

A long time ahead, in many different galaxies far, far away.....

## Chronicles of the Universe The Fabric of Space-time

By Seegz

Hi. I am Max. I am a scientist who works at the International University of Science, or IUS for short. The year is 4084. Lately, our team, the Earth and space group (Joseph, Max, Henry, Ian, Frank, Nathaniel, Awonder, and Mr. C) has been studying the sudden and currently unexplainable destruction of nearby galaxies. The transmissions show a galaxy imploding, disappearing into complete blackness. Then the blackness expands, sucking in nearby stars.

At the lab, the group is watching transmissions, hoping to find clues leading to the cause of this galaxy massacre.

"Alright, anyone got something?" asked Joseph, the leader of the group. Everyone shook their head.

"Wait a sec," Frank piped up. Loud sounds resembling vortexes and explosions emitted from Frank's computer. "The process is just starting on a galaxy a few light- years away. I'll send a robot probe with cameras there at once."

But three weeks later, the probe had not reported back.

Frank sighed. "I must have programmed it wrong. We should send a solo mission there. Any volunteers?"

"I'll do it," Ian volunteered.

"Alright."

One week later ....

The large screen at the front of the room crackled to show Ian.\*fzzt\* "Help! Can you read me?! Help!"\*fzzt\*

"lan! What is it?"

\*chhht\* "Help! IT'S A BLACK H-" \*pop!\*. The transmission ended.

"A black hole! This is bad!" Joseph exclaimed. "There's one at the center of every galaxy, but why are they expanding?"

"That's it. We'll send an entire fleet, equipped with dark matter detectors. We shall find the cause of this catastrophe, and end it!" I announced. A loud cheer came from the rest of the team.

"Very well, Frank, Nathaniel, equip our fleet at once." Joseph ordered.

"Yes, sir!" said Frank and Nathaniel in harmony. They dashed off to the launch site.

"Everyone else, scan for more erratic activity. Maybe we can find the source of this predicament," said Joseph.

After 35 minutes, I found something.

"There's a large black mass approximately 0.7 light-years away. It's not a black hole, though." "Hmm... Let's check it out once the fleet is ready." CRACK! Sshhhhh... Loud noises came from outside.

"Hmm, that's probably nothing. Just strong weather." Joseph said.

"Anyway, good idea, Henry, but that won't be for a while." A very, very, VERY soaked Frank walked in. "Didn't you notice the storm outside? Lightning blasted through the shields and struck the energy tower. We don't have enough power for the rest of the fleet." Joseph flinched. "A lightning strike would create a power surge strong enough to destroy the whole tower. We'll have to find a different source of power until we can fix it."

"I'll design one at once," I said. "Mr. C will help."

"Yep!" Mr. C exclaimed enthusiastically.

The next morning, the two of us had great results.

"It's a probe," I explained, "covered in solar panels, in an entirely heatproof case, to be launched next to the sun. If all goes well, we will have enough power in minutes."

"I like it," Joseph stated. The others nodded in assent.

"Good. We can start working on it at once. We'll need a 4ft. <sup>3</sup> probe with a rocket on the bottom, 5 solar panels of 4ft. <sup>2</sup> for the sides and top, and a spherical heatproof case." Joseph, Mr. C, and Frank worked on the probe, Awonder and I worked on the case, and Henry and Nathaniel worked on the solar panels.

"Let's use a spherical clamp on some glass," Awonder decided. "Then we can douse it in certain chemicals to make it heatproof."

"Let's get started!" I exclaimed. We went to buy some glass. When they came back, they were greeted by Joseph, Mr. C, and Frank with a warning.

"Do not make the case yet. You must wait until we have finished with the probe and placed it inside the case. Otherwise, we cannot get the body in." (Okay, Frank said, "Hi" and Mr. C said, "Well goodbye there!" Joseph gave a warning) So Awonder and I obeyed. Once Frank, Joseph, and Nathaniel finished, the body was completed, solar panels, thruster, and all, and placed into the now hollow glass chunk. Then I took the chunk with the probe to the machinery lab, placed it on the pedestal, and pulled the lever. Nothing happened. He tried again. Still no result.

"Come on, stupid machine, come on!" I exclaimed angrily. Next I kicked the machine and pulled again. This time the clamp immediately clashed on. When the indented walls receded, the probe was in a perfectly spherical glass case. I moved to the chemistry lab, found the bluish-white container labeled heatproof formula, and poured it all over the case.

"Sweet," I said while getting a glass cutter to make a hole for thruster. "Wait a second, how are we going to make it so thrust can go out but heat can't go in?"

"WHEN IS IT, 1993!?!" Frank yelled at him, walking into the room. "It's OK, I'll make it." Frank was calming down now.

"Thanks!" I exclaimed gratefully. Once Frank finished, the probe was complete.

"All right! Ready for launch!" Joseph exclaimed enthusiastically. "Oh yeah . . . launch. How are we going to launch it if the launch pad is disabled? Any ideas?"

"All this talk about launch is making me hungry," Nathaniel commented.

Sigh.

"Use a giant spring!" Mr. C said gleefully.

"Use a giant, oh come on. Any reasonable ideas?"

"Get a pro soccer player to kick it through the atmosphere," Henry suggested.

Sigh. "I said any REASONABLE ideas?!" Joseph yelled angrily.

"How about we overload the thrusters?" Awonder offered.

"And how would we do that?!"

"Oh yeah. Got me there." Awonder admitted.

"What about the backup launch pad?" I reminded them.

"Right! The backup pad powers itself!" The team rushed there. Once the pod was lowered in, there was a bang like a gunshot, and the probe was launched into the air, its thruster coming into effect.

Everyone rushed to the lab to see the footage. They got there just in time to see the pod hit the sun and explode. Joseph groaned. "Great. Just great. NOW how do we get power?! And WHO's idea was it to take out the brake system!?"

"Ooh! Ooh! I got it! The power fan 9000!" Mr. C piped up. "Oh, and I did."

"Just HOW does that get us energy?"

"Stick it in front of a wind turbine!"

"Great idea!"

They hurried towards the wind farm. Once the fan was set up in front of one of the largest turbines, it started blowing, and the wind turbines' rotors started spinning and broke off. Joseph rolled his eyes.

"Oh well. I guess we'll have to use the reserve energy supply," Mr. C said.

"Wha-WHY DIDN'T YOU REMIND US EARLIER?!"

"Tee hee."

So they went to get some reserve energy, after Joseph Yelled at Mr. C for two or three minutes (Why did you do that, Joseph? That's mean!). The fleet was charged and prepared in no time. The fleet of pods were slowly being lowered and Joseph was checking the systems when a moderately sized shuttle crashed into the landing pad right next to the launch pad(Which, very fortunately, had cushioning systems). Out walked Ian, coughing and sputtering. "IAN! HOW THE HECK DID YOU ESCAPE?!?!" Joseph exclaimed.

"Oh yeah. When I entered the gravity field, an asteroid hit my ship, so I took advantage of the momentum and went into hyperspace." Ian explained.

"Cool. Anyway you'd better get ready, 'cause the pods are about to launch." Joseph suggested as the pods lowered into the launching ports.

"Not enough time. Go without me." Ian sighed.

"Course you can. Get into my pod." Joseph said. Ian looked surprised.

"|-"

"I said G-E-T-T-A-N-T-O-M-I-E-P-O-D-D."

"Are you SURE that's how you spell it?" Ian questioned.

"Oh, just get in!" Joseph insisted.

"Okay, okay." Ian stepped into Joseph's shuttle.

"Good luck!" Joseph yelled. And with that, seven pods launched into the sky.

At the lab....

Joseph felt miserable. He paced back and forth in the lab, waiting for a transmission. "That's it," Joseph said.

Max sent a transmission to the lab, but no one was there.

Meanwhile, the front pod had just passed through the atmosphere. \*CHHHT\*everyone make it through?\*FZZT\*

"Sure did."

"Affirmative."

"Yeppers." (You can probably tell who said that)

As they rebuilt their position, Henry stated, "Well, Max, there's your mass, but it's not alone!" Henry exclaimed, for we were just about to enter an asteroid field. "Brace for impact!" and they did. But impact didn't come. What came instead was 247 beams of white energy about the size and shape of the space needle (yep, it's still there). The asteroids disintegrated on contact. The main ship, a half-mile long cruiser, floated by. A lot of clapping and whistling came into Josephs' loudspeaker.

"Poor asteroids!" Mr. C sighed. To make a long story short, Joseph disconnected him from his intercom.

"The blackness has strings of energy connecting with many galaxies. It must be feeding energy to black holes."

"But how do we destroy it? You can't just shoot it like you did to the asteroids."

"'Course I can. Watch." Joseph blasted the black mass (try saying that 5 times fast!). Nothing happened. "Okay, so I can't."

I chimed in, "No prob." There was the sound of my communication device crackling. "Hello? Weaponry department? Yes, I need beam 26 with power level 45. Here are the coordinates, 11735, 377895. Alright guys, you might want to close your eyes." A blinding flash appeared as the team obeyed Max's advice. When the light ceased, the mass was still there. "Okay, try power level 50." This worked much better. Not a particle of dark matter was to be detected in that area.

The return flight was quick. All the pods attached to the main cruiser, and made the emergency warp to get back to the landing pad. It would have been slower but much more comfortable if Mr. C wasn't tempted by the big red button that was labeled: EMERGENCY WARP: DO NOT TOUCH. After they figured out how to walk without spinning in circles and tripping, the party began.

I decided to make a speech. "I am very glad we are not all reduced into crumbs trapped in a black hole for eternity. I officially call this day (April 3<sup>rd</sup>) 'yay-we-didn't-all-get-crushed-and-die-day'!"

Mr. C also made a speech. He turned the microphone volume to 16,487 and said, "BOOGIE BOOGIE BOOGIE!" Joseph decided to take an official poll. The winning category was: dunk Mr. C. Mr. C ruined the effect by putting a pillow in front of the pink-and-purple target with unicorns(custom painted by Mr. C). The rest of the party was fine. There was a dangerous dodge ball free-for-all with all means of cheating allowed. There were many techniques used, such as jet-propelled RC dodge balls, exploding dodge balls, teleporting balls, someone got disqualified for flooding the arena with his multiplying balls, but the winning player was Frank, who lit his balls on fire and programmed them to home in on other players. This all took place while the classic hit "Great Balls of Fire" from a few millennia ago blared through speakers. His best competition was Nathaniel, who noticed what Frank was doing and glued water balloons to his balls. However, that wasn't the only competition. There was also a fireworks show, where everyone voted for their favorite firework. It was awesome, with the rockets exploding into

dragons and very lifelike comets, until two fireworks hit each other and rained exploding blue and purple fireballs on the audience. Those fireworks REALLY aren't supposed to mix. Here are the results out of 3,000 people from 4 different fireworks:

| Firework | Dragon | Comets | Lightning | Exploding fireballs |
|----------|--------|--------|-----------|---------------------|
| Votes    | 20     | 12     | 37        | 2,931               |

However, there was also work to do. The landing pad and energy tower had to be fixed. They were done in no time. "Well, I'm glad we don't have another galactic crisis to deal with." Joseph sighed.

"Uh, I think you just jinxed us", Max pointed behind him, while Mr. C loaded a firework launcher.

"Uh oh." Joseph groaned.

"I hope I'm not late for the fireworks show!" Mr. C exclaimed. The grey and orange striped rocket shot out with a bang and left a stream of glowing sparks behind.

"WHERE DID YOU GET THAT FIREWORK?" Joseph yelled.

"From the dangerous item storage! It was labeled; HIGHLY DESTRUCTIVE: DO NOT MISTAKE FOR A FIREWORK." Joseph slapped his forehead.

TO BE CONTINUED