorters stayed in place, of course.

"I am Buzz Andrews from the United States." The first figure stood up and spoke.

"Charlie from England, yours truly." Said the second figure.

"Pavel from the Soviet Union. Just Pavel, and let's skip Ivanovich my middle name, to avoid confusion." The third figure gesticulated.

"This is still Mr. Yang from the Peoples' Republic of China." The fourth one bowed.

"And this is Oscar from Canada." I said as my turn came.

"I like to be called Aloha - or more formally Mother Pacifica, if you prefer." Spoke up the sixth, sounding uniformly flat like the others.

"And I like being called Zaira - or more formally Mother Africa, if you prefer." The seventh said and raised one arm in greeting.

Quentin spoke again. "Each of our two lady pilgrims here came from a long line of royalties intermixed with spiritual practitioners, thus representing the noblest and the highest of their respective regions. Although the careful grooming for their important prime-mover roles have taken a long time, their awakenings to the overall mission have been rather recent and are not in full blossom yet. But they will work out just fine, like their great queen-like predecessors did before.

"As to the roll-call of the ones here in the circle of chairs. This white robed gent is Joseph of the ancient Essenes, the custodian of the legendary Chalice craft. This fellow here who already spoke before me is Argus. This shy gent without the mask is known as don Miguel, a Pueblo Indian medicine man at times, presently a director of Federation activities in MesoAmerica. This Tibetan-clad monk with the scary mask is Tsangpo lama of the Darjeeling Council in the Himalayas, doubling as a Federation director in the 'Shamballah' region. And our two co-workers here in these brilliantly colorful robes are the representatives from Inner Earth, named Thalos and Pellucidos respectively.

"Seated off to the side in those pews and berobed for anonymity - are the other six times seven pilgrims of the 1975 Odyssey, not having full recall yet, and who were 'beamed in' from their sleeps or meditations of varying time frames. Also, we have other presences around us and in our midst, unseen but still strongly felt by many of you. Amongst these presences are the Supreme Commander of your solar system, along with other Commanders, plus representatives from the Galactic Confederation, and the Greater Federation.

"In the background, along the walls are the many highly esteemed helpers, co-workers, and Starfleet officers of the Federation. Which concludes our 'curtain call of the cast', so to speak." Quentin gave a radiant smile and sat down.

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"Now, let's get on with the next step of Operation 'Peace on Earth'." The white robed Joseph took over on the platform. "It is time to start the outpouring of the great energies. Please, shield your eyes for the first few moments."

Joseph raised his arms high and began to chant the sacred 'AUM' sound. Others joined in likewise, while from above and from all around I heard a choral accompaniment that sounded more like 'AMEN'.

On the third round of the ascending chants, there was a silent explosion of the brightest white light imaginable. Fortunately, we all shielded our eyes from the intolerable glare. Then real slow, the fiery brilliance diminished to a bearable intensity. I felt potent but soothing energies enveloping me, even flowing through me. It was electrifying, invigorating, yet very relaxing sensation, that lasted for half an hour or so. Only once in my life I experienced something of a similarly blissful sensation: at the culmination of my 1975 Odyssey, that is.

*

As the 'PEACE ON EARTH' crystal craft's colossal energies-transferal was subsiding and the intense light faded to a soft glow, the deep sound of a gong reverberated, which turned out a signalling the conclusion of the audience - then I found myself 're-materialized' back aboard my saucer shuttle, standing at the front window along with don Miguel plus Jack and Jill, just as we were one hour earlier.

It seemed that the grand drama was over. The huge crystal flagship was majestically rising, and soon receding out of sight. All the saucer shuttles, including ours, were also on the move, dispersing to return every passenger to wherever and whenever.

With the auroral light curtain soon behind us, and while passing through a twilightish zone, I noticed that my companions and myself were quite visibly aglow like some great saints in religious illustrations. "Oh, my goodness." I groaned with bewilderment. "This sudden holiness will sure blow my reputation and mess up my comfortable imperfections."

As our saucer re-entered the world of increasing daylight on its southbound flight, we exchanged affectionate hugs all around, followed by don Miguel's gentle words.

"O.K. folks, let's have some snacks and tea or coffee. It's time to 'come down'. And even though your pure energy charges may last another day or two, your mundane selves are not being endangered by sudden sainthoods. That kind of transformation would take a little more work - perhaps quite some work."

By the time we finished our snacking, we were already in full daytime, dashing over numerous lakes set in the colorful autumn foliage - and zeroed in on a solitary cloud, according to the fore-scanner's screen magnification. I glanced at the console's time display. It read October 20, 1986, 12:24 PM EST (Eastern Standard Time, the local time, that is).

"Two minutes to docking." Announced Jill, our lady pilot already at the controls.

"Yes, we re-enter the very same cloud that we left from. In a total 9 minutes for elapsed real-time turnaround, which is not too bad." My unasked question was answered by don Miguel. "And to the

other question in your mind: 3 months is the possible time-spread to accomodate the cover-up of the many participants' pickup and return for this auroral 'Peace on Earth' gathering. The spread is narrow and unevenly time-centered between mid October and mid January, due to the various anomalies caused by this New Year Day's alignment of some planets with Earth."

After a fond farewell and a last glance around the bridge, don Miguel took me down to the hydroplane in the docking bay. Soon we were airborne outside the innocent looking cloud, heading back to Big Rideau Lake's shore we originally left from.

Back on 'terra firma' again, we parted warmly after the unforgettable, great cosmic happening - after an elapse of 20 minutes clock time, but a 3 hours actual time, which felt for me more like 3 days filled with much awe and wonders...

* * *

EPILOGUE

Rainbow at Niagara Falls.

On that early Sunday morning of July 3, 1988, I just happened to be wondering again about a long overdue contact with my Space Friends, when the 'signal' came. Flashed across my field of vision as if on a TV screen, I clearly saw an image of Niagara Falls. I could not tell if the image was real or mental. But without further ado, I jumped into my car and drove away for the one hour's distant Falls from my Toronto home.

When I arrived, the area was already swarming with masses of tourists (no wonder of the multitudes, since both Canada Day and USA's Independence Day fell on that long weekend). Before looking for a proper parking spot, I stopped near a motel in view of the Falls, and cut the engine. There I sat in my silent car, spellbound at the sight of the Seventh Wonder's thundering cataracts, one of Nature's greatest scenic masterpieces. No matter how many earlier occasions I went to the Horseshoe Falls, I always had that sense of awe in my heart. There is always a certain mystique to the roaring and tumultuous abyss. This time it had an unusually spectacular rainbow arching over its vast surroundings. Then, as I marvelled about the rainbow's magnificence, came a great surprise for me.

There, right from the driver seat of my stationary car, I was 'beamed' aboard a mile long and rod-shaped spacecraft. It was a transparent craft named 'Rainbow Ship', locked in a high orbit around Earth. The craft was appropriately named after a rainbow, since it consisted of wide and transparent tubes in the colors of the rainbow. These bunched together tubes ran the entire length of the slender ship. After full bodily materialization, I found myself seated inside the yellow tubing amongst a lot of people as if aboard an airliner. Above and below, and across from us (seen through neutral wall portions), there were the other-colored fuselage-like tubings full of people just like ours. The tubings were divided into sections by bulkheads with screens, and there was good visibility all around for every passenger.

Against the black vault of deep space, Planet Earth's dayside could be clearly seen as if from some great distance of countless thousand miles. The view was breath-taking, which could be enjoyed by everyone in turn as the craft rotated slowly around its axis.

Near me at the aisle's bulkhead-screen, a human apparition started to form. It coalesced into a life-like projection of Quentin's golden robed figure. The apparition put up one hand and spoke.

"Even if only by holographic replicas projected from the bridge, let me welcome you my friends aboard this 'Rainbow Ship' - this very unique gift from the Guardians for the special occasion. The various

color codings and your particular seatings were arranged according to the particular one ray of the seven cosmic manifestation rays, to which you personally happen to belong in your present embodiment. Transmission and transporting is easier for us this way, while comprehension and transcendence for you is at its best when through your personal ray. If your facial features seem unrecognizably blurred and outshined by your inner light emanations, it is because you all are lighted beings which fact now shows clear in this strongly amplifying high vibrational field here.

"You, selected Light Workers, Contactees, former Space Odyssey participants were gathered up here to be shown your home-planet's health condition in various time periods. Through the aid of time travel and clairvoyance-boost, you will see your Earth's auric sheath as it was in your late 1960's, as it is now, and finally as it will be by 82% probability in the year of 2025. This 'Rainbow Ship' was designed to enhance your perceiving of auric emanations and also to take us back or forward in time, so we can see and feel the actually prevailing degree of global 'health'."

On Quentin's hand signal, the sound of a melodious chime was heard. All the lights and sights started to blink off and on, rapidly increasing to a hypnotic oscillation. When in a few minutes the oscillation stopped and the surrounds normalized, the large screen had a digital display which read: 1968 A.D. Planet Earth was in sight again; but this time it looked sadly sick, with some angry red and brown glares on the enveloping dull-grayish mist. A dramatic illustration of a troubled, negative era.

The chime sounded again and the oscillation started up. When we 'normalized', we were back in 1988. Earth's aura looked cleaner, yet somewhat still turbulent. A tone of optimistic surges, new beginnings could be strongly felt from the emanations. There was an overall upbeat mood.

The next sequence of chime and oscillation took us into the future. The screen display read 2025 A.D. The planet was a remarkably bright sight. The sparkling blue auric sheath of Earth created a healthy glow. There was a feeling of lightness and joyousness emanating from it. The sight held steady, while Quentin resumed talking.

"Many millions of Earth people were engaged in a mind-linked 'Planetary Peace Meditation' on December 31, 1986. For that Operation 'Peace on Earth', a grand crystal spacecraft fully charged up with cosmic energy, came here to collect and amplify the vast energies sent up by the meditating Earth people. Then all these combined energies were poured as tremendous quantities of Light into Earth's magnetic field, for the transmuting of the critical mass into a positive energy. This was done in hope to reverse the chain reaction of negativities - thus bring about a massive change of global consciousness for the eventual healing of this planet towards a strong spiritual Love and Light. I am happy to say that so far the signs have been encouraging.

"1987 was to be the year of the critical mass; the year that was to set the tone of historical and cosmical unfoldment, to have a bearing on the manner of Earth's transition into a higher vibratory realm - either damaging and violent, or joyous and peaceful. Even though the Great Cosmic has the final say about the sequence of the coming events and their manner that are to happen on this planet, you the Light Workers and the Starseed can help with the balancing and the alignment of the incoming new regenerative energy patterns of resonance.

"Then, 1987 August's 'Harmonic Convergence' event was an unparalleled influx of Divine Illumination pouring into the planet. This was anchored by you and us effectively, and now working its way through the various strata of the world into a planetary 'rebirthing' manifestation.

"And now we are moving through the accelerated time and space continuum of the pre-millennium purification period. Your bodies are being shaken, your belief systems and your emotional constitutions are all being shaken, rattled, loosened and jarred awake in this universal birthing of the Golden Light awareness. The incoming great cosmic energies are being felt by everyone, even if not in a similar manner. There is a great confusion and division, because many entities do not know how to cope with the vibratory acceleration. All vibrational life forms are being quickened in an upward thrusting spiral motion, that causes a raising in the frequencies of all life forms as they come more and more in harmony with the Light. At this time, your bodies are part light form and part physical matter. The physical matter is being accelerated and quickened to blend more closely with the Light Forms which you are becoming. Each of you are being stimulated to awaken and arise to the New Dawn of Man as Light Bearers or Light Beings.

"But it is unfortunate, that those who would resist the touch of this heavenly power will feel it as a negative force instead; and the stronger the resistance, the more intense the negative reaction will be. Where unbalance is present, great resistance will manifest, and necessary historic changes will come to balance the land and the lives of the people. This is the cleansing time for everyone and for the planet as well. For Earth's cleansing is most critical to her evolution, and she will be certain to complete the task. The only question is that how many of you will do likewise and live to see the coming Glory?

"The present is the period of refinement. It may feel rough now, but it will be rewarding when you emerge as 'newly shining ones'. Throw off the 3rd density shackles, so that you can stay intuned with your unfolding 4th density becomingness. Attune daily to the Hierarchy's field in a clear way, and let go of all in the self that is undesirable for harmony. This requires great strength and balance, but it is well worth the effort. For some, this is an opportunity to balance heavy karmic debts and to release the soul into higher evolutionary pathways. For others, the difficult experience will serve to stimulate the soul to greater spiritual growth.

"Your primary purpose or mission for being on Earth is for you to have the opportunity to develop your mastery of the self while you are in a 3rd density embodiment. You are here for your own spiritual growth. The idea of having to obtain your 'directives' or your answers from some outside sources (e.g. from someone's channeling) is becoming obsolete. Instead, you will always receive what you need - whether that comes from a book, a discussion, a lecture, a workshop, etc. For spiritual assistance will always be available. Remember, you are being taught to become self-sufficient on all levels, therefore your way of accessing the Cosmic and your Higher Self will be decidedly different. For some of you who have been waiting for years to be beamed into the ships, waiting to be saved: it is time now to bring Balance into your life and your being. The way 'home' is not by sitting and waiting, but through growth and through increasing your Light. For your Light will show the way to your brothers and sisters. And it is by this effort that positive changes will be manifested in the world and in your life.

"Your own 3rd density world-system is presently vibrating at 3.7. It is hoped that this will reach 3.9 by your year 2000. In order to make this happen, it is important that collective consciousness be raised to that level.

"You will be learning to live in a different octave by living in your own mastery - consciously creating everything with purpose and function. Eventually, the checks and limitations will be removed for regaining the spiritual freedom to roam the other-dimensional realities in a fully conscious way. Bi-location abilities, all ESP skills and gifts will be returned to all the Starseeds and Starhelpers and the cream of the Light Workers - to all the Star Children, that is. Also, to all those many volunteers in our midst from 4th density worlds or 5th density realms - to those who came reincarnating to Earth for unselfishly helping others.

"During these coming years there shall be a massive awakening and quickening of consciousness. There shall be a great stirring and soaring as you begin to remember. You shall remember far beyond the sphere of earthly embodiments. You shall reach out to the stars, the most distant galaxies, to other-dimensional realms wherein lies humankind's true origins and purpose.

"You Star Children are the pioneers into the new world of harmony and order. The work you are doing inside your own lives is easing the way for all humanity, making this journey of self-transformation and self-realization much easier for those who would follow. And so it is that your Light will call them forth, that your Light will show them the way. Thus the increasing Armies of Light will expand and cover the Earth, and the darkness shall flee...

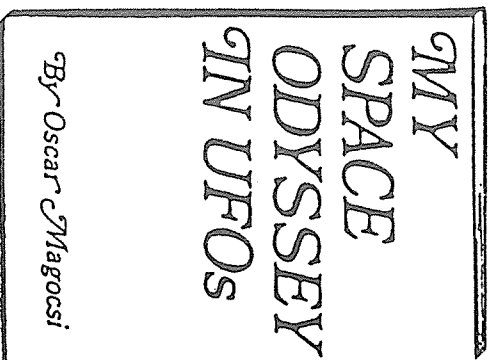
"For there is a new world coming. A whole new world order, a more joyous existence in Love and Harmony, along with Freedom from want..."

Waving farewell to us - to his audience of countless thousand participants, Quentin's holo-projected form faded away. The solemn occasion was over. Soon afterwards I was beamed down to Earth, back unnoticed into the driver seat of my locked car. It was close to 12 o'clock noon by my radio's time check.

Thus ended the 'Rainbow Ship' incident. I was back on Earth again - yet in soul I was still up somewhere in the velvet black vault of deep space. A bright new Earth's picture was strongly imprinted on my mind. My heart was aglow with the hope and the light of a wonderful future for our Planet Earth.

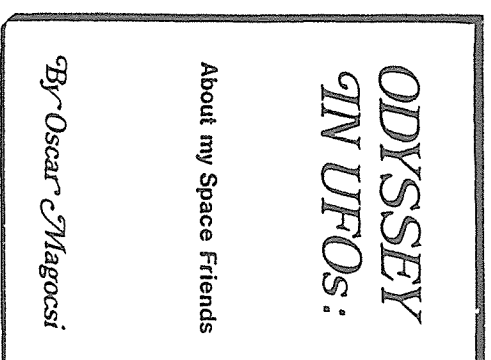
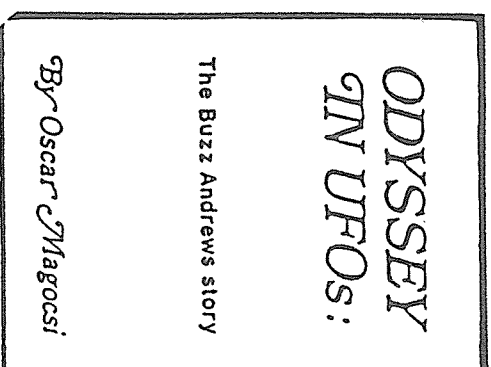
And so concludes this book, dedicated to a much better world and a much better tomorrow...

* * * * *



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