

# The Nereid Perception

*Author: Peter J. Garrity*

## Chapter One

As I look out from the observation deck of the Jovian Lightship Star mariner, at Neptune, I can't help but wonder, how it must have felt for observers on Earth, hundreds of years ago, looking up at Neptune through a telescope and never getting to travel to it and see so up close. It probably never entered their minds that people would visit it just for a fun holiday or to mine it for gases for Earth's atmosphere and terra-formed moon domes. I myself am off to work on the gas extraction rig on Nereid a small moon that circles Neptune. The last time I visited some strange and unusual events took place.

It all began on this very Lightship on the same observation deck. My friend Brad was travelling with me that time, an entrepreneur who had some ideas he didn't want to share with anyone. He was quite clever but not the brightest star in the galaxy, he knew how to push ideas to their money making conclusion and he was always eager to be the first to use and make money from any kind of new and emerging technology, unfortunately he has acted on impulse in the past and it caused him some trouble with wrong sort of people.

Because Nereid is so far from the Sun, it has low atomic background noise, low gravity and is sterile, which makes it the ideal place for subatomic experiments to be carried out. It was scientists at a laboratory that Brad owns there, who first detected the pre-shock of a self-creating-universe, one that evolved and expanded without the intervention of man. If you imagine the big bang which started our universe and think what existed before it, and could another big bang start in our existence, well this would be it, the birth of universe within a universe or was it the reflection of original big bang delayed and returning, this is what Brad needed to know.

He hoped to harness the power of this new phenomenon and use it as a truly infinite supply of fuel, much greater than fusion reactors, which nowadays look like ancient technology to me.

When I came with Brad to Nereid, I was sitting in the same lounge on this very observation deck, when he came and sat by me, he looked very agitated. He used to suffer from time dilation syndrome in the past, but this time I had the feeling something else was wrong, like he was being followed or something was playing on his mind. There were several long cuts on his head that looked like scratches, he didn't mention how they got there, but was suffering quite badly;

From what I know now, Brad had a RASIN processor embedded into his head. I think it must have been that which ordered some banana milk for him, it just appeared in front of us without him asking for it at the bar. The RAISIN turned the drink into medication using simbiotic lipids in Brad's stomach; he took a bitter quick swig of the drink and immediately looked healthier and started telling me of his latest venture, that know one else knew about.

Brad had a brainchild, the Intergalactic Neutral Matter Drill; with this he could make a frictionless tunnel in space. An existing lightship can reach 20% the speed of light, it could travel four times this using the tunnel and energy from the newly discovered self creating universe,. To make the tunnel, a combination of streaming dark energy with hydrogen B.E.C.'s is needed, matter and antimatter then annihilate leaving a microscopic hole in space. The neutral matter drill expands this hole into a tunnel in space, large enough to allow a lightship to travel inside. However, the process could trigger the birth of another universe, having a cyclic and a self-creating universe together in our universe could destroy everything we know. But Brad tells me, if your going to do something no one else has ever tried, you just have to try and find out for yourself.

If his ideas work, my friend Brad will become a multi-billionaire, and the existing chemical extraction industry of Neptune will no longer control the energy market.

There was also a prize up for grabs of over €20 Billion set-up by the new fuels initiative of Europe for anyone able to find and harness new forms of energy, and a lot of dirty tricks competitors would like to see Brad fail. He was convinced someone would steal his dark tunnel technology before its first testing phase. We arrived at Nereid, I parted from Brad at the arrivals desk, after registering in he rushed straight to his research lab , and I went of to work on the extraction rig.

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## Chapter 2

At the lab, a technician was about to touch the key that turns on the anti-matter stabiliser when suddenly all the lights dimmed and the sound of fans slowing gave a disturbing feel to the unit.

A second technician shouted from across the unit shouted ” whoa, where did that come from”. Inside the stabiliser Aerogel, a bright tiny explosion appeared, there was no flickering from it of any kind. The light was frozen in space and time; Brad felt it was one of the new universes he was hoping for.

A loud ‘Bang!’ came from another piece of equipment, the Neutrino Species Trap, it was sparking and a blast hole appeared at one side, the technicians started arguing over who set it up wrong, both insisted they had made every check possible before turning it on.

It was all to sudden for Brad ,feeling his presence and mental stress might be a hindrance to the scientists, he decided that was enough for one day, so he tells the technicians to monitor the phenomenon and get the equipment working for the next test and tell him when its ready, but they completely ignore him.

He intended to go to his hotel room to rest, gliding through the corridors of science park , but on the way, a strong feeling of dizziness forces him take a diversion towards the medical clinic five hundred metres away,across the ice plateau.

Having his brain linked via a Neuro-processor to RAISIN ‘the remote artificial intelligence storage and information network’, means the clinic is alerted and ready for him when he eventually arrives. All Brads biological and technical functions are sent to the clinic staff so they can set up a

life simulator box and be prepared for surgery if needed. As he wobbles toward the clinic, Brads blood pressure and other vital signs are being monitored by a nurse.

At the clinic, a Neuro-technician was waiting for Brad, and placed him under a tetra-wave scanner.

“Your Neuro-processor has decided to mutate boss”, says the technician.

“It's your own fault, these things were meant to fix damaged brains, not enhance them! You know that's illegal on Earth”, he exclaims.

“Your artificially high IQ and the ability to make any chemicals from food, has allowed a semiconductor virus, to evolve into a new form of neuron, I'm not sure what I can do for ya!” he says fiddling with the Tetra-wave controls.

The itching on Brads head intensifies, he's no longer producing any painkillers using the RAISIN. Brad began to feel his mind going. He gritted his teeth but that made it even worse, then he started panicking. Nurses rushed in and administered high dosage sedatives. Brad calmed down smiled, then slowly began to pass out, falling into the arms of a nurse.

From the blackness of sleep, he woke to find he was in a gelbed, The itching and pain had gone. He sat up, wiped his eyes, and pushed the palms of his hands over his head. He pulled himself out of the gelbed. Looking into the shiny surface of the metallic walls he could see a ridge of artificial skin grafted on his head. He knew then they had removed the Neuro-processor. “It must have been a rush job”, he said to himself.

Doctor Jo, Brads special projects engineer, enters the ward. She's pleased he is up and well. They have something to show him back at the laboratory. Eager to see what new things have developed, he finds his clothes and dresses them on top of his gelled gown.

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At the Lab, there is a strange object floating to one side of the frozen light captured earlier. Brad doesn't recall seeing it before.

”There Brad is your Universe!” presents Doctor Jo.

”My Universe, You named it after me”, replies Brad.

“ No, we mean its you” she says.

Still a bit confused Brad asks,” What do you mean it's me”,

“The Neuro-chip “, replies the doctor.

“Please Explain to me, I don't understand any more” says Brad, who is getting frustrated and full of anxiety.

Doctor Jo then explains to Brad “The mutated Neuro-processor attached to your brain cells, should have stopped working, there was no chemical power going to it, we placed the extracted processor under the Tetra-wave scanner to see if it could be fixed and re-planted when it communicated to us.”

*It appears that being in space caused enough soft errors in a single place on the chip that it created its own power source from the cosmic neutrons and exposure to stray dark energy.*

*His Neuro-processor and RAISIN had become a gateway to another universe. In accordance with a level 4 multi-verse, they were communicating with beings in another space-time that had not even existed yet. His ideas had literally created a Universe in his head.*

The doctor continues debriefing Brad:

”They, chose to send you the information as you where the first intelligent life-form they encountered, they exist because you do”.

”So what’s that weird little object?” asks Brad.

Dr Jo explains, ”Well, that was your Neuro-chip its being used as a transceiver to the computers in this lab, the beings took control and used our technologies to slow space time enough to make it appear to have stopped around the Neuro-verse. We fear the Neuro-verse may expand again if we lost contact.”

Brad questions Dr Jo, ”So they stopped the universe in time! That explains the strange voices in my head, must have thought it was cross talk on the RAISIN. Anyway, that thing is me?”

Dr Jo answers, “yes, or at least the Neuro-chip part is you. Because you didn’t listen, they basically hacked your brain and tried to create a 2<sup>nd</sup> core brain that would understand them on a higher level. To them, talking to us, is like us, talking to Sea Monkeys”.

Brad thought it was all a joke. Sceptical, due to the nature of the conversation, with doctor Jo, he says ”If aliens spoke to us, what do they look like?” .Dr Jo replies “I don’t know, they sent the message as text to the computer“. Frustrated, Brad attacked the mutated Neuro-chip with the actions of an aggressive ape, which surprised all those around him. It didn’t break, but his actions made his new Neuro-universe disappear and any thought of making an anti-matter drill or tunnel.

He came to realise that, to cheat, using technology to find the answers to his dreams, without the true knowledge, would lead to his dreams disappearing before him. To find yourself, you have to use your own mind and that is where the real wonders of the universe are found.

Who knows if Brad was a tricked or if the Neuro-Universe was real or a bit of both? Sometimes its best to just leave things alone if it happen once before, it could happen again, but next time could be the last.

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*References and links Available on request, The above story is fictitious and has no reference to people or persons known to have existed. If it does that totally co-incidental .*

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