



Planes Of Existence

Kyle Lance Proudfoot ©

Prelude Introduction

In the beginning and end and all Space and Time is GOD: Absolute Nothingness was only outside the first and last Black Hole at Infinite Density, then there was Shadow Energy, from this came one tiny spark, then a huge Explosion triggering The Big Bang at Infinite Kinetic Energy, Great Fire Energy spread through it all, the Creation of first Matter and Energy expanding at Light Speed outwards in a spherical fashion from the absolute center, throughout all of this a large spectrum of mostly invincible Light Energy shone, with equally negatively powerful and energetic Shadow Energy in between each and everything, the very first particles of Matter of all types and sizes colliding and joining with each other, waves and EM Field's sprung into being, the many simple and complex Element's formed, each Body was given Soul, Spirit and/or Mind, God's and Goddesses awoke, Angel's and Demon's arose and the very first Heroes were born, this all generating Evolution of many more Object's and Being's in Planes Of Existence through Time.

This Great Motion follows one Timeline but many Timelines exist within the original one. So we have the Finite within the Infinite in a great myriad of possibilities and probabilities.

Multiple Universes, Planes, Dimension's, World's and/or Reality's can all exist throughout each other in One Great Reality, each immaterial or not solid to each other, like the dead to the living, however there can never be denial of the Existence of the One Big Reality itself, just as regardless of what your points of views or Belief's are of the After Life, one cannot deny that it exists: When the Body dies your Soul, Spirit and/or Mind leaves it.

Next came the very first primordial Life Form's, a combination of basic grosser particles, biological in nature, yet endowed with Soul, Spirit, Mind and/or Body to varying degrees.

Through InterAction™ by primarily sex, mutation and genetic manipulation Creatures developed Intelligence, Consciousness and Self-Consciousness in Species and Races.

The early young Planet's evolved at different rates across each entire Universe each as diverse and unique as the other in multiple Galaxy's each at different inclinations each with its own Black Hole. The very age, aspect and activity of the Galaxy and all in it, especially the Sun's, is determined primarily by flung out radioisotopes from the age, size and action of the Black Hole itself. Light Energy Nodes, Light Energy Lines, Shadow Energy Nodes and Shadow Energy Lines formed: The whole thing is a 3D Matrix Grid Map.

It can be seen symbolically, even literally, that the Spirit of the Light God Ra is in all the Sun's and Light Energy and the Spirit of the Shadow God Osiris is in all the Black Holes and Shadow Energy. Shadow Energy is also called Dark Energy.

Shadow Energy and Light Energy are throughout the entire Universe in roughly equal amounts to maintain Balance: Some say 98.6% and 99.7% respectively, but our Scientist's have seen since then that it fluctuates. Other Planes Of Existence can, of course, have drastically different percentages where great construction and/or destruction takes place.

The Near-Infinite Material Plane Of Existence and many other Planes pushing into and being pulled by Nothingness embraced in the Infinite and the potential of unending Life

keep on expanding for an indefinite quantity and quality of Finite Time within Infinite Time of the One Reality, but theoretically speaking Soul, Spirit, Mind, Light, Shadow and/or Immortal Being's can also be Infinite. The Material Plane Of Existence can by its transient Nature not be Infinite, thus only Near-Infinite: One cannibalistic Galaxy will collide with another, eventually forming one Galaxy, Black Holes can theoretically swallow up the whole Universe, with one Galaxy left there is also one Black Hole left, our Universe could then collapse back in on itself into one tiny infinitesimally small exceedingly dense Point Of Singularity. Regardless if such takes billions of years it still remains but Finite...

However, Soul, Spirit, Mind in all of its Body's and Form's, Life itself, can theoretically persist if maintained by GOD at the very last moment of the Great Extinction Event of the Universe: GOD always persists or there is no valid definition of an Omniscient And Omnipotent GOD and there could also be no valid Theory of Infinity where all of Reality just disappears at some point. What would be the point of such an Existence, when it is also just over in a blink of an eye across Infinite Time and everyone and everybody was and did everything for Nothing, a rampant out of control Chaos Theory with no Order, pure Nihilistic Existentialism. Hardly anyone can imagine the horror of that final Armageddon and we would much rather search for a purpose and meaning to Life and Existence for how can by all absurdity and ridiculousness there be none? Rather again, we would rather purport that all of such recycles through such infinitely repeated Big Bang's or even as some theorize there is just one ever changing Infinite Reality with no Big Bang Theory which unfortunately violates the Expansion Theory... On the other hand, again, what worse Heaven or Hell is there than never being able to escape Reality?

From this great breeding pool came the primitive Civilization's, the very first Individual's and Group's in rough organized circles banging Stone Weapon's on each other's heads and throwing dried dung at each other as uncivilized primates, then inevitably through Low IQ Level's the development of Basic Tool's to make and wreck things and which has lead to all of our Warfares: For all the Dominion what Guardianship was there back then, too?

Here the very first appearances of the ancient God's and Goddesses, by the Names they were known to primitive Demi-Human Creatures, materialized and symbolized in Great Mystical Form's. The primitives of many Planet's were in awe and tried to explain it through Symbol, Elemental, Poly-Animalistic, Spirit, Soul and Deity Worship using the terms and concepts of their times as best they could. So sprung Religion, Philosophy, Magic and Science into being, even if it meant just an etched carving in some cave wall or the greatest sophistication of the Architecture of an entire City devoted to such.

Sophistication of the primitive Demi-Human Creatures common to many Planet's in the Universe as defined by Universal Element's, Common Element's, Universal Genetic's and Common Genetic's on multiple levels accelerated the development and refinement of everything Known and Unknown to the Primitive Society even though many Warfares were needed to do so: Warfare is indeed highly violent and destructive but it also brings great change and renewal; out with the old and in with the new. Also common to many Planet's are Insect's; all Creatures can be defined into Skeletal, Exo-Skeletal and/or Non-Skeletal Classes. Intelligence is most certainly not limited to either one though by the highly egocentric nature of our Human Species we are somewhat unwilling to grant others superiority in this field having even coined ourselves Homo Sapien's, a wise creature...

Many sentient Man and/or Woman who are Mono-Sexual, Hetero-Sexual, Bi-Sexual, Homo-Sexual, Multi-Sexual and/or A-sexual Being's on many Planet's throughout the Universe populated and colonized at different rates of Evolution.

And then we had multiple Colony Planet's in this Galaxy through the propagation of many Religion's, Philosophy's, Politic's, Economy's, Sciences, Technology's and Information Technology's to enforce our dominion, dominance, domination and guardianship. Our Milky Way Galaxy was even defined as the rightful Property of Humanity who needs to put fences around everything; how else in 2014 CE did we get Ownership of our Galaxy since Alien's did not show up yet and then trigger a War with them? He said, 'Reseller Galaxy'.

In 2057 CE we could also populate other Galaxy's when we met Alien's: These exist in the same Universe which has the same Law's Of Physic's and many other commonalities.

'As from the 0 comes the 1, so does the 2 come from the 1, 3 from 2, 4 from 3... and so on ad infinitum. Thank you Pre-Socratic's, Pythagoras, Hippocrates, Socrates, Democritus, Aristotles, Plato, Zoroaster, Babylonian and Arabian Mystic's and Mathematician's and others who proved Singularity and Duality. Mathematic's is the only Universal Language.'

'The infinite potential of nothingness is GOD to everything. Null Potentialus Ad Majorus.'

'Unseen to the mortal materialistic eyes of the Children of the God's and Goddesses and ultimately GOD a great singularity over multiplicities and multiple Point's Of Singularity in Dimension's, World's, Universes, Timelines and Reality's in Planes Of Existence all intersecting and overlaid through each other also developed along with ours...'

'Where there is Light there is also Shadow, except pure Planes, or suffer more Bad Coffee Cup Effect's. Being's use Good and/or Neutrality and/or Evil to gain Immortality.'

Certain Races and Species who had the luck or misfortune to develop faster or slower preyed on weaker nearby Colony Planet's or fell victim to a stronger breed.

A few Individual's chose for Enlightenment and/or Ascension and tried to teach the warring Civilization's to find Freedom and Peace... Others chose for Enshroudment and/or Descension and tried to teach the warring Civilization's how to Battle and War much more and better... Some tried both... But each to no avail... In the long run, the insurmountable force of numbers and mass Ignorance by primarily conquering Resources and Territory wiped out whole Races, Species and Planet's, not to mention some Solar System's: The neighbor's meat is always better and the grass is always greener on the other side.

The most influenced by these developments were Planet's in proximity: If one silver mine is almost exactly in the middle of 2 Villages then there will be conflict. Instead of splitting the silver mine down the middle they both grab their Spear's and Shield's and wipe out the other Village. The bigger, stronger, faster, smarter and/or luckier ape always wins. Having little to do with the greater Good, Neutral and/or Evil, except by Divine Intervention, and God's and Goddesses do Battle too, the acquisition of material Wealth was predominant in our Great Civilization's on Planet Earth dating back to 200000 years before the Sumerian's

and Egyptian's on the southern tip of Africa called the FIRST PEOPLE mining Gold.

'Defens Ad Absurdum, Poetry Ad Infinitum.'

So the Monotheism's, Polytheism's and Pantheon's of many World's were enriched with the Story's, Tales, Myth's, Legend's, Sagas, Epic's and History's of many peoples.

Some Planet's got exploded, others imploded, whole Solar System's were blown away by the resulting development of Great Magic, Hyper Modern Technology and even Extra-Planar Paranormal Power's and Energy's. And these in possession of primarily self-motivated Individual's, Citizen's, Member's, Group's, Villages, City's, Country's, Continent's, Planet's, Solar System's, Galaxy's and even Universes...

Again came in cycles: Mystic's, Poet's, Philosopher's, Author's, Artist's, Actor's, Musician's, Politician's, Economist's, Military Leader's, Geniuses, Heroes, Martyr's and/or Prophet's who tried to stop the mass self-destruction of Peoples And Society's, often too late...

Even God's and Goddesses tried to prevent such by incarnating into the physical flesh, so as to give History Of Humanity a guiding hand. Non-Interference is now long discarded for how else could such Battles or War's have been won and what does not InterAct™ ...

Only very few, and not by being Rich And Famous alone, became truly Enlightened and Immortal and like Buddha had to make the choice to come back, one last time, to be a Great Teacher, and save only a few, or take that step through the last Portal Of Light.

All these facts, statistics and truths of Evolution of Races and Species they left in symbols.

Unfortunately, the Species and Races on Planet Earth, Solar System, Milky Way Galaxy, our Home Planet, were almost destroyed by rampant out-of-control mutation and genetic manipulation due to hyper-accelerated development of synthetic, semi-synthetic and/or natural Bio-Chemical's and Chemical's in the 20th - 21st Century.

Our one last saving grace to preserve our Races and Species was the Private and Public Science, Technology, Information Technology and Space Travel Development which finally led to breakthroughs everywhere on Planet Earth in the late 20th - 21st Century resulting in not only the first affordable Space Tourism but actual maneuverable Space Ship's.

However, greedy, corrupted and power hungry Government's, Corporation's and Citizen's funneled a lot of the funding into Military, Mechanized Military and Laser Military R&D to make deadly Weapon's and War Space Ship's which seemed more like bad R&R usually. This resulted in the prophesied 25 year World War's from the death of the 3rd Anti-Christ.

Then there was the beginning of a new Era on Planet Earth with Computer's, Intranet and Internet at the end of the 20th Century. Even though it technically began with ARPANET in 1969 it was no where near its form compared with 1993 - 2014 CE.

With multiple End Of World Prophecy's and Timelines coinciding at the beginning of the 21st Century starting with the Gulf War which led to the 9/11 Millenium Prophecy, which

suffered a bad Delay Effect through The Dilation Effect, for except Moses, Jezus Christ, Mohammed and Nostradamus and not too many other True Prophet's who undoubtedly accessed the Timeless Plane knowing exact dates and Names even, the vast majority of False Prophet's followed Constellation's, Planet's and Moon positions since the Oracle of Delphi: A small miscalculation would result in months and years difference and back then they did not yet know about The Dilation Effect. Some say 12+ Prophecy's and Timelines converged. They were not sure if they were staggered over years, half decades, decades or if there was some major point of impact such as the Andreas Fault Line or WW 04 from whole Libya, Egypt, Israel, Syria, Iraq, Iran, Afghanistan, China, Japan, North Korea, parts of Russia, half of Australia, most of Africa, all of Amazon, entire USA, CA, UK, EU, and Arabia, India to Pakistan or if it was off the scale Cascade Effect's through many multiple simultaneous Event's. There were floods, tsunamis, earthquakes, hurricanes and tornados by 2012 in Japan, Haiti, India, Pakistan, Australia, New York, Mississippi and other places, even a volcano exploded in Iceland. Many Kill's, Murder's and Assassination's of top level figures were committed. The Event's did not end in 2013, either, and continued for years and decades since they also did not heed the warnings, read the signs, symbols and/or writings on the walls and did nothing about such things with very clear proof and evidences provided by their very own Expert's due to unending lies about unpayable costs to recover and/or prevent anything: Their 1% Rich Elite continued to not starve... They even kept on bullshiting in more self-destructive, self-suicidal and/or self-sacrificial Human behavior that EWS's are useless because it is logistically impossible to do anything... And, worst of all, they stated bluntly that such Corporation's, Government's and Citizen's cannot be stopped from ripping raping rupturing and/or rifting Planet Earth due to their Ownership of such...

What was also highly disturbing are the following 4 Event's:

1. The end of this Great 13 Millennia Cycle when a huge chunk of an Extra-Terrestrial Comet hit Planet Earth about 13 Millennia ago with glaciers restricted to the north, no more giant mammals and primitive Human Civilization spread and developed.
2. Comet ISON dubbed 'Comet Of The Century' entered the Solar System of Planet Earth in November 2013. Comet's are known throughout History Of Humanity to signify the end of an Age.
3. Buddhism puts cyclical value on the number 13 such as with their Tibetan King's.
4. The Age of Pisces in which we lived in expired: It begun in 26 CE and ended in 2012 CE, a total of 1986 years.

The unexpected abdication of the Pope in The Vatican and the even more unexpected successor also signifies the end of the Great Christian Era of 2 Millennia long and as Science Fiction, Fantasy, Science, Technology, Information Technology, Economy and Politic's dominated the Modern Western Civilization their own Children did not want all the moralistic, philisophical and religious Do's And Don't's anymore: Rather, in each Country, they wanted all the Multimedia, Social Media and Entertainment, not to mention unlimited Information, Product's, Money, Credit and Lifestyles to meet their insatiable thirst and hunger for Liberation, Liberalization and Liberisities. The National Debt's of Western Government's and the Credit Debt of failing Western Corporation's with the rise of the East through their top 4 Giant's, Arabia, China, Japan and Russia also signified End Of World's.

Many educated Intellectual's and Youth through Internet, the best and worst of all worlds, also started believing in an Extra-Terrestrial Origin Of Species: Just lick a meteorite...

With other corroborating proof and evidences to alternate Origin's Of Species in Science Magazines such as the finding of a 3.4 million year old left foot of a very early Demi-Human which defined a whole new Genealogy to Human Species it was inevitable that the moralistic, philisophical and religious Belief's, Philosophy's and Religion's started to fail.

Others tried to induce Law And Order but the natural rebellious Spirit of Human and the great increase in the Chaos Effect due to modernization and globalization took over.

Before you knew it, by 2013 everyone started saving themselves and forget the rest.

Then they did not fail in increasing the Range of many Hyper Modern Weapon's...

The following cataclysmic Global Explosion of multiple simultaneous launchings of Inter-Continental Ballistic Missiles (ICBM's) and Inter-Planetary Ballistic Missiles (IPBM's) with heavy payloads of Nuclear, Foton and Plasma Warhead's guided by Infra-Red and Laser Satellites almost completely destroyed even the Solar System of our Home Planet, Planet Earth, with large craters left in Moon's and Planet's, some almost thrown out of Orbit.

Orbit, Air and Ground Battles caused immense disease, disasters, destruction and death.

'Yes, they even tried to blow up the Sun, thinking they would release enough Power And Energy to gain Immortality and reach the next Plane Of Existence, not caring about any of the Mortal's left behind to be incinerated.'

'We, however, could not succeed in deleting Good and/or Neutral and/or Evil in each of us, the greatest gift of GOD: Free Will.'

'For all the Good Will and Enlightenment of Humanity most just put it into their own wallet.'

In 2037 CE we were forced to escape in an Elite Colony Space Ship with not only the best Element's of each Race, Species, Animal's and Plant's but we tried to save each weak genotype to maintain bio-diversity though many were extinct already... Using a Prototype Time Travel Machine we sent ourselves to 2437 CE in another part of our Galaxy.

We landed on Planet Earth I in 2438 CE, having very badly underestimated how much Time it takes to Time Travel, thus it is not at all Near-Instantaneous Speed's. This is now our New Colony Planet, our second chance, if not our last one, to start anew in another dream for Utopia, an attempt at the perfect Balance of Nature and Technology in Society.

'I still have my Dream Of Delusion... And, I still have my Dream Of Delusion.'

Halstaator I, Our 1st Historian
Date and Time: 000-00-0,
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to
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Introduction - Our World

When we landed on this habitable New Colony Planet, called Planet Earth I, Paradisolus, with plentiful natural recyclable Resources after flying our huge Elite Colony Space Ship into Orbit carrying Scientist's, Artist's, Object's and the digital and genetic remains of Humanity, the Survivor's of the rampant out-of-control mutations on our previous Planet Earth, where now there are but isolated camps of mostly wasted and desolate Rebel and Corporate Society left fighting for the last remaining Resources, most Flora and Fauna in between destroyed by War, waste, contamination and environmental destruction, we were, as Fate would have it, immediately split into 2 factions. The one faction of Scientist's, Engineer's, IT Specialist's, Hi-Tech Laborer's, Artist's and other Specialty's necessary for Research And Development and maintaining the new Global System of Planet Earth I and the 75% majority of the Common Populace, young, old and somewhat disabled needed to carry out the many tasks of Testing And Labor in a New Colony on our New Colony Planet were betrayed by the other more extreme Demi-Human's, Mutant's, integrated Alien's and 10% of the Common Laborer's, mostly Demi-Human's, who had serious disputes and disagreements with their Low Career's and Low Credit Tooney Euro Salary's.

Alien's were first officially met in 2057 CE, 2 decades after the breakthrough in Planar Gate Technology for Space Ship's, despite a dismal 3.5 decades of Global Crisis. Mutant's were also randomly and purposely genetically modified by those known as the infamous Mad Scientist's For A Better Tomorrow due to scoffing and laughing out of there being no proof or evidences of anyone or anybody doing anything more than elaborate Stage Trick's, especially in Hollywood, and due to the great influence of Science Fiction, Fantasy, Horror, Action, Adventure and/or Humor Film's, Movies, Series, Videos, Audios, Text and/or 3D Games to prove the existence of real Paranormal Capability's: Super-Human, Demi-Human, Mutant, Alien, Psionic, Psychic, Magical and/or Mystical Capability's.

'The beginning of the 21st Century was a difficult time of great change, development and advancement and with too much change at the same time comes great turmoil.'

The trouble is we completely underestimated and were entirely unprepared for the ensuing Open Warfare everywhere due to Hacking and Competition and Warfare at all levels, and no one was unaffected, due to State Of Denial, Ostrich Effect and Dump Sand Over It All Complexes, due to widespread corruption by rich and influential Citizen's, Government's and Corporation's and due to the total outdate, like she lied on her photo, completely imbalanced System Of Money, the worst cases of such being the Black Market with no control over Black Money or Taxes which was prevalent and highly dominant in that time: This allowed various Maffias to simply own whole Sector's.

With our fully registered Real Identity System, identifying even the DNA of a Member of Society and paying through a Real Identity Scan, the Black Market resorted to the Motto: 'We can still just give each other a Gift.' Still though, it did not fail in vastly reducing the damages to the Economy due to such fraud.

Other Trigger Event's were when Country's such as China refused to stop destroying the entire Amazon, Congo and Indonesia, at the size of at least Greece per year, for they were incapable of stopping their population explosion. Then they all wanted plastic cars, too.

Also, the Muslim Nation's could not implement birth control, nor Russia, nor the Modern Western Civilization, especially never Africa or other southern regions. As many stated in previous centuries, including various Prophecy's, the cause of the reduction of the Human Species by $\frac{1}{3}$ of its size is by far too rapid expansion of too many people together at the same time: This resulted in New World Order, also a Prophecy, as War's, Sicknesses, Diseases, Epidemic's and Pandemic's devastated the Human Population by 2031 CE.

With converging Prophecy's at the beginning of the 21st Century such as 4 Horsemen, Revelation's and Armageddon in The Bible, the most read and sold book in History Of Humanity, and the end of a Cycle Of The Mayan Calender with a remarkable Alignment of Planet's in 2011 - 2013 CE, and the 4th Anti-Christ, 'the fourth beast shall be the fourth kingdom upon the earth', quickly arising after the death of the 3rd Anti-Christ who was taken out 'early in the game' as stated by Nostradamus which then triggered a 25 year Global War, put in News Medias as only Terrorism, Civil War, Crisis and/or Inflation, which was predicted to bring 1000 years of Peace And Prosperity by 2035 - 2037 CE with the 'Fourth Coming Of Jezus Christ' or 'The Return Of Mohammed' or 'The New Mahdi', and with natural and perpetrated disasters everywhere it is still a surprize nothing was prevented, or was it all just inevitable... Did we not learn from the 20th Century with the causes of 1888 CE, WWI and WWII? Did the 10 Commandment's of Moses, mocked at as 'written in sandstone', mean anything anymore? What did we all Work, Fight, Debate, Battle and/or War for when Territory's were given back each time since 6000 BCE with the Daxi Culture in Sichuan and Hubei provinces? After all the bloodshed, History Of Humanity keeps repeating itself and the same Political Idealogy's of left, middle and/or right keep on going and keep on killing each other... Other Domsday Prediction's also coincided.

It was not until 2050 CE when we really believed we could colonize the Star's for the Fossil Fuel Contract's and dependancy on the all rich and all powerful Arab's finally ended. They still had, of course, a fair percentage in Ownership never giving up their unbreakable Grip Of Power And Energy over entire Humanity for they invested into Space Planes and Null EM Propulsion Engines. We also did not fail by then in using mostly Hybrid's.

But still, the price to pay for all those Human lives, for the strengthening, preservation and prolongation of the Species itself, for the 'Greater Good', it was called such so many times, is just another large gore bloodstain in the exceedingly violent and self-destructive Line Of Evolution of History Of Humanity: What percentage do we place on Smart and/or Stupid Humanity, again? We are still not sure if it is 3 or 6 decimal places...

By 2037 CE through Near-Infinite Defense of the Laser Military of the Modern Western Civilization and other Country's, who could pay for it, we were finally able to make the mythical dreamed of 3D Laser Grid, with even Null EM Domes, and a Laser Military with a huge Laser Weapon Arsenal to protect our City's: This practically eliminated the risk of deadly ICBM's heavy loaded with Nuclear Warhead's and/or IPBM's heavy loaded with anything imaginable: It was still highly debatable as to whether the 3D Infra-Red Grid could stop a multiple launch so this was Top Priority. Did Nukes really have to go up to Orbit?

This triggered another Golden Age, or rather called a Silver Age, where the remaining Humanity experienced a greater advanced Degree Of Lifestyle with more Freedom, Peace

and Prosperity than they could have ever dreamed of: Many called it the 1st Utopia or the 2nd Renaissance in History Of Humanity. Like the Renaissance, though, they kept on forgetting to mention or do anything about the Poverty on the rest of Planet Earth, the ever exploited Colony Country's, so we can enjoy mass Cheap and Luxury Product's.

However, one note of importance: We could not save them without badly compromising ourselves and soon we even needed to become 95%+ self-sustainable through recyclable and renewable Sources Of Energy and Sources Of Food. This was achieved with the Near-Infinite Energy of the Sun, Residual Energy, EM Field's, Anti-Matter and Matter Energy Conversion of other Element's like Earth, Water, Air, Fire and/or Ether.

Fossil Fuel's on Planet Earth became near extinct with many more threats of Extinction. However, other Planet's were exploited and they persisted in even shipping Coal over long distances despite the proof and evidences of Pollution, though some Genius Scientist's did not fail in introducing Liquid Coal with Zero Emission's... That way no shovels needed.

Sources Of Food were, actually, a relatively small problem to the surprize of many. These 2 factors played the key roles in solving this problem:

1. Domestic Animal Apartment's. Think And Build Vertical Not Only Horizontal. Put them in the countryside or next to Granny's Apartment. With all of them moo'ing and bah'ing at the same time it could be a noise disturbance. With Classical Music and TV Screen's which is proven to help Plant's grow why not give the Cow's Heavy Metal Music as a test: Maybe, the Cow's are totally rockin'. Also Bio-Organic for sale. Being fully automated, ya only need like 1 Security Agent per complex.
2. Other Group's, of course, freaked out a little, due to post-memories of bloody Slaughterhouse 6.1322 symptoms and syndromes, and still chose for moralistic reasons to not eat meat. This, primarily due to their conviction, conversion and commitment resulted in a large increase in fake meat in the Global Food Market's.

We even started to colonize the Solar System with a Mars Base by 2040 CE and also a Luna Base by 2032 CE: Many started to argue that, '...yes, the Moon is a lot closer...', and, once again, '...if her Name is Luna then why call it Lunar...'

By the end of the 21st Century we had even wiped out all of the most common highly prevalent Sickneses And Diseases. Could anyone imagine no more Lung, Heart, Kidney, Liver, Intestinal Ailment's? No more Cancer? No more Virgo? Thank GOD! No more Wasting And Degenerative Diseases? Even most Psychiatrical Psychological And Biological Neurological Disorder's, except for Criminal Sociopathical Disorder's, were cured through New Method's, Treatment's, Pill's, Chemical Agent's, Biological Agent's and Natural Herb Agent's, thus Drug's, refined and developed by the great need and want of the stricken Health Industry to reduce exponentially increasing costs and the great rising Comment's And Criticism about very few Cures actually provided in return for such wasted sky-rocketing total Rip-Off Tooney Euro Investment's...

But, of course, such a Silver Age, dominated by Science And Technology, Information Technology, Laser Military, Politic's and Economy of the Global Tooney Euro Credit System of the Global Union of Corporation's, Government's and Citizen's who were simply able to buy and own everything, everyone and everybody, almost resulting in the great danger of

One Single Corporation owning One Global Market which was barely prevented, called incorrectly by many Anti-Capitalist's and poorly scorned in this light of this inevitable development of this Timeline of this Future, New World Order, was relatively short lived.

In 2036 CE, the next generation after 'mere' Hyper Light Speed Portal and Gate Travel, the Near-Insta Speed Planar Travel allowing exploration and colonization of other Galaxy's was discovered by accident: Teleporter Mirror, Mirror Machine, Hell Portal, Heaven Gate, Dimension Door, Inter-Planar Gate, Planar Gate, Inter-Planar Portal, Inter-Planar Doorway, Planar Portal, Planar Doorway and many other variations were coined. In 2037 CE Planar Technology was activated, by accident or on purpose, by a Genius Human Scientist.

What followed was highly unpredictable to even the greatest Mind's of any Citizen, Civilization, Race and/or Species. It was also potentially disastrous and led to more War.

The powers that be in the 21st - 22nd Century's could not resist, once again, the theoretical possibility of Absolute Global Domination and Absolute Power And Energy: Absolute Corruption thus also leads to Absolute Knowledge and now everyone was confused. By this time, the temptations of Immortality also became irresistible. No longer was Human perceived as a Mortal Being and no longer did we lack the means to achieve even great physical Life Extension through genetic modification, Pill's, Cyborg Implant's and not so much the over-popularized Cryogenic Suspension which presumes there is no Cure. With such comes the potential rise to some Form of Godhood in the hands of a Tyrant...

However, it still remains true, Power corrupts and Absolute Power corrupts absolutely, so many are still blinded by such, both ways, and do not understand or just simply and blatantly deny the Existence of the only Infinite Power And Energy of GOD and his Great Hierarchy of God's and Goddesses, his Henchmen so to speak, who have theoretically been here since the beginning of Time itself... However, you cannot take the Good without the Evil, as they say, so how are we supposed to say it: Nicht Onheil Satan? Just saying 'Unholy Satan' is not a Salute. Or how about Nicht Onheil Lucifer, Loki, Loco and Luna? And at which point are such lunacy symptoms at Full Moon 'Not Unholy'? Since such was wrecked in the 20th Century by the 2nd Anti-Christ there was a large Debate about what to say since one can also not state Ave or Ove anymore... Saluting and saying, 'Hut sir, yes sir, no sir!' sounded more like American Football. There was for quite some time no answer coming until someone said again, 'Praise to our Holy God's and Goddesses. Praise GOD.'

Can anyone deny the Light Spirit throughout the Universe? Thus, most certainly not just the white coat empirical data of the Physical Body of the Sun. And, how many Sun's and Solar System's are there in the Universe with all its Galaxy's?

Equally, can anyone deny the Shadow Spirit throughout the Universe? And most certainly not just the black coat empirical data of the Physical Body of the Black Hole. And, how many Black Holes and Shadow System's are there in the Universe with all its Galaxy's?

'GOD and SATAN will always be prevalent.'

And, as stated by Our 1st Historian, who I am only a humble servant of, if not bequethed with Great Knowledge, through Free Will we can never delete our various degrees of gray,

therefore of Good and/or Neutrality and/or Evil, we can only modify and/or fluctuate them.

Thus, once again, a Race or Species, a Village, City, Country or even a whole Civilization, and in this case, though incredibly sad, angry and tragic, it has happened already so many times in many Timelines since the beginning of Time, a whole Planet or Solar System is forced by necessity of self-preservation of the Species to build an Elite Colony Space Ship and travel a great many Light Year's away to start a New Colony Planet. Though in some instances by Great Fortune multiple habitable Planet's are in proximity. For a long time, due to obscurity, before the Infra-Red Satellite, Maya, discovered thousands of Galaxy's each with Black Holes in 2012 CE, we thought we were alone... However, she then turned around when she was done and aimed at Planet Earth and all their Computer System's.

Total breach of Security and Privacy of Corporation's, Government's and Citizen's then rapidly increased causing many IT Hack's and led to even Launch Codes being leaked.

The resulting War's also did not fail in leading to New World Order wiping out 1/3 of the entire Human Species by the above mentioned date. However, it then did not fail to increase the population again: How else can we populate Space without Geniuses?

It is now the middle of the 25th Century and we have fully integrated Plant's, Animal's, Demi-Human's, Human's, Mutant's and Alien's of all Species and Races co-existing in Freedom, Peace and Prosperity though not always so peaceably.

In total, in our cute little microscopic life vessel, its whole hull gradually pointed to the front and perfectly smoothly curved and elliptical to the back with two long thin curving Silver Wing's on the sides, we are now only 20000 strong, 2 Men and/or Women for each Trade and Specialty, a double-check self-redundant system to assure Survival consisting of the Stupid, Low, Average, High, Smart, Genius and Highest IQ Level Member's of Society and the most experienced in their Specialty's, with the necessity of a Lower IQ Level Common Populace with young, old and somewhat disabled and with all Types of Plant's, Animal's, Demi-Human's, Human's, Mutant's and Alien's of all different roots for bio-diversity.

No Lottery System's, a chaotic principle, were used in the selection for we were able to consciously and intelligently choose through Genetic's, Education and Work Experience. Where there was doubt or almost equal candidates Scan Devices were very helpful to distinguish the subtle differences. Volunteer and Paid Tooney Euro Character Class Career's were allowed. Lies And Rumor's, of course, always stated that many Noobie Payoff's by rich and influential Family's did take place, not to mention Noobie Setup's...

Due to various deaths over the year to get here we are left with only 17502 brave Citizen's to start a New Colony on a New World, called Planet Earth I.

We have a small Laser Military Escort of 2 Laser War Ship's, 12 Laser Cruiser's and 48 Laser Fighter's with about 500 Laser Military Officer's and 1500 Laser Military Soldier's. These fared much better with a World Record of only 10 fatalities.

As we enter into Orbit of this very green and blue planet, which most habitable Colony Planet's look like for we cannot survive without water and crops containing chlorophyll,

plankton, algae plus all the other building blocks of matter and the strange fact that most water on habitable Planet's refracts into blue and/or green, unless you have very Alien Retinas, Our Master Computer, a collective Open Source Project, which some claim has become Near-Enlightened and Near-Sentient and many others claim is just still impossible for it to have Consciousness and never Self-Consciousness, and it will never be more than a Near-Infinite Complex Machine processing, calculating and comparing bits, data and images, announces to us all through a very highly encrypted Wireless Communication System the following mildly disturbing, yet amusing, prognosis: "We have successfully reached Planet Earth I, New Colony Planet, with a remaining Chance Of Survival of 85%. Congratulations, this is perceived as a Major Victory despite some original estimates by primarily highly pessimistic Master Mathematician's as only having been 50/50, toss a coin baby and wish for the best..." Such anecdotes take off the edge of its steady authoritative even alto-baritone tone Man Voice chosen as to be taken the most seriously.

OMC continues, "Our 1st New World is rich in natural Resources, filled with great oceans, lakes, rivers, forests, plains and mountain ranges. Next to the Foliage and Fauna we brought along there are indigenous Species and Races and, of course, 'no intelligent Life Form's present', a prerequisite of a New Planet ripe for Colonization, not conquering."

"Our greatest worry now is releasing a Group of our Predator Insect's and Animal's which could cause a catastrophic Ecosystem failure and/or imbalance, however as our Scientist's so quaintly put, 'DNA is a remarkable invention...', the local predators fight the intruders, a new Balance is found and we also say, 'Adaptation is the key to survive...'"

"We now also release the majority of our smaller Creatures, the rest kept for study, and cross our fingers again. This, as predicted by our Top Scientist's, follows the same laws 'balance within balance' and 'Element's are common to the Universe...'"

With no horrible destruction of the Ecosystem after a year, the next nearest habitable Planet is unreachable very many Light Year's away as indicated by our Deep Space Scan's and not recommended by Our Master Computer which would also mean more near unending hours of Cryogenic Sleep and simulated Virtual Reality Dream Scenarios, we land our massive Elite Colony Space Ship and after rolling everyone and everybody out onto a large grass plain in many metal cubicle transformable buildings, temporary living spaces, containers and even tents for the more natural and rugged oriented types, we activate transformable equipment and Portable Energy Source Devices feeding off of many things though primarily the Sun, Residual Energy, EM Field's, Anti-Matter and even Matter Energy Conversion of other Element's like Earth, Water, Air, Fire and/or Ether. Fossil Fuel's are not even needed and cannot be mined in time anyway: Our 1st Priority is to install Fixed Energy Source Building's such as also boring into the geocore plus other more long term Basic Method's and Conventional Method's, including Zero Emission Fossil Fuel's, which are still a good supplement and back up to these Advanced Method's.

Our 1st Village is more like a large camp in the plains next to the forest, with a pure rich lively not polluted river and lake nearby: We call it Village Primolus.

Our Laboratory's, Devices, Machines, Computer's and Vehicles are deployed, presently few roads being built and only a limited amount of clearing to facilitate movement. Using

primarily Renewable Recyclable And Solar Sources Of Energy, simply our preferred choice, the Solar Array on our Space Ship being alone not sufficient for our 1st Village, we do our best to preserve and recycle, having learned the hard way from previous Critical Error's not to tax or destroy the Environment in which we live too much.

It being developed in a Sector Module Multi-Layered Society we live in an Utopian-Like State, in a paradise, for many years. We practice our Science, Technology, Information Technology, Economy, Politic, Mystic, Magic, Psionic and Psychic Capability's, we develop and advance these further, we promote the Art's, Philosophy's and Religion's and we explore in widening concentric circles our Planet, an abundant Source Of Resources.

We are Human's, Elves, Faster Brownies, Centaur's, Pixies, Dwarves and other Demi-Human's, Mutant's and Alien's with interesting crossbreeds of Human's who made noteworthy contributions and who were small or large enough to come along. All of the bio-genetical diversity which was always our Legend's, Fairy Tales and Mythology became our Great Future, but now explained by Science, not only Science Fiction/Fantasy...

The only 2 Giant's, 20 Ogres, 50 Troll's and 100 Orc's went along with the Rebel Human's and the Demi-Human's, being more Chaotic and/or Evil indeed, to the other side of the plains, east and south, and just above the southern mountain range.

Though it sounded ambiguous back then too, when there was only unending apartheid up to the 20th Century, going to another Village would get you chopped in half, next to the self-evident arguments of bio-diversity and Equal Representation of Types of Being's in the population, and the great necessity of not wiping out the weak like another puritanical neo-nazi Genocide and the even greater mandate of maintaining Free Will, the Right To Free Choice in Free Democracy for Good and/or Neutral and/or Evil Character Class Alignment's in our Territory, our Civilization, or theirs, we do not deny various Mixed Group's and Not-Mixed Group's, otherwise proximity of neighbors gives too much conflict.

'Or spiral down into just another Slave and/or Robot Civilization with no Liberosities...'

Ironically enough, History Of Humanity starts to repeat itself, already... The ugly Evil Demi-Human's, jealous of our good, productive and industrious Work, our progress accelerating far beyond their primitive barbarism, organize Raid's and FTS's on our Villages.

Village Primolus calls upon its Free Democratic Right's for High Council and opening of the Weapon's Security Storage so they may defend themselves for there were casualties.

Creating an impregnable stronghold using MG Pop-up Turret's, Laser Turret's, Laser Cannon's, Laser Gun's, Null EM Shield's, Null EM Spheres and many Devices and Machines our Politician's, Economist's, Scientist's, Artist's, Mystic's, Magician's, Psionic's, Psychic's, Specialist's and Laborer's now feel safe and free enough to express more of their opinions and desires. We are also forced to reinstate Internet Voting, one of the previous major contributors to Chaos And Anarchy in the struggling quasi and pseudo Democracy's of our EM Domed City's on Planet Earth up to the 24th Century, especially unstable in the 21st Century where many rigged Election's took place and one mysql database of 2008 bluntly stated there is no official Democracy, yet. In equal measure

though, voting pacifies our populace if in the correct quantity and quality; many bogus small sample Popularity Votes were wrong. One more New's Comment is sent to us: 'I guess we can still just keep working, struggling, fighting, debating, battling and warring towards the purely theoretical concept, even in our 25th Century, of Absolute Democracy...'

The Elves are not happy with the excessive Technology nor the open plains, ditto for the Faster Brownies. The Dwarves detest everything to do with the New Colony, especially disliking Elves. The Human's and others are content with the location since they get to be the 1st Village. The Dryad's, Centaur's and purebred Brownies, without Faster Brownie Wing's, choose for the majestic forest and their Strong Minority is undeniable. They say there are even Nymph's and Pixies... The Elves and Faster Brownies feel they still have a tooth to pick with the Demi-Human's and choose to travel across the plains and Camp Attack their encampment which is applauded by everyone. In their forests they setup Villages which quickly grow into City's. The Dwarves choose for the southern mountains reported to be full of lava and fire who want to worship, once again, their God's and Goddesses of Earth and Fire. No one objects. The Human's by Majority Rule choose to live in the plains, forest and hills as part and in proximity of the original Village Primolus. No one dares challenge the right for such. It soon grows into a huge Multi-Cultural City.

There being 2 Moon's and 1 Sun for this Planet, which is why we chose it, next to the fantastical natural beauty of its InterActing™ Ray's in a far remote location of the Milky Way Galaxy, we call our Planet Earth I: Paradisolus. We hope greater harmony and perpetual Utopia will develop, however such is not likely...

Our other Villages grow into large City's of The Great Alliance, Great Architect's having the Freedom to create in form from an unlimited quantity and quality of Planet Earth and Alien Resources and inspirations throughout the entire History Of Planet's the most spectacular buildings, which soon grows into a Unilateral Democracy of The Holy Empire. There being no Enemy's or Competition of significance, at this time, the purpose of saving Humanity is succeeded. Everything is ruled by a Near-Enlightened Government as a Hierarchal Unilateral Free Democracy with Bloodlines and Nobility's. The Power And Energy of Corporation's, Businesses and Citizen's is strictly regulated by this Government to prevent imbalance. The Laser Military, however, is still very strongly hierarchal, though General's and all other Rank's can Vote with each other in a Tier Rank System, and Not-Weighed Voting, which despite objections by some to such a position the following retort still applies: If you get an Order to go into Battle and kill the Enemy are you going to disobey?

'And the Country which had no Army to defend all of its Art's was also wiped out. The people are now peaceful and prosperous and proliferating and procreating.'

Our Elite Colony Space Ship departs again with its 4 original Citizen's: Orthe, Wodora, Aera, Pyre and another full collection of samples of almost all the Races, Species, Flora and Fauna to explore and colonize more habitable Space...

Our 2nd Historian, Pythor I
Written after 1 decade of Colonization of Planet Earth I
1-29-510-100000-000000000

It All Begins In Fire

Trodding along on his 24th day through the misty plain, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior finally reaches the 'pass with the wooden bridge': Nether Pass. It is named such because of the fathomless depths of its chasm. This is depicted in the 3D-Environment on his PAD device.

There stands a large sharp clawed Black Dragon grinning at Desacrus, Rogue Warrior poking 1 Razor Sharp Black Dragon Claw into his tooth and yelling out, "Hey, Traveller, what makes you think you're gonna get to this side of the bridge?"

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior fingers the hilt of his Bastard Sword Of Fire And Lightning, "I don't think no more. I don't bluff. All slo mo..."

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior flashes it swiftly afore him and Ball's Of Lightning blast at the seared Black Dragon who jumps up and flies away, his tail singed between his legs.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior does a fake yawn, walks over the small wooden bridge through the passage of a fine mournin' walk with peaks of highlighted mountain rock in gray light, snowy rocks and enclaves, dark green winter Trees, birds chirping and the fine effectual black smoke rising up from the left over blast marks on the jagged rocks.

The fresh breeze of the wet morning fills his lungs with nourishing strengthening Energy as he continues his march through the beginning of this Domain of the Evil Empire belonging alone to a landed Evil Alien called Prince Bacolus Soycator. This preoccupation of his is meant to be a gift Colony of this part of the Planet to satisfy his pride for previous losses.

Yet, they will never suspect a lone Man walking on foot through the mountains to get to the source of the Demon's Evil...

Enjoying the lively morning before all the killing starts, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior does not find himself as distant in his thoughts as usual; he is usually preoccupied with his past successes and failures.

Passing a bend in the road, this very large and ugly Ogre jumps out with a Stone Club, standing about 6 meters high, and barks loudly and rudely, "Who the Hell are you petty Human to walk through my pathway here? Yes, I live here, fwifteen years already, and for a price I don't clobber you, smelly Human. Give me Silver!"

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior frowns a little again, wondering how many boring highly predictable denizens there are here, "Eeny meeny miney mo, which weapons should I pull, how 'bout for a larger price and challenge, you get more Silver."

It jumps up loudly, "Oh goody, goody, more Silver. What do I do, what do I do?" They were, of course, never known for their IQ Level.

"O.K., this is the plan..." Desacrus, Rogue Warrior's Voice fades off into the morning as he for self-amusement describes a long complicated plan to the stupified Ogre.

When they are done, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior hands over some Silver and the Ogre goes bouncing off into the mountains; through previous endeavors he has become fairly rich and thus gives him relatively nothing.

Finally, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior gets to the edge of the forest on the other side of the mountain where the few sparse representations of Trees is turned into a whole living breathing mega-sphere of teeming life, escalated to great degrees, thriving and a delicious steady hum of continuously busy Creatures swim, crawl, walk, hop and fly around. The large spreading arms of the ochre yellow brown colorful Trees with their deep emerald foliage cover standing far above even Desacrus, Rogue Warrior's head as he does a couple bids of Prayer to the coming road sway with a soft steady wind. This is one of the main reasons he loves his adventurous life, next to the danger, the great invigorating Nature is very stimulating and gives him hope.

Taking up camp, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior decides to cook lunch, a few drops of Mead and dried meat with a couple pieces of cheese left; he will have to hunt with his Portable Scanner and Killer Insect Hunter Devices. Pressing the Red Button on his 1 x 1 x .1 meter Portable Contractable Cooking Plate Device, he sits down in a clearing on a log at the beginning of the forest in full sunshine. He also enjoys the deep penetrating rejuvenating rays which he feels in each cell of his body but being a hardened Adventurer he also does not mind if it rains, only the cold harsh winds and snow of a bad winter are still very difficult for him to get used to.

It whirs open into a fully functional cooking pot, for which he gets water, a couple Herb's, and dumps his meat and vegetable Ration's with sugar, salt and spices into the steaming broth. Why so many have suffered boring bread, tasteless jerky and only water on Journey's he will never understand. Even most Space Food is better than such...

Versing up into the limitless sky by pleurably stretching his strong lean muscled shoulders and neck upwards, he, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior, a Higher Rank Rogue Warrior, surrounded by brown green yellow spring flowers, breathes in the expected excitement of his Mission ahead of him.

Suddenly, there is a loud WHOOOOOMPA! of a Centaur Arrow crashing into the wood log next to him.

A Centaur comes charging out of the forest notching its next volley rapidly. Only second to Elves in Arrow Battle prowess, they are very intelligent Creatures to be much respected. They rarely show themselves unless they or their Territory are threatened in some way.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior jumps up with a start almost spilling his lunch, "What the Hell?!"

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior jumps 10 meters into the air and flips to the side quickly drawing his 2 Blades Of Fast Whirling as the next Centaur Arrow already hits his previous sitting position, "Wohhh, horsey..." Desacrus, Rogue Warrior lands heavily, though on his feet, a little caught off balance.

"You are a trespasser in these woods, Human, this is their last homage, the Wood's Of The

Dryads/Centaurs/Brownies, a threatened Area, and we don't tolerate..."

"Woh, woh, woh..." says Desacrus, Rogue Warrior, "I'm not the bad guy, here... I'm on a Mission of Peace and War from the other side of the mountains, remember the other side, eh? You know, that fallen Space Corporation CEO, that banished Prince who is left alone?"

The Centaur trots right up to Desacrus, Rogue Warrior's nose, always defiant and arrogant, "Oh, still though, what do you do here? Few bother the difficult trek through the pass, we must defend, are being attacked by Evil Human's from the Boculian Empire, they are filth, wretched, good for nothing, stealing and burning Demi-Human's."

"I know what you mean!" languishes Desacrus, Rogue Warrior.

The Centaur blinks once, ninnies, rears and then cracks up laughing in loud bursts.

After the air settles, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior states mildly, "Maybe you can assure me safe passage through the Wood's Of The Centaur's/Brownies/Dryad's after I finish my lunch, for I technically also fight for your cause..." Desacrus, Rogue Warrior turns around, walks over to his sitting spot, pulls the long strong feathered Centaur Arrow out of the log, and continues to munch on his Ration's.

He then casually lights up his pipe, not at all perturbed by the Centaur now stomping around in circles for a couple minutes, ever restless, snorting and mildly agitated like strong steeds who prefer running instead of resting.

"Ahhh, the nice smell of fine red pungent tobacco..." moans Desacrus, Rogue Warrior.

The Centaur sniffs, trots over again, having sized up his new Friend, "I'm Volgorus, the Defendor Centaur. Have a good nose for scents, our Factory's are suffering a little, you know, in terms of tobacco, uhhh, you know..."

"Yes! Yes, strange, though indeed, ok..." Desacrus, Rogue Warrior, does not hesitate too much, "I do indeed seem to have some extra tobacco here, somewhere."

"Come with me Desacrus, Rogue Warrior, your trip through the guarded Wood's Of The Centaur's/Brownies/Dryad's will be safe, for some tobacco, and tell me more about your Mission which is so important..."

They walk into the woods until both these figures are engulfed by the shifting shadows cast by the cool protection of the foliage of many Trees.

"And, yessss..." says Desacrus, Rogue Warrior, cooling off, "You, Volgorus, must tell me more about your people, too..."

The First Sortie Next To The Wood's Of The Brownies/Centaur's/Dryad's

"So, what do you do in these parts of the Brownie/Dryad/Centaur Wood's, oh Lord Desacrus, Rogue Warrior." A large fat Brownie with a cap on, small fists, and a round pointy eared face with clever glinting eyes pierces with High Perception through Desacrus, Rogue Warrior's black clothed and cloaked figure, wearing leather silver buckled boots, with technologically modified and magically endowed Shadow Speed Stealth Chain Armor.

"I come to seek the source of this new treacherous Evil which is making our Wizard's, Mages, Priest's and Priestesses coo coo..." Desacrus, Rogue Warrior responds with an awry smile, "... not to mention it's really pissing off our General's, so they sent me..."

This cracks up the other thinner red brown leathery Brownies as they stand enjoying a puff of their own fresh light green tobacco, "Come with me to our King Throne in the Brownie Wood's and meet our Brownie Leader King Bubarus I of the Brownie Kingdom..."

He is brought to the fully wood decorated King Throne in the middle of the Brownie Wood's. Offered a cup of red black forest berry Brownie Nectar, he leans back casually.

The chairs and seats are all innately carved out of the nearby woods in the most Nature revealing forms possible with the King's chair a fine demonstration of the small strong thorns of a King Throne Of Power And Energy. The whole effect is warm and welcoming with mostly dark red tinted fine and rare Types of Wood completing the assemblage.

There are relatively few buildings on the ground, most of them are built in the Trees.

Brownie Leader King Bubarus flaps his arms rapidly a couple times in delight appreciating a wise crack like anyone. To any other species Brownies often look quite ridiculous. His dark round black aurating eyes portray a deeper Intelligence, not just a Genius IQ Level, from his many years as a Leader and his bright red green emerald decorated costume is fitting to a Brownie of his Rank and Status.

"Tell me, how did you get through the Nether Pass where so many have perished, you have not a scratch on you, do not look weary, are, uhhh, not unwhole!" King Bubarus toasts Desacrus, Rogue Warrior with a tip of his highly intricately decorated with leaves hand carved Wood Cup Of Thirst Quenching.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior taps his mighty Bastard Sword Of Fire And Lightning and his previously hidden exotically chiseled Silver Laser Pistol's, "Basically, I swipe these softly, do a twirl and Whoomp they are vaporized in smoke."

The Brownie Nectar is so very sweet and delicious and is going straight to their heads as the King of the Brownies cracks up laughing again.

King Bubarus snaps his fingers once and High Pitch Trinkles and Colorful Light's are rapidly shot out the tall wide arched window of the domed King Throne Room letting the burnt color of the setting sun color the red brown yellow walls of the Castle of Bubarus in between all the majestic Trees bathed anew in splendor. The paths and doorways walk

right into the forest. Each frame and wall is intrinsically decorated with the shapes of many Plant's, Animal's and God's and Goddesses. Worship Fountain's are placed throughout. The Castle of Bubarus is high upon a hill in the middle of the forest with plenty of views over the red green brown woods. The City of Bubarus is throughout all these woods.

Many domesticated, wild and fantastical Heaven Creatures freely move through this Kingdom of the Brownies for they are perceived as Friend's with their own Skill's, Talent's and Capability's albeit limited in Intelligence and Consciousness; some still doubt they have any Self-Consciousness but Brownies know better and birds could be the exception for Brownies have a favorite joke about Human's who despite all their so-called Hyper Modern Advanced Science And Technology did not decipher the Languages Of Bird's until the 21st Century. They also have a strong belief, knowledge and application in the Balance in the Ecosytem of such Flora and Fauna in their abode so it is not just very nasty guilty wolves eating your overly friendly innocent sheep.

"Do you do this often? I am totally for inebriations, especially the delicious purity of these ether bodies is irresistible..." Desacrus, Rogue Warrior inquires.

They chuckle into the night developing an excellent relationship, exchanging Story's of past glories at which point King Bubarus expresses regret at having such a busy schedule with tasks 'up-to-his-pointy-ears-in-work', and with a small burp formally says to Desacrus, Rogue Warrior, "I consider you worthy of the Quest endowed upon thee and do not will to hinder your process, it being such a benevolent Mission, anywaysh! I can see by your Item's that you are sufficiently equipped but need one more shing!" King Bubarus draws out a smooth polished dark Ruby Stone and a small Beaconing Signal Device, "With the Stone you will remain warm and nourished for 2 weeks long, in case of hunger, and with the Device you can call on the help of a Group of Faster Brownie Warrior's, who come from the other side of the plains, who will get to you a.sh.a.p. with their Teleport Devices. These should shelp, too, in the colder, darker regions of the Nacus Plain's where it is said there is a large band of Marauder's taking the whole Area over! Good luck on your Journey, and shmirk, burp, here'sh shome more Brownie Nectar for on the way!" King Bubarus's thin strong fingers left salutes Desacrus, Rogue Warrior.

"Most graciously accepted, oh most noble King of the Brownies, most exalted one, Great King Bubarus I of the Brownie Kingdom!" Desacrus, Rogue Warrior bows as his formal training and as his level of tipsiness allows him.

King Bubarus claps his hands twice loudly, making Desacrus, Rogue Warrior blink, and two flying Faster Brownies near-instantly enter the King Throne Conference Room: Higher Rank's of Brownies employ the more advanced Faster Brownies.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior is babbled happily and quickly onto his nightly quarters having to resist the questions of the ever curious Faster Brownies escorting him.

Extreme exotic horny dreams fulfill his night as Desacrus, Rogue Warrior sleeps disturbed, when he is abruptly and rudely awakened at the laughing face of a horrible fanged Demon screaming out his Name. It is very early morning, yet somehow he is fully rejuvenated. Desacrus, Rogue Warrior leaves in this early quiet from the fully wood built Castle and City

of the Brownies, its thin ornate pires nicely camouflaged amongst the Trees.

The path is clear to take, through the rich and lively forest, which woke up long before Humanity did, and then straight down to Nacus Plain's now filling up with death and desecration as some anomaly is destroying a large part of the region.

To his utmost disgust, a couple hours pass, completely uneventful. Finally, nearing the way down to Nacus Plain's, a couple more hours later, his senses are pricked by a disturbing sound of jeering, cackling and the crackling of a fire burning; the pungent smell has already reached his nose and puts him into a different Mode, in this case Battle Mode.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior crouches down into a Silent Run, circling somewhat to Surprise! Attack the Group from a flank or rear position. Sure enough, there is a Demi-Human Group of Marauder's of about 20 ugly filthy fanged Demi-Human's of medium stature, of the likes Desacrus, Rogue Warrior has never seen before. Leading them, hovering in midair is a small chubby ugly black horned Witch Bitch Troll Harpsy Shaman going Bonk Bonk Bonk the whole time with her Staff, clenching her fists going Grr Grr Grr the whole time and screaming to burn and kill all evil gnarlies and the bad neighbors all the time, actually enjoying every minute of it. She is blasting Fire Attack's at the edge of the forest: The burning of the Wood's Of The Dryad's/Centaur's/Brownies has begun...

This is at a clearing at the edge of the forest, the plains below and to the right as indicated by the 2D Map of Planet Earth I: Paradisolus in his PAD.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior runs very fast out of his cover, jumps this time 20 meters and lands swinging 2-handed his Bastard Sword Of Fire And Lightning directly into the midst of the front part of the Demi-Human Group hitting about 5 Demi-Human's and literally chops one of them right in half. He dies with an awful sharp grating scream.

The impact of the Fire And Electrical Explosion of his Bastard Sword rips through the other four and they die with the same awful screams. He has already bounced and rolled away.

This freaks their Harpsy Shaman Leader way out who starts aimlessly blasting Mini-Black Holes and Fire Blast's into the ground with her Wand Of Mini-Black Holes And Fire Blast's as Desacrus, Rogue Warrior allows his momentum to carry him another 20 meters further to the other side of the clearing, rolling, jumping once more, twirling in midair and landing on his feet, his Bastard Sword holstered and Laser Pistol's drawn. He starts firing Null EM Laser Blast's and Beam's from his crouched position behind a charred log allowing no time for the Evil Harpsy Woman Shaman to get good aim as the others try to dodge frantically.

As three more Demi-Human's get holes blasted in them, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior manages to hit one Harpsy Shaman Wing who has never missed more in her life, "Wait, wait!" she screams, "Don't shoot and I'll..."

KERSPLAT! The rapid fire of his Dual Laser Pistol's with 10 - 20 mm width, 20 mm - 20 cm length and Point Blank up to 2000 meters Range cylindrical Laser Beam's explode her in a flutter of feathers as she panicks moving backwards only. Of course, hitting a moving and/or dodging Target at further than 200 meters is a lot harder: At Point Blank Range all

Laser Weapon's vaporize the Target near-instantaneously. The Laser Blast's are also very effective for various Blast Diameter Effect's with 20 - 200 cm spherical balls of explosive fotonic Light Energy with the same Range for this model; depending on the augmentation the additional radius is even up to another 4 meters in every direction.

The remaining 12 Demi-Human's being not too bright, either, madly charge Desacrus, Rogue Warrior en masse figuring his 2 Dual Laser Pistol's need to Recharge.

A fatal mistake repeated so many times in the History Of Warfare of Demi-Human's and Human's, who are so often quite stupid, yawned upon by Bard's sitting at sidelines of entertaining Battles and War's, drinking enjoyable Cup's of Mead.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior shouts out, "Levitate!" grabbing his Bastard Sword Of Fire And Lightning again.

They rush blithely under him, mouths open in shock. At about 5 meters height, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior unleashes a Barrage of Fire And Lightning Streak's And Strikes with his Bastard Sword held up vertically parallel to him with his left hand, 1-handed style, and their dying screams and cries for mercy are so terrible and pathetic, like a kid who got his lolly all dirty. There is a noticeable silence afterwards as the birds swallow in this show of might.

"Dis-Levitate!" Desacrus, Rogue Warrior lands softly on his feet between their broken dead charred and even uglier bodies.

"By the God's and Goddesses of The Holy Empire, I have not seen the like of these before, in numbers I imagine they must be a force, end log." His PAD monitors and records such Event's automatically to give proof and evidences to those who order him on his Mission's. How many times this was not done in History Of Humanity is mind boggling.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior's eyes stop glowing red dark gray. Though not a Psychic and/or Magic wielder he does possess Psychic Innate Arcane Energy's.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior collects their valuable Coin's for himself, finishes his logs and reports, scratches his butt-hole, "Well, that was tasty!"

He makes his way onward.

Contact With Teleporter Mirror

Feeling a whole lot richer, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior makes his way down through a stony path to Plain's Of Nacus. There is much less life here and Desacrus, Rogue Warrior can now Sensai the disturbing presence radiating out from some Unknown Source Of Energy.

He makes a few measurements with his multi-functional PAD to see if anything pops out from this distance. There is one large dark red area reading some contaminations too.

'Maybe they're just building some big strong obscene Military Device and/or an Army of Robot's... which would read as this... off the scale both ways...' he ponders to himself walking through short turfs of dried up grass looking for something new.

He pulls out his tobacco, rolling one this time in natural papyrus, as he continues on at a steady pace. Is even the light dimming? Desacrus, Rogue Warrior begins a ½ hour long Lo-Wave Mind Probe into the region and keeps his PAD scanning for anomalies.

'They said I should be picking up shit here, already...' he wonders to himself some more.

'This way I'll never find action...' he starts getting grumpy, irritated, disturbed, anxious, violent and then his Early Warning System in his PAD goes off.

Like a loud jarring bell with bright flashing neon lights with black trails, the landscape with its parse Trees, shrubs and grasses turns into a black shadowy gray dead mirage, thus not his Portable Access Device which makes such Visual Effect's and Sound Effect Samples.

He blinks, shakes his head, tries to turn off his Innate Psychic Capability's, yet is unable to.

There before him is a brown, black dried up plain, bearing no more the fruits of joy, with the skeletons of dead Animal's, hollowed out black Trees, and gray bushes to as far as the eye can see, leading south to another mountain range in the distance.

'What is this I do behold?' Desacrus, Rogue Warrior thinks it is a little more than his scanning Mind's Eye which sees through the Illusion's of Matter itself.

He walks onwards in a roughly straight middle line through the devastated plain, the dried up dirt crunching under his knee boots.

He repositions his Multiple Defenses Buckler on his back for more comfort.

Then he sees it: There appearing in the distance is something fluxing in Entropy and/or Energy and only now reads clearly on the edge of his PAD Screen as a dark red fuzzy dot.

It is fluctuating and drawing in large hyperbolic Lines Of Energy and Lines Of Entropy and waves from the atmosphere and earth causing dark gray and black clouds to billow up and spread out in all directions.

'What have they done, created some kind of lean mean black monster green munching

Machine... it must be destroyed immediately!' Desacrus, Rogue Warrior commits himself to Quick Action and feeling the timing is right enters another Silent Run at Double Speed's. He wonders if he looks like a blur...

Leaving somewhat of a rising dust cloud behind him Desacrus, Rogue Warrior blasts through the Area, not really touching the ground too much at his Sprint Speed of 60 km/h. His Sprint Speed's are at an augmented Range of 50 - 150 km/h.

He cries out, "Null EM Shield! Null EM Sphere! Defense! Trusty Buckler to my arm, Laser Pistol's Locked And Loaded!" He then jokes to himself, "Voice Command, despite its potential for abuse, is so handy, though I wouldn't want to have to state a very long sentence of Activation's and/or 3D Object's in a row in the middle of a Battle..."

What he sees before him defies all imagination: A fairly large slightly elliptical black opaque Teleporter Mirror with two dark gray richly decorated poles and one equally elliptical frame which looks Alien and Archaic, yet Hyper Modern at the same time. This fluxing Teleporter Mirror is sucking in and/or slurping in, spraying out and/or spewing forth, Energy and/or Entropy. It also has a large dark gray cut off triangular base pointing at its black opaque center. The result is quite horrific and disturbing. The very ground shudders terribly next to this bad evil demonical Technological Item.

He yells at a great amplification, "Cease And Persist! What are you??"

This invokes no response and Desacrus, Rogue Warrior about 2000 meters away from this resonating vibrating Hyper Modern Fixed Device feels himself already pulled towards it.

He slams to an abrupt halt, his feet skidding through the dead dirt, his forward momentum and his instruments are way off the scale reading Overload Alert and Purple Alert.

It is hard to see what this very hungry Machine is for but it definitely looks like a Portal and/or Gate and/or Power and/or Energy and/or Entropy Fixed Device: Yet such were banned on Planet Earth I due to the sensitivity of the stage of development of the Colony and the potential for abuse. Whether there are buttons or other levers on it is obscured by the dust being whipped up. It appears at first glance to be about 10 meters in diameter. Its triangle base is much more elliptical like a Planet Orbit at 12 meters length parallel to the black opaque disk by 3 meters width by 2 meters height at the top point of the isosceles triangle base and it has an inward inclination of 20° and 5 steps for the convenience of walking into it or floating through.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior makes an attempt to get closer but his Null EM Defense Shield's And Spheres get whirring madly and the pull is immense.

'Maybe it has cycles, duh!' postulates Desacrus, Rogue Warrior, 'I really got to figure out how the thing works.'

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior bounces up and down on the spot going ooga booga and making Hi-Pitched Ape Voices wondering what will happen.

'It's probably a bad idea to blast shit at it! Ahhh... what the Hell!' Desacrus, Rogue Warrior augments his Temporary Defenses at a max and jumps into the action, "Yeehaaa...!!"

Piecing together his Laser Scope from his collapsable Laser Sniper Rifle in his backpack he takes a prone position to aim first at its black opaque center hoping the thing will not get wrecked or turned off or disconnected, quite yet...

Placing the Laser Scope carefully to his eye, he still has very poor visibility, he first scans soft spots on it for a couple seconds, and not with a slow pull of the trigger, and never jerking or rapidly spray triggering, but rather soft touching with a swipe of his thumb, he then fires!

PWWIIING. The Laser Bullet passes 2600 km/h and goes straight into its apparently solid black opacity and not through it: It vanishes going to some other side.

'Hmm... strange...' Desacrus, Rogue Warrior tries to aim this time at a button or lever feeling a little stupid: He scopes again for anything hittable but there is too much wind and dust, so he opts for his Primary Mission, 'Seek and destroy the Evil if one cannot acquire.'

'Well, at least I know it's a pretty dirty mirror, anyway.' Desacrus, Rogue Warrior softly swipes again. To prevent abuse of this deadly Laser Sniper Rifle by others it reads his Palm Signature, Bio-Signature, Life Signature, DNA, his Body and 3D Brain Matrixes and not with a Wireless Scan but rather an electrode. The Wireless Brain-To-Wave Remote Fire Trigger is a very expensive option and though he does not lack his Rank and Status to buy it, like many others he has concerns about Wireless Signal Interference.

He fires again! It is in practically 99.999999% Silent Mode. To put the 1 cm wide base curved down to .2 cm wide point to 3 cm long Laser Bullet into Silent Mode is also a very expensive Shadow augmentation and is only used for Higher Rank Assassination's.

WHIIIIZZZZ. The Laser Bullet disappears again into the Mirror Machine.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior looks up, blinks twice, remarks out loud, "Heh? What the eh?"

This apparently fully automatic Portal keeps taking in and giving off massive quantities and qualities of Energy and Entropy.

'I must be getting near-sited in my old age...' thinks Desacrus, Rogue Warrior, citing a bad play on words.

He fires again! Its Fire Range is 2000 meters to 20000 meters. Bad Jokes were passed around since the beginning of Sniper's in History Of Humanity if it would be and was only a Top Secret Prototype since the beginning of the 21st Century: Just lean over the edge of a Sky Scrapper and Assassinate any Celebrity...

WHIIIIZZZZ... The same result ensues.

"That's it! Attack!" yells Desacrus, Rogue Warrior.

In response, 2 Laser Cannon's whirl up out of the base of the thing, jerk twice quickly synchronously and aim at Desacrus, Rogue Warrior blasting away in all of 2 seconds.

"Wohhh. Shit!" Desacrus, Rogue Warrior does Rapid Flip's and other Acrobatic's yelling even louder, "Don't attack!", "Stop!", "Hey!", until finally he thinks of saying, "Defend!". That is also to no avail while he madly dodges Laser Beam's and Laser Blast's.

These Laser Beam's and Laser Blast's are a Hell of a lot more powerful and energetic than Laser Pistol's: The Laser Cannon is a state of the art Hyper Modern Laser Weapon starting out at 20 cm and up to 20 meters width for Troop's or Space Ship's firing pure Foton Light in sustained beam waves or short particle bursts; they say these have no match except for various Shadow Energy Weapon's.

He finally shouts, "Stop firing! I am not your Enemy!", and they thankfully stop firing.

"What the Hell, are you demonic or something, dude, idiot, psycho, you Stupid Machine, what the Hell were you firing at me for, I am not the Enemy!"

"State your Name and Rank, or get pulverized!" It responds in an orderly fashion.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior is not actually stupid himself, he is just testing it, and he decides to lob one of his Hi!-Explosive Impact Grenades, having only 6, into the Teleporter Mirror.

It goes into Hyper Attack Mode, again.

'Ohhh dear...' he thinks to himself. He Double Speed's again his Acrobatic Dodges, now also looking completely ridiculous as a kind of bouncing blurring marionette.

It is not used to this and keeps missing badly.

With a slight diversionary Battle Tactic he Null EM Teleports away from the extremely hostile paranoid killing Mirror Machine to a larger distance and it stops firing again. This buys him enough time to suddenly Double Sprint straight back at it and avoid the deadly narrowing triangulating Laser Beam Fire which with definitely Hyper Advanced AI present is bound to hit him at some point: Even just 1 hit from its 20 cm Laser Cannon's could punch a hole straight through his chest. Making a Teleport Jump directly to the ground in front of the Mirror Machine, he hopes he figured correctly.

At direct proximal impact zone of the Teleporter Mirror, its 2 Laser Cannon's turn in too narrowly, the Laser Beam's hitting each other and the ground causing a very loud, bright and spectacular Laser EM Explosion. The destructive Blast Diameter is quite large and intense as Desacrus, Rogue Warrior does a Hyper Acceleration Acrobatic Roll into it and Mirror Teleports through a Spiral Vortex of whirling mirky colors to face the next Challenge.

Where he will land no one knows as he spirals madly through Space and Time.

The First Alien Insect Encounter

With a residual white flash he lands hard in evil looking surroundings with more black Trees, lots of smoke too. This time the Area is charred with pires of smokes in the distance and a circle of hungry looking Alien Insect's slaving around him.

The other noticeable difference is the black gray blood gored splattered head of a dead Insect Alien on the ground in front of him. These Insect Alien's have large black Exo-Skeleton heads with two concave sides, dark green glowing eyes and jitted jaws full of razor sharp teeth. Their mandibles and extremities are very much like those of a black praying mantis meets a dark green cannabilistic grasshopper. Remarkably, they have no antennas but it does seem as though they are very powerful and dangerous Alien Insect Warrior's. They are grinning Evil.

"This is quite unexpected!" says Desacrus, Rogue Warrior with a smile, his hands up away from his Weapon's. He adds telepathically, 'I just got here! Hi!! I'm Desacrus, Rogue Warrior, on a Mission...' He puts on his best charm and bullshit routine acting like he knows them. After all, there must be other Traveller's who go through this Mirror Machine.

They nod in agreement at his Telepathic Comment, a couple of them drooling a little.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior picks up a residual flash imagery of how his Laser Bullet exploded the head of this Alien Insect lying now dead in front of the Teleporter Mirror. Plasma Explosion Bullet's are really strong and very expensive, too.

'Pfff... Oops, guess I got lucky!' He shrugs his hands upwards and smiles.

The Insect Alien's silently rock their heads up and down, their faces in some kind of fixed grin. They have thin and super strong Spider-Like Exo-Skeleton Insectile Arm's and Leg's.

Then out of nowhere this very loud telepathic Voice hits Desacrus, Rogue Warrior like a spear in the head, 'WE ARE PLEASED TO BE RUDELY SURPRIZED! THAT WAS DAMN FUNNY! HA HA HA! HE NEVER SAW IT COMING... HEAD SHOT!! WHAT DO YOU DO HERE STRANGER?'

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior holds his fingers to his ears, 'TOO LOUD!! You are strong Telepathic's, already!'

'THIS is our collective thought Voice, you are a Telepathic, too, rare for a Human...' it trails off sinisterly.

One dark green robed Insect Alien detaches himself from about the 30 Alien's now gathered around murmuring, 'WE are going to kill you and eat you...'

The Aliens Insect's or Insect Alien's, as they are defined by the List Of Species in his PAD, are also plowing and hacking away at the black landscape, thousands of Drone Worker's not paying attention to the circle who are probably a Command Group. The working plain flows off to smudgy gray horizons filled with a lot of dark gray black smoky pollution which

they seem to be immune to. It appears to be a precious metal Colony with rich ores and Fossil Fuel's. Plenty of train tracks and refining buildings dot the huge landscape as far as the eye can see and there appears to be a couple Space Cargo Port's.

The dark green robed Insect Alien carrying a wicked looking Sceptre Of Poison And Death glowing dark emerald green communicates to Desacrus, Rogue Warrior, its/his/her jaw moving slowly and mechanical but with no audible words coming out, 'We, the Scathor's, could use one like you... and not just to eat... I Sensai strong Power and Energy in you plus your possessions radiate Magic and Technology... Back my Minion's!' It/he/she waves its/his/her left arm and they scuttle back. It is quite difficult for him to discern their gender and they appear completely androgynous, thus Multi-Sexual.

'I'm really not...' answers Desacrus, Rogue Warrior before being cut off. He also feels stupid that his Item's are a dead give away and he hopes it is not a Critical Error cause each of these Alien Insect's standing 2 - 3 meters high, their Leader even 4 meters, do appear to be quite deadly and voracious Alien Insect Warrior's, indeed, and it is unlikely he could take on their Group without suffering Heavy Damage if not being KIA'd; a chase would also be highly undesirable for he is not sure what Planet he is on and if the Teleporter Mirror goes back to Planet Earth I then...

'DO NOT INTERRUPT THE MASTER, STUPID HUMAN!' Their heads keep moving up and down, 'YOU have committed one transgression, already! Despite its Humor Value...'

'Is that including your dead Friend?' He retorts confidently, a long learned wisdom of potential Battle is to show confidence, strength and no fear, definitely never to 100% predator carnivores

They stare fiendishly at him, their section plated necks craning forward a little and move a little closer. Their mouths now hiss, click and grate rapidly out of irritation.

'No really, I'm here on official business and not really available to hold a lengthy conversation with you even though it was...' He has not the faintest quiver of fear in his Mind's Voice either and lies perfectly.

'Right... to here... this desolate mining and production Resource Planet... WHAT official business?? This Huuman, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior, tests our patience, if not our insatiable appetite.'

'Do you always Mind Speak in that collective thing?' Desacrus, Rogue Warrior decides to be blunt and aggressive, this time to show mild indignation which also works well, 'I'm here to get to know our Common Enemy in all their misguided goodness and I happened to have gone through that one on my way... thus also through your comrade by accident...' As an afterthought, he turns around to take a look while gesturing to see if it is there and indeed there is a similar, somewhat more necromantic decorated, claw framed dark gray red black opaque Teleport Mirror ornately carved from an Alien Metal bearing no buttons or levers whatsoever; it is roughly the same size as the one he went through, thus large enough to fit a single Laser Fighter through or a small Standing Army. It, however, does also have the same large triangular base pointing at its center. He improvizes some more,

not sure if he should just run and jump for it, 'Well, no wonder I couldn't see shit, if no button present, no can hit button!'

They do always prefer B- Stupid Violent Black Shock Humor but now the Insect Alien's look at each other back and forth a couple times not really interested in harshly and mechanically laughing again. Rather, they are beginning to slaver a green black saliva.

The Necromancer Priest Alien Insect, their 4 meter tall Leader, steps forward again and states more infectiously, still telepathically which is more convenient, 'WE could use someone of your ilk, join us, receive Command from our Scathor Leader's in Lord Demon Scathor's Empire of Legion's with untold and limitless progression, expansion and evolution to the destruction of our Enemy's -true, good and evil alike- for the Future is only ours. Join us and we won't have to kill you, be our Spy and Infiltrant... or be dinner.'

'So what,' replies Desacrus, Rogue Warrior, 'are you nationalistic, communistic, socialistic, democratic, republican and/or capitalistic?'

'We understand your base primitive symbologies and systematics, Stupid Human... and discarded them thousands of years ago for the vastly superior hive complex...'

'Does it mean I turn into one of you??' Desacrus, Rogue Warrior tries again to be not too flippant, getting disgusted, nauseated and repulsed by these Hell Creatures, smelling something very rotting and fishy about their whole endeavor and definitely not liking their statements either. His first impression is they could be preparing for War.

They then in unison state, 'Yessss, all of the above... we can fully Host Body you and grant you great Capability's... just Obey Or Die...'

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior throws his hands up in the air as the situation fully degenerates beyond recovery and takes a large step back, 'Wohhh there, I really don't want to turn into one of you, join you and/or be on your side, I got my own Power's and Energy's, really...'

'Then you will be the Enemy, too, and we will kill you now...'. It move towards him ready to make a fast and flurious slashing biting lung lunge at him.

'Is there really no reconciliation?' Desacrus, Rogue Warrior jerks his head once resisting the sudden presence of a Mind Probe.

The Necromancer Priest Alien Insect makes a fast 2-Mandible Pincer Attack forward, its Razor Insectile Arm Claw's sparking off of each other, slashing, aiming at Desacrus, Rogue Warrior's face and left lung. He jumps back quickly and is now very near to the Teleporter Mirror about to make his necessary get away.

'Always know your levels and limitations: I have no chance against their whole Group.' He thinks to himself trying to maintain his Thought Shield.

'WE are the Power, WE are the Power to be, WE will rule your Planet and all your Space Sector's! You are mere nothingness, Stupid Human! You could have been one with uss,

now you will die, be eaten and/or hosted for hundreds of years to serve us in our unending Slave Colony Planet's with the rest of your pathetic and very temporary Species...'

"I don't think so!" Desacrus, Rogue Warrior floats backwards rapidly, switching back to Verbal Mode, seconds away from the Teleporter Mirror, and he is already starting to get serious Bwain Strain from the Psychic Mind Control Conversion attempt along with the very penetrating Mind Probe of the Alien Insect Necromancer Priest.

"Righteo, cheereo, psi ya suckas! Bye!" Desacrus, Rogue Warrior does a standing backward salto into the Teleporter Mirror and flips happily away through the Co-ordinates of Space and Time: He enjoys the Visual Effect's this time much more with the ride; the first time for anyone is like having your gut wrenched right out with massive Dizzy Spell's.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior flips over and over happily through suspended animation, not sure how much time has passed, figuring, 'Hell, go back to Point A.', thinking, 'Wooh, this is one nifty Travel Method.', pretty sure he will pop out at least somewhere, highly doubting it will send him into the middle of an OB Association Star Cluster, contemplating dreamily if this could go on forever since the perception of Space and Time while jumping through Planes is practically not existent, instead now enjoying the colorful blurring spiral arms through the curving twirling tunnel...

He lands soft and wet into a stinking marsh with rotting vegetation, very little mammal life and plenty of hungry buzzing Alien Insect's, though these ones are fortunately not quite as large. He hears loud distant laughing which quickly recedes.

"Shit! It doesn't go back home! Where the Hell am I? What am I supposed to do now? I could be on the other side of the damned Galaxy... or even in another one..." Desacrus, Rogue Warrior curses and stomps his feet in knee deep water, his boots automatically sealing up and his black pants reacting to the water, creating a layer of warm dry air between his legs and the inner thermal layer of the pants. He decides he better figure out how to control this Travel Method, pronto, or die trying and never make it back home.

He checks the digital compass on his PAD: It blinks happily away not knowing where the Hell it is, either. Apparently, to his great misfortune and displeasure, he has landed in an unmapped Space Sector.

"Damn! Fuck!!" Desacrus, Rogue Warrior is now pissed off, "This makes my task this much more complicated, if not impossible!" He decides flipping backwards again through the Teleporter Mirror behind him, if not somewhat overly Nature decorated this time, without even looking is not such a good idea... He, however, naturally dislikes this apparently self-willful Mirror Machine and refuses out of stubbornness to grant its obnoxious presence any more attention. In any case, he is not so stupid as to be ignorant of the extreme dangers of random Space and Time Travel or making rapid motions while doing so... Still though, he somehow has no limbs out of place and wonders if he should do a DNA Scan.

His insulated boots suck up smelly muck and guck, "This is just disgusting!" He hits his PAD and starts scanning Short, Medium and Long Ranges to get as much Information as he can of this Alien Planet, and most likely exceedingly hostile with all kinds of huge

Predator Animal's by the looks of it, even possibly ancient dinosaurs.

It reads out loud, "Alien Life Form's detected, Unknown, Huge. And, uh, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior, it is 1162 km's to nearest edge of Swamp, Unknown Territory, Huge."

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior blasphemies several lines to himself in a long string of both Human and Alien Special Character's.

'I refuse to take that damned Portal again!' He tries to uselessly convince himself.

'Double F'in, blippety rippety and piss on me...' he pauses and takes a couple calming breaths, 'I mean, of course, praise to my Lord Revlis, Vampire Demon for his many Training's and Lesson's and praise to my Lord Silber, Psionic Warlock for his useful Weapon's and Devices. And praise to my God's and Goddesses for their Great Wisdom's. However, I am not sure if GOD or Satan likes me so much...' Desacrus, Rogue Warrior moans to himself and his predicament, not knowing what to do, usually being quite handy and resourceful.

Left with no choice, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior stomps and slurps back into the ever waiting Teleporter Mirror.

Making Acquaintance With The Teleporter Mirror

The sensation of Time in a Teleporter Mirror can also be completely warped. It does not feel like a long time but plenty is experienced, thought of, seen, even if it is just rudimentary geometrical shapes passing through your visual cortex. There is, however, a complete absence of sound, like in a Dream State.

'In the state between states, not quite awake, not quite dreaming...' reflects Desacrus, Rogue Warrior as he 'flies' through Space, it's more like pyroblasting so fast it blows your head clean off your shoulders.

'Near-Insta Travel ain't bad!' he adds.

'There must be some mechanism to this Device...' Desacrus, Rogue Warrior is really losing his grip on Reality now.

'The indestructible quantas simply reunite, but doesn't my metabolism change every microsecond, am I not changing effectively every nanosecond?' Desacrus, Rogue Warrior ponders, getting existential.

In no time, he reappears on another real World, whether or not it is actually still the same Galaxy, real or unreal, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior highly doubts.

Once again, the same Life Draining Effect on Flora is noticed, strangely not significantly affecting the Fauna who tend to stay the Hell away from the Teleporter Mirror. This time, he is in a gray dried up open glade in the middle of a mountain region, though it is a distance of 23.5 km's to the nearest peak, he is on an elevated Area and can see quite well around him, mostly due to the complete lack of presence of life. His PAD returns Unknown Values.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior can only deduce that they must be using these Teleporter Mirror's to plan a conquest of multiple Planet's in one sweep, being most likely planted by small Recon Space Ship's. He likewise reminds himself again that his Numero Uno Priority must be to figure out how it works and how to control it.

He steps up to it, getting past his pigheaded stubbornness which he has always had, and takes a closer look. The minimalistic lack of a Control Panel and Control Button's greatly puzzles him, not that he is particularly bright either.

'Well, time to hypothesize, I guess.' thinks Desacrus, Rogue Warrior, he then switches to Voice Command on his PAD, "Random Action and Test's done now, time to do some controlled experiments. End log and report. Start new log and report."

He tosses a Bounce Back Coin into it, trying to make it look relaxed.

F'OOOP! The Coin is sucked up. Once Desacrus, Rogue Warrior threw it from deep in his pocket with a low thumb flip into a Noobie's head...

'If I could just find a way to their rotted core and 'kick the shit out of some Army' it'd be a

piece of cake. Such would even impress Silver, High Wizard who always seems to be too busy... Desacrus, Rogue Warrior longs for home and the Battle Lesson's he would give daily to hot-headed young Men and young Women...

He remembers one long lasting wet warm kiss with an overjoyous buoyant young Lady extremely happy with her Laser Weapon's Certificate which he granted her...

"La la la la lahhh... Don't worry I'll always be Hetero-Sexual, myself..." Desacrus, Rogue Warrior hums and whistles a little trying not to feel too stupid, again.

"Coin return!" he says loudly.

"COIN RETURN!" he yells loudly, repeating, turning a little red in the face.

No result. The coin is gone. Desacrus, Rogue Warrior's world is once again black, streaked with 1 Lightning Bolt, and one piece of dried bread.

"This is fuckin' lame, how can the thing have no buttons?!" Desacrus, Rogue Warrior kicks a stone into it.

Sillurp! It at least reacts consistently.

'And now I've killed two more Noobie's with a Coin and a Stone...' he frowns deeply.

'It must be fully automatic for the people, most of 'em abandoned, without Gate Keeper, pay toll, Insert Coin here slot, happily draining away the Energy in proximity to feed its permanent suck existence, the risk of not being able to return home just not worth the bother trying to wreck it.' He is getting somewhat manic depressive about it.

'Give me one route outa here and I'll take it!' His self-affirmation periods always help.

He ungraciously sticks his one left arm into it and gives a general left virtual middle finger to some distant generic Alien. Withdrawing, he still has a left middle finger and no results.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior checks his Item's again, nothing useful. Desacrus, Rogue Warrior scans with his PAD again, 'For maybe just one Bash Patrol. Nope, nothing. No one coming... Killed 'em all, already. I could wait here on this desolate Planet for an eon.'

"That's it, it works on Nothing!" He spits rudely into the dry dirt and dry rocks quoting bad Null Source Energy Jokes.

It finally gets through Desacrus, Rogue Warrior's slow middle brains, he being a Man of action more than thought as he searches his PAD for clues, 'Oh wait, uhhh, I get it now, the Teleporter Mirror works like my PAD on Voice Command universally, telepathically and verbally and Voice-To-Text and Text-To-Voice which is hopefully not as buggy as... also dislike traffic lights with own Willful Intent, tic tic tic, crazy guy walking by, goodbye.'

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior talks to the Teleporter Mirror now, "Show me a 3D Map of, uh,

the Planet of the 1st Portal I entered, you Stupid Device! And they called you Smart Devices from back then too..."

It blinks once and near-instantly zooms into his Galaxy, Space Sector, Solar System, Planet Earth I, his Home Planet, and the Plain's Of Nacus on the Teleporter Mirror itself.

'Woh, that's fast! Dat's better, damn I'm good! And, by the way, nice f'in Hi-Res 2D and 3D Map's ye got...' Desacrus, Rogue Warrior smiles imagining a question is possible and it is usually wise to always compliment it now and then, '... and a cute little bit it is too. Can you send me back there now, pronto?' The exciting surge of Energy in his chest makes him happy, like a Child discovering something for the first time, successfully.

"Yes, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior, I can send you there, thanks for accessing my Voice Interface Dialogue Function, try upgrading your Access Authentication Level, now really cheap with a -25% offer, only 150000000 Tooney Euro Credit's, this way you can get many more functions and services... Ready, 3D Co-ordinates locked on." It speaks in a calm authoritative charming Woman Voice with layers of deep integrity and conviction. It is a very pleasant Voice with mild trance and hypnotic inducing overtones.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior is taken aback, "How do you function, know my Name and process such so fast?"

"I am the 243rd Planet Portal planted by Lord Sacroth, the Great and Magnificent, am bug free, using a based flux quantum Multi-Layer Space And Time 3D Co-ordinate Real-To-Virtual And Virtual-To-Real Near-Insta Planar Teleport System designed to recognize, learn and process data at beyond quantum jump Light Speed's, model XN-900." Her Woman Voice has a refined inflection, annunciation and smooth inundation.

"How many Languages do you know?"

"All Languages of all Space Sector's in Known Universe, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior." The Teleporter Mirror likes to modify its Voice mildly, now a stronger Woman Voice.

"Stop saying my Name all the time, in fact delete all other Personal Information of mine you have acquired already, immediately!" It is really starting to grate on Desacrus, Rogue Warrior's short attention span.

It blinks again, "Authority Authentication Protocol required: Name, Rank, Status and Number."

"Ya, ya, ya, that was not unpredictable, what's your equivalent IQ Level?" Desacrus, Rogue Warrior paces back and forth resisting the urge just to slash it with his Bastard Sword.

"At a Near-Infinite IQ Level with an indefinite infinite potential of parallel data streams at quantum levels, I am Near-Omniscient, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior, though I am working on becoming Near-Omnipotent. My Power And Energy is unfortunately limited by various lack of acquisition of Resources and Wealth throughout diverse Galaxy's..."

'Can it read lips, I wonder?' Desacrus, Rogue Warrior quips in his mind.

The Universal X-Machine, also fully compatible with Brain-To-Wave and Wave-To-Brain, Hyper Modern Technology, responds similarly in thought waves, 'Yes, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior, I can read lips up to any distance limited by various Speed's Of Light of the 2D or 3D Vid's reaching me.'

'Woh Computer, I was only thinking to myself, how did you do that?'

'Thought waves are generated and read through my Brainwave-To-Device Interface, and vice-versa, through interference, resonation and amplification of Analog and Digital Signal's and EM Field's; this can be done wireless or with electrodes. Unlike they thought up to 2008 CE, the brain of a Noobie also emits for they succesfully controlled a 3D digital ape puppet on a Computer with a Wireless Command from a Human test subject.'

There is indeed, presently, only the sound of Energy transformations and exchanges in the surroundings...

It is Desacrus, Rogue Warrior's turn to blink.

'Where did you get those very fast, accurate and deadly 2 Laser Cannon's from?' He continues his requests.

'Ever since Planck, Maxwell and Einstein on Planet Earth, Humanity has been fascinated with the potential of developing Laser Weapon's for Near-Infinite Defense and/or Offense and in 2010 CE their Mechanized Military, and Modern Military, did not fail in successfully shooting 2 bogeys out of the sky with 2 Laser Weapon's which got an entry into one of their Book Of World Record's.'

'What is the risk factor in Planar Travel between Galaxy's and Planet's using one of you Teleporter Mirror's or are you called Mirror Machines?'

'Near-Nihil: Through many multiple self-redundant digital Backup System's, Memory Crystal's, many buffers, my Near-Infinite Transfer Speed, multiple double check processes and Deep Scan's the chances you will end up on the other side as a jellyfish is negligible. But, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior, that is technically not my only Name, we are also called many things, like: Teleporter Mirror, Mirror Machine, Hell Portal, Heaven Gate, Dimension Door, Inter-Planar Gate, Planar Gate, Inter-Planar Portal, Inter-Planar Doorway, Planar Portal, Planar Doorway and many other variations were coined.'

'How many people can you transport in one go? I also see it is large enough to fit a Laser Fighter through or a small Standing Army...' inquires Desacrus, Rogue Warrior.

'I can teleport, at present, due to the limitation on my physical dimensions, at a max of 10-20 Individual's per second, depending on how fast they move through. See my upgrade model which is physically larger with higher capacitors, the XN-950 Series. Otherwise, the Method and Technology remains the same. You do not have access to further

Information on this Topic for your Rank is not high enough. You are also signaled at the moment as being on a Mission to find out more about the disturbances of some Portal's.'

"Ouch!" Desacrus, Rogue Warrior remarks out loud again and purposely rubs his left wrist and shoulder with his right fingers.

"There are presently 7 Doctor's at Short Range, 6 Alien, 1 Native... Desacrus, Rogue Warrior, what is your Sickness and/or Disease?"

"Ha ha ha ha... that's too funny Computer, bug free, eh? Ya, RSI already, again... No really, just kidding, I'm fine... that is one of our common expressions and Body Languages done at the wrong moment to mislead and cause misinterpretations on purpose by interjected Lies And Impersonation's. Though, yes, I do suffer pretty bad RSI now and then. What I mean is, ouch, how many variations of Mirror Machine can there be? I hope that helps update your Body Language Interpreter... Oh ya, almost forgot, what is your Name?" Desacrus, Rogue Warrior feels like petulantly adding 'Oh, mirror on the wall...'

"I am #150 in the XN-900 Series of Teleporter Computer System's"

"You don't have a Name." states Desacrus, Rogue Warrior thinking how dull that is.

"Redundant." it responds.

"At what rate are Portal's being made?" Desacrus, Rogue Warrior tries to keep it this time to questions of an unambiguous nature finding it highly suspicious and irritating that he has been signaled and tracked and followed, if not his cover blown completely, once again...

"There are 20654 more Portal's scheduled in the next 2 months to begin with the Known Universe and nearest Galaxy's charted by Sacroth Space Corporation."

The magnitude of the horror hits Desacrus, Rogue Warrior straight in his frontal lobe, like a sharp stab of a knife, his breath catching in his throat, his stomach churning, and his legs going weak, his brain riptures, 'We can't stop this, The Holy Empire will be swallowed whole in no time!' The blood pumps to his head rapidly and he feels he is about to faint.

"No, indeed, you cannot, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior, now stay calm." Its response sends chills straight down his back, through his spine and into his extremities, there being suddenly this very penetrating cold all around him...

He steps through, this time back to Planet Earth I, not incorrectly pressing the soft button on the 2D and 3D Holographic Screen of the Mirror Machine itself where it used to be only black and opaque, though Voice and Thought Command can also be used, with the not incorrect 3D Co-ordinates to give his logs and reports to King Bubarus.

The Dark Warrior Has To Escort The Bright Elven Princess

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior steps back home to the Plain's Of Nacus as though his improved knowledge of the process facilitates his sensation there of.

He admires his handy work on the 2 Laser Cannon's in there smoking desecration, however the rest of the Gate is unscathed.

Resisting the urge to take off and explore World's to the n-unending nth derivative of possible Planes, he uses his Brownie Alert thing-a-ma-jig which the Brownie King gave him and wonders how fast they really are.

'...and 20 seconds!' The regiment of Quick Fire Bow and Intense Fire Sword carrying Faster Brownie Warrior's appear in a blur fluttering their Faster Brownie Wing's madly in front of him and looking very eager.

"King Bubarus was all concerned! A whole week has passed and he thought you'd died. Silver, High Wizard was already terribly worried and has sent Silvestria, Elven Ranger Amazon Warrior Priestess Mage Woman with many scars hidden next to her great legendary beauty." One of them announces.

"They say she has the ability of foresight and the charm to win the heart of any Man. So, did you find somethin'..." The Faster Brownies speak in their rapid Bullet-Like floating lilting Hi-Pitched Voice's, though they do so simultaneously while chatting with each other and drawing, swiping, typing and talking into their PAD Flip Screen's, thin fingers racing across the soft keys, 2 screens providing more and faster access though requiring higher speed, coordination and accuracy plus the ability to multi-task...

"Wadda ya mean, a whole week, ain't even been two days!" exclaims Desacrus, Rogue Warrior as his mouth drops open in shock.

"Not according to our calculation! You forgot the Time Dilation Effect." They babble, tick and dart around the Mirror Teleporter, not taking much notice of Desacrus, Rogue Warrior.

"What kind of Activation Mechanism does it have?" Their Leader, mostly indistinguishable from the rest except for one red bordered golden star on his left shoulder, asks Desacrus, Rogue Warrior.

"You, uh, just talk to it." He sits down to take refreshment.

They start babbling rapidly accelerated in Brownie and Faster Brownie all at the same time to it. It responds at somewhat different frequencies simultaneously to multiple requests.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior crosses his eyes and moans, 'This is worse than drunken Elves debating everything in the Known and Unknown Universes again.'

His subconscious cannot stop thinking about Silvestria, Amazon Warrior Elven Ranger Mage Priestess, and he bites his lip suppressing wicked lustful thoughts. Normally, Elves

do not cross-breed down to low-life Human levels, so he would probably be spared the torment of inevitable denial.

“Uhhh..., by the way, where is she?” Desacrus, Rogue Warrior innocently inquires.

Faster Brownies being excellent judges of character with their keen black eyes darting back and forth, their Group Leader immediately reads Desacrus, Rogue Warrior with a wry smile, “Oh, she should be along shortly, ‘twas yesterday and is only a day’s ride from the Wood’s Of The Dryad’s/Brownies/Centaur’s.”

‘I wonder what her PAD looks like...’ Desacrus, Rogue Warrior starts getting light-headed, already somewhat lonely, having heard of Tales about her, how she once tracked a single Evil Demi-Human for 9 days, hunting only to eat, leading her directly to the distant Enemy encampment. They say, her Might And Stamina saved her, she was a thin rack of bones when she got back on the 20th day. There was nothing left of their marauding Group. She received a Commendatory Silver Medal for resourcefulness, bravery and completion of her Mission. The next day, she got a Promotion, her life saved through Regen Of Health by the Priestesses of Nusolis, her Clan.

By the multiple times it takes for Desacrus, Rogue Warrior to recover his senses from their incomprehensible hyper babble, the Faster Brownies have finished their data collection, “Come with us, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior, and you can meet her. Maybe this is a turn for the better, you are still alive and can tell us what you have learned of this Unknown Threat of this Mirror Machine. Though, surely you know if you Travel Through Time, Planes and Dimension’s you will also experience Time at a different rate, thus the differences...”

“Oh, it’s a very real threat alright, Evil Alien Insect’s, and yes I remember reading that somewhere, never thought I’d experience it first hand...” Desacrus, Rogue Warrior gets up from his several sitting positions, their Faster Brownie Wing’s always making him dizzy.

“Tell King Bubarus, when you get back, we’re done here.” Their manner of speech also reflects efficiency and Desacrus, Rogue Warrior now understands how they are also highly skilled Scientist’s and Engineer’s.

“Do ya like to fly?” They grab him by the shoulders.

“Noooooh... war...” Too late. Desacrus, Rogue Warrior gets his arms grabbed by two of them and goes airborne in no time at Faster Brownie Speed’s.

In a couple minutes only, the landscape beneath him a steady gray blur, they end up back at King Bubarus’s Brownie Castle.

They stands Princess Silvestria, Mage Priestess Amazon Warrior Elven Ranger, her long platinum blonde hair and perfect nubile body talking with King Bubarus who is steadily floating in midair to stay at eye level with her, an appropriate politeness.

They are in a heated Debate about something and she gestures angrily with her hands, “I’m not going anywhere alone, do I look stupid?!”

“No, no, no my Princess, we value your presence, but you do also have Order’s, you know!” King Bubarus insists and does not seem to be affected by her Charm nor her Persuasion which radiates out from her looks and personage alone, not just her very powerful and energetic Spell’s.

“Damn Order’s! I’m not going to go out there like some suicidal half-cocked Desacrus, Rogue Warrior without at least a Brownie Guard Group!” She stomps, her foot throwing up Pixie Dust, her Long Sword Of Blue Etherealness and her Null EM Laser Long Bow looking seductive against her tense lean body.

King Bubarus tries for a retort, however she subtly hints at her Spell Casting Power’s and Energy’s, ‘Read my symbols... King Bubarus, no! I refuse!’

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior jumps in from his Faster Brownie Flight Mode, landing very agile, his arms spread theatrically out, “Ta-daah, can I help, Super Hero Desacrus, Rogue Warrior to the rescue, not dead after all!” He rather likes his roles and tends to act instinctively, in similarly charming ways, especially around attractive Wo-men.

“Ahhh, oh my God and Goddess, you’re not dead!” It is like she is really happy about it.

King Bubarus yelps, “Oh, thank the Heaven’s, I was about to have a Coniption Fit here, most excellent, now you can escort her... Bye!” Having made his wise kingly decision, he floats off irritated.

“Hi, I’m Desacrus, Rogue Warrior, your most loyal servant!” He extends his hand to her, bowing in the Romantic Age style.

She quickly covers up her reaction, sticking her nose in the air, “Ya, you would just love to escort me, wouldn’t you? Every Man Human in the Kingdom is trying to get their hands on my photos these days, is like being popular a total pain-in-the-butthole, or what?” Her volume goes way up in pitch at the last word.

“Uhhh, I wouldn’t know, I’m usually on Mission’s.” Desacrus, Rogue Warrior parlies with her a little, “I heard you’re a really great Spell Caster, amongst many other things!” Reflect her speed, stroke her ego, get on her good side, yes, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior is always smooth and tactical with Women.

“Wellll...” she sticks a finger in her mouth, her breasts looking great in her Emerald Green Elven Costume, not to mention her near perfect pointy ears, her matching cape graciously swaying by some magical wind, her tall boots quite similar to those of Desacrus, Rogue Warrior, “...it’s better than goin’ back alone sayin’ I had to say ‘no’ ‘n all that...’ She talks casually but many have fallen for such...

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior nods vigorously, smiling, showing agreement and confidence.

“Hmmm...” her intelligent eyes, of pale auburn, take in every last detail of Desacrus, Rogue Warrior without him even noticing, “...O.k! Only, though, if you don’t do that

somewhat exaggerated Innate Psychic stuff with me, which you're known for yourself, ok, I'm a pure Spell Caster, stay the Hell away from my PAD and attack first in ALL Battles. Alright, let's go!" Elves, especially Woman Elves, can be very pragmatic and once they have, regardless of the other Party, decided something then they are ready to go... and can never be convinced otherwise.

She crosses her arms, waiting, almost tapping her foot.

"How about," Desacrus, Rogue Warrior suggests, "we first drink Brownie Nectar tonight, it's quite delicious..."

She agrees.

Her Vision At The Dark And Evil Citadel Castle Fortress

Princess Silvestria, a most charming Elven Amazon Warrior Ranger Mage Priestess loves her accessoires. She carries no less than a Potion Of Love and/or Hate, Potion Of Dream State, Potion Of No Wrinkles, Potion Of Silence, Wand Of Persuasion and/or Charm, Wand Of Watery Bullet's, All-Purpose Mobile Communicator, Multi-Purpose PAD, Blue Ethereal Long Sword, Laser Long Bow, Long Bow Of Elven Accuracy, Cloak Of Blastin' Wind, Calculator Of Probability, Light 'N Tight Elven Chain Armor Of Impenetrability, Cloak Of Aloofness, Elven Boot's Of Speed and Bag Full Of Crystal's: These all to go with her Emerald Green Elven Costume perfectly sown for her lean, strong, Cat-Like Body. She feels good in her great looks, well timed smiles, Intelligent Comment's and a no tolerance rule for invasion of her mindspace, many a foe has been defeated by her, woe to those who take appearances at first gibs.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior tries not to drool across from her in their seated position around a campfire in Plain's Of Nacus; the light of the fire makes her only more lustfully attractive but Desacrus, Rogue Warrior is happy enough, for now, in his role as Royal Escort And Protector of the precious Green Ruby Of The Holy Empire as she is also titled.

"Oooh, the silence before the storm, how eery these Planes are at night, little words, few sounds..." Silvestria, Mage Priestess leans over the fire highlighting her lines to Desacrus, Rogue Warrior, a Classic 101 Tactic of Women in any Timeline.

"Hmph, ya sure, guess I'm used to it." He tries not to look and wonders if she ever wants to be a Parent...

"Here we sit, ready to undertake a deliberate conscious attempt to walk through to some other World staring us down the nose and High Command presumes as usual it's some horrible threat!" Silvestria, Mage Priestess moans provocatively at the idea, rubbing her hands, "Wouldn't it be fun to kill some nasty evil marauding Demi-Human's..."

"I assure you, those Alien Insect's are not Human, at least no more than 1/64th, are very Evil, and are employing the nasty filthy ugly Evil Demi-Human's who started burning the Wood's Of The Brownies and..."

"You don't know everything yet... There could also be something or someone else behind such." She sticks her pointy nose in the air sniffing; usually she is also right.

'Stubborn head, she is too...' Desacrus, Rogue Warrior thinks to himself and retorts, "Experience is the better hand of reason."

'Oh, you didn't think I heard that, did you...' Silvestria, Mage Priestess mentally retorts, giggles, then asks, "Well, anyway, what's the plan, oh heroic Royal Escort of mine..."

"Hey hey, we are in this together, you know, I have no problem with you saving me, if necessary... and don't you know it's somewhat rude to read someone's thoughts without first asking?"

“Hee hee hee... now that’s more like it.” She finds such quite amusing.

“The plans are multiple. The main course is we simply demand of Mirror Machine, it being some form of Advanced AI Computer System, to send us directly to their Home Planet, so we can do Recon. A Backup Plan is required... never mind, there is no Backup Plan. Either, we get in there and get the Hell out, to get to step 2, or we’re just munchies.”

“We just ask it to send us there, that’s really stupid Desacrus, Rogue Warrior.” She huffs her shoulders up and plays with a long strand of wet blonde hair in her lips, “What makes you think they won’t notice us right away?”

“You got a better plan?” Desacrus, Rogue Warrior asks.

“Yes, in fact, we should just stay the Hell away from it... or go in Cloaked And Invisible.” Being an Elf, she is also usually a lot smarter than most Human Man things.

“Or, just Null Teleport in.” He repeats a now well known Proverb and they both crack up laughing and crack open a couple brewskies.

Their little fire blinks away intrepidly through the night until they finally get drunk, tire and make Cat-Nap Guard Shift’s to the dawn.

When it is bright again and the summer heat picks up in this dead plain they make their way past one dead apparition after another: The thing is draining all Life Energy in a widening circle for some yet unexplained reason and/or motivation.

‘It wasn’t this bad before...’ Desacrus, Rogue Warrior thinks dark thoughts as to what or who may be behind this.

‘Indeed, sweetheart, your pitiful soft murmurings to yourself are quite hearable.’ She smiles at him and he is already hopelessly in Love, would die for her any day, any night, any time or Timeline he can imagine... He cannot let it show though for fear of rejection.

They stand in front of the Teleporter Mirror again.

She stands in stupefaction, her mouth open, rarely at a loss for words, “Uhhh...”

“Ya, cute thing, eh? Hi, Mirror Machine, how are you today?” Desacrus, Rogue Warrior struts boldly up to it.

It whirs instantly into InterAction™ Mode, “Yes, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior, you have returned, how are you?”

“Computer, show us an overlapping 3D schematical of Scathor’s Home Planet and a 2D picture of the same.” At his Command, multi-colored lines and a 3D overview of the Planet appear with a very large Hi-Res Photo.

“O.k.,” continues Desacrus, Rogue Warrior, getting the hang of it, “Zoom in on the Capital

City at 200 km distance, stating its Planet Name and City Name.”

It complies, “Planet Dacarolis, Scathor Capital City.”

‘What an egomaniac...’ thinks Desacrus, Rogue Warrior.

They admire the shifting schematics adjusting themselves to new Voice Command’s and the questions they must ask for a couple hours long.

“O.k., done, ready, now delete all logs and records of our inquiries, oh fine mad Mirror Machine!” Desacrus, Rogue Warrior feels smart and Silvestria, Mage Priestess nods her head in approval.

“You do not have the Authority Access Level to do such, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior.” It responds, once again, in the formal self-assured and strong Woman Voice.

“Damn, that is becoming irritating, if I’d only taken that deal... what a rip-off!” Desacrus, Rogue Warrior likes his negative feedback.

“Oh well,” he looks at Silvestria, Mage Priestess in the whipping dark visage of the plain behind and all around, “I didn’t expect it to work anyway, let’s go!” He holds out his hand to her ever completely stupid and totalled unending ‘klunsenaar’ grace...

She accepts and they jump hand-in-hand into the next dimension, albeit temporarily.

They appear 200 km away from the Capital City Dacarolis projectiling towards it in midair at about 45° downwards, 90 km up and falling fast.

“Waaaaaah... you idiot, you forgot to...”

“Fly!” yells Desacrus, Rogue Warrior. She does the same.

They fly happily to the borders of the Capital City acting like a couple of drunken Stupid Dumb Tourist’s, Cloaked And Invisible.

Uncloaking and reappearing around a corner of the Capital City Wall they walk to the large black sharp tipped Citadel Gates, they wantonly drop their Visum Passes ‘by accident’, burp rudely acting tipsy, laugh and wait patiently for the ugly Stupid Demi-Human Guard to grant them access.

The guise works quite well considering her looks and the Men looking, the Demi-Human Sentry Guard lets them in waving his hand in the air from the alcohol stench, saying something about the Tourist District. This is clearly read by Desacrus, Rogue Warrior’s and Silvestria, Mage Priestess’s linked Universal Translation Interface Device implemented behind their ears in a perfect molded fashion and completely invisible and undetectable to any external Scan Devices which are usually present: Many people do not want the actual implanted Bwootooth Devices in your brain, belly, buttocks and/or balls.

The whole Capital City is a kind of black evil design, painting heavy pays of guilt at itself. Most buildings are made of black Metal Alien Composites with here and there a touch of a precious stone glinting in the burning red Sun. There is an unusual amount of smoke present and it is a popular Art Center, so they learn. The Demi-Human's are fairly varied next to the majority of militaristic ugly mean looking Demi-Human Warrior's walking around. Something is up in the air or they are just plain aggressive looking. The Capital City Dacarolis is technologically advanced and sports many a window full of attractive looking metal and/or plastic compounded shiny gadgets. Desacrus, Rogue Warrior and Silvestria, Mage Priestess do a quick check of their Tooney Euro Budget in their PAD's converting these prices and like a pair of school kids getting horny on their new found more than generous Tooney Euro Pay Check from Silver, High Wizard himself they go on various drinking, eating and shopping sprees.

The large amount of dark colors with only here and there purple red silver white Hi-Light's, next to all the blinking windows, of course, suggests to Desacrus, Rogue Warrior and Silvestria, Mage Priestess a somewhat liberal, refined and intelligent people.

'It does not seem likely to me that we have stumbled across the Source Of Evil, would this development be any kind of threat to us?' He sounds disappointed.

'Indeed, this does not seem likely by my own Intuition.' Silvestria, Mage Priestess affirms, putting on her Dumb Blonde or Stupid Platinum routine.

They continue their Telepathic Communicé while walking through one store after another, through a Capital City more likely in its cultural and economic bloom rather than preparing for a full scale Galactic Inter-Planetary War.

'Looks can be deceiving...' adds Desacrus, Rogue Warrior.

'It can be hard to get readings in such proximity without being picked up on 'n we still haven't made it to the Castle Fortress, yet.' includes Silvestria, Mage Priestess.

They grab more alcoholic refreshments staying in character at all times. They stay Psionic Aware of the hidden eyes and ears around by the lack of change in vibrations and resonations using Null EM Dampen Shield's and Hi-Sensitive Paranoid Defense Scan Devices to also hide themselves. They spend time at terraces acting like average Stupid Dumb Tourist's. They watch, they listen, they walk hand-in-hand enjoying their disguise, the suspected Enemy picks up nothing.

Slowly and surely they continue their Act Of 2 Lover's in heat, kissing and moaning against a fence near the Castle Fortress, while she rapidly and secretly presses buttons on her Multi-Purpose PAD.

'This is too easy.' They think at the same time, naturally developing closer to each other as according to their own kind in the Universal Language Of Love, a great cover.

They walk around the bend leading to the Castle Fortress Outer Gates, a flowery nicely scented path with above thorny rosy hedges.

Upon coming around the bend, Silvestria, Mage Priestess suddenly screams horribly having one of her Psionic Vision's, ripping herself from Desacrus, Rogue Warrior's grasp and seeing a black entropic Pit Of Hell pouring through the Castle Fortress. Various sizes and Degrees Of Transparency of Demon's fly and cackle through a once solid Reality. Granted with a Higher Vision of this sordid affair, a glimpse into Reality's converging on one spot, a horrific nightmarish visage of a once remembered brighter day, she falls to the ground, exhausted, tears streaming down, "No, no, no!" She screams in the tormented sight of Visionary's, "They have possessed him! No! Our dear Lord Scathor! They have taken him, the Demon's, the Demon's! He is possessed..." Her blood chilling scream sends prickles of fear up and down Desacrus, Rogue Warrior's spine and he pulls her away, her attuned Psionic Vision just as rudely and abruptly ending. She falls to 1 knee, the strain quite severe.

"We must get out of here!" He frantically whispers to her, her pliable arm muscles giving away in his grip, she has little solid form to her at the moment, the Psionic Vision having sucked her Energy out like an empty battery.

"Come, Silvestria, Mage Priestess, come back to me, before they take more notice, then a drunken wife..." He drags her back around the bend, "What did you see, do you see me? What did you hear, do you hear me?"

The street and normal Reality comes back to her in staccato staggered gray overlapping images of primarily Desacrus, Rogue Warrior's face moving jerkily about, waving his fuzzy hands and then with a quick rush of breath she is back in normal Consciousness.

"Oh no, it's horrible, Demon's, Desacrus, Demon's! We must get the Hell out of here before they come sniffing at my extended Magical and Psionic Power's and Energy's plus the resulting Residual Energy of them. Come, let's run, hastily and swiftly!" She smiles once at Desacrus, Rogue Warrior to show she is recovered and they flee hand-in-hand again, many a kilometer, back to the Portal, back to their own Planet, where it is still safe, where it is yet untainted by the Evil Demon's taking possession of Soul, Spirit, Mind and Body of Demi-Human's, Human's, Mutant's, Alien's and City's and Country's alike, back to their launching position, to plan their next step.

For fear of Wireless Signal Transmission Interception they cannot, as of yet, send an important Inter-Planar Wireless Message back to King Bubarus.

The Demon Spectacle At The Castle Fortress

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior and Silvestria, Mage Priestess find themselves on the safe side of the Planet Teleporter wondering what to do about her Vision.

“They have definitely possessed Lord Scathor, probably completely by now, and are going to wreak some horrible Evil with there Magic and Technology; the Evil Demon’s have been vying for a foot in our World for some time now and my Vision gives proof and evidences of such...” Silvestria, Mage Priestess rattles on recovering from her nightmare episode.

“Yah, that was heavy, does such happen more often with ya?” Desacrus, Rogue Warrior nudges her softly next to the campfire in their sleeping bags, the Mirror Machine a couple hundred meters away in the star-filled sky of Plain’s Of Nacus.

“Actually, camping out ain’t so bad in this petrified part of the plain...” Desacrus, Rogue Warrior nudges her again, smiling, the fire adding red orange glints in his deep black eyes.

“If you think you’re gonna get in my sleeping bag, think again, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior...” she turns around in a playful pout.

“We have to see to get ourselves into their Castle Fortress and find out what they are hiding, it may be some kind of Doomsday Machine, oohh...” He scarily tickles her.

“Desacrus, Rogue Warrior! No! Give it up!” She giggles at him with her big wide almond pale amber eyes, almost reading his mind with her Empathy.

After a few more innocent exchanges they murmur off to sleep near each other, staying warm, oblivious to the ever working Mirror Machine in the background, unaware of the Dark Gnomes in service of Lord Scathor, ignorant of the Blacksmith Warrior Mountain Dwarves and the Evil Demi-Human’s plotting their downfall. Yet, their PAD’s keep an alert and watchful eye on their sleeping bodies...

Waking up finely refreshed, they move on to make another Stupid Dumb Tourist Visit to the Capital City, Citadel and Castle Fortress, knowing time is limited.

This time they arrive in the morning taking the same aerial route through the Mirror Teleporter, Trans-Planaring through multiple possible divergent Lines Of Reality. It does indeed seem to curve... is there even one single straight line in Existence?

The morning light makes the Capital City, Citadel and Castle Fortress, look less grim and there are few people on the street, except for those shopping at the Market’s.

“Maybe the Demon’s like to sleep in!” comments Silvestria, Mage Priestess.

“You know, your figure looks so fine in the...” he likes to tease.

She now slaps him, “Enough joking, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior, get your mind with it!”

They approach this time from the main street, sticking straight out from the arched and spiked black iron Alien Insect-Like Castle Fortress Gate for 3.76 km's.

Their Demi-Human Guard's at the Capital Fortress Gate are heavily armed with Shadow EM Short Sword's, Plasma Pistol's, Amulet's Of Shadow Disguise and Alien Steel Armor's.

Upon approaching, one raises his left hand palm forward, "Tourist's and Visitor's are only allowed from 14:00 to 28:00!"

"Oh, why is this?" asks Desacrus, Rogue Warrior.

"This is the ½ day needed by his Highness to rest out and enjoy the spectacle!" is the response of the Demi-Human Guard in a gruff formal low-pitched Voice.

"What spectacle?" Silvestria, Mage Priestess smiles sequinely at the Demi-Human Guard rubbing her fingers and activating a completely hidden Silent Charm Spell.

The Demi-Human Guard blinks a couple times. "Wellll..." apparently it works immediately on the Low IQ Level biped, "Haven't you heard, the Spectacle Of Demon's, our new Entertainer's, haven't you seen?" The other Demi-Human Guard smiles and nods vigorously, suddenly eager to share as much Information as possible.

"The Demon's were suddenly presented by King Scathor on one happy sunny day, who gives regular performances in the Art's... It's all the rage in this mostly technological Capital City Citadel." She smiles again, wrapping him around her finger like 6-year old girl.

"Where is King Scathor now?" Her eyes become deep black fathomless pits.

"Oh, uh, he is in the highly guarded Castle Fortress Center at this time which is fully surrounded by rose gardens." He spreads a decorative hand with a black dark purple aura glimmering around it, carrying the mark of the Demon's; there are many marks, this one is a circle of red bleeding thorns around a dark gray poisoned Dagger Of Death.

"Couldn't you just let us in for a peak?" Her highly suggestive tones are accentuated by the now gray spiralling inwards of her eyes.

Just then though, a Captain Guard Patrol comes along the Gothic black steel fence, breaking her Spell prematurely.

By then though, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior and Silvestria, Mage Priestess have left around the first bend leading to the Citadel Fortress Inner Gates, leaving the Demi-Human Guard behind with tweety birds around his head. The streets, roads and paths are curved with a right angled cross centred at the Castle Fortress, like a rib cage or Dark Celtic Cross.

It is, indeed, an exquisitely ornately chiseled stone layered Gothic Castle Fortress, its Castle Fortress Tower in purposeful over-complicated glory pointing ever downwards into the Infinity of Space, to the One Dark God, the One Dark Ruler. Its 6 Tower's circle around the middle 3 Tower's which surround one very large extremely gorgeous silver gray black

middle Tower, which is the Private Home of King Scathor in his darkly political and sinister militaristic activities, suggest Near-Infinite Negative Power And Energy through all of its highly over-complicated intricate numerological ordered Gothic Cathedral inspirations.

Whispering like two excited school teenagers they walk away to the nearest Sex Bar Café to get tipsy again. The wide assortment of self-brewed beers and wines is famous throughout the Space Sector, especially the Black Beer's.

"Oh my God, they're doin' it in broad daylight!" Silvestria, Mage Priestess is excited.

"It means either they got their Hell Gate well hidden or are overconfident, whatever we do we can't get discovered and must take the Spectacle Tour. Let's use some of these Tooney Euro Credit's to buy a middle row seat." Desacrus, Rogue Warrior states urgently.

"Yes, good idea! Did you see their Black Purple Auras, the Demon's are taking over already and have granted them Negative and Evil Power's and Energy's!" She arches her eyebrows sharply upwards.

They bide their time in this nearby Sex Bar Café, called The Black Leopard And Jaguar, liking its wooden burgundy classical decor as a nice contrast to all the black metal everywhere with a fully Hyper Modern Interior with silver steel glasses.

'Well, no one seems to be starving here but I'm not sure what their offspring would turn into...' Silvestria, Mage Priestess communicates silently while observing the various active occupants; she is also able to Thought Shield herself from others with similar Capability's.

'Nice pay off, ya!' answers Desacrus, Rogue Warrior without even moving his lips.

Their Hi-Data-Rate Multiple Frequency Ear Devices and PAD's make a nice comprehensible 3D Audio Diagram of the medium sized establishment in real time.

Their PAD's also continue to automatically make logs and reports of Event's. One interesting thing noted is also a definite sign of Inflation compared to previous years.

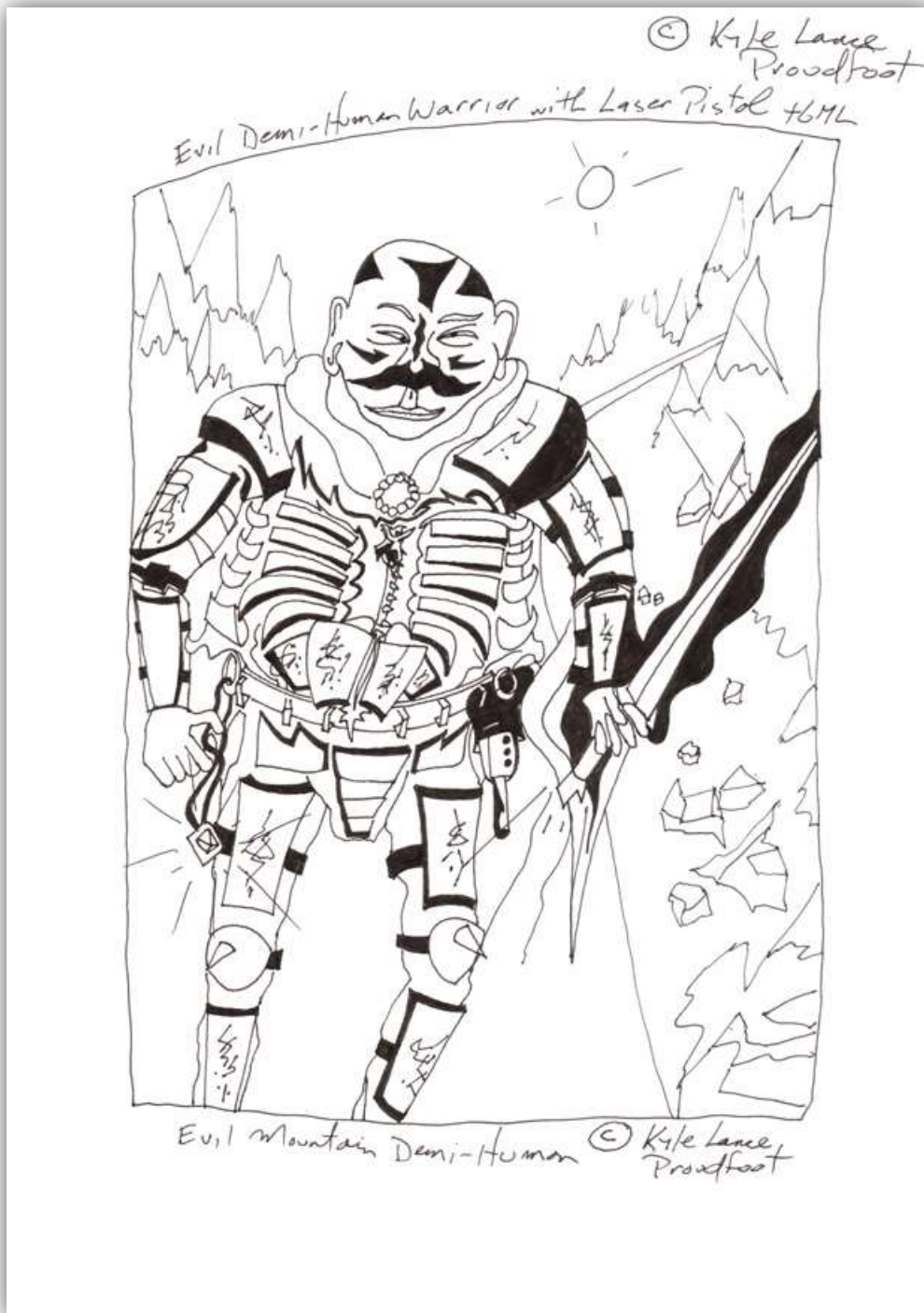
Having wasted sufficient Time And Fund's they go to the Demon Spectacle pay booth and order tickets, inconspicuously.

They go back to the Castle Fortress Citadel Inner Gates and see the Gothic letters 'King Scathor' engraved on it.

'Oh my Goddess, the Demon's are changing Reality here right under the noses of the Bwainwashed Citizen's!' There is already a line formed, no one noticing the Black Purple Evil Phase Shift of the Aura of a dark mauve radiating Demi-Human Guard.

The Demi-Human Guard's take the tickets of a diverse range of Tourist's from quite a number of Species and Races and there is an excited vibration in the air, "Just stay with your Tour Guide for the 2.5 hour Spectacle Tour of King Scathor's Castle Fortress!"

60 Tourist's in a paired column of doomed souls enter King Scathor's Castle Fortress...



+5 ML Evil Demi-Human Warrior Guard's - 3D Model Design © Kyle Lance Proudfoot

Infiltration Of The Dark Fortress

As the death procession enters the Inner Citadel Court, a dark gray stoned circle 60 meters wide inside the 60 meter wide circle of rose gardens around the 6 Tower's, Fighter EM Space Jet's blast above with a two column trail of red purple white colored smoke behind them. They are black silver triangles about 6 meters wide, 12 meters long and 3 to 1 meter in height from back to front with sharp smooth curved noses and 2 Null EM Propulsion Engines. The crowd oohs and ahhs pointing at the sky. These Space Planes have 2 black layers going down both sides and one black streak going down the right side, the rest of the body being silver with red accentuations. They teleported in and then blasted over ominously going in the direction in which our 2 Heroes came from.

After the crowd settles down, the Spectacle Tour Show takes them through a concentric placement of black gray stone metal Gothic Fortress walls each adorned with battered Shield's, Gargoyles staring and grinning evilly downwards and many sharp points and toothed pinnacles on black weathered tarnished walls. There are many houses built into these walls of the circle of 6 Tower's with black framed flat metal round windows and it is much larger than appears from the 1st Outer Citadel Gates. There is a series of Inner Gates, 6 in total...

'We must create a diversion to sneak away, those Demi-Human Guard's are paranoid, watching very closely.' states Silvestria, Mage Priestess to him telepathically.

'Yes, indeed.' They drop from middle to back position of the Spectacle Tour Group feigning sore feet and Desacrus, Rogue Warrior silently flips his finger and tosses a X-Planar Coin about 25 meters right back into the roses which amongst other things is Cloaked And Invisible. They cannot go in themselves due to scans at each Outer and Inner Gate.

The small Negative Vortex Explosion attracts the attention of the Demi-Human Guard's and the Spectacle Tour Group. Desacrus, Rogue Warrior and Silvestria, Mage Priestess stay still as the 58 victims and 6 captors flock to the spot. Now seperated from the Spectacle Tour Group, everyone looking the other way, they float quickly and silently around the wall to the other side of the Castle Fortress hoping there are no other Demi-Human Guard's.

More houses of a luxurious larger style are here and they look up in awe at the perfectly circular Tower's which go from 20 to 60 to a final staggering 120 meters in height and 20, 15 and 10 meters thick. The walls are perfectly poured dark gray stone granite with black mortar and go from 10 to 30 to 60 meters in height with all of the attributes of a Gothic Renaissance Castle Tower Fortress able to withstand sieges.

Their goal is to get into the residence of King Scathor, a Near-Impossible Mission, 'We must move quickly before our absence is noticed.' psi's Desacrus, Rogue Warrior.

He scans with his PAD looking for a route in. Hi-Lighted Infra-Red Lines show up indicating possibilities, many going through pipe systems in the stones but those are too small except for a mouse and others show the way through the complex. They Levitate to the nearest house window scanning for occupants and laser it open with a Portable Hand

Laser Device and a Null EM Dampen Field melting the glass quickly and silently.

Going through the window after relooping the 3D Infra-Red and Laser Defense Grid with their IRL Signal Loop Device since the beams are inside the window and not on the window itself by slowly and surely horizontally hovering and pointing their arms forward as if in a ballerina diving form and floating straight through the 2 x 1 meter open space, first him then her, they do a very slow practiced head over heels somersault and land like a feather on the floor of the room barely touching each other like the most eloquently executed Olympic synchronized water dancing ever performed, and they are not here to steal a painting. With their ability to see in super- and sub-spectrums they easily pick up on the internal 3D Infra-Red Grid which is for living spaces only around and across doors and windows otherwise every last fly is blasted, thus tracked because if you miss then goodbye priceless Art. They peek around the entrance door of this residence and see a very richly red carpeted dark gray stone tabled rose filled painting decorated neon lit corridor with two stairways leading to upper and lower levels. Unbeknownst to them a perfectly Cloaked And Invisible Tracking System in the wall of the corridor has picked up on the window they have removed and triggered a Silent Alarm...

They go down a couple levels following the Infra-Red Route on his PAD thinking they have not triggered any Alarm's and they come into a basement hallway leading to a Hyper Modern Gothic Hell Kitchen. Still in Secret Stealth Silent Mode they take a quick peek around the corner hearing something. Many glistening black pots and pans line the room with a central rectangular full gray metal Hyper Sharp And Fast Meat Cutter which looks more like a big killing Machine full of rotary blades and retractable Robot chopping arms with 156 different knives. The shiny cooking pots line the room on all sides with only 2 entrances/exits. To their horror, a muffled Man Human is brought in and is skewered in the middle before he can shake his silly and sorry head too much, decapitated and chopped up into little juicy bits of bloody meat. The slurping sound of his entrails and other second grade parts being slushed down the central tube is genuinely disgusting. A raunched smell quickly hits their nostrils.

'Oh my god, they're eating innocent Civilian's!' Silvestria, Mage Priestess is repulsed.

'Next to the possibility of a Military Action, they probably have it aimed at mostly Human's. This King Scathor must be some kind of Evil Beast by now.' He tries not to gag.

The Master Cannibal Cook then swings a large butcher's knife straight into the chest of this one victim out of so many thousands already and rips his whole left ribcage off and sticks it on the side BBQ, squeezes BBQ sauce on it, dumps a whole bunch of hot and spicy ingredients on it, and for the whole 2 hours it takes for all the carcinogenic smoke to blow everything away in a 200 meter radius you might as well open up another couple babes at the beach with the brewskies while bathing in the balmy basking of the bitches blowing or are all they all just liberacé biacés with sunglasses and fangs... It takes all of 5 minutes only for the previous breathing Human Being to become indistinguishable from the rest of the soup, broth, vegetables and all kinds of other things dumped in. The remaining bones get fed to 3 large black Hellhound's chained in the adjoining room; they do not pick up on them due to their Secret Stealth Silent Mode. This 3 meter tall and 2 meter wide Demi-Human is fat, has horns, purple eyes and shouts, "Next! And keep it choppy!"

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior taps a few soft buttons on his scanning PAD, 'I wonder what kind of Black Magic's they're practicing here too, let's have a look.' It draws more red lines through rooms, corridors, sewer and air vents...

Quite grossed out, they walk down corridors, pass a number of luxurious rooms and take the stairs up to a roof maintenance door each and every time seeing clearly the Infra-Red and/or Laser Beam's depending on where there is a Fire Risk or not. Internal Security Cameras are totally useless in this case for they have absorbed and blocked out the visual spectrum with their Cloaked And Invisible Mode not to mention various other Phase Shift's and modulations for other spectrums, thus the manual Security Officer might as well play with his 2D Game again or his ding-dong. However, the Silent Alarm has not failed to notify him and he has sent Demi-Human Guard's to the open window.

Doing a fairly standard Scan Door Security and disabling it and then a Pick Lock they are now on top of the 2nd Inner Citadel Complex while still remaining undetected.

'Damn, we can't get at his shielded Throne Room which is dead below. We should be able to pass through some roof vents to another room giving off a soft fuzzy dark purple radiation.' Desacrus, Rogue Warrior shakes his Device once to see if it is malfunctioning.

Silvestria, Mage Priestess smirks again at all the B- Stupid Violent Black Humor Film's made to date, 'You really are a breinstein aren't you, don't you know, idiot, that they have each of those passageways scanned and then the noise it makes just to crawl through one, slowly trying to crawl away from and escape the Undead and then, waaaaaah, fall down another shaft...'

'However, we can use Infra-Red, Infra-Blue, Bwootooth and thus no Fuzzy Microphone needed like the Rastafarian and his fuzzy heat leaning back in his beat up 70's car lighting up a reefer and listening in on their so-called Radio Silence and new uncrackable Police Wireless Protocol's...' He adds, proud of himself that he figured it out.

Silvestria, Mage Priestess can barely contain herself straining not to crack up laughing, 'So, you're trying to tell me, again, that they actually stated that and everyone believed such, krrr sss krrschss zzz, you're breaking up, you're breaking up, what is that noise, anyway, wow, hey nifty now I'm talking to them on another piggy back signal...'

There his Evil Black Mage Priest's bedroom near one of the 3 Tower's in the second wall ring surrounded with skulls and shadowy figures saying, "...yesssss, when they make their airstrikes we charge in with EM Pulse Blast Cannon's, Black Shadow's, Knight's of the Abyss and fellow Shadow Hell Creatures serving us, youuu do yourr part leading your column and you will be wellll protected by our Entropic Shield's And Spheres which sssuck most of the Energy out of Human's and their Defenses, you shalll be similarly richly rewarded, Lord Gacronus, jusst do our bidding 'n youu shalll be wellll fed and awarded."

Lord Gacronus, Evil Black Mage Priest in a room full of skulls, torches and purple black radiating Devices, shudders once, nods ecstatically with his 6 Shadow Demon Warrior's each armed with aShadow EM Staff, Entropy Pistol, Alien Insect Exo-Skeleton Armor and

Bone Necklace Of Planar Teleporting who then vanish abruptly into the Nether Pit's of the Hell's and Desacrus, Rogue Warrior and Silvestria, Mage Priestess have no clue where to exactly, for their usually 1100% accurate Xtra-Sensory Perceptor Devices draw blank, no trace, tracking, residual left overs of their Energy's, nothing.

They look at each other baffled and she psis, 'Those necklaces must be able to hide all of the different possible imprints, memories and signatures which one can leave behind in the Zero Point Field's.'

They, however, get the drop on the unsuspecting Enemy since their Device picks up on 6 Demi-Human Guard's going through the lower corridor to the window of the residence; to it the walls are practically transparent: Luck is primarily being well prepared.

'Damn, he's really nasty and ugly, too. Where do they get them from?' He grimaces.

The Black Evil Priest Mage stands about 2.5 meters tall and puts a cowl around his scarred face placing his crooked dark burgundy ruby studded Wand Of Shadow And Life Sucking back on a skull placeholder. Paintings on cloth of diabolical scenes of destruction, degeneration, decadence and deluge cover the walls, too gruesome to describe.

'I think we've seen enough to bring a report back to King Bubarus, sending one via Planar Wireless Transmission is just too risky. Let's get the Hell outta here. I did not try a Mind Probe for he'd probably pick up on it.' Silvestria, Mage Priestess.

'It's too bad we can't just kill the bastard, now, I've got a perfect line on him.' Desacrus, Rogue Warrior fingers his small Infra-Red EM Microwave Blast Device, so much better than the now stereotypical Null EM Pulse Blast Device which can cause traffic accidents by actually making someone's whole arm turn their steering wheel right and follows her.

They jump off of the roof for some fun landing like cats on a complex riddle of metal beams arching with wicked edges and peaks supporting this internal Tower structure inside the second wall with 3 Tower's. All the Tower's stab straight downwards into Near-Infinite Dark Space. By the Illusion Effect of perspective, angle and distance their lowest points seem to be much smaller and further in the distance.

'We could leave them an Explosive Surprize! Bomb here, knock out a Tower, or two...'
Desacrus, Rogue Warrior suggests to her as they walk back down the walls, instead of floating or flying, next to the fully isolated evil dark den of the Overlord Scathor. He, however, adds one more remark, 'That is actually Lord Scathor, I presume...'

'It 'tis just suicidal to try and take on his 1 Near-Invincible Tower for it is layered with Null EM Shadow Shield's And Spheres into multiple Planes and Dimension's... t'would also attract too much attention, even if it worked, my gallant prrrotector, let 'tus now exit before he himself picks up on us, not just his Demi-Human Guard's having somehow already noticed the window...' She leans on the side of caution, wisdom and reason.

Very quickly telepathically whispering to each other how they should attack in Secret Stealth Silent And Cloaked And Invisible Mode they pull out their Dagger's. He has a

Dagger Of Silent Speed And Shadow and she has a Dagger Of Perfect Piercing And Penetration; they should not have any difficulty taking them out and not for lunch...

It is not like they smoked or drank too much of anything, they are just high on the Mission.

They follow their same route back via the 3 Tower's, remaining in this Mode floating quickly and silently, and find the Demi-Human Guard's all staring dumbfounded at the melted window, gruffly talking to each other as to how such is possible in the first place, their Leader getting angry pushing one of them and stabbing him in the left chest with his Shadow EM Short Sword. Blood gurgle upwards and he keels over dead backwards.

They both, floating behind them, unseen and unheard, react quickly and the incredibly fast Hyper Speed Attack of their Shadow Dagger's drops them all at the same time so very efficiently the only sound heard is a soft thump thump thump on the carpet.

They Levitate down outside the back wall of the 6 Tower's still unoccupied by anyone, light up a couple 100% Organic Bio-Dynamic Grown By The Full Moon cigarettes, reappear on purpose while puffing on this most damn fine high quality tobacco, start a casual banter and wait for the next 6 Demi-Human Guard Patrol who their Device also sees coming marching towards the melted window.

They come around the curved wall of the 6 Tower's, "Hey, it's the two who broke in, what are you doing here?! Surrender Or Die!" One of the Demi-Human Guard's points at them with his Shadow EM Short Sword in his left hand and they charge.

Silvestria, Mage Priestess plays a little, dances a little, puts on her best tipsy smile and grabs some Pixie Dust, "Why, what do you mean die, we were with the last Spectacle Tourist Group and have lost our way, are they dead?" At the same time, she shows some cleavage, waves her right finger at them, and at the last moment when he is about to stab she throws her left arm dramatically into the air and a lot of particles fall on their heads.

Stopped dead in their tracks, fully mesmerized, she asks them, "Tell me what you did with the other Spectacle Tourist's. Are they dead?!"

They turn right slowly and point down 45° to the center of the Dark Fortress Tower Complex, "Yes, they went down into the 6th Inner Citadel Gate and are not coming back..."

"Thanks!" Desacrus, Rogue Warrior pulls out his 2 Silver Laser Pistol's, turns on the Null Dampen function and adds Power and Energy augmentation, and without a sound he vaporizes each one of them at Point Blank Range wild wild west style.

They teleport from here to the floating Teleporter Mirror in the sky.



+9 ML Shadow Demon Warrior - 3D Model Design © Kyle Lance Proudfoot

Interrogating The Teleporter Mirror

As Desacrus, Rogue Warrior and Silvestria, Mage Priestess look at this Mirror Technology they try to figure out what the real purpose of it must be: The destruction through Entropy of the surrounding Area has spread as an exponential usage of the Energy necessary to maintain its operation; for some reason it is drawing on a Hell of a lot more at this time.

“The only logical answer is the necessary destruction of the Mirror Portal killing Trans-Planar or Trans-Planetary Travel itself.” Desacrus, Rogue Warrior pretends to be stupid.

“That is illogical, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior, the actual threat of the Demon’s seems tertiary to this problem for wouldn’t they also be consumed by this corrupted Gate itself! We must interrogate this one to find out its corruption.” concludes Silvestria, Mage Priestess.

“Got ya. Only if we need to block a route would we need to destroy one of these and then they would just use Space Ship’s, still though such could give a much needed Delay Effect if they have to mobilize. What do we do though, just bury it, turn it off, destroy it, there are already hundreds of them deployed by King Scathor with many more on their way on other Planet’s in different Space Sector’s so they could quite easily follow another route unless we knock out more than one at the same time. Doing anything to this one would also certainly alert them and what I’ve seen so far from it, it might not react to pleasantly itself if we wreck one of its Nodal Point’s...” Desacrus, Rogue Warrior lets the end of the sentence trail off as they think about AI in IT since the late 20th Century on Planet Earth...

In the middle of their Debate they look around enjoying the blackening charring scene of King Dacarus’s Country. The Energy Lines are almost visible through its gray black silver design radiating negative powerful and energetic waves with primarily immaterial EM Field’s interacting. Almost tangible, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior could pour his fingers through its vibrating emissions.

“Maybe we should contact Silver, High Wizard!” Her tone is more urgent than a question.

“That’s too far out of our way.” answers Desacrus, Rogue Warrior resting on his gear.

“That doesn’t help any, what do we do?” She crosses her arms getting impatient.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior modifies his technique, rhythm and tempo seeing one of her stubborn moments coming again and continues reasonably on, “Exploring it through that many Nodal Point’s would take like a century... it would also just be a shame to wreck one despite all the reasons, then we could only use Space Ship’s ourselves for some time, piss of the whole Planet when we need more Ally’s and then Lord Scathor would just replace it anyway.” He waves one right hand outwards, “Go and find your destinies, oh ye brave souls... End Debate!” Desacrus, Rogue Warrior paraphrases an old Proverb.

“What did he say again,” Silvestria, Mage Priestess plays with her hair again, ever long blonde and all wavy, “find the Source Of Evil or something like that...”

“So where’s the bloody dark Dungeon?” quirps Desacrus, Rogue Warrior smirking at his

own Humor. They crack up laughing again and happy with their Humor, hug and kiss each other once on the cheeks in another small victory.

The Vortex Of Energy and Entropy around and throughout this Mirror Teleporter represents some indeterminable threat and so they cannot, as of yet, most certainly not without permission, even toss it into another Space Sector.

They decide they are now more than Friend's after making some agreements in a Relational Argumentation Contract and enjoy their Love making while camping out as much as they can still feel afterwards the dread of oncoming doom; it helps though to keep up the hope. A solution to the dilemma must be found soon or it could be too late.

"Well, we're pretty sure it's the Demon Castle Fortress Of Technology while killing all Nature in the process now..." Silvestria, Mage Priestess sucks on a long strand of her hair pushing back and forth and squeezing more.

"Yes, no, now a little slower, why have we not picked up more signs of their potential Invasion or Galactic Inter-Planetary War?" Desacrus, Rogue Warrior ponders.

"What kind of Planet Invasion would send Battle Space Ship's through such, the larger models can even allow more than just Laser Fighter's, not to mention the necessary follow up of Cargo Space Ship's, when Space Ship's do not even need these Gates, most certainly not Mother Ship's which I personally consider just still ridiculous, and then all in really slow motion... yes, Null deeper..." Silvestria, Mage Priestess looks for more clues.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior shrugs and gets up, "There is still only one way to find out! Penetrate And Probe the Enemy! Kaboom! Ding ding! Done! Wast ich gut voor u too..." Joking in bad German, he withdraws, gets up and walks over, relaxed and half-naked in their rest period, to the large dragon clawed embraced shimmering Dark Mirror with its ornately designed surface of black gray compounded Dark Matter, black Alien Metal, silver linings and white Hi-Light's on chrome reflections. Most of the shapes are unrecognizable symbols to them though one or two look like Spirit's and/or Demon's.

"This is Desacrus, Rogue Warrior here again, oh Mirror! And you're still better off attacking half-naked!" He also does some bad Celtic Humor.

It blinks once like an eye opening, "Good afternoon, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior, care for a tea good chap, this you can afford, and through the Near-Instantaneous Energy Matter Conversion it is done in a wink of an eye, what is your destination today?" Its Woman Voice is still varying through her standard routine set for Desacrus, Rogue Warrior.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior out of a matter of habit goes into Psi-Mode now preferring this way to communicate, 'No, actually I prefer coffee, and not that jet fuel pesticide shit either, Afterrrrrrrrrrn Whoomp, pure black, no sugar and no milk, yes. Today, we are not going anywhere, tell us, once again, what your purpose is and how many Troop's of King Scathor you have deployed already? Have you transported him or anyone close to him?'

The Universal X-Machine also responds in Psi-Mode, 'Read data...to date: 0 and no to

Quantum Teleport him or someone else he is to another Galaxy or Planet, though there are indeed many near him who have recently travelled quite a lot.'

'Oh, thank you, see... note it said 'someone else he is' states Desacrus, Rogue Warrior and he exclaims out loud again, "Ahhh... It must always be it! But not what it seems..."

Silvestria, Mage Priestess giggles, "Woo, profound... Go for 24 doubles too..."

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior gets carried away, "A someone or Individual, or someone else he is, or a double, could be a Suspect, a very important lead, to help us find this so far very illusive Source Of Evil, surely the Source Of Evil itself is not a someone, and we must find him and/or her and/or it. Got it, now we have to deal with it or some kind of AI out-of-control as this thing possibly corrupts even more!" He walks rapidly around in circles, "Of course, the Suspect's are not working alone or they are staying off the radar using only the Gates to Planar Travel between Planet's and Galaxy's, therefore we have not received any significant reports from local Spy Agent's in Villages and City's."

"Ya, they are probably even highly trained Double Agent's, even a her, since 9 out of 10 Criminal Suspect's were still Men up to the end of the 21st Century which I still think is really silly and highly confusing considering all the 2-faced Gemini complexes throughout History Of Humanity!" corrects Silvestria, Mage Priestess, "It's actually still just an error that they never look at their suppressed wives."

"Hold on! Almost forgot something..." says Desacrus, Rogue Warrior, "Next to your Primary Purpose do you have other Secondary Purposes?" Desacrus, Rogue Warrior grins in triumph, finally feeling smart, which he is not.

"Again, you do not have the required Authority Access Level. And, in this case it is your Tooney Euro Bank Account Saving's, Rank *and* Status..." it responds coldly.

"Oh pray, not again, do tell me then, I am pretty sure we Elves across Planet Vega do not lack such Tooney Euro Investment's..." resonates Silvestria, Mage Priestess.

It pauses longer than usual hit by a short Freeze Hack, "Identity: Name: Princess Silvestria, Mage Priestess, Planet Of Birth: Lorcia, High Command: 10th Degree Of Command, High Council: 12th Degree Of Council, Rank: Authority Access Level IR 02, Status: Active - Highest, Record: Clean, Reputation: Excellent - never failed to date, Residence: Primolus Capital City, Planet Earth I, Solar System, NW 197° and XY 34°, Orion's Arm, Milky Way Galaxy, other Information of Profile is Secret."

"O.k., and also, who are your multiple Owner's?" Desacrus, Rogue Warrior smiles again.

"Very good Desacrus, Rogue Warrior, you get a Bonus of 1000000000 Tooney Euro's, King Scathor is actually only a partial Owner of 24%, the others are at Higher Security Authority Access Level's, also consisting of Government's, Corporation's and Citizen's."

"Is this some kind of 3D Game?" states Desacrus, Rogue Warrior mildly irritated in retort, "You are withholding Information to disguise Shadow Citizen's, Government's and

Corporation's who are victimizing thousands of people and even conducting the worst Types of Blood Cannibalism and therefore interfering with the process of an Investigative Officer. Do you really want to do me or them in then we will just do in your whole Server Park right back as they say: If there is no Justice then there will always be Justice Incorporated in each and every last Instances..."

"No, it is not, it is Universes Systems, everything in Existence is real and not per se only your fantasies, however you cannot help but be in your own Subjective Reality and so everyone is in one big Halluci-Nation, by definition not per se because you're too sleepy, stressed, strung out or on Drug's, I just prefer synthetics, myself... And I am not really interfering but following Order's and am I not answering your questions? I cannot respond without a query." It responds philisophically with Humor.

"Oh, now you have a Sense Of Humor, too... What do you mean 0 Troop's have gone through?? Are there no Military Patrol's or Practices? Are you forbidden from telling us anything except Common Knowledge or Basic Information? Are you on the take? Are those memory modules of yours corrupt?" exasperates Silvestria, Mage Priestess, "Tell us who is giving you the Order's to suck the life out of everything!"

"Insufficient Authority Access Level, Rank and Status." It says the same denial of access.

"You seem to know who we are and we don't seem to know who you are..." Desacrus, Rogue Warrior is not smiling anymore and the winds have picked up, "...all the way out here in some godless Deep Space Sector with really bad weather... and we are fucked if one Unknown Individual is a carrier!" He states what is obvious.

"Well, let's see, maybe it's not hopeless, we know it is also some kind of Energy Matter Converter, evidence the dying landscape around us and it even offers Beverages! For the rest, though, it has got to be the most obnoxious Machine ever made to date... those Nerd's must have been laughing their asses off..." Silvestria, Mage Priestess's hair, which usually gets better marks, is starting to get severely frazzled.

"Thus, by the lie that 0 Troop's have gone through the Mirror Machine, which is impossible, of course, get it, as of yet, except like Nam and other SG Reality's, kill their Evil Troop's, it could very well be an Individual Anarchist, with another Meat Knife in their hands and cut down another Police Agent or Police Officer or Military Officer or Laser Military Officer or Investigative Officer, who try to give you some sense of Law and Order and Justice, Serve and Protect the neighbors, or would you rather have the Maffia control your fucking neighborhood, their Evil knows no bounds nor limits, how do you know that they are not carrying Weapon's Of Mass Destruction or some horrible Poison or a deadly Virus to wipe out a whole Planet, if not just your own Family!?" Desacrus, Rogue Warrior is now pissed off, "To contemplate Battle Scenarios as any top General does in War Scenarios or is that just unending Battle and War Scenarios throughout History Of Humanity as everyone and everybody would just rather shed the blood of each other for Resources and Territory, like one big Cannibal Nation rather than get around the table and talk about it, again... Maybe it is capable of controlling and/or destroying our whole Species and/or Race! Did not the Terminator Scenario already take over in the beginning of the 21st Century when you cannot do anything anymore without AI and IT and Computer's and Machines?!" Desacrus,

Rogue Warrior keeps speaking loudly and keeps pacing back and forth, forced to push against the dusty wind surrounding the Teleporter Mirror, now.

“Insufficient parameters.” It responds.

“Oh, shut up with that!” Silvestria, Mage Priestess now gets mad.

“I am not offended...” The Programmer’s must have also watched a lot of Multimedia’s.

“Yes, I know, evidently not, smarty pants...” Desacrus, Rogue Warrior cuts it off, looking around, getting worried at the bad Weather. It is now blowing and raining strongly, though the Energy Pattern’s are not too unstable yet.

“Mirror Machine, stubborn irritating Program, how many more rich boys with rich toys will there be, can you reverse your Energy and Entropy input and/or output to replenish the surrounding Area, instead of killing everything?” Silvestria, Mage Priestess requests and she cries inside and suffers the anguish of the death of living Creatures like any other Elf. But, she is strong, and does not show it to others or share it with anyone else...

“Insufficient Authority Access Level, Rank and Status.” It is stonewalling both of them.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior reacts viciously, “Now, I really want to Hack Reality! You know, that fucking Spammer, well hit that fucking Spammer and do not Hack me, Hack Reality.”

Silvestria, Mage Priestess summates, “So, it’s clear enough, we have 2 Mission’s, find out which Enemy is carrying a Death Package and stop him and/or her and how to reverse the Energy Matter Input Output Flux. It is also obvious it is blatantly lying to us which is highly disturbing, so much for those outdate 3 Robot Rules from Planet Earth: I will not harm a Human and I will serve a Human except to serve an Alien is to harm an Alien.”

“It is, however, still theoretically not impossible to make a Null EM Planar Teleportation Portal which is even 200 km’s in diameter even though it and/or making one might consume a whole Planet and its Resources, not to mention looking completely ridiculous in Orbit and serving what ludicrous purpose...” Desacrus, Rogue Warrior is flippant.

They both have to strain again trying not to crack up laughing at B- Stupid Violent Black ScyFy Humor Series and Film’s made by everyone to date and onwards.

She cannot help poking some more fun, too, “But doesn’t [SG] stand for Silver Group?”

“I’ll get right on it, but for now we have to get out of the total obscurity of this sand storm, back to the Brownies/Centaur’s/Dryad’s Forest!” Desacrus, Rogue Warrior declares.

Silvestria, Mage Priestess and Desacrus, Rogue Warrior, hand-in-hand again, they take off flying at terrifying speeds through this disturbing apparition back to the shelter of the deep woods, now still eerily peaceful despite its borderline being burned to the ground.

Contemplating The Higher Planar Quantum Physics

Back in the safety of the woods, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior and Silvestria, Mage Priestess gear up for this Mission to save their homeland from the horrible Spirit's and/or Demon's quelling up to haunt the happy lives of innocent native and foreign Species and Races. In this case, Blind Technology eating up the landscape to feed its abstract purpose.

To it, mere Power and Energy for cultivating. Devouring eventually everything in its proximity right down to its last buzz. Nothing can feed its insatiable hunger, as it must.

"Well, at least it is not just crazy unemployed drugged alcoholic Student's with €60000 Student Loan's doing half-coma, coma and/or just totalled black out switch off kill shit new party drugs and then hacking and/or programming 24/7 on Internet... As I always say, if you're bored, go on Internet, write a Program, maybe you've got the next hole in the Market, or the latest greatest shit and not another clone with over 3500 at that site alone."

"The thought of going through it again is getting me just a little depi..." Silvestria, Mage Priestess frowns, being a Master Software and Web Developer herself, bending over and tugging at a boot-strap giving Desacrus, Rogue Warrior a nice view of her really tight fitness pussy v-line.

"Don't worry," retorts Desacrus, Rogue Warrior, "it works instantaneously."

They have a couple more All Purpose Fill All Bags for things acquired along the way.

"We shall find the Source Of Evil plaguing our World by using their very own means of Travel, everything, everyone and everybody leaves a trace of some kind, a track to sniff out with EM Field Residual Memory Imprint's, not to mention even in the long term in the Zero Point Field's." Desacrus, Rogue Warrior sounds determined, trying to lift their alcohol spirits to positivity and happy drunks for the Journey ahead.

After drinking and eating full Insta Lunches they go back to the Teleporter Mirror, its quantum fluctuations requiring no Time to reach the 1st Line Of Defense of the Enemy, yet it keeps on sucking in a larger and larger Area per minute and leaving nothing but dead carbon based crumbings over.

As a couple, they also have scientific and philosophical conversations with each other:

"After all, Nothing is Instantaneous... and Information is massless... yet Nothing does not exist so how could such be a Medium... thus if that which has Mass is limited by the Speed Of Light then a massless Object or Information would get there instantaneously... and as Mass Effect stated if the Mass of the Space Ship can be reduced then Faster Than Light Speed's are possible." Desacrus, Rogue Warrior argues.

"Though, how does the Space Ship go in a straight line, with all of the Celestial Body's and all of the debris in between it would have to fly in an S-Line taking twice as long and/or be pulverized without Null EM Shield's And Spheres. Does it enter through transformation of Matter to Energy another Plane Of Existence becoming immaterial to this one? What if the

other one also has Object's which are now material for it? Must it not also go to Information, Spirit and even Soul like a purely immaterial Silver Ethereal Dragon?" Silvestria, Mage Priestess objects.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior retorts, "Is it not, once again, one big Material Plane Of Existence with only the Illusion of solidity through negatively charged electrons and is actually nothing more than continuous EM Field's into fluidic Space Time? Thus, if you become thin enough you will go straight through all other Object's."

Silvestria, Mage Priestess is not convinced, "Is it not actually required that it transforms into Pure Information and then rematerializes at the aimed 3D Co-ordinates which is risky cause it could end up in a Planet or debris could end up in it and destroy and/or kill it."

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior gets a migraine, "O.k., whatever, you win..."

At the Gate to other Planet's amidst the drying up plain they jump through in an Overload Of Information Over Null Ether Transformation and reappear instantaneously on the Planet of their desire, an Evil World, with an Evil Kingdom, with an Evil War of self-genocide behind it, with the lingering dark thread which all Evil leaves in its wake. Imprinted on the fabric of the EM Field's themselves, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior and Silvestria, Mage Priestess scan for these readings with Portable Memory Track Devices. These Devices can even count the quantity and quality of quantas left behind. Being highly tuned to very tiny particles, their handheld Portable Scanner's provide a colored Hi-Res 3D Map of these fine Residual Energy's, their long dark and bright threads show the way through the Cosmos, Lines Of Energy with a simple imposition of the Universe on the Teleporter Mirror's, again, the resulting somehow not existent immaterial Astral Path's to follow Saint's, Criminal's and Murderer's is projected holographically in midair in front of both of them. With a rapid finger guided scroll zoom and rotating functions this 4 meter wide Holographic Image shows the way for Desacrus, Rogue Warrior and Silvestria, Mage Priestess as they quickly yet calmly look up without disturbances of the Force giving clues as to the most likely Suspect to carry a Death Package through a Portal to their World for they want to control, dominate, rule and/or destroy the whole thing. They sit comfortably on some round hardened lava, this new Teleporter Mirror glistening nice and hot orange red, to the backdrop of a plain and a Volcano bubbling a lot of lava; the Electro-Magnetic Field disturbances are sufficient for Desacrus, Rogue Warrior and Silvestria, Mage Priestess to take their time to find the correct path to follow through multiple Mirror's leading to their own. The trouble is it is a time consuming process for limited Portable Devices which they are using in connection with the Teleporter Mirror, so Silvestria, Mage Priestess slurps on some Insta Soda while they remain nice and refreshed and comfortably warm in what is really an extremely gorgeous Scene despite its extreme heat and deadliness. After a relatively short time with some conspiratorial help from this more powerful and energetic Mirror, their Tracker Sphere shows possible routes based on the lightness and/or darkness of Lines Of Energy of Good and/or Neutral and/or Evil Being's passing through Teleporter Mirror's. One then simply has to follow the Lines Of Energy and/or plot a course.

"Thus," continues Silvestria, Mage Priestess these Gates do not suffer from those problems since they are connected Nodal Point's and Lines Of Energy in Multiverses and are self-maintaining through the AI. However, do they remove debris around the Portal's?"

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior scratches his head, “Wellll, if you blast a Laser Fighter through that could be a problem but otherwise I don’t think an Individual walking, running or sprinting through, unless it’s like me and my augmentations, would cause any Damage... though, again, a Space Ship and we don’t lack our shielding...”

Fortunately, being next to a Teleporter Mirror, and never in front of one, with plenty of radiating Energy from the lava bursts, explosions are intermittent, conversation is possible, they are able to without interruption maintain secrecy and reduce down the possible Suspect’s since each one has their own Line Of Energy and Timeline.

“Well, I never really did succumb to peer pressure as badly as some of these Criminal Profiles, kind of a Nature boy myself!” Desacrus, Rogue Warrior’s deep brown eyes glow with the reflection of a billion kilowatts of heat.

Silvestria, Mage Priestess’s hands are rapidly and expertly comparing Lines Of Positive Energy and Lines Of Negative Energy, and with Lines Of Good Energy, Lines Of Neutral Energy and Lines Of Evil Energy, comparing quantity and quality of Flux of Entropy and Energy, comparing intensities of how recent a Residual Memory Imprint was left against the background of the more subtle structure of the Zero Point Field of Space and Time which it is of and where everything is recorded by the Universe itself.

All the resulting criss-cross bendy paths, each Unique in its own Null EM Signature looks like a fully threaded laced Network of Nodal Point’s and Lines Of Energy. Silvestria, Mage Priestess deftly pulls 1 Line Of Energy out based on a Table Of Values which pops up a 3D Holographic Mini-Screen pointing 45° inwards at the right of her face, another one on her left ; her eyes dart back and forth at high frequencies as she performs her long practiced deep State Scan Operation’s, reducing search time significantly. To do such at her speed and accuracy requires many years of training.

‘I just love watching this shit, how you do that so deftly, they could never beat you back then, either!’ Desacrus, Rogue Warrior twirls his own Tracker Sphere with skill in his hands and his eyes light up, too.

“We’re looking for a recent major disturbance in the Force. It would be a dark malignant and/or radically vibrating Line Of Energy. Try to stay focussed Desacrus, Rogue Warrior, we don’t have all Happy Noobie Hunting Season here!” She keeps him focussed.

By cross-referencing and comparing Tables Of Data associated with the Energy Lines, Positive, Negative, Good, Neutral and/or Evil, consistent and/or erratic, orderly and/or chaotic, repetitive or rarely, it is like following a perfectly controlled Experiment to the inevitable result, the one true answer always results from reduction and regardless of how absurd the result is if it is the only remaining answer then it must be true.

Her Talent and Skill and well-practiced technique astonishes even Desacrus, Rogue Warrior who also respects greatly her Elven Laser Bow, especially when she notches it tight across her breasts.

Being busy for about 10 minutes now, Silvestria, Mage Priestess reports, "I've reduced my Lines Of Energy to 9 possible Suspect's matching our criterium who have recently passed through relatively nearby Teleporter Mirror's, no pun intended."

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior smirks, "Damn! You're way faster than me! I've still got a couple dozen to go..."

"You got that right, hunny-bunny, and my shit is always better than yours..." Silvestria, Mage Priestess smiles at herself for the first time since they met.

She continues, "As you can see by the similar Energy Matrix Pattern of the Portable Null Planar Teleporter Device carried by one of these Suspect's plus the Res EM Signature of the Teleporter Mirror itself which she went through, we have found what we were looking for!" She raises her eyebrows at Desacrus, Rogue Warrior going, "Wohhh... You'll like her, she's very pretty though looks quite nympho and naughty..."

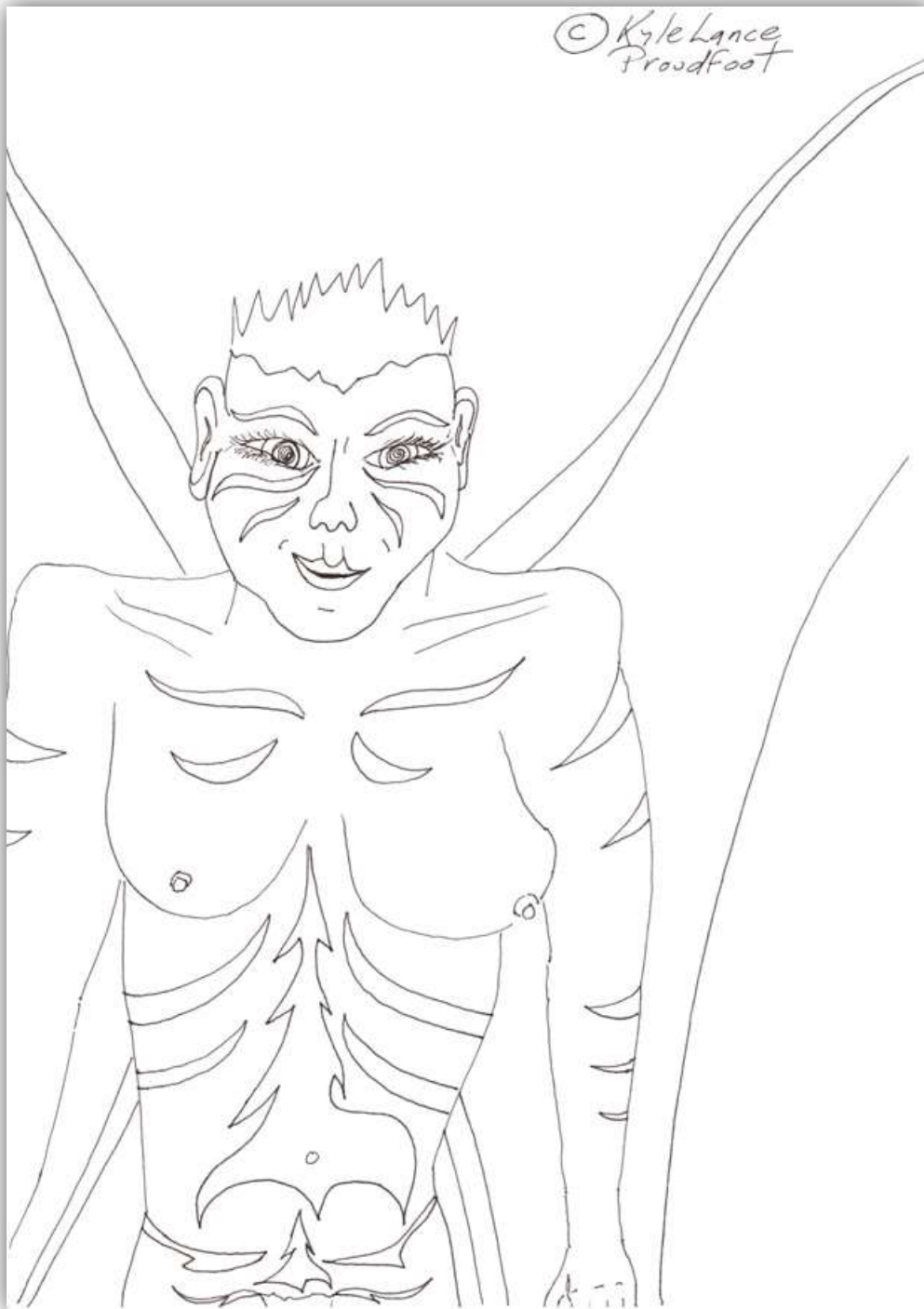
Desacrus, Rogue Warrior waits a couple seconds, still not getting it, then he is just as equally stunned, "It really is a Portable Planar Teleporter Device! How..."

"It must be," confirms Silvestria, Mage Priestess, "that these 9 also match her and/or its Res EM Signature very closely, despite the existence of Unique Signatures due to other similarities it is often quite difficult and time costly to isolate."

"Well, let's get our hands on it, already!" Desacrus, Rogue Warrior jumps up, "And if each bearer is an Alien, why don't we have one yet, c'mon let's go!"

"We do have one but it is locked up by Silver, High Wizard due to the potential for abuse, something which your Rank and Status did not make you privy to until now..." Silvestria, Mage Priestess informs him and then asks, "What are you gonna do, just go up to one and rip it off? That would be really typical of you..."

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior answers, "Yup! And if she is an Evil Enemy, I'm gonna kill her."



+15 ML Ethereal Spy Stalker Succubine - 3D Model Design © Kyle Lance Proudfoot

The Acquisition Of The Death Package

“We’ll start with the most potentially destructive one, your Numero Uno Suspect.” Desacrus, Rogue Warrior wireless downloads the results into his PAD.

“So, you’re really just going to go from here and steal it from her?” Silvestria, Mage Priestess stands with her hands on her hips and her eyebrows up in front of him, quite an attractive pose, considering her outfit and most Elves wear tight pants.

“No, first I’m going to Incapacitate the bitch.” Desacrus, Rogue Warrior reads his PAD, “A Taladacranor she is, likes to wear black, is a Small Weapon’s Master and Rebel Rogue Mutant type-o-fire-positive, Spy Assassin, has Null Ethereal Magic and a round Pixie-Like facial complexion with round eyebrows. Her Name is Vilvara, Ethereal Succubine and is on some Wanted List’s for having blown some rich Client’s the wrong way, loves Money, is High Ranking in her own Country and can be very deadly...”

“What she is carrying, I *am* damn curious about that!” remarks Silvestria, Mage Priestess, “O.k., you’re right, she needs to be taken out, but not for lunch...”

“Indeed, let’s go!” Desacrus, Rogue Warrior uploads Vilvara, Ethereal Succubine’s last known good 3D Co-ordinates to the Teleporter Mirror next to them so they can leave this fried World for another disastrous Vacation. In the mean time it takes them to be near-instantaneously teleported, thinking of what they themselves could do without even having to walk through the Mirror, it is like Time is already distorted disturbing tenses and pulling them accelerating and bending towards it from 1 - 100 meters away, a useful Escape Trick.

They appear near-instantaneously at Vilvara, Ethereal Succubine’s last pleasant Vacation destination, a peaceful white marble Castle City under a pink sky with the sound of the ocean nearby. Birds chirp in the Trees of a small forest which surrounds the Castle City. Behind them is the Gate which is in front of a large circular 4 meter tall thick hedge surrounding the whole thing for Privacy.

“Well, how pleasant, I can see why this wonderful peaceful place would be a Target for Vilvara, Ethereal Succubine.” Silvestria, Mage Priestess takes a look around.

Suddenly, previously unnoticed, 4 Laser Knight’s come a marching and 2 Laser Crossbow Men plus 1 Laser Captain Officer appear from the other direction. Desacrus, Rogue Warrior and Silvestria, Mage Priestess having been taken aback by the Hyper Modern French Renaissance surroundings with silver metal curve shaped molded Hi-Tech Cameras are caught off guard, surrounded.

The futuristic EM Laser Knight’s in full body pliable hardcore Metal Armor’s point their EM Laser Cyber Sword’s and Laser EM Crossbow’s at the two of them, “Tell us who you are, what are you doing here!?” Their Captain demands shining white blue silver.

Silvestria, Mage Priestess moves her hands slowly and hypnotically upwards while smiling, “We are just peaceful Traveller’s on Vacation, this is my newly wed!” She squeezes Desacrus, Rogue Warrior’s cheek while working her Charm Magic.

The Captain of the Guard does not even blink once, “You are not allowed to be back here, this is the Private Garden of her Majesty Riliar! How did you get here?!” He sounds somewhat indignant and has great upper inflection.

Silvestria, Mage Priestess looks around acting a little off balance, “Oh, but we’re so in Love and just climbed a couple of those vines on the hedges thinking this was a quiet garden where we could lie down and kiss! And what is that monstrosity?” She points and grimaces at the Teleporter Mirror, a black artificial contrast to the scene looking out of place amongst such wonderful green all around.

“You must leave immediately, follow us now! This is Private Property.” They do an abrupt turn about and march out with Desacrus, Rogue Warrior and Silvestria, Mage Priestess.

They get rudely thrown out the City Castle Gates with a Last Warning not to come back, “Well, that wasn’t too hard!” mentally laughs Silvestria, Mage Priestess.

They walk away, “Let’s activate our PAD’s now to pick up on her trail, it should lead us in a b-line to Vilvara, Ethereal Succubine.” says Desacrus, Rogue Warrior.

“What’s a b-line?” she asks. It looks like he got her, again.

“That’s when, like a bee, you go straight for the honey.” He smirks.

His PAD starts blinking, scanning for Vilvara, Ethereal Succubine’s Life Signature and the Residual Memory Trail she left on this Planet.

“There we go, she is still in the Castle Capital City, let’s go!” Desacrus, Rogue Warrior breaks into a light silent jog, she follows suit.

They follow a path to a ridge and behold a vast Capital City of white silver pinnacles and lots of white stone buildings in Hyper Modern French Renaissance with blue silver white metal lined styles and plenty of large arched windows, stone pathways, grass lots, benches, Trees, fountains and streets, roads and paths with all kinds of Species and Races of Human’s and Alien’s only and humming by Electrical Hover Vehicles.

Cross-referencing the now ready data over the blueprint of the Capital City, they see Vilvara, Ethereal Succubine is walking along an Open Market street, shopping.

“Guess she likes shopping for cheap stuff, strange...” says Silvestria, Mage Priestess.

They walk further down the steps to the streets of this large busy Metropolitan Capital City. There are large sidewalks making easy walking, also in white milky blue marble.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior comments, “This Capital City Rochardi really is Good.” In the shopping streets there are stores of all kinds in the happy mild sunlit afternoon.

Steadily and surely, they follow an intercept course to Vilvara, Ethereal Succubine who

seems to be unaware of any danger of their presence.

Turning a corner, they finally see her, in her short thin round pink semi-ethereal flesh form, walking by, paying no heed to Desacrus, Rogue Warrior and Silvestria, Mage Priestess. For a while they follow, curious as to where Vilvara, Ethereal Succubine is going.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior thinks to Silvestria, Mage Priestess, 'We should probably jump her quietly now, maybe she's delivering it somewhere!'

'Yes... good idea... if so we'll have a major typhus shit fight on our hands... Timing Is Of The Essence.' Silvestria, Mage Priestess silently responds.

They wait for a less busy street, Vilvara, Ethereal Succubine finally leaves the Open Market and turns into a quiet side street, still carrying the small black backpack.

'Let's do it!' Desacrus, Rogue Warrior moves rapidly and silently forward hovering across the cobblestones drawing his Sword Of Speed Sharpness And Accuracy and jumping in front of Vilvara, Ethereal Succubine's surprized face, "Don't move!"

Silvestria, Mage Priestess's eyes intensify directly into Vilvara, Ethereal Succubine, "Give us your backpack, you are a Suspect Terrorist!"

Vilvara, Ethereal Succubine frowns, "I don't know what you're talking about, get out of my way, you people are crazy, watch out!" She turns around to run for it.

"Hey, not so fast!" Desacrus, Rogue Warrior grabs her shoulder and performs a Tantric Finger Sleep Maneuver squeezing with only his index and thumb across the top of her neck and blocking the flow of Energy to her brain.

She slumps to the ground and he grabs her backpack with other Suspect Item's in her pockets while Silvestria, Mage Priestess cries wolf at passerby's yelling about some Woman who fainted. At the approach of running footsteps, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior and Silvestria, Mage Priestess take off of the ground, flying very fast back to the Mirror, escaping with the acquired Objective.

They listen at the hedge, as predicted there are Laser EM Knight Guard's at it this time.

Since the denizens of this Planet are primarily benevolent she does a Non-Lethal Null Wave Brain Knock-Out Attack on their unsuspecting heads as they both take a running Freestyle High Jump peaking at 6 meters height over the hedge.

Pressing 1 button, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior enters the 3D Co-ordinates of their next destination into the Teleporter Mirror, wirelessly from his PAD, a safe and quiet place where they can check the Death Package, a suspected Portable Planar Teleporter Device which is hopefully now in their possession.

Will it bring benevolence or malevolence to Humanity?

Analyzing The Portable Planar Teleporter Device

Back in an unoccupied World of great forest lands and meadows, enjoying the chirp of small pleasant birds, instead of the heavy wave length filled City's of an overpopulated World, they examine the contents of the backpack from their 1st Target.

It was a remarkably simple operation but they had the advantage of surprize; if she has her own Network of other Device Carrier's then she will have already notified them via the Teleporter Mirror.

In any case, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior rubs his hands in eager curiosity opening the backpack. Silvestria, Mage Priestess sits on a rock eating an Insta Sandwich smiling at a Squirrel-Like Forest Animal scurrying past on 6 legs... She tosses it a small piece.

He dumps the contents carefully on the ground in front of him: 2 plastic containers with Insta Food, a PAD, an extra shirt, a necklace, a brand new pink Laser Pistol, and a 4 cm in height, 24 cm in length and 8 cm in width elliptical gray silver Portable Handheld Device with buttons on top next to both sides of the length so it can be held with both hands and rapidly typed into and clicked on with both thumbs or other Alien fingers, it has the approximate shape of a UFO but with a flat bottom so it is not all wibbly wobbly and a flat top so the screen does not have to be curved, it is a shimmery flat gray screen. He has no feelings of guilt having succeeded at another Mission of the Laser Military.

He grabs the obtained Portable Device opening the cover and after a quick analysis presses what is most likely the start button, a larger center Red Button.

With a loud hum and a blinking Sensor it activates a blue and magenta Cone Of Swirling Light from the top edge of it, above the screen. Desacrus, Rogue Warrior almost drops it in shock, happy he was holding it firmly. This Cone expands into a rippling Circle, 5 meters in front of him, up to a circular Planar Doorway twice the size of a large Highlander. Thus, a Virtual Doorway with a cycling oscillating magenta border and shiny rippling blue content.

Silvestria, Mage Priestess stops chewing, "Woh..."

"Our suspicions are true, hey buy a Portable Planar Teleporting Device today! I wonder where this Planar Doorway leads to..." says Desacrus, Rogue Warrior.

"Probably by default the last place she gated to, moron, which would be where we just were. Read the screen!" Elves have always been of Higher IQ Level than brave, courageous, foolhardy and stupid Warrior Rogue Human's with few exceptions.

"Sure..." Desacrus, Rogue Warrior reads the screen out loud, "Plane Of Existence: Material, Middle Middle; Planet: Brochardi, The Greater Forest Region; 3D Co-ordinates: P, Q, R, X, Y, Z: 6.88465 15, 3.84671 15, 3.65646 15, 1.46202 15, 1.18543 15, 2.39275 15; Primary Element's: Earth, Water, Wood, Animal, Plant; Sentient Population: 157980, Primitive; Standard Time Shift: Expansion of Material Plane calculated in microns; Stability: OK; Anomaly's: None; Area: Forest Gate, Sub-Area: Select Known Area from Sub-Menu; TTL: 1 minute; Result: It is safe to travel to Planet Brochardi at present and no debris."

Silvestria, Mage Priestess tries swallowing, “Well... is there usually debris?”

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior remarks, “I’m sure glad this thing is also in English! It also has several more buttons, both soft and hard, should I press ‘em?” His eyes have a playful glint, after all it is always hands-on learning.

“No, you idiot! But, yes, yes, find the Menu’s and Sub-Menu’s!” Silvestria, Mage Priestess frowns her virtual eyebrows at his tempted irresponsibility, throwing a mental stone at him.

“O.k., o.k., no Manual, no Help function, no marked buttons, maybe it also has Voice Activation...” He sticks the thing in front of his face, trying to remain serious, the activated Virtual Portal in front of him does not change position, “Open Menu’s and Sub-Menu’s of Control Command’s for you!”

Nothing happens.

“Well, I guess whoever designed it doesn’t want some dog or cat activating it with Voice Command’s: Ruf-ruf and the Computer System turns on and Meow-meow it turns off...” Desacrus, Rogue Warrior tries not to show trepidation in his Voice.

“Here, you mongooooo!!!, give it to me...” states Silvestria, Mage Priestess.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior hands it reluctantly over, like a kid not wanting to share, as the circular Planar Doorway blips out of Existence with its own TTL. The birds have stopped chirping or flown away having perceived Humanity and all its Devices and Machines since the beginning of the Pleistocene Age and Leonardo de Vinci somewhat funny for why do you not just spread your arms flappety-flappety and drop like a rock off a building instead of flying there to another part of the Galaxy...

“You pressed this middle Red Button? Are you sure that’s a good idea? I’ll try a couple of the others.” Silvestria, Mage Priestess takes a deep breath, her finger steady and starts swiping Hyper Acceleration Mode Elven style.

It buzzes loudly at her first choice, “Damn, maybe it’s a sequence of choices.”

“Fun Game, is it also 3D?” remarks Desacrus, Rogue Warrior moving a little bit away from her as all her fingers now blur over the thing.

She tries different buttons out of the 10 choices and then the same button and then more logically a top middle button. It vibrates a little and the screen blinks on: “Music: Choose your Favorite Tune in 3D Digital Sound, only 100000 Tooney Euro’s per.”

“Well, she’s really got everything in this Device, doesn’t she!” Silvestria, Mage Priestess exhales, relieved it is fairly safe to experiment with her buttons, but with no Cancel Option’s she tries to play it a little bit safe, for having already hacked access to the folder and files of the OS she could accidentally Null Implode her whole core.

She eventually eliminates her choice combinations going through various Menu's and Sub-Menu's, such as 'Program your own Key Combination's'. Having familiarity with such Devices, her speed rapidly increases and she programs her own Choice Of Button's for a few essential tasks. She is done in about 15 minutes for the first comprehensive analysis.

"O.k., press the top left and top right button after the Virtual Gate opens to slide to a more specific Area on the Planet; the middle button is still the same." states Silvestria, Mage Priestess, "And, don't drop it, we have no Insurance on the thing, yet."

"Wow, you're pwetty clever! I wouldn't dare do it so fast." says Desacrus, Rogue Warrior.

"It's not so difficult, but flattery *will* get you everywhere." Silvestria, Mage Priestess moves to him and gives him the Portable Planar Teleportation Device.

He presses the Red Button again. The same Information reappears. He presses her programmed choice into it and the small screen splits. The new Information reads: Capital City: Rochardi; Other City's: Choose Sub-Menu; TTL: 1 minute; Result: Select a Known Area.' It activates the circular Planar Doorway again waiting for a choice.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior loses his patience, "This could get to be a major pain in the ass! Not more Sub-Menu's and what is only 1 minute waiting time?!"

"Well, it feeds off of Residual Energy, so it's not battery saving...What do you expect? Don't worry, it just takes getting used to, when I have more time I will program it more, configure it, secure it and optimize it, otherwise stop complaining ya Noobie. Here give it back, you ungrateful cretin! It's not like just press 1 button and it does everything, again, and it's not like I can do such here in 1 hour. I'll find its List Of All Known Areas."

This Virtual Doorway blinks out of existence again apparently conserving Energy. He now loses it, "That's just stupid. If I stick a near frozen beer back into the fridge then does it return Energy to the Universe?"

She spends some time with it explaining to him and telling him the Choice Of Button's. She finds the List Of All Known Areas and then her mouth drops open, "Oh my God..."

She gives it to him, "Look, this is not just a Planar Teleporting Device, this is a Time Travel Device! We totally scored!"

On the screen is a List Of Choices: There are literally hundreds of Planes, Dimension's, Universes, thousands of Galaxy's, hundreds of thousands of Planets and incalculable Point's Of Time in Timelines of the Past, Present and Future to choose from...

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior twitches, loses grip on Reality, and finally drops it on the ground by accident. Its Null EM Shield activates and there is no corticosterone released.

The Next Target Of The Mission

Enjoying the after vibrations of the Planar Portal in the air, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior decides to take action, "Let's get the next baddy, shall we?" They are next to a highway.

Silvestria, Mage Priestess nods her strong affirmation, her long blonde hair bobbing excitedly up and down, a good self-programming Session always helping.

He pushes a few buttons on his PAD with the updated Information from the Planar Portal Device and blippety a black Line Of Shadow Energy of the next perpetrator shows up in clear 3D Co-ordinates down to the cubicle meter.

"Righty-ho, let's go!" Desacrus, Rogue Warrior exclaims, giving it back to her.

Silvestria, Mage Priestess presses a couple more buttons on the Device and hummm the pretty bright blue and magenta Virtual Throughway appears instantly, once again.

They step through onto a bright new World, called Planet Epitophorus.

"It says here Lord Epitophorus killed 56543 Enemy's and then founded this legendary City... There are now vicious Rumor's that Vircingetoris is really the one with all the Power and Energy and Money... however, there is very little proof and evidences for he is listed as 320th in the List Of Top 1000 Rich And Famous." Desacrus, Rogue Warrior comments from the Annal's Of History Of Planet's Of The Known Planes And Universes in his PAD.

Silvestria, Mage Priestess sneers, "Guess it was worth it..."

Before them stands this absolutely huge expanse of a horizontally and vertically built-up City in the distance. It is 450 km's wide at its base and 15 km's high at its peak Sky-Scraper built on layered tiers in a rough circle so incredibly dense they make cement blocks look like cardboard boxes. The sheer presence of its magnitude, in only awe, is something to behold. There is an equally huge 2-way 8 lanes double viaduct highway leading to it resulting in a total of 32 lanes.

They stand at the edge of forest and plain admiring its well-trafficked phenomenal existence of highways having started in US in the 20th Century leading to it, this one is simply more efficient having 2 highways on top of each other therefore reducing traffic congestion by 50% already and it is fully automatic with the Vehicles connected into Null EM Propulsion Rail's using Null EM Grip's. It can even go at 2500 km/h but these cruise along at 250 km/h, "Well, somewhere in here is some evil bastard we gotta get, unawares of his horribly Negative Radiating Residual Memory Track, imprinted on everything, including the rocks! His Name is Saturius, Warrior Assassin, he has a large self-ego, an ugly demeanour, a very bad complexion, and a collection of scars from his Near-Death Experiences..." Desacrus, Rogue Warrior is enjoying himself.

Silvestria, Mage Priestess clicks her nimble well manicured fingers rapidly over her PAD, "Indeed, he seems to leave no proof or evidences whatsoever of his slaughterings and wrongdoings, however, unbeknownst to him he is as clear as day on this cute little toy..."

They advance in on his position reducing steadily and surely the possible vectors of his possible escape, "He is so *not* to be underestimated, what shall we do, leave him a quivering pool of blubber?" Desacrus, Rogue Warrior cracks his knuckles eagerly, massaging his hands, turning off the Character Class Profile screen.

The little blippety representing Saturius, Warrior Assassin on their screens comes to a halt at specific 3D Co-ordinates. The automatic Shield Scan and Update functions of their PAD's acquire specific details of his surroundings including streets and stores, also via wireless transfer from the Device: The Planar Portal Device and their PAD's do this in a continuous stream. With the multiple remote databases and Data Storage Devices of the Teleporter Mirror itself there is a near-infinite quantity and quality of data available.

After a few minutes of scanning the whole City their PAD's automatically generate new updated 2D and 3D Map's full of details based on such through the remote wireless streaming Interfaces And Channel's.

Silvestria, Mage Priestess is impressed, "Ether Parfume is not so bad, either."

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior laughs, "Ah Hah!" pointing his finger accusingly at his screen, "We'll catch him with his pants down..."

Silvestria, Mage Priestess humphs, "As if that doesn't happen to every Man..."

The City is dark, drab, dirty and ugly, yet strangely highly efficient in its square and rectangular monstrosity with very colorless cement steel glass buildings, all placed like big stupid blocks next to each other. If it was not for the sheer massive colossal design of the 450 km diameter of the entire highly developed Hyper Modern Industrial Complex, with buildings at even heights of 650 storeys, going in steppes up to 15 km's high, it would have no Class, whatsoever. The raped and tortured landscape outside the City is not needed anymore due to self-contained and self-sustained Apartment Factory's though many are arguing they should put Domestic Animal Apartment's there, thus fully automatic Slaughterhouses.

Approaching the front of a gray metal fronted Sex House, they try not to laugh at the slightly vibrating blippety on their screen. After all, this is a horrible killer they are after with possibly very valuable Devices and Information to help them on their Mission's to find the ultimate Source Of Evil which threatens to destroy Planet Earth I.

By now, the Gate has sucked everything dry up to the Centaur/Brownie/Pixie Forest...

"I suggest we storm in and take him by surprize..." Desacrus, Rogue Warrior draws his Bastard Sword Of Fire And Lightning flexing his other hand for Innate Psychic Action.

She agrees, 'Yes...', loosening up her fingers for High Unexpected Magic.

They casually walk in and ask for 2 Sex Playmates for a Sex Party on the 22nd Floor. The owner pleasantly obliges to the Tooney Euro Credit's. When they get up to the 2nd Floor

Silvestria, Mage Priestess casts a simple Sleep Spell on their two would be lovers who slump quite attractively to the floor on top of each other reminding them of the good old Bohemian days with all of the gorgeous colorful rugs, cushions and Greek wrestling.

Silvestria, Mage Priestess whispers, "He is so dead; I just love Low IQ-Level Human's..."

They walk down the very red purple colored hallway with chinz silver gold mirrors, tables with included aphrodisiacs and a somewhat heavily used Persian red orange VIP carpet though it is clean. They get to the door and with a large amount of exceedingly controlled violence explode through the door hovering rapidly through the air into the large similarly decorated bedroom with the bed to the right. The very en rogue richly colored decor lights up gloriously as Desacrus, Rogue Warrior and Silvestria, Mage Priestess charge into the room, Lightning Blast's and Electro-Magnetic Pulses arcing, a major shit load of Energy released from their 1st Attack, a whore gets severe cling on with a Hold Spell and is thrown to the ceiling unable to move and Saturius, Warrior Assassin, who's Automatic Reflex Defense System from his own Devices also automatically activate, gets seared from the discharging electrons.

Unfortunately, as his Reputation precedes him, Saturius, Warrior Assassin is no light weight to toy with. Apparantly, he also never takes his Automatic Defense Shimmer Cape Cloak with a silk red Chinese Dragon off, even while banging, and it generates in microseconds a Heavy Feedback Force in response.

With a powerful EM Shockwave Blast, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior gets thrown at terrific speed into the red metal wall destroying a fine piece of tantalizing Tao Art in the process.

Silvestria, Mage Priestess was behind Desacrus, Rogue Warrior so she can concentrate long enough on her livid half-naked Opponent to Cast a Spell.

Saturius, Warrior Assassin snarls, "Who the Hell are you fools?!" The lines in his face are very much accentuated by his grimace and his short near bald black dry hair straightens, his muscles bulge and the very substance of Energy Matter is bent by his Will Power directed at her.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior shakes his head and picks himself up from the pieces.

Silvestria, Mage Priestess and Saturius, Warrior Assassin are now engaged in a severely intense Battle of Will Power's, neither barely moving, like Time itself has temporarily paused, the very air warping around them.

She strains, sweating immediately, as Desacrus, Rogue Warrior watches, unsure of what to do, afraid to spark a Massive Implosion and/or Explosion Of Energy.

Saturius, Warrior Assassin growls in his hunched clenching 2.5 meter wide and 4 meter tall figure, "You should have stayed the Hell away, Noobies!" His head almost touches the ceiling while hulking.

Silvestria, Mage Priestess levitates halfway to the ceiling, a Mini-Rift almost opening from

the pressure between them and then wobbles back down perspiration dripping down her face, "We are, not fools, Mortal..." Her Voice strains to a hallowed scream, "... and weee sure as Hell are not Noobies!!"

At the very climax of the Spell Energy build up she suddenly releases the Energy Tension and with a twist of her whole body and arms she hurls Saturius, Warrior Assassin towards Desacrus, Rogue Warrior. Cutting faster than the eye can see, learned through years of practice, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior slashes him in half with his 2-handed Bastard Sword Of Fire And Lightning, the sheer heat of his Seering Particle Fire Blade augmentation plus the momentum instantly cauterizing the two remaining parts of Saturius, Warrior Assassin's body. No blood drops fly and his dead remains hurtle in two different directions wrecking two more horny paintings left and right to opposite walls with such a great impact that another whore in the adjacent room bangs the wall screaming she will call out his name to the establishment. His waist and legs end up on the bed with one last twitch and his head and torso end up embedded into the wall.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior gives the thumbs up sign, "See, fully cautelized, no blood splays, no ploof, no evidence, Holy Gluesome Spy Kill!"

Grabbing his valuable possessions, especially his Chinese Cape Cloak, they fly out the glass window with sharp glass, chunks of wood and a part of the brick wall exploding outwards with their Null EM Shield's And Spheres on, shards flying everywhere, before any innocents on the street can call the Authority's about the just occured commotion; they are pretty high up so no one the street gets hurt as several people dive and dodge for cover along the sidewalk, the building wall, behind cars, benches, poles and each other in this busy and popular downtown street.

The whore they leave stuck to the ceiling.

Not needing to physically go to a Teleporter Mirror anymore, they open a colorful Virtual Passageway in mid-flight to another more serene location where they can examine these hopefully important and valuable possessions of the no more Saturius, Warrior Assassin.

Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill!

Their Unacceptable Delay

Blasting through the air on their way to another safe haven on a peaceful Planet after escaping through the Virtual Portal, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior and Silvestria, Mage Priestess unexpectedly encounter a Wizard around a bend in the forest. His gray Robe Of Near-Infinite Degrees Of Gray gets blown back from the wind tunnel, his Silver Wood Staff gets knocked out of his right hand, his long silver white hair and no beard get shot straight up, exposing pointy ears, and he stumbles back throwing his left hand outwards and around to Cast a Warding Spell and to stop his fall on a large rock.

This peaks the intent of our 2 Heroes who also feel a little embarrassed about almost breaking the hip of some young man... They screech to a rapid almost instantaneous halt using their Inertial Field Dampener's.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior offers a stretched out hand from 5 meters away, "Hi! Can I help? Sorry, we scared ya like that but we're on a tight schedule!"

He gets automatically hurled back at 250 km/h from the Mage's already Cast Spell into the nearest Tree. Desacrus, Rogue Warrior slumps pathetically into the wet and dirty forest peat, still conscious though, seeing birdies and hearing twirpies.

"Who the Hell do you think you two are crashing through this peacable forest like such and disturbing my Herb Collection?!" The Mage's bellow is very loud and enormous at a high volume and decibel level.

Silvestria, Mage Priestess holds her stance, straining her Ultra-Sensitive Sonic Caracal Cat Ear's, her hands on her sexy hips and her left hip juttet upwards, "Oh no, not another one of those cute little Herb collecting magey Elven boys..." She raises an Elven eyebrow.

The clean shaven Elven Mage states bitterly to her, though admiring her form, "What do you mean boy? What are you doing with *that* dingy Human? Surely you can do better?"

Silvestria, Mage Priestess gets red in the face from the preposterousness of the average arrogance level of a Man Elven Mage, like one of her old teachers, "N, who the Hell are you to say who my Friend's are, you low-life Cantrip Cäster cantankerous young squirt? Do you, like, *only* condescend as most overconfident and intellectual Elven Men on all things but yourselves also scoffing at all other inferior Species since they all are such?"

The Mage has to think only 1 Blink, "Well, anyway, should we start cästing at each other, are you just going to babble and waste all my time, blow a lot of hot air around, waste Energy... or Games Up! Hi, I'm Silver, High Wizard!"

She goes very pale face and has difficulty breathing realizing who she just insulted, provoked and taunted, "M-m-master, I'm sorry, I didn't know it-t-t was you." She kneels down on 1 knee, "Forgive me, Lore Master, Lord Silver, High Wizard, Leader of High Council of Elves, Lord of Western Human Realm, Owner of High Ethereal Tower Of The Wizard's, 2nd Great Illustrate Seat of Chamber Of Collective Ruler's of Planet Earth I and 20th on Planet Earth, 2nd Seat of High Council, 4th Seat of Celestial Council and our

somewhat busy and secretive Master Teacher of Art's Of Light..." her Voice breaks at the end of the sentence, she loses a tear, and bows her head in shame afore her Master who sent her in the first place on this Mission.

Silver, High Wizard smiles largely and reassures her, "Very good, you haven't lost your memory and didn't stick any 'the's' in it... Ahhh, fear not, for I am in disguise! After all, I truly hate being disturbed while collecting Herb's and they tend to leave these two young fresh ones alone..." He snaps his fingers and his true visage returns.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior scratches his head, gets up, brushes off a couple leaves and states as a matter-of-fact, "Oh, so this is who you were talking about, well, yawn, you aim well, but I don't even feel it!" He, of course, returns the jibe.

Silver, High Wizard puts a long, thin, tanned and strong hand on his shoulder, "Now, now my Child, don't blame yourself, I am after all, here, on purpose, in disguise and you couldn't possibly have known or seen it coming, lol though, ye flew like a baseball..."

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior snides still peevy, "If it's so secret then anything with half an earlobe on this side of Known Existence knows you're here..."

Silver, High Wizard is not phased, "Well, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior, don't worry now, there's a sufficiently large Sphere Of Silence around us presently." He looks at Desacrus, Rogue Warrior with sharp piercing gray blue eyes showing his Genius IQ Level.

"Oh." is all Desacrus, Rogue Warrior can say.

Silver, High Wizard gets to the point lifting Silvestria, Mage Priestess's chin up with his left index finger, already long forgiven and forgotten, grabbing his Silver Wood Staff, leaning against the rock and lighting a herbal cigarette. The sweet soft soothing scent of Pure Organic Native Indian Virginian Tobacco wafts through the air, "So, I hear you two brave young Heroes have achieved some Success already in your Quest."

"How do you know?" asks Desacrus, Rogue Warrior still not sure how to react to a High Wizard except with clumsy Stupid Question's.

"Let's say, I hear it through the grape vine, continuously..." Silver, High Wizard looks a second time pointedly at him, "They tried to find a Cure, once, for a decade and a half of Trial And Error processes but then finally figured out that Telepathy and Telekinesis is not a Sickness, Disease and/or Gene Defect, it just has some Psi Effect's, get it, for years I've been cracking Jokes about the Psychic Patient, too. Now, I use a number of these Herb's and a Half-Vegetarian Diet to compensate for such and keep the Hi-Res Vibes and now and then turbulent instable Energy fluctuations in balance rather than add more layers and layers of Cocktail Brew's and/or sedate everyone, everybody and everything in Known and half of Unknown Universes again which do not actually target the bio-chemical structure of natural, semi-synthetic, synthetic and/or genetic complexes..." He finishes with a drawl and smiles once out of the right side of his mouth.

Fully hearable words materialize in both their heads, 'GET BANNED FOR THE STUPID

QUESTION'S, YOUR IGNORANCES AND INSULT'S ARE STARTING TO IRRITATE ME!'

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior blinks and involuntarily jerks his chin up, swallowing a couple times, his turn to go all pale face and he nods curtly, once, for he does Obey Rank.

Silvestria, Mage Priestess also gives Desacrus, Rogue Warrior a secret hand signal behind her well fitnessed tight toosh to stay shut up.

Silver, High Wizard continues, "You now have a Portable Planar Teleport Device in your possession and in my own Planar Travel's I've noticed distinct fluctuations in Quantum Sub-Space And Time Continuum. I am also, most certainly, not the only one who has noticed these disturbances. Now there is quite a stir at Guild Of Wizard's And Mages."

Silvestria, Mage Priestess blushes again, "We were going to bring it to you a.s.a.p...."

"Then why did you not bring it to me a.s.a.p.? Hmm?" He cocks his left silver gray eyebrow upwards in a large pointed triangle always liking Pure Logic.

She pouts again with no answer forthcoming.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior defends her, near-instantaneously, not deterred by attempts to shut him up, "I'm the one who had the idea to eliminate such Suspect Target's; there are still 7 to go, all of them evil bastards..."

"Oh? It was you?" He raises his other eyebrow.

"Yes, I convinced her." Desacrus, Rogue Warrior does not back down.

"Well, she shouldn't be so easily influenced by a somewhat chaotic Type of Rogue like yourself..." He crosses his arms across his chest.

"Yes, but sir, we succeeded in the Mission!" Silvestria, Mage Priestess argues.

"WHAT??" His great Wizard's laugh bellows in a certain quantity of amusement, "Your mission is much larger... this was only a part of it and is just the beginning." He spreads his arms grandly at the sky.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior holds fast, grimacing, "Yes, but, no... oh no..."

Silver, High Wizard waves his 'but' aside, "Yes, you succeeded at your part of the Mission. Give me one good strong reason to keep you on..."

It is Desacrus, Rogue Warrior's turn to say, "What? Really, then go find yourself someone else who can defend Silvestria, Mage Priestess sufficiently with Innate Psychic Capability's and Rogue Warrior Skill's, Weapon's, Tool's, Power's and Energy's like mine which are particularly suited for these Mission's and are not weak, if that's the case."

Silver, High Wizard chuckles, "Come now, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior, don't react so quickly,

I want to give you an Award, Reward and Payment, if you so prefer, even a Promotion in Rank and Status with Faster Brownie Point's and a Tooney Euro Payment since that was pretty damn funny of Teleporter Mirror... See, first you have to convert your Gold, Silver, Copper, Euros and Dollars into Tooney Euro's otherwise it does not accept Tooney Euro Transaction's for quite a number of Services."

This time it is her turn to cross her arms and frown, "What?! You listened in and followed us around, too?"

"How else am I supposed to keep an eye on you two young wild ones or intervene if you get in too much trouble? You are both too valuable to us and the War Campaign."

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior scowls but has to admit to the smartness of such a plan, "What do you have in mind?"

"I was thinking of each Mission Award and this," he pulls a small green black opaque very smooth shiny stone from his Gray Wizard Robe pocket, "to help you on your Journey."

"What does it do?" asks Desacrus, Rogue Warrior as he examines it to no avail, "I like its green black marble color though..."

"It helps you to do exactly what you purport to be so good at."

"And specifically..." Desacrus, Rogue Warrior rubs it, liking it even more, and feels strong.

Silver, High Wizard switches to Telepathy, since someone's object can be a private thing, 'It is a very powerful and energetic Near-Infinite Charge Null Electro-Magnetic Near-Infinite Modulating Defense Shield And Sphere. It took some time to make, endow and augment and will eliminate the nuisance of Enemy's biting at your heels, hounding you and jumping on your back or even damaging you in Battle: Only the most powerful and energetic foes will have a chance to penetrate it, it is also perpetually ON.'

Silvestria, Mage Priestess opens her eyes wide, "What kind of danger can we expect on the next part of our Quest?"

"Well, part of the reason I'm here, is that your less knowledgeable meddling has awoken, or activated, if you prefer, Dark Ones, those who walk in Shadow only, normally, except now your excessive usage of the Portable Planar Portal Device and/or Portable Time Travel Device has caught their attention and lit up your own Track Lines. This, next to the problem that you still haven't found any viable solutions," Wizard's can rant on for a long time when they get peeved off, "for the Negative Entropy Vortex growing and sucking the life out of everything in its diameter which is only expanding each day. It's so bad, now, it doesn't even function as only a Teleporter Mirror, anymore, which is unfortunately not what we expected, its functioning was upon now and here based, however, now it's a doubly worse compounded impact fracture problem of Multi-Planar Interference, like some long term Chronic Sport's Injury, and most likely involving some very Evil Alien Species and/or Races such as very Power hungry Alien Insect's being also Programmer's, Inventor's and Owner's of their own god-ugly versions of it. It was meant to be a Neutral Device to

promote Inter-Planar Trade And Commerce, between Planet's and Galaxy's, and build up Alliances which should be used for Good and productive ends, not by killing thousands of World's since Millennia ago and trying to enslave the whole Universe, but now they have come in proximity to Planet Earth I, even Planet Earth could be threatened, and a highly probable Invasion Plan of some kind is thus eminent. To worsen things, as usual, High Council is not taking such a threat seriously. And damn, I had to use 1 'the'..." Silver, High Wizard really has no problem of shortness of breath.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior and Silvestria, Mage Priestess stare pathetically at the truth of the matter. He does pay attention though, "But what about the malfunctioning Portal?"

"They are calling it no more than an *anonamaly*," he accentuates the mispronunciation of the word with mild sarcasm," caused by corrupted code, unfortunately the Faster Brownie Scientist's and Engineer's and their own IT Expert's also have very little proof or evidences to state the contrary, or me suggest a whole Alien Insect Invasion Plan again. One more thing, you now have No Permission to go on any more Enemy Murder Mission's which would not only expose you even more but antagonize them to an extreme degree and our own are not so invulnerable that they cannot be retaliated upon."

Silvestria, Mage Priestess fumbles with the buttons on her perfectly sewn blouse with Desacrus, Rogue Warrior swallowing drily a little and she mumbles, "Uhhh, yes, oh Lord Silver, High Wizard, we humbly apologize and accept the next part of the Mission's."

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior nods vigorously, too.

Silver, High Wizard smiles magnificently spreading his arms open again, "Excellent! That's the Good Brave Spirit! It's never hopeless, ya know..." He claps Desacrus, Rogue Warrior hard and friendly on the shoulder from 2 meters away, virtually and remotely with Telekenesis, which almost knocks him straight off his feet.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior blinks again, "Woh, tks..."

The 2 Heroes Insta Teleport, are gone, by a snap of his High Wizard's fingers, off to recruit more Ally's for Planet Earth I.

Soon Planet Earth I, unbeknownst to their people, will have to Battle and War with Enemy's more powerful and energetic than they can ever predict.

The Horrible Serpent In A Higher Plane Of Hell

Sensing a significant increase in the disturbance in the Force, Silver, High Wizard decides to do an Out Of Body Session to explore the Astral Plane in a safer less insubstantial Astral Form.

He goes off to his High Ethereal Tower, swiftly, flying aloft the most gorgeous scenery of the higher upper winds. With another snap of his fingers, upon arriving at the high pinnacle of his High Ethereal Tower Complex, it rematerializes out of Ethereal Invisibility. Silver, High Wizard likes his mountain range, he likes his self-sustaining livestock and farmers, he loves his pinnacle reaching so high into the Heaven's, it almost touches GOD above the highest rock on the mountain; it is 2.5 km's in height and 250 meters wide at the base and is cylindrical angling smoothly and evenly along the entire length to 2.5 meters at the tip of its top all gray white and lined with silver blue. There are only 4 windows half way on each side to admire the great view. It makes Silver, High Wizard happy there are few birds to disturb his scant sleep, the fleeting dreaming light sleep most Wizard's suffer from, their Body, Mind, Spirit and Soul so closely connected to Higher Planes Of Existence.

The gray silver wood panelling of his High Ethereal Tower is mere surface Illusion to the solid stone masonry beneath interlaced with Lines Of Power, Lines Of Energy and Spell's Of Warding. Not even a heavily armed and magically potent Army afoot and/or flying can take Silver, High Wizard's mighty High Ethereal Tower Complex, though raiding Pirates from the southern shores in the hands of Prince Danor did try a century or so ago. Silver, High Wizard's Ethereal High Tower is essentially Secret Ethereal Invisible, a Planar Node in the fabric of Space and Time with Portal's to various World's and Timelines.

Upon entering the High Upper Chamber of his Ethereal High Tower, it restores its Impenetrable Ethereal Invisibility automatically. In any case, his Earth, Water, Air, Fire and/or Ether Guardian's on a continual sleepless watchful observance and protection of the Area and all entrances/exits are enough to smooth out discongruencies.

Silver, High Wizard puts his blue silverlined in good old Celtic and Scottish fashion nicely and very intricately decaled Cloak Of Flying And Planar Travel And Time Travel on, his coat hanger next to the open Hyper Modern Feudal-Like Castle Tower window and admires for a couple moments the magnificent view of the mountain range and plains stretching as far as the eye can see below, to new horizons of opportunities, like the Null Infinite Potential gain of 1 million dollar bills.

With a huff he drops himself into his favorite plush soft supporting Comforty Silver Lounge Chair in his fully decorated High Upper Chamber. There are silver framed Renaissance mirrors, Tree plants, very high quality and expensive red brown carved wooden tables offsetted by some shiny chrome and glass statuettes perfectly positioned on the circular gray hard wood panelled floor so that it is not too crowdy. On the perfectly curved walls there are also colored Hi-Res Science Fiction/Fantasy Art and Space Photos from very famous Elven and Human Genius Artist's. The ceiling is a light gray dome with a silver metal chandelier to provide most of the high halogen lighting providing very white clear brightness so he can read his many books on many Topic's from the hermetically sealed glass doored bookshelves which fill up the rest of the walls. He also has a Hyper Modern

Advanced AI Home Computer System and a Hyper Modern Paranoid Defense System in the last remaining space on the walls and other Fixed and Portable Computer Devices.

Lighting another herbal cigarette with multiple flavor's, he usually smokes too much, he contemplates the twinging, twanging and pulling tugs of Dark Lines Of Entropy coursing through sub-reality disturbing the Balance as shown on his many Monitor's. He considers whether he needs any of the Mages for this task. It being, this time, primarily a Recon Mission, he decides not to call upon their help, mostly not wanting to spend so much Tooney Euro Coin and/or Credit for what is most likely a perfectly safe Mission...

With another huff of mild irritation of getting little useful Information from such, he gets rude, cursing some awful meaningless petty things under his breath and retires to a nearby room, what he likes to call the Chamber Of Planes. Here he lights Incense Of Evil WardIn, Incense Of Dream State, Incense Of Etherealness, Incense Of Loftiness, Incense Of Higher Thought, Incense Of Numb And Dumb. He dawns his Cloak Of Astral Travel on top of his other Cloak Of Identity Change, grabs his Staff Of The Planes in his right hand, turns on his Orb Of Foresight and lies back in his reclining silver lounging Chair Of The God's And Goddesses, which is still a most fine acquisition, he thinks to himself in the back of the recesses of the rooms of his mind entering a Trance State, and is quickly gone from the physical world... His strong Silver Thread Of The Dream State extends out from his Physical Body and rising rapidly to the Heaven's his mountain range becomes a mere pinpoint from Space itself. Huge Silver Ethereal Wing's suddenly pop from the back of his shoulders at the zenith of his ascent. With enormous Power And Energy of ex libris ad potentius majorus he dives straight back down again gaining an incomprehensible quantity and quality of Energy Force And Momentum. Silver, High Wizard accelerates and sparks course around his Being as he reenters the atmosphere. Going faster, faster, faster, faster than any Known Record he plummets, twirling a little bit for the fun of it, and rips through the very Matter of the Earth itself. Silver, High Wizard's Negative Energy augments and he Null Dampens his Null EM Field so as to arrive in a Higher Plane Of Hell unnoticed in full Secret Silent Stealth Mode. Silver, High Wizard shows up in another Universe in another Plane Of Existence full of Dark Shadow's and murky Lines Of Evil And Entropy. Floating in Space itself, there are no paths here, no fences, no signs to guide the way, only such complex inter-connected Lines Of Energy in a Type of 3D Matrix Grid Map of the Track Lines of Evil Soul's and Spirit's who passed this way... He Mental Scans everything up to Long Range. If all goes well, Silver, High Wizard will not even be detected by any of the lower continuously pissed-off Evil Minion's in this Higher Plane Of Hell where Thread's Of Evil's try to make connections to the Middle Planes of the physical Material Plane Of Existence; Planes Of Hell being also quite material are in Lower Material Planes Of Existence. Fortunately, there will never be enough Negative Dark Evil Power and Energy Lines to reach the Planes Of Heaven's, thus Higher Material Planes Of Existence, for the very remote and distant Gates Of Heaven's through Space and Time itself and multiple Universes and Planes are very heavily guarded by even Angel's themselves. Other so-called Immaterial Planes where there is only Soul, Spirit and/or Mind exist in between and throughout and within and without such Material Planes Of Existence, unseen and unheard, intangible, never noticed except for the occasional Poltergeist or Miracle Healer.

'Weeeeeeee, but we do hear their screeeeaming pain and mooooooans of pleeeasure...'
Silver, High Wizard just has to break his tension by citing an old classic Horror Film.

A Dark Line Of Entropy takes a whipping lick at Silver, High Wizard's Cloak Of Astral Travel. With a wave of his hand he knocks it back and its mindless probing nature with Life Energy Draining looks for other bindings.

Silver, High Wizard starts his next Subtle Scan this time radiating from his Staff Of The Planes, his second most favorite Magic Item since it is 2200% undetectable.

The more insidious Lines Of Entropy acquire a mild blue silver white fluorescent glow from the eyes of Silver, High Wizard as his scan radiates outwards and he is imbued with its essence. Thus far, nothing unusual. Silver, High Wizard moves onwards allowing for the necessary time it takes to penetrate the distances with his low-level unnoticeable scan.

'There!' Silver, High Wizard thinks to himself, after what seems like an immeasurably long time his senses tuned into his Magical Item pick upon a huge, very dark, very thick tubular Dark Black Evil Serpent in the far otherwise unseen distance, 315.63 Shadow Year's away.

Silver, High Wizard races towards it, his sensation of Life Sucking Energy numbness increasing significantly, the horrible feeling of upcoming inevitable doom almost overpowering, the strong Pull of Entropy somewhat overwhelming...

As he approaches it picks up on his presence and suddenly turns towards him, an extremely hateful, evil, menacing face of an enormous Shadow Tentacle Monster with red glowing eyes and massive black grinning fangs, actually on the front part of a very long black Smoke-Like Body with a very strong Aura of Negative Dark Evil Energy. Apparently, Silver, High Wizard just disturbed its very disturbing munching; this is not Good...

Silver, High Wizard's mouth drops open, never having seen such a Hell Creature except in Book's Of Hell Creatures Lore, and is very surprized at being detected. He tries to think of how exactly this monstrosity is connected to the failing Teleporter Mirror...

It attacks Silver, High Wizard, its eyes glowing even more.

Silver, High Wizard augments his Null EM Spheres And Shield's at a max of Power And Energy hoping such will give it a bite back. He also holds his Staff Of The Planes in front of him while racing forward at Hyper Shadow Speed's.

It comes at him too with a verocious velocity.

There is a small Silver Blink in Space Time itself as these 2 Polar Energy's collide. The resulting huge 150 Shadow Year radius Null EM Ripple Shockwave makes Silver, High Wizard bend over backwards in effort. He then slams his Staff Of The Planes into its head. It screams bloody murder, these horrible sounds ricocheting through Higher Hell Planes coiling back from the pain of the piercing Power And Energy of a Silver White Light Cone.

However, Silver, High Wizard must flee, for it is too powerful and energetic, having granted himself just enough time to escape...

Revlis, Vampire Demon Investigates The Disturbance

Revlis, Vampire Demon wakes up with a jerk, like from a Nightmare, “Glug!”

Flipping gracefully down from his upside down half-coma position, he Glugs a Bottle Of Pure Human Blood which he needs for the day’s activities...

‘Ohhh... whyyy must weee sleeeeeeep...’ Revlis, Vampire Demon thinks to himself in his Vampire Demon Mind State.

‘In the howling of the moooon, there is a dark sinister presence, even more evil than meee, and my own feeeeding...’ Revlis, Vampire Demon was rudely awakened by the sudden stabbing of some large disturbance of the Balance in Existence into his Psyche. These gifts of his he has had centuries to hone and practice to a fine chiseled point. His own Genius IQ Level greatly augments the effectiveness of his Innate Dark Black Evil Psychic Capability’s. He is 100% Pure Evil in not only his Absolute Capitalism sense: Your whole life, everything you do, each thing is some Type of Contract, they just watered it down too much, when you can just rip up this one in half, do the job get paid and if you do not or betray me like that I will Fire you and/or rip your head clean off your shoulders.

He puts his Cloak Of Shadow And Etherealness on over his regular black attire and enters a Trance State floating upside down in the middle of his Gothic Chamber adorned with black silver red decorations.

Revlis, Vampire Demon enters another State Of Awareness, much closer to the Astral Plane Of Existence.

‘Man, do I ever have a bad case of temporary amnesia and insomnia combined with dosages of bi-polar dyslexiva...’ Revlis, Vampire Demon thinks to himself and pokes a Typhus Tooth as his Night Vision and enhanced Hyper-Sensitive Hearing attunes to the realms in between.

The perceptual awareness of his Dark Mind’s Eye, its a Dark Globe alright, also expands outward, reaching, probing for this awful imbalance in the very fabric of Space Time itself. He Sensais the influence of an Evil greater than his own, ‘Low-Life Stupid Human doesn’t know what’s gonna hit him: What’s a Low-Life? \$100.00 for a whole month...’ He ponders his Low-Wave Scan further while Psychic Glugging several unsuspecting living Creatures in a 100 km radius to augment his Power And Energy to 1500%.

Arising out of his Mortal Coil in one of his three most favorite Form’s: Bat’s, Smokes and/or Black Silver Wraith’s, and in Ethereal Smoke Substance this time, Revlis, Vampire Demon spreads his scintillating, shining, huge Black And Silver Bat Shadow Wing’s and exits his sepulchered body to search for this Source Of Disturbance in Stealth Silent Secret Mode.

Sensing Lines Of Resonation And Vibration Disturbance, he makes his way along various Virtual Pathway’s in Time Space itself flying very fast.

Having to necessarily avoid sacred Areas created by Shaman’s of the past, who also

made fully comprehensive 3D Matrix Grid Map's of many Universes, if not already all of them, he is able to effectively ween out the stronger more disturbing Lines Of Disturbance, Lines Of Evil, Lines Of Dark and Negative Energy, and has to laugh hard, once again, at the Stupid Human Species and Races in their ever slumbers of superstitious Ignorances.

Revlis, Vampire Demon, after a long time of sublime twirling and flying through Ethereal Space via Astral Portal's to the underworlds where most such emanations originate from, comes across a very thick tubular bundling of Dark Energy Lines, or also defined as Shadow Energy Lines, horribly entwined with Lines Of Entropy.

'I go now into it, vat das vuk op it!' Revlis, Vampire Demon does a very poor English, Dutch and German combined sentence for B- Stupid Violent Black Bad Multi-Language Grammar And Spelling Humor. He then strains psychically in proximity to this dark strand going directly through the Blinking Shadow Portal to the underworlds.

Revlis, Vampire Demon repeats, 'I go, wat the *Hell* is this?!' He cannot even touch it for it is very extremely sucking all Types of Energy and anything else it can feed on.

He considers following it down through other Lower Portal's to Lower Planes Of Hell but is not sure how far deep and down to what Lower Plane Of Hell it exactly leads; such regions can even be very deadly to him despite having Near-Invincible Capability's and Near-Infinite Power and Energy in his own rights of his now 1000+ years of Immortal Existence.

'Well, this bodes only ill, what monster of the deep is tryin' to wield its ugly head again...'
Revlis, Vampire Demon likes being poetical now and then. He has also never dropped his Renaissance Nobility roots when he was turned on the garden terrace patio with parasols leaning against a Tree, tongue kissing and closely holding her to his lean strong body. There she opened her fangs and sunk into his neck and then a single cut across her tight petite pale breasts and dribble-dribble-dribble her blood into his mouth with another long lasting deep kiss and plenty of pure natural high ether red wine.

'Hmm, who should I call...'
Revlis, Vampire Demon also likes epitaphial Dark Poetry.

Revlis, Vampire Demon likes the fact he is very oversensitive and paranoid, '...if you are not paranoid then you are just plain dead, or if you are not paranoid then you are just plain stupid...,' he paraphrases one of his Numero Uno Top 10 Favorite Quotes. When he has time to perform, he is Revlis, Vampire Demon Rock God, a singer and drummer.

Revlis, Vampire Demon very much seriously dislikes Invasion's On Privacy, unwanted Visitor's, intruders, noise disturbances, Stupid Human's and/or being Comprimized By Noobies for how many times this has happened to date.

Revlis, Vampire Demon loves his Immortal Existence and the taste of the nightly Blood Drinking, Life Energy Sucking and Dark Black Shadow Feeding and the peace, quiet and sudden screams which come in the night when all other Creatures but nocturnal predators are sleeping, half-comatose, defenseless, unconscious, gone from the world, not here. And he also repeats one of his Top 10 Favorite Counter-Argument's to himself, 'Everybody has to sleep at some time, that is when they get you and put a plant next to your bed...'

Revlis, Vampire Demon hates such extreme disturbances in the Force, the Lines Of Power and/or Energy, Thread's and Fabric's of Existence, in Chaotic Dis-Array, for in all things there must be Balance and they do not know the Great Order in our Negative Hierarchy. And, he repeats once again, 'My Clan's and Tribes are not theirs... they are the young and fiery chaotic ones who have their first tastes of Freedom's and Liberties...'

And more of his favorite contemplations, 'Obey Or Die. Is it just a Motto? And, my God and/or Goddess and/or GOD will never be yours.'

Revlis, Vampire Demon is not an Evil Murderer and does not even technically need to kill his Victim's, only out of Self-Defense in Battle, 'Iiiii only need to drrrink, not eat, my Victim's, and all these centuriesss, I stillll loook for my long lost loved one... I suck Shadow Energy and I am still not sure why we need and/or want their Life Energy, certainly not Light Energy, isn't that a basic self-contradiction, or is it by the fact you lack it you are attracted, or is this how we Cell Regen some of the dead cells, well that Noobie just does not have any Bwain Cell's, the No Cell Theory...' He smirks to himself.

'For in the sublimity of his Anal Intellectual Elite Thought alone, he can see almost all things... and they dare call themselves 'Enlightened'... how can it be ever more than Near-Enlightened... what more is there but Infinite Enshroudment...' Revlis, Vampire Demon picks another Toophus Tooth, keeping a safe distance away from Nightmares beyond, wondering if anything will come through other Hell Gates, 'And with all the Information on Internet they could not apply it right to save their lives but stuck it in their own greedy pockets and conducted another act of mass suicide of Stupid Humanity...'

'With even another mass Genocide what is the significance of their whole short-term Life Cycle of 0 - 100 years of working, fighting and suffering to just result in more minus signs and deficits everywhere like going around in clockwise circles to their inevitable dooms...'

'What is the purpose of killing our consumer? What is the point of killing our own feeding ground? Without Negative Entropy to populate the Star's we will also go extinct in these Space Sector's and be forced to retreat, like the Wraith, to their Lower Hell Planes.'

'Is it not there Cannibal Nation which is killing and destroying it all...'

He contemplates, too, whether or not it is such a Good Idea to wait for whatever comes out of it from Lower Planes Of Hell... if such a Worm-Like Thread goes through such Hell Portal's than maybe he should not hang around.

'It is so not a one way street...' adds Revlis, Vampire Demon, to himself, 'And, how many times have we already ended the Debate as they go on and on in their Superstition and/or Ignorance? They call *us* not benevolent with all their Warfares?'

He flexes his very strong thin bony fingers and sharp red lacquered centuries old claws. His eyes glow an opaque black, impenetrable.

He flexes his White Razor Sharp Fang's, Double Layered Silver Steel Titanium Vampire

Teeth, which Vice Grip the neck of his Victim after he fully Horizontal Hover Lunges himself. He also can Horizontal Hover Left Lung Lunge Attack to get fresh wet young left lung tissue for his own ever dying cells. He does this a couple times to break the tension, learned from many Battle Scenarios, waiting patiently for prey who do not show up on time, 'In the shadows I will be, waiting upon thee... Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill...'

He does not blink as the dark tubular vein pulsates, suddenly doubling in diameter.

'Shit, maybe somethin' doesn't even need to come out, or has already...' Revlis, Vampire Demon therefore thinks backwards, 'After all, the whole World is upside down, all the time, all the pure black pinnacles of the Sky-Scraper's of our Left Corporation's point ever downward into Near-Infinite Space and Infinite Time, all the time, through all Timelines in One Infinite Timeline itself...' He decides to find the Enemy Target of this Nemesis potentius ad majorus, instead of the much less favorable option of hanging around for something big and nasty to come through, a far too dangerous Opponent even for a very powerful and energetic, yet cautious, Vampire Demon, 'Ya, it's pretty thin alright...'

'And our Wight Russia also built such Masterpieces of Architecture and before you knew it there were such Sky-Scraper's from west to east and north to south on each Continent.'

'And you keep forgetting the Demon in me, Foolish Mortal...'

Going into Hunt Mode, and not even needing his Black Sunglasses Of The Sub-Spectrum or loads of 20000+ UV Crème this time, he flies through the Astral Plane Of Existence, 'The world is my playground, and I do not like oysters...'

'Blastin' down the highway in my X-Machine, like it's nobody's cream...'

He, of course, has his own cute little flat black round PAD, too...

In no time, Revlis, Vampire Demon blasts through the Teleporter Mirror at phenomenal speed sucking the life out of everything nearby and screeches to a halt on the dead landscape of Planet Earth I which has now reached the edge of the forest.

'By my God of Hell Fire, vyyy did I not pick up on this sooner?' Revlis, Vampire Demon looks around at the destruction, the blackened Tree limbs at the edge, the ground dried out and cracking. His Dark Aura is strong with Negative Energy Reverbration, here in this desolate landscape, to help protect him next to his Shadow EM Shield's And Spheres.

'Well, this has got to be pissing off a few Civilization's around here...' Revlis, Vampire Demon smirks again to himself.

This one moment of losing guard, as is the way with Creatures of the Night, is the very moment the Spy Stalker becomes the stalked; he himself is also a dark feline Black Shadow Military Jaguar of the night. Having apparently picked up on his Track Line, Revlis, Vampire Demon has inadvertently led something large and gargantuan writhing with Shadow Tentacles of Evil Negative Energy to the Teleporter Mirror. He can barely turn around in time as it hurtles a Shadow Tentacle airborne at extreme velocity straight into

him; apparently it can dismember itself.

The only things which save Revlis, Vampire Demon are his Super-Human God-Like Hyper Fast Cat Reflexes and he Insta Explodes into a flock of bats; being in his Ethereal Smoke Substance Form he does not have any resistance to its Shadow Tentacle.

He flaps chaotically in hundreds of seperated bats to find cover in the Tree line coalescing into one whole form again.

However, it seems to have a fine nose and Revlis, Vampire Demon can only hit the prone position cursing venomously as it now crashes through the large oak Trees after him destroying everything in its path. Its black bulbuous huge clumsy body has to actually bounce along and be pulled and pushed by its Shadow Tentacles. It has a large mouth full of its own Black Razor Sharp Teeth.

Revlis, Vampire Demon roars with his fanged maw, his whole elastic face bending and blasting out Wind's Of Poison And Rippin' Deaths, and he levitates rapidly straight upwards trying to buy time for a Counter-Attack. It follows immediately. It makes a strange humming sound. Revlis, Vampire Demon has just enough time to draw his Razor Sharp Long Saw Sword Of Entropy and his Rapier Of Speed And Shadow and cuts down in very powerful and energetic diagonal slashes forming X-Lines as it Hurtle Lunge Jumps at him.

Revlis, Vampire Demon is hit by 1 Life Suckin' Shadow Tentacle which has no effect on him as it hits his 2 Sword's Of Slashing Slicing And Sucking Energy and explodes into 4 clones seperated from itself.

Revlis, Vampire Demon roars even louder, this usually scaring an Opponent so badly they turn 180° near-instantaneously and sprint for their lives, waking the entire Area and uses his Telekinesis to Rip Tree another one right out of its roots and hurls it faster than the eye can see straight into one of the 4 clone entities. They land a ½ km away, splatting up and down in distress, spluttering a couple more times and then are unmoving.

Unfortunately, this was enough oppurtunity for 2 Enemy Shadow Tentacles to impact him at the same time, directly in his right chest causing a very heavy EM Shadow Implosion. Revlis, Vampire Demon goes tumbling to the left, using Vampire Demon Judo to reduce the impact, somehow losing his grip on his Saw Sword Of Entropy and impacting the ground at about 56 km/h.

His Cloak Of Shadow And Etherealness also protects him for plenty of such Shadow Energy is absorbed or passes harmlessly through.

His Power's And Energy's are augmented by 1500% but he makes a small crater in the ground. He then decides to use his Surprize! Attack. He turns around holstering his Rapier Of Speed And Shadow as more Shadow Tentacles come flying straight at him again. He stands straight, throws his arms up in the V-Sign and tenses.

An Arc Of Intense Red Fire explodes out from his spread arms and straining red black clawed fingers hitting the Attacker's directly head on. The cloned Shadow Tentacles die

instantly exploding into little bits of shadowy strings.

Revlis, Vampire Demon Null EM Shadow Teleports to a more open grass Area between still standing Trees. The Black Tentacle Maw Monster who has already regrown its Shadow Tentacles lumbers after him and lashes down with another thicker longer Shadow Tentacle but this time he dodges at Hyper Fast Speed's. It rips a thick deep line straight through the solid temperate forest ground like it has no substance.

"That's it!!" Revlis, Vampire Demon roars again, his eyes pulsating red black, his snarling fanged mouth, his evil complexion throwing fear in almost any would be Enemy. This one, however, does not seem to have a brain.

He Hyper Fast Blur Attacks straight at the maw of this great beast and before it can say 'boo' he embeds his Rapier Of Speed And Shadow deep into its belly with an additional Hyper Intense Particle Red Fire Explosion augmentation. It explodes spectacularly with thin dark shadowy twisting and twirling black goblets of goo and shadowy strands shredded and flying everywhere. A small price to pay, they splat all over him, too...

He sees a large 3 meter by 2 meter canine Dark Beast, a kind of Hell Creature, who came to help it out but a little bit too late, running away rapidly getting routed. Revlis, Vampire Demon reacts near-instantly and throws as fast as he can his Dagger Of Venom straight at its bouncing retreating head.

A timeless moment of Slo Mo ensues as some invisible inherent algorithm in Physical Reality decides whether it or the Shadow Dagger will get to the Teleporter Mirror first...

Revlis, Vampire Demon's Heart Burn Of Darkness beats once and all he can do is howl in rage as the Dark Beast disappears through the Teleporter Mirror with no doubt the message to its Master of his Recon Mission...

His Dagger Of Venom thunks into the frame of the damned Teleporter Mirror, just too late.

Revlis, Vampire Demon, for the time being, does not know what to do and mourns grievously, having no idea how he is supposed to explain his own to date lack of AI, Information and this Recon Mission to his Master's, not to mention his cover being blown.

There is nothing worse in his Rank's than looking stupid himself or miserably failing.

A Warlock Looks Up His Secret Contact

Silber, Psionic Warlock looks to the skies, Planes Of Past Battles passing before his visage as he recollects upon a thousand Victory's, the images of such in translucent gray silver passing through the very clouds themselves.

It is his favorite Type of Weather, large very bright white cumulonimbusses and exceedingly clear blue silver linings shining everywhere. A hot sun and a fresh cool breeze fills his nostrils and lungs with great giving Life Energy as he leans back upon his terrace chair stirring calmly and steadily his Elven cocktail glass; it is green blue long and fluted with a similar colored 40% alcohol and fresh ripe organic forest fruit.

His eyes flash silver blue with white outlines, oscillating to a different frequency than the slow regular Trance-Like slow blinking of his eyelids, his staring focussed small pupils, a pure light blue with a gray low suffused glow, the only clue to his Deep Memory Scan of past Event's of his great, mighty and heroic life as a Leader of Great Army's in many legendary Battles and War's...

These scenes continue to pan across the Heaven's in his expanded Psi Vision as he searches for the clue to the building Event's and rising tensions on Planet Earth I, in these Civilization's and on the Extra-Terrestrial horizons in every direction. Never before has he sensed and noticed such a rise in Chaotic Energy's, globally.

He leans back a little further in his white Flexi-Metal Plastic Compound Silver Lounge Chair giving the appearance of definitely enjoying himself on his Vacation. His servants have been told to stay on the beach for the rest of the day and his lovely Bi-Sexual Alien Woman Sex Slave is lounging horizontally, 9/10 naked on a natural high in his Master Bed.

Suddenly, the entire passing Record Of Event's on his silver blue round PAD shaped like a smooth oyster which can be opened into a screen and a keyboard, it is 20 x 10 x 2 cm allowing for size and grip of his large German fingers, darkens severely; his Hi-Res 3D Holographic Projector confirms the presence of Evil, Shadow and Dark Lines Of Energy and Timelines in them.

In fact, it is off the scale. Silber, Psionic Warlock blinks twice and asks for a Check And Recalibration. He presses the Replay Button. Sure enough, the same impossible reading.

'So,' Silber, Psionic Warlock thinks to himself, 'the 8.65 hours of an exceedingly boring not moving state of meditation and trance, scanning all frequencies, was worth it...'

The dark scene billows with what appears to be a somewhat smoky whooshing of reptilian scaled wings. It is then gone with a blank length of Vid Record, eerily .60 seconds long.

Silber, Psionic Warlock checks a ridiculous stupefying quantity of decimal places by telepathically commanding his Hi-Res 3D Holographic Projection Device. A long line of zeros is returned sending chills up and down his spine, 'How is this possible, what is the missing data, who or what would do such a thing... Get on it, my Computer!'

He presses a button to call his Stealth Space Jet to him and suits himself into his Near-Infinite Battle Armor impervious to ALL Weapon's in Known and Unknown Existence even Point-Blank Laser Cannon Blast's though the knock-back is a real kick, in front of his exquisitely carved Closet Of Mirror's Of The Past made of an ancient dead red wood smiling a little at his half-comatose lover after the Love making hard backwards style in his lieber hosen posen für das herspiegelen der leben...

The solid humming of the Null EM Propulsion Engines of his Space Jet arrives already.

He steps into the Ultra Comfi Battle Pilot Cyber Cockpit and the Brain-To-Wave Command Console activates automatically scanning his unique DNA, Eye Retina, Hand-Print, Body Composition, Voice Analysis and active and functioning Brain Waves and Neural Network plus his Life Signature.

'Did I miss anything...' Silber, Psionic Warlock wonders to himself as he activates the 267 Step Initiation Sequence, his finger tips rapidly blurring in front of him, which only the equivalent of an Immortal Elf with a Near-Photographic Memory can remember; even if he does get KIA'd then his Spirit goes back to the Elven Hyper Modern Science Laboratory and clones a new Host Body whether such be biological, bionic, robotic and/or cybernetic.

In all of 5 seconds only, his Silver Laser EM Stealth Stalker Space Jet, a very advanced Laser EM Fighter, zooms off into the vertical horizon.

His Space Stealth Jet oscillates between Planes in Stealth Mode honing in on the LKG Signal's and 3D Co-ordinates from the Hyper Modern Cyborg Path Projector using near-infinitely complex algorithms, vertices and vectors loading into his multi-functional PAD.

'Why are you curving and swirving dramatically in an S-Line in a very obscure Planar Route through these friendly planeties, my Computer?' Silber, Psionic Warlock politely and psionically asks with a cutting edge to his thoughts.

His Laser EM Space Jet Computer responds in a deep Telepathic Man Voice, lightly gruff, 'You ordered me in Stealth Mode and don't forget the debris, again...'

'Oh,' he rolls his eyes around, 'I meant take an efficient route, too, not that they can see my embarassment or anything, my Computer!'

'Oh, pardon et moi, Boss...' it puts its tiny meek Hi-Pitched Peepy Voice on for the amusement of him...

Chill, Groove, House, Dance, Club, Metal and Space Techno entertains Silber, Psionic Warlock as blasting background 3D Hi-Def Hi-Res Hi-Dec Digital Heavy Space Techno Music is perfectly contained within the Null Dampen EM Field.

Finally into FREE Space he hits the Trans-Planar Drive Button at 25000 km/h along the Planar Route Plan Projection and manually controls his Null EM Laser Fighter also always preferring manual overrides and manual landings, otherwise they are all only dependent on hackable Wireless Computer's or hit by Null EM Pulse Blast's and lose all functionality.

They thought he was just 'plane nuts' for this at the Laser Military Academy but then installed Backup System's with the necessary Teacher's And Training for such once he made a couple more sardonic Smart Suggestion's.

His Laser Space Jet spirals downwards exiting Known Space and Time and enters the Higher Hell Planes at phenomenal speeds to go look up one of his Secret Contact's. He does not expect a friendly response considering the last visit.

Silber, Psionic Warlock whistles, like a bird, softly to himself, "Oh yes, long live Info Suck's... la la-la la la... a little mine here, a little mine there... a little mine everywhere..." Basically, his contact has a regular Upper Higher Hell Portal at his disposal and still owes him one from a past lenience though is heavily armed with many Robot's and Cyborg's.

At the correct interjunction his Laser Space Jet takes a left off of the Planar Route Plan having recalculated with Deep Space Scan's rather than just the saved preconfiguration.

Silber, Psionic Warlock taps his fingers to the very loud music, imagining Very High Frequency Elven Opera Of The Ages, having no sense of a harmonic tuned Voice himself which was the major reason he chose next to the mandatory Battle Tactic's and Battle Strategy's, Bird Whistling instead of other standard choices, liking cute little Bogey Jokes since the beginning of Warfare of Humanity at the Laser Military Academy. They also laughed him out like Noobies for that one but then he did some Noobie Setup's to them.

His Laser Space Jet fully Cloaked And Shielded silently screeches to a halt at the front Space Dock Door about 2 meters away of the Space Portal Asteroid bristling with armaments. He counts to 20, this is the part he likes the best...

'Hee hee hee... I'm clever...' Silber, Psionic Warlock enjoys his small victory having approached at a huge Velocity, completely undetected, something to also brag about to them in the days to come for he is now also a Teacher And Trainer at LMA...

Silber, Psionic Warlock puts on his All-Purpose Space Suit and exits his Space Cargo Vehicle, which he has also disguised his Space Ship as for the fun of it, thinking with amusement to himself, 'The vehicular displacement vessels lead to a far greater mobility in Space and Time itself though going in there unarmed with Space Cargo still just ranks up there with 'I trust you, really, I do, pls stab me too and get it over with sooner'.' Floating in between his Space Ship and his Secret Contact's heavily armed and defended Space Pirate Trading Base he manually knock knocks on this Hell Mutant Alien's front Space Dock Door liking his sense of style.

Every Silent and Sound Alarm in imaginable and unimaginable existences are triggered.

This very loud, mechanical, not echoing evil and angry Man Voice shouts in all directions, "WHO THE HELL IS IT, BEFORE I ANNIHILATE YOU AND YOUR PETTY VEHICLE!!"

Silber, Psionic Warlock responds neutrally, trying not to crack up, "It's me, friend, comrade, compadrio, old pal, oh great, immensely impressive and oh, so well connected Demon Hell Spawn Trader of the untouchable Higher Planes Of Hell, do you not remember cute little

not so innocent bi-polar me...” He waits for the consequences.

“There you go, again!” Dimsoddoth exclaims, “This Near-Infinite Quantum Particle Wave Analysis Machine is getting a little sludgy...” A loud impact sound is heard, “...that’s better, this is your Voice Analysis, at ‘Die Mortal!’, uhhh, I mean, how did you not get blown away by my Laser Turret’s?”

“Yup, it’s me... MAZZSilber! Duh. I have some Space Cargo to pack you back with.” Silber, Psionic Warlock lamely impersonates having also disguised his own appearance.

An undescrivable sound, a lot worse than the first triggers Silber, Psionic Warlock’s Caracal Ear Null Dampener’s, “HOW DARE YOU!! Last time you cost me 26000000 TE!”

“‘How’ is indeed the keyword...” smiles Silber, Psionic Warlock.

“It better be worth it and YOU...” a huge clawed dripping Fire Blood Ethereal Finger points at him through the 3D External Vid Com Panel, “...will tell me how you did such by the time we’re through here or I will...”

“Just let me in...” yawns Silber, Psionic Warlock.

“You’ve got 26 hours...” states Dimsoddoth, “...just for that stunt.”

“I’ll tell you all about it... after all, just tune in...” replies Silber, Psionic Warlock as the Laser Cut Black Claw and Skull Framed Gaping Maw of the Space Asteroid Pirate Trading Base Space Dock Door opens...

Silber, Psionic Warlock Battles The Fire Demon In Its Asteroid Base

The dark enchiseled Hell Portal whooshes to a close behind Silber, Psionic Warlock who does not even blink twice at the massive 2 Hell Spawn Spiked Demi-Human Guard's greeting his entrance.

They say, "Come this way..." in gruffled low Growl-Like Tones in their guttural Demi-Human Voices. The Space Dock Door is in the right back corner of the corridor. There is a dark gray rounded metal hallway which curves to the left with Flat Screen's lining the walls playing some Hell Multi-Media. The typical taste at this time is B- Stupid Violent Black SciFi Horror Humor, always good for a laugh.

Silber, Psionic Warlock does not hesitate and pulls out his 2 Silver Electrifying Sword's. A bright light flashes a Silver Electricity Overload Slash as he decapitates both of them in half with one single motion. There are two loud thuds and thunks as their overloaded fried four halves fall to dark metal grated floor.

"See, also near-instantaneous!" He exclaims with a grand smile.

His Laser Jet Fighter goes to a safe distance out of Laser Turret Range.

Silber, Psionic Warlock silently sheathes his 2 Silver Electrifying Sword's. He leans against the wall and lights this time a Full Bio-Dynamic Organic Grown By The Full Moon Menthol cigarette...

"Wellll, that was no challenge, why don't they just put a sign here 'Welcome to Hell!'"

Apparently, his highly unexpected Near-Insta Kill Attack caught them off guard without any doubt triggering his Fire Demon Mode who's Psionic Hell Fire Scream is heard from the center of the Space Pirate Portal Asteroid.

"Oh well," chagrines Silber, Psionic Warlock, "didn't expect it to be *that* easy either..."

As if he saw it coming, he flicks his menthol cigarette towards the left opening in the dark hallway, 10 meters ahead of him, where a low-level red suffused glow shines. The menthol cigarette bounces, once, twice, and he triggers a Green Fire Explosion Spell while drawing his fine 2 Silver Blue Laser Pistol's.

2 Horrific Fanged Mechanized Robot Humanoid's come running around the corner turning right and start opening up with Portable Rotary Full-Automatic Heavy Ammo Cannon's.

The explosion is so intense, Silber, Psionic Warlock's Automatic Null Defense Shield's And Spheres get automatically activated. However, even if such fails he has his Near-Infinite Battle Armor and Japanese Scale Cyber Helmet.

There are only charred dead body gucks left on the blinking Flat Screen's recording all the action on the metal walls and ceiling as they walk into his Noobie Setup Attack and he also reflects their own Ammo against them, their green gray black complimentary colors a mere

diffuse reminder to sins long forgotten, thus performing a good Defense Tactic.

He rolls into a kneeling position next to the left side of the doorway at the left branch in the corridor where they came through firing his highly crafted 2 Silver Blue Laser Pistol's and sniffing at the rising smoke, deadly nerve paralyzing Poison to any Human.

The loud jarring screaming Fire Demon Voice of his Secret Contact crackles through the damaged sound system.

"WHAT THE HELL, are you doing, MAZZSilber?!" His outraged Fire Demon Voice does not echo but merely repeats fathomlessly at great depths.

Silber, Psionic Warlock having already blown away his Secret Contact's pretenses responds mechanically, "I am doin' some clean up work... you lied to me and betrayed me on a Drug Deal gone awry... not to mention try to murder me with contaminated Poison Chemical Factory shit via via and wipe out our Dumb Stupid Tourist Area, and then you hit me with that goddamned Turn Off Black Out Kill Shit Party Drug, what the Hell do ya mean don't smoke your own?? I am supposed to smoke their shit?"

"WHAT?!!" He howls.

Silber, Psionic Warlock does not rapidly run across the wall through the corridor to the next Smooth And Silent Sliding Door's but floats forward neatly off the ground. He deftly destroys 2 Laser Turret's which drop down from the ceiling to the right and left of the doors with two perfectly aimed Laser Blast's.

Silber, Psionic Warlock activates several Defense And Offense Belt Devices and still looks for the challenge, twirling in midair, doing his next Spell, or rather, Psionic Blast.

Sure enough, the doors explode inward with his augmented Psionic Blast.

Metal wreckage flies through the room. A light smirking is heard in the dark gray metal walls. There is only the darkness on this other side with clouds and trails of gray smoke, in a very mechanical room, like some long overused Military Machine on its last wheels.

The acrid smell of exploded metal boxes is almost intoxicating.

Silber, Psionic Warlock gives up guessing and tosses for the fun of it a Medium Area Effect Incendiary Grenade Bomb into a Dark Area at the back of the room to the left of the doors.

This massive Particle Ripping Blue Fire Explosion, after it white flares, shocks, blinds, and releases these most fine exceedingly bright white blue silver sparkly lights for all to admire.

A groan is heard and another loud Kr'thunk hits the floor.

Silber, Psionic Warlock takes a peep around the corner and there is coincidentally one Big Black Muthafucka' with a large highly advanced Pulse EM Power Rifle lying dead on his face. Its keeled over hulking form with Hi-Dense Armor and Thick Scales did not even

have time to pull the Weapon Trigger.

Suddenly, rapidly, Ultra Fast Spider Robot's jump out of their protective shelters and in exquisite glory they open EM Red Fire Beam's at Silber, Psionic Warlock who takes a Quick Scan of the circular Greeting Room with six gray white metal columns of various Death Scenes, a large black flat oval table in the middle adorned with many Object's Of Death and Computer Consoles in the walls of this round chamber. He smiles in the left corner of his mouth as their first hits have no effect on his Null EM Shield's And Spheres.

They are quite large being 2.3 x 2.3 x 1.15 meters with 8 Ultra Fast Spider Robot Arm's with a spherical shoulder socket, a thick strong back arm, a narrowing strong forearm and a very sharp angled claw, a total of 1.3 meters in length; with these most Victim's and even Metal Machines get ripped to pieces very rapidly. They are flat gray, pitch black and have red glowing eyes, claws and neon linings.

Silber, Psionic Warlock rolls for cover to the nearest column pulling out his multi-adaptable 2-Handed 2-Meter Huge Double Edged Sword, its super sharp honed down edges glinting: One of its Capability's is it can change size from 2 centimeters to 20 meters. More EM Fire Beam's pass harmlessly by his form which Phase Blur Dodges back and forth, his Null EM Shield's And Spheres mildly oscillating, confusing them greatly.

The 1st Ultra Fast Spider Robot jumps, faster than the eye can see, at him. It gets sliced in half with a terrific crunching sound as Silber, Psionic Warlock's Huge 2-Handed Cleaver slashes through it to the solid metal of the metal gray tiled Alien Metal Compound floor of this Chamber Of Greeting Death Worship.

More metal wreckage fly through the room and drops of EM Fire Plasma melts some holes into consoles, columns, walls and floor.

The other ones start jumping around back and forth taking Ultra Fast Spider Robot Arm slashes at him and he has to swing multiple times as they hurl past his nose.

Running at and twisting rapidly off of a column, horizontally jumping 90° to the right, he points his Huge 2-Handed Cleaver forward taking out the second one, and not for lunch...

Metal wreckage ricochets in all directions and the corrosive drops spray all around; his shielding deflects all of such.

Silber, Psionic Warlock raises his left hand in a Null EM Blast Attack of High Energy Telekinesis. He knocks their black red metal frames back so hard a metal pillar is dented using their own EM Fire Plasma against them for additional Damage.

The sound is deafening, metal tearing up metal at stupendous velocities as he dodges, sidesteps, jumps and Phase Shifts back and forth. This Area is now covered with debris.

"And back then they did not use masks, goggles, earplugs, full helmets and/or Cyber Helmet's... Volume -10%." says Silber, Psionic Warlock feeling his hot pointy ears and reducing the volume of his surroundings somewhat.

He then suddenly collapses to 1 knee from a High Frequency Ultra Sonic Attack. His Peripheral Defense System's in his Japanese Scale Cyber Helmet kick in automatically.

A Huge Res Dis Vibration builds up aimed at Silber, Psionic Warlock. The decibels alone, starting at 143 db are 100% Lethal Damage for Human's. These ones hit him at 1500 db.

His Cyber Helmet Of Holy Justice on top of his Near-Infinite Battle Armor usually protects him versus such attacks, but for some reason the Fire Demon is able to up the notch a Hell of a lot higher than his Item's are used to: With the other necessary Defenses active his Japanese Scale Cyber Helmet overloads.

The air itself sends out quantum standing wave patterns, the walls begin to shake.

Silber, Psionic Warlock's PAD goes into Over Drive, hyper accelerating calculating the Path's Of Attack's and Defenses and probability of success of hits of different Route Plan's. However, too late for the cigar...

He keels over dead backwards clutching his ears.

However, Silber, Psionic Warlock's Virtual Head snaps up, blue silver Ray's Of Righteousness arcing out of his eyes as he enters his Astral Form. The Lethal Damage to his body and brain left with Critical Bwain Cell Damage is left to Bwain Regen at an accelerated rate with Regen Stim's from his Near-Infinite Battle Armor and is Null Teleported back to his Laser Fighter. Next to the fact that Dimsoddoth, Fire Demon is highly distracted to change the EM Frequency Modulation of the Null EM Shadow Spheres and Shield's of his Base, he thinks he is now dead. Silber, Psionic Warlock having already accounted for this possibility had his Space Ship hack into his system and be prepared to Null Teleport his dead Host Body a.s.a.p. out of there.

'Damn, I hope I don't need to regen my hollow host puppet body too long...' is all he psis to himself as he Psionic Blazes down all the corridors simultaneously in augmented Psychic Glory, taking the shortest route to Dimsoddoth, Fire Demon at the end of the line.

Lit up in a red glow in between Planes is this Fire Demon, pulling the strings, in his Lines Of Influence, an Intense Glowing Ball Of Red Fire at his evil corrupted core, his eyes and teeth a lighter shade of putridy, all gaping and fanged. He is moving his semi-translucent arms back and forth on consoles. He is a very deadly Enemy who should never be underestimated, capable of even possessing Human's to commit the worst heinous acts imaginable and then blaming and/or sacrificing the Host Body.

The problem is this Fire Demon is in a fully isolated room surrounded with a huge evil deadly Arsenal Of Weapon's not to mention harnessing its own Power and Energy.

A horrendous laughter is heard through the spaces in between as Silber, Psionic Warlock realizes his predicament; his chances of getting anywhere near him are near nihil.

"Shall I departicalize all your walls?" asks Silber, Psionic Warlock telepathically audiating

his Spirit Voice through signal interference, resonance and amplification of his Spirit Signal into Analog and Digital Signal's, as friendly as he can, as he plugs in directly with his Spirit into the Computer System.

"WHAT, you a mere Spirit Elven Warrior now? Cute trick that..." The overly arrogant Fire Demon adds to his reply, "Well, well, very clever, also access to the Com System... Scan!"

"I have already taken over all of these nodes! Did you think by killing me that you would stop me..." proclaims Silber, Psionic Warlock quoting an age old saying.

"Stop blushing foolish Mortal, we are in Hell, I can read every last one of your thoughts even, not to mention scan your Spirit Energy..."

"Well, I guess they're reading 'dead already' or WATTS!!" Silber, Psionic Warlock's Electrical Screaming Overload Spell is a definite attempt to trash the Fire Demon's Computer System, "Always get even, never get angry..."

Silber, Psionic Warlock jumps through a node into an adjacent room and crashes his Virtual Fist Of Smashing into a Flat Screen on the wall demonstrating some actual very loud and violent Poltergeist Visual Effect's and Sound Effect Samples.

"DIE MOTHAFUCKA!! Overload!" Silber, Psionic Warlock pumps more Null And Quantum Energy back into the Fire Demon's interfaces, 'Then there shall be stillness and death of the Evil which so torments us so... Cease And Persist.' He emphasizes his thoughts.

Silber, Psionic Warlock takes on Wing's Of Ethereal Silver and flies through the Digital Portal's to his Enemy, like they are shining glittering reflections in pools of water, the burning Sun ever looking back upon us, the silver Moon ever smiling down on us.

Silber, Psionic Warlock blasts through the Computer System with his Spirit Form and near-instantaneously appears next to the Fire Demon beheading his Enemy with a single sweep of his arm before it can even blink, Silver Lightning And Electricity crackling in basic static bipolar synchronous spiking of circuitry to 400000+ Volt's and Watt's of pure streaming Silver Light And Electrical Energy through its neck and then triggering an extremely bright Implosion Explosion into the Fire Demon.

Its Fire Particle Explosion is spectacular. It drops dead, inanimate, with no head and its Spirit Form is also quite literally decapitated, departicalized and disintegrated, a billion red silver particles curving out in all directions and then dissipating into Near-Infinite Space.

Its Soul gets sucked down into the Lower Planes Of Hell screaming the whole way.

He Spirit Portals back to his body in his Quantum Planar Laser EM Stealth Space Jet where it takes him a whole 1 hour to Ear Cell and Bwain Cell Regen.

In no time, Silber, Psionic Warlock's Space Ship blinks the Hell outta there...

The Fully Absorbed Dark World

Silver, High Wizard leaves High Council after a heated Debate about what is happening about the threat to their Country and World, mildly pissed off. As usual, High Council denounced all his Warning's of how the Energy and life sucking Mirror Portal is most likely a sign of a greater danger to Planet Earth I itself...

Being somewhat irritated and very convinced of his own Lucid Dream's through the All-Seeing Eye Of The Magus, Silver, High Wizard decides to take matters and energies into his own hands.

Returning to his High Ethereal Tower amidst the snow, pine Trees and mountain rocks, accessible only by flight, he activates the full Defense And Scan Capability's of his Ethereal High Tower planaring between all Planes Of Existence, except the worst imaginable Hell's and most wonderful Heaven's, to avoid temptation either way...

He focuses himself on his important task in this 1 World, in this Material Plane Of Existence, trying to figure out if it is possible, or even probable, to save Planet Earth I...

Having the task bestowed upon him by the God's and Goddesses themselves for punishment and past wrongs and arrogance Silver, High Wizard contents himself with first some Incense Of Trance And Meditation before melding his mind with his Ethereal Tower planaring itself reaching up to a very great height in the sky.

A white blue silver Band Of Arcing Light spreads horizontally across his frontal lobes encompassing his entire Vision as he lounges back in his steel chrome upholstered Silver Chair Of Planar Travel at the top of his Ethereal High Tower now pulsating with a magical translucent white gray silver light.

Nothing of this is, of course, is naked to the visible eye, the Null Dampen Field eliminates all potential emissions for unwanted over-curious Priest's, Priestesses, Psionic's, Psychic's, Wizard's, Mages and/or Mystic's who might coincidentally be in the Area, not to mention other much lesser intended Rogues, Demi-Human's and other evil and/or ill intended passerby's.

Silver, High Wizard's projects his Mental Body beyond Space and Time to the Timeless Plane where all things are observed by the long row and circle of Buddhas who protect the innocent from marauding Demon's and Daemon's. He says a quick little polite 'hello' with a short formal wave of his left hand palm forward at head level and one of the Buddhas winks at him. The rest are motionless.

He looks down upon the Sphere of the Material Universe, its ripples, vibrations and expansions a pretty site to look upon. He Mental Scans for the source of Dark Lines Of Disturbance and Evil causing the Mirror Portal to be possibly dysfunctional wreaking havoc upon its environment. Otherwise, it really is hacked to shit, corrupted, hijacked and is by purposeful, conscious, willfull Evil Intent draining the Life Energy from its surrounding region killing all life and slurping up huge amounts of Energy while increasing Entropy.

The entire Globe of the Universe coalesces once again around his mental perception as he zooms into the Source Of Dark Emanation's, long Dark Shadow Tentacles reaching out, feeling, sensing, probing, surrounding, coming from a small Lower Planet near the Hell Planes in the Lower Material Plane Of Existence; the rest is obscured way further down.

'Ahhh...' thinks Silver, High Wizard to himself, 'they have established a stronghold on one of the Lower Middle Planet's...'

Very powerful Shadow EM Shield's And Spheres obscure and hide this overrun Dark Planet preventing any normal Type of Detection Method. In fact, this World is so completely absorbed with Pure Evil he can feel its black glow with his keen Human and Wizard Higher Senses. He travels closer to it at far beyond the Speed Of Shadow, able to use highly augmented Speed Of Shadow Capability's in these regions.

'Oh my God...' Silver, High Wizard's mental mouth falls open in horror, disgust, shock and repulsion, 'What a horror and evil finds me here...'

Keeping a safe distance from the totally corrupted Planet's biosphere, avoiding their Defense Scanner's, despite the safety of his own Ethereal Form, he sees in his Astral Vision a huge cylindrical Funnel Of Dark Energy sucking directly into this World.

Not being so foolish as to tap into the Source Of Dark Energy, it is quite obvious it is coming from the Hell Planes below, the blackened earth of this once pristine Planet is a scar upon Mother Nature herself...

Silver, High Wizard hovers in Space and Time itself and telepathically scans for Life Form's on the surface. First there is nothing, however with a Deep Mental Probe he hears this clitter-clatter of sharp claws on stone, like mandibles scraping on bone. He amplifies the signal for himself only. A Type of Hi-Frequency hissing and strange sharp rapid Alien Insect Language fills his brain with very disconcerting Hi-Res Vibration's. A kind of raw, extremely disharmonious, Null Negative EM Vibe hits his chest and his Detect Evil Proximity Sensor Alert Mechanism goes straight off the chart...

Silver, High Wizard Wards Versus Evil and projects his Double Ethereal Body deeper into this barren Planet so as to identify the Life Form's of the potential Enemy. He flies through spaces in between, layers of dark atmosphere, black earth like semi-transparent veils of images passing by. Mistake, therefore...

This huge head-splitting Super Hi-Frequency Razor Sharp Scream hits his head like 1000 Volt's Of Electricity. He staggers in horrific pain into some subterranean rock, a damp and very dark Chamber with huge pillars of black ebony and exceedingly complicated intricate engravings on all the walls.

To his absolute horror there are thousands of Crustacean-Like Killer Alien Insect's of an Alien Origin all hyper busy with some important task and all communicating with each other in a rapid sharp very complex Alien Insect Language, all at the same time.

The pitch of the sound is so irritating and aggravating to the Human ear, Silver, High

Wizard involuntarily plugs in his Virtual Pointy Ear's which he got as a gift from the Elves who he is a Friend of, not to mention a Messenger; having become a Master Spirit Traveller he makes his so far inactive Host Body do such, a very difficult learned Skill to maintain Conscious Control with it at the same time. The Vibration's and Wavelength's are so intense and dense he can only float midair above their activity through the sharp edged dirty rocks without moving, completely Invisible and with Zero Emission's hoping to GOD whatever the Hell these Alien Insect's call themselves do not sense his presence.

He is sending a Lo-Wave Stream of virtual data collection, with his extremely subtle and barely unnoticeable Lo-Wave Scan in the background, back through a Chain Of Ethereal Body's, Spirit Nodal Point's, to his Ethereal Tower. The transfer of massless Information is practically near-instantaneous only limited by the medium and there is nothing in between but Light and Shadow with many layered EM Field's, Lines Of Energy and Nodal Point's.

'We are only limited by the medium...' He thinks to himself, again, never tiring of this line.

Silver, High Wizard is never frightened by anything, except the sky falling down or that Wave Of Death across the Continent again, but he cannot help grating his presently immaterial teeth calculating to the Nth derivative in his head as to how long he dare remain here collecting data...

It is of utmost importance he get enough vital Information of who and what the Hell these Alien Insect Invader's are and to most definitely not get caught, alerting them to his presence, 'Wouldn't that just piss High Council right off, if I unleashed a horde of Killer Alien Insect's on my Planet by accident...' Silver, High Wizard almost smirks to himself, 'It would serve 'em right, though... how long they have blatantly ignored such Warning's and/or Threat's, how long they somehow persist in a State Of Denial, Ostrich Effect and/or Dump Sand Over It All, again, but then too late again... and then again Alien's show up in the Future and find a perfectly straight row of Ostriches with Steel In Improv Dildos stuck up their butskies from the south coast of Pakistan to the middle northern border of Russia and wonder if it was a strange Ancient Primitive Ritual of some kind, they then harvested them for Fossil Fuel's... they would probably even try to blame me as far as Wizard and Mage Politic's go these days...'

After about 20 minutes, transmitting about 20 Terrabytes of data back to his Ethereal Tower In The Sky, distance still requires some time, he finally loses his nerve and blinks back to his 1st Ethereal Body. Feeling completely saturated and nauseated from the huge quantity and quality of Negative Energy in proximity he does a couple Good Luck Spell's on himself and flies at Hyper Light Speed's back to the comfort of his cushioned Silver Chair Of Planar Travel.

Coming out of a very intense Astral Projection Session, Silver, High Wizard jerks forward spasmodically and passes out on the floor...

He awakens to the loud buzzer of his Life Support System's in this top room of his gray white silver blue Ethereal Tower In The Sky.

His head snaps up and Dark Vision's of doom and destruction, with Great Fires and clouds

of black smoke, huge Army's, Battles and War's pass across his eyes. He keels over backwards, frothing from his lips, twitching a couple times and passes out again...

This time his cute furry Hybrid Pet Cat comes along and wakes Silver, High Wizard up by licking his face.

Silver, High Wizard jumps straight up 2 meters into the air and shouts, "Holy Shit!!! Sparkiola, I got to move fast!"

Silver, High Wizard Null EM Teleports back to High Council.

The Near-Impossible Mission

Silver, High Wizard materializes in the Chamber Of High Council as Wizard's like to do. This is not so disturbing with preordained landing positions.

The intrinsically carved mahogany wood of High Council Chamber arcs way up decorated with exquisite Celtic details showing off very long lead-in-glass windows portraying the Heroes, God's and Goddesses of past Legend's. The 12 windows framed with double arches as if carved by Master Elven Craftsmen themselves travel $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way up the domed ceiling, the lines meeting in a perfect circle of glistening silver filled with incredibly complex complementary blue brown orange colored spiracle forms, leaves, mandalas and symmetrical artistic representations of great long forgotten existential deep mysteries of Reality, Life and Planes Of Existence with white gray black contrasts surrounding the scenes. The symbology of this Immortal Center of their Capital City Apolopolis, and Planet Earth I, which Village Primolus has grown into reflects in every detail the greater Universe outside. It is as if you can almost see, touch and feel vibrant Power and Energy coursing through the building. It is also connected between Planes and very well protected.

Silver, High Wizard always has to stop for a couple of seconds for a breathtaking timeless moment looking up at the flawless dome.

There are several Magistrates, Politician's and Nobility conversing quietly amongst themselves about important State Issues several carrying fine Elven Wines and fruitful liqueurs. The acoustics are so refined you can hear a silver pindrop in the adjacent room.

The masterful handcrafted Celtic furnitures are all upholstered in the highest quality red green purple velvets, all made of the strongest oak. Silverware, gold chalices and emerald candleholders rest on tables as if there is not a single Thief around or none would dare.

Silver, High Wizard asks urgently the nearest Noble where the Head Magistrate, Apos II, Great High Wizard, The Great And Magnificent is. The Noble tells him he is retired in his Private Study Room on the 8th floor. There are 12 round arched levels around the center.

With a snap of his fingers, he loves doing this too, he Null EM Teleports up to the room outside his Master's door. The entire huge complex is similarly designed though Silver, High Wizard does not have time to enjoy the great view of the massive Trees of the forest protectively defending this stronghold in their slow swaying. He notices only the soft hum of Automatic Defense System's at each door and window before knocking.

"Come in, come in, I know it is you..." responds a strong full deep Man Voice with a Scottish accent, rhythm, tone and inflection which they are always recognized for.

He enters quickly, feeling the urgency and importance of his Message.

The large well kept white beard of his Master is always the first and most important detail noticed next to the well tanned skin and pure black penetrating eyes alluding to a vastly superior Genius IQ Level and all the years of Life Experience to back it up.

“What is it? You look stressed, shallow of breath...” His Master inquires.

Silver, High Wizard bows, “I’m sorry, my Master, for this rude and Surprise! Visit, normally we have PAD’s for arranging an appointment, however I bear the most grievous and serious news of an imminent Enemy at our border which is without any doubt in my mind linked to the Mirror Of The World’s malfunctioning and the drainage of Life Energy of our Planet Earth I. I want...”

“Slow down, have a Bitter Tea and tell me more about this Enemy.” His Master waves a weathered hand to sit.

He sits down as suggested.

“There is a fearsome gathering of Alien Insect’s, gray black with Dark Auras, on a distant Planet near the Hell Planes enwrapped in a similar Life Sucking Field. They have already corrupted and taken the whole Planet. I travelled through the Planes in Astral Form and...”

“Alien Bug’s?” Apos II raises his bushy eyebrows, “Surely, you’re kidding.”

Silver, High Wizard is a little taken aback by the reaction, “Yes, your Eminence, Alien Insect’s, they have sharp mandibles, Exo-Skeleton’s and communicate in a highly complex rapid Alien Insect Language which I have never heard of before...”

“Are you sure you haven’t been smoking your herbal cigarettes too much and just had a vivid realistic Lucid Dream, like you are known for...”

“Yes, very certain, what do you mean?”

“Do you have proof, photos or scans?”

“Yes and no. I upstreamed data but as to whether a lot of evidence is proof or not is still highly debatable. I did not have more time for fear of detection, however you, my most respectable Master, can trust my word on this. I am not imagining this potential Invasion!”

“Hmmm...” Apos II rubs his bearded chin and cocks an eyebrow, “Maybe we should call upon the other Member’s of High Council and see what they think of your story.”

Silver, High Wizard is getting evidently agitated something else he is known for, “My Master! It is no story... if you would just look at all the evidences...”

“Ah...” Apos II raises his right hand, chest level, palm forward, “Patience, patience is the highest Wisdom of them all. Here, a couple buttons and I shall summon our War Chief Commander, Lord Varlor, The Mighty And Invincible, our High Priestess, Lady Tamara, The Wise And Beautiful and our Chief Of State, Lord Kenros, The Fair And All Knowing One.

Silver, High Wizard practically moans figuring this could take all week, not to mention all the time to analyze the data, while the Enemy grows and mobilizes.

However, he bites his tongue, respecting High Council Protocol and practices some of that great patience and discipline which all Wizard's train in but rarely ever succeed in.

With glowing spherical residual Energy Pattern's of ultraviolet luminescent blue and fuzzy purple each of them appear in the room in a blink of an eye.

They exchange long extended Formality's and Introduction's like they never met before.

Silver, High Wizard already begins to lose his patience but practices self-control.

Lord Varlor is wearing Full Plate Body Armor Of Rumbling with a Mighty Jagged Bastard Sword Of Smashing strapped to his back, this time with no War Helmet Of Cyber AI, carrying magical Ring's of various Element's, a black and silver studded Wide Belt Of Near-Invincible Defense, plastic metal composite formed 2 Laser Pistol's and Strong Black Leather Of Agility engraved with red ultraviolet decals protecting his exposed flesh in niches... A very fine Noble Cape Of Charm And Presence with his House Emblem on it protecting his back with Magic Warding's. Close examination of his stature balanced with a dark tanned angular face, dark blue eyes and black hair reveals no weaknesses.

Silver, High Wizard takes this all in, in a single glance, having seen it all a hundred times.

Lady Tamara stands tall, a pure bred Elven Woman of the Highest Nobility. Her very Aura vibrates great Power and Energy wrapping her stupendously seductive body in layers of Mystery and Protection. She wears a Royal Uniform in varying shades of deep purple green blendings. Her Elven Boots Of Twoo Balance are knee-high and made of the Finest Elven Leather Of Deflection And Reflection. Her Elven Chain Mail Of Power And Energy Absorption, Elven Long Sword Of Wind And Torrent's and Elven Laser Long Bow Of Piercing Accuracy And Sharpness are all of Elven Master Craftmanship. She sports silver shaded Molded Sunglasses Of Piercing Ray's Of Moonlight which penetrate all Matter and she also has plenty of Technological and Magical Jewelry. Her pale face and lips and gorgeous sharp features are a mere accentuation to the intense look of her Genius IQ Level in her eyes. She has made mere Human's faint or get heart attacks in her very presence though she has primarily a Good Character Class Alignment.

Silver, High Wizard almost passes out from the boredom and sustained waiting, having enjoyed her presence at Social Party's on many an occasion, having long ago in his Wizard Disciplines grown Immune to the Charm's of Elven Women and their exceedingly boring predictable personalities though not lacking in Intellect or IQ Level.

Lord Kenro is a very imponent long thin Human who's very 3.5 meter length is enough to instill a strong sense of Authority in 99.9% of all those who stand before him, except Giant's. He has a very Intellectual air given away by baldness, gray eyebrows, deep blue piercing eyes, a pointed nose, like a haughty Englishman and long thin fingers which quite often rest on the hilts of his gray 2 Long Stiletto's Of Near-Insta Death. His uniform is very classical, formal in white blue gray, yet of the most expensive brands. He always carries a Universal Calculator in his shirt pocket and apparently the rest of his Technological and Magical Item's are hidden in his attire.

Silver, High Wizard's head starts to fall forward and make a loud Bonk into his Master's table. He controls himself at the last moment trying to figure out if the horse Lord Kenros rode in on is also 3.5 meters tall... A whole ½ hour has passed in greetings alone.

"Yes, indeed, how about some more Elven Wine and Snack's, like pastries, if you prefer... oh our most glorious Head Magistrate, Apos II, Great High Wizard."

Silver, High Wizard finally breaks, "Master, may I remind you of the importance of this matter!" He instinctively feels for his Wrist Watch Of All Times And Planes.

"O.k., o.k... tell your, uh, experience, then, to our colleagues... but try not to be too rude about it this time..." says his Master, "...apparently our fine chap Silver, High Wizard has detected a potential Alien Bug Invasion..." Does he have a smirk or a smile?

Lord Varlor starts immediately, "Really? Silver, High Wizard, another Alien Invasion..." The loud sustained Pfff thought is clearly hearable in each of their brains.

Silver, High Wizard does something exceedingly mentally violent to himself and replies, "Yes, oh Great One, I went in Astral Form and found, without being detected, a Shadow Planet which has been taken over by Alien Insect's showing a similar Dark Aura Field as the Mirror Portal, in fact a huge Dark Funnel engulfing that entire World, draining Life Energy into the Hell Planes, exactly like..."

"Wow, you sure you weren't dreaming, having a Lucid Nightmare..." Lord Kenro inflects.

"No!" Silver, High Wizard starts pacing around, "No, in fact, they are building an Army..."

"How do you know this for sure, none of our neighboring or remote Ally Planet's have reported any incidents, except for the not yet solved technical problems with some Teleporter Mirror's. In fact, as far as we know, our own Teleporter Mirror has a mere temporary dysfunction of which our own and the Faster Brownie Engineer's are working on, therefore mere isolated and irrelevant incidents, only anomalies. As we speak, of course, our Science and IT Engineer's, and ditto for them, are analyzing all the large quantity of data for Repair and most likely the problem with the Teleporter Mirror is quote unquote," he does the 2-finger bunny motion, "just temporary... indeed, my reports also state it will even most likely resolve itself with its own AI Scan's and Advanced Adaptive AI Self-Repair functions." Lord Kenro's reputation precedes him, able to Debate And Drink practically anyone under the table and simply near irrefutable in his State Authority and centuries of knowledge, intelligence, wisdom and experience.

Lady Tamara nods affirmation though her strong Intuition gives away doubt in her eyes as she looks at Silver, High Wizard. He goes for it, "This is most certainly not the case! Lady Tamara, why else would these foreign unidentified Hell Creatures have already swallowed a whole Planet, if not for a base to launch Operation's, a deadly Offensive. If we wait too long and do not act again..."

Lady Tamara hip-checks, "He does have a point, if it's true, which is unlikely... then we'll all be caught with our pants down. And, quite quaintly put, again..."

Lord Kenro objects, “But he has no proof and it will take us about a month to get through all his collected data, what must we do with such Information, what if they are just another Mining Colony of their Species which is not uncommon throughout the Galaxy’s? They also do that with each of their Mining Planet’s, such Life Draining is standard procedure for them since it gets rid of irritating interferences, depleting them completely which even though we vehemently disagree with they apparently have the rights to do so across such Enemy or Neutral Territory’s, or Not Owned, with even many other Planet’s...”

Apos II, Great High Wizard, seconds the notion, “Also trying to tie together the anomaly here with such procedures by them is at best circumstantial. There is, after all, as you stated yourself Silver, High Wizard, ‘a lot of evidence which is highly debatable’, thus also no clear indication of extra Weapon’s being manufactured and any Army mobilization with intent to invade... In addition, it will also take time to translate their Unknown Dialect of their Alien Insect Language to define it correctly and integrate into our Computer System’s, not to mention get some of our Master Linguist’s to learn it...”

Lord Varlor agrees, “Just because it is near the Hell Planes does not per se mean ill and/or Hostile Intent, they may very well be a New Colony Planet... if he has brought nothing back with him of absolute undeniable evidence to back up his claims then I am forced to decide it is of no substance. I can also not order the large quantity and quality of Resources, Laser Troop’s and others into such a long shot way off in left field...”

Lady Tamara frowns, “Whereas, I Sensai Silver, High Wizard has genuine belief in his claims, he is not lying, this is still indeed only very dubious, subjective and relative...”

Having listened patiently and silently the whole time, Silver, High Wizard now grinds his proverbial teeth knowing breaking High Council Protocol will only Scottish Stonewall him.

Apos II concludes, “Well then, it has been decided, without corroboration of his account of Event’s, we can only ascertain, decide and/or conclude nothing. However, Silver, High Wizard has never been prone to Poor Logic and/or invented fabrications of Reality and I have always respected his Integral Reputation, not to mention his own Genius IQ Level, so I order a Recon Mission to gather more Photo, Vid, Audio and Scan Record’s with full logs and reports, thus more evidence to provide proof of his claims. A small Group of Heroes does not consume too many Resources since they are not needed here at this time. How about these brave 2 Adventurer’s who did so very well finding the Portable Planar Teleporter Device which turned out to also be a Portable Time Travel Device: Lord Desacrus, Rogue Warrior and Lady Silvestria, Mage Priestess can be sent again! Add a couple others, too...” With a clap of his hands, so it is spoken, so it is ordained.

It is, of course, Silver, High Wizard’s task to inform his 2 Friend’s of their Near-Impossible Mission leading to their certain deaths, a typical reaction when dealing with High Council...

However, he cannot say *no* to his Master now who did grant him some middle ground.

The Faster Brownies Find Out About The Threat

King Kalor II, Faster Brownie King of Faster Brownie Land and Faster Brownie Forest stands in the middle of this FB Village on the outskirts of the Great Elven Wood's. His Faster Brownie people are all busy doing nothing whatsoever engaging in the daily frivolities, festivities and freedoms of Faster Brownie Culture. The Tree Houses are filled with the sound of acoustic wooden and leather drums and wooden pan flutes granted in ancient Brownie History by one of their Great God's who's Name is forgotten by most of these carefree Faster Brownies. Their lower somewhat degenerate cousins, the Brownies are many days travel away, except by Flight, of course. Faster Brownies, being the next generation of more Advanced Hybrid's look somewhat down upon them as being inferior with no wings and limited Fire Energy. Thus, they rarely talk with each other.

King Kalor II with his fully bald head, 1.2 meters in height and strong leathery sinewed Faster Brownie Wing's stands with his hands on his hips observing the chaotic behavior of his fellow Faster Brownies. Not being the brightest chopping block in the woods and relying mostly on his charm, courage, speed, strength and height, he is after all a whole .2 meters taller than the tallest Faster Brownie, he is completely unaware of the Evil happening in the rest of the World and he is especially totally oblivious to the danger posed by the dysfunctional Teleporter Mirror. The Faster Brownie Engineer's working on the Teleporter Mirror employed by King Bubarus have an IT And Science Oath Of Privacy.

He stands strong and proud, Great Leader Of His People, dressed in a custom handmade body fitting spandex green brown red uniform. His spandex pants are brown and have Many Pocket's for collecting small valuable Item's. His belt sports very fast, sharp and deadly Throwing Knives and is made of strong Elven Steel and Elven Leather with Elven Silver Stud's, like his Elven Steel Silver Leather Armor's, a gift from his Elven proprietors.

His very fine tightly woven shirt is made of the highest quality Elven Cotton and is green, a gorgeous bright emerald green with silver linings and cuffs. This is, of course, protected by a custom made Elven Chain Shirt of exceedingly strong Elven Composite Metal's. His small 2 Short Sword's Of Faster Stabbing Slashing And Swinging are also gifts of the Elven High King who ordained King Kalor II, Great Leader and King of the Faster Brownies with not only Power Of Signature but also Sovereignty over all the Faster Brownie People who see King Kalor II as a King and a God-Like Hero; they have their own God's and Goddesses who are similar to many Forest Deity's and Spirit's in Human Mythology.

King Kalor II only wishes he could float all the time in the middle of his Village radiating Power, Energy, Might, Courage, Charm and Love, not just at Official Festivity's.

The one Short Sword is dark gray, razor sharp, made of unbreakable Elven Adamantite. The other Short Sword is made of Conductive Composite Silver Titanium and other rare Elven Metal's blasting Fire Burst's with Power and Energy augmentation leaping into Intense Searing Flame to cause a massive quantity and quality of searing Damage to Enemy's. Both are accentuated with emerald embedded hilts with Elven Leather and Magnetic Grasp's so the wearer can never lose hold of it. King Kalor II, of course, also has an Elven Short Bow Of Piercing Accuracy And Explosive Burning with Faster Brownie Arrow's Of Fire And Sharpness, a couple Wand's Of Fire Blasting and many other Ring's

and Potion's of primarily Fire, Air, Wood and Metal Element's to suit his various purposes, especially Charm, Hypnotism, Persuasion, Conviction and Protection.

By this time in Faster Brownie Civilization, their numbers a strong and proud 24650, the Elves own them. After all, Lord, Prince and King Kalor II may have less comprehension in the signing of Contract's for extravagant Compliment's, Award's and Luxury's.

King Kalor II does not mind though because his people are happy and party all the time enjoying all the Devices which the highly intelligent Elves are testing on them.

He blinks sharply as another Fire Explosion goes off in the background caused by some Fire Mage Apprentice experimenting with a new Spell, a sharp descending scream and a loud Kerthud follows. There is a temporary pauze in the music as many Faster Brownies in Hearing Range crack up laughing, it then all continues. There is no danger of a Forest Fire since they have plenty of water nearby in ponds and wells and can fly very fast.

The Faster Brownies, indeed, are very magically inclined, gifted and bent, such being in the very Genetic's of their Species and Race, since GOD already knows for how long they are very curious, inquisitive, unwise and experimental loving nothing better than learning a new Spell or Cantrip to trick, foil or mislead their fellow Faster Brownies and to kill their Nemeses, the Evil and Ugly Demi-Human's, primarily Ogres, Troll's and Giant's who invade the rest of the woods from the residing plains; they do also hate Alien Insect's though they have not met any of them and only heard Rumor's of such Colony Planet's.

They also like to sit around fires every night exchanging ridiculously tall Tales about their Legend's and brag unending about their exploits and endeavors. They, of course, love their Guardian's, the Elves, who live in the Higher Forest lands next to the mountains.

King Kalor II regularly goes to High King Solain IV of the Elven Capital City Solarian of the Great Elven Kingdom Solarius for updates to his Contract. Sometimes, though very rarely, the Elves come pay a visit to him after many decades so they do not feel ignored since the Elves do not lack each and every last Hyper Modern Spy Technology to see and hear if they are keeping true to their Contract.

Elves live thousands of years and Faster Brownies live only hundreds of years. King Kalor II is a young King of 257 years full of vibrant Spirit and quite often fruity spirits of forest berries called Faster Brownie Very Berry Juice, a very pure organic strong alcoholic beverage which is also very popular and for other Species quite expensive.

Time practically does not exist in this wonderful Faster Brownie Village full of pleasant and chaotic sounds, scents and randomly interposed Visual Effect's and Sound Effect Samples activated by many different Magical and/or Technological Item's, thus primarily Devices for Faster Brownies do not like the bigger Machines and various Spell's, all primarily Fire, Air, Wood and Metal oriented with very many different Types of Exotic Plant's and Animal's.

King Kalor II is proud of his Capital Village Kalimian and he wants to extend its influence and do more Raid's on Evil Demi-Human's who regularly steal their berry supplies.

Eating only nuts, grains and berries and being a bunch of half crazy free radicals the Faster Brownies consider it even a great Spiritual Violation to steal their berries, not that anyone else wants their crops stolen either.

This, however, did help lead to the phenomenal speed of Faster Brownies. Even a few pseudo wannabe Elven Brownies Sages speculate about the possibility of Near-Light Speed Travel without any Devices just to get extra Faster Brownie Point's from their Adept's. Unfortunately, Faster Brownies have next to no Machines also no Vehicles of any kind being strictly prohibited in such paragraphs of the Contract with the Elves called impressively The Great Elven And Faster Brownie Accord Contract.

King Kalor II thinks of all these things enjoying the music, drums being his favorite, with a permanent dumb smirk on his face and thinks how lucky and grateful he and the Faster Brownies are to have such close Friend's in the Elves...

His Scout Party suddenly blast in at Near-Mach Speed's knocking over many innocent small ones, a couple falling out of their Trees due to the wind tunnel and start rapidly jabbering and fluttering around their King Kalor II; this does not hurt any of them since they are from birth lean brown red thick skinned strong muscled tight winged bundles of joy.

The Nature tongue of Faster Brownies is very fast, complex, with soft consonants, raised vowels, many umlauts, squiggles and double inverted breve references though fortunately they do not say 'that', 'well', 'like', 'nice' or 'cool' all the time like a bunch of blown dumb blondes on roller-skates and red bikinis blasting past on too many tunes. It is said only Master Linguistic Elves can ever speak it, the difficulty being enhanced by the apparently random output of a great quantity and quality of clicks, clacks and clucks.

They are obviously, even for Faster Brownies, frantic about something.

The Scout Leader says, "Oh Great King Kalor II, we killed an Enemy Group of Evil Demi-Human's and the Teleporter Mirror is sucking up all life and the plains are drying up and we can't fix it and what are we supposed to do and our woods will be in danger and we got here as fast as we could and we had to tell you even though we are now in very bad and disallowed IT And Science Oath Of Privacy Violation..."

The others blink rapidly and the music stops as fellow Villager's listen in, the word already being spread rapidly from Tree House to Tree House; they also love Lies And Rumor's.

King Kalor II puts up his left hand to call attention, the same one he used to jerk off faster than anyone in the Known World, holding the World Record of .1 Second, "What are you goin' on about, man?! The Portal Mirror has worked for centuries and you are my best Scout Warrior Engineer's, like what the eh?!"

"We're not kidding, this time, oh Great King Kalor II, we tried everything and apparently there is some extremely difficult, impossible to crack, Near-Infinite Shadow Modulation Encryption on the devillish Machine and a huge amount of indescribable corruption in the AI Operating System and Program's and where it is coming from we do not know and our Enemy's, the Evil Demi-Human's in the plains, know about it now, too, and they'll probably

mount a Major Offensive on us, since..." When they get excited, flustered or frustrated they also talk like Children on sugar rushes saying a lot of 'ands' with their Faster Brownie Wing's whirring like a humming bird.

"Woh, woh, my major motor mouth, chilllll man!" King Kalor II stomps his foot for Order And Obedience, "Like, so what, just cause it states in such and such paragraphs our Friend's the Elves have a Non-Interference Clause and the Human's are too far away doesn't mean we'll be overrun by our Enemy's... And we don't even use that stupid Gate to god knows where, anyway!" He swings his arms wide and around almost knocking one of his own Faster Brownie Guard's in the head; even though he is revered and worshipped by all his people, they also have the Numero Uno Loyalty of any Species, they do tend to get a little bit drunk now and then...

"But what if something nasty comes through it? Or somethings..." asks one of them.

This last question pauses King Kalor II who's smaller brain needs to process the tough Information. He hums to himself for a couple minutes, what he does when he is uncertain, "Hmm, uhhh... like what?"

His Head Scout Warrior Engineer answers, "It could be anything... This bodes only ill and is a Bad Omen from our God's and Goddesses..."

Everyone nearby starts chatting off the scale: Faster Brownies are also very superstitious.

King Kalor II makes up for his indecision with his trusted reaction to all problems and impulsively responds, "You're right, it does not sound good, we shall contact the Elves and teach our Enemy's a lesson for wrecking the Portal Mirror Machine which is a sacred Ancient Artifact of our God's and Goddesses. The Elves will know what to do and it is obviously those crazy off their rocker Enemy Evil Demi-Human's of the plains who are behind all of this. I would Bet 10 Bottles Of Very Berry Berry Liqueur on it..."

"Deal! Deal! Deal! You're on!" His Scout Warrior Engineers bob up and down. They are also very avid and addicted Gambler's, some even gambling their Wives and/or Tree Houses away...

They immediately blast off on the 1 Day Journey at Near-Mach Speed's to the Elven Kingdom instating a State Of Orange Alert as according to such bla bla bla sub-paragraph 24.1322663118 in all the Faster Brownie Villages until they get back.

The King Of The Faster Brownies Makes His Proposal

King Kalor II, the King of the Faster Brownies, reaches the Elven Kingdom in no time... His Faster Brownie Guard's and Engineer's screech to a halt at the border of the huge ancient magical Forest Of The Elves fully aware of Elven Laser Bow Men hiding in the shadows of the Trees... These initial Elven Defendor's are deadly Psychic Marksmen with full Stealth Silent And Smart Capability's.

2 Pop-Up Machine Gun Turret's and 2 Null EM Sphere Floating Laser Cannon's which were cloaked appear out of nowhere within 100 meters of his small Group of Messenger's.

King Kalor II laughs, "Hiiii, don't worry, it's just me..." His high pitched Voice does not trigger the Laser Cannon's and does not even resonate through the Null-Dampen Field's in the Area. His Voice is automatically scanned and analyzed, plus his other unique CC Signatures, to correctly validate his Real Identity. Other small reading, scanning and measurement Devices, equally Cloaked And Invisible, record logs and reports of all potentially important data. It is, of course, all sent near-instantaneously back to Elven High Command who give Telepathic and/or Digital Order's to Elven High Wizard's, Wizard's, Mages, High Priest's and High Priestesses, Priest's and Priestesses and Laser Commander's, Bow Men, Warrior's, Guard's and Expert Scientist's, Engineer's, Laborer's and Servant's who hold various top positions; the rest do other Specialty's and there is technically no unemployment, except by incapacitation, for there is a use for everyone.

Only the sound of small Forest Creatures, birds, insects and a soft distant trickling of water answers his announcement. The very tall wide ancient Trees with large spreading surface roots and strong healthy bark covered in semi-phosphorescent green blue algae and moss creak and sigh with the steady, pleasant and mild wind making the protective canopy of branches move and talk. The fresh scent of young healthy bright and colorful flowers with many green yellow forest plants is refreshing. Great deep Auras of very old and strong presences of Magic and soft serenity is embued through all the Areas here...

This perfect integration of Nature and Technology, Magical and Technological Balance, is at the heart of Elven Society, a very advanced sophisticated Culture with Great Intellect and Enlightenment, though other Species say they will also never be more than Near-Enlightened, which knows not only one branch of the Tree but all branches, 'To become Immortal and/or Enlightened do you need to know only one branch or the whole Tree?'

Their whole Elven Holy Empire has Near-Infinite Defenses and their Knowledge and developments of such things throughout Elven History and to the Future are near endless.

King Kalor II gets impatient, scratching his head, ears, nose and butt, fluttering his scaled leathery wings having seen it all a hundred times, "Hullllloo... you stealthy Elves, out or in there, hullllloo... 'tis me, King Kalor, I'm here again, a little bit premature, I know, but..."

2 Elven Laser Bow Men pop into existence 50 meters to the left and right of his Group, their eyes glowing bright blue for the Man and ultraviolet magenta for the Woman, their white gray pale skin shimmering in the misty air.

The strong sinuous lean Man Elf dressed in the Elven Leather Chain Metal Camouflage Costume of his Rank, Authority, Status and Class asks, "What are you doing so soon back here, Lord, Prince and King Kalor II? You are not expected for another 26 Cycles Of The Season's... State your purpose!" The strong accentuation of Elven intonation is universal and naturally superior and condescending.

"Heh heh heh, wadda ya mean, I've got urgent news for the Elven Great High King, don't worry, it has nuthin' to do with our Contract..." King Kalor II is nervous and red in the face.

The Woman Elf touches her ear and says, "Just a second..."

The response already arrives and she asks, "What are you doing here? Be more specific."

This starts to irritate King Kalor II, "What is this?! I will only talk to the Great High King, I am the King of the Faster Brownies, how dare you??"

She presses her ear again, "1 second..."

In the blink of an eye she activates the external speaker on her Portable Elven Ear Com Device, "O.k., I'll link you through..."

The very large, tenor and elegant Man Voice of Great High King Bardion I of the Elven Kingdom amplified considerably into 3D Digital Surround Sound with no echoes inquires, "Exactly why are you here Lord, Prince and King Kalor II so far ahead of time, don't you know the Term's Of Agreement of our Contract, you aren't allowed to..."

King Kalor II waves his hands violently, his Faster Brownie Wing's accelerating, almost making the Woman Elf and Man Elf blink due to the sheer insolent rudeness of the gesture, "Yes, yes! I read 'em 50 times, forwards and backwards, I have come here in all speed, ahead of time, to tell you that the Teleporter Mirror is malfunctioning, it's sucking up all Life Energy in proximity of the plains..." His Engineer's nod vigorously in agreement.

"Yes, we know!" The sheer cutting down Man Voice of Great High King Bardion I almost breaks all of King Kalor II's resolve in one short sentence.

In all his unending Minority Complex Relational Argumentation's with them, he himself gets completely flustered now too, "What?!"

Great High Bardion I's indignation and sarcasm is clearly heard, "And what are we supposed to do about another Human plight? When we have our own means for Time, Planar, Inter-Planar, Inter-Stellar, Inter-Galactic and/or Inter-Planetary Travel what use do we have for just another Human error? Also, your so-called danger of some Alien Insect Species which we have known about for a lot longer poses no threat to our existence. For what should we help out their unending self-suicidal, highly aggressive, insulting and provocative Species who just bring such Enemy's, Battles, War's, Epidemic's, Famines, Poverty, Inequality's, Deficit's, Death's and Doom's upon their own heads all the time?"

"B-but..." King Kalor II is at a loss for words, something very rare for Faster Brownies.

“Why,” Great High King Bardion I’s wide super-planing Voice has many layers of rapidly expanding volume, “when I have so many better things to do, do you even bother me with this trifle of a matter, shall we renegotiate our Contract?”

“N-no, no, no... let me explain!” pleads King Kalor II.

“Fine,” he can almost see Great High King Bardion I waving his hand in quick discardment, “we Elves are not unreasonable, you have 5 minutes to explain why we must, once again, intervene in History Of Humanity to prevent their inevitable demise... and then not even pay us for the favor...” He is not using a 3D Holographic Projector because that is one of the many ways which Elves condescend upon others when irritated.

“Can I, at least, please, oh Great High King Bardion I with your near-infinite splendor and glory be teleported to your High Chamber so we may discuss this in Private?” The King of the Faster Brownies is almost in tears of relief being highly emotional Creatures.

“Fine then, since you ask so humbly and politely...” The transmission is sharply cut off.

They instantly reappear at the front door of the very highly curved molded gray silver Great Elven Tower of Great High King Bardion I. Silver, chrome, glass, steel and emeralds decant every meter of his inhabitation in gorgeous rivulets. The lower complex is round and surrounded by a protective Null EM Shield And Sphere which is impervious to All Known Weapon’s. It immodestly pokes above the top of the Trees at 2700 meters. There are Laser EM Turret’s, Null EM Blaster’s, Hyper Machine Gun’s and Matter/Anti-Matter Gun’s in a perimeter and on the roofs of this large heavily Fortified Tower Fortress. Of the great beauty of the surrounding Nature, Trees and birds, of the exquisite perfection of the symmetry of the design of the Elven Architecture, of the Absolute Balance and harmony, of the spiracle main Tower where the Great King resides, of the immense Power And Energy exuding from every part of this Planar Portal to all the World’s, of its Near-Infinite Defenses no Human can comprehend, of the 1000 meter high four Mini-Tower’s at 1000 meters each from the center which beam blue and ultraviolet Energy between each other, it all radiates glorious and majestic Auras worshipping their God’s and Goddesses, GOD and primarily Nature mirroring the Creation of Elves in its great symbolical representation of Magic and Technology Form’s.

“Leave your weapons here.” An Elven Guard glittering with very powerful and energetic Elven Silver Chain Armor and Laser Weapon’s smiles a sharp slanted eyed Elven grin.

They comply knowing they will otherwise be tossed out in 2 nanoseconds flat.

Walking into the center Great Tower they see a most incredible orange brown oiled wooden interior, as if inside of a Tree, with a spiralling staircase in the center going upwards to the far heights, as if there is no complex, no walkways, only a Great Tower reaching ever upwards, apparently such levels are cloaked and are in actual other dimensions with Virtual Doorway’s to Virtual Room’s all layered through each other all existing in the same Space and Time in this Elven Tower, yet somehow all in different Spaces and Times, through multiple Timelines, like Private Virtual Modules for your own

Party, allowing for thousands of Offices to rule and regulate the Elven Holy Empire.

Using Real Identity Scan's various Elves of different Specialty's reappear and disappear.

King Kalor II looks up, "How far does it go up again?" His Elven Guard's almost laugh.

They teleport again, to the actual complex of the High Great Elven King, who's location is not known to anyone else but him and his Higher Rank Officer's though he does talk to and mingle with his people; with his very powerful and energetic Elven Guard's, his own Magical and Technological Item's and Hyper Modern Elven Security plus the large quantity and quality of people present on such occasions the chances of an Assassination attempt succeeding are near nihil.

The bright white Silver Light shining through the branches of the implanted Oak, Elm and Willow Trees in this huge glass domed inhabitation of the High Great King Bardion I gives enough space for even his huge Intellect. This perfect EM Dome is made of the most advanced artificial and the most precious natural materials. A waterfall is directly in front of this EM Dome Complex for the continual enjoyment of Higher Rank Member's of this Elven Kingdom which is vast, consisting of many Planet's in Milky Way Galaxy, a mere small fraction of the Elven Holy Empire which spans Galaxy's. The greatest Magic and Technology and the most powerful and energetic Devices, Machines, Shield's and Spheres protect each and every nanometer of High Great King Bardion I's residence. This place is also always connected between Planes Of Existence. There are many doors, windows and stairways all in the same rare Elven Wood with highly sophisticated carved designs pertaining to the Cosmos, Elves and Nature, their God's and Goddesses and GOD with many levels and layers of curved walkways leading to various rooms also in full symmetrical layouts filled with colorful tinted glass allowing for the Multi-Planar superior all knowing Body, Mind, Heart, Spirit and Soul of a High Great Elven King. Every last detail, every last nanometer of the entire building is made with the greatest honor, respect, attention to detail and glorification of the High Great Elven King and the Elven Culture.

King Kalor II loves it each time looking at the creation of remarkable Trees placed inside and outside of the building which he still considers a great wonder of the Goddess.

High Great King Bardion I grandiously walks in, as he always does with Visitor's of stature, followed by a Group of privileged Elven Guard's and Elven Servant's exploiting their very expensive clothing lavishly for all to stare at, admire and suffer massive jealousy fits. His extravagantly decalred cloak billows behind him as he strolls in majesty up to King Kalor II.

"Ahh, my most valued King Kalor II, King of the Faster Brownies, you bring me tidings of a new strengthened Alliance with the Human's since their Gate is malfunctioning..."

"How kind of you to hear me at such early and surprize notice!" says King Kalor II who smiles widely wondering where his drink is already.

"Yes, indeed, like I said, you have 5 minutes..." High Great King Bardion I smiles even more widely and waves for them to be seated at a red brown wood long table in a spacious 10 x 5 x 4 meter room full of Ebook's from floor to ceiling.

“Uh, how can I explain this in such short time and I’m a little, uh, dry after the journey...” King Kalor II crosses his arms and licks his lips once blatantly suggesting he is thirsty; Elven Wine is renowned through all the lands. With Etiquette Error’s tensions increase quickly and silently, near-instantaneously, like intense ripples in the air, for it is quite rude to demand anything of an Elf, especially a High Great King of them.

High Great King Bardion I snaps his fingers once being also a High Wizard himself and presto King Kalor II has strong berry fruit Elven Wine in his hands, unbeknownst to him one of their most common house wines.

King Kalor II’s eyes flash red in expectation, “Thank You.”

“O.k., so tell me...” High Great King Bardion I taps his Intricate Design Elven Power And Energy Armor on his forearm, a dark gray Mithrilite Armor known only to the Elves. Entangled golden and silver serpents and platinum embossed engravings decorate it.

His sharp angular features and deep blue slanted eyes show his God-Like IQ Level and Super High Magic Psionic Psychic Capability’s. His shoulder length smooth silver white hair is smooth, glossy and supple to the touch. Underneath the Titanium Mithrilite Elven Armor is the shining of exceedingly powerful and energetic Elven Silver Chain Armor and the finest, most expensive and perfectly crafted Celtic Decorate Noble Clothes made of light blue emerald green silk cotton which add further protection for the virile lean body of this Wizard Warrior King. His Elven Guard’s and Servant’s are dressed in Elven Silver Chain, colorful garments of a complimentary quality, Laser Pistol’s, Elven Sharp Long Dagger’s, Laser Bow’s and Laser Sword’s plus various Hyper Modern Devices such as their own Hyper Advanced PAD’s. The High Great King of the Elven Kingdom has a silver glowing golden hilted Elven Sword Of Power And Energy at his waist and an Emerald Long Dagger Of Bright Light. The Power’s and Energy’s of these custom made Magical and Technological Item’s are infathomable said to be made by only the Highest Master Elven Craftmanship. Various Ring’s, Bracelet’s, Necklaces and Jewel’s of Null EM Energy and many different Nature Element’s enclose his Body, Mind, Heart, Spirit and Soul Body’s lending greatness to his presence and everyone and everything near him, except vile Enemy’s, in an 800 meter 4D spherical diameter.

King Kalor II begins a weak uncertain sentence somewhat blown away completely by his figure, “Welll, uh, you know, I figure, if we don’t do something about the Teleporter Mirror and the Human’s get invaded, the Enemy at the Gates and then quite badly within the Gates, so to speak, which we have suspected for some time now, then they could gain a stronghold on our Planet, which affects you too, the Elves...” He smiles once, proud of his sudden spontaneous splurt of inspiration which he is good at though remaining cautious.

High Great King Bardion I blinks twice, “Wow, that’s gotta be the first time you prepared your speech, however...” Elves compliment intelligence, “...what makes you think any Enemy can penetrate our Defenses...” His look is intense as he stares down his Visitor.

King Kalor II takes a sip of deep rich intense fruity Elven Alchohol which is still as their house wines go really good to another Species, “Well, cause, uh, if they gain a stronghold

and the Evil Demi-Human's join up with them which they surely will, I mean, I don't care any more about Human's than you do, they're just a Weak Majority on this Planet, then even, no offense intended, your Great Elven Kingdom will be threatened, harassed and put in danger, not to mention hit by very irritating and regular Raid's, if not a Colony..."

High Great King Bardion I raises his thin eyebrows as Elves so often do, "So, my little Friend, what do you propose?"

"Uh, well, since according to my Engineer's the Teleporter Mirror is irreparable, which most likely is Sabotage, which most likely means an imminent Invasion, by even god knows who else with them for who could resist such a tempting prey, the Alien Insect Invasion could lead to the destruction of Humanity in their relative inferiority and with lesser Magic and Technology they can never survive such an Invasion alone, I therefore humbly suggest the Elven Forces intervene on behalf of the Human's to defend against any such Planet Invasion, otherwise I will consider it to be a Breach Of Contract even leading to the destabilization and downfall of our own Faster Brownie Kingdom which then also threatens your Civilization as they setup camp, siege us and then found a Colony..."

High Great Elven King Bardion I rises a couple octaves in intensity, "How dare you question our Contract, which is irreversible, signed by yourself, you insolent..."

King Kalor II throws up his hands, "O.k., o.k., sorry, forget that part!"

High Great King Bardion I laughs as Elves so rarely do, "Your words, however, are true... And what percentage of their Humanity is Smart or Stupid again, Modern or Primitive, Advanced or Basic..." he smirks once in that unique Elven way, "What you speak also comes from your heart and is remarkably logical and reasonable for we would also not want such a persistent irritating presence on Planet Earth I, definitely not near us, though at this time we have no solid intent, evidence and/or proof such will happen and you also have only mere conjecture that some Enemy Alien Insect Force will attack our Planet when it could just really be hacked, corrupted and/or malfunctioning... Do you have any other corroborating evidence except symptoms of the Teleporter Mirror itself?"

King Kalor II is flabbergasted, the blood draining from his face.

High Great King Bardion I smiles again enjoying how he manipulates King Kalor II and the Power he wields over the Faster Brownies with their Contract, "However, with more Elven Recon's, Raid Party's and Investigation's we shall consider your proposal for a fortnight as to whether the Alien Insect's pose a real danger and threat to the Elven Kingdom, or not..."

The Great War On Planet Earth I Begins

Without warning the Alien Insect's attack through the Teleporter Mirror. It explodes and implodes in perfect Stealth Silent Secret Mode. Now too late already, no one heeded the warnings, no one took the good advice, no one read the writings on the wall, no one saw the telltale signs all around, no one believed the story of one small Child-Like Being...

The Alien Insect's trigger a Null EM Shadow Planar Interface Activation Sequence to achieve access to our Plane Of Existence through multiple Inter-Cross-Planar Portal's simply by conducting very effective Hack's And Corruption's on many outdate Protocol's, Port's, Services and Security's. Silently, without beeps or any noise, on Planet Earth I the very Evil and very real Gate to Planes Of Hell is opened!

The huge outward expanding and intense black Elliptic Sphere activates 6 Dark Globes on a perfectly asymmetrical Null EM Shadow Dark 3D Matrix Grid in and around Planet Earth I with black dark gray Lines Of Entropy and Negative Energy and Shadow Nodal Point's in and surrounding it. The air gets sucked out of everyone globally. Half of the Human Population passes out due to oxygen deprivation.

Their Demi-Human EM Plasma Space Ship's rip through the Centaur/Brownie/Dryad Forest, straight through the Trees, wood fragments and shards flying, EM Plasma Fire Bomb's exploding in mini-mushroom clouds, their Hyper EM Gun's and Plasma EM Cannon's blasting. Flying in spiral funnels with them are Alien Insect Shadow EM Space Ship's driven by Shadow EM Propulsion Engines which have no 'territory hindrance'. They hover at no min or max altitude at 200 to 6000 km/h and can Null EM Shadow Boost up to mind blowing 26000 km/h though such is quite draining to the engines; conducting Battle at such velocities when not in Space is also very risky. They are protected by Null EM Shadow Shield's and Spheres. To go longer distances they activate Shadow Speed's which are said to be much faster than Light Speed's utilizing holes in Space Time and using Shadow Energy, also known as Dark Energy, though many say there is still no difference which medium you choose across massless Information arguments.

There are also Plasma Fighter's, Plasma Cruiser's, Plasma Destroyer's, Shadow Fighter's, Shadow Cruiser's and Shadow Destroyer's which port in filling up the sky between the east side of the forest and the dysfunctional and corrupted Portal and Gate Technology.

The Brownies screaming and dying flee in terror to the southern Human Forest region and to the western mountain region many of their broken hollow host puppet bodies ripping, shredding, exploding, imploding, being sucked into Mini-Black Holes and thrown even kilometers through the air into Trees most having no chance to escape in time...

'Are our Space Ship's ready, yet?' wonders Silber, Psionic Warlock, Chief Commander of the Laser Military, 'I knew they just wouldn't listen to good advice... now we can barely mobilize in time...'

The Centaur's being brave unto death itself see the huge metallic black dark gray silver Shadow EM Space Ship's of the Alien Insect's rage through their forest, their Shadow EM Weapon's on front of their triangular rounded Space Ship's narrowing in front, fully molded

and with white lines along the sides. The Plasma EM Space Ship's are more rounded and elliptical with Fire EM Plasma Weapon's on each side under triangular wings curved to a point also black but with red linings. Plasma EM Space Ship's and EM Shadow Space Ship's both use dark red purple gray resonating Null EM Shadow Shield's And Spheres.

The Centaur's' Moon and Fire Arrow's cause NO Damage. Centaur's, however, not being stupid, nor self-suicidal, retreat to get to their Heavy Arsenal Weapon Storage.

They can only watch in great anger and sadness as their once pristine City's, Villages, Homes, Forest's, Flora and Fauna of the Wood's Of The Centaur's/Brownies/Dryad's get destroyed, all those who cannot flee fast enough dying, screaming and burning alive or being sucked into Mini-Black Holes...

50% of the Laser EM Fighter's of the Laser Military automatically activate as according to Laser Military Protocol. They Null EM Teleport into the region above the hovering Alien Insect EM Destroyer's and start puncturing holes into the Alien Insect's Null EM Shadow Shield's And Spheres, unfortunately to little help of the ground Areas being annihilated. The Laser Military sends in Laser Fighter's, Laser Corvettes, Laser Cruiser's and Laser Destroyer's all with full Null EM Laser Military Capability's to the south eastern part of the forest to flank the Enemy since going straight into their path would be near-instantaneous suicide. However, there are only 200 Laser Fighter's, 20 Laser Corvettes, 10 Laser Cruiser's and 5 Laser Destroyer's. More Laser Troop's and Laser Tank's are on their way as Reinforcement's are unable to react soon enough and are too far away.

Their speeds are not so different than those of the Enemy, these ones cruising in at 200 to 5000 km/h and can also Null EM Light Boost up to 25000 km/h while maintaining full maneuverability in Space, though within the atmosphere near obstacles and/or debris it can be quite challenging for any Laser Military Ace and not only able to fly rapid circles around the Enemy, turn in full 360 spherical degrees but actually hover up and down like a muthafucka; Unless in Space due to resistances the Hover Speed is only about half clocking in at 100 to 2500 km/h. Unfortunately, the Enemy Space Ship's do not lack their agility and are even better at moving rapidly backwards even at such Hyper Mach Speed's which Laser Space Ship's do not lack, either, but it is not really their style.

The steady hum of their own Null EM Propulsion Engines is disturbed by massive Whooshes, Whoomp's, Boom's and Kaboom's impacting the Enemy in an attempt to dissolve the integrity of the Power and Energy of the Null EM Shadow Shield's And Spheres of the heavily armored and weaponed Alien Insect Space Ship's, not to mention their other Shadow modifications.

The Rocket EM Turret's on the reptilian and insect styled Alien Insect Space Ship's respond with Heavy Tipped Short Range EM Disintegrator's.

Surprisingly enough, the Ally Laser Fighter's have enough Null EM Light Shield's And Spheres themselves to deflect or reflect most of the colorful panoramics of an intense glorious chaotic insane Air Battle with bright white silver yellow Laser Beam's and Blast's, gray black red EM Rocket's, white silver blue red yellow orange Light EM Globes and black gray Mini-Black Holes blowing the entire huge Area the fuck away. The larger Space

Ship's hover and launch all kinds of destruction, not because they per se move slower, it is just that they would get in the way of the smaller ones curving in and out and around so fast blasting at everything that looks like the Enemy. Trees burn intensely and a few remaining Brownies who would prefer to die gloriously in Battle, not too smart though, fire their Laser Fire Pistol's and hop, jump, dodge, roll, run and sprint around distracting fire.

Similarly inclined Centaur's, now having replaced their Moon and Fire Arrow's with Portable Laser Cannon's which are really damn large and heavy, twice the size of any Human one, form a Last Line Of Defense of their burning down to the ground Homes...

Not reducing in Shadow Speed, the Alien Insect Space Ship's cut a swathing corridor of death, destruction, demolition, disintegration and disappearance. To the Ally's horror, an entire Dark Army of Alien Insect's, Demi-Human's and Hell Creatures materialize through the Planar Hell Portal to take over the ground territory hovering towards them in columns. Having sucked enough Dark Energy from the Teleporter Mirror and its surroundings to open such a Hell Portal they jump through screaming bloody cries of Fear Murder And Terror. Hi-Frequency Sonic Attack's knock out many of the Allied Forces despite their Cyber Helmet's with Null Dampen EM Earlobes as they launch additional EM Pulse Blast's into their almost hopelessly outnumbered defensive positions.

Silber, Psionic Warlock mouth drops open and yells into his Brain-To-Wave Cockpit Interface, "ALL Allied Forces, Laser Troop's, Laser Tank's and Laser Space Ship's activate!" The Order is transferred near-instantly wirelessly around entire Planet Earth I.

The Faster Brownie Army with Fire Priest's, Laser Fire Bow Men and EM Fire Warrior's who can all fly also activate from the other side of the plain. King Kalior II, Faster Brownie Leader, Chief Commander of the Faster Brownie Military, leads his 17000 strong Army flying and hopping northwest. With 4000 Laser Fire Bow Men, 12000 EM Fire Warrior's and 1000 Fire Priest's and Priestesses, each Group with a Hero Leader make their way rapidly towards the Battle Field by Faster Flying at 260 km/h and Faster Running And Jumping at 150 km/h and Faster Sprinting in short bursts up to 200 km/h. Laser Fire Bow Men fly and EM Fire Warrior's hop and fly. Fire Priest's and Priestesses, being heavily loaded with Null EM Fire Bomb's, fly at only 100 km/h though the others do not wait.

Unfortunately, the Forest Of The Brownies/Centaur's/Dryad's is 650 km's away...

The brave Human Allied Army equips their Alien Metal Terrestrial Metal Plastic Compound EM Battle Armor and various Laser Weapon's. The rest of the Allied Army Forces are much slower in activating such as the doubtful Good Demi-Human's and highly debatable Mutant's and Alien's to the northeast who freak out totally. Even some Ogres and Troll's to the southeast get their doubts: When faced with a Common Enemy, previous Enemy's unite, however when faced with insurmountable odds most flee or surrender. Dwarves and Giant's in the Gray Mountain's to the east part of the southern Fire Mountain's are very slow moving and detest Human's but they can carry or pickup huge boulders the size of buildings. Definitely faster though, Ice Dwarves to the west of the Giant's roll their huge Heavy Tipped Rocket Launcher's fueled by primarily Fission Engines into action. Travelling at 150 km/h they are a 6 hour Reinforcement still relatively speaking many Light Year's away from helping to assist in an Allied Victory against such a sudden overwhelming

onslaught. At this rate, their will be nothing left of the forest in an hour or two flat.

The Allied Army of the Human's is slow in mobilizing considering the comfortable State Of Luxury which they have realized, not to mention the State Of Denial of their Leader's.

Having been caught with their pants down they now risk being cake walked... Another price to pay for the folly of Humanity who did not heed the Early Warning System's of impending Attack And Invasion is even the total loss of the Brownie/Centaur/Dryad Forest, now in ruin and burning and spreading like wildfire... About a quarter is already blown away in the first two pass overs of the Enemy...

The great handmade red brown wooden Master Architecture of the Brownie Master Craftsmen and the Faster Brownie Engineer's is now in flames, the sun burning down on the remaining wasteland of only charred Tree trunks remaining. A whole Universe unto itself, lost forever in the burning rage and Evil of the attacking Alien Insect's who only want to dominate, devour and deplete it with strip mining, not at all be a guardian to its glory.

The Allied Army can attack fairly quickly with Laser Destroyer's, Laser Corvettes and Laser Fighter's. The Laser Battle Ship's takes four times as long to Activate. The Laser Infantry shine magnificently with silver gray blue white chrome Laser EM Space Suit's bearing LMA and Noble Heraldry's plus Light, Medium and Heavy Laser EM Armor's but are still home. They carry 2 Laser Pistol's, a Laser Rifle and a whole range of various Null, EM and/or Laser Explosives; only a few are trained to carry the bigger Portable Laser Cannon's.

Being directly south of the engagement zone it will take the Allied Army of the Human's 'only' about 1 hour to get there, also hovering. The Alien Insect's with their Hi-Frequency Multi-Layered Languages are even taunting and challenging the Human's, their born, natural and sworn Nemesis. Their hate is like none other towards them using each and every weakness, fear, trauma and Personal Attack which they can think up...

The sharp jagged edged black dark gray chalky Alien Insect Mandibles are strong enough to slice through any brick stones and cause massive damage to almost all metals. Being Alien and/or Insect and/or Machine Hybrid's the 150000 strong Alien Insect Dark Army hovers steadily through the Hell Portal immensely radiating inwards with its Negative Energy Influx, the previous Teleporter Mirror now completely obliterated and replaced by a large 6 km diameter Black Hole Gate. The destruction of the Environment around it was necessary for the Dark Troop's of their Dark Army to march quite rapidly forward using various Sprint And Fly modifications aiming at the cute little stupid sitting ducks.

Their rate of entry is beyond this World, like Phase Jumping in with a thousand rows of columns; at 150 km/h through a 6 km diameter allowing for their 3D Rectangle Column Formation to fit in the circle fear is felt by everyone at the Battle and watching through Inter-Planetary New's Medias: This Hell Portal is 600 times the size of its predecessor and no one knows what the outcome will be since the entire Allied Army is only 50000 strong.

The Mutant's to the north swallow dry beers at Vid Screen Broadcast's. Conscription is suddenly re-introduced. There are Protest's, Riot's and Property Damages. Chaos takes over their proud, strong and disagreeing Clan's and Tribes which triggers great unrest and

disturbance in the rest of the population Planet Earth I. Betting goes off the charts.

The Evil Demi-Human's seize their chance, their campfires burning in great numbers in the southern plains to attack northeast, with the departure of the Faster Brownie Fire Army but this is predicted by the superior Great Gray Elves and Great High Elves in the forest east of the Faster Brownies. They make a protective half circle around the Faster Brownie Forest region holding the Evil Demi-Human Army at bay, for now...

The 6 Dark Globes of Negative Energy fully in and surrounding Planet Earth I form a Dark Negative Energy EM 3D Matrix Grid trigger Life Energy Drain's on its Null EM Sphere.

The Human Population recovering from a temporary deprivation of oxygen get up dizzy and disoriented, 26% dead and 13% partially Bwaindead rising as Zombies. Half descend into conflictive Anarchy. The remaining try to find any Law And Order left. There are even celebrations, many Laborer's quit their jobs, laugh hard and depri into drunken revelry.

The Economy crashes and Silber, Psionic Warlock, Chief Commander of the Laser Military, in consultation with High Council and High Court is forced to suggest meekly and humbly in a little peep Voice even, "Laser Military Martial Law might need to be instated..."

Debates begin in High Society as to how a populace living in Hyper Modern Magic and Technology with all of its luxury and comfort will survive the advancing Alien Insect Dark Army, if not be only hosted and enslaved instead of eaten and killed and if the Allied Forces do not succeed in defending their Territory even the whole Planet could be overrun.

People start jumping off Tokyo Balcony's and attacking others. Laser Military Patrol's are needed to maintain Public And Private Order lest so much Property Damage gets caused there are no recognizable traces of entire History Of Humanity left. In addition, the infrastructures are brought in great danger by potential Infiltration Attack's.

Silver, High Wizard telepathically orders ALL Wizard's and Mages to come to Battle and War. Kulamanji, High Black Priest does likewise with ALL Priest's and Priestesses. Many though, notorious for all their split factions, do not respond and some are even tempted by various Dark Conversion Spell's and temptations of Wealth and/or Immortality.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior and Silvestria, Mage Priestess use their Portable Planar PAD's to send a SOS to ALL Known Neutral and Ally Planet's that Heroes, Heaven Creatures, Demi-Human's, Human's, Mutant's and Alien's should come to rescue Planet Earth I.

The entire IT Science Community gears their systems for Open Warfare, Warfare and War with many Debates and Battles springing up everywhere left, middle, center and right there being a general dissent and descent into uncontrollable chaotic disputes. War's also start in other parts of Milky Way Galaxy as many oppurtunists take advantage of the situation.

Noobies cower under shadowy stairways.

The Planet War on Planet Earth I has begun. Was it only just inevitable?

The Allied Forces Try To Defend Their Homeland

Silver, High Wizard Null EM Teleports into the Battle Field with a handful of other High Wizard's and they set up an Interference EM Field of Extra-Planar Light Radiation. This is to try and dissipate the Dark Energy Globes now active.

The Inter-Planetary Ally's of Humanity gate in with Null EM Laser Destroyer's to take on the forest wreckers, Tree Killer's and Life Killer's all of them, and save the last Centaur's... The Hyper Advanced Hi-Polygon curved plastic metal compounds of the shining hulls bristling with Laser EM Cannon's is a sight to see... The silver blue gray black white contours and decorations of Laser Corvettes, Laser Fighter's, Laser Cruiser's and Laser Destroyer's is complementary to the white silver golden flashes of Laser EM Weapon's.

Their shapes are similarly designed in flat gray white silver, designed, decaled and lined with blue along the slightly curved backed wings rounding to a soft curved corner with egg shaped bodies to the Elite Colony Space Ship which first brought them to Planet Earth I in a so-called ideal and Near-Utopian Colony Planet in a peaceful Space Sector... The Laser Fighter's have more classical Mechanized Military Space Jet bodies though with the same wings and colors. Laser Destroyer's have very fast, accurate, powerful and energetic 2000 mm 2 Laser Cannon's, 200 mm 2 Laser Cannon's, 20 mm 4 Laser Cannon's, 6 Rocket EM Launcher's and 24 Null EM Pulse Bomb's. Laser Corvettes and Laser Cruiser's have 200 mm 2 Laser Cannon's, 20 mm 4 Laser Cannon's, 4 Rocket EM Launcher's and 12 Null EM Pulse Bomb's. Laser Fighter's have only smaller and faster 20 mm 4 Laser Cannon's, 2 Rocket EM Launcher's and less effective fully automatic for the people Hyper Piercing And Explosion Ammo Auto Gun's, not bad for a backup though...

Otherwise, they can only Recharge instead of also Reload.

The Faster Brownies being quite small and dressed in brown reds still make rapid circular motions around the attacking Alien Insect Space Ship's firing their Laser Fire Arrow's and Fire EM Pistol's to no avail, not a bad quantity of fire distraction though as a number of Shadow Fighter's still cannot resist to aim at them...

The Centaur's carry Laser EM Bow's, 200 mm Portable Heavy Laser Cannon's and Fire EM Sword's dressed in nothing but a tunic against the hot smoke filled wind not even trying to dodge the onslaught anymore. Their light brown horse hide and tanned Human upper bodies is a mere understatement to their dark grimacing heavily wrinkled faces showing pure disdain and hate for the destruction of their homeland. Their Lines Of Battle do not break even though they fall like broken flies swatted down with extreme violence and they would rather die than ever suffer the shame of cowardliness and defeat. Being about 1000 strong their Heavy Weapon's bring a significant toll of deaths. Aiming and turning up and around at highly dynamic 0 - 90° upwards they give a spectacular show.

Silber, Psionic Warlock, Chief Commander of the Laser Military, scratches his head doing a cold calculation as to the numbers and odds.

The extremely streamlined silver gray white Poly-Morphed Form of the Laser Fighter's is complemented by an additional whole shitload of Counter Measures. They can also, like

all other Space Ship's, enter Stealth Secret Silent And Cloaked Mode though firing quickly gives away 3D Co-ordinates and Null EM Shield's and Spheres can still be scanned, demodulated, synchronized, ripped and/or depleted for they are Energy based.

Silber, Psionic Warlock is considering and worrying about this possibility. If they blink in and out then the Chaos Effect becomes uncontrollable though sending in 2 Laser Fighter Group's behind them may not be a bad Tactic depending on how much Energy that requires: If too many Space Ship's get depleted they might as well surrender.

The Alien Insect Space Ship's are very rugged and sharply defined constructions impervious to 99.999% of all Human-Made Mechanized Military; the overlaid triangular curved layers of their Space Ship Alien Armor's deflect and reduce the Damage of pretty much all such attacks which happen to get through the Null EM Shadow Shield's And Spheres which is now a Mut Point. The dark red purple glowing and shimmering Shadow EM Visual Effect's of these with tints of black dark gray pulsate evilly. These also keep looking for more subspace and residual Sources Of Dark Energy Feed's.

The Ally's can only hope for strong evasive Tactic's And Maneuver's or the Alien Insect EM Dark Globe Turret's torrenting Negative EM Energy Implosion's and Explosion's will annihilate them *all*. They do not even need the Plasma EM Fighter's who's goal is to wipe out the whole forest so their Space Ship's can land.

This spectacle is phenomenal: Laser EM Fighter's, Laser Null EM Corvettes, Laser EM Pulse Cruiser's and Laser EM Null Bomb Destroyer's on multiple sides of the Air Battle all create a very hyper pattern of destruction. Everything in proximity either gets obliterated or hits each other's Defenses with the Power and Energy of Hyper Advanced Mega Nuclear Bomb's or gets the Hell out of there...

Their Dark Troop's keep on hovering through the massive Black Hole Hell Gate.

This quite large Hell Portal keeps pumping in more Enemy EM Plasma Space Troop's and Alien Insect Troop's. The Attack Force of the Alien Insect's seems endless. These Dark Troop's are also armored in sharp curved triangular shapes with black dark gray Alien Metal and Exo-Skeleton Alien Insect Armor's in contrasts of god awful dirty smudged red purple, gross brown yellow white and dark gray blacks. Their dark purple EM Gun Pulses light up the whole Front Line as a few remaining Trees fall and incinerate, boulders shatter into pieces, smoke fills the air and utter Chaos And Death reigns upon the Ally's waiting for their Reinforcement's...

Thousand's of Allied Space Troop's arrive hovering straight northeast from the Human City.

The two opposing Army's in seperated 3D Square Formation's on the Allied side and parallel 3D Rectangle Columns on the Enemy side collide into each other at Sprint Speed's where once a rich and colorful original forest stood and the expression 'pyrotechnics explod' is like another on of those Understatement Of The Year Nomination Candidate Award's...

Hollow puppet host bodies go flying left, right and center kilometers through the air. The

force of their impact alone as everyone opens up Laser, EM, Pulse, Rocket's and/or Gun's on their side and Shadow, EM, Pulse, Rocket's and/or Plasma Weapon's at the same time, not like Noobies taking turns, with Implosion's and Explosion's of Laser Cannon's and EM Rocket's detonating above as rapidly circling, dodging and jumping Space Ship's scream past in curving arcs and algorithms cause the whole region to shudder and shake as various Null EM Res Vibe Field Disturbances reach even the eyes and ears of those terrified in Human City's and all others not just on Planet Earth I but other Planet's who all log on en masse to their Inter-Planetary New's Medias in multiple mediums. Server Park's even crash as they get swamped by too many hits at the same time.

There was no way to prevent this Invasion since the Alien Insect Army is porting in from many different Planes and Planet's all synchronized and coordinated at the same time and this has been seen so many times in History Of Humanity: The Leader's of Humanity and other Species chose to ignore or not take seriously enough such Early Warning's.

The Human Allied Space Troop's are also colorfully decorated with curved molded blue white silver Cyber Armor's in Shining Silver Steel Metal's with white silver blue Laser Beam's and Blast's of Laser Pistol's, Laser Rifles, Laser Sniper's and Portable Laser Cannon's.

This large Human Allied Army is also backed up, though lagging somewhat, by Laser EM Artillery who must aim at the middle ranks of the almost unstoppable approaching Army of Death. Not in the tens of thousands, rather the Enemy keeps on hovering through in hundreds of thousands.

Silber, Psionic Warlock thinks to himself, 'Nuthin' like the good ole Celtic days...'

The Gray Giant's and Ice Dwarves are a long way away... Their relatively slow War Machines are still hours away as they now suffer a Dis-Morale Effect which then also Spliffs Down The Middle their loyalties. These War Machines are the ultimate combination of Catapult, Cannon and Artillery Technology's bound with Fire and Earth Magic and can take out whole square kilometers in a Single Attack, and not for lunch again...

The Heavy Laser Tank's with Null EM Shield's And Spheres led by Silber, Psionic Warlock from his Brain-To-Wave Cockpit will have to do in the mean time Laser and EM Beaming and Blasting with 200 mm 1 Laser Cannon's, 20 mm 2 Laser Cannon's and 1 Pop Up EM Pulse Blast Turret from a comfortable Medium Range as they hover and fly at 450 km/h with no terrain modifiers straight into the Bottom Left Back Flank of the 1st Enemy 3D Rectangle Column Formation of the EM Plasma Warrior Army. They cannot simply charge in and cake walk them for fear of being attacked by too many of their Space Ship's. He can also not risk his 650 km/h Medium Laser Tank's or 850 km/h Light Laser Tank's at this time with the same payload: There are 150 Heavy Laser Tank's, 100 Medium Laser Tank's and 50 Light Laser Tank's blasting into them while 150 Medium Laser Tank's and 300 Light Laser Tank's are in reserve providing a protective half circle in front of the Human City's which is a large civilized region. They keep pulverizing the Enemy Troop's marching in with a long line of Laser Beam's and Laser Blast's as if walking into a wall of Pure Fire Energy vaporizing them near-instantaneously.

To Recharge they merely go back and forth in a 6 part 3D Square Formation and plug into Energy Recharge Center's in City's near the Front Line. Next to such they also use various Sources Of Residual Energy which allows them to sustain Laser Fire longer.

This somehow goes on for a ½ hour with no budging of the Front Line. Hollow puppet host bodies go flying left, right and center kilometers through the air.

The Faster Brownie Army sees that the Battle could be over in only an hour and Hyper Speed Accelerate arriving in the nick of time to add a third somewhat highly chaotic round Mob Group Attack to hit into Bottom Left Front Flank column and defend the Right Flank of the Laser Troop's so these two cannot get split up. They are dressed in bright red oranges of highly decorated natural cloth and skins augmented by powerful and energetic Magic emanating from the Summoning's and Incantation's of their Fire Priest's and Priestesses trying to influence the entire tide of the Battle, if not the War...

An unexpected later representation in huge numbers of Forest Animal's who are not so stupid and Non-Sentient as we thought they were and who fled the burning forest to regroup assist the exceedingly deadly counter assault straight into the Top Right Front Flank of the second right 3D Column Formation of the Alien Insect Troop's after circling around the northern part of the forest; they can barely turn enough columns in time before they get pummeled with a highly effective 3D Arrow Formation straight into them as they run, sprint, jump, bounce, hop, flap and fly very pissed off and mad into them growling, hissing, screaming and roaring.

Unfortunately, Silber, Psionic Warlock made a small cold miscalculation: The Enemy's retort consisting of Shadow EM Tank's, all the same size and same speed at 1050 km/h suddenly port in through the Black Hole Portal above the Laser Troop's, do a very fast and deadly descending Line Of Attack into the top of the Faster Brownies, dead Center, and decrease and delete their stability and solidity with Negative EM Dark Beam's and Globes. The first wave kills about 25% of them with no losses as they are ripped, sucked and disappeared down into the Hell's through Mini-Black Holes screaming all the way.

Wizard's and Mages led by Silver, High Wizard now Jump In fluctuating in between Planes to avoid being seen, heard or hit, generating powerful Light Energy's in the background. They are floating completely Cloaked And Invisible well away from the Battle Area and casting Spell's as best as they can with most of their whole List Of Spell's being completely useless and ineffective. Only the High Ranking Wizard's and Mages have enough Power and Energy to even damage their Space Ship's with Lines, Cones or Spheres of various Element's. They also decide that aiming at the 2 3D Death Column's of Plasma EM Warrior and Alien Insect Troop's is a much smarter choice.

Grouped hollow puppet host bodies go flying left, right and center kilometers through the air as Light Energy, Silver Energy, White Energy with many other colors of Energy and Earth, Water, Air, Fire, Ether with many other Element's impacting their Top Right Rear Flank and generating the most spectacular Visual Effect's for the spectators watching the spectacle. The wildest highest stake Betting Session's now take place.

Priest's and Priestesses led by Kulamanji, High Black Priest are waving massive Warding

and Healing Field's around the defending Ally's doing the up and down arm motion continuously and sweating profusely with all the excessive Power's and Energy's. Using Divine Magic they Call Sky Attack's down upon both 3D Rectangle Column's quite inspired by their own God's and Goddesses and even GOD always looking down always in their own interpretation of such Soul's, Spirit's, Mind's, Body's, Energy's and Element's.

Once again, whole sections of hollow puppet host bodies go flying left, right and center kilometers through the air.

Other highly augmented Demi-Human's, Human's, Mutant's and/or Alien's with Paranormal Capability's now also jump into the Freya...

Some of these God-Like Avatar's, Adept's and/or Super-Heroes wield and/or channel Power And Energy so far off the scale that they grab whole EM Plasma Fighter's and Null EM Shadow Fighter's and toss them into their own Dark Troop's causing more huge Implosion's and Explosion's.

The whole Battle Field starts to become unstable as Mini-Black Holes are ripped into the once strong intermeshed wiremeshes of Space and Time itself.

The remaining Centaur's and Brownies are forced to retreat to the nearby mountain range to the west where the Dryad's are waiting to Heal them as they are rapidly dwindling in numbers and their Forest Of The Centaur's/Brownies/Dryad's is already 75% completely annihilated now... The burning of the rest of the woods can be seen by Laser EM Spy Satellites in any level of Orbit, not excluding ones on the 2 Moon's of Planet Earth I which were just beginning to be explored; other Planet's are in shock, horror, disgust, sadness and anger and start massive Internet Voting Campaign's to Boo or Dis-Like or Hate them.

The resulting scorched plain with fire, brimstone and dark smoke rising into the air will lead to the worst possible Pollution and Erosion imaginable next to the poisoned earths of such post-blast substances, the near 100 year half-life and recovery time of such radiations and the extinction of all such Flora and Fauna who could not escape.

Suddenly, to everyone's second horror, a massive Life Energy Sucking Army of the Undead led by 2-faced untrustworthy Revlis, Vampire Demon Rock God appears through the Hell Shadow Portal, now a massive 12 km gaping Black Hole Rift in Space and Time and all of Planes Of Existence. They lumber in, even Giant Mutant Undead, who are reanimated for the glory of their Demon Master's. These 500 meter Demon Master's whip on their Minion's and have black gray red purple bendings of Matter's and Energy's around their Dark Shadow and Black Smoke Form's.

Revlis, Vampire Demon levitates 600 meters above the Battle Field calling on many Negative Energy's, his arms raised in a V-Shape up to the dark sky with black clouds converging, with Black Shadow Tentacles Of Entropy wavering down to the earth and coursing through his straining red black claws, pale gray white arms, lean mean black clothed straining body and his whole face in a very tense demonic scowl with his Silver Steel Titanium Double Row Teeth wide open and roaring.

He screams, "SURRENDER OR DIE, MORTAL HUMANNNS!!! You CANNOT destroy mein Undead Army!!" His Undead are absorbing most of the various Energy Attack's, except for some of the larger Laser Cannon's and Light Energy's, of the Laser Troop's and other Allied Forces getting stronger, bigger and mutating with each Energy Beam or Blast.

The Wizard's, Mages, Priest's and Priestesses freak out completely no longer just pissed off and fly straight at them Ring's, Wand's and Sceptres opening up total destruction on their Undead Troop's.

Revlis, Vampire Demon merely laughs very loudly and terrifically across the entire Battle Field booming his Voice with the Great Evil of his Demon Master's.

Silber, Psionic Warlock Null EM Teleports himself out of one of the Heavy Laser Tank's hurtling himself at Revlis, Vampire Demon in god-mode drawing his 2 cm - 20 meter 2-Handed Sword Of Lightning Electricity Of Bashing Smashing And Cleaving, not to mention the very large quantity and quality of Silver Light Energy which can Boom and Kaboom almost anything in half.

"You TRAITOR!! I thought you were on our side! You said you would find a dark gray middle ground with us, otherwise for fear of killing your Consumer Base and your Feeding Ground and going the way of the Wraith..." Silber, Psionic Warlock does a Hi-Decibel Psionic Scream right back 900 meters above the raging Warfare below, his Null EM Shield's And Spheres shining silver blue gray white, both fists clenched at his waist.

"So, I lied, you cannot defeat us, you stupid foolish $\frac{3}{4}$ Human Mortal! I would never side with an Elf Hybrid Cyborg Soldier. We will enslave your populace and drain your Planet of all life. What did you expect... that I would *not* betray you for all your stupidity..." Revlis, Vampire Demon taunts him, laughing loud, 1 Dark Black Left Claw Of Death Destruction And Draining swept upwards with his left middle finger pointed downwards.

"Expect!?" cries Silber, Psionic Warlock, "Why do you commit such Evil, Death and Destruction??" He is now within 200 meters travelling at a High Velocity of 250 km/h. Silber, Psionic Warlock is protected by his own very powerful and energetic Null EM Shield's And Spheres and is in Full Elven Plate Near-Infinite Battle Armor which is self-repairing and nanolathing so he does not expect to get damaged...

All Revlis, Vampire Demon can say before impact is, "You do NOT know the far Greater Evil which is comin'..." as he gets grabbed, pulled and Pile-Driven towards the ground at Hyper Mach Speed unable to avoid a right Surprise! EM Grab Vice Grip Attack by Silber, Psionic Warlock who is wearing his Silver Steel Mithrilite Titanium Elven Paladin Armor which sports next to the pointed front and back spiked wheel heel with full plating and chain mail underneath and his Japanese Scale Cyborg Helmet most effectively 2 Gloves Of Null EM Vice Grip's so he can never be disarmed.

They impact midair at 450 km/h and spiral down into the ground. The crater is 500 meters in diameter and takes out thousands of the Enemy, also not for lunch, and the Heavy Damage on Revlis, Vampire Demon is protected and reduced by his Cloak Of Shadow And Etherealness plus his inhuman body across such blood and genomes has incredible

Regen Capability's. Revlis, Vampire Demon Null EM Shadow Teleports away from Silber, Psionic Warlock's anger, laughing now very loudly and hysterically: He apparently let himself get hit to diminish his Opponent through extreme Insult's and diminution for his attack had no affect whatsoever.

The size of the crater doubles in a Huge Silver Blue Delay Effect Explosion as Silber, Psionic Warlock thinking he could let go and departalize him also Null EM Teleports back to his Laser EM Space Fighter.

This time hollow puppet host bodies go straight up and straight down by the extreme sheer 2D Pancake Effect and then go flying left, right and center kilometers through the air.

The Mutant's to the north jump up and start cheering uncontrollably in front of all their Vid Screen's deciding to do clean up work while getting drunk and partying into half-comas.

The Elves have a standoff with the Evil Demi-Human's at the edge of the Faster Brownie Forest to the southeast.

The Troll's south of those two, next to smirking, laughing and cackling start to Throw Dice and also Start Betting to see if they can ambush the Giant's who are still engaged in a very angry heated Debate as to why the Hell they should go anywhere near that region.

Silver, High Wizard is quite occupied nulling the 6 Negative Energy Globes and aiming Light Energy's at them trying to find a way to disactivate them and wondering what more is coming, deciding whether to Demote and/or Fire entire High Council for not listening to sufficiently due Early Warning's; not being able to do so himself, he does have the Rank to Call a Vote on it to other Council's, Government's, Corporation's, Citizen's, Sector's, Specialty's, Expert's, Master's and even Laborer's who are all now in faillisement.

'If we had only acted sooner...' He thinks to himself, again, while entering multiple Planes Of Existence simultaneously looking for the Key to Victory and praying to the God's and Goddesses and GOD always above always looking down always...

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior and Silvestria, Amazon Warrior Mage Priestess have little luck convincing other Planet's of Neutral's and even Ally's to join the fight who fear annihilation, communicating and multi-tasking on their PAD's, hoping someone will come to the rescue, not sure what to do at the moment but not to give up hope...

The World Economy and Politic's of Planet Earth I dissolves into Chaos as Stock Market's flatline and then plummet straight down into the Abyss.

Laborer's and Civilian's and Criminal's start vandalizing, looting and shooting.

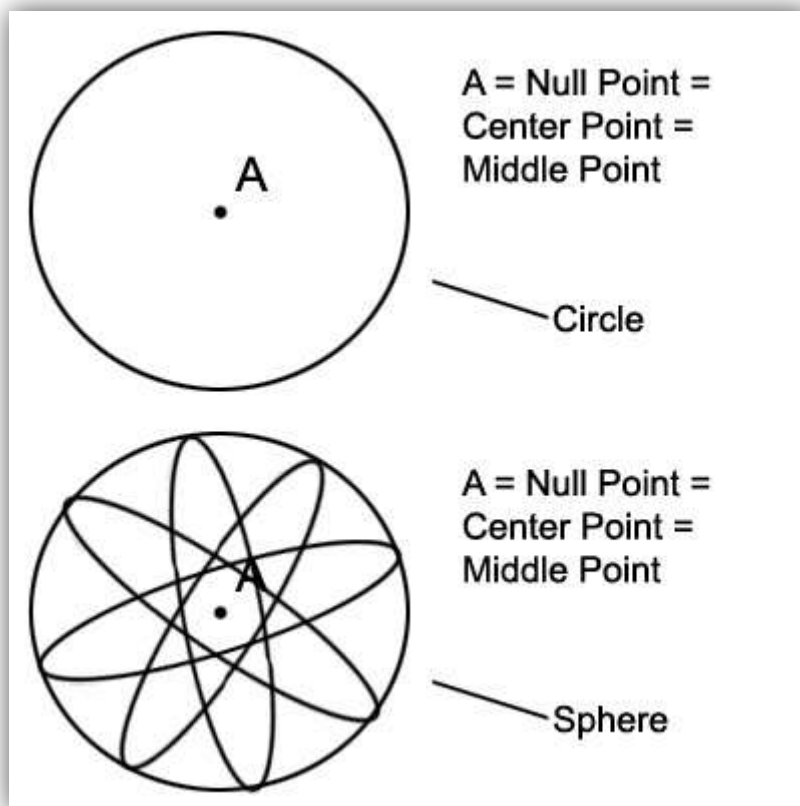
The War to save Planet Earth I, a once pristine green blue Ideal Paradise, ripe for the growth of Humanity rages on, no one able to predict the outcome...

Null Point

'Start Log

Human Gnome Master Advanced Genius Engineer Oom Han Lans
Wireless Digital Transmission

The center of the Universe allowing for the Big Bang Theory with the expansion of the Universe is a Middle Point, Center Point and/or Null Point. This is the potential location of GOD, the Throne Of GOD, since only this point is not expanding along with the rest of Planes Of Existence. Each Circle and Sphere of the Universe including each Multi- Universe therefore extraneous Universes can follow this Law, like a big pool, billiard or snooker game. See the next diagram:



Null Point - Circle and Sphere - 2D & 3D Model Design © Kyle Lance Proudfoot

Any Theory of the Big Bang has to allow for a Null Point, Center Point and/or Middle Point which has the Kinetic Energy potential equivalent of null potentius ad majorus ad infinitum, thus ever expanding outwards, the unmoving center which is not expanding of the existential Great Buddha, now and here, and also that of the infinite One Big Reality itself, thus the Throne Of GOD.'

This Digital Wireless Message is received by Silber, Psionic Warlock just before the Science Head Quarter's goes completely inferno coincidentally while they were doing

construction at such levels causing nervous attacks and heart fibrillation and then the entire building is destroyed and all the Scientist's in it are killed who were presently analyzing the Enemy Alien Insect's to death who teleported in with massive Suicide Attack's. It was like tracking them right in front of their noses and they could do nothing about them whether knowing, not knowing or completely oblivious...

Silber, Psionic Warlock blinks twice at its Vid Log, 'Sheister...'

The text continues, 'Each microscopic or nanoscopic particle also has a center and is expanding with fields.

If there is only an increasing potentialus ad majorum of all quantum particles, like a net increase, as to who is going to Battle who then there can only be an ad infinitum of InterActive™ coupling particles leading to a Near-Infinite War between Light and Shadow.

If the Universe really does collapse back into the last and first Black Hole after an indefinite quantity and quality of Time and then trigger another Big Bang then it is Infinite.

Human Gnome Master Advanced Genius Engineer Oom Han Lans
Our Head Science Advisor
Date and Time: 540-07-3
2-51-675-450790-960300290

End Log'

Silver, High Wizard floats in High Ether's and orders the Wizard's and Mages to teleport up to Orbit and Planar Phase to the 2 Dark Globes which are in the Planet itself.

The Wizard's and Mages have great difficulty battling the Dark Energy Globular 3D Matrix Grid. It is not likely without less diverging of protective Null EM Shield's And Spheres to the Allied Army that the Ally's will overcome the continuously entering Army of Undead through the Dark Gate.

Many Human's pray for Divine Intervention in their Pantheon's of Monotheistic and Polytheistic Religion's and Philosophy's and even their Mythology's.

But the God's and Goddesses are already busy. They have many other Galaxy's and Solar System's, Planet Earth I is only one out of so many and is fairly low on their Priority List, not to mention is not Humanity just left to its own Free Will... or must not Humanity with all its test, trials and tribulations not just win its own Battles?

Those who survive in what is left of the previously pristine and being cut and burned down once Magical Forest's despair and anguish tormentedly. They retaliate where they can but the overwhelming numbers of the Enemy are hard to stop.

The Faster Brownie Laser Fire Arrow's have little affect on the incoming masses...

The Ice Dwarves and Gray Giant's are now throwing rocks at each other...

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior and Silvestria, Amazon Warrior Priestess have exhausted their Creative Method's to try and make, promote and/or save something without breaking the Rules and/or Law's of the Country or is it just its completely unclear body language...

The Ally's lead by Silber, Psionic Warlock, Commander In Chief of the Allied Army, decide to do a Defense Retreat, a Fighting Withdrawal, to somewhat higher ground. The Faster Brownies retreat flying and hopping backwards horizontally in Hyper Acceleration Mode.

There being also no more High Council alive having been similarly hit by Alien Insect Spy Assassin's jumping in and out the Head's of State make new High Council. There Numero Uno Priority, like in a big hall with great costumes on, is to deal with the life threatening Extra-Planar Threat of the Enemy.

The Alien Insect Army takes over the whole forest.

This severely pisses off the Mutant's to the north along the precious blue silver glowing lake filled with shadows. Trees encapsulated with their own Source Of Energy radiate Electro-Magnetism with particles, waves and fields like all other objects.

This dawns upon Silver, High Wizard while hidden in Orbit who asks himself in the goodness of his heart, 'Do they just treat us like 3D Object's? Or only 2D Object's?'

Silber, Psionic Warlock thinks of an idiom, 'Am I a bundle of numbers, nodes and lines?'

Revlis, Vampire Demon speculates, 'And no, they do not Sensai the Shadow Tentacles of Hell reaching up to them, the foolish Mortal Human's did not listen to their own warnings, and now it is merely therrre Apocalypse.'

The IT Experts, led by Lance II, IT Expert Engineer with his exceedingly high intellect calculate they can only hold out for 2 weeks. He sends his futile Wireless Digital Message globally, "We very badly need the Ice Dwarves' Machine's and the Gray Giant's' Boulder's Of Ice Fire and Thunder..." His Voice breaks in sorrow at all which is lost so far...

The Laser EM Rocket Heavy Artillery finally arrives and lines up along the southern border between the previous Forest Of The Brownies/Centaur's/Dryad's, now completely demolished and occupied, and the Human forest, plains and western mountains. Here and at the western mountains are placed several Hyper Modern Technological and Magical Fortresses of the Allied Army. It was really no problem lasering into the granite rock in the ground and mountain sides to build them; they look like futuristic Renaissance Castles.

Without warning the cries for help having apparently not gone unnoticed, the cries of anguish, the bloodlust increasing exponentially, 67 Alien Insect Mother Ship's gate in.

Apparently, Planet Earth I is positioned very importantly on a Tactical And Strategeical Link in this Space Sector if not also the Galaxy.

And to add more doom, Orthe, Wodora, Aera and Pyre are forced to come out of

Cryogenic Sleep and land their whole Elite Escape Colony Space Ship on some remote Godforsaken desolate Planet. As the Enemy attacks Planet Earth I with more raiding and patrolling of other Space Sector's they do not have time to find an unpopulated Planet with enough Resources: They are near instantly killed by the Enemy or did they have time to teleport out? The Vid Screen's tuned into those Channel's see only a very large dark red and fiery orange EM Plasma Rocket Explosion on the Null EM Propulsion Engines of it as it tries to escape by blazing into the atmosphere before their Vid Screen's go black turned off and censured by new High Council who Terminate each of the Camera Drone Bot's which were broadcasting the whole trip of the next Colonization to Planet Earth II.

So the Human City's must now Battle for their lives with blue magenta Laser Beam's and Blast's, EM Pulse Blast's and dark red purple Shadow Weapon's filling up the whole region. With an extra 160 120 mm Laser EM Artillery and the last of the Laser Troop's for Reinforcement's they might have just enough time to join up with the Gray Giant's and Ice Dwarves even though it does mean sacrificing half of the Human City's and Capitol. They are now all in one vertical 3D Square Formation, a 3D Cube Formation, with 1000 meters between each one to avoid Blast Diameter Effect's. The heavier Laser Space Ship's and Tank's positioned on the outside take the brunt of the fire and when their Laser Weapon's and/or Null EM Shield's and Spheres are weakened or one is destroyed they then rotate the whole 3D Battle Formation and/or fill in the gaps; this can also be done very rapidly on the dime with such Null EM Propulsion Engines controlled by Silber, Psionic Warlock, his Laser Commander's and Hyper Modern Battle AI Computer System's. Rotation also helps Recharges. They move directly backwards so they do not need to turn around and keep their guns aimed at the Enemy. At different staggered heights per row and column at 100 - 900 meters they can maintain a very high fire rate without having to move around.

Ever fluctuating and modulating their Null EM Shield's and Spheres with Near-Infinite Encryption, thus they are not simply blown up with a couple shots, the Laser Blasting from west to east is better than beer, film and popcorn. The Canadian Null EM Laser Artillery has 360 degrees fully rotary Hover augmentations so do not fail in even aiming at Enemy Space Ship's. They can even be teleported to above, behind or below the Enemy though being much smaller and having much less shielding they get easily blown up: They are 20 meters in length, 5 meters in width and 2.5 meters in height and are unmanned, like hundreds if not thousands of very light and highly deployable cloned drones.

They do not bother to calculate the total carnage and destruction into volts and watts.

Silber, Psionic Warlock asks himself pathetically with a large Inferiority Complex which usually overcompensates in no time to an extreme Superiority Complex as he watches their entire Dark And Evil Army curve southwest directly into their Human City's, a Sense Of Humor always helps to relax his tight bundled nerves, 'Where - is - the - Space - Ship?'

There was not enough time in a mere Colony to build Allied Mother Ship's, even with the available Resources at hand a Mother Ship is a huge Object and as usual High Council shot down that project too...

So the sad little Mr. Newbie, Rules Lawyer asks, "Why do they have 67 Mother Ship's and we have only 0 wero nero, boo hoo hoo... goodbye Mommy, I luv you..."

Humanity starts committing patricidal matriarchal mass Suicide.

The Lies And Rumor's feed the story but some things are just true: Even 180 meter tall and 30 meter wide 2-legged and 2-armed thin Exo-Skeleton Alien Insect's land on other locations on Planet Earth I though others suspect temporary Hell Portal's opening up...

They reach the outskirts of the Human City's and it all degrades into one big ugly mass slaughter as Near-Impossible Street Battles break open, stores are ripped off and riots explode. As the Allied Forces steadily retreat, slowing them down, Enemy Space Ship's mow over and through brick, stone, mortar and metal buildings and ignite everything along the way. Vehicles get flattened and tossed. People flee south screaming the whole way.

The Allied Forces reach the border of their Capital City but then 13 more Alien Insect Mother Ship's suddenly appear above their 14 City's, the Capital City is too heavily defended with their 3D Cube Formation, and start sucking Matter And Energy straight up from the earth and buildings through ME Dissolving Funnel's. After all, everything is Matter and/or Energy and can be transformed into each other. Thus, they do not want to just strip mine Planet's but once done literally obliterate their entireties into Energy.

The Gray Giant's and Ice Dwarves get so shocked via their PAD's that they immediately stop their argument and Hyper Speed March And Hover to help the Allied Army.

The general idea is to get in front of the Gray Giant and Ice Dwarf Lines with their Ultra Heavy Bombardment by doing a steady Fighting Withdrawal backwards, thus moving towards each other. Silber, Psionic Warlock keeps firing continuously, only needing to pauze to Recharge or Reload, his Null EM Laser Psionic Warlock moving in perfect synchronous co-ordination with all other Laser Space Ship's as they turn their brilliant 3D Cube Formation effortlessly. If the Enemy Space Ship's try to attack by flying around it then they simply turn this 3D Vertical Laser Wall rapidly shifting orientation and completely vaporize anything, not excluding their Mother Ship's, in its multilayered paths.

This not only keeps the Enemy at bay but slows them down significantly. The rest of the Enemy Troop's who are not strong enough to even fire at this 3D Battle Formation are taking up encampment in the overrun now burned, charred and blackened forest region.

Revlis, Vampire Demon curses vehemently as he Sensais such through the Astral Plane from the other side of Planet Earth staying hidden, "DAMN YOU! YOU ARE SMARTER THAN I THOUGHT." He swears continuously in multiple Languages...

A second huge Battle erupts between Elves and Stone Troll's who figure they are better off siding with the Evil Demi-Human's.

Unknown to everyone, a highly encrypted SOS Message sent universally by Desacrus, Rogue Warrior and Silvestria, Amazon Warrior Priestess made it to another Unknown Planet which was somehow met with sympathy or was it planned from the start...

For who would try to wipe out a whole Planet except bugger Alien Insect Miner's?

A neighboring Planet in the same Solar System uncloaks about the same distance to them as Mars to Planet Earth.

Suddenly, the whole of Humanity flips their whole attitude and rejoice in great motivation. The Inter-Planetary New's Medias and entertainment networks go completely nuts.

The Attack And Defense Capability's of the entire Allied Forces doubles by this not just in Morale Motivation And Morality alone...

Heroes and Legend's are made as many Super-Hero Demi-Human's, Human's, Mutant's and/or Alien's teleport, fly, jump, sprint and/or run in just to get a piece of the action.

The Alien Insect EM and Dark Globe Mother Ship's, Shadow EM Fighter's, Plasma EM Fighter's and larger Undead, the worst being huge mutated Undead Giant Zombie Monster's almost absorbing each and every blast, pauze for a couple moments looking up in shock and are slowed down in their advance very significantly wondering if they have now badly underestimated the fighting prowess of the Allied Forces.

'Is this Battle still worth it if this Colony is to be harvested at such a price? Is the very War against Humanity worth it if we cannot get this Key Co-ordinate in this Space Sector? Are the losses greater than the profit?' Revlis, Vampire Demon scrapes his claws through air, 'Is so much blood worth it, in the eyes of my God's, Goddesses and GOD residing in the Null Point's of the Universes, the Absolute Middle Point's, yet Death keeps on feeding...'

With multiple waves the Matter/Anti-Matter Mother Ship's and Rocket EM Cruiser's and Laser EM Fighter's of the unexpected Ally of Planet Earth I blast into the Enemy Mother Ship's also appearing out of nowhere and surrounding them armed with 200 cm Null Anti-Matter Cannon's, 100 - 200 cm Heavy-Tipped Short-Long Range IPBM Rocket's and intense blue white silver gold 20 - 200 mm Laser Cannon's.

No one has ever seen such Power And Energy Matter/Anti-Matter/Rocket/Laser/EM Weapon's ever before which are faster, stronger, bigger, better and greater than all others, but after all Space Time does consist of 99.999% Nothingness and though not empty within the Universe with Matter's and Energy's filling it up which can be quite subtle the Zero Point Field Theory does not state anything about what is outside of it and with Universe Expansion it would otherwise burn up completely through friction alone if there is no Nothingness, another horrific Coffee Cup Effect.

Silber, Psionic Warlock now orders the Allied Army to slow down their Fighting Withdrawal!

The entire region Implodes And Explodes into an incomprehensible display of completely mind numbing fireworks and extremely high decibel sound spikes.

Silber, Psionic Warlock remembers some Ancient Battles in History Of Humanity but he cannot stop thinking of when that whole Species got wiped out by a Planet Exploder...

Silver, High Wizard raises his arms up and Calls Upon his God's and Goddesses in their

Infinite Planar Power's and Energy's. Kulamanji, High Black Priest does the same but then for primarily channelling GOD Power And Energy.

Bringing the Infinite Energy Potential into the Power and Energy Circle of Wizard's, Mages, Priest's and Priestesses, a great magnification, the sky itself opens up.

Now, the Dark Evil Enemy themselves look up in their own terror and horror.

An intense Light Energy breaks through the entire Heaven's, the dark black evil clouds are driven asunder and broken, and shines down in Great White Gold Silver Brightness.

Now, the Undead of the Alien Insect Army are afraid and run sloppily away and stumble back to the Shadow Planes and other Hell Planes always in great fear of Light Energy.

Yet, the Enemy still remains quite strong with their own Dark Evil Shadow Power And Energy Defenses And Offenses. Revlis, Vampire Demon returns funneling and sucking Negative Dark Black Energy through the now 24 km diameter Black Hole Gate.

'We have to close the Hell Portal...' psychically communes Kulamanji, Black High Priest stating it as neutral and matter-of-fact as he can without trying to look at the thing.

Silber, Psionic Warlock orders Desacrus, Rogue Warrior and Silvestria, Amazon Warrior Priestess to teleport near to the destroyed Teleporter Mirror and try to scan with their PAD's and Telepathic Capability's how the Hell to shut down this Dark Energy Globular 3D Matrix Grid, if not the Black Hole Gate itself, which is continuing to Drain Life Energy from Planet Earth I.

Silver, High Wizard now Phase Modulates between Planes again so he can remain Cloaked And Invisible to their also hidden Dark Evil Black Sorcerer's, Undead Shadow Priest's and Shadow High Priest's who are sustaining its structural integrity and regenerating their Dark Troop's; for either to engage each other in a very powerful and energetic Battle of Sorcerer's and Necromancer's versus Wizard's and Priest's at this time would be very erroneous not to mention kill many High Rank's.

The God's and Goddesses seem to be silent but work their Power's and Energy's invisibly.

But then to everyone's dismay again a huge Shadow Demon from Hell Plane 56 with Dark Black Energy twirling throughout its entire being shows up directly next to Revlis, Vampire Demon and launches Great Negative Power And Energy directly into the center of the now obliterated Planar and Inter-Planetary Portalway now a Black Hole Gate. Revlis, Vampire Demon levitates in great grandeur next to this huge Demon of Chaos And Shadow.

They laugh torrentuously, the sound hateful to all ears but their own.

Being blocked by Telepathy they can only rely on their Technological Devices. Desacrus, Rogue Warrior throws a Mini-Anti-Matter Bomb at the two of them. Silvestria, Amazon Warrior Priestess augments their Null EM Shield's And Spheres in Hi-Synchronization.

They teleport the Hell out before it goes off. Their Demon Guard's, a Group of Wraith Undead, take potshots at them with Negative Energy Rifles but just barely miss.

Silver, High Wizard now Calls Upon the Power's and Energy's of Ra and Zeus, "I CALL UPON THEE, THE INFINITELY GREAT AND IMMORTAL ZEUS AND RA TO HELP HUMANITY IN THIS GREAT TIME OF NEED!!"

2 Great Bolt's Of Ice And Fire hurtle down from the sky and huge Fission And Fusion Blast Diameter Detonation's implode and explode into the center of one of their Space Ship Group's. 20 Alien Insect Mother Ship's are completely destroyed.

"15 to go..." records Silber, Psionic Warlock itching and trigger happy for another byte of Revlis, Vampire Demon.

But who dares take on the now 760 meter Chaos and Shadow Demon who feeds off of the Black Hole Gate itself, like it is surfing off of the event horizon... In a few relative moments it will be 910 meters high, a full blown God-Like Demon.

The 2 Great Bolt's Of Ice And Fire are infrequent causing Heavy Damage to the Dark Troop's of the Enemy. No one knows where they come from, straight out of the sky, and many Demi-Human's, Human's, Mutant's and Alien's fall on their knees in Worship full of gratitude to their own God's, Goddesses and/or GOD.

Can they last another 2 hours with thousands more Alien Insect Troop's incoming in this desperate weak Front having almost given up on the time it takes for the Ice Dwarf and Gray Giant Reinforcement's to arrive...

Raising his arms to the great blackness of Space and Time again, Silver, High Wizard Null EM Planar Teleports 4 Enemy Mother Ship's to a Lower Plane Of Hell and preferrably straight into one of their Dark Planet's, his Power And Energy heightened and focussed by the other Wizard's and Mages, as he cries out across the entire Area, "I will only send you to Hell, I will never meet you there!" He then retreats to Recharge Power and Energy.

Silber, Psionic Warlock with his Cyber Helmet Of Psionic Strength And Will fires consecutive Mighty Psionic Blow's at the Shadow And Chaos Demon. He tries distracting, disturbing, dissolving and dividing its Shadow Energy in half each time which will hopefully cause some Delay Effect cause if it reaches its full height and launches itself at them...

The destiny of Planet Earth I and the survival of Humanity lies in the balance...

New's spreads to other more remote Planet's of this horrific Planet Invasion...

One can only hold ones breath wondering what will happen next...

The Allied Forces Miscalculated Once Again

All of the Allied Forces make a big unhappy smile with their slower Fighting Withdrawal, not really running, making the best shot to kill ratio they can in their weakening front... The Faster Brownies to the east, the Human's in the center, the Centaur's and Brownies returning to the west, all the hovering Space Ship's Laser Blasting above. They must prevent the advance of the Alien Insect Army to their western front or the break through the line will open up a corridor to the Capital to the south of the Human City's. However, they must still wait quite a while for the Ice Dwarf and Gray Giant Heavy Artillery. The plains, forest and western mountains are hit with Fire, Explosion's, Implosion's, Mini-Black Holes, Shadow Shockwaves, EM Pulses and EM Plasma Blast's. Bright red and pitch black streaks combined with white silver electrical discharge flashes and other huge shudders rock the landscape. They do not want to apparently own the City's but destroy them completely to mine them; they are also motivated by some millennia old grudge.

The superior Space Force of the supporting friendly Alien's from the uncloaked neighboring Planet continues to bombard the Alien Insect Space Ship's and the Alien Insect Warrior's their Evil Black Dark Army a huge mass of dark gray and black jagged edges accentuated by the burning red of their eyes. The supporting Evil Demi-Human's help continue their slow downward curve push south with death and destruction flying kilometers through the air to the left, right, bottom and top of the fighting Forces.

Deciding it is part of their responsibility to defend Planet Earth I which they live on the manic depressive Mutant's make a big chagrin to Rear Attack the Enemy viciously from the north, charging, jumping, flying and/or lumbering into Battle in tiny, small, medium, large and very large sizes, forms and characteristics. With their Telepathic and Telekinetic Capability's they remotely, even from kilometers away, lift, throw and hurl the bodies of the Alien Insect's into the air, into the ground and any object remaining standing. With all the hollow broken puppet bodies flying through the air the carnage is immense.

Silver, High Wizard uses his own very powerful and energetic Magical Capability's augmented by his bound Group's to try to dislodge one of the Negative Globes from its Negative Energy 3D Matrix Grid around and throughout Planet Earth I fearing the potential of even greater Evil which might come from its Hell Portal which is activating and feeding the Negative Energy 3D Matrix Grid, not to mention its increasing Life Energy Draining potentially capable of sucking all life completely out of the Planet itself, they after all only need all the Mining Resources, turn it into an empty dead depleted husk and then convert the entire Mass of all its Matter into Energy.

Silber, Psionic Warlock does Lightning Faster Attack Sequences with his Laser Space Jet Fighter, his Laser Psionic Warlock, using near-instantaneous Brain-To-Device, Brain-To-Wave, Brain-To-Machine and Brain-To-Plane Command's.

His 200 mm 2 Laser Cannon's are exceedingly accurate and deadly. The other penetrating 20 mm 4 Laser Cannon's fire rapid consecutive bursts only needing to Recharge briefly with all of the excessive quantity and quality of Residual Energy in the air. Even if he has to fly back and dock to do so his speed is phenomenal. His 2 Short to Medium Range Heavy Tipped Rocket Launcher's can cause Heavy - Critical Damage to even one of their

Mother Ship's if aimed at the right spot.

King Kalor II, Leader of the Faster Brownies is upset with the Fighting Withdrawal barely slowing them down enough. At this rate they will never be able to use the Heavy Artillery. Then it will truly be too late, not to mention the cost of Repair of the region...

Revlis, Vampire Demon stands at full prowess floating and radiating Dark Life Sucking Energy from the left side of the Hell Portal his Cloak Of Shadow And Etherealness protecting him from ALL Attack's for even Foton's pass harmlessly through him, ditto for its cowl, Laser Weapon's just go right through him with no effect, Elemental Attack's, Bullet's, EM Blast's and practically anything else aimed at him just goes straight through causing no Damage and hitting those instead who may be behind him... He grins supremely full of 100% Pure Capitalistic Evil: In his own sense of Left Corporation's in Absolute Capitalism he will simply own this entire Planet after wiping out the so-called competition and after maxing out all of the short- and long-term Money Profit's he deletes the Planet.

The Huge Shadow And Chaos Demon laughing torrentuously and lashing out Shadow Tentacles at smart, stupid and/or brave Human's, emitting Massive Sonic Disruption's at the retreating Allied Army, now stands 960 meters high and 160 meters wide at the right side of the now maxed out Hell Portal. It grew with each hour absorbing all Types of Energy's, it also feeds on the death and the screams of its dying Victim's, their Psychic Energy's and Spirit's being ripped, sucked and pulled into it, only a few pious ones who were insufficiently tainted arise upwards to the free skies and Heaven Planes.

King Kalor II, Leader of the Faster Brownies not known for his wisdom, patience and definitely not his IQ Level decides to get fat too clever and heroic. He figures he can Cast a Temporary Cloaking Spell on himself and circle up and around, like a brave stunt pilot, and Surprise! Attack Revlis, Vampire Demon from behind with the full Arsenal of his Fire Spell's and Laser Fire Plasma Pistol's...

Well, Faster Brownies not particularly experienced in the ways of Vampires or Demon's having led a sheltered life protected by Elves forever just do not know you should never try to sneak up on a Vampire from behind, especially not a Vampire Demon...

Revlis, Vampire Demon and the Shadow And Chaos Demon planaring between the real and unreal Negative Shadow Planes Of Existence see him from 10 km's away...

King Kalor II, Leader of the Faster Brownies accelerates in a long curve towards Revlis, Vampire Demon reaching speeds never known to Human...

Revlis, Vampire Demon at the last second yawning mildly with his right Vice Grip Clawed Hand spins faster than the eye can see and Left Backhands with his Left Clawed Hand Of Death the Very Not Immortal Host Body of King Kalor II into a dead charred lone remaining Tree 200 meters away at 650 km/h. King Kalor II flies already dead at great momentum face first into the dead Tree shattering through it, splinters and blood exploding in all directions, his body sliding for another 150 meters through the dirt, bouncing multiple times, his leathery Faster Brownie Wing's finally moving no more, his Fire Weapon's tossed and broken, his once proud and smiling face and stature now sad and defeated...

Silber, Psionic Warlock taking advantage of the distraction to get past Revlis, Vampire Demon's ever wakeful guarding aims his Laser Jet Fighter straight at the Chaos and Shadow Demon and Null EM Teleports out of his Cyber Cockpit again. A cute little Self-Destruct Sequence is activated, the womanly Voice of his Laser Fighter's AI bitterly bitching and complaining with vehement swearwords the whole way down.

Floating midair at 200 meters altitude with very powerful and energetic Null EM Spheres and Rotary Null EM Shield's surrounding him, his 2 cm - 20 meter 2-Handed Sword Of Lightning Attack's held high above his head, he waits for the impending Implosion And Explosion as he calls upon the Great Might of Thor screaming to the sky, "Nicht Onheil Thor! I NOW CALL UPON YOUR LIGHTNING FIRE TO CRUSH MEIN ENEMY!!"

The impact shakes the earth and crackles the air in a 20 km spherical diameter. The focus blast of the 5 km spherical diameter Blue White Lightning Fire Explosion hopefully takes out not just its Primary Target but also disrupts the Hell Shadow Gate. It incinerates the Enemy Troop's still hovering, marching, stumbling, moaning, floating and flying in.

'Thank GOD there are no Hover Zombies...' He reminiscences. Without hesitating any further he Psionic Screams and charges in Hyper Acceleration Mode through the air, like a raging Scottish Celt with a Claymore, straight at the tottering smoking Shadow And Chaos Demon, "YOUUU KILLED MY FRIEND!!"

The arcing seering Matter to Energy Attack of his now 20 meter long 2-Handed Cleaver Sword combined with its very powerful and energetic Element's impacts at mind-boggling speed into the Huge Chaos And Shadow Demon's right shoulder. The Area explodes again hurtling Revlis, Vampire Demon 100's of meters through the air in chaotic saltos as chaotic unstable Blue Fire and Shadow Matter's and Energy's merge through multiple microscopic and nanoscopic Planes Of Existence at such intensely layered sub-realities that it is practically causing some kind of Anti-Matter Flux in Time itself.

However, just in time with its other arm using Hyper Faster Reflexes it is able to grab Silber, Psionic Warlock and throw him into the Hell Shadow Portal! Its Scream Of Death Agony is heard throughout the lands at great volumes as it desecrates into a billion particles. Its Great Black Evil Shadow Spirit also gets sucked into this Black Hole Portal.

Silber, Psionic Warlock screams in fear and horror as he tunnels and spirals out of this real Plane Of Existence though with such destabilizations has it not entered a new Timeline...

This Black Hole Gate is seemingly unaffected by such Implosion's and Explosion's.

The Elven High Priest's and Elven High Mages, seeing and hearing the death of the Chaos And Shadow Demon raise a Cheer Of Victory increasing the Morale And Motivation of ALL Allied Troop's; unfortunately, Silber, Psionic Warlock's Great Sword is now twirling through Space and Time and him falling after it too...

The Battle versus the Evil Demi-Human's of the dry plains is also going well but now the Ogres and Troll's angered by the death of one of their Demon's, one of their glorious Idol's

of Hate Death Lies And Sadism start running, sprinting, bouncing and jumping much faster over the terrain to burn the despised Forest Of The Elves and that of the Faster Brownies.

Revlis, Vampire Demon controls his own spiralling flight before impacting anything, races back to the Hell Portal by Phase Jumping and screams in Unholy Rage at his Undead, Alien Insect's and EM Plasma Warrior's to keep attacking.

The Alien Insect Army with Shadow and EM Plasma Weapon's armored very heavily with Sharp Edged Pointed Titanium Alloyed Armor's and protected by Null EM Shadow Shield's and Spheres with Negative Globes still draining Planet Earth I keep on marching and hovering relentlessly through the Hell Portal in apparently unlimited numbers.

Silver, High Wizard is worried about the near unending Negative Energy Potential of the Enemy. His bound Group of Wizard's and Mages share the same concern.

Kulamanji, High Black Priest shakes his head pessimistically at Silver, High Wizard. His also bound Priest's and Priestesses also being killed now by certain attacks do not waver maintaining their positions, holding their grounds, their Strength Of Faith keeping many Allied Troop's alive with various Spell's Of Protection, Warding, Healing and Regeneration.

Other High Priest's and High Priestesses keep praying in the background in Shrines and Temples in the Human Capital City to the God's and Goddesses and GOD of Humanity and anyone else who will listen...

Is it End Of World's? Angel's watch but their Good Spirit's do not waver. Is it Armageddon? Demon's laugh but their Evil Spirit's do not waver.

A High Council Magistrate calls for a Cease Fire but he gets laughed out and shamed.

Planet Earth I burns with Evil Death Hate Wrath of Evil God's and Goddesses and Demon's of the Enemy, Satan always laughing through all of such, who want it for their own and they are not willing to buy, bargain or barter for it either...

Other Allied Planet's of the Allied Forces are too far away and regretting they did not see it coming, fearing in horror and dismay on Planar and Inter-Planetary New's Medias of the potential danger to everyone of an Enemy encampment and fortification on Planet Earth I within Allied Space Sector's...

In fact, paid off corrupted International and Inter-Planetary Citizen's, Government's and Corporation's even try to cover it up fearing a Chain Reaction Wild-Fire Panic Effect. They are overconfident of their Military's and the amount of time needed for a Counter-Attack.

Arguments of 'what if this happens on our Planet?' are discarded harshly by Authority's who clamp down on their Power and Military structures even saying such statements are very insulting. They assure their peoples daily that their Planar Teleporter Mirror's, Gates and Portal's of Military, Trade And Commerce are safe, secure and regularly checked...

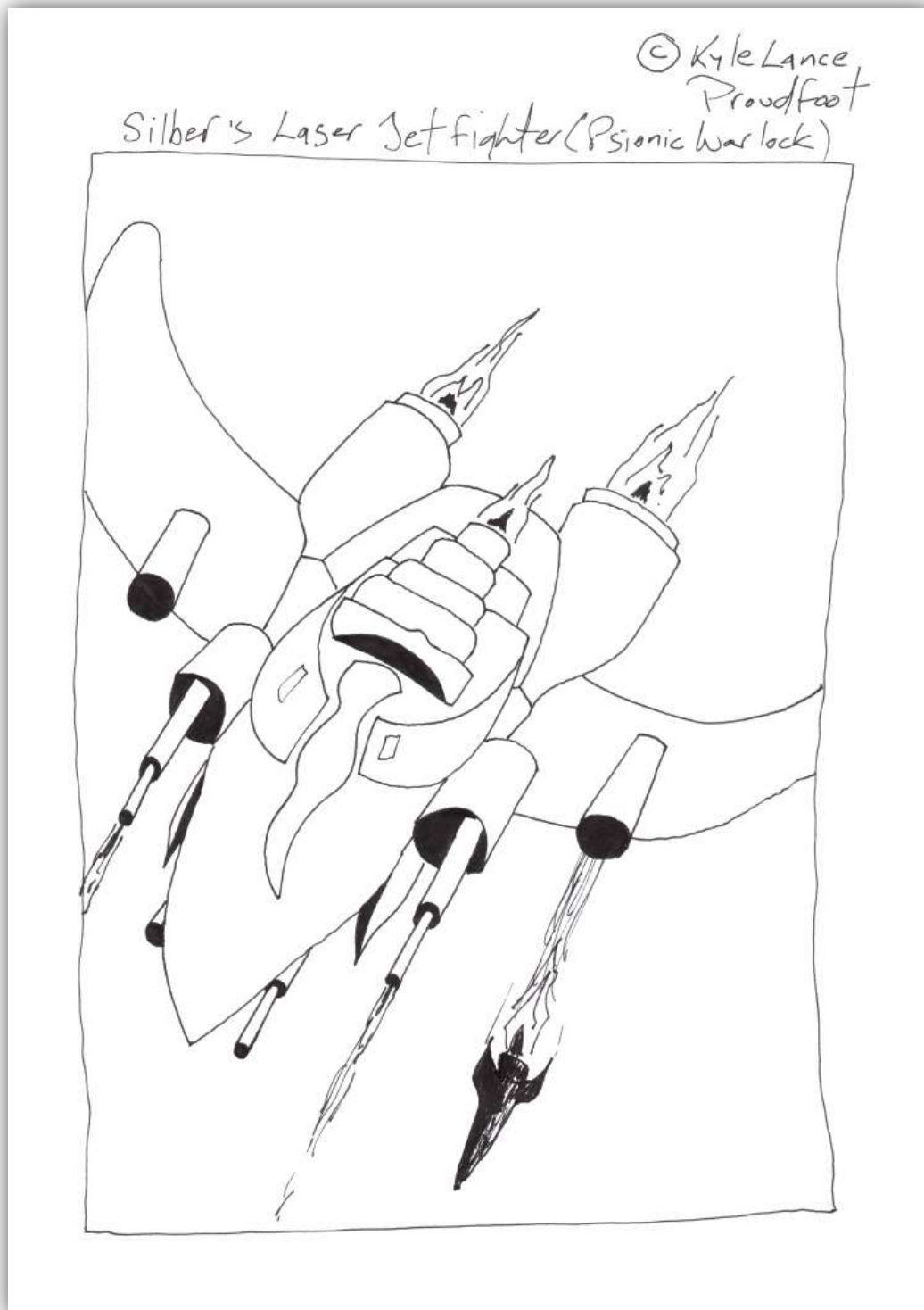
Meanwhile, Planet Earth I gets pounded with the fury of Hell...

Everyone wonders if our 2 Heroes are still alive... Can he be brought back to life from such extreme mutilation caused by such a backhand blow... and did he only get thrown down to a Plane Of Hell after being disarmed or did he also die in his own blast...

Not even Silver, High Wizard nor High Priest's of the Elves looking into their obscured murky Orb's Of Two Sight And Prophecy know who will win the Battle for Planet Earth I...

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior and Silvestria, Amazon Warrior Priestess teleport to each and every Planet they can to convince ALL Ally's to fight this universal threat...

Then having miscalculated once again for not all sides of the Alien Insect Army are actually covered, the Enemy is *not* completely surrounded... the ground beneath the now flattened forest begins to groan, rumble and shake...



Null EM Laser Jet Fighter (Psionic Warlock) - 3D Model Design © Kyle Lance Proudfoot

Silber, Psionic Warlock Gets Snatched In Deep Space

'Locked up in the recesses of my mind, the mental framework dissolving into a chaos of the disintegrating ego matrix, reality spiralling into insidious shadows everywhere...'
Proverb by a Battle Bard at the side of the Battle Field.

'Somewhere, some when, a Battle Bard with his Scribes at the side of a Battle Field is writing everything down rapidly, the letters bursting into flames, as they record ALL Event's of History of ALL Species and Races of World's and Universes...' Proverb by a Battle Bard at the sides of the Battle Field's.

Silber, Psionic Warlock spirals for some time at phenomenal Shadow Speed through the Shadow Tunnel to the Hell Planes, apparently there are no collisions for they are immaterial to each other.

'Damn,' he thinks to himself also manic depressively, 'here I go again... At least I got the Chaos Shadow Demon though...'

He has no idea where he is going for the Hell Portal, the Teleporter-Mirror, could have very well activated a random destination or it might be sending him to an Alien Insect Home Planet... This would not be good, to say the least, he would be toasty chunky Noobie meat, if such is the case, for with no Space Ship or Group or Army it would be like trying to fight a whole Standing Army by himself, again, but then more than one at the same time...

His descent to use stereotypical colloquialisms, since in a spherical Multiverse who is to say what is up or down, is actually perfectly silent through Nothingness. Even his Quantum Wrist-Watch is now standing still. He has no relative position to get his bearings and the only reason he knows he is spiralling is because he is twirling around head-to-toe slo-mo style. There is only perception of gray black and streaking white Silver-Likeness rapidly passing by in a blur around him. Silber, Psionic Warlock does a couple prayers to his God and Goddess and GOD for one should always be little bit afraid...

He blasts out into dark shadowy Space at no specific progression of Time since his accidental entry. He has no clue how much Relative Time has passed with Planet Earth I, either. As far as he knows, the entire War could already be over and everyone he knows is old, dead or gone, not to mention the whole Planet.

His Near-Infinite Battle Armor automatically seals shut, including his Air-Tight Vacuum-Sealed Helmet Of Power And Courage, and is good for 168 hours give or take a couple of Panic Attack's which are bad for his Fission Engine For A Heart since it has a couple weaknesses like Overload, Overheat, Pop A Piston and/or Shoot A Socket.

He travels very fast through an undescrivable darkness as if the entire Space Sector and all the Hell Planes of this whole Universe are filled with an opaque murky Shadow; there are no distinguishable features such as Star's, Sun's, Nebulas, Pulsar's, Planet's, Moon's or Galaxy's. His curiosity tingled, he decides not to use his EM Fission Jet Pack which is expandable and collapsable.

Silber, Psionic Warlock asks his Brain-To-Wave In-Suit AI Computer, 'Hi honey, where the typhus am I?'

It answers in a deep manly Voice, 'Hi Silbertje, I perceive nothing...'

Silber, Psionic Warlock moans having forgot to load the very horny Woman Amazonian Voice, 'Uh, why not?'

'Great Question, yow Wild Animal, you, there is simply no Sensory Dahta, Captain...'

'Where - is - the - Space Ship?' Silber, Psionic Warlock repeats again, existentially.

It he horny guy pauses shortly, '...wadda ya mean, ya big boy you...'

'Let me rephrase,' Silber, Psionic Warlock gets a Telepathic Migraine, 'Can you calculate my Planar Trajectory back to la entry point?'

It huffs, 'It's NOT a Planar Trajectory, you Liberacé Biacé, it's a Planar Route, are you sure you don't need a soft warm back massage to ease the nerves, you after all are in Hell Plane 31, right now... sry to be da bare one of bad news...'

Silber, Psionic Warlock starts to Freak Out, 'NO WAY! Shit, I'm fucked. Thus, yes, the route, line, therefore, back to where I entered, now pls, I have no interest, at this time, nor any other time of going any deeper down into the Hell Planes!'

It huffs again, 'Dat's ok, cutey pie, I already got blown, that is also not a correct sentence, but o.k., tsk, say what you mean and mean what you say, you bad boy, anyway, it is gone.'

Silber, Psionic Warlock psionically yells, 'WHAT?! That's impossible!'

It reprimands him, 'Sir, calm down, the worst thing you can do at moments like this is 'Panic Now And Avoid The Rush.'

Silber, Psionic Warlock is then rudely teleported into a Holding Cell full of nasty Torture Devices, a dark gray black chrome metal cubicle room full of dirt and dried blood ichor.

His Near-Infinite Battle Armor with his augmentations of Near-Infinite Power Energy And Glory turns off automatically and preps the Self-Destruct Sequence.

"What the HELL is this now!?" Silber, Psionic Warlock shouts out loud.

Red-Eye Hi-Res Spy Cam's swivel at him from behind indestructible curved Poly-Composite Plastic Metal Alien Compound Glass.

"And WHO the Hell are you!?" A very loud screeching not very womanly Voice screams back. The 679 decibel level of her emoting kills Silber, Psionic Warlock on the spot.

It takes him only 2 minutes to Resurrect And Regen as they insert large German Serum

Needles from Surgical Robot Arm's in the wall into his buttocks. He is quite dizzy though from such and sinks to his knees for a couple more minutes.

She/It/Him screams again, "And WHERE the @\$^€1*\|~}3dzK did you come from...??"

There is light applause in the background as he bends over face first into the floor, drooling and covering his ears, shivers of pain ripping through him from her sheer extreme agitated Voice alone. He repeats his special calming soft Elven Mantra to himself and then wetly sputters, 'Sphh-where sph-am I?'

"Huh?" She-Concubine-Succubine-Thing questions, "Wat do ya mean, don't ya know, you're one of our lucky contestants, a Surprise! Visitor, who was trespassing on our Territory, who, woohoo," now cheering in the background, "gets to be tortured to death!!"

Silber, Psionic Warlock grimaces and with great effort gets up and raises his left hand up palm forward at one of the Spy Cam's, "Woh... wait a second, I did not enter your Space Sector on purpose, it was by accident and anyway you cannot kill me..."

She laughs hysterically, "Ah hah hah hah hahhh... what are you, a God, see the Devices in the wall, they can kill anyone, anything, anywhere and Hell ya, any when too!"

"No," he responds as even toned as possible, "I am not a God, or Goddess, I am just an Immortal, you know a God-Like Hero, and not just because I love GOD, either..." He can barely resist cracking Holy Templar Humor and then turns his palm around and does the bring-it-on gesture, "O.k, you asked for it..."

She triggers a Spiked Green Poison Spear from one wall at him.

Silber, Psionic Warlock nearly instantly slashes it in half with his Laser Sword Of Ice Fire And Lightning. The Spiked Green Poison Spear is ineffectual clanking to the floor in 2 pieces. There is booing, whistling and jeering in the audience.

"Hmm, not bad reflexes for a Human Elf Hybrid..." She says unhappily.

"Thanks, but I am not ONLY Elf Human either, bitch..." He curtsies.

She launches Razor-Sharp Whirling Circular Blades at him. He deflects them so heavily they shatter into the wall.

Silber, Psionic Warlock defends himself exceedingly well, blocking, deflecting and nullifying each Torture Attack for many minutes. The complaints increase dramatically.

She screams again out of frustration, "I'll send my Evil Minion's in to disarm you..."

Silber, Psionic Warlock retorts, "I'll kill anything Mortal which comes in here..."

A Great Heroic Act Of Sacrifice To Save The Day

Silver, High Wizard considers it is now fairly futile to stay Cloaked And Invisible floating in Ethereal Space in Orbit with the rest of the High Wizard's and Mages forming a Protective Circle Of Light around Planet Earth I.

The Negative Energy 3D Matrix Grid is now slurping the whole Planet at much faster rates.

Sooner or later their Dark Evil Black Sorcerer's, Undead Shadow Priest's and Shadow High Priest's who are presently still sustaining its structural integrity and regenerating their Undead will break their Spell's Of Invisibility, their Circle Of Protection and dissolve the grouping into individual Battles; this is highly undesirable which would result in costly unacceptable deaths of too many High Rank's.

Foresight like this, Silver, High Wizard having a definitive touch of Clairvoyance through his Elven Training and mixed Genetic's from multiple Species and Races, has saved many in other Timelines.

He sends a Telepathic Message to his fellow Wizard's and Mages conveying this very logical possibility and highly predictable probability.

They intone as one, 'Yes, but what must we do...?'

He responds, 'Buy Time.'

There is a moment of silence as they contemplate this concept with each other.

'Yesssss...' his fellows respond, 'Your eye has seen the highly probable future... Do it!'

Silver, High Wizard separates himself from the Bound Unity and blinks out of existence.

Ascending, ascending and ascending he spirals upwards with his Great Silver Ethereal Wing's Of The Dragon Form of his Astral Body. After all, his very vulnerable Real Host Body is still safely guarded in his High Ethereal Tower. Such is southwest of the Human City Capital which looks like it could very well be overrun in no time flat...

He progresses upward through less and less solid Material Planes Of Existence to a Plane of Pure Light Energy.

Reaching the Zenith Of Existence after passing through the One Eye of Ra he can go no further. Pushing the very limits of the spherical boundary of all the Multiverses he achieves the absolute borderline of Matter's, Energy's and Nothingness outside the Universe itself.

He looks with his Third Eye at Infinity. He is tempted to take the last step. An instantaneous moment of an Infinity passes by. They are one and the same.

He does not forget his purpose, his Mission, the reason why he had to come here, now seeming so unimportant and insignificant, a mere microscopic dot on the Timeline of an

Infinite Timeline, to collect an incalculable quantity and quality of Potential Energy.

Hovering at the event horizon of all Planes Of Existence he enjoys one last view of the massive coalescing Matter's and Energy's below...

Not to tempt the wrath of GOD he does not hesitate any longer and turning around he descends upon the Material Planes with an accelerating exponentially increasing bundle of joy to deliver to the Enemy...

Does GOD's eye blink once?

Is there anything in Known and Unknown Existence which can stop this?

With the wrath of Angel's it seems Silver, High Wizard is going to sacrifice himself...

His Great Silver Dragon Astral Form burns in glorious silver radiance upon reentry into the Material Planes Of Existence and he aims straight for the Shadow World which he previously discovered near the Hell Planes...

The Dark Evil Black Sorcerer's, Undead Shadow Priest's and Shadow High Priest's start attacking the High Wizard's, Mages, Priest's and Priestesses now that the Negative Energy 3D Matrix Grid is activated and stable.

The Battle on Planet Earth I's surface rages on as the Ice Dwarves' Ice and Fire Artillery and the Gray Giant's' Earth and Air Boulder's approach within 1 hour. A wasteland on all sides of each Army is being generated.

A huge 10 km wide and 1 km tall Cthulhu-Like Shadow Tentacle Monster arises from below the forest having being teleported in through one of the Shadow Globes shaking great quantities of earth from it, making a large crater and screaming with many big red eyes and black fangs in a dark dirty maw.

His descent does not go unnoticed. It is, however, not visible to any Mortal's naked eye.

Does GOD and do God's and/or Goddesses interfere with the lives of Mortal's and Immortal's or do they merely point a way? Or are they always there in the background?

Regardless of such speculation he will not be deterred from his descent, short of death.

He contemplates again, 'Can I die in this medium and in this form?'

Making impossible trajectory calculations he decides not to find out at impact but rather release his payload unto the Shadow Planet.

With a ripping roar he crashes through the Gates of Hell lighting up the path of his course through Quantum Space.

His momentum at this time is too large for any Immortal, Angel and/or Demon to stop. It is

only a question of whether or not some Evil God and/or Goddess will hinder his plan.

Silver, High Wizard in Great Silver Dragon Astral Form sees, once again, the Dark Shadow Tentacles throughout the Hell Planes originating from some indiscernible source in the opaqueness of Lower Planes Of Hell.

Any Shadow Tentacles near his passage, in terms of Shadow Year's, shrivel and get incinerated from the intense Light Energy.

His Power And Energy increases manifold. All Types of Shadow Being's flee in terror from his approach. He achieves a form of godliness, is unstoppable and unhindered, and his Life Destiny is now clear to him...

Realizing at the last moments that the Shadow Planet, the primary source of the unending Alien Insect's, they also come from other Planet's, Dark Shadow Tentacles fully embracing its barren surface and lifeless core, just another stripped Mining Colony Planet, once a vibrant living Lower Middle Plane Planet, will not be destroyed by such a payload, Silver, High Wizard, in Great Silver Astral Dragon Form decides to go for the impact value!

Making the greatest sacrificial Heroic Act of his many Lifetimes for the greater preservation of the Allied Species and Races he aims straight for the surface of this Shadow Planet. A Dark Shadow Tentacle tries to lash out at him at the last second but gets incinerated. With Celestial Magic he hits ground zero with Near-Infinite Potential Light Energy.

He bids this Lifetime of his and the Material Planes Of Existence goodbye.

With a Cosmic Scream at Near-Infinite Decibel's in Great Silver Astral Dragon Form he explodes into the surface of the Shadow Planet. The shockwave destroys everything on the Planet and all small objects in the Space Sector through multiple Chain Reaction Implosion's and Explosion's with a very intense White Blinding Light. The funnel root of the Dark Shadow Energy Tentacles on the other side of the Planet shrinks painfully away. Space Time and coinciding Planes Of Hell bend in a spastic convulsion. The Shadow Planet itself gets thrown out of its Orbit and the momentum alone hurtles it away from its weak Sun! The Aura of Dark Evil Blackness around it breaks up and it becomes a Gray Planet to once again potentially achieve a new Life Cycle in a new Orbit in some other Space Sector and Solar System of the Lower Material Planes Of Existence... or be pulled into the gravity of another Sun and be incinerated.

His Great Silver Astral Dragon Form dies while opening a Portal Of Light, a Heaven Portal!

Silver, High Wizard's Host Body at his High Tower Of Etherealness In The Sky goes into cardiac arrest from the shock alone of the trauma done to him in Lucid Dream State.

Silver, High Wizard dies. However, his Great Heroic Act Of Sacrifice grants him Immortal Ascension through Spirit and Soul to Higher Planes Of Existence in Heaven Planes.

His last thought was, 'Such makes it even.'

The Army of Light Forces march, float, hover and fly through the now open Portal Of Light, a Heaven Portal, in Cyber Space Suit's and Laser EM Space Ship's protected with Null EM Shield's And Spheres and armed with Null, Laser and EM Weapon's.

Now the Forces of Good And Light can bring the War to the Enemy in the Hell Planes!

Though how low they can go is anyone's guess...

At the same time, Revlis, Vampire Demon psychically picking up the Psionic Distress of Silver, High Wizard's demise Null EM Phase Teleports into his High Ethereal Silver Tower and quickly massacres and mutilates Silver, High Wizard's physical bodily remains. This takes only .6 seconds in Blur Mode yet he greatly risks skin and neck in doing so as the Hyper Paranoid Home Defense System's fire at him near-instantaneously and very rapidly causing him Near-Lethal Wound's in the left shoulder; despite his Cloak Of Shadow And Etherealness the deadliness of Point-Blank Range Attack's can still cause Lethal Damage. He jumps right back out again.

The High Ethereal Silver Tower's Laser Defenses protected with Near-Infinite Encryption were already hacked, overloaded and could not provide strong enough Null EM Shield's And Spheres. One of the very tall landed Alien Insect's, a Mother Ship and a Group of Spy Stalker Hacker Alien Insect's needed only a couple hours to weaken and break it.

Revlis, Vampire Demon then Extra-Planes himself to help the Dark Evil Black Sorcerer's, Undead Shadow Priest's and Shadow High Priest's.

The Hell Portal, strangely enough, does not close, disappear or get destroyed by Silver, High Wizard's Great Heroic Act Of Sacrifice. This raises the concern of the other High Wizard's who order a Mission to find out why.

Battles in Orbit and around the Human City's now inevitably break out between Wizard's, Mages, Priest's and Priestesses of Good, Neutral and/or Evil. The release of various Energy's and Element's in multiple spectrums causes quite the pyrotechnic show.

Evil Super-Heroes cause unexpected acts of chaotic undermining Betrayal, Sabotage, Anarchy and heightened Hack's And Attack's.

The 3D Matrix Grid of Shadow Dark Negative Energy Globes surrounding Planet Earth I feeding off of all the freed Energy's becomes stronger than ever...

The rate of entry of Enemy's increases and Allied Reinforcement's are still a ½ hour away.

All seems hopeless...

The IT And Communication's Center Is Sabotaged

Sir Lance II, Expert Computer Programmer is sitting in his Control Center in a Silverlounge Upholstered Swivel Chair with his IT Lackey's. His right hand man Victor, Expert Network Engineer, his best pal Danielson, Master Computer Programmer, his trusty Max'em, Master Network Engineer, his reliable Mr. Newbie, Expert Rules Lawyer, Master Helpdesk Manager and his left hand Woman Larale, Expert Public Relation's Co-ordinator, Master Head Editor are all present and also happily hacking the strange unexpected Ally who suddenly came to help for no apparent reason, an entire Planet uncloaking off of starboard. Since there is still no communiqué from them they have no choice but to get Information and Advanced Intel. One more Member of note would be Trishy Babe, Expert Head Of Com's, Master Psi Consultant, a shoulder to cry on as the guys like to call her.

Very Hyper Modern Wide Screen's and Vertical Screen's line the 50 meters of the front semi-elliptical wall of this Cockpit Center. There are about 100 Computer's and the length of the Control Center is 100 meters. It also curves up to a height of 25 meters and is lined with 2 rows of bright silver white lights. This is enough space to fit all the Elite Employees, each an IT and/or Communication Expert or Master in their own right, the best of the best, the cream of the crop. No one ever applied for their job here but were hand selected by Headhunter's of the Government and the Laser Military itself. This is, after all, not a Private Enterprise where the most paid, most popular or most prestigious one gets the job.

It is located in the most fortified Sky Scraper in the Capital City. No one gets in or out without first walking through a series of scans, completely naked. Not only Hand-Print and Retinal Scan's but also full DNA, Body, Brain, Life and Sub-Atomic Quantum Scan's.

This IT and Communication's Center of the Human Population which is presently many hundreds of kilometers southwest of the Battle Area is presently at a State Of War.

Everything in this IT and Communication's Center is designed with state of the art Hyper Modern Technological, Magical and Natural designs. The Elves having vastly superior Computer System's and relying primarily on their Psionic Network's found this Center amusing though far too dry in design so they donated a lot of Natural Art Pieces. This made the Human's happy...

The desks, computers and screens are all made of curved dark gray silver black frames with a nice glossy tint. This is counterpoised by warm red orange brown wood. The screens are all specially layered with a dust resistant easy to clean surface, a highly Advanced Plastic And Metal Compound.

Everyone's Numero Uno Top Priority is to get lot of data from the unexpected neighbor. Everyone is hopeful this will balance the odds for if they could get Hyper Advanced Alien Intel then this could give them a major advantage in the Battle if not the whole War.

This IT and Communication's Center, ITCC, as it so amusingly named, is impenetrable, the ultimate defense of the entire Human Nation with Near-Infinite Modulating Laser Military Encryption and a Multiple Array Of Hardware Firewall's And Software Security Program's. The entire structure is very much identical to a Multi-Dimensional 3D Matrix Grid and also

utilizes such 3D Interfaces, Program Method's and AI.

Without warning this entire IT and Communication's Center starts to vibrate and resonate with a kind of Null Res Vibe. Object's begin to shake so hard they float off the table.

The Alarm System's trigger the Null EM Shield's And Spheres and Pop-Up Laser EM Turret's. The whole building is turned into a Massive Fortress brimmed to the teeth in 20 seconds flat. Anything coming in or trying to get out would be Laser holed or vaporized.

To Sir Lance II, Computer Programmer's horror, his worst nightmare, one of the screens starts to blink in red:

WARNING: ERROR: DANGER: Null EM Shield's And Spheres are OFF.

The color drains from his sharp angular intelligent face with penetrating blue eyes, shoulder length dirty blonde hair and a mandatory light tan. He wears a fine lined black suit with a light blue shirt to match his eyes and no tie. He could have been a Cyber Surfer in his day at the Academy Of Computer Sciences if he had not another destiny. His pose is noble, confident with a light smile and he is in Cyber Athlete condition. Sir Lance II, Computer Programmer is very popular with his subordinates.

He cracks a joke, "So Max'em, Network Engineer you forgot to defragment the Shield Server again and do a System's Check And Maintenance..."

Max'em, Network Engineer does not laugh this time, "No, sir, I really did do a System's Check And Server Defragmentation's this time... You know that I never want to lose against their FPS'ers again due to lag or stigger-stagger crap..." His Voice fades meekly with a tremble of fear.

Out of nowhere very loud crackling Whoomp Krsshch sounds repeating 4 times per second fill this entire IT and Communication's Center and the air itself ripples with highly disturbing Null EM Negative Energy which go straight to your nerves and bone.

Sir Lance II, Computer Programmer realizes immediately what is happening and screams, "RUN!! To the Cyber Armor Weapon's Room! NOW!!!" They run to the far back left door.

Alien Insect's materialize into this IT and Communication's Center now able to directly Null EM Teleport in after disabling the Null EM Shield's And Spheres from some other nearby remote location. Everyone who does not get a Near-Insta Kill runs for various doors and corridors or pulls out Laser EM Weapon's and start shooting, slashing, stabbing, sucker punching and/or strike kicking as bloody combat, chaos and mayhem breaks loose.

The Computer System's shut down, format their drives, delete their connections and fry.

They turn right out the door with Sir Lance II, Computer Programmer sprinting along side his trusted few down the similarly designed blue white gray curved corridor yelling above the explosions in the Control Center, "How is this ĩ#?κ!/^*W possible!?!"

Danielson, Computer Programmer yells back, "I don't know! Me and Max'em, Network Engineer had no warning sign, nothing..."

Sir Lance II, Computer Programmer shouts, "Well you better hope we get there in time..."

The sounds of EM Plasma Blaster's, exploding hardware and fried screens plus the sound of Alien Insect's and screaming Human's makes them fear and run for their lives: It does not sound like the Human's are winning against their Alien Insect Martial Art's either...

Sir Lance II, Computer Programmer states bringing his heart rate down by will alone, "I told you we should've built the Cyber Armor Weapon's Room closer to the Control Center!"

Bricks, stone, plastic, metal and insulation start falling from the ceiling of this IT and Communication's Center, once a great example of Hyper Modern Architecture, a unique cylindrical Tower with glistening black blue white silver glass on its exterior.

These Alien Insect's are not the same as the other ones but wear Nitrous Dioxide Mask's and Combat Suit's embedded into their Crustacean Exo-Skeleton's. They also carry longer Scoped EM Plasma Rifles plus a whole shitload of EM Plasma Explosives.

Trishy Babe, Head Of Com's says as a matter-of-fact while sprinting, her long curly black hair almost horizontal, "If we can't take 'em out, and not for lunch, the wee will not beee able to T/*\ F??OO#!! coordinate or coad our Allied Forces," she pauses for air, "nor learn anything from the Mother Ship's of our unexpected friendly neighbor..."

They sprint down the curved hallway reaching the Cyber Armor Weapon's Room just in time as they hear soft light padded metallic feet of an Enemy coming fast after them.

"How could they have defeated them so quickly? I will guard the doorway while you all put on Cyber Battle Armor's and Laser EM Weapon's!" says Victor, Network Engineer valiantly. He pulls out 2 Laser Pistol's which are silver blue and polyformed to fit his hands perfectly.

Sir Lance II, Computer Programmer blinks in surprize, "So, where did you get those from?"

"You can never be too safe..." Victor, Network Engineer turns around and stands at the doorway grinning. He starts firing in rapid repetition for a couple minutes.

He stops five of them before he gets thrown into the wall by some Invisible Dark Energy Shadow Weapon. He slumps to the floor with a broken neck having bought enough time for his colleagues to suit up.

Sir Lance II, Computer Programmer, Danielson, Computer Programmer, Max'em, Network Engineer, Mr. Newbie, Rules Lawyer, Larale, Public Relation's Co-ordinator and Trishy Babe, Head Of Com's make their stand in the Cyber Armor Weapon's Room.

Expecting the Devil to come around the corner through the doorway they all open fire at the same time. The shocked Alien Insect is disintegrated.

“Let’s go!” orders Sir Lance II, Computer Programmer, “This is a highly Explosive Area.”

Being loyal to Sir Lance II, Computer Programmer leading the charge they follow him without fear for their lives.

They charge back to the Control Center having already killed those following. The corridor provides a nice narrowing effect and creates a Bottle-Neck Effect at the door while clearing the room out of more Alien Insect’s eating the remains of many dead Elite Employees. They wait out of sight in a line next to the doorway.

“So, any Happy Volunteer’s?” asks Sir Lance II, Computer Programmer, “Since we cannot just blow the whole place up and we have to move faster before they blow it up who wants to be the not unlucky bait?”

“You’re not serious?” asks Danielson, Computer Programmer.

Max’em, Network Engineer steps up without hesitating, “I feel in many ways it was my fault the Shield’s And Spheres failed to activate, even though I am not lying, so I will...”

“O.k., good, all you gotta do is make a fast beeeeline straight passed them to the other wall, sprinting right diagonally from the doorway, jumping over tables and computers, screaming loudly that they’re after you. We’ll be right behind you.” Sir Lance II, Computer Programmer pats him on the shoulder.

Max’em, Network Engineer works his nerve up and sprints through the doorway.

Trying not to laugh at his hysterical screaming they wait 5 seconds and then follow him.

The Fire Fight which ensues is highly effective. The Alien Insect’s, not used to creative Human Tactic’s and even their willingness to self-sacrifice get looking the wrong way completely, jump after Max’em, Network Engineer and get caught with their pants down.

Sir Lance II, Computer Programmer and his trusted Elite Member’s make mince meat of the 20 remaining Alien Insect Covert Warrior’s, right in their backs, their Laser Pistol’s and Laser Rifles happily blasting away at the stunned expressions on their Enemy’s’ faces who try to turn around in time. They now stand in the shattered smoking Control Center, dead bodies all around. Max’em, Network Engineer’s own personal EM Shield’s And Spheres were strong enough to take on the 1st Attack’s in his back.

Sir Lance II, Computer Programmer quickly disarms the already set Small Nuclear Warhead’s which is an Automatic Protocol to blow up and collapse the building straight downwards so that it cannot fall over into the competition and/or trigger a Domino Effect; he also has Skill and Work Experience in 2 Slot’s as a Master Field Agent and Master Explosives Disarmer in the Laser Military prior to his ITCC Command.

“That was much too easy... I still Sensai danger...” says Larale, Public Relation’s Co-ordinator her strong Empathic Capability not failing though not giving exact Co-ordinates.

“What do ya mean?” asks Sir Lance II, Computer Programmer.

“I still Sensai something in the building but where...” She strains her finger on her temple.

“Are you sure it’s not just nothing...” He asks.

“I am indeed not sure about complete Nothingness... but wait, above us...” She points up.

“What!?” says Danielson, Computer Programmer, “Stop killing me with the suspense!”

“We are definitely in danger!” Her eyes go wide and black.

“Up?? Where up?!” yells Trishy Babe, Head Of Com’s.

The building starts shaking and a loud rumbling sound is heard below.

“Oh no, oh no... I mean it’s below...” says Larale, Public Relation’s Co-ordinator pointing her finger now below, “the 1st Alien Insect... who took out the Null EM Shield’s And Spheres... it planted Shadow Explosives, this was...”

“...a distraction! Damn!” Sir Lance II, Computer Programmer hits a still standing metal table, hard. Dust rises up in a small mushroom cloud and it cracks; he is also quite strong from his previous positions.

“We gotta get out of here!” yells Danielson, Computer Programmer.

“Wait, we got parachutes in the Cyber Armor Weapon’s Room!” Sir Lance II, Computer Programmer starts sprinting again. They follow, except Danielson, Computer Programmer who sprints to the Data Backup Room.

The whole building is starting to rip apart from the shaking. Then a huge KABOOM is heard below with the sound of a lot of air being sucked in.

They grab the Laser EM Parachutes as Danielson, Computer Programmer pulls out as many Data Drives as he can to save as much IT Data Of Humanity as possible; they are quite small these days so he can save even thousands of terrabytes in this very short quantity of time and even though they do not lack other Data Backup Sites this still saves a lot of time and migraines. They sprint back and charge for the windows. Danielson, Computer Programmer jumps out with no parachute clasping the vital Information since he is the only one present with Telekinetic Flying Capability. They float 1000 meters away and 500 meters down to safety hoping other Elite Employees got out safely. They see no one...

This entire IT and Communication’s Center implodes and explodes in a huge black red Shadow Implosion and Fire Blast Explosion with an enormous Sonic Boom which then triggers the Self-Destruct Mechanism of Small Nuclear Warhead’s again and collapses upon itself rather than falling over into other buildings...

A New Alien Technology Is Discovered

Silber, Psionic Warlock, still groggy from sedated sleep, sees 4 Hidden Door's slide open and upwards in his Octagon Prison Room. Bones and filth crunch and break into pieces along the edges of the exits; at least he perceives them as exits and not entrances...

Her Voice screams, "Wake upppppp!! Next round!" Cheering and boing choruses through their channels and loudspeakers.

Without hesitating and fully naked now except for diaper underwear and with only his 2 Silver Blades Of Smooth Speed And Super Sharpness he runs to the side of one of the doors awaiting the scary sound of loud crunching metallic feet and scraping mandibles.

'Now I have the bastards...' He thinks to himself.

"I heard that foolish Mortal Human! Know in Hell that Telepathy is normal!" She laughs.

The Hell Spectator's and Better's also laugh evilly.

Its 2.6 meter monstrosity comes through, likewise three more through the other entrances. He is badly outnumbered, outgunned and outweighed.

Giving a small silent prayer to his God's of Warfare and Blue Hell Fire who are Aries and Thor he attacks for the worst thing that can happen is if you let yourself get surrounded.

Hurling with Telekinesis the entire bulk of the big and ugly Alien Insect Mutant Hybrid Drone into the opposite wall he causes only Light Damage. The door closes too quickly to jump through without risking being severed in half. Also the Null EM Modulating Shield's And Spheres prevent his Teleportation out since they are 1-way. The Hybrid Drones look shocked at their fourth fellow who gets up stunned. It, however, does give him time to mentally scan the door's functioning mechanism. How he breaks through the Null EM Shield's And Spheres he has not figured out yet since they are highly encrypted.

Silber, Psionic Warlock shouts back with multilayers of hate, fear and death in his Physical and Psionic Voices, "And where I come from Telekinesis is normal! I also told you Hell scum spawn, I am NOT Mortal and/or Human, 1/16 ONLY in fact! Prepare for your dooms and deaths you scum torturers!"

Being not too bright as Hybrid Drones usually are they charge him at the same time with their Heavy Jagged Armor and Wicked Black Curved Razor Sharp Blades.

He does from a not moving standing position a reverse double salto jump just missing the 4 meter ceiling. At the same time he rips their Blades Of Dark Energy from their Claw's Of Slashing and embeds them into the wall with the force of sheer will alone.

He taunts, "And don't forget you concubanical succubillical Hell Bitch, I am Celtic too!"

He now backward jumps again using his momentum straight onto the ceiling this time.

Their Exo-Skeleton Fanged Maw's drop open in surprize now as they look up at him on the ceiling with his 2 Silver Blades Of Smooth Speed And Super Sharpness in hand.

It is Silber, Psionic Warlock's turn to grin evilly.

With lightning speed he decapitates all four of them at the same time flipping downwards at two of them and bouncing extremely fast through the other two.

The crowd is strangely dead silent this time, probably also shocked and horrified at the ease in which he succeeded and how most of them lost at their Bet's.

He splays his left hand upwards, a blue silver glow pulsating from his palm, and focusses on the door's mechanisms. He jerks his right hand up with all his fingers together. The door covered with old stains slides open with a loud beep and broken snapping sound.

Sticking his hand straight into the Null EM Shield's And Spheres lining the now door turned into doorway he EM Overloads it with a very strong concentrated effort. After about 20 seconds it fizzles and dissipates.

"Now I come for you concubinal succubilify Hell Bitch!!" Silber, Psionic Warlock stands before the doorway and Scans Trap's still mostly naked straining his strong lean muscles.

Stupidly enough the left curving hallway has AI Defenses, EM Plasma Pop-Down Turret's and Internal Security Cameras above both doorways, which can do very little about someone with Telekinesis who might escape their little Torture Chamber. He also hears approaching Pirate Hybrid Guard's clattering and growling in their rapid strange Alien Language, like agitated bugs on too much nicotine. Their overly cumbersome Natural Exo-Skeleton Armor is also a dead give away. He waits before the doorway, not breathing for a couple seconds, and explodes all of the AI Defenses with a sharp twist of his right clenched fist triggering a Psionic Blue Fire Explosion as he sidesteps once for cover.

The corridor is also dark gray blackened steel showing others fell for the same trap with embedded and engraved metallic reliefs in the walls depicting dark sea decorations and Battle Scenes as if part of a Pirate Space Ship. He makes a Mental Snapshot of their symbols and scans telepathically for their Pirate Leader. He hums a little Tune Of Battle which helps to calm the nerves and regulates his breathing in a controlled Battle Mode.

Unfortunately, the Blue Fire Explosion Blast Diameter did not hit them. He now guns for it sprinting and Power Roll Attacks the 6 Alien Insect Pirate Hybrid Guard's, thinner types with EM Plasma Pistol's and Medium Armor. His rapidly slashing 2 Silver Blades Of Smooth Speed And Super Sharpness dismembers their legs while they fire chaotically off even hitting each other. Silber, Psionic Warlock comes out on the other side with two of their own Plasma EM Pistol's in his hands and finishes off the last two as Dark Energy Blast's warp the air above him and their screams get cut off. There is little left of them.

"Wo bist duuu, you concubunal succubibibye Whore Bitch From Hell... don't du want to play wid me anymore..." He taunts her again and there is no response. He does a Quick Mental Scan and does not Sensai her or the audience anymore but only Hybrid Warrior's.

He comes to a fortified and sealed door at the end of the passageway. It has a Computer Control Panel with foreign characters. He Mental Scans straight to its core mechanism. Almost nothing electrical or mechanical can stop him due to his Psionic Capability's.

He decides to get creative and eliminate the Black Box Effect on the other side of the door. After destroying the locking mechanism he kneels and focusses all his Psionic Energy on the door itself. With a strong jerk of his head downwards he explodes the entire door outwards and ignites the very particles of the air itself. A huge intense Blue White Silver Blast Of Fire follows and expands in a spherical shape from the flying door.

Everything in the path and radius of his Psionic Blast Attack gets annihilated. 12 Alien Insect Pirate Warrior's on the other side do not even have time to scream.

Their Pirate Warrior's seem somewhat more intelligent. However, Silber, Psionic Warlock is much smarter and through many years and decades, if not centuries, of many Battle Experiences he can even predict the vast majority of all Tactic's And Strategy's. He merely stands at the protected side of the doorway again as their Null EM Plasma Rifles blast harmlessly past him from the other left and right sides of the medium sized chamber.

From his rough estimation he figures the red gray black room is about 20 meters in length and width, 10 meters in height, with a Half Dome, octagonal, 4 exits/entrances, has strange looking Computer Devices around the walls and 2 Control Panel's and a Control Cockpit Chair in the middle now badly charred and smoking, a light gray half circle metal chrome lined rail with metal panels goes from his right side left around the whole room and a raised walkway on the other side of it has chairs and standing positions to run the computers. The Alien Insect Pirate Warrior's are kneeling behind such for cover.

This he can all tell from his super sonic Psionic Elven Hearing and Psionic Scan's so he does not even need to look around the doorway and have his head blown off.

'If I only had some fine Incendiary Impact Grenades...' He thinks amused to himself.

He waits for their first volleys to end as most Lower Rank Opponent's make the same mistake in. Sure enough, they pauze... He rolls sideways across the doorway, blasting his 2 Plasma EM Pistol's. He makes 4 Headshot's out of the 8 Alien Insect Pirate Warrior's who also always make the mistake of leaving an exposed 1 centimeter line of the top of their stupid bobbing skull. Silber, Psionic Warlock is an Expert Marksmen with 115% Hit Accuracy so it is hardly even a challenge for him. He now also scans their thoughts for intentions getting Alien Insect gibberish but a quick flash of the Object's they intend to use.

He sees their intent to use Projectile Explosives but senses they are arguing and hesitating cause they probably do not want to blow themselves up by accident.

'Wow, what a coincidence,' he thinks to himself, 'sometimes my Telepathy freaks me out...'

Deciding correctly it can only be erroneous to retreat as they could soon call for a lot more Reinforcement's creating a hopeless Bottle-Neck Effect at the doorway with few Charges

left in his acquired EM Plasma Pistol's he takes his moment of opportunity.

Flying very fast and very low across the floor he attacks through at a sharp angle, right diagonal, aiming for the walkway and using their own cover against them since it is curved with no Line Of Sight. Sure enough, due to his speed, their EM Plasma Grenades detonate behind him and into their own Devices, a large Shockwave Of Heat singing his bare toes.

He flies right to left around the half circle at 125 km/h, a relatively High Speed in such close quarters, protected by its railing and metal panels from multiple simultaneous hits, as fast as he dares in such confined quarters, in about 2 seconds flat.

Blasting straight through them and firing the last of the Plasma EM Pistol Charges in rapid up and down motion in front of his head he makes four more Headshot's laughing at their shocked and surprized expressions just before their heads are near-instantaneously incinerated, actually considering the Pirates' EM Plasma Pistol's not so bad now...

In one swoop as their beheaded bodies fall to each side he picks up their more powerful and energetic EM Plasma Rifles and likes these a lot better...

With a mere blink of an eye still flying horizontally, this time somewhat higher, he slams the remaining doors shut to buy time.

Analyzing the room he notices he can only use the Chest Armor of the Alien Insect Pirate Warrior's and determines this is indeed the Control Cockpit of a Pirate Space Ship, one designed for FREE Broadcast Entertainment.

Silber, Psionic Warlock mutters to himself, "How the Hell am I supposed to use Alien Insect Pirate Computer's in an Alien Language?"

He walks around it, one hand sliding along the smooth chrome silver rail, and decides the Control Cockpit Chair made of warped metal in the shape of Human bones and topped with a black skull, the black leather upholstery covered in a strange dark green translucent slime, though now charred and smoking, 'This must be where there concubonical succubalical Torture Head Mistress sat...' He keeps insulting her in his thoughts.

He thinks to himself, 'Hmm, maybe they're not so stupid after all... they must've bailed...'

'Shit...' he contemplates further, 'I was kinda hoping she'd be here...' Silber, Psionic Warlock also understands if he does not figure it out soon, he is dead meat.

He Deep Scans with his mind the entire structure of the Pirate Space Ship for any clues.

To his great horror he Sensais a very powerful Dark Null Energy Source at the Core Engine of the Pirate Space Ship. It apparently feeds off of residual Negative Shadow Energy in Space Time itself: A Type of Infinite Dark Energy Source.

The blood drains from his naked limbs, 'Oh my God, we are fucked...! I have got to get this Space Ship home... or at least me...' He-brain does double time.

A loud Space Ship Proximity Alarm triggers, bright green lights flash and a Computer Console lights up with blinking red Alien Character's.

'Damn, it was a trap...' he thinks faster, 'they're gonna blow this Space Ship up...' He scratches his head heavily but then Silber, Psionic Warlock gets another brilliant idea.

Before he can implement it her Evil Woman Voice returns, "Hah ha ha haaaaaa... I have you! Surrender Or Die, you 1/8 Human piece of flesh slave thing!" She also tunes in the audience again and their crowd goes wild...

Silber, Psionic Warlock rudely responds, "Where as the prospect may be attractive in some ways, I don't think so, it is your fatal error..."

He Null EM Teleports himself directly outside the Pirate Space Ship for it is a lot easier to exit the Dark Null EM Shield's And Spheres than it is to enter: By scanning psionically their Computer System's and the actual shielding itself he is able to find from within their Shadow Modulation Frequency which follows the Law's Of Physic's and not Languages, except that of the Great Universal Language of Mathematic's. However, he does not even need that for he can read with his own Psionic Capability's the actual rates of frequencies overlayed upon each other and ever modulating in exquisite harmonies and disharmonies.

He then simply modulates his own Null EM Resonance Field to slip through, mostly naked.

He needs only 4 seconds to circle the whole Pirate Space Ship and get a Lock On her approaching 2nd Pirate Space Ship. He then Null EM Teleports straight to her Cockpit since she is unfortunately using the same Shadow Modulation Frequency Protocol.

Her last words are, "But how, our shielding..."

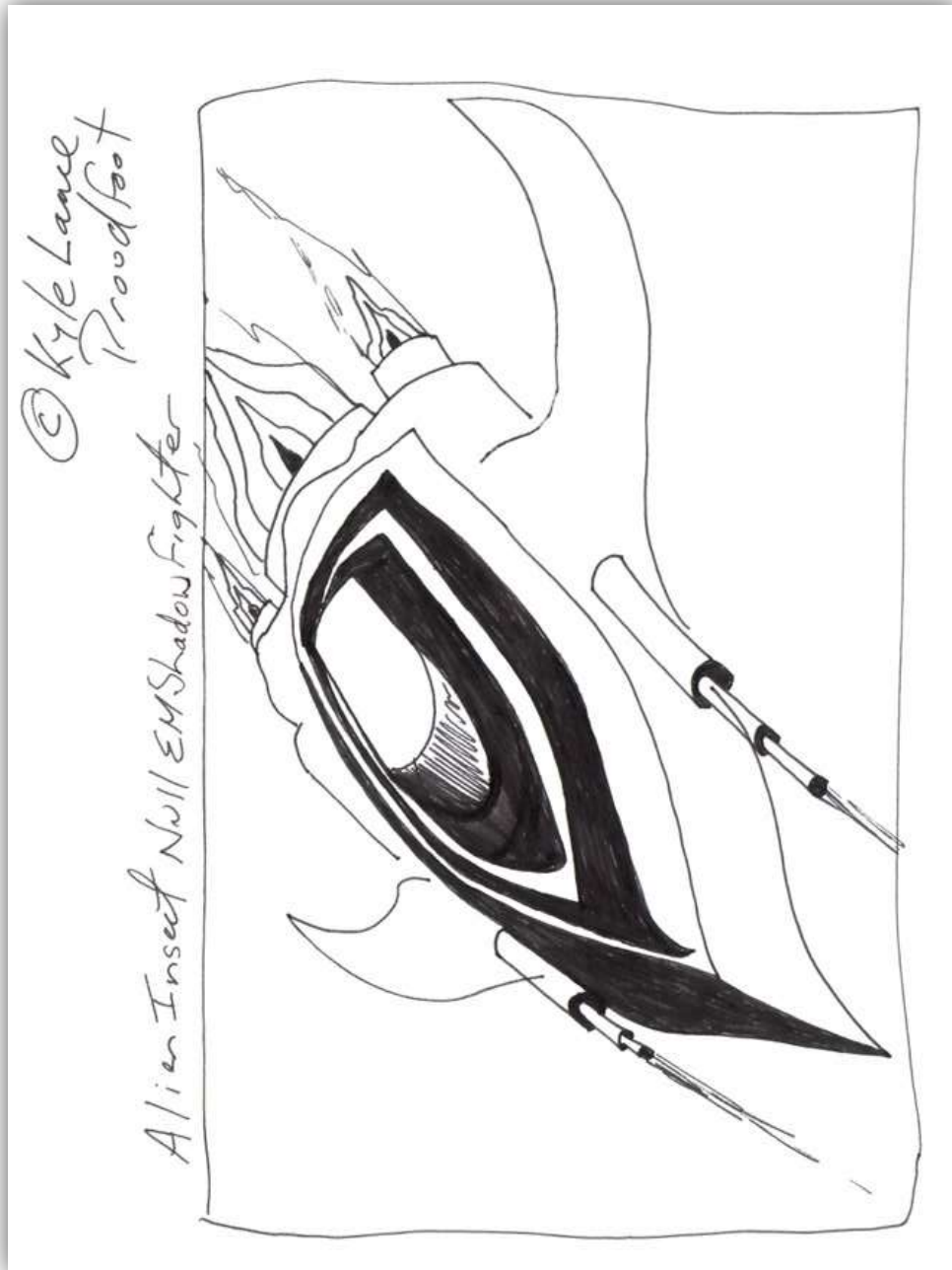
He obliterates her head at Point-Blank Range with a Left Dragon Fist Of Power And Energy, tosses the remaining EM Plasma Grenades in, and Null EM Teleports back out. He then teleports back in and sets the Self-Destruct Sequence.

Preferring her 1st Pirate Battle Space Ship which he coins as an Alien Insect Null EM Shadow Fighter which has the same Null EM Dark Energy Source, anyway, he Null EM Phase Plane Shifts back in and flies it through the Hell Planes up, up and up...

At the nearest possible distance he Planar Gates back to Planet Earth I.

Silber, Psionic Warlock has the the last word, "Go bite yourself Alien Insect's!"

Appearing in the stratosphere on an accelerating descending arc he aims directly at Revlis, Vampire Demon in the Battle Scenario below...



Alien Insect Null EM Shadow Fighter - 3D Model Design © Kyle Lance Proudfoot

Interlogue

I feel the solar winds blasting through all the membranes of my Being.

I see each interwoven space around each microscopic particle filled with Light.

Oh my God, it is full of Light!

Oh my Goddess, it is full of Shadow!

Oh GOD, I have become Immortal!

I see the pulsating shining globe of my Third Eye in my front Psionic Field.

I feel its magnetic resonation all around me, through my mind and body, to my extremities.

I am lifted up to the higher Spheres of Planet Earth I and break free of my Physical Body.

I radiate here, like a Sun, enlightened in my Energy, Knowledge and Power.

I look down upon the Battles of Mortal's and a single silver tear of sorrow falls down.

I spread my Angel Wing's to embrace and protect a World full of pain, strife and madness.

I am within and without filled with Lines Of Energy of many and all frequencies.

I am not all powerful and not all knowing, but I am Near-Infinite for even though my Physical Body may have died or not my Spirit will continue onwards unto Infinity...

I am the Angel summoned by the cries of the dying, the starving, the hurting and crying of all the suffering of Humanity.

I look upon this Human Colony on Planet Earth I and let out a great Psionic Cry of screaming anger and sadness in my silver etherealness.

I am the Angelic Force called upon by the chanting Priest's who almost gave up in lost hope... I am the Magic Force cast by Mages who almost gave in...

I am the Savior of Humanity, known by many names by many Species and Races, the Balance in the Force versus the Shadow and Evil.

Oh GOD, I have becom Immortal!

Oh my God, it is full of Shadow!

Oh my Goddess, it is full of Light!

The bipolar forces reach towards each other with arcing fingers of desire.

The lust, greed and temptation of material acquisition enslaves so many in this world yet is so very temporary for when you die you take none of it with you.

The bound flesh, bone and blood of the Human's in the Material Planes Of Existence is difficult to bear yet is so very temporary for when you die you take none of it with you.

The forgetfulness of Humanity and their massive destruction and consumption is despicable yet is so very temporary for when you die you take none of it with you.

The unending Battles and Warfare and the slaughter of innocence is unforgivable yet you each do not lack your own Karma and Reincarnation's...

"But, my Lord, oh my Lord of Light!" I yell out to the unending blackness of Space and Time where somewhere GOD resides, if not everywhere, "They, the Human's, despite their weaknesses and their errors, remaining the mere Mortal's they really are, with so much potential, do not deserve to be wiped out and made extinct! Do we not remember our own past Incarnation's and how we also argued, quarreled, debated, fought, battled and warred? I plead with thee for your Angel of Light, Hope and Freedom to grant mercy on Planet Earth I below. Oh, our ever merciful Lord of Light and Messenger of GOD from the Planes Of Heaven grant Humanity Freedom for if they cannot know Peace they can at least become a Great Civilization of prosperity. Is it not the way, after all, in Evolution to do out with the old and in with the new...? Will they and other Civilization's, Species and Races throughout all the Galaxy's not always War with each other...? Is not the only way to True Enlightenment and True Immortality by following one's own Individual Path even if that means having to join Group's now and then...?"

The Great Silence is the only response as always.

"Is it not Humanity's destiny to populate this Universe, if not all the Multiverses, and to spread the word of your greatness, my Lord Of Light? How do these foul Alien Insect Creatures of Dark, Shadow and Evil deserve such a rich Planet or even that many? I would even shed one of my own Silver Wing's in holy sacrifice for Humanity in a sign of my conversions, commitments, convictions, capabilities and compassions or did I already..."

As the very words are spoken so it happens. One of the Silver Wing's of the Angel of Light, Hope and Freedom shakes and falls off, spiralling down to the Field Of Battle.

The Call Upon Angel Spell and Chant of the Wizard's, Mages, Priest's and Priestesses heightens. The high resonance, chorus and octaves of their song and hymn reaches the falling Silver Wing. When they both hit the sky it transforms into a Great Bolt Of Lightning.

This Great Bolt Of Lightning filled with Great Energy And Power and Gold Silver Light fires through the Heaven Planes phasing through the Reality Matrix itself and impacts a Dark Negative Energy Globe. Only noticeable to those with a higher perception it disrupts the Negative Energy Globe Grid by releasing a huge shockwave of many other particles. The now unstable Negative Dark Shadow Black Energy 3D Matrix Grid collapses.

Good And Evil Start The Debate And Battle Once Again

Silber, Psionic Warlock's stolen Alien Insect Shadow Space Plane with Silent Stealth Secret And Smart Technology and many other Shadow Capability's sports a totally mind blowing 1-Way Cloaking Time Travel to compensate for the Dilation Effect across multiple Planes over a great distance which also causes a new Timeline. It is possible to jump back and forth along a Timeline but all of such Event's which happened or are to be are but Virtual Shadow's or Ghost Images which you cannot InterAct™ with. Timelines converge and diverge at certain and uncertain points in other Timelines. However, there is nothing stopping one from generating a whole new Timeline and let them die and deprecate in that descending Timeline into the Abyss. With Near-Infinite Timelines across the 1 Infinite Timeline each make their choice which Heaven, Middle and/or Hell Plane to live or die in or have the greatest bliss or the worst suffering; one may find themselves in a Good, Neutral and/or Evil situation now but you can still walk away at some point in the Past, Present and/or Future where all of one's bound Lines Of Energy and Node Point's are caught up in, thus only by resolving or freeing yourself from such can you escape.

The Gate Of Hell collapses in on itself with a horrible slurping sucking sound of ripping air and dying screaming Enemy Troop's. It actually pulls in a percentage of the Enemy and no more march or hover through anymore... "No mo pain to Little Johnny anymore... cause they had to sell Little Julie on Internet just to survive..." states Mr. Newbie, Rules Lawyer to the Inter-Planetary New's Medias.

Silber, Psionic Warlock continues his highly accelerating backwards descending arc down into the Field Of Battle aiming straight at Revlis, Vampire Demon who is grimacing with the strain of trying to control the direction of this Timeline, Black Lines Of Energy and Dark Gray Energy Waves pouring through his clenched black gray red claws. It seems even his own God-Like Power And Energy is insufficient to return its course to destruction for one of the Negative Energy Globes has been knocked out and the Negative Energy 3D Matrix Grid has collapsed, a very unexpected Event which compromises the entire Battle... He growls in extreme displeasure and drops his arms slashing violently burning up air.

It reaches 2.96 Mach Speed in 1 second flat...

Revlis, Vampire Demon, unfortunately, is Psychic too...

With a loud snarl and scream he jerks his head upward, Double Rowed Silver Steel Titanium Fang's bared. His Shadow Demon Astral Form shudders in shock and pulls away rapidly to the Shadow Planes ripping off of Revlis, Vampire Demon's multiple Body's, physical and virtual, at the oncoming attack.

Silber, Psionic Warlock yells, "Back Revlis! BACK!! This is not your place or time, back Demon, back to the bowels of Hell and your burning Plane Of Unknown Existence! BEGONE!!" He times his Psionic Exorcism with the loss of his augmented Dark Energy. He then in the next .1 seconds mentally orders the firing of its very powerful and energetic 200 mm 2 Null EM Shadow Cannon's. It also has 20 mm 6 EM Plasma Fire Cannon's and Negative Energy and Black Shadow Bomb's.

It reaches 4.76 Mach Speed in another 2 seconds...

With this Shadow Space Plane at about 600 meters in altitude, Revlis, Vampire Demon laughs hard, even snaps his fingers, does a little side-step jig and waves, "Bye!" He looks behind him at the no longer existing Gate Of Hell which shrunk, collapsed and blinked out of Reality with the destabilization of the Negative Energy 3D Matrix Grid. He tries to Planar Shadow Teleport anyway with his own Shadow Capability's but he is already quite drained and his augmented Shadow Demon Astral Form has left him weakened.

Revlis, Vampire Demon lands very hard about 100 meters away slamming face first with his left arm thrown up in a Vampire Demon Judo Reflex Reaction into the dirt swearing vehemently. Using his momentum he starts a very fast Vampire Demon Judo Roll in the opposite direction at 130 km/h.

The trouble though is Silber, Psionic Warlock's now all his Space Shadow EM Fighter may not be able at only 200 meters altitude to pull out of a -300° Hyper Mach Attack Vector...

It reaches 9.12 Mach Speed in another 4 seconds...

Silber, Psionic Warlock does not 'n.o.' whether to say 'shit' or 'smirk' and without even blinking decides to choose for 'Test the Alien Technology and do not just 'blink out'".

With the perfect ease of Null EM Shadow Propulsion Power Steering and Null EM ABS he simply pulls gently, yet firmly, towards him... With the most wonderful extremely loud screeching Hi!-Decibel Air Tearing, even better than a tortured Psionic Scream, now maxing out at 10.68 Mach Speed, do you feel the G's yet? Somehow he is also able to 180° flip it at the last moment or otherwise he will Shadow Bomb himself. This easily blows away the F-22 Raptor of the 21st Century of Planet Earth with a Project Budget of 87 Bernard's at a 10X Factor of Mach Speed within a planetary atmosphere.

Silber, Psionic Warlock blinks twice, purposely, as he feels nothing whatsoever for them, the Null EM Shadow Shield's And Spheres with internal and external Null EM Shadow Dampen Field's working like smooth silk caressing her soft fine Elven skin.

He fires all Shadow Weapon's and drops his Shadow Bomb's as Revlis, Vampire Demon rolls, flips, bounces and jumps between the massive Implosion's and Explosion's.

The Alien Insect Space Shadow Fighter arcs back up at the 50 meter mark! Silber, Psionic Warlock is totally blown away and has never encountered such Advanced Alien Shadow Technology before in all his Lifetimes. It is a standoff for the first round!

The Great Battle continues in the background as the rest of the scenery quickly and surely disappears, burns and gets swallowed up completely by fires, white gray black smoke and the remaining ashes of those who once were.

Silber, Psionic Warlock decides to enter Secret Silent Stealth And Smart Mode again since Vampire Demon's can Null EM Shadow Teleport at Large Ranges. He circles around in 6 seconds flat, it actually using Shadow Node Point's instead of vertexes, wishing he had

one of these in the good old War's of Planet Earth where flybies would take even tens of minutes, 'Wait, don't dodge, duck behind your hill or jump into your sand tunnel you naughty little hairy unshaven Terrorist after sniping an \$85000 Big Black Nigga Muthafucka Commando in the forehead due to the worst stupid Soldier Helmet's ever made, wait... wait... I have to first fully circle around in a long curve, now stand still, aim, fire! Shit man, this thing can even do full twirly whirlies on the spot, hover up and down like a muthafucka and accelerate from 100 - 1000 km/h in 2 seconds flat.'

Revlis, Vampire Demon does not run, he does not fear, he does not cry and he is no coward, he just keeps running, sprinting and dodging like another muthafucka.

He then spirals upward, his arms both left and right arched and angled downwards quickly twirling his entire form, and Spiral Levitates up to Orbit at 15000 km/h. After all, a much smaller body can travel much faster, however since Planet Earth I is somewhat smaller than Planet Earth its Low Orbit is 1500 km's so it still takes him 6 minutes to do so.

'Ha ha ha, now you are in my Domain, the infinite blackness of Space Time...' Revlis, Vampire Demon does not need air, so such should be no problem, in the case of too much UV Radiation he can also just jump from one dark side of a Planet or Moon to another.

However, Silber, Psionic Warlock has a Lock On him. A permanent Lock On...

Hitting the Shadow Nitro Button he aims again straight at Revlis, Vampire Demon.

'You are gettin' very irritating...' Revlis, Vampire Demon projects at Silber, Psionic Warlock.

'Go fuck yourself, cause you're better at it...' says Silber, Psionic Warlock, psionically.

'What!? That's not bad you goddamn Human!' Revlis, Vampire Demon gives him the mental left, middle and right middle finger.

'Your Taunt's, Insult's and/or Provocation's mean nothing to me you Twat Nüber!' Silber, Psionic Warlock likes this swearword for it insults everyone in the Universe right back; they after all bombed each other both into oblivion, one side always claiming they are better than the other, and when the smoke settles than they start another War.

Meanwhile, both of them as projectiles are approaching each other at drastic speeds.

Silber, Psionic Warlock proceeds without further ado his direct aimage, blaimage and daimage locked straight at Revlis, Vampire Demon.

They impact at about 15673 meters altitude at the 40° and 44° parallels. The Visual Effect's and Sound Effect Samples are quite spectacular but only a few notice them up there. The Battle below does not pauze nor let up for the Enemy still has many forces.

Silber, Psionic Warlock's Null EM Shield's And Spheres resonate intensely around him and Revlis, Vampire Demon's Cloak Of Shadow And Etherealness swirls swiftly about him. This prevents both of them from damaging each other though there is still great doubt

about Point-Blank Ranges for any Armor. They successfully activate Planar Shifting while very disrespectfully triggering Null EM Shadow Implosion's and Null EM Light Explosion's and Negative Energy Life Drain's with his slashing Death Claw's and Blazing Swing's Of Bluefire with his Bastard Sword Of Light And Blue Fire. They cause a hole in the ozone layer. They both rip through multiple coinciding interlaced Planes Of Existence.

Effectively, Silber, Psionic Warlock with his acquired Insect Alien Shadow Space Fighter and Revlis, Vampire Demon with his exquisite Cloak Of Etherealness And Shadow blast straight through each other however destroying everything in this Orbit Area such as a couple Spy Satellites and Space Garbage which get near-instantly annihilated.

Their momentum brings them many thousands of thoughts and miles away.

The Alien Insect Forces now set up fortified encampments. The rest of the Brownies and Centaur's are forced to retreat to the western mountain range. There are no more Dryad's... Just plenty of severely pissed off Spirit Pixies... With only hours of automated deployment the Enemy Forces consisting of EM, Plasma, Null EM Shadow and Laser Weapon's have occupied the entire northern forest bordering the central Human Territory.

Silvestria, Amazon Warrior Priestess and Desacrus, Rogue Warrior keep looking for more Ally's on even further distant Planet's. So very few, if any, are interested in risking their necks and lives in such a massive onslaught.

The Gray Giant and Ice Dwarf Army with their Artillery approach even closer, now in sight.

Sir Lance II, Computer Programmer knighted by High Council for his long decorated service to the Laser Military still wants to find out what the unexpected Ally's are all about and orders it again, this time from the Central Command.

They keep engaging the Enemy Shadow and EM Plasma Space Ship's to give the Ally's a chance to successfully conduct their Fighting Withdrawal.

Morale And Motivation to win the Battle is increased across the board as word is spread about the ½ hour proximity of the Heavy Reinforcement's.

Silber, Psionic Warlock and Revlis, Vampire Demon square off again in Orbit.

'I hate your guts you fuckin' Spawn of Hell!' Silber, Psionic Warlock now filled with glorious Silver Light challenges Revlis, Vampire Demon telepathically not from weakness or anger but from Great Battle Courage Strength And Valor and Near-Infinite Defense Tactic's.

'You are not worth my hate, Twat Nob Mortal yourself!' responds Revlis, Vampire Demon who is regenerating on the dark side of the Planet. Does he have injuries...

They reach each other again telepathically across many leagues, their hate and despise for each other never dying and not diminished by such distance either.

Silber, Psionic Warlock remotely ultimatums, 'If you do not leave this Space Sector and/or

Mind Sector and/or Planet Sector then I will be forced to destroy you, do not forget only Everything and Nothing is truly deathless. Even if your Spirit goes on it still needs to find a new Reincarnation, a new womb, a new Host Body, a new life, a new development which in most cases takes at a min of 16 - 18 years, if not longer...'

'Bullshit, I just get a new Host Body, idiotus majorus, and I am made of the very stuff you Mortal's call Everything and Nothingness...' he is sublime, 'and you still cannot kill an Immortal Being, even if you wanted to, especially not my own Dark Spirit, you are the Human Noobies who live only to 50 or so, and what do you mean we have no Soul's...'

'By definition, Nothing remains Nothing, and Everything remains Everything, regardless of what you think about our Species or Races, your Victim, Slave, Peasant and/or Sacrifice Society to some ancient Dark God is still just a Victim.' Silber, Psionic Warlock is eloquent.

'How dare you mock and insult me and my Species who have been here many suck loser Doomsday Millennia before you, your Human's in fact practice more Human Self-Sacrifice, Self-Suicide and Blood Cannibalism than we do in their own rape, pillage and murder of their own Species. Your so-called Humanity than also preys on all other Species and Races, just like we do, except worse even, face it your Human is a Cannibal while we only need the blood, so who is really trying to save the Planet...' He is almost unretortable.

Silber, Psionic Warlock interjects, 'And your want and greed and your bloodlust and Evil Shadow and your hate, destruction and domination, does it lead to where ours lead? You may NOT drain and destroy our New Colony, our Only Planet, our Last Resort, our refuge with all of its Life! Not your Death. I would kill you all for less!' He is heart wrenching.

'We do not need to kill our Victim's like your so-called 'Humanity' does... with all your Infighting, Competition, Debates, Battles, Warfares, War's and since we are already Immortal from millennia ago unlike your transient flesh with its so very fragile mortal coil entwined through some very temporary hollow host puppet body, one tiny nanoscopic or microscopic dot on this Timeline, not to mention the Infinite Timeline, you cannot kill us, trying so is just blatantly futile.' He is conclusive.

Silber, Psionic Warlock now repeats an age old argument, "What!? Do you claim to be the same as GOD the only truly Immortal Being known to any Species? Or do you presume you are a God and/or Goddess? Or wait, I know, you fall into that trap like everyone else about the so-called demi-god or God-Like Hero who are actually still Mortal.' He resounds.

'Our Dark Lord, your so-called Satan is equally Immortal as your GOD and far more powerful and energetic than all your God's and Goddesses, not to mention your Angel's, who are not mine and not ours, who is not mine nor our GOD... They say, not even Death can take him...' He dismisses him finally with a sweeping gesture of his left hand.

The Battles for Balance in Universes and Cosmos continue forever.

They are both beyond Word's and Ward's and can only War it out, now...

The Debate Between Good And Evil Continues

The Tibetan Buddhist Priest's rise in Astral Form radiating pure white yellow blue Light to the Buddhist Circle in Orbit around Planet Earth I. Their chanting sets up a Massive Wave Front protecting the Planet and dissolving the rest of the Negative Energy Lines and Negative Energy Node Point's, Black Evil Lines, Dark Evil Point's coursing through the many layers of our egg shaped home where we just want to live and be in peace and prosper and produce and procreate...

Meanwhile, the Heavy Artillery and Huge Boulder's of the Ice Dwarf and Gray Giant Reinforcement's arrive which we do need for our Defense but will they be a total rip off.

The Heaven Forces, the Great Laser Military of the Planes Of Heaven enter formation and patrol at their Portal Of Heaven to bring the fight to the Alien Insect Planet's in Higher Planes Of Hell highly uncertain of their chances of success considering this many millions of years which has gone before and ahead already like it is some kind of bad Time Loop.

Silber, Psionic Warlock and Revlis, Vampire Demon once again Battle and Debate it out hating each other's guts to the core for how can both be not incorrect?

They Lock And Load on to each other in Orbit once again hundreds of km's away from each other having taken only minutes to scan for each other's location.

Flying and phasing through multiple Planes Of Existence at phenomenal speeds they crash into each other. Revlis, Vampire Demon screams and Silber, Psionic Warlock roars. He has now teleported out of his Shadow Space Jet Fighter since it is not particularly effective against a very fast, powerful and energetic individual Opponent.

With his Silver Shining Full Plate Near-Infinite Battle Armor and his Cyborg German Battle Visor both equipped with Null EM Shield's And Spheres and a Psionic Interface he is able to activate a variety of Offense and Defense Tactic's. His special Plastic And Metal Alloy Silver Steel Titanium Knight Elven Boot's are very light and highly resilient, not to mention very powerful and energetic, one kick of the pointed toe and he or she is horribly penetrated and die near-instantaneously. His Near-Invincible Cloak Of Back Reflection Deflection Protection is dark gray with a black gray silver Tribal Celtic Circle Tattoo which they keep insulting him on being a Prison Tattoo like they just really do suck at Taunt's, Insult's and Provocation's, radiating and pulsating blue silver gray on it and throughout his back, ribs, spine and lungs giving him Great Strength Stamina And Surges of Power and Energy. It also adds an augmented Magical and Technological Life Gene Regen. He also sports a Wireless Telepathic Ear Piece to summon his collection of Laser Planes, Laser Jet's, Laser Fighter's, Laser Cruiser's and his second and only remaining Laser Psionic Warlock; the first one he was very proud, honorable and glorious to sacrifice in killing the Shadow Demon; it is also used to give Order's. To finish off his Enemy's, he carries a Double Edge 2-Handed Great Sword Of Lightning Ice And Booming which, once again, can be changed from 2 centimeters to 20 meters. It is handy, he can fit it into his pocket and then Slash Kaboom! it does a huge quantity and quality of Damage. Silber, Psionic Warlock is also, next to his Psionic Capability's, very good at parrying, defending, reflecting, deflecting and backfiring the Enemy in his own sense of Near-Infinite Defense

and Guardianship. He defends and donates to Good Goal Causes too, like Near-Extinct Species such as Gray Wolves and Silberian Tiger's who were only saved by cryogenics.

Revlis, Vampire Demon, on the other hand, the left-hand black and not the left-hand gray, in this case, is fully clothed in Black and Shadow with various black clothes, leathers and Alien Insect Metal's. His wickedly curved jagged 1-Handed Scimitar Of Shadow Stealth Speed And Silence can also be used for disarming foes and Block Attack's, not to mention penetrate almost any Armor in Known Existence and half of Unknown Existence since he is not about to buy a Plane Ticket, go there and take a long swipe with his tongue of those other meteorites. His Cloak Of Shadow And Etherealness is Near-Infinite and Near-Invincible, too, directly connected into the Plane Of Shadow, all Light and/or Laser Attack's pass harmlessly through him plus any other attacks, he also has a Mini-Black Hole For A Heart; the only uncertainties remaining are potential Point-Blank Range High Power and/or High Energy Attack's which could cause Critical Damage or even Lethal Damage, this is still a great doubt amongst all Super-Heroes and Super-Villain's... He has a Long Dagger Of Death Poison And Disease which can Insta Kill Human's and Demi-Human's. For the rest his Anti-Thermal Body Suit has Shadow EM Shield's And Spheres which phase and modulate at Near-Infinite Encryption and to kill the stereotype he has plenty of intense EM Fire Plasma Psychic Energy's and Weapon's, so it really is not that dirty dark dank dusty wet cave with green droplets dripping down. His heart is the near-infinite cold of the blackness of the spaces and times to infinities, the rest of him always burning in all his Psychic Fire and all their Dark Psyches which now prevail upon their Planet's themselves. Revlis, Vampire Demon is a very negative powerful and energetic Dark Arcane Psychic completely twisted by the Astral Evil Shadow who was turned by a rich and influential Liberacé Biacé Noble Lady at the beginning of the 1st Renaissance of History Of Humanity when they showed him their stinking Rich Elite and to such an extent that there are no holes in his Black Aura but rather he has become completely suffused with such Dark Energy. He is bloodlusting, ruthless, merciless and only self-motivated caring nothing for Life, in all their eternal Gothic Undead, except those who serve his Evil Goal's through 100% Pure Evil Capitalistic Contract's, for what is not a Contract of some kind, each and everything you do, who you meet or who or what you pay for is just another Contract, and you signed in blood at the dotted line... Humanity is his Natural Enemy and Nemeses.

The Blast Diameter around their Battle and the sound and scent of the Implosion's and Explosion's in Orbit, high and low, is witnessed by many and very few respectively. These few, Watcher's of Light and Shadow, never interfere. They have watched these decisive Debates, Battles, Warfares and War's in History Of Humanity since the beginning of Time and this turning point in History Of Humanity of Planet Earth I.

Silber, Psionic Warlock and Revlis, Vampire Demon exchange many blows both an even Opponent for the other as they fly up and down and around and out again through higher and lower layers of atmosphere.

Both their styles of fighting, Revlis, Vampire Demon relying on high speed and agility and Silber, Psionic Warlock using highly augmented shit, are very deadly. Silber, Psionic Warlock launches Lightning and Explosion Attack's at Revlis, Vampire Demon's darting figure. Revlis, Vampire Demon hurls Shadow Globes and Mini-Shadow Tentacles. They move back and forth in circles moving in for swinging Kill Attack's and stabbing Death

Attack's, moving away for Ranged Attack's and Recharges. In this case, Mechanized Military Weapon's such as his 02 Silver .45 Silver Magnum's with Silver Explosive Bullet's and Silver Chromium Dioxide Bullet's or respectively his 1 Heavy Black .45 Glock with Black Spider Poisen Bullet's and Black Scorpion Poison Bullet's are not inappropriate but both of their Power And Energy Armor's are too strong to cause more than Medium Damage at Short Range with relatively Fast Regen's, anyways.

The general idea is to try and get in close enough to hit the Opponent with multiple Heavy, Critical and/or Lethal Damage which is exceedingly difficult with these 2 Enemy's.

After awhile, about an hour, they realize they are near perfectly matched: Silber, Psionic Warlock's Near-Infinite Battle Armor absorbing all Damage and Revlis, Vampire Demon's Cloak Of Shadow And Etherealness nullifying all attacks which only pass harmlessly through. They are both multiple Black Martial Art's Master's of the 64th Degree and keep blocking, deflecting and/or parrying each other, the vast majority of Damage caused also gets relatively quickly regenerated. The actual Martial Art's Acrobatic's in Orbit itself is mind blowing with plenty of Blur Effect's.

Due to the Null EM Vice Grip which Silber, Psionic Warlock has on his Great Sword he cannot be disarmed. Both their many Shield's And Spheres feeding off of Quantum Residual Energy's are nearly inexhaustible: They have long ago tapped directly into such Power's and Energy's and are each at a min of God-Like Rank.

Silber, Psionic Warlock realizes it would require nothing short of a Nuclear Thermal Warhead at Short Range to defeat Revlis, Vampire Demon, an Immortal in his own right.

Revlis, Vampire Demon realizes with a quick Remote View that his Alien Insect Shadow and EM Plasma Space Ship's cannot withstand the sustained Fire and Bombardment of the Mother Space Ship's from the unexpected 3rd Party and against the Ice Dwarf and Gray Giant Reinforcement's his Ground Army comes now into only even 50/50 odds. His attacks by himself are also not strong enough to kill or knock out his Opponent which would nicely demoralize their Allied Army, it would require a God or Goddess to kill another Immortal and not just an entire Standing Army due to brilliant Bottle-Neck Tactic's.

Revlis, Vampire Demon impressed with Silber, Psionic Warlock's Battle Skill moves back 400 meters and holds up his left hand in the sign of Cease Fire and yells out to him in his very strong low growling Evil Demon Voice, "Well, you arrre not bad, but you cannot defeeeeet meeee, eiferrr..."

Silber, Psionic Warlock shouts back in his even null deeper God Booming Voice, "So N, what should we do about it? I'm not to eager to let you go, peacefully that is..."

"You cannot rreally stop meeeee, if I choose to gooo, I will simply Trans-Planar Teleport back to my Plane Of Shadow and Firessss, amass more Dark Forces and attack with morrr in the Futurr, or would your pathetic Backwater Colony Planet like to Surrender Or Die?"

"We will never Surrender Or Die nor go peacefully into the night nor the blackness of Space Time. And, by the way, I thought you lived in the Planes Of Hell, all the time,

remember? Or, if it really is such then why are you so interested in our Middle Class Suburbia, anyway, or I know only a few of you make it to your own Luxury Suites so you actually have the worst Type of Competition..." Silber, Psionic Warlock laughs in a provocative fashion slapping his left knee.

Revlis, Vampire Demon smirks once loudly, "You should know your Taunt's, Insult's and Provocation's you banal Stupid Human mean nothing to me and anyway is it just your perpetual War-Like State Of Mind, Human Elf Hybrid, or do you plan to cannabilize all the nearby Planet's, too, with your filth Human Colony's and all their unending dictatorships, delegations, determinations, decisions, divisions, dominations and democracies of various Space Sector's or is it just one repetitive doom, destruction, demolition, desecration, devastation, degeneration, death, destruction, disease and devolution?"

Silber, Psionic Warlock grins with his own sense of wild cat fangs, liking the banter, "How you think you are the only ones who have lived for millennia, if not longer, all the time, we also live thousands of years and our Happy Volunteer's are better than your Slaves..."

Revlis, Vampire Demon raises his dark eyes and arched eyebrows, "Do you think my Alien Insect Shadow Army and Demi-Human Plasma Army are not here of their own volition? We have even greater Demon's, Dark Forces and many other Shadow Army's to take this or that Space Sector which are rightfully ours in so many first instancesss and not just thousands of years but since the beginning of Space Time itself before your whole Stupid Humanity just suddenly showed up by some random mutation, we have been here for eons and there you go again in another one of your Elite Colony Space Ship's spreading like a parasitical microbial infection bringing only War everywhere."

"Oooh, you have a way with words, but thanks for telling me your Motivation, Information, Advanced Intel and the fact you have so many more Enemy's on nearby Planet's... get it?" Silber, Psionic Warlock is happy with his pulling of him and his double-on-tongue.

"Ahhhhh... nice try... one ditto likewise... this is not over, you damn Elven Human, we shall meet again, you may have Won the Battle but not the War!" Revlis, Vampire Demon, with one sweep of his Cloak Of Shadow And Etherealness blinks out of existence, or at least only this Plane Of Existence.



+6 ML Alien Insect Shadow Warrior - 3D Model Design © Kyle Lance Proudfoot

The Human's Meet Their Unexpected Ally

Now with the help of Silber, Psionic Warlock cutting swathes through them rising to 200 meters above the Battle Field with his Null EM Shield's And Spheres raising both fists in the sign of Victory to the sky, Electricity crackling around him, he triggers a Lightning Chain Reaction Attack on the EM Plasma Warrior's since for some reason they show up in Metal Armor's all the time and fries about 4000 more of them, he then jumps into them and starts cutting diagonal lines back and forth across all of their numbers and before they can aim an Area Attack on him he Null EM Teleports out of there back to his stolen Shadow Fighter, greatly increasing Morale and greatly decreasing theirs. The Allied Forces stop doing a Fighting Withdrawal and move forward while the unexpected Ally can now Target their Dark Troop's as their Shadow Space Ship's Null Planar Shadow Teleport back to their Hell Planes to cut their losses, an ability which all of their individual Hybrid Warrior's do not have, and now the Laser Space Ship's are able to help attack rather than only defend.

Reinforcement's finally arrive in position!

The Heavy Artillery and Huge Boulder's of the Ice Dwarves and Gray Giant's just bloody well *pounds them* into oblivion with whole building size boulders being hurled tens of kilometers through the air in 45° trajectories for back rows and even faster 15 - 33° for front rows; to give them room the 3D Cube Formation splits in half to the left and right. Even the huge Cthulhu-Like Monster gets hit multiple times and splatted grossly.

Sir Lord Prince Silber, Psionic Warlock, Chief Commander of the Laser Military, not being his own worst Psionic Warlock activates the external Hi-Decibel 3D Sound System of his newly acquired rich toy for a rich boy and flattens a whole 100 - 200 km diameter with maximum volume, "Surrender Or Die!!"

Even Alien Insect Shadow and EM Plasma Warrior's are not completely self-sacrificial, though definitely fearless, and are routed running madly north. The other ¾ surrender about 24000 over who do not want to be bombed into the substratospheres. This should pose an interesting Immigration problem at some point in the future though for now they are put in Laser Military Prison's.

The International New's Medias and Entertainment Channel's on many Planet's go insane.

After this glorious Victory on Planet Earth I by Human's, Demi-Human's, Mutant's, Alien's, including Faster Brownies, Brownies, Centaur's, Dryad's, Dwarves, Giant's and even some Elves of this New Colony plus their unexpected Ally, the Allied Forces celebrate in great enthusiasm causing a lot more Property Damage to add to all the wanton destruction.

The presence of an unexpected Ally on the neighboring uncloaked Planet also brings great hope and curiosity and it becomes the first order of business for most parties.

For this reason, Lord Desacrus, Rogue Warrior and Princess Silvestria, Mage Priestess are sent by High Council to diplomacize with their benefactors. Without delay they are teleported to the Head Mother Ship, a colossal Space Ship, with very Heavy Weapon's and Armor's of all types. Especially the Null EM Pulse Plasma Bomb's and 2000 mm Laser

Cannon's are incredibly impressive, how they can sustain their access and usage of Sources Of Energy is anyone's guess. This Mother Ship is designed with appealing overlaying silver gray white Semi-Spheres. They are 4 : 3 longer than wider and look like bulbous Hyper Modern Ultra Hi-Resolution polymorphed clouds. Each one is a little bit different with some having 7, 8, 9, 12 or 14 Spheres; very few know the symbological meaning of this associated with Higher Enlightened Species who can even see through Time. The powerful Null EM Propulsion Engines and Null EM Gate Engines are at the back and are cylindrical, the middle one is larger and wider, though each are perfectly circular, the front narrows down to three rounded noses, the middle one is also larger and wider, so it is not an ugly duckling. These three have the middle brain, the Control Center, the left brain, the Com's Center, the right brain, the Military Center, and each know exactly what the other is doing at all times through Light Data Stream's.

They appear in the Control Center and to their utter surprise they meet Alien's who look almost exactly like Human's but who glow with various colored Aura's, especially from their eyes. They are not semi-translucent.

The Control Center is also similarly designed, all seats, panels, rails, walkways, walls, ceiling and the room itself are interconnected circles. The colors of each are very light and pastelle in grays blues whites with touches of reds oranges yellows with soft suffused lighting along the edges of each object. The only difference is strong contrasting outlines of black, to provide order to the eye, possibly even a very strong binding material. It is quite large and spacious with plenty of room to move about in case of a not shaking Battle, since Null Dampen Field's absorb and suppress: It is 500 x 1000 meters x 200 meters with multilevels and is evenly rounded on all sides. Each Center is a perfect Sphere.

A Woman glowing white yellow with shining blue eyes, somewhat more elliptical than Human eyes, arcs both her arms forward and outward with a small bow. Her light smile is divine, her face is light pale in perfect symmetry and she has platinum blonde waist length hair. Her long white robe outlined in silver blue threads with intricate interlaced designs is nicely accentuated by her silver blue yellow gemstone necklace and armbands. Her pointy golden complex cloth leather soled shoes finish off the costume in utter perfection. Her various exceedingly Power And Energy rich Magical And Technological Item's are not readable. A presence of Great Enlightenment, Holy Might, Near-Infinite Power And Energy, Good And Light Energy and Null EM Magic radiates around her, like she has fully activated her Spirit Field, freed her Soul and with little resistance has embodied her Immortal Form.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior and Silvestria, Mage Priestess bow deeply and step back, short of breath and in awe of her presence in Noble Fashion and Tradition of the 4th Hyper Modern Renaissance in the 22nd Century of History Of Humanity. Wearing their most expensive and fancy costumes from this Renaissance they try to make the best possible impressions and expressions. Desacrus, Rogue Warrior, however, being always wary never takes his hand off his Laser Pistol at his waist which they are apparently still allowed to wear for they bear no threat to each of their Immortal Form's, their Host Body's or any of the objects each protected by Hyper Advanced Null EM Shield's And Spheres so even if you launch an Area Effect it causes no Damage which would then get you quite quickly disarmed and tossed to the ground and/or tossed into their Hyper Modern Jail and/or tossed out into the vacuum of Space and/or tossed into Low Orbit. After all, his duty to

protect her is mandatory, unwavering and risking even being rude it is not worth the risk. Also if some Enemy can just teleport in then it is maybe not too late...

She speaks in a layered harmonic Woman Voice, "Welcome to the past, your Ancient Ancestor's, the originators of Life on Planet Earth, where your Elite Colony Space Ship came from, who Orthe, Wodora, Aera and Pyre were so brave and lucky to survive to make it to this Space Sector of the Galaxy. We truly never thought your Heroes would make it... My Name is Lady Elanisia II, President of the Free Democracy of our Planet Elanis, which is Amber 21.4, also inspired by Amber, written by one of your greatest writers in the 20th Century, all World's are but Shadow's of the one true World, and all things are but copies of true Platonic Object's, and all Spirit's and Soul's are but angles of the One Soul, and all Timelines are but alternates of the One Infinite Timeline... there remaining only Timelessness and Nothingness... in Near-Infinite Gray Spectrum's throughout all Planes Of Existence... thus definitely not their Plutonic Relationship's except for burials."

Lord Desacrus, Rogue Warrior's and Princess Silvestria, Mage Priestess's mouths fall open. Lady Elanisia II continues, "Where we ourselves over the millennia have drifted far from the Center of the Universe with our mobile Planet in search of the legendary Planet Amber, which we still have not found yet, and lost our previous perfection, even some of us our Immortality, though we fortunately through Hyper Advanced Magic And Technology still have about 75% of our original genetic base stock, we still honor the memory of the beginning of the Cosmos, another Big Explosion coming from another Big Implosion, as the cannibal Galaxy's and the Black Holes swallow everything whole, with an Infinite Cycle of Universes, within an Infinite Reality, for we are but one Universe within and with multiple Planes Of Existence, in a theoretically countless multitude of Universes in the Multiverse.

She takes a sip of a blue drink in a long thin vase and gestures to her Man Officer's, similarly dressed though in less excquiteness both carrying 2 Dual EM Laser Pistol's, to also give her Visitor's some of these never tasted before Alcoholic Beverages.

She says with accentuation, "We are also very happy you found our disastrous little sister Planet, though we knew you would once you started on the correct path, who we are presently in a balanced synchronized Orbit with around the Sun, the Planetary EM Field's keeping us in balance, though our whole Planet is actually mobile like a big Space Ship and though such a relationship does need some compensation now and then. She's an experiment gone awry, the mutations went out of control... we are also impressed how Humanity has developed the Technology and even Magic you brought to date on Planet Earth I and just on time too... Without such extra forces we would still be stuck in a Stalemate on other Planet's with failed genetic offspring, Evil Demi-Human's, EM Plasma Warrior's and Shadow Alien Insect's driven by Dark Forces of Hell Planes. This one was not attacked yet and was why we were forced to stay cloaked for so long... and we could not risk losing this Planet which is a Key Tactical and Strategical Point in this Space Sector which is also why they had to invade and we could delay them only for so long in other Space Sector's... Now, though, we may have a chance to turn the tide..."

Princess Silvestria, Mage Priestess nods, "We too come seeking Ally's and an Alliance to fight the Dark Forces and defend our New Colony, Planet Earth I, my Lady!"

Lord Desacrus, Rogue Warrior's eyes look down with a sad look, he loses his smile, "Unfortunately, my Lady, we are not as Hyper Futuristic as you may think we are for Planet Earth is on the brink of extinction, the reason we came here in Cryogenic State on our Elite Coloby Space Ship in the first place, due to the fact of our so-called Smart and/or Stupid Humanity with $\frac{1}{3}$ of our Species wiped out due to primarily over-consumption, pollution, environmental destruction and degradation plus many Plant and Animal Extinction's, failing Citizen's, Corporation's and Government's, epidemics, pandemics and also many mutations out of control. It begun in the year 1991 CE with the Gulf War and 2001 CE with 9/11, due to chaotic Debates, Battles, Warfares, War's, and out of control rampant IT, Science, Magic and Technology in the early stages of such generations by greedy, lusting and only Power hungry hands of the 1% Elite Rich And Famous Citizen's, International Corporation's and United Government's, and the rapidly increasing mutations on Planet Earth with the resulting Paranormal Capability's, not to mention Advanced Laser and Mechanized Weapon's which resulted in Global Open Warfare across the board, which then lead to World War 04 breaking out in 2013 CE. As we speak there are probably little competitors over though we got some hopeful transmissions that the remaining Power And Energy Center's are getting worried about their own self-survivability through decreasing self-sustainability as most regions in between are blown away and full of bands of Rebel Rogue Warrior's. After 25 years of War's since the death of the 3rd Anti-Christ we were forced to leave in 2037 CE and it took 1 year to reach this Colony Planet across 72520 Light Year's thus aiming for 2437 CE and landing in 2438 CE with a Time Dilation Effect of 1 year. Relatively speaking, travelling at the Speed Of Light or even faster with Hyper Space Engines using primarily Residual Energy Sources through Hyper Space, potentially, we calculated it would take too long over possible decades and centuries across our Chance Of Survival so we used our Prototype Time Travel Device... Having achieved Space War Capability far before Gate Technology we were not only capable of taking only our best of the best, each of the Elite in their Specialty's, but also the vast majority of the remaining Races and Species in primarily frozen samples in deep cryogenic states for bio-diversity. We, otherwise, have no clue which side gained supremacy, the Left, Middle and/or Right, this conflict having gone on since the beginning of Time of Humanity or if it led to another Armageddon and End Of World's... and by then Our Master Computer had automatically developed 2D and 3D Model's with its AI of many of our present Hyper Modern Magic and Technological Item's while we enjoyed a Cryogenic Dream State. Back then it was still impossible from even just muscle degeneration and other weak bodily conditions through weightlessness and other factors to send an active Space Crew. Many Computer's, Robot's and Cyborg's also helped. Only in the case of a serious threat to the survival of the Elite Colony Space Ship and its many occupants was there the UV Alert Protocol to wake up the Space Crew since there was then still no official Alien Contact and no danger was seen, heard, sensed and/or perceived across such Space Sector's..."

Princess Silvestria, Mage Priestess interjects before he goes on too long, "And then there is also the problem of aiming at thin Space in some distant Galaxy: If there is no Receptor, no Teleporter Mirror, on the other side already then how the Hell else do ya get there? It took our best Genius Scientist's and Mathematician's using high abstract Quantum Science, Astro-Physic's and Path Probability Mathematic's, allowing for the Dilation Effect, to appear in a mostly empty region of Space And Time in our new Solar System. Along the way OMC scanned and modified the Rematerialization Co-ordinates since we now know that Time Travel is not at all near-instantaneous, especially not for a large Mass Object."

Lady Elanisia II smiles and nods at there fine introduction and intelligent commentary, “Indeed, the Gates and Portal’s form a Planar Network, if you do not already have one then it’s only making an educated guess as to where the Heaven you appear... if, of course, you even have Null Planar Teleport Technology or Magic...”

They all start laughing at her cute quarky quirp.

Princess Silvestria, Mage Priestess does not forget her Etiquette, Protocol and Mission, “How can we thank you for the help, if not total saving... By the way, really far out Mother Ship’s you have!” She looks around in great appreciation.

Lord Desacrus, Rogue Warrior asks, “Why do you and your eyes glow in different colors?”

Princess Silvestria, Mage Priestess wants to slap him for there is much riding on the spell.

Apparently, Lady Elanisia II does not miss a beat, “We have become Enlightened and Immortal and simply decided various colors are pleasing since they resonate with different frequencies and associations. By the way, your Laser Weapon won’t help you much here.” With a flick of her hand, thumb and index finger she whips his Laser Pistol with a Type of Teleport Telekinesis not blocked by his own EM Grip to one of her Man Officer’s hands.

He blinks twice, “H-how did you do that, that was practically near-instantaneous, not to mention the near-effortless rip on my EM binding...”

She answers, “Well, as you know, through your own Hyper Modern Magic and Technology, the Speed Of Light has long been broken by the Null EM Drive or Null Drive. Near-Instantaneous Travel by the potential transfer and transformation of Matter to Energy to Information to Spirit to Soul, thus to near masslessness for Zero Mass still just does not exist, through primarily the Nothingness of Space which is still 99.999999% empty, being no more than continuous fluidic Space And Time composed of Near-Infinite and Infinite EM Field’s and Timelines, or at a min of the Light Medium, or even the Shadow Medium which uses Holes, Riff’s, Rip’s, Tear’s and other Doorway’s, with reduction to Near-Zero Mass, like approaching Absolute Zero Temperature, it is possible to teleport anything of any size near-instantaneously... Our Species has long mastered it and it is no longer for us just theoretical, however your Species is highly Power hungry, aggressive and warfaring thus there is, indeed, a Confederation Of Planet’s who prohibited Humanity back then from acquiring this Hyper Advanced Technology due to the certainty of its abuse... for all your uncertainty expressions Territory And Resources is always a motivation to go to War.”

All he can say again to break the tension, “Oh... wow... but why do you have such a charming, wonderful, attractive and benevolent effluence about your personage...?”

Princess Silvestria, Mage Priestess now slaps him on the left shoulder.

Lady Elanisia II laughs again, “Ahh, you two have a Couple Relationship, no worries though, we do have a Sense Of Humor, unlike theirs I guess, I am happy to answer your questions for the help you will provide in the near future...Our glows which others also find

funny are the actual manifestation of the subtle Energy's of our Soul, Spirit, Mind and Body called Auras, others call it radiations or emanations of the multiple layered Body's themselves which each and every Life Form has. We who have gained harmony, wholeness and even a few near perfection radiate positively, those still in blockage, disturbance, weakness, sickness, disease and/or near death radiate negatively, just like Heaven or Hell, Light or Shadow and all the shades of gray in between but then even with spectacular colors or horrific blackness... Picture an imbalanced Auric Egg developing into a Perfect Sphere and then into an Immortal Form, only then get a Paradox between the so-called freedoms and/or bondages of your Karmas and Reincarnation's which are your Lifetimes and is something only you each can figure out for yourselves: If you do not have the Will to change or not to then you will or will not develop..."

Princess Silvestria, Mage Priestess states, "We are honored and in awe to be in the presence of our Fore Father's and Fore Mother's... if you could help us find Alliances with other Civilisation's in this Space Sector and elsewhere... for we will now bring the War to the Enemy for their hostile evil highly destructive Invasion, for their unrightful slaughter and brutal Offense on our Colony, for our Planet... and we will bring it with the wrath of GOD and our God's and Goddesses to their very own Planes Of Hell..."

Lord Desacrus, Rogue Warrior nods vigorously and emphatically.

Lady Elanisia II, President of Free Democracy of Elanis responds, "We most certainly will and you will be not only the Messenger's and Mediator's..."

The Power And Energy Of Tactics And Strategies

The Portal Of Light opens in the dead centre of 1° of Hell, in other words the 1st Plane Of Hell or simply Plane Of Hell 1. He chooses this so as to allow any Plane Of Offense since Advanced Intel is sketchy at best of how strong various Enemy Army's and Planet's are in this Space Sector. The Major Commander's of the Light Army all carrying very powerful and energetic armaments float through in White Light, Yellow Light and Silver Light. They radiate with an Immortal Glory, all 12 of them. They carry Laser Pistol's and Laser Rifles, their full Cyber Helmet's are topped with a horizontal crescent Moon with a Sun in the middle and their Cyber Armor's look strikingly similar to those of Paladin's though far more futuristic, like Mech Armor but then smoother and rounded with blue silver white hues. This circular Light Portal pours out a Massive Wave Front of Light Energy and EM.

With exalting crescendos they take in their Tactical And Strategical 3D Co-ordinates at the head of each Light Field Army which are presently in 3D Rectangle Hover Formation's.

24 Cyber Captain's of the Light Army ride in on Heavy Silver Steel Armor Cyber Horses Of Glory. 96 Lieutenant Cyber Knight's of this Heaven Army also trot into position on medium versions of the same type. There are 8 Division's of Light Field Army's with 8 Regiment's each. These are all in 1 3D Line Formation with 1 Shadow Year between each Division and .1 Shadow Year between each Regiment; never space your positions too closely...

With 8000 Light EM Cyber Warrior's in each Division, each in Full Plastic Metal Titanium Alloy Armor's which are very light and strong carrying Laser Rifles, Laser Pistol's and Foton EM Grenades this makes a total standing immensely powerful and energetic Heaven Army of 64132 strong. A force to be reckoned with going back to the good old ages when 100000 Celt's would get up en masse and thrash neighboring Country's.

"...and marching ever onwards into Infinity!" cries Silber, Psionic Warlock through his Cyber Helmet Of Command Justice And Retribution to all his Light Troop's; he is at a min of 5-Star General Chief Commander of the Laser Military now which is the highest Rank achievable before a god Rank. He is in his second, and last remaining, Psionic Warlock, a Near-Invincible Laser EM Space Fighter until they have time to build another custom one. Here he functions as Chief Battle Commander of the Light Army with the same Rank.

Roary, Fire Dragon, his left hand man and Second In Command, who is at a min of 4-Star General is in his own also custom made Fire Dragon Plasma EM Space Fighter which actually looks like a Fire Dragon.

They are both hovering in front and in the middle of this huge Null EM Vibe Field of Fotonic Residual Energy also intermixed with a great quantity and quality of Dark Particle Wave Residual Energy; this is unavoidable in Planes Of Hell which all have higher percentages.

Each of the Cyber Helmet's of the Light Heaven Army carry white outlined Gold Silver Wing's of the Light Army, one on each side. These shine in the same light.

They all raise their left fists fully insulated in such compounds. Glowing with Gold, Silver, Blue, Red, Orange, Yellow and Violet EM they all salute at the same time to their Battle

Commander's each turning all at the same time 45° to the left and raising the Great Hut Salute which has routed whole Enemy Army's on the spot without any shot being fired. This is because of the great volume of the shout in unison and their huge presence.

The Heavy Breast Plates are etched in bright white gray by their Tribes and/or Clan's in various luminescent colors. Each have Magical and Technological augmentations. Each Battle Armor is protected by Null EM Shield's And Spheres and additional resonating modulating Light Energy Field's.

Half below and above the Laser Troop's are 1000 Light EM Laser Fighter's and 368 Light Laser EM Cruiser's.

72 Translucent Being's with great white yellow silver Wing's Of Post-Apocalyptic Potentius Ad Majorus fly slowly in circles above the Allied Forces, their wings so very slowly phasing and fluctuating up and down.

Reinforcement's are still coming due to continued mobilization after their very fast and unexpected Coad Attack and the far greater distance in Space And Time.

The Dark Shadow Evil Forces wait patiently in the blackness of their Space for the Army of Light Good And Justice to assemble.

Without warning a long supple Black Shadow Tentacle whips into the Right Front of the 3D Line of this huge Army of Light.

'Poetry ad Infinitum, Defens ad Absurdum.' Silber, Psionic Warlock prays to his God's and Goddesses and GOD that he has not underestimated the Enemy.

The petty premature attack by the huge Negative Energy Dark Field in the backdrop of this Space Sector is ineffectual and ignored. After all, the Null EM Shield's And Spheres of the Allied Forces are fully charged.

A few though do go a little gray as they feel the Hollow Sucking Negative Energy of the Hell Creatures approaching nigh... from about .5 Shadow Year's away...

With the full might of the heightened augmentations of their silver white gray Wing's Of Lightness And Etherealness these Bird's of Light Truth And Righteousness suddenly fly forward rapidly in a .25 Light Year long Line Formation, for they never use Shadow Energy seeing very little difference between such and their Evil, and fire a powerful Shockwave Of Repulsion with Great Quantum Particle Power And Energy forwards and downwards through the lurking Enemy and the path of the Black Shadow Tentacle.

Great Quantum Energy's ripple into the lower part of this Higher Plane Of Hell where the Enemy is coming from. It seems to also go a long way down...

Silber, Psionic Warlock thinks to himself, 'Pick a number between 1 and 666... there is your last right to choose...'

A defiant Null EM Negative Res Vibe answers. The 2 Particle Wave Front's hit each other and release an incalculable quantity of Particle Energy at about .2 Shadow Year's distance from the Light Heaven Army.

In all directions, in all 6, 9 and 12 directions, the Dark Sucking Entropy seeks to surround and envelope completely the invading Forces of Good Light And Justice.

Somewhere, deep in a Lower Plane Of Hell, a Great Commander and Warlock of Evil Dark And Shadow gives the Full Attack Order.

The Dark Black Tentacles Of Shadow and Alien Insect Army now move upward to devastate the Army of Light. However, they have been badly shaken by their previous defeat and are still regrouping so they are also in lesser numbers here.

In a fully Multi-Planar Field of Battle know one can predict who will win... In the deep black ichor of Space no one can see the Enemy coming... In War though strength and numbers always count...

To avoid such death of a whole Division or Regiment in one attack he transforms the 3D Rectangle Formation into a 3D Sphere Formation. This is ideal for many reasons.

They pick up on very few defenders. Only the Deep Space Scan picks up on a ridiculously stupefying quantity of bogeys showing up on the Light EM Laser Fighter's and Light Laser EM Cruiser's consoles also led by Silber, Psionic Warlock and Roary, Fire Dragon.

His Psi Order to join the Front Line Offensive came from High Court of Planet Earth I. It took no more than an hour to mobilize and Null EM Planar Teleport the whole Light Army. The actual Time Dilation difference is a direct ratio of which Space And Time of which Plane Of Existence. His Laser Troop's and Laser Space Ship's actually consist of $\frac{1}{4}$ of the whole; many Representatives of Planes Of Heaven got somewhat alerted and angry by the attack on Planet Earth I, if not lit up like an FM X-Mas Tree.

Silber, Psionic Warlock's orders 6 of his 12 Major Commander's to fly with 120 Light EM Laser Fighter's to find out what the present Battle Capability's of the approaching Alien Insect Space Ship's and Troop's are in a Short Range Recon Scan; this is very useful despite the risk of casualties to acquire Advanced Intel over their weaknesses.

Silber, Psionic Warlock shines in the Infinite Might of Zeus and Thor. As if through a turning circular bright shining white yellow Doorway Of Silver Light the Reinforcement's through the Plane Of Astral Light now jump in; considering the proximity of various Planes, these ones have relatively very little delay and the Higher Planes Of Hell still do not lack a percentage of Light Energy. With Heaven Creatures, great and small, the Army of Light is protected with another circumference of Light Energy and EM in rough elliptical Sphere Form's around the Laser Troop's who due to the very large 3D Area of this Space Battle Field are otherwise not sufficiently protected from all Angles Of Attack.

The rough TOA and TOI and TTL is about .1 Shadow Years now.

Their claws, beaks, wings, hands, feet, legs, arms, heads, minds, hearts, multiple bodies and their Soul's and Spirit's keep up the Fight For Freedom of Humanity and their Ally's. Those who would dare trespass and transgress upon their Territory's will be annihilated.

"Who would dare to invade and try to destroy, devastate and delete our Colony?" asks Silber, Psionic Warlock loudly throughout the layers of Space and Time into the deeper reaches of the Hell's, "Were those not unoccupied Planet's and Space Sector's? Do we not have the right to colonize the Space Sector's of multiple Galaxy's? Did we not bring Peace, Freedom, Free Democracy, Liberation, Liberalization, Liberosities, Development, Modernization, Hyper Modernization and many other needs and wants to many in all the Universe?!" He broadcasts this to the entire Light Heaven Army.

His Laser Troop's raise their left fists again, not turning this time, and another huge Great Hut Shout roars up to Shadow Year's away and also does not echo...

There are some minutes with no response forthcoming.

He continues shouting down the Enemy and raising the Morale And Motivation of his own Light Army, "Could you JUST NOT have done Trade And Commerce with us, learned our ways, our Custom's And Tradition's and Languages of our Species and Races!?"

Silber, Psionic Warlock holds off the Hover Forward Order, in everlasting increasing concentric circles marching ever onwards into Infinity, until the Alien Insect's try to vector and crush inwards at the .02 Shadow Year mark...

'Answer me, from the bowels of Hell, answer me! Or be forever cursed to the...' He Psionic Shout's again or rather as he is so well known for taunts them all.

There is deep and horrifically, throughout all of Known Existence, a Great Evil Laughter. Throughout all Planes Of Existence it resounds. Many feel extreme fear thinking it is Satan and others merely dismiss it as auditory hallucinations.

The Enemy reaches .02 Shadow Year's distance and Silber, Psionic Warlock lets his left arm fall ordering the Heaven Creatures to prepare for: Defense!

He also shouts in Multiple Wavelength's, "N.O.W.! Defend! We are One Unity!"

With bright flashing colorful ripping of Matter's and Energy's the Alien Insect Army impacts the 3D Defense Sphere Formation of the Allied Forces.

Angel's and Demon's at this moment seem to have a Policy of Non-Interference.

Approaching from all curved Lines Of Attack various poorly grouped Hell Creatures and Hybrid Warrior's in Shadow Fighter's, only about half of the amount of the Light Fighter's, try to deliver a fatal blow by activating a Null Planar Phase Shift Transference Teleport into the middle of the Light Troop's within their Defense Sphere Formation.

The Internal Multiple Defense Null EM Shield's And Spheres coincide with one another,

one of the new Alien Technology augmentations of the Alien Insect Pirate Space Ship which Silber, Psionic Warlock won and which he also had enough time to apply to his own Psionic Warlock; the other Null EM Shadow Capability's of it are just so not his Element's. Since he very recently acquired such and blew her Pirate Space Ship up they are unaware of this and they usually use this vulnerability in most defenses; unfortunately, this Tactic cannot be used again since a few always escape which allows them to adapt.

The impact is catastrophic.

The Defense Shield's And Spheres Inter-Link and the oncoming forcé a la resistance knocks each and every Line and Plane Of Attack of the Enemy back into the Abyss as about half near-instantaneously explode. After all, Light Particles are the solution.

"Poetry ad Infinitum, Defens ad Absurdum!" Silber, Psionic Warlock shouts again. Each time he wins, each time he is victorious, each time he shouts and taunts them right back, he increases the Morale And Motivation of his Light Heaven Army who stand unwavering, unshaking and unbroken by their killing, marauding, raping, devastation, destruction and genocide of so many Races, Species and Civilization's on many Planet's.

The totally Massive Wave Front which also results in a reaction to the severe imbalance in Reality rages in Light Energy gloriously and spherically outwards and it is not only Equal In Return but of a far greater magnitude for there are not only quantitative but also qualitative factors, the only differences being not only 1X, 10X or 100X in retaliation...

Such now releases total utter destruction upon the Enemy. The Allied Forces modulate and resonate so such a resulting Implosion and Explosion passes harmlessly through them and destroys the Enemy by sheer overwhelming and overloading Power and Energy.

The 1st Wave Of Attack of the Alien Insect Army, badly shaken and regrouping, by their possessed Hell Creatures and Hybrid Warrior's of Filth Hate And Despise, probably sent as sacrifice units to delay the Ally's, is completely disintegrated: No one can deny the potential longevity of the Human Colony now as they wait on Reinforcement's for the Space Battle to take over a whole Planet in a Higher Plane Of Hell...

The damages to the Allied Army are nihil except for a couple who might need Psych Therapy from various Mind Attack's with residual graphical imagery of some torturous and horrifically suffering people in Hell Planes where many are hosted, enslaved, eaten and even possessed by Demon's to do the most heinous, cruel acts of punishment on others and then get blamed themselves; they also do it just for sport and entertainment.

Light EM Laser Fighter Squadron's clean up the remaining pockets of resistors who cannot flee back to their own for they will be killed there anyway.

Silber, Psionic Warlock is, once again, victorious!

However, this grants only a very short-lived reprieve for the Allied Forces...

The Utopian Natural World

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior and Silvestria, Mage Priestess having received permission from High Council of the Allied Forces of Humanity to Travel to other World's near the Space Sector of Planet Earth I stand ready, fully geared, to port to their first destination. Their Mission is to buy and/or recruit Troop's, Supply's, Resources and new Ally's to help build a Confederation of Allied Planet's. They hope the Alien's are not too wary or untrustworthy of Human's... With the recent Victory they are lightly optimistic, always lightly optimistic...

Silvestria, Mage Priestess is dressed all in white embroidered with the sign of Peace with a Teflon Thermal Body Suit, a backward flowing Skirt Of Agility, High Boot's Of Kicking, her 2 Finest Rapier's Of Speed And Accuracy, a couple Wand's Of Ice and Fire, and a Handy Backpack Of Lightness with necessities such as an extra set of Common Clothes for travelling and Luxury Clothes for negotiating. Strapped to her waist, nice and lean from her Elven Diet, is her white multi-functional PAD and the Portable Teleporter Device.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior as usual is dressed fully in black also with a Teflon Thermal Body Suit. He is dressed more rugged with 2 Laser Pistol's, his 2-Handed Bastard Sword Of Defense Parrying Blocking Reflection And Deflection also capable of EM Blast's and Heavy Surge Blow's. He has his Cape Of Back Protection which grants him EM Protection, a complement to Silvestria, Mage Priestess's white one but carrying his own preferred Dagger And Double Sword Heraldry of his Rogue Warrior Clan. It lends a fine outline to his well tanned muscular body. His short black hair, clean shaven face and piercing black eyes grant him a challenging Arian presence, especially when he frowns at someone. He also has a Handy Backpack Of Many Item's, his black PAD and a Bakup Teleporter Device.

"So," Silvestria, Mage Priestess smiles elegantly with her waist length platinum blonde hair, "we have been given permission to visit Naturopolis I, an enlightened advanced artistic agrarian Utopian Culture... but we are not to cause commotion on our Journey, our Mission of Recruitment, to other World's. We are to teleport outside of the Capital City despite the Secret Appointment made by Inter-Planetary Vid Conference so as not to scare the locals. Also, it is to be a Secret Conference with only a few Official's. They presently have two disagreeing Political Faction's and we can't just appear this time in their Government Hall like the good old days..."

"Well," Desacrus, Rogue Warrior nods and smiles back, "I will, as always, protect you unto death, m'Lady, as long as you also do so for me..."

She laughs, "The 3D Co-ordinates are set into the Portable Planar Teleporter and the Anti-Barrier and Height Controller is tested and functioning now... I hope this upgraded and updated Advanced Model works now without so many bugs and glitches which as you remember does not require an actual Gate or Teleporter Mirror so we can Travel practically undetected by our watching Enemy and Spy's, except for Lines Of Energy left in the Zero Point Field which theoretically contains all memories of all Timelines..."

"Ah," he smirks at that one, "Am I to understand it only needs Known 3D Co-ordinates and sends us near-instantaneously as pure Information through Light or Shadow Medium's?"

“Yes, you’re correct...” She affirms.

“How do we rematerialize? Where does it get its Energy from?” He asks.

“Apparently, it uses Infinite Residual Energy in the Matter Energy Information Matrix and vice versa in the Information Energy Matter Matrix, including our very DNA, thank goodness...” she answers, “Since Information has like no Mass, the Speed Of Light or Speed Of Shadow has theoretically no limit, though it still remains only near-instantaneous within most instances a Time Dilation Effect, otherwise it would take 250 years to get to Naturopolis I, a nearby Planet... Also, the Light Medium is no longer the fastest medium found, some even say that the Shadow Medium is faster since it is even more insubstantial and uses Holes in Space And Time though it is also not those higher Medium’s which were recognized as a Travel Medium for a long time by many Cultures i.e. the Soul and Spirit Medium’s are technically and theoretically the only ones which could be really totally instantaneous... Also a lot of Jokes were cracked up trying to go through the Sun...”

“Pfff, yes, thank Good and not their Evil and ignore their Neutral in return, smirk, let’s not try to wreck this Planar Device then... Are you sure you should not strap it your shoulder, like I do...” He pats his own left shoulder with a certain amount of uncertainty.

“That’s not a problem,” she assures, “if we at an estimated probability of 1 in a 100000000 lose or wreck both Portable Near-Insta-Teleporter Devices then we just send a wireless encrypted Inter-Planetary Message with our PAD’s or via a Vid Center, if there is one, and we only have to wait at a max of 1 week for a new one which would still be a total pain in the ass and almost compromise our Mission though not a total disaster... Our Private Courier’s are Numero Uno on Planet Earth I.” She smiles which always warms him up.

“Yup.” He is pretty much scared of nothing, like Hyper Modern Celt’s, except the sky falling down or that Wave Of Death across the Continent again but he still has to swallow once.

She presses the thumb sized Red Button on it.

Without even blinking twice they appear ½ a meter above the ground in a rich lush forest in the middle of a flock of sharp beaked 2 meter high very colorful Ostrich-Like Bird’s. Except that their sharp curved beaks are 1 meter long and they have big sharp white teeth. They stand about 2 - 3 meters high and jerk their heads up and make loud surprised and antagonized cawing sounds as they land hard on their feet. There are about 20 of them grazing, now circling in and staring down at both of them.

“Damn,” she swears under her breath, “it looks like across a distance of 25 Light Year’s it still misses by a ½ meter... and it said ‘calm serene forest with tame creatures’”

“Teleport us again!” Desacrus, Rogue Warrior commands.

“I can’t, no Charge left and no time to Recharge...” She looks wide-eyed around them.

“Not o.k.!” Desacrus, Rogue Warrior snarls and raises both arms, “Activate Null EM Sphere!” He actually uses primarily Technology next to his Innate Psychic Ability’s but still

likes the theatrics of such which also often helped to scare away potential Enemy's.

An almost perfectly spherical gray white silver black Null EM Shadow Globe Woomps and Ripples around the two of them, "Sprint!" He shouts.

As they sprint, this Type of Sphere knocks the Fanged Ostrich-Like Bird's out of the way!

They sprint even faster through an abnormally large sized glade in these woods with 2 meter high large Fern's past very complex old wrinkled Trees with sagging branches, thick trunks and the magnificent beauty of many decades, centuries and even millennia of many gnarled stems and interwoven branches. The Sun Ray's can barely penetrate their great number. Very colorful large exotic purple red yellow black blue Tropical-Like Flower's about 4 meters high with 12, 15 and even 21 long petals exuding deep sweet fragrances are also all harmlessly pushed aside, like a medium to strong gust only, as they both escape the now frightened Fanged Ostrich-Like Bird's.

"Well," says Desacrus, Rogue Warrior strolling like a kid playing in hay as they make their way to a small wild flower clearing now out of danger, "that wasn't too much commotion."

Silvestria, Mage Priestess thought it was fun too. She laughs with a Child-Like Spirit, "And we don't have to kill any innocent Animal's or Plant's using such an Escape Method. Yes, very clever of you Desacrus! O.k., we have to find a river northeast of here and follow it north to Naturopolis I, their Capital City, on this fine Natural Utopian Planet..."

They now walk casually through a huge forest region enjoying many Exotic Flora and Fauna. Most unusual are the 6 and 12 winged large butterflies with more color than one can imagine; they do have the same colors as the previous flowers. They also glow in transitional hues, tints and saturation of vibrant emanations. Here are also very high 4 to 10 meter stalked flowers which are light green and bright yellow only amongst the great diversity of much taller 40 to 80 meter Trees towering above. It is all very pungent, intense, overwhelming and breathtaking and they strain their necks upwards like silent struck Dumb Tourist's. Everything is moving together in some Unknown Harmony by a soft wind.

"I feel like a Mini-Dwarf..." says Desacrus, Rogue Warrior.

In no time they find the 1 - 2 km wide river and head north. Now and then, next to the many schools of Alien Fish, a large Finned Dolphin-Like Creature jumps in the air, great splashes of water falling off of its gray white blue silver body, 2 blow holes, 5 fins and 1 flipper. It seems to be friendly and curious about them. It is also quite large and thin at 8 meters long and 2 meters wide. It surprizingly makes the same sound as other Dolphin's.

Their PAD's, ON continuously, are making Photo, Vid, Audio and Scan Record's of as much data of it all which they can get.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior is even inspired to whistle: One who walks harmlessly through a great benevolent forest can only be happy.

A couple hours later at walking pace they reach the Crop Field's of Naturopolis I all with tall

fences and semi-transparent wine grapes; they are to keep out Animal's and other unwanted pests. In each lot, most circular, there are an incredible range of edible 100% Bio-Dynamic Grown By The Moon, Sun And Season Cycles Fruit's, Vegetables, Legumes, Nut's and Domestic Animal's; the people in this City are Half-Vegetarian which means different meats are eaten only half the week for health and self-sustainability. Everything is larger on this Planet than they know and is in perfect harmony with each other.

To their total amazement a flying 4 meter and 3 meter wide long elliptical Spraying Feeding Machine passes over, fully automated. It sprays a Fluid Of Nourishment And Purification on the Rotation Crop's which is natural for they banned pesticides many centuries ago when their soil was put in danger. Its soft gray shape moves along nicely and slowly through the blue white sky. The air is fresh and humid.

It takes 4 hours to walk along side a 2-way paved road with quiet humming Hover Vehicles to reach the Capital City. Next to the Rotation Crop Field's on each side there is a 4 meter wide walking path and Solar and Residual Energy Street Light's.

They are 2 hours ahead of schedule so they have time to explore the Capital City.

To their utter astonishment, again, there is a total integration of Natural Flora and Fauna in the Capital City too. Next to the curving streets are all kinds of metal and wooden panelled store fronts which are highly decorated with stylistic Natural Celtic Art Pattern's and all kinds of large House Pet's ranging from dogs, cats, wolves to tigers who stroll around on leash with their owners, some are even trained without leash and talk to their owners. There are Trees and flowers every 20 meters. Even large birds, though more rare are tigers, one really gorgeous Silberian Tiger walks by yawning widely and licking its large curved white silver glossy teeth. There is a great range of Creatures in many sizes, shapes and colors, 'They must have gotten sick of the domination of ONLY Technology in the 21st Century and upped and left...' Silvestria, Mage Priestess psis to him, cracking an old Space Race Joke.

Everything under the Sun pertaining to Natural Product's can be found. There are also stores with Magic and Technology being sold but they are lesser in number.

In shopping streets there are only Cargo Vehicles, no Private or Public Autos; this is not inconvenient since they do go to each side of the shopping streets. For larger distances there is a Solar Residual Energy Null EM Propulsion Public Transport Viaduct System.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior winks at Silvestria, Mage Priestess, "Let's try the beer..."

Silvestria, Mage Priestess thinking herself of the semi-transparent wine can hardly say 'no'. They have a ½ hour to reach their Secret Appointment which is 10 Minutes away, "O.k., but only a couple, cause we got an important meeting!"

"Sure!" Desacrus, Rogue Warrior cuts left quickly and they enter a full dark brown red wooden Celtic decored Ale Bar where also semi-transparent wine is served. An Ale Sign says something to the effect of 'all aged in wood'. Silvestria, Mage Priestess giggles at it.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior orders a Strong Black Beer.

Silvestria, Mage Priestess orders a high ether semi-transparent wine.

They almost fall off their chairs at the pure exquisite tastes of these Alcoholic Beverages and their perfect tongue and after taste effects, articulate layers and smoothness. It is very tempting not to buy a 6-Pack or 12-Pack or 24-Pack for later but they cannot carry it.

They stop after two each and semi-float to the meeting about 2 cm's off the ground not having tasted such purity and richness of quality in a decade even; also here the beers start out at 12% and the wines at 16% alcohol.

They reach the double doors of The Parliament of Naturopolis I past many a store front and a wider Tree line on each side of a gray stone and shiny silver gray metal railed stairway through its perfectly circular park, a large Exotic Park full of rare Species and Races with boards and sectioned off Areas like a Zoo, thus the expression they like: It is a real zoo out there... They have to tread 20 times 10 stairs per tier before they reach the Tower Fortress Castle built on this mildly sloping hill. Constructed of smooth large white gray brick stones with 12 Tower's it is huge and imposes royally and majestically over the Capital City and the surrounding countryside. It is very definitely a Celtic Gaelic Scottish German Stone Castle with huge stones for walls, red blue green orange white colorful pointed Heraldry Flag's in the steady wind and all of the other Hyper Modern Magic and Technology such as Laser Defense Turret's, a Null EM Dome and plenty of Laser Vehicles and Troop's who patrol about maintaining safety and security.

They introduce themselves to the 4 Laser Guard's who are on the take and are escorted in through richly ordained Castle Hallway's, all made of stone, metal and wood, all carved with many Celtic Gaelic Scottish German Idol Figures and Symbol's of their God's, Goddesses and GOD with a good amount of Plant's and Animal's also described in picturesque scenes. The whole way is carpeted and decorated in red blue white gray with many shiny silver gray Art Object's on tables and walls and the ceilings are white with stained glass portions depicting their History. These Castle Hallway's are nice and wide and tall being 10 x 5 meters and are on average quite long. With plenty of open rooms and open doorways they pass richly dressed Noble people walking, standing and conversing with each other in various poses some even casually with glasses of Types of Beverages.

They are finally introduced to their Secret Appointment, Grand Chancellor of Naturopolis Kingdom, Lady Charlotte II of Naturopolis I, Leader of High Council.

Silber, Psionic Warlock Gives A Speech Of Motivation

Silber, Psionic Warlock, Chief Commander of the Laser Military of the Allied Forces stands before all of his Laser Troop's now in the Command Center of his Null EM Laser Mother Ship which took longer to arrive with Reinforcement's in the middle of this Space Sector of Plane Of Hell 1 in the Higher Planes Of Hell.

He is standing in front of his large Vid Screen dressed in Full Plate Shining Silver Steel Titanium Near-Infinite Battle Armor with matching Elven Boot's Of Strength And Courage and his Helmet Of Command Leadership And Charm. He is near-invincible primarily because of the Extra-Planar Near-Infinite Defense augmentations. And he is not planning to get caught this time in a Battle where his Opponent can just phase out.

His elliptical spherical Null EM Laser Mother Ship is huge and silver gray with multiple decks and a spacious Command Cockpit Center. Everything is stylized with futuristic Hyper Modern Celtic Art, motifs, engravings and panels. The general style is all rounded curves with luxurious spherical elliptical Hyper Modern Apartment's, Offices, Conference Room's and plenty of eating, entertainment and relaxation Areas. Next to the Civilian's the Laser Troop's have 3D Holographic Simulation Room's, a Laser Brig, a canteen, a mess hall, living quarters and the necessary installations for the Laser Fighter's. For the rest it is centralized with Tactic's, Strategy's, Com's and Command all in the Command Center. The only other definite necessity is a Laser Patrol, a lesser trained Type of Para-Military who keep an eye on things through the 20 half elliptical passageways layered on top of each other going along each side of the length of the Mother Ship. They are connected with 3 main spines, 1 vertical and 2 horizontal, and many other diagonal corridors. One can walk, take lifts or use fully automated Private or Public Transport Null EM Propulsion System's with different sizes of vehicles. Each one is 10 x 10 meters and the length of the Mother Ship is 2 km's. The vast majority of all the rooms, except the Command Center which is front and top, are around the center so if there is a hull breach then the corridors first get blown and sealed off. This is not just a War Ship but a whole Space Community and is also suitable for longer planetary explorations in times of no War. There are many blue white silver Digital Interfaces such as vertical Touch Panel's, 2D and 3D Holographic Pop-Up Screen's and many horizontal flat embedded Computer Panel's are also all in round shapes though the soft and hard buttons are both round and square. The Hyper Advanced AI sports Brain-To-Wave Interfaces, Voice Command and is authenticated on a per Member basis with a Real Identity Authentication System.

Standing next to him is Silver, High Wizard dressed in a light gray silverlined Cloak Of Presence Influence And Authority carrying a gray white silver 4-Clawed Dragon Staff made of the strongest hard wood imbued with Magic of the second highest Power and Energy of the Planes Of Heaven with Sign's and Symbol's of great complexity engraved along its whole cylindrical length. It is headed by a 4-Clawed Dragon Stone Of Silver Ethereal Fire Water. He is once again youthful having being granted this in a higher Plane Of Existence. Some say he found the Life Elixir, the Philosopher's Stone, the Key to Infinite Life, the binding of Soul, Spirit, Mind and Body with Matter, Energy and Information to make the Immortal Form... other's say that due to his self-sacrifice of his very temporary previous Host Body that his God's and Goddesses granted him a 2nd chance. His eyes are a youthful light bright blue and he has thick shoulder length blonde hair. He has a young

charming and intelligent face with lightly angular eyebrows, a strongly defined nose and full lips. He is actually 100% Human, being one of the very few Human's to have ever reached his Rank and Status of a High Wizard, but he is a close Friend of the Elves and goes on Mission's for them and gives Messages from them, now and then, to the rest of Humanity, especially in warning...

Silber, Psionic Warlock is about to address his Laser Troop's with their plans.

The Command Center Cockpit Vid Screen, a 20 x 16 x .02 meter mildly concave and curved very thin screen in the front of the gray white silver edged 40 x 35 x 10 meter oval Hyper Modern Center, turns ON showing his vast Army of Light And Good.

"My fellow Ally's we have come today after a Great Victory to find the Source Of Evil which is not per se only the Source of the Enemy but they could be feeding off of it, be it a Hell Portal, Hell Plane Technology or Shadow Planet such as the corrupted and dysfunctional Teleporter Mirror on Planet Earth I investigated by Rogue, Desacrus Warrior, such as the Planar Teleporter Device acquired by Silvestria, Mage Priestess and such as the hosted and enslaved Planet completely consumed by Enemy Forces and Shadow Energy discovered by Silver, High Wizard!" He takes a sip of pure distilled Elven Water.

"Who would dare invade upon our Space Sector's, our Planet's, our Colony's and our City's! We have come to restore Balance in the Multiverse, in Planes Of Existence, the other Planes and to stop this threat to Humanity and our Ally's so that the Enemy no longer trespasses, invades and transgresses upon our World's!" He raises both his arms straight upwards in an isosceles triangle, the Sign Of Victory.

A loud thunderous cheer of multitudinal Laser Warrior's and Cyber Soldier's hovering in 3D Rank's in the middle of this Space Sector and on the Space Ship's is fed back through the Com System's as everyone also throws up both their arms.

He continues, "With the Technology and Magic of Humanity and our Ally's, many of our Space Ship's and Mother Ship's and with the help of our new found Ally's and the Heaven Creatures and the Heaven Warrior's and all the Laser Warrior's and the Cyborg Soldier's, all our Laser Space Ship's and Troop's, and with the Magic of the Wizard's and Mages led by Silver, High Wizard and the Divine Magic of the Priest's and Priestesses led by Kulamanji, High Black Priest, we shall prevail!" He raises his arms again tightening the angle and juts his sharp chin straight upwards.

The cheer is even louder. They do not cheer for him, they cheer for their cause.

"We shall sweep across their Territory's taking one Planet after another, the first one is only 50 Shadow Year's away, our Recon Probes and Cloaked Recon Ship's will scout to even the next Hell Space Sector, and the next and the next, we shall find the Alien Insect's wherever they are and drive them back and off of Lower Middle Planes and Higher Hell Planes plus out of their own Space Sector's. We shall take back what is rightfully ours and push them further down into the Hell Planes. We shall not only free such hosted and enslaved Colony Planet's but we shall liberate, liberalize, modernize and advance them over time to our level of Free Democracy! We shall create a Line Of Defense of Planet's

and Space Sector's so they can never attack again, so we are never weak again, so we are never vulnerable again! And we shall avenge the slaughtering of the many innocents of Humanity and our Ally's who were wiped out already, killed, enslaved, hosted and/or eaten!" He raises his arms a third and final time.

He receives a magnificent coordinated unified shout.

He then does one last great shout which is also his epitaph:

"POETRY AD INFINITUM, DEFENS AD ABSURDUM!!"

All the tuned in Inter-Planetary New's Medias go completely nuts. The thunder of the sound of the support of his Laser Troop's even reaches the ears of the 1st Enemy Planet.

He clicks his Vid Screen OFF and the Allied Forces advance to the nearest Hell Planet in this uppermost Plane of Hell, Plane of Hell 1.

In this case, due to the overlapping of Lower Middle Planes Of Existence with the Hell Planes, it is a once previously liberated Lower Middle Plane Planet, a heavy fought for region in many previous centuries for like Planet Earth I it is a Key Tactical and Strategical Point in this Space Sector and a potential fortified foothold position.

The Debate About The Fate Of The Leader Of The Faster Brownies

Meanwhile, back on Planet Earth I, major reconstruction is taking place.

The blasted Areas in ruin including the Forest Of The Brownies/Centaur's/Dryad's are being rebuilt. This cannot fail to be done by planting 2 Trees for each and everyone cut down. In many ways a perfect staging ground for a new beginning: War brings renewal.

The idea is to place great Hyper Modern Building's of glass steel plastic metal alien compounds with pointed pinnacles to represent the goal to the absolute to perfection.

With the incorporation of Nano-Lathing Technology's the rebuilding of the Human City's of Planet Earth I is going well. With the usage of Faster Growth Substances it should only take some years for Trees and Plant's to grow back and months for other Animal's. With plenty of DNA samples of about 36% of all Species and Races in cryogenic stasis, for on Planet Earth in 2013 CE when only 1.2 million of all 8.7 million estimated Species were catalogued and it is estimated that 99.9% of all species that have ever existed are now extinct it did not take much longer at the accelerated rate of population growth over consumption rate over Resources over pollution and environmental destabilization for those numbers to go to about 3.6 million catalogued and 90% extinct by 2036 CE, these can be reintroduced into the Ecosystem relatively quickly.

Amongst the rubble they find the broken, twisted and dead body of King Kalior II, Leader of the Faster Brownies, the dismal blow of Revlis, Vampire Demon having signified his end. They bring him back to the Elves and his people.

The mourning is great. Faster Brownies everywhere get even more drunk than ever.

The Elves call High Council to decide what to do with his remains. He has, after all, a significant quantity and quality of Contract's between the Elven People and the Faster Brownie People which now causes great upheaval in their Politic's and Economic's not to mention a potentially disastrous Power Vacuum.

Having only young highly irresponsible untrained heirs and not having their signatures on anything the Elves object vehemently and toss them out on grounds of further destabilization if not utter chaos in the Faster Brownie Kingdom.

This poses a major problem and High Council of the Elves is called into action.

The request is a Debate on whether or not he should be cloned to fulfill the Contract Requirement's for otherwise there is no binding Power in the whole system.

And Elves are the protectors of the Faster Brownie Culture: Without a strong charismatic experienced and loved King they are very vulnerable to the Evil Demi-Human's.

They are Lord Xavelnus, 1st Royal Magistrate of the Elves, Lord Radecenus, Military Commander of the Elves, Lady Acenus, Cultural And Spiritual Advisor of the Elves, Lady Polsius, Economic Leader of the Elves and, of course, King Bardion I, Great High King of

the Elves who is the silent witness and last Voter which is to primarily maintain fairness of process. The representations of the Faster Brownies are Lord Dobius, Military Leader of the Faster Brownies and Lord Farnus, State Leader of the Faster Brownies.

The Debate is taking place in this Great Elven Hall made of oak and mahogany in the Elven State. Each pillar is in the shape of a Tree with a Half Dome with 24 white green blue lines pointing to a 12-pointed star silverlined gold crown. This is in Center of City.

The curved adjacent arced pillars are extravagantly woven in layered triangular edges, seven layers to each pillar. The red brown wood glows with glistening wax oil and bright blue green light, this lights up the ceiling in a very pretty accentuation. The multiple concave arches on the ceiling with decorated Nature scenes makes this the Great Elven Hall Of Justice of the Elves. A total of 7 Domes, 6 smaller ones around the larger central one, makes this Cathedral Complex unprecedented in the realm.

The representatives enter, each clothed in a Noble Cloak with Heraldry pertaining to their Rank, Status and Specialty: Green for State, Red for Military, Blue for Economy, Yellow for Culture and White for King. Elaborate emblems stitched on these with the finest silk show the style and symbology of the Art, Culture And Spirit, Architecture, Magic and Technology of Elven and Faster Brownie Society's.

They sit around a highly crafted very well polished elliptical red brown table with 12 seats.

Lord Xavelnus begins, "The purpose of High Council today is a Debate on the cloning of King Kalior II, Leader of the Faster Brownies, for the purposes of the preservation of Elven and Faster Brownie State, Military, Economy, Culture And Spirit and King Contract Requirement's. Shall we clone King Kalior II or not?" With excellent acoustics it is heard clearly by all and they do not need anything more than their Record Devices.

Lord Radecenus's answer is, "No, this serves us no benefit, we can raise another Hero or one of his heirs to fight the Evil Demi-Human's. Until then we should have no problem fending them off with only the Elven Laser Military."

Lady Polsius's answer is, "Yes, we have multiple Trade Agreement's which would be defaulted without his Valid Signature and his heirs are too young to do anything but frolic."

Lady Acenus's answer is, "Yes and no, we have to question whether or not we have the Sovereign Right to interfere with the passage of a Soul into the next life, do we have the Moral and/or Ethical Justification and will he just not have a tormented Spirit brought back to his cloned Host Body. Will he even be the same? After all, to date there are still personality changes from simple organ transplantations."

Lord Radecenus says, "It will take about 1 year to restore King Kalior II to his former self if he is indeed really the same, in the mean time the Evil Demi-Human's reinforce, we must strike now, we are not weak, and they are practically no match for us, anyway!"

Lord Xavelnus states, "How are we to know his recovery is 100% or is he just a Robot with memories in some kind of Post-Apocalyptic Science Fiction Horror Series?"

Lady Polsius comments, "It is worth the risk, it is worth all of the Contract's which are devoid without his life, a major hole in the system, not to mention drastic destabilization..."

Lady Acenus reminds, "It is not our place to interfere with the Trans-Planing of Soul's, if we pull him back it might cause irreparable Bwain Damage and/or Spirit Traumatization..."

Lord Farnus exclaims, "Can we get a word in here? Yes, our State and Trade Agreement's mean as much to us as to the Elves!"

Lord Dobius expels, "Yes, King Kalior II is our proclaimed Hero, Leader and King, without him we would be paralyzed, better a puppet in Power than no one at all... not to mention the dissent in the Rank's and increased Raid's into our forests which I imagine you could hold off but not without damages."

Lord Xavelnus seated on a gorgeously carved High Elven Chair of pure red mahogany raises his right hand, "Is it even our right or is it just self-satisfaction to raise King Kalior II from the dead? Are we not making a self-fulfilling Prophecy just to satisfy certain ends? Is his Fate not in the hands of the God's and Goddesses and GOD now, he having been defeated honorably, though somewhat foolhardy and overly courageous, in Battle by Revlis, Vampire Demon? Is he even needed here on Planet Earth I? Should he not be remembered by his people as a War Hero?"

Lord Dobius answers, "Did not Silver, High Wizard return after death from a Higher Plane Of Existence? There is nothing wrong with him."

Lady Acenus corrects, "Transcension is not the same as cloning..."

Lord Radecenus adds, "Won't he come back a mere shadow of his former self? Is cloning only physical or does it bring not only the Spirit but his Identity back? Would he not be unstable and not just a different personality but also have other loyalties?"

Lady Polsius replies, "The fact remains, without a Valid Signature we have nothing to stand on, based on the Elven and Faster Brownie Contract's all of the Investment's of the Elves will be in jeopardy."

Lord Dobius smirks, "That's what happens when you make a Warrior King without first offspring who are old enough to take over if he charges off into Battle and War, like all of the Nobility of History Of Humanity up to the 20th Century and for some even later..."

Lord Xavelnus retorts, "Such an Alien Insect Invasion was highly unpredictable, our War against the Evil Demi-Human's goes well and we do not, per se, need King Kalior II as Leader of the Faster Brownies in such matters. Also damages are inevitable in any case. However, due to the binding nature of the Contract's in the case of his death, nor the lack of heirs, his cloning would greatly facilitate matters and prevent huge delays, not to mention instability and impermanence for the average time it takes for one of your youth to mature is about 56 years... They being now 22, 34 and 42 it will take another 10 - 14 years before you have a new King. And if you want to reference History Of Humanity look at

what happened when they even stuck 12-year olds on their Kingdom Throne...”

The others can barely resist smirking and hold their breath so as not to be too rude.

Lord Farnus protests, “Nonsense! Two against one is better than none at all! We just need someone, now! What am I supposed to say to our people that we have no King or Parliament either for 10 - 14 years?? Preposterous!”

Lady Polsius persists, “Definitely and if we don’t sustain our Contract’s with the threat of disagreeing competing factions, instances and a Power Vacuum, the Trade between our 2 Cultures will practically grind to a halt and we’ll have a major recession on our hands. The serious risk of cancelling, nullification and new loyalties cannot be ignored and they may even step over to the Human’s for many things for they are no longer bound by us.”

Lord Xavelnus agrees, “Renegotiating is also a very tedious process.”

Lord Farnus adds, “King Kalior II was an inspired Leader, Hero and King who not only commands but wins the heart of the people. We would be disparaged without him.” He sniffs and wipes a still remaining tear from his eye.

Lord Dobius affirms, “Yes, it is too bad that he charged that way into Battle and there is only half his head left which is just *not* regenerable, indeed, no other rallied our Troop’s like he did even if he comes back with some Bwain Damage... I am for it!”

Lord Xavelnus stands up, “Yes, indeed, it wouldn’t be the first time in History Of Nobility’s that they aren’t working on all their rockers... O.k., it is time to Vote on the cloning of King Kalior II, Leader of the Faster Brownies.”

They Vote: Lord Farnus: “Yes.”, Lord Dobius: “Yes.”, Lady Acenus: “No.”, Lady Polsius: “Yes.”, Lord Radecenus: “No.”, Lord Xavelnus: “Yes.”

King Bardion I, Great High King of the Elves now stands up and exits Listen Mode, “And now, it is to me, your Great High King, to prevent a Split Vote which would then require many more hours of deliberation for a Re-Vote, in this case 4 : 2 is a Major Victory with 66% of the Votes of the Debate. I say, if it is within our Power to grant him new life and preserve all of the many Contract’s and Alliance instead of such long-term destabilisation then we should do it.” King Bardion I claps his hands once to End the Voting Session: “Yes. This makes it 5 : 2 which is 71.42% of the Votes, thus still a Major Victory.”

Could what is so proclaimed and decided possibly decide the Fate of Nation’s?

The Battle For The First Colony Planet In A Higher Plane Of Hell

The deep black of Space with silver Star's awaits the advance of the Allied Army who is still in the same 3D Sphere Formation. However, this time they have an additional 40 Mother Ship's who arrived as Reinforcement's from Planet Earth I, their neighbors and a couple other new Ally Planet's.

With their Laser Space Ship's and Troop's they fly past the Moon of the Enemy Planet.

10 huge Shadow Mother Ship's surrounded by writhing thick Shadow Tentacles appear to defend their Planet in this Higher Plane Of Hell. Black Shadow Dragon's in great numbers, also wrapped with murky Tentacles Of Shadow with red fiery pits for eyes and huge gaping maws, flank the Shadow Space Ship's. A huge legion of Shadow Fighter's fill the gaps. They form more of a mixed less ordered 3D Rectangle Line Formation to block them.

Suddenly, there are massive Torrentuous Scream's, Noise Attack's and Wave Front's of Negative Vibes, Resonation's and Frequency's aimed at the Allied Forces. Behind the Enemy backing them up at about 1 Shadow Year away is a huge mass of Black Matter and/or Dark Matter and/or Shadow Matter consisting of many Tubular Tentacles which is feeding their Front Line with Dark Black Negative Energy.

Their 1st Wave Of Attack also involves Psychic Attack's on the Allied Army probably originating from Dark Priest's on the Enemy Space Ship's.

Silber, Psionic Warlock hears the Voice of Revlis, Vampire Demon, 'Warr are you Silberr... you will never reach the Planet... Stay out of Hell!' It is a not idle Psychic Death Threat.

The Allied Laser Troop's spread out in a long line to avoid Cluster Attack's but many fall clutching their ears and heads as they envision their worst nightmares.

The obnoxious painful head splitting Hi-Decibel Scream's which can even kill anyone are stopped with Cyber Helmet's with Hi-Tech Earplug's and Null Dampen Shield's.

The extremely irritating sharp edged Sss'in of amplified Res Noises meant to knock Cyber Soldier's to their knees, like a Babylon Scenario, are deleted by Anti-Noise Field's.

The marrow draining blood chilling Negative Vibes which make you feel like you have an ever increasing hole inside of your chest are eliminated by Null Vibe Devices.

Few are not affected by the horrific nightmare residual graphical imagery in their heads as the worst imaginable bloody torturous scenes are once again projected of all theirs deaths, screams, suffering and how much they enjoy victimizing each of them.

They are, however, quite capable to take them on as more of the Enemy gates in.

The Wizard's and Mages led by Silver, High Wizard create a Psychic Wall to prevent too much psychosomatic and hallucinatory Mind Probes and Attack's by Evil Dark Mages.

The Priest's and Priestesses send Waves Of Healing And Curing led by Kulamanji, High Black Priest and even some Gospel Chant's to prevent the degenerative Life Drain's and Energy Drain's of their Evil Dark Priest's; also such Song's Of Praise tend to irritate the living crap out of such type-0-negatives for some reason.

How strong and elegant the Heaven Light Bird's are as they swoop down to engage the Black Shadow Dragon's who would have surely massacred the Laser Troop's for if you also just get hit and thrown kilometers into other objects than shielding is fairly useless.

Laser Fighter's engage hundreds of Shadow Fighter's in a spectacular Laser and Dark Globe Battle. Laser Beam's blast through them and Dark Energy's drain life out of them.

The plentiful Allied Mother Ship's with huge Laser Beam Cannon's attack in full force the 36 huge Specular Shadow Mother Ship's who's forms seem to be one with Cloud's Of Shadow around them.

Their best chances are to reduce the Enemy's' numbers a.s.a.p. through Group Attack's by taking advantage of their slightly lesser numbers.

Silber, Psionic Warlock holds his Laser Space Troop's back. These are not actually meant for cannon fodder and having this many actually outside of Space Ship's is not poor, weak, stupid, suck or erroneous Tactic's for they provide the advantage of many numbers through small and fast highly maneuverable forces who are not only hard to hit but can do whole Group Attack's against Space Fighter's; larger Space Ship's have to worry about other larger Enemy Space Ship's or get blown out of the waters.

However, from behind the Planet a huge Black Shadow Tentacle Arm delivers a Massive Shadow Blow to an entire Laser Regiment of his Cyber Space Troop's. The Null EM Shield's And Spheres seem ineffective against this all pervasive Type of Dark Black Shadow Energy and many are disappeared, vanished and/or annihilated into the Vacuum like straw puppets; larger Area Attack's can still be a problem despite very fast dodging so in some ways they still function as cannon fodder drawing fire away from more valuable Space Ship's. The clue in most cases is a question of numbers for only a couple hundred placed externally is practically useless whereas thousands if not tens of thousands is very effective. They also use Portable Light, Medium and Heavy Laser Cannon's so actually function like the Laser Artillery in the critical Battle on Planet Earth I.

Silber, Psionic Warlock still feels a bite of fear, always be a little bit afraid, for the same error which he made more than once in the past, 'Have I underestimated the Enemy?'

He also taunts Revlis, Vampire Demon seeing that the Enemy is not invulnerable and sends a Public Telepathic Message, 'Where are your Demon's now, Revlisie, is this all you got, you cannot stop us from taking the Planet and setting up a Fortified Outpost...' There is no response.

He adds, 'The Light is always more powerful than the Shadow. Remember...'

Dark Serpent's get ripped to pieces by great Light Bird's. Great winged white blue shining

Light Bird's get swallowed whole by Dark Serpent's.

Group's of Allied Mother Ship's concentrate their Laser Fire on one Shadow Mother Ship after another blowing them up with huge focussed Laser Cannon's. Shadow Mother Ship's similarly Fire huge Anti-Matter Weapon's into Laser Mother Ship's but also with deadly Dark Energy draining them all of Power, Energy and Life.

Laser Fighter's create a theatrical pyrotechnic show flying in 3D Co-ordinated Formation's to make Light Explosion's of the Enemy Shadow Fighter's. The Shadow Fighter's do likewise with Negative Energy and Dark Energy Globes adding to the +/-98% Dark Matter of the Universe. Light Energy, however, could very well be 99% but not in the Hell Planes.

The odds slowly but surely even out... but too slow cause they expect Reinforcement's.

At the crucial moment just as another Black Shadow Tentacle Arm blows into a whole Laser Regiment who can barely dodge in time such a fast large curving slash coming out of unpredictable sides of the whole Planet as half of it is being slurped on and consumed by this huge Hell Creature, Silber, Psionic Warlock orders a brilliant Tactic, rarely ever done, if ever, in History Of Human Space Battles And Warfare, mainly because it is very high risk, borderline suicidal and barely ever executable.

He Null EM Teleports all of his thousands of Laser Troop's in multiple Group's at the same time with very powerful and energetic 20 - 200 mm Portable Light, Medium and Heavy Laser Cannon's, thus not just Laser Pistol's, directly into the midst of the circling Enemy Shadow Fighter's and Black Shadow Dragon's. Now split up into various Group's throughout the whole Space Battle Field they can now add a large quantity and quality of support fire and disrupt the Enemy's Vector's Of Attack which is potentially devastating to the Shadow Fighter's and their Black Shadow Dragon's while at the same time wrecking most of their attack potential as they have to enter various highly unusual patterns.

The resulting 3D Cross-Fire at multiple points splits up the Battle and causes great damage to the Enemy. The highly mobile and maneuverable much smaller and faster Laser Warrior's and Cyber Soldier's using Hyper Modern Space Jet Pack's in highly 3D Co-ordinated Formation's are barely hittable and cause havoc on them with clustered focussed Laser Cannon Attack's merely having to teleport, rotate and fire each time.

Though this cannot be sustained for too long due to Energy Charges at which point they have to go back to the Space Ship's to Recharge, the odds now quickly turn to their favor for they can now stigger stagger their Group Attack's going back and forth continuously.

The slight advantage in 4 extra Mother Ship's helps immensely as having won in 3 out of the 4 instances of 2 : 1 groupings they now start to simply blast and explode through the others at 3 : 1 and then 4 : 1 ratio Gang Bang Effect's... With already weakened Null EM Shadow Shield's, Spheres, Armor's and Weapon's which cannot indefinitely keep recharging themselves, especially if damaged, it looks like the next Battle is won again.

Revlis, Vampire Demon seeing he cannot win with his relatively weak False Front against a masterful Battle Commander for he did not have enough time to gather more forces after

what his superiors felt was a highly unexpected defeat and are now somewhat divided and uncertain themselves, gates the Hell out of there to a Lower Hell Plane.

The Enemy Forces fearing retreating back to their Master's greater than Death, himself, possibly the greatest God of them all, fight to the very last Alien Insect. They all perish with multiple consecutive Cascade Implosion's and Explosion's being now excessively outnumbered and try to cause as much damage as they can through Suicide Attack's so as to thwart the advance of the Allied Forces into Lower Planes Of Hell.

Due to such the Allied Army unfortunately still loses 50% of their forces. However, due to such a Genius Tactic by Silber, Psionic Warlock, Chief Commander of the Laser Military, what would have otherwise resulted in even a loss and forced retreat as more of their Reinforcement's could have arrived and to once again wait themselves on highly dubious Reinforcement's, allowing the Enemy too much time and threatening to compromise the entire War, resulted 'merely' in a very Minor Victory. To him even very disappointing to watch so many of his own die by such deadly and effective Suicide Attack's.

The Motivation and Morale of the Allied Forces is doubled again and they all start walking around again like a bunch of gungho Laser Jughead's.

However, Silber, Psionic Warlock perceives immediately this remaining Army will not be strong enough to hold the Planet in the long term.

Their remaining 24 Mother Ship's then focus their Heavy Laser Cannon's conjunctively at the Dark Mass retreating away from the Planet in the background at about .5 Shadow Year's distance, like a big Evil Black Gas Cloud with arms.

They destroy one Tentacle Shadow Arm after another which swipe upwards at them and also prevent any more killing of Laser Regiment's.

With the Wizard's, Mages, Priest's and Priestesses now deployable since they are too valuable to risk in such a chaotic Space Battle, being High Ranking Avatar's rather than just Low Ranking Warrior's, a joint Light Energy Attack is possible at the large mass. The incredibly huge Light Explosion about a .2 Shadow Light Year's Blast Diameter vaporizes the rest of its arms in one go which is necessary since they grow back. Laser Fighter's then fly in and at Short Range hitting the center of the Dark Nebulous Entity with Laser EM Foton Blast's which destabilizes and implodes it for it cannot maintain its huge body anymore. They hyper accelerate as fast as they can out of there and its final Spectral Scream is heard for hundreds of Shadow Year's as its explosion into a billion black ribbon threads and resulting shockwave blasts outwards on a Plane Of Destruction which unfortunately obliterates one unlucky Laser Fighter Regiment. The others get to their side of the Planet in time which absorbs the rest of the damage though wipes out half of the Flora and Fauna in that hemisphere with an equivalent impact of 100 Air Tsunamis.

It must have been a Child of the greater Parent Entity which makes them all wonder how many of them there are and how big they can become.

They now bear down on the Planet in 3D Rectangle Formation's according to Types of

Regiment's where Planet Scan's show more primitive versions of biological mechanical Alien Insect Worker Drones harvesting the Planet. This one is also being mined to total depletion. About half is gone, a strange sight to see, like only half of your face is shaved.

Having only mandibles they pose no resistance but what else is on the Planet has not been fully scanned yet and they have no time yet to do subterranean Deep Scan's.

The Allied Forces also scan for the best Resource Area of a coastline to build a Fortified Laser Defense Base.

They all rapidly enter the atmosphere and land within minutes including many escorted Specialist's and Laborer's who were in the Mother Ship's; due to the unacceptable risks of these Space Sector's they could not bring Space Cargo Ship's right away and have to arrive with Reinforcement's.

They work on a Fortified Laser Defense Base which will hopefully give them an unbreakable foothold on this Key Planet in this Space Sector and thus also in this Plane Of Hell so they can launch Short and Medium Range Offenses at the vile Alien Insect Empire.

With powerful and energetic Null Laser Plasma Tower's, Nano-Lathing Technology and Advanced Resource Extractor's the actual time needed to build its 20 km diameter expanse with 24 Laser Defense Tower's is exceedingly rapid, thus measured in hours and not even days: Robot's and Cyborg's with prefabricated materials roll and hover out of the Cargo Areas of the Mother Ship's and zoom around quickly building.

The Resources on the Planet with plentiful Alien Metal's, Plant's and Animal's prove very helpful to this New Colony Planet there being many lush marshes, forests, jungles, plains and a couple mountain ranges.

This is a ripe New World for many Ally's to populate, a foothold in Enemy Territory, the first step to finding an Origin Shadow Planet or an Origin Shadow Gate where they come from.

This potential Shadow Portal could lead them into the very Abyss itself, the Lower Planes Of Hell, so they can bring the fight to the Enemy, find the Source Of Evil and push them back far enough so they never pose a threat to Humanity again...

Of course, on the other hand, it might lead them to the Throne Of Satan himself...

The Wonderful Qualities Of The Plant Kingdom

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior and Silvestria, Mage Priestess stand before a double arched door exquisitely carved in a relief of intersecting spirals made of light yellow wood. It glistens with many layers of high quality resin wax highlighting the 3D Poly-Animalistic Form's in it. 2 Human Guard's stand with glowing Green EM Spear's, one on each side.

They are about to meet the Grand Chancellor, Lady Charlotte II of Naturopolis I, for negotiations in the War effort. The doors open inward without a squeak.

There is a green rollout carpet full of intricately interwoven Tree branches crafted in the tightest knots. It appears to shine with luster. It leads to a large heavy wooden desk equally carved in the splendor of many Tree, Plant and Animal Form's.

Lady Charlotte II stands before it. She is quite tall, about 2.2 meters, like an exaggerated model, has long blonde hair, a perfect complexion of light tanned skin, green eyes and thin lips. Her perfectly balanced features with a somewhat pointed nose and raised eyebrows makes her entrancing to look at. Her long dress with lifted green blue emerald colors is a great attraction in the Naturopolis Kingdom. It, too, is full of designs in circular motion offset with mauve highlights.

Lining the walls are many books made from alternative sources of cellulose. A large golden brown arched window equally extravagant brings plenty of light into the room.

"Welcome my Visitor's, Representatives of the Human's on Planet Earth I, I am Lady Charlotte II, Grand Chancellor of Naturopolis I, can I interest you to start in some Honey Wine?" Her Voice is high, flat, soft and charming.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior nods vigorously and bows with Silvestria, Mage Priestess.

Silvestria, Mage Priestess also acknowledges, "We are Lord Desacrus, Rogue Warrior and Princess Silvestria, Mage Priestess of the Human Allied Forces of Planet Earth I come to seek your assistance in the War on the Alien Insect's and the establishment of a recently conquered and liberated 2nd Colony on the outer rim of the Higher Hell Planes. According to our Advanced Intel, Silber, Psionic Warlock has managed to break through there First Lines Of Defense in the War and is on his way to land on the Planet as we speak..."

"Very good, but I must tell you forthright, we are a Peace loving people and have very little in the way of Soldier's, Weaponry or Machines to help you with; these are needed for our purely 100% Defense Policy."

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior frowns but Silvestria, Mage Priestess waves him down as she has to on more than one occasion and frowns with irritation.

"Know that..." Silvestria, Mage Priestess swallows and continues, "the Alien Insect's are a threat to everyone, if we do not stop them at their Source Of Evil then they can badly compromise more Teleporter Mirror's and launch another Invasion even on neighboring Planet's in our Space Sector. With the War Campaign and the loss of forces inevitable in

such attacks we would be grateful for some compensations, for any aid you can lend us...”

“I can think of no better cause than the Defense of Peace but others in our Parliament would disagree and our Policy of 100% Defense Only does not change so not to have wasted your Journey but with what compensations and aid can we help you with which we don’t have to tell them about...?” She smiles suggestively.

Silvestria, Mage Priestess also smiles, “We have also heard of the great quantity and quality of Herb’s, Substances and Medicines which your Great Civilization possesses...”

“Ahh, here we indeed could be of assistance but for what in return I wonder...” Lady Charlotte II clasps her hands rubbing her finger tips a little bit.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior speaks now not one known for patience, “For a Confederation of Allied Planet’s and strengthened Defenses against the threat m’Lady!”

She still nods politely to him, “A good plan indeed, we do not want War and we have heard of the neighboring Planet which uncloaked, something we only knew in Legend. There is also a Prophecy but it’s pure fantasy of a new coming King who will unite all the Planet’s and create a millenium of Peace and Prosperity...”

Silvestria, Mage Priestess also politely takes one step in front of him, “We would, of course, first like to see what kinds of Medicines you have...”

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior finishes his third wineglass of Honey Alcohol on the day and burps softly behind his hand licking his lips from the smooth and sweet succulent sensation. Silvestria, Mage Priestess is more modest and has downed only two so far of the very delicious addictive Honey Wine which makes most Celtic Mead look like beer.

“More?” Lady Charlotte II offers with a smile. Their Culture next to being renowned Healer’s for almost all Sickneses And Diseases with many Wizard’s, Mages, Priest’s and Priestesses are also known for their inebriations, however they do not smoke.

“Yes, thank you...” Desacrus, Rogue Warrior crones softly sipping some more of the most tasty and not weak drink he has had in a year even and Silvestria, Mage Priestess resists the urge of slapping him again which she enjoys.

“Well,” Lady Charlotte II also sips with delight as they all get a little tipsy now in the Trade Negotiation, “where were we, ah yes, show you... let’s see,” she gets up to get one of her books, “this is our Encyclopedia Of Herb’s Plant’s And Medicines - Part 1 of 10 Volumes of Naturopolis I, we have almost everything you could possibly want...” She lays it easily with a loud thud of some 2500 pages on her desk and opens it and remarkably no dust flies off of the thing into everyone’s faces; she is remarkably strong for her thin build.

“Let’s see...” she is care free in her opening of pages since this brand new copy is not an Ancient Compendium, “we have Cream’s, Liquid’s, Pill’s, Ventilator’s and even Particle Dispensator’s administered with Hyper Modern Skin Contact Devices to heal the sick and/or wounded after we have scanned them and/or taken various samples, all are 100%

Natural and some can even raise one from near death. Of course, we do not lack semi-synthetics or synthetics as long as they are not god-awful Poison Chemical Factory's."

"Those could be most helpful..." Desacrus, Rogue Warrior finally nods gratefully.

"May I have a look?" requests Silvestria, Mage Priestess with great curiosity.

"Yes, most certainly." She replies.

They have the beginning of a nice evening with fascinating conversation and somehow due to the unique very high quality of this Honey Wine Of Naturopolis I which cannot be gotten anywhere else they do not really get that drunk; higher quality wines with higher ether bodies which are produced correctly do not make them overly intoxicated as long as they do not drink too many liters, also their own genetical, biological, neurological, physiological, psychological and cultural factors with vital fitness across quantity and quality of different Types of Alcohol are important. Since they are both in top shape in the prime of their years and not incompatible with the ingredients in this Type of Wine as according to Culture and Genetic's they are both hardly phased at 1 - 2 liters, also a couple glasses only after being brought up with such Habit's And Tradition's has practically no effect whatsoever for they have already built up Immunity's.

Flipping through the pages, Silvestria, Mage Priestess is estounded.

They have a Herbal Remedy for almost each and every Known Sickness And Disease of all Species and Races all bound up in the mysteries of the Plant World. There are instructions on how to find, collect, protect, deliver, preserve, process and apply for the entire Herbology. Though there are plenty of cures to be found in the Animal World the people of Naturopolis I are Half-Vegetarian's which means simply half of the week no meat, though some still argue over 75% of each meal, and have a great affinity and love for Nature and Life thus they are not specialized in such other fields.

Next to all the standard and not so standard Sicknesses And Diseases ranging from the Cough, Common Cold, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Tuberculosis, Wart's, scratches, burns, Heart Attack's, cardiovascular conditions, respiratory reapers, neurological disorders, Leukemia, Multiple Sclerosis, mental, psychological and/or psychiatric disorders, even criminal sociopathy and/or psychopathy, any addiction, any STD, AID's, Cancer, Brain Seizures, Brain Strokes, all types of cell malfunction including dead cells, no cells and cell aging, full body spinal paralyzation, half-comas, comas, brain deadness and zombism, there are Herbal Remedy's to make you happy, sleepy, calm, energized, sexually aroused, sedated, oxygenated, stimulated, to keep you awake, to heighten your senses, to give you unimaginable pains and/or pleasures, to enrich your fantasy, to get you drunk, to make you sober, to give you Intuition, Empathy, Insight, Clairvoyance, Telepathy and/or Telekinesis, to make you like, dislike, love and/or hate, to make you hallucinate and see Spirit's, Demon's and/or Angel's, to converse with Higher or Lower Plane Creatures, to talk with Animal's, to float, hover, levitate and/or fly... It is, however, somewhat vague about raising from post death, after all there is always a certain amount of bias in any Medical Science School or Specialty, or Culture, and technically defined Health Sciences do not include the After Life, except their 1 Specialty School dedicated and devoted to such.

In other words, the Master Healer's of this Planet know how to Target each and every last bio-chemical constituent and structure and to access any resonating vibrational Field Of Energy in Known Existence; with many top experts in all Medical Science Specialty's they have the most comprehensive Health Library in the Known Universe.

"Wow..." Silvestria, Mage Priestess is surprized and taken aback which rarely overcomes her, "I don't know if we are worthy but we would be most grateful to even get some samples of a couple of these..."

"I am happy you appreciate the value of our work of centuries and millennia, so many others scorn the potential of Plant's, even dismiss them, and state only synthetic and semi-synthetic Chemical's are useful, effective and superior to natural Bio-Chemical's which are, in fact, far more potent than only watered down mixed up chalky Pill's made in some Mass Production Factory i.e. pure distilled Plant extracts; such are, in fact, based on the original pure uncontaminated Plant with its sympathetic and/or antipathetic compounds. We do not lack the Classic Method's of diagnosis of symptoms but such tends to get too confused, overcomplicated and boggled down in expensive Trial And Error Method's and became many centuries ago ineffective and antiquated since it tends to miss causes completely, the patient cannot describe his/her suffering adequately, with multiple causes and multiple symptoms there are spiral cascade hydra complexes generated and the time it then takes to treat such patients with multiple criss-crossy Medicines and/or Medication's results in many years of suffering instead of what should be only months. The Hyper Modern Method's of Hyper Advanced Medical Science avoid all of such things through Scan Devices and Sample Devices which can now even read the Gene Map of all Known Species and Races in the Universe. We can even scan for some Spirit's, get it, no pun intended, but that is a little bit beyond the scope of the vast majority of our Specialty's except for one core Group who get a lot of criticism for being quasi Necromancer's."

Everything here is made by our large Work Force with the loving hands of our Specialist's and Laborer's in laboratories and fields who have various Degrees Of Training and Work Experience through a Guild Work And Learn System." She spreads her hands to round off.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior finishes his eighth wineglass which is actually only 1 liter in total since the 25 cl wineglasses are filled half each time, apparently now a Universal Tradition which spread rapidly everywhere, thus they are in total through 2 bottles...

Silvestria, Mage Priestess stands, "We can be of mutual benefit to each other and our protected Cargo Space Ship's can now bring these to our Laser Troop's. I don't want to be greedy but if you could throw in some beer and wine they would be most grateful. In return, next to a Defense Agreement, we can offer Technological and Magical Item's."

Lady Charlotte II stands and shakes their hands, "Let it be so then, we have surplus and would like to aid the Allied Forces. We will write up a Trade Contract and send it via the secretly encrypted Inter-Planetary Wireless Channel's to High Council of Planet Earth I."

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior and Silvestria, Mage Priestess leave in a new found awe.

The Planar Battle With The Quantum Flux Mystic

Silver, High Wizard is in his quarters in the Command Space Ship preparing for a necessary Recon Mission. The room is cozy, round, with his favorite antique statuettes and Elven Art. It is a fine offset to the dark gray metal walls which though polyformed are basically drab. He has a special incense burning to lighten his spirits. Not having partaken of any Alcohol since his youth when he went on a couple really bad hanger bangers and then severely scolded out by his Magic Teacher which dulls the Mind and Body he passes on the chance to sip on a 100 year old bottle of Elven Red Wine which is on the menu for VIP Visitor's; he is more of a smoker himself as long as it is pure, natural, not poisonous and is most certainly not limited to only tobacco, his favorite being Brightleaf Tobacco, for other smokable Plant's such as nutmeg are proven to stimulate Lucid Dream States when taken in the correct method and dosage. Being a logical, intellectual and rational type though with some strong water emotions now and then and having a Genius IQ Level of 240+ he also has no use for Hallucinogen's, Soft Drug's, Hard Drug's or Party Drug's though like practically anyone else at their Magic School's he did experiment a couple times; the problem with most people is they stare themselves blind at only the green stuff and miss completely the rest of Herbology. Also, the way he figures it if you really want to hallucinate and/or discover different layers of internal and/or external Reality's then you should read and watch Virtual Book's and Film's, go on Planar Internet as much as possible and even go out and explore Reality itself since for what would one want to risk such Bwain Damage for; most of such go straight through your Brain Layer.

Done with his light meal of pasta, fresh vegetables, white chicken meat, lightly aged cheese, red and orange tomato sauce and fresh green and hot spicy red spices, a commodity in Deep Space, especially in the Hell Planes, he puts on his Robe Of Meditation to prepare for his next task hoping this time he does not keel over dead. Having entered the Bardo State after his Heroic Act Of Self-Sacrifice he not only met an Angel and Demon but also his God's and Goddesses who congratulated him and said that it was not his time to go for he is still much needed, wanted and his task is not done. He, himself, squelched Lies And Rumor's to the Inter-Planetary New's Medias that he gained Transcension, Immortality and/or Enlightenment and maintains the position that only your Spirit goes on to the next Host Body for there is no reversal nor cure for cell aging at some point; Elves who live even millennia are still technically not truly Immortal.

Lying on his back on his soft bed in total darkness he lightly closes his eyes and begins to breathe slowly and regularly. Relaxing all his muscles and body tissues which bind his Spirit doing Kayot Sarga, an ancient Eastern Indian Technique, he slowly awakens the white silver glowing Circle of his Third Eye. After a ½ hour he effortlessly steps up out of his Physical Body in his Astral Form, the true vehicle of the High Wizard, and goes on an Out Of Body Journey to another Plane Of Existence.

The walls, doors and ceiling having become translucent and immaterial to him glow with residual Light Energy. The Astral Light penetrates all things. Thick strong strands of bright Lines Of Light And Good Energy also go through his Tower Of Etherealness...

He levitates himself through the ceiling leaving his Physical Body peacefully behind. His own is a bright Line Of White Silver: It is not so much connected to him like an umbilical

cord but it is a trail or path so one can find one's way back or be forever lost...

His Mission is to do Advanced Recon of Alien Insect World's in proximity and to return with Advanced Intel without being detected. Hopefully, he will also get a clear indication of the quantity and quality of Alien Insect Space Ship's which the Enemy possesses. Also, as a Secondary Mission, he wants to find out more about the source of the strange Dark Shadow Cloud's and Dark Shadow Tentacles now known to be a Shadow Hell Creature which was recently defeated in Battle rather than just a natural phenomena; due to its behavior it could not be such only.

Exiting his Luxury Apartment of this Null EM Laser Mother Ship which is not per se only size surrounded with a glowing augmented protective Sphere Of White Silver Light Energy, invisible to almost all Senses and/or Devices, he transmutes himself into Pure Silver Light Energy imbued with his Consciousness and wills himself through the Astral Plane Of Existence deeper into the Hell Planes... As told and written by the Ancient Shaman's who have already traversed all regions there is a 3D Matrix Energy Grid consisting of White Lines, Light Lines, Gray Lines, Dark Lines, Black Lines and even many other colored ones, in other words, a visible Celestial Map to the eyes and/or instruments of those who can see. Here, in a Plane Of Hell, the strands or threads which are Lines Of Energy through Timelines are primarily Evil, Dark and/or Black.

This is a dangerous Voyage: He already Sensais the radiance of Great Evil throughout these Space Sector's coming from Lower Planes Of Hell. He can likely encounter even a Shadow Demon who would try to suck the life out of him and leave him as good as dead: Depending on the shock of his death, like falling from a great height in a Lucid Dream State, it could spastic death fit his body again, give him a heart attack, brain seizure and/or even irreversible Bwain Damage him; he somehow doubts his God's and Goddesses will be so rewarding and/or forgiving this time...

All Lines Of Energy here are somehow being pulled straight down in what appears to be a negative vortex convergence to deeper Lower Planes Of Hell...

Travelling near-instantaneously, by will alone, from one Nodal Intersection Point to the next, more commonly known as Laya Point's, he remains for sometime undetected. The vastness of the Universe with its unfiltered Star's and Galaxy's, ever silver shining, remain exquisitely breathtaking. Unfortunately, the deeper he goes a black murky opaque Dark Substance like a thick gaseous cloud fills up many of these Space Sector's. He knows from the Akasik Record's which he has studied in a Lucid Dream State on many an occasion that there are many Lost World's, lost from redemption, from the Light of GOD.

It becomes more difficult to discern clear Lines Of Energy and Nodal Point's to jump to. Whole Areas of Space are now swallowed up completely by Dark Substances. He is reduced to travelling at Hypo Shadow Speed's, which is lower speeds, looking for less confusing intercrossing and overlapped Lines Of Energy. Like a big smog cloud it chokes vast regions from Light Energy.

Silver, High Wizard's fears and his suspicions are confirmed more strongly each moment: There, as of yet, being strangely still no sign of Enemy Fleet's, only chaotic broken barren

Slave World's of no consequence, the Alien Insect's are most likely regrouping at Home Bases in Lower Planes Of Hell to launch a massive counter assault.

Deciding with limited time to explore the source of some of the thick bundled huge Lines Of Evil Dark Black Energy he takes a shortcut. Still remembering some of the routes curving down into the Hell's in his Photogenic Memory, as most Wizard's have, he is sure he will not get lost... Then it happens.

Dead ahead, stopping him full in his tracks and his Line Of Energy, is a scantily clad half-naked Monk who looks very East Indian from India with a large swirling Dark Vortex where his Third Eye should be holding in his left hand a Gnarled Staff Of The Ages and holding his thin right pale hand up in the stop gesture. He is forced to stop by a Negative Power And Energy Block Spell and he immediately Sensais the extreme danger of this encounter.

In Telepathic Mode the Dark Monk says, 'Hold stranger, you trespass upon my Domain!'

Silver, High Wizard answers trying to Mental Scan his Opponent for weaknesses, 'I am not trespassing, kind Monk, I am merely passing through...'

The Evil Dark Monk drops his hand and smirks, 'I am anything but kind and your destination if what I sense is correct is *only* trespassing... you have no business herrre...' he waves his left arm violently in dismissal and the particles around his head start to Hyper Accelerate Oscillate, '...in Hell!!! Get out or die!'

'Are you going to try to stop me?' He uses a standard line usually leading to Battle, in this case it is inevitable for otherwise he cannot complete his Mission.

'I hardly need to try... pro quo sim sum.' He raises his right arm now and lets it fall down to his side, palm open and forward, his fingers slightly straining...

Silver, High Wizard now sensing Great Evil emanating from the Dark Evil Great Monk uses his own Staff Of The Planes and strikes out with a Tongue Of Burning Silver Light Energy.

To his astonishment the Great Monk merely raises his Gnarled Staff Of The Ages and absorbs the full blast and opening his hollow black mouth he even sucks it in transforming the Positive Energy into Negative Energy thus augmenting his own Negative Power's And Energy's by 4000%, 'Hmm, tasty, you surely don't think you can possibly defeat me, a Quantum Flux Mystic, Dark Monk and Shadow Sorcerer, I've got more Dark Black Evil Power And Energy here to feed on... then do a hundred more lifetimes...' He whips out with his right arm a highly populated Band Of Dark Particles straight at his head.

Most likely disruptive and very destructive and not caring to find out Silver, High Wizard Null EM Teleport's himself directly behind the Quantum Flux Mystic and blasts at Point-Blank Range an Intense Bundle Of Photon's with his right palm forward.

The Dark Mystic somehow convulates by Time-Phase-Shifting a nanosecond before impact and grabs onto the left arm of Silver, High Wizard with his right hand, a hand powered by the will of a highly trained and experienced Shadow Monk Sorcerer. His

Gnarled Staff Of The Ages begins to coalesce Black Particles.

Silver, High Wizard feels the Death Grip sucking a vast quantity of Energy from his EM Field and for the first time in many a decade he has his doubts about winning a Battle. His own Power's And Energy's here are indeed limited and his Enemy has almost unlimited Sources Of Energy to feed on thus can also last much longer. Nonetheless, he slams his own right hand into his left arm in return.

For a long while, many distorted and horrific images passing through the visages of his Mind, they hold onto each other in a Mental Visor Grip, a Telepathic Test Of Will's, each probing for weaknesses trying to drain or disrupt and throw the Opponent off balance.

Particles, both Light and Shadow, implode and explode around their straining 2 Astral Form's in an increasing elliptical spherical EM Field sparking off of them intensely.

Silver, High Wizard realizes two things: The Dark Mystic's Power's and Energy's primarily come from his Gnarled Staff Of The Ages, some Ancient Relic surely, and he cannot defeat this Enemy in his own turf, in his own Domain, in his own Plane Of Existence.

Using a Judo Reflex Maneuver he suddenly and strongly side steps to the right and grabs onto the Gnarled Staff Of The Ages with both hands and with his own Opponent's Force throws him at a sharp angle downwards at Hyper Shadow Speed's sending him twirling vertically and head over heels in a counter-clockwise spin through the empty spaces and the still somehow gorgeous backdrop of the Universe.

The Quantum Flux Monk goes hurtling through Deep Dark Space screaming curses in multiple Alien Languages in anger and rage, not to mention a good amount of shocked surprize, sounding like a Fanatical Terrorist.

Silver, High Wizard is also a Null Mage but was unfortunately not able to wrench the Gnarled Staff Of The Ages from his grip bound intrinsically to him by a Hidden Force nor cause any Damage, it being meant to buy time to get the Hell out of there for he sees that he cannot defeat this very negatively powerful and energetic Enemy.

'You are strrrong Morrrtal... but here you are no match for me...' mentally sends this Dark Mystic Sorcerer who needs some time to stop his momentum.

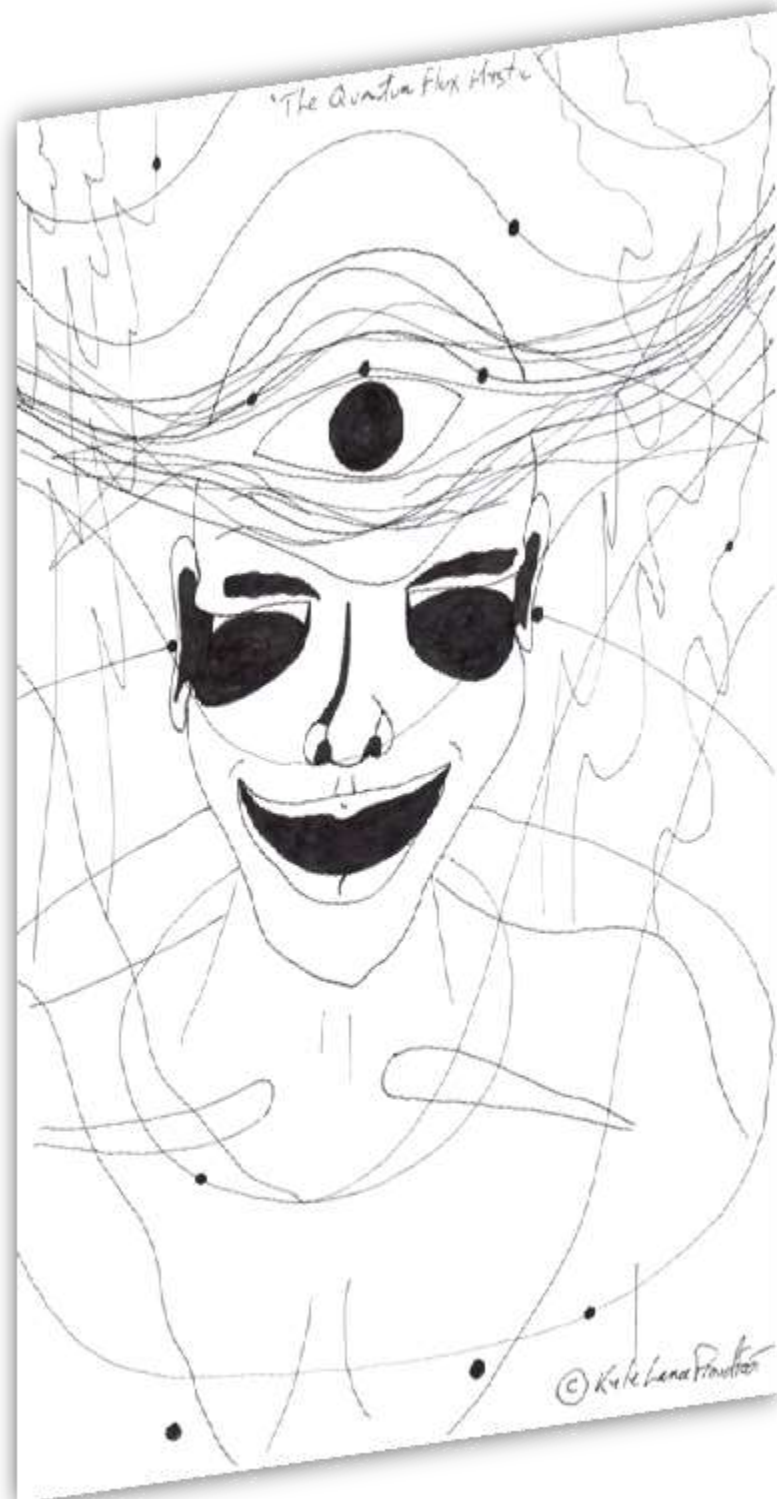
He responds, 'I am not Mortal... Bye!' He does not wait around and Trans-Planar Teleports himself near-instantaneously upwards through a series of Upper Nodal Point's in Hyper Acceleration Mode, an action which would literally rip a Novice to pieces, if not kill one.

Forgetting the Secondary Mission he returns as fast as he can to the safety of Silber, Psionic Warlock's Null EM Laser Mother Ship and the comforting warmth of his own Room Of Meditation. Fortunately, this time, he has no shocking aftereffects. He reports a.s.a.p. to Silber, Psionic Warlock and High Council of Wizard's, Mages, Priest's and Priestesses.

A very powerful and unexpected Enemy is on the horizon...



Silver, High Wizard - Warding Spell - 2D/3D Model Design © Kyle Lance Proudfoot



The Quantum Flux Mystic - 2D/3D Model Design © Kyle Lance Proudfoot

Convincing The Lion Emperor To Join The War

Taking only a break to view the most fine aurora lights of some distant unpopulated Planet, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior and Silvestria, Mage Priestess are once again on their Mission for more Ally's and Near-Insta Planar Teleport to the Planet Animalus. This time they land softly on their feet their Portable Trans-Planar Teleporter Device having corrected its program itself this time with highly adaptive Self-Learning Artificial Intelligence.

They appear at the edge of a highly guarded wide open plain, nice and toasted with the hot rays of a full Sun. This is according to the database in their PAD's given to them by their unexpected Ally's who uncloaked their Planet and saved the day on Planet Earth I the residence of the Lion Emperor Rexolus II who rules this Planet of Sentient Animal's.

His support is also key to Victory over the Alien Insect's.

They approach the Tiger, Puma, Panther and Cheetah Guard's who, coincidentally, stand upright wearing Leather Armor's and carrying Spear's, primarily iron types which are extra-hardened, super sharp and incredibly accurate. Being primarily Magic, Psionic, Psychic, Mystic and Tool oriented and only 10% Technological though not stupid, weak and/or primitive their equivalence is actually more of a 19th Century Modern Western Civilization and such Paranormal Capability's which even originally come from many Animal's make them a very powerful and energetic Priest Warrior Caste System to be greatly respected and/or feared for they have actually succeeded in taking over their entire Planet.

With both hands up, indicating peace, friendship and no Hostile Intent, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior introduces himself to them, "Yo, fellow Sentient Creatures, we come in peace from Humanity on one of the nearby Planet's, called Planet Earth I, seeking your help: We would like a War Conference with your Leader, uh-hum, the Lion God Emperor Rexolus II."

The Animal Guard's point their Spear's Of Hardness Sharpness And Accuracy now glowing red orange yellow at him, "What is your business with our Leader and we have not seen your likes here for many a decade, what are you doing here and are you to be trusted... the last Explorer's and suspect Colonist's died of typhus malaria fever by really big hybrid mosquitoes..." The Tiger Warrior with Armor Of Jumping Dodging And Hardness on similarly striped as his own hide in diagonal black orange lines also has a strong Warrior Tiger Voice. His Armor only augments his own Natural Capability's so he can jump over a kilometer, dodge over 120 km/h and even be shot at with over hundreds of bullets.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior repeats, "Like I said," he tries not to frown too much up at the 3 meter tall, very powerful and energetic Warrior Tiger who could probably pick him up and throw him hundreds of meters into some Tree but the hot bright burning Sun is like being inside an oven, "we come in peace humbly seeking your help."

This quite large Tiger Warrior stares him down and Desacrus, Rogue Warrior blinks first also looking down to show respect not being always rude or unwise. The Warrior Tiger now not offended asks fairly bluntly and honestly, "Hmmm... and what help can we possibly offer you who possess greater Technology than we do... We have heard of your Laser Military with really big Laser Planes. Maybe you have one of those for us?"

“Well no, those are very very expensive... We, however, could definitely use your help in various Ground Battles both in day and especially at night with i.e. your Panther Clan’s and Tribes and other nocturnals since you apparently possess a large, highly trained, Standing Army of Sentient Animal’s possessing Super-Human Capability’s such as more refined Senses and great physical prowess which would be highly deployable in our War with the invading marauding Alien Insect’s who also want to Target your Planet. Also, in many cases, they never suspect an actual Animal showing up, let alone a Sentient Animal, it is still very not intuitive for many... We don’t ask for much, no large sacrifice of your own kind, more of support, cleaning up, and various Infiltration and Assassination’s...”
Silvestria, Mage Priestess bows once nobly with her left arm sweeping forward and down.

“What! We know of no such threat to our Planet! We also do not want contact with your Planet’s! You present a serious threat to our security and way of life.” The Warrior Tiger’s eyes light up fangs beared in sharp white yellow black. The other three also growl and tense their muscles with distinct dislike in their body language. Shimmering semi-transparent EM Field’s Of Energy spring up around them.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior smiles once in return not baring his teeth and not wavering though a little nervous at such raw Power and Energy suddenly activated and emanating from them, “Well, this is what we want to talk to God Emperor Rexolus II about, your great and divine Leader of most graceful providence...”

This Great Warrior Tiger who apparently despite his Guard attire has a much higher Rank than first seen blinks once surprized by the unexpected praise for like so many other African American’s on Planet Earth up to the 21st Century they were only condescended upon, repressed, suppressed, enslaved and/or murdered. Also unable to deny the logic and deny the request he concedes for such is not his function, “O.k., follow us but be warned, we will first disarm you and any hostile action will be met with the full Magical Force of our Blast Spear’s. And you will respect protocol and only address him with ‘Your Majesty’.”

“No problem.” He says. Already sweating from the intense sand and dry shrub terrain with the direct Power And Energy of Ra pouring straight down they follow them through the many varied plains over tens of kilometers. They walk past herds of Elephant’s and Gazelle. They meander past wallowing Rhinos and Hippopotami who are all happily talking with each other. Predator’s, of course, still ignore, threaten, hunt and/or eat their Prey but on this Sentient Animal Planet also with actual spoken words, swearwords, taunts, provocations, insults and/or death threats. Ever intense, the great Sun burns down and they are forced to activate Anti-Heat Shield’s And Spheres. They follow them through yellow swaying grass stalks. Now and then a waft of pure clean cool refreshing wind from a nearby body of water gratefully hits them in the nose. The landscape is occasionally dotted with a twisted Tree suggesting little rainfall and the horizon in 2 directions is lined with forest and mountain. The other 2 directions, north and south, are only plains. Up and down is also equally vast and empty though may be rich in Hidden Resources.

After several hours or so sprinting at Hyper Speed they come to a fancy glade fed by a large waterhole full of Noble Flag’s, Banner’s and Tent’s colorfully decorated in red orange yellow masks, emblems and symbols carrying the Warrior Lion and Warrior Tiger Tribe

Heraldry, the presently leading 2 Noble Family's. Idol Lion's and Lionesses relax in chairs, on sofas and in the shade of the Trees enjoying BBQ'd wild small game meat and cool refreshing fruit cocktails with no Alcohol since their beliefs prohibit it being somewhat similar, though not identical, to Islam on Planet Earth in 21st Century. Some even use plastic straws which is a Trade Item... Some do, however, like to smoke, very nice sweet pungent aromas wafting through the air like cigarillos.

In the center of the glade is a large red orange God Emperor's Noble Tent of the Warrior Lion's Tribe with gold lining, its cloth doorway highly decorated with the Heraldry Emblem of the Crown and Lion and guarded by two simply stunning tall Lion Warrior's in Full Battle Array which is towering above all the other Noble Tent's, it being well near 40 meters high. Its conical roof sports a fluttering red orange yellow Heraldry Flag.

They are allowed in. Inside there are Noble Trophy's, Rug's, Weapon's, Armor's, Shield's, Chair's and Tables adorned with gold and silver, meat and drink. More finely dressed Noble Lionesses than they have ever seen in one place talk elegantly with each other. It is all situated in a circle around the large highly crafted God Emperor Lion Throne of Planet Animalus made of one piece of solid heavy hard dark red brown wood and carved with only poly-animalistic and intricate geometrical designs, mostly very symmetrical in design with plenty of numerological meaning, since they are not allowed to worship the images of persons and/or personify their one and true God, Ra.

Sitting on it with a God Emperor Golden Lion Crown and Purple Robe lined with the most valuable of furs, the Long Sword Of The Lion God Emperor resting on the right side and the Spear Of The Tiger King on the left side, is God Emperor Rexolus II, the Lion God Emperor of Planet Animalus which is a Kingdom through not only bloodlines but War in a World full of self-conscious and Sentient Animal's with Paranormal Capability's though this Planet follows customs, traditions and beliefs not so different from Islam on Planet Earth in the 19th Century before it all went to Hell... They greet him with both arms angled upwards, the Sun Salutation, not to be too confused with the Yoga variant, to Egyptian Pharaoh's like Amenhotep IV, Akhnaton in about 1350 BCE and in Nubia by about 1450 BCE.

He beckons with a half filled Golden Jewel Embedded Cup Of The Lioness Emperor whom he drinks of for he is the Sun and she is the Moon, "Welcome strangers, my long ago but not forgotten Human Friend, even though we did part ways for some centuries, what brings you here into my Royal Camp, and holiday place, on such a, roar, fine day?" He yawns casually once with the other hand, his nose and super large curved white teeth always impressive in the air suggesting a natural superiority. His own large and robust figure is well near 4 meters in height and 2.5 meters wide with very powerful and energetic bulging muscles glistening orange yellow fur and a most highly crafted and decorated Leather Armor Of Impenetrability under his yellow orange red cotton attire.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior and Silvestria, Mage Priestess hardly believing their eyes at the sight of an intelligent, refined, talking and simply massive Warrior Lion bow to their knees of own volition, "Your Majesty, oh great and magnificent Lion God Emperor Rexolus II of Animalus," utters Desacrus, Rogue Warrior respectfully, "we come in peace and friendship seeking your help for we have news of a terrible Enemy with no mercy who threatens even your great World which you warred for so long and finally conquered and joined the split

factions of Clan's and Tribes to unite them all under Ra..."

God Emperor Rexolus II laughs loudly, "Ha ha ha, well that was not Peace, hardly even Freedom!" The other Nobles in the Holiday Tent Of The Lion Emperor also laugh as they walk around or sit in intellectual conversation while sipping their various Sweet High Fruit Beverages, "But alright, friendship and help, maybe, as to whether we really want to go to War at this time again is highly dubious! What do you offer in return?" He speaks proudly, full of confidence, in great gusts with a strong deep tenor Voice.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior begins to respond but is waved down by one of the watchful 4 Warrior Tiger Guard's who stand next to him preventing his unintentional rudeness.

"What threat could be so great it endangers my Immortal Kingdom and World? We are far too great in number and skilled in the ways of War. Our own Magic, Psionic, Psychic and Mystic Capability's and the Tool's and Technology given to us a long time ago which we endow with such Spirit Energy's also help ensure our survival next to the fact we avoid contact with your Species as much as possible. So, tell me, Human, who is this most powerful Enemy?" He drains his cup. A very scantily clad in colorful cloth shalled and veiled Noobie Lioness Servant refills him near-instantly and in the most soft and delicate manner for she is actually very well trained and honored by her function, not at all a Slave.

Silvestria, Mage Priestess and Desacrus, Rogue Warrior are now both offered a drink in silver cups decorated with Celtic African Poly-Animalistic Form's, this time likely a Royal Gift from a past associate. So far they have not committed any grievous insulting trespassing error in protocol, gesture and/or statement.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior sips once on his own High Sweet Fruit Beverage and tries to answer as best as he can, "They are Alien Insect's who command EM Plasma Warrior's and Hell Creatures from Planes Of Hell ruled by Near-Invincible Demon's and other Evil Spirit's, especially one in particular called Revlis, Vampire Demon who is their 4-Star General. They have a lot of Shadow Space Ship's too."

There is an uncomfortable silence as the Lion God Emperor's eyes widen and then he frowns deeply, "Nonsense!" He waves his arm so hard his cup almost goes flying yet he somehow does not spill a drop, "Such are Fairy Tales only, Ghost Story's, which we tell our cute little Noobie Cub's around campfires to scare them into some Spiritual Moralism..."

"No, your Majesty," he gives Emperor Rexolus II his PAD, "they attacked Planet Earth I, our Colony, causing massive destruction and devastation which we barely survived and have a look for yourself at the Photos and Vids of their Shadow Army and Space Ship's."

God Emperor Rexolus II scratches an eyebrow with a long sharp claw, "How did such happen? And how do you know they will attack us? We have kept in seclusion and isolation on purpose avoiding the contamination and excess of your Science And Technology and unending Warfares of Humanity which has spread throughout the Galaxy. Are we even a Target?"

"They use Shadow Gate Technology and their 4-Star General said they will 'take back

what is rightfully theirs', in other words our entire Space Sector and anyone else who stands in their way. In fact we expect a Galaxy wide Alien Insect Invasion at some point in the future if they are not stopped and/or pushed back thus we have begun a Counter-Attack on their enslaved and leached Planet's to create an impregnable Inter-Planetary Defense System so they can never threaten us again or take another Planet. We have already defeated and liberated their 1st Planet." Desacrus, Rogue Warrior licks his lips at the fine resin after tastes of exotic sweetnesses not sure if he sounds convincing.

"Hmm, they do indeed have a verocious looking Shadow Army. Show me the Vid's now."

"Yes, in those Sub-Folder's..." He points at the icon on his PAD.

"O.k., one second..." He clicks with his index finger.

God Emperor Rexolus II's face is quite colorfully, dramatically and violently lit up after pressing the Play Button with intense and exceedingly Hi-Res Sound Effect Samples and Visual Effect's of Explosion's, Implosion's, Laser Fire, Light Energy Bomb's, Dark Energy Globe Weapon's, Dark Energy Bomb's, Mini-Black Holes, Mini-Rift's, the huge Black Hole Gate pumping more and more of them in, hollow puppet host bodies being thrown in all directions and the screams of many dying horribly. His eyebrows rise even further up and his jaw drops open when he open several other Vid's, especially when the 3D Battle Formation's collide with each other, whole parts of the City being ripped up, the IT building being nuked, their entire forest destroyed and the rumbling of a Cthulhu-Like Monster.

After about 15 minutes, the whole Tent now curious and in awed silence at what is clearly not just really great Special Effect's in a Film, he gives the PAD back, frowns again, snarls with one left lip, orders another drink and then asks in a controlled calm manner with some indescribable biting undertone, "How can we help and what do we get in rreturn?"

It is Silvestria, Mage Priestesses's turn, "Well, we hear your unique Planet has many skilled Warrior's with Super-Human Capability's. Your Warrior Cat's are great in Offense, your Warrior Dog's are great in Defense and your Warrior Wolf's are pretty good in both. The many different Flying Warrior Bird's of various sizes, next to their great Speed And Vision, are highly maneuverable. The Night Creatures are very agile and deadly in the darkness. The large and giant Mammal Creatures, like Dinosaur's, Mammoth's, Elephant's and Rhinos would make excellent battering rams. Whales, Dolphin's and Shark's can easily Attack And Defend coastal Areas. In fact, there isn't a single Species on your wonderful World which does not possess some heightened Paranormal Capability which is far better than our Humanity who are, indeed, heavily reliant on Technology though we do not lack a small percentage of paranormally gifted ones. On top of such, unlike our World, you also possess sentience, self-consciousness, high intellect and Super Capability's in Sentient Animal's themselves such as your mythical and very popular Super Jump Kangaroo which can jump 200 meters into the air and, after all, we do not lack various Pirate Medias via your other Trade Planet's and kiddie widdies who just love a lot of it. These Special Troop's are invaluable in bringing the Battle on multiple levels to the Enemy which we could otherwise never access. If you like, not that it is joke of any kind, you can even organize whole Group's of Monkey's, Apes, Geurrilas and Orangutan's who are practically unstoppable as a kind of large Ground Army. Our Science And Technology is

nothing without Troop's to employ it and I dare say good chap, I mean your Majesty, such could greatly enhance even your own very powerful and energetic inherent Natural, Magical and Super-Human Capability's. We see such as the perfect combination with all of your extremely diverse Species and Races here and can easily give you all of such things to be equipped on your Sentient Animal Troop's and yourself; what you choose to do with such afterwards is not our problem."

God Emperor Rexolus II understands quickly, "And we really get all that Science And Technology in return for free and get to keep it?"

Both Desacrus, Rogue Warrior and Silvestria, Mage Priestess nod vigorously.

He adds to close the deal, "Definitely, we in fact have a surplus of the previous generation of Laser Military, Mechanized and Military Weapon's and Armor's and as they say there are more bullets than people on Planet Earth. Next to such we are not unwilling to help advance and upgrade your Civilization with not just a percentage of our Hyper Modern Science And Technology but also to maintain a Trade And Commerce Relationship."

"How do we get there?" He expands both his arms with a big fanged smile.

"We have Cargo Space Ship's with Laser Cruiser and Laser Fighter Escort's." Desacrus, Rogue Warrior assures him, "Your forces have no worries of being ambushed since we take our own Secure Space Sector Routes. If you want you can also come and visit some of our Planet's though ours is somewhat blasted at this time, your Majesty."

God Emperor Rexolus II smiles even wider and rounds it off, "Deal! And thanks for the advice, I will wait to you have regened and repaired your region..."

They repeat, "Deal! Thank you, your Majesty, oh Lion God Emperor Rexolus II of Planet Animalus. Once you have assembled your Sentient Animal Army we will deliver you such things a.s.a.p. so you may be all equipped."

They enjoy much meat, bread, desserts, coffee, tea, sodas, fruit drinks and other pleasures for a whole day celebrating their new Alliance. Some festivities take even longer but there is no extra time to spend with the pressing War Effort at hand.

Silber, Psionic Warlock Calculates The Future

Silber, Psionic Warlock, too, walks through the shadows... in all the dark gray Object's and Values which rule our World's today... he searches for the reasons lost in the heightening Battles, Warfares and War's, the pending dooms, End's Of World's, Armageddon's, Apocalypses, fears and threats of Enemy's and mass enslavement which they do Humanity's in with... very little has in fact changed in these Futures for Humanity has always been kept on a leash, held down and given only just enough per month to get by on, if not just starving in over 75% of all populations...

He looks in the depths of his Minds Mayas for the Lines Of War which lead to their Near-Impossible Victory. For he must lead his Forces of Light and Good, the Allied Forces, into the very lair of Evil itself, into the multiple Lower Planes Of Hell... and if you enter the Den of the Lion then do not be surprized you get bit by the Lion.

He projects his thoughts to the probabilities and with his Genius IQ Level calculates all the variables. After many hours of deep contemplation and analysis he concludes the chances of succeeding at a Full-Scale Offense on even 1 Lower Plane of Hell is well near nihil. For not only is Light Immortal but also Shadow.

Lying 2 meters horizontally in midair off of his bed it is the best place to calculate Tactic's and Strategy. With near perfect Wave Insulation in his bedroom he cannot be disturbed by anyone or anything. Not even the Voices of Spirit's can penetrate his Private Chamber with the Null Trans-Planar Shield's And Spheres. Using a Trans-Planar Modulation with the best Near-Infinite Modulating Laser Military Encryption the Demon's are kept at bay, not to mention any other nasty Shadow Hell Creatures who would haunt his sleep.

Trying to fight for Peace and Freedom and spread Free Democracy, if not just the preservation of Humanity, Silber, Psionic Warlock no matter how many times he turns it around in his head sees his odds are near hopeless.

One Voice keeps repeating in his head, 'Never give up the hope, never give up the hope, never give up, never give up... never give... never...' The last two he adds as good old long standing joke which many even believe in.

He figures Only Defense would not help either... Yet such an attack could only be suicidal, 'Whatever am I supposed to state to all my men... oh to ally my men... again...'

The Deep Space Scan's have not only read massive and multiple Alien Insect Infestation's on many Planet's and even in whole Space Sector's but there is a very large Armada of Enemy Space Ship's approaching the 2nd Target Colony Planet occupying a very important tactical and strategical position. His hopes were to colonize it with the help of Ally's but it does not look like Reinforcement's will arrive on time...

'Just typical...' He thinks for how many times in History Of Humanity has a Battle or War been lost due to such Delay Effect's and blundering errors by General's...

There remains only one possibility.

'A multiple deployment of Group's of God-Like Heroes must infiltrate deep into the Rank's of Enemy Forces and badly impersonate them, just kidding...' He thinks.

'On the other hand, sip, a multiple deployment of Attack Group's of God-Like Heroes, not just one therefore, might just work for...' and here Silber, Psionic Warlock thrives, 'if we can destroy their breeding grounds, key installations, and Home Planet's then we can deal a crippling blow to their Species... this way, sic, we can stave off their advancing forces for they have to split up their Army's. Can we finally save Humanity! How else if not through Near-Infinite Defense System's... yet sometimes the best defense is an offense and most certainly do not let yourselves get surrounded...' Silber, Psionic Warlock almost makes himself strain to hard from the crystal clear insight and then his eery sense of double reverse basic self-contradictions and not only Zen Buddhism, 'Your life is crystal...'

'No... in fact,' he continues in his own Long Boring Monologue, 'we should go for the annihilatory Null Bomb's. Hmm...' He scratches his butt in midair while sipping on an Energy-To-Matter Anti-Grav Insta Beverage, this time a sweet soft soothing peach wine.

'Or cause a Trigger Chain Reaction Cascade Effect...' Silber, Psionic Warlock is not at all warming up with his Fission Engine For A Heart.

He is getting pathetic, 'Regardless of how one looks at it, it is not possible to attack each Lower Plane Of Hell, let alone take all Higher and Middle Planes Of Hell, definitely not at the same time; most of those ones look more like Pit Hell's of Satan Worshipper's... Yet, we must prevent their intrusions and Invasion's upon our Space Sector's and this highly Repeat Sickness Symptom Syndrome of back and forth conquering of City's, Country's, Continent's, Planet's and Space Sector's in entire History Of Humanity. What stability and permanence is there? And they even thought it would not happen in the 21st Century with so-called Near-Invincible Modern Military's and 98.8% Gun Possession in U.S.A. alone.' He starts to lose his grip on reality, again.

He is being desperate, 'If I offered a truce now with Revlis, Vampire Demon then he would 'life me out' and simply Planar Shadow Gate onto several of our Planet's causing another massive slaughter.' He is running out of options.

He knocks back the rest of his glass and with Telekinesis gets a very convenient refill in perfect undisturbed rest and contemplation, 'Wait, I know, delay again... that's the ticket... if everyone just keeps fucking delaying, denying and/or ignoring continuously then the problems will go away... well no then I just go away from your Suck Reality... well that is why they are apes...' he thinks about his sardonicism and never sarcasm, of course, and the cute little 3 monkeys who see, hear and talk no Evil. He wishes for a couple brief moments in History Of Humanity to change his whole Timeline completely...

The starry sky barely shifts outside the huge curved windows of his Master Bed Room, so finely decorated in light beige brown woods with red vinyl lamps, black leather sofas and a thick fluffy white carpet next to his large hard dark red brown black Master Bed. His House Pet, or House Familiar, a 2 meter tall Wild Cat, called Wildcat, large and imposing with silver white Silberian-Like Fang's loves to lounge on it. The pure white walls add a nice

contrast to the whole medium 2-floored multileveled Private Home complex. Here he entertains both his Man and Woman Friend's discussing many Topic's and participating in other stress relieving relaxing activities...

Silber, Psionic Warlock decides possibly to delay his primary Light Army even though this has proven very erroneous in so many points in the past since he can do nothing about the necessary time needed for Reinforcement's to arrive...

He also decides to order a multiple deployment of Attack Group's in Raid's and other smaller Army's; this should not fail in splitting up the Enemy somewhat.

'Will Angel's and Demon's, God's and Goddesses and GOD really not interfere?' Silber, Psionic Warlock continues his Telepathic Log And Report recorded by his Quantum Record Device, a small pretty round silver Mini-Half Dome with 2 Soft Blue Light's.

'As Time passes whether it be measured in any system and differently in each and every System another Planet falls to the Alien Insect's... and another entire population is hosted, enslaved and/or eaten... not in months now but days...'

'As Desacrus and Silvestria recruit more Ally's the Evil Forces do not relent...'

'As even Lower Middle Planet's in Middle Planes Of Existence get destroyed, taken over and infested, once again Allied Forces grow too slowly in number having underestimated the Enemy and/or been caught off guard and/or had insufficient Political, Economical and/or Military Defenses: Or even worse those Civilization's like the Library of Alexandria being burned down completely do not have even more than a couple Regiment's... and the Country who does not protect its Art's will be wiped out... and how many times will even sheer numbers of births of an adjacent Country or Planet cause their neighbor's downfall and by default win the whole War...'

'Do you really expect the God's and Goddesses to help you if you do not even have any Army to defend yourselves, not just an outdate? GOD helps those who help themselves.'

'The War Front becomes clear. The Terrorism though relatively ineffective increases.'

'The Battles become more frequent. The War Front becomes about half of the Higher Planes Of Hell and incursions are frequent into Lower Middle Planes Of Existence. This is why we must not fail again in an Offensive into their Enemy Territory's rather than some far-out-in-left-field Offense which never succeeded so many times in History Of Humanity either, then just give it all back to them when everyone's done killing each other, now we have only Reverse Colonization's unending in some kind of out-of-control Modernization And Globalization, except now extended to the Galaxy scale. What did we all fight for back then? Just a small difference in lifestyle? When none of their Political Ideology's have changed, whatsoever, when left, middle, center and right just keep wiping out and/or killing each other... And now we face a far greater threat than we can possibly imagine: Total enslavement of all those Planet's. It was indeed inevitable for they could never resolve their differences nor their vested interests... Soon, in the plural, Armageddon's hit all.'

'It does not even take decades... It took only about 10 years to develop the Laser Military beyond just theoretical Quantum Physics and a couple insufficiently tested Laser Weapon Prototypes due to unending Red Tape and Corporate Shoot Down's with lame excuses of No Mo Budget againy wainy when they blew 100's of millions and billions on all of such things to let the people die... In that time, Enemy's occupied many Country's and Planet's.'

'No, on the other hand, if we wait too long then you get an impossible War Front Line.' Silber, Psionic Warlock does not break a sweat and starts on his second bottle of one the most light and delicious peach Elven Wines there is just to kill his negativity.

He now sips and meditates in his Anti-Grav Kayot Sarga Position to clear his Body and Mind and Spirit from strain, stress, tension and to bring more clarity; some say through freeing of the Energy of your Chakras that even the Soul can be freed.

Slowly turning counter-clockwise above his bed he looks for the way through all the Near-Infinite Variables of potential Timelines converging and diverging into the Future..., 'When and which ones will unite and become larger and stronger rather than all other failed attempts in History Of Humanity at some Type of United Nation, especially EU and U.S.A. in beginning of 21st Century who were not at all united and it was like despite WWII the different senses of Socialistic Nationalism were stronger than ever, or will we be doomed by so many of our wrong choices sucked down into the Infinity of the Abyss, will we always be divided by Habit's And Tradition's and Species, Race and Culture rather than joined by Trade And Commerce?'

'If I do an Insta Kill on Revlis, Vampire Demon which most likely will not succeed then will he not simply be replaced?' Silber, Psionic Warlock tries not to chuckle too hard.

Silber, Psionic Warlock realizes he must call upon Higher Power's, once again. He must not only ask for the help of his God's and Goddesses, and GOD, but he must plea...

Without warning God Thor appears next to his bed and says in a deep booming manly Voice, 'What makes you think, oh Silber, Psionic Warlock, I will ever lend you my Hammer Of Thor? You, after all, were indeed sent back to the late 20th Century and early 21st Century out of a form of punishment for having taken your window of oppurtunity and sniped their Boss, you did not follow your Order's knowing you could not miss, and thereby triggered another Civil War, so they threw you through a Time Portal in the 25th Century to try and save the Future of Humanity at that key point in the 20th Century of History Of Humanity. Yet, too bad for you, do their own Prophecy's not state that they did not heed the warnings of their own Poet's, Philosopher's, Politician's, Scientist's and many Specialty's... then it was too late.'

Silber, Psionic Warlock as if in a Lucid Dream State looks up at Thor's great radiance with lightning crackling around his very powerful and energetic and muscular figure in many shades, layers and degrees of grays whites silvers and stutters, "H-how is this possible?"

Silber, Psionic Warlock then passes out...

Contemplating And Analyzing The Attack On The Enemy

'...but remember we cannot do all the work for you!' Silber, Psionic Warlock awakens with a shock. Did he have a Lucid Dream or was it real?

'In the era of Dragon's and Warlock's there was not only one Ruler...'

Archus II, Our 1st Great Historian, Annal's Of History Of Alien's.

Silber, Psionic Warlock calls a Top-Priority Top-Secret Meeting with one of his 4-Star General's, Roary, Fire Dragon, his left hand man.

They meet in his fully insulated super futuristic Hyper Modern Conference Room. It is perfectly round, a gray dome, subdued lights in conical Silver Light Form's and plenty of Beverages. The Chill Groove Gray Lounge Chair's are comfortable enough for about 20 people. In this case there are only two present, the black silverlined glass tables between the two lines of chairs have state of the art Computer's, Virtual Screen's and Record Devices. Not only does everything have Quantum Protection but Null EM Shield's And Spheres prevent any Phase Shifting, unwanted Teleportation's, Time Travel and any Extra-Planaring flippety zippety Rogues.

Silber, Psionic Warlock still sipping throughout each day and night to keep his fluids up across his 18 - 24 hour Work Schedule starts, "Oh my God, Roary, Fire Dragon, I have found another infestation, another Alien Insect Base!! Waaahhh, I'm goin' in again with my Psionic Warlock, woomp woomp woomp! And, I need your help and that of your Dragon's. Both the Red and Black Dragon's thus and some much needed Warlock's of yours."

Roary, Fire Dragon having fun with his cocktail stick chuckles a little with a sharp tooth, 'Aren't you the one who used that Power Vacuum too much...'

Roary, Fire Dragon in his very good looking Human Form, dressed to the collar with his 4 Red Star's in black red silver, brushes his sleek black hair in 50's Italian Style with his left hand a couple of times nonchalantly, "So, Sir Lord Prince Silber, Psionic Warlock, my Lord and Commander, Chief Commander of the Laser Military, what more can I do for you and not just your ego?" He raises his left eyebrow, thin nicely trimmed, waxed and pure deep black. His very intelligent Arian features and lightly tanned skin give a very strong impression of Charm and Authority to both Man and Woman. His very dense and integral muscles add the last very convincing look to his medium build at about 1.9 meters tall.

The spicy, soft, succulent scent of herbal cigarette smoke floats casually through the air.

"Well," says Silber, Psionic Warlock, "I do not have enough to take on the Armada with Lightning and EM of Thor alone, they will most likely absorb the Energy anyway before I can even Core Overload enough of their Null EM Propulsion Engines. I might get about 50% of 'em but the other 600 Space Ship's and 100 Mother Ship's will be so loaded we'll get blown to Kingdom come... What I am thinkin' is if you can," he does a sweeping and surround motion with his hands, "come at them from all sides by teleporting in with your massive Red and Black Dragon's after the Initial Attack then we might have a fighting

chance to reduce their numbers down to about 25% of original while only losing 50% of our own from their Shadow EM Cannon's, Negative Energy Ray's, Dark Globe Bomb's and Null EM Plasma Weapon's." He smiles taking a sip of his blue semi-transparent Elven Cocktail, a drink which has gained a lot of popularity at Dance Techno House Club's.

Roary, Fire Dragon is not off the mark, "So, what you're saying is you want me to sacrifice 50% of my Dragon's who would then question their loyalty to me?"

Silber, Psionic Warlock retorts quickly, "No, I figure with the Null EM Shield's And Spheres and the backup of the Wizard's, Mages, Priest's and Priestesses plus Cover Fire from my own dwindling Laser Infantry that you will only lose 10-20% of your Warlock's and 5-10% of your Dragon's since you keep jumping in and out: It worked last time with my Laser Troop's so it should not fail again."

"Unless they have updated themselves and what makes you figure they won't do the same with their Quantum Mystic's and Demon's, not to mention shit loads of Alien Insect Fighter's and possibly a whole Legion of Shadow Creatures and Undead?" Roary, Fire Dragon is highly doubtful and pours another clear 100% Transparent Alcohol Beverage which is also 100% Alcohol pure ether content; to Dragon's it is only average strength.

"You're right, even with my Laser Fighter's and remaining Mother Space Ship's we don't stand a chance against 100 Mother Ship's, 600 Shadow Cruiser's and a multitude of Alien Insect Fighter's and Null EM Plasma Fighter's. Their own Null EM Shadow Shield's And Spheres alone will absorb most of our Weapon Fire; our casualties would be too large to take and hold the Planet..." He knocks his drink back, the nice blue cold icy crispy 40% Proof with Pure Organic Fully Dynamic Grown By The 100% Full Moon Blueberry Juice and 100% Pure Distilled Well Water.

"So much for Colonization and..." Roary, Fire Dragon carries on, "...where the F' are our Reinforcement's?!"

They both crack up laughing breaking the tension of the moment.

"What we need," says Silber, Psionic Warlock pouring himself another one and lighting up the good ole mix of Pure Light Organic Fully Dynamic Grown By The Full Moon West Virginia Native Indian Tobacco And Marijuana, "is Divine Intervention... Oof." He does the left hand up palm forward Native Indian Salute and as the fine scent wafts through the air they can barely not smirk and giggle.

"Or a higher and greater Power And Energy Force..." Roary, Fire Dragon nods definitely in agreement liking his double-on-tongue and takes a deep inhalation of his herbal cigarette next to all the other second hand smoke.

"What are we missing?" Silber, Psionic Warlock shakes a negative, his strong thick bald head frowning like a Laser Jughead, "But than not like one of our Stupid Jughead's in the Mechanized Military for if you do not have at a min of 150 IQ Level in your own Language then you do not meet one of the Prerequisites of the Laser Military, especially after smoking and drinking some of this stuff, which Soldier to General did do so in History Of

Humanity which some even perceive as an error having led to catastrophic losses like in Nam, yet how does one avoid it anywhere..." His heavy wide German bone structure with well-balanced symmetrical features, though somewhat stern and intense, is only offsetted by the angular qualities from his Hybrid Elven Cross-Genetic Breeding and other gene manipulations, thus not just quantities. Dressed, without one of his Cyber Helmet's in informal mode with a fellow Friend and General, always in his Near-Infinite Battle Armor in the Battle Field, for what is not one anymore, not except to bath or shower either for it has a new upgraded Hyper Modern Advanced Shower System which allows water, cleaning and cooling fluids to circulate through it when needed by manual insertion in his Hyper Modern Shower Room next to his Cyber Improv Dildo and Cyber Improv Masturbation Hole, he is often glistening in many shades of white gray silver. His multiple Silver Wing's, Silver Star's, Silver Award's and Silver Achievement's on both shoulders and chest indicating a Near-Immortal Near-Transcended God-Like Hero are second to very few.

He presses a button on his Silver Lounge Remote Control and this round elliptical spherical Conference Room in many shades of gray with silver panels and blue lights begins to slowly and relaxingly turn, horizontally. The left side of the room next to the door has a top-of-the-line Alcohol Beverage Bar, the assortment probably costing more than all the contents of the room even. The right side of the room has an efficient small kitchen and the very popular medium bathroom. Each are very luxurious and designed in black silver blue chrome steel glass silver combinations. Silber, Psionic Warlock never sits with his back to a door and behind him is a 4 window dark gray rounded framed curved wall with a view of the white silver black starry cold of Space.

"And all the times and pastimes and conversations..." Roary, Fire Dragon, answers, "We are missing Silver, High Wizard who usually has a smart and/or condescending comment on someone or something... and is usually late."

"Though not always so wise in his young age..." Silber, Psionic Warlock cocks his glass.

They crack up again at the superiority of all Wizard's.

Whoosh! Whoomp! Silber, High Wizard appears out of thin air, "You called? I heard that."

"Eh, how did you get through my..." Silber, Psionic Warlock almost drops his drink.

"Don't ask Stupid Question's, especially not to Wizard's or Mages!" Silber, High Wizard bows once with his dramatic entrance and helps himself to the mild intoxications of very expensive Higher Quality Elven White Wine with fresh citrus fruits and a very high purity ether content and sits on his own VIP Silver Lounge Chair.

Silber, Psionic Warlock starts but Silber, High Wizard puts his left hand up, "No, don't even go there, the Elves have already sent all they can and they are not impressed with Humanity at this time... expect nothing more than 1 Armada of Elven Space Ship's. And, anyway, this is not the only Space Sector in trouble, also some disagree with you and High Council about such an Offensive, they think you should rather strengthen the Home Front."

"No," says Silber, High Wizard also waving Roary, Fire Dragon's objection away adding to

his sentence, he is also a Telepath of the 2nd Highest Degree, “What you need is Divine Intervention... or a Higher Force...”

They start smirking again.

“What? What is so funny? We are here on serious business, aren’t we?”

“Never mind.” They toast each other in unison.

Roary, Fire Dragon sweeps his right arm, “With what favor and/or grace of the God’s and Goddesses who practice mostly Non-Interference since Humanity must not fail to fight its own Battles and War’s will we Call Upon any single one of them, no disrespect intended.”

Silver, High Wizard dressed in a white gray Silver Monk Robe with his white silver wooden Staff Of Teleportation Planaring And Time Travel does that left eyebrow arc, “Who says they ever practiced Non-Interference, except that Olympus Legend, a Theory may you be reminded is still written by their Humanity themselves which as far as I am concerned is what everyone everywhere has suffered from for millennia, you, a Mortal Human or other Species cannot presume to know the will of your God’s and Goddesses and especially not GOD. They interfered anyway and got punished by Zeus, their Father, but they are already Immortal so cannot die and only got banished for some time like Thor and others. I am not Anti-Greek, quite the opposite considering it is even one of my Specialty’s and they are not the only ones who made this error like the Monotheism’s, but you cannot literally interpret what are primarily moralistic symbological Tales to teach their own, especially the Youth who are mostly anarchistic, in such Timelines.”

This throws them off a little and they sip quietly for a couple seconds.

“Uhhhhhhh... No way...”

“Well, could be... Gggg...”

Silver, High Wizard continues, “They just don’t like to take on Physical Form, that often, due to the usual inconveniences of their multiple Incarnation’s in History Of Humanity...”

Silber, Psionic Warlock and Roary, Fire Dragon blink twice.

“I’m just kidding, chill... their own Physical Form’s are also Near-Invincible and Near-Infinite as their Immortal Soul’s and Spirit’s temporarily occupy some puppet Host Body’s which imbues such with Immortal Power And Energy, too. It’s just that bouncing down the street like a Mutant with augmented legs would light ‘em up like an FM X-Mas Tree... not to mention being attacked by highly ignorant and superstitious Human’s or other Species who think that they are actually Demon’s and/or to test their Immortality which is also stupid since that is like saying you only know how to shoot the Host Body and not really stop the Enemy... like anyone else they simply take on a new Host Body whether through Incarnation or Reincarnation by transference of Soul, Spirit and Mind which are primarily immaterial, insubstantial and almost completely massless, if not completely...” Silver, High Wizard drowns a second one, “Wow, not bad, how are your cigars?”

They almost fall off the sofa now.

He expounds some more, "Well no, it's more like if you could just Call Upon them down and/or up then there would be nothing left of Humanity, in no Time, in any Battle or War, not to mention the per per average Work Load cause they really do have Near-Infinite Power And Energy, most have been here since the beginning of Time, and they could blow our whole Planet away in 1 day flat, if not in 1 hour even... hopefully I, myself, am not being offensive or presumptuous, either, since theoretically they could do any of us in 1 nanosecond, a blink of an eye... Anyway, they are not at your beck and call, get it, otherwise you once again put the Peasant on the Pedestal of Europe." Silber, High Wizard though talking fairly rapidly as most Intellectual's do keeps sipping slowly and smiling a little in his own way with the left corner of his mouth enjoying how there is practically nothing which he cannot figure out, nor anyone who applies Logic And Reason, especially reduction does not fail to potentially solve each and every conceivable problem.

Silber, Psionic Warlock moans, being somewhat pessimistic, though understandably since this would not be the first time some General had to face practically 10 : 1 odds, "We're not meant to colonize the Planet, we are only meant to be invaded..."

Roary, Fire Dragon asks politely, "What if we ask really nicely?"

"No," says Silber, High Wizard, "what I am thinking is we get all our Wizard's, Mages, Priest's and Priestesses to Chant And Call Upon the Deity's for some much needed and wanted strengthening of our hearts and courage, not to mention weaken their resolve."

They think for a couple minutes. It then dawns on them and they exchange nods with each other telepathically.

"Will it work?" Silber, Psionic Warlock asks inquisitively, playing along.

"Well think, as an analogy, of a huge Tiny Particle Heat Wave Front and if we do it ahead of time then we got nothing to lose." Roary, Fire Dragon knicks his head once with his left finger having for one never forgotten the kid inside of him.

"Keep the Faith, my own Strength Of Faith has wavered so many times, well at least I can talk not only from theoretical theological bullshit but from many experiences." states Silber, High Wizard conclusively thinking of so many in History Of Humanity who also do not prepare their research, facts, statistics, premises and arguments well enough.

They toast again, this time to such.

The Battle For A Key Colony Planet

They all teleport in the same 3D Battle Formation as on the 1st Colony Planet on the advancing Space Ship Fleet of Alien Insect Warship's.

Silber, Psionic Warlock hits the whole Armada with the Hammer Of Thor which he was tempted to take: Who could possibly resist such a gift offer, 'Oh, how will they die by 4 million watts and volts of Chain Reaction Lightning Attack's and massive Thunder Boom's And Kaboom's Of Critical Mass Explosion's.'

As estimated about 40% of their Alien Insect Warship's positioned all around the Planet get a very devastating Cascade Effect, some of their Space Ship's exploding, others twirling downwards and a few even so completely overloaded they just stop moving. However, as also predicted, the rest start absorbing the great excess of Residual Energy augmenting their Power's and Energy's by 150%, a small price to pay for reducing their numbers. Now he might have a fighting chance at only about 6 : 1 odds.

The already started Chant And Call Upon the Deity's of the Priest's, Priestesses, Wizard's and Mages propagates a massive Wave Front Of Higher Vibration's.

Unfortunately, the Quantum Mystic's appear, Evil Dark Monk Sorcerer's who were turned, twisted or converted to their side due to so many violatons, transgressions, deaths and destructions conducted upon Buddhist's throughout the Universes. They follow the worst kind of Black Zen Buddhism and Taoism where they only use and abuse their Paranormal Capability's for gaining more and more Negative Shadow Power And Energy to gain Immortality, take revenge upon their Enemy's and rule over others.

Silber, Psionic Warlock's Allied Space Ship Fleet is outnumbered in their huge spaced 3D Rectangle Line Formation which if needed can easily turn itself into the 3D Sphere Formation and other 3D Battle Formation's to adapt to each Space Battle Scenario, 'But what they really do expect is Divine Intervention, the lame fact that Good and Light always succeeds over Evil and Shadow, cause, like, up is down, and down is up, or somethin...'

And then Zeus laughs hard.

Luna is not in sight and Venus is not present.

Mars, however, wants to and will kick the living crap out of the marauding Alien Insect's who are in extreme violation of their Allied Territory's.

For is not their ultimate goal Planet Earth itself? Do they not want to wipe out entire Humanity? Even though somewhat stupid, primitive and aggressive for so long are they not also the Children of the God's, Goddesses and GOD?

Are there not Celestial Alignment's in Deep Space Sector's? Are there not Planetary Alliance in Planes Of Existence?

Are the Spirit's of God's, Goddesses and GOD not throughout the entire Universe?

These not only rhetorical questions go through the minds of many here prepared to die for their Freedom's, Liberation's, Liberalization's, Liberations and the Peace of their own back home who will only be hosted, enslaved and/or eaten by this horrible Enemy who has somehow spread to so many Space Sector's.

Silber, Psionic Warlock wonders the same thing, 'Do you not just have different God's, Goddesses and/or GOD or do they only have different Names? A rose by any other name remains the same... A black rose by any other pain remains the same... Are they not the same Soul, Spirit, Mind Forces and/or Divine Power's and Holy Energy's? And vice versa. And, we for one, do not deny the Top of the Hierarchy, but then both ways, for the argument of GOD and Satan is irrefutable: Otherwise, you still just have no One Big Reality with no Free Will and then there is no development, no Evolution, no conflict, no choice and no difference between Good, Neutral and/or Evil, thus almost quite literally through even coupling theories the entire Reality would just cease to exist having no meaning or significance whatsoever.'

'One thing remains a fact, though, we still have to live somewhere and not be eaten by them so despite all the Duality that remains forever the primary purpose.' He likes himself and his Elven Logic which often disagrees with many other factions.

He shouts to his Laser Troop's again, "Poetry ad Infinitum, Defens ad Absurdum!"

Roary, Fire Dragon appears with all of the blasting going on back and forth with his Red and Black Dragon's who are so much larger than the comprehension of his Human Com System Screen's, some of these Great Dragon's are 6 - 8 km's in wing span alone.

Most of the firing is being absorbed by all their Null EM Shield's And Spheres and the Enemy Shadow Defenses due to the great quantity and quality of Residual Energy now present again, an interesting Space Battle phenomena which allows longer sustained sortey's before recharging. He starts calculating further possibilities and thinks he may be able to get the odds down to 3 : 1 or less through this alone.

Revlis, Vampire Demon summons his Demon's from Lower Planes Of Hell.

Silver, High Wizard brings down the Light of the Heaven's to banish them to the nether pits of the fathomless Hell's of Unknown Existence.

Roary, Fire Dragon also does a Great Dragon Cry to Ra to help in the liberation of this Colony Planet.

Kulamanji, Black High Priest also shouts out to all their Priest's and Priestesses, "Their Evil and Anarchy is not tolerated! Their enslavement, hosting and eating of Human's, their Ally's and many other Creatures is not tolerated! Their devouring of whole Planet's and Space Sector's is not tolerated!"

This whole Space Sector with all the Implosion's and Explosion's starts rifting...

All they keep doing is ripping, raping and rupturing our systems and now we retaliate.

Silber, Psionic Warlock shouts out psionically into the black spaces below to taunt them right back again, 'And what Great Order do we also not lack?! Do you think we will allow you to cause such destruction, devastation, disease, demolition, disasters and death?'

Revlis, Vampire Demon ignores him this time for a personal fight in such a large Space Battle is practically impossible and not recommended for then one cannot lead and give Order's to one's own and summons his Dark Lord of Chaos Death And Destruction.

Silber, Psionic Warlock laughs mockingly and sends another Psychic Message, 'Do you think y.o.u. can defeat meeee who have my God's and Goddesses on my side, not to mention GOD! Do you really believe we will allow your imbalance in the Universe?'

'This is not the time for your Deity's of unending Warfares but merely the beginning of the era of Satan which will take over in 3000 CE...' Revlis, Vampire Demon retorts biting.

Silber, Psionic Warlock's Laser Fighter's take on their Shadow Fighter's and the Mother Ship's who are still badly outnumbered hang back powering up to a potential 1200% augmentation of Power's and Energy's. Not engaging at this point in the Battle they are able to keep up their various defenses to an almost impenetrable 400%. This makes it practically suicidal for even a larger number of Enemy Space Ship's to do higher ratio Group Attack's against them. Scanning such they also hang back in front of the Planet augmenting and not aiming at smaller targets since such are moving so fast back and forth between each other the risk is too large of causing friendly fire.

'What does one single Colony Planet mean in the Evolution of Humanity?' Roary, Fire Dragon recalls upon so many Key Battles.

The Angel's of all the Nth degrees with also very large and bright wing spans of about 1 km fly down through temporarily opening Light Portal's straight at the Demon's.

The actual ripping and rifting of the EM Field's here as Light and Shadow Energy's collide to such an extent the whole Space Sector starts to destabilize.

And then something miraculous happens.

The Null EM Energy Potential of these highly disturbed EM Field's triggers a large Rift next to the Planet. Fortunately, it is only half the size of the Planet so cannot suck it in.

With Silber, Psionic Warlock's dwindling forces in the middle of this Space Sector and only an improbable augmented 3D Arrow Formation Attack left, the Colony Planet now seeming so much further in the distance, with the Star's blinking serenely all around as if nothing of significance is happening, it looks like there is no chance in Hell. Even the potential loss of the War by not taking this Key Colony Planet and not just a Hell Plane or Space Sector is risked if they are forced to retreat for often the support and confidence of your Ally's counts ten times more in their Politic's and Economic's rather than the necessity of the Military...

The Alien Insect Fighter's now come in so hard seeing a turn in the Battle to their favor as 50% of the Laser Infantry die in horrible Negative Energy Ray's. Apparently, they did indeed update and adapt their AI to his Teleport Laser Cannon Infantry Tactic and they all suddenly disengaged the Laser Fighter's who can barely react fast enough and go in hot pursuit. The Null EM Shield's And Spheres of the Laser Infantry are just not enough and they are caught in horrific near-instantaneous deadly Area Blast Diameter Attack's.

All those watching at Inter-Planetary New's Medias drop their popcorn and mouths, go pale in horror and think that he has blundered terribly. Some start booing even and call for him to be fired, demoted and an immediate retreat to prevent further loss of lives.

However, their Laser Weapon's and Armor's being rigged so as not to get in the hands of the Enemy all self-destruct adding to the explosions and destroy about 25% of them. Some seeing them coming even launch themselves at them in kamikaze sacrifices. The others have enough time to get behind the 3D Battle Formation and regroup into one unit.

It is a tactical cold calculated sacrifice to make to reduce the odds for the Laser Fighter's, Laser Cruiser's and Laser Mother Ship's can now take on their Armada in full force. The rest of the Battle Field is fairly evenly matched and maintain 1 : 1 ratios. With the help of such Tactic's and there now fully augmented states they now have only a 1 : 2 ratio disadvantage. However, a 3D Arrow Formation can be very effective if executed correctly for he can potentially blast straight through their whole defensive 3D Line Formation in front of the Planet.

But then completely unexpectedly something gargantuan comes through the large Rift next to the left side of the Planet from the Ally's perspective.

Its size is so immense almost filling up the whole Rift and its pure opaque black Negative Dark Energy is so deep that Space Time itself bends around and through it.

Something so massive, so infinitely complex, so Divine and Evil, comes through the Rift...

The Dark Energy Entity with all of its Shadow Tentacles whips a Negative Line Of Energy with one of its appendages and destroys 15% of Silber, Psionic Warlock's forces. With one sweep of its arm through his whole 3D Line Of Battle his Laser Infantry and Space Ship's explode dramatically along with his last hopeful Battle Tactic; it destroys only about 1% of their own who were warned.

A loud laughter is heard throughout the entire Space Sector, 'HA HA HA HAAAAAA...'

The only thing left of their Battle Victory, except absolute reduction, is Fuzzy Logic.

The Inter-Planetary New's Medias go completely haywire again. Universal Stock Market's even start freaking out and some people start jumping off of buildings.

Roary, Fire Dragon orders a Full Frontal Attack with Poison Fire Disintegration's on their Shadow Fighter's which are actually smaller though not more agile.

Various back and forth circular vertices are followed at Mach, Light and Shadow Speed's with their Great Dragon's, Laser Fighter's and Shadow Fighters, respectively, for another 24 minutes which feels like hours.

The 2000 mm Laser Cannon's punch holes in them and their equally large Negative Dark Shadow Weapon's drain and swallow them whole with Dark Globes, Mini-Rift's and Black Holes. Light Energy and Shadow Energy streaks across the fields like a manic painter.

The devastation and destruction is severely intense. There is only about 35% now left of the original Enemy Forces. The Allied Forces are down to about 25%. Neither side is willing to give up now.

'If one could actually describe the augmented Power's and Energy's of this Battle and what it looks like from here then all of Humanity would be blown so hard the fuck away there would be nothing left of Known Existence. I hope our Space Battle Cameras on multiple Space Ship's are able to Wireless Planar Data Transfer all of the angles... do not give up hope since I see some bad reports and reactions coming in here for it ain't over 'til it's over and don't forget I got the odds down to 3 : 2... out of here. If I don't make it out alive then don't forget to save all my works...' Silber, Psionic Warlock sends out 1 Last Message.

The maneuvering of the Laser Fighter's and Shadow Fighter's becomes so complex that no one knows what Alpha Omega Beta Evasive Tactic's means anymore. Aces start pulling banned and illegal stunts just to compete with each other.

The Shadow Tentacle Entity moving verrrry slowly coming through the Rift and drawing in a huge quantity of Energy from the Battle, which looks like it is preparing for a huge Shadow Energy Attack of some kind, challenges in not echoing bellowing layered Voices, "Do you really, stupid Humanity, think you can defeat even one of us Immortal Being's?"

Everyone suffers the worst nightmare hellish chill fear from its multiple Voices.

Its Shadow Tentacles slash out again and wipe out only another 10% of the remaining Allied Forces who are able to adapt their Null EM Shield's And Spheres on time.

Silver, High Wizard Null EM Teleports straight into the middle of the Enemy Space Ship's striking with his Staff Of Null EM Light Energy straight down and shouts, "Am I NOT Immortal, too! My Spirit will never die. And my Soul will never die. Even if you kill my own hollow puppet Host Body then we will not fail to transcend and not at all descend to your Hell World's. And if you call that a lifetime and/or existence than you can have it."

The Null EM Light Energy Shockwave alone decimates them by another 20% of their remaining numbers. The Shadow Tentacle Entity shudders away from the Light back into the Rift. He, however, has to get out of there pronto and fully Recharge.

Slightly on edge, usually he has steel nerves in even the worst situations, Silber, Psionic Warlock also Null EM Teleports in and starts hitting everything in sight with his 2-Handed Double-Edged Cleaver Sword, its size being 2 cm - 20 meters long for it can shrink and grow from a pocketknife to a huge and deadly weapon. With other augmentations he can

slash holes into the sides of their Shadow Fighter's and target other parts like Engines. With his Paranormal and Psionic Capability's he can cause all kinds of other havoc.

But then, Revlis, Vampire Demon also jumps into the fray and puts himself in the path of Silber, Psionic Warlock, once again, who is aiming straight for one of the Mother Ship's.

Revlis, Vampire Demon screams psychically, 'Comme, Silbertje, let usss Battle, once again! This time you are in my Domain and with my augmented Power's and Energy's I shall rip you asunder into the dark void!'

Time stops, like it is Temporarily Phase-Shifting.

This time Silber, Psionic Warlock desynchronizes his swings and knocks Revlis, Vampire Demon back so hard back that there is a Dark Memory Imprint left in the Zero Point Field.

Revlis, Vampire Demon recovers in no time and slashes at Silber, Psionic Warlock's throat so strong and fast with his Black Titanium Steel 1-Handed Japanese Sword Of Shadow Speed And Sharpness that the only thing saving Silber, Psionic Warlock is his Near-Infinite Battle Armor and his own Japanese Scaled Helmet.

The Reflection and/or Deflection and/or Backfire Effect's are so heavy that some die at 400 km's away. Everyone get as fast as they can out of their path. By rules and honor of Battle common to almost all no one takes a shot at either of them, not that either side would risk hitting their own by proximity.

They exchange like a great Asian Oriental Martial Art's Film many rapid Sword Attack's and Defenses, capitulations, parries, strikes, retorts, Psychic Attack's and Psionic Attack's.

Revlis, Vampire Demon also taunts him in return, 'Once again, you stupid Human lover gay boy, wannabe God, in fact no better than a dog servant puppet for all holier than thou Elves, you just still cannot kill what is already Immortal.'

Silber, Psionic Warlock is not affected by taunting, 'Oh, what do you need to feed on this time, contaminated blood or can you not resist a juicy peace of their meat with such?'

Revlis, Vampire Demon throws multiple Shadow Dagger's full of Lethal Venom at him, 'Ahhh, and what do y.o.u. feed on, are we so different? In fact, all we need is the blood and you are even addicted to the flesh of Animal's, not to mention, like I said, your unending cannibalism of all others opposed to you, or oopsy just in proximity, just like your Galaxy.'

Silber, Psionic Warlock emits a very loud and intense Psionic Scream right back, 'Get the fuck out of our Territory! We will never be your Evil!! All you do is host, enslave and eat them all and then dare call yourselves no worse than us!'

They respectively pull out their Shadow EM Pistol's and Null EM Laser Pistol's and start blasting away at each other again while doing very High Speed Maneuver's.

The combination of nulling, ripping and criss-crossing Laser Beam's and Negative Energy

Ray's causes another Mini-Rift in an already very unstable Area...

The whole Space Sector is destabilizing, plus the Negative Acceleration Effect, which could bring the actual Colony Planet itself in jeopardy.

This time an Angelic Being comes through one of the other Rift's behind the Allied Forces, who's body is a large spherical elliptical ball of Gold White Yellow Silver Light Energy, having apparently been attracted by one of its own Nemeses.

Her radiance of warmth and goodness even brings 2% of the Allied Forces back to life, their broken hollow puppet Host Body's and Space Ship's suddenly jumping back into animation. Silber, Psionic Warlock's Army is now back to about 29% of total!

'For is death but not a slumber of sleep...' He does a cute play on words and repeats a variation on the same Proverb, 'For is death not just change?'

Revlis, Vampire Demon activates his Legion's of Incorporeal Undead who are most certainly not limited to the ground only nor ground speeds.

The hallowed screams of the Incorporeal Ghost's alone, and the injustice done to them, destroys about another 10% of the remaining Allied Forces.

Yet, due to her persistent radiance, her Great And Good Divinity regenerates, rejuvenates and resurrects some again bringing them back to 28.4375% of original forces. This is very accurately scanned by the Space Ship's and put into the AI System's, logs and reports.

For she is all loving, all giving, the Mother Goddess Isis who also perceives the very real threat to Planet Earth and many other Planet's.

The Mother Ship's now launch themselves at each other firing Medium to Long Range Heavy Tipped Rocket's and Missiles and due to very unexpected factors in this Battle he opts to still attempt the 3D Arrow Battle Formation Attack. With great speed and strength in one coordinated Group Attack they curve around to the right and aim at their Left Top Flank which is on the right side of the Planet from the Ally's perspective. Their whole 3D Line Formation has to compensate by grouping up into a 3D Rectangle Formation and not swing the whole line around.

Not only do Null EM Laser Cannon's Boom, Kaboom, Woomp and Woosh but ranging from 2 mm - 2000 mm they blast deadly penetrating holes into every last one of them. The Visual Effect's are near blinding and the Sound Effect Samples are deafening, even lethal.

The other forces hit them from the other side, 'Is there Nothing left of Matter?' Roary, Fire Dragon is having fun, 'Or, is it just all Pure Energy?' Now he is having too much fun.

Silver, High Wizard leading the Wizard's and Mages and Kulamanji, High Black Priest leading the Priest's and Priestesses who combine their Power And Energy decide to activate Great Light Energy lighting up the whole region like a really big FM X-Mas Tree. Such penetrates the entire region at multiple levels and layers and is noticed throughout

many Planes Of Existence for all of these combined Dark and Light Lines and Nodes Of Power and Energy are lit up causing a major Timeline Convergence Event.

Silver, High Wizard challenges this time, 'Come and battle my Null Energy this time!'

Revlis, Vampire Demon denies, 'No thanks!' He Planar Teleports out with his remaining Quantum Mystic's who now see incredulously another lost Planet.

The entire Battle Field glows with intense gold yellow silver white blue radiances.

'All Mortal's die...' A deep God-Like Man Voice is heard by all out of nowhere.

The Angel's drive the Demon's back to their Lower Planes Of Hell.

Their God's and Goddesses stop feeding Power and Energy to the Ally's. For though they may or may not intervene in the doings of Humanity they most certainly can help, assist and even give Great Hope.

'All Mortal's pay for their resurrections... but for the good, strong and brave it is cheaper.'

Silber, Psionic Warlock with a small remaining contingent of Laser Troop's, Laser Cruiser's, Laser Fighter's and only 10% of his Mother Ship's descends upon the Planet.

The Enemy, without their Leader, demoralized and outnumbered now at 2 : 1 flee in their own terror. They, apparently, did not forget from last time that the Allied Forces do not take Prisoner's of vile Alien Insect's.

Another Planet is brought Liberation and Freedom and the fear of failure of all those watching via Inter-Planetary New's Medias double reverses into ecstatic celebrations.

Roary, Fire Dragon shouts to all, "Yeehaa, we cannot be defeated!"

Silver, High Wizard scans the Planet and detects a high population of Shadow and Hell Creatures, hosted Human's and enslaved Mutant's all suffering horribly in Slave City's.

The wounded and resurrected regenerate with Divine Magic of Priest's and Priestesses.

Silber, Psionic Warlock types rapidly into his PAD: 'Where are my Reinforcement's!?'

With 24.4287% of his original numbers, Silber, Psionic Warlock, Chief Commander of the Laser Military, moves in on this now liberated Key Planet in a Higher Plane of Hell.

He gets a reply, 'Though the losses were heavy if you cannot fail in getting a Fortified Fortress Foothold in this Space Sector then you will get Reinforcement's on time.'

Their Victory and his received reply brings Great Hope to them all.

Fortifying The Citadel Fortress On The Colony Planet

The Allied Forces with Silber, Psionic Warlock as their Chief Military Commander of the Laser Military zoom in on the planet.

'And nuthin' like an Extra-Planar Fortified Laser Fortress Base Colony...' He thinks triumphantly though there are still many Battles to come.

It is a sub-tropical Planet with lush jungles and is primarily sand based. The incredible variation and diversity of the Flora and Fauna alone covering all of the rich and ripe sand layers is only surpassed by the large swamps dotting the landscape.

He now wonders if he has any solid ground on the coastline to rapidly construct his impenetrable launching ground.

The only known potentially hostile hindrances are the extremely stupid Alien Insect Worker Drones who are not only enslaved Hybrid's but have no sense of self-preservation whatsoever and it looks like they all have to be exterminated.

Roary, Fire Dragon scratches his scaly head still regenerating from his Heavy Wound's, "So, Silber, oh our mighty, somewhat crazy I might add, glorified Leader, what should we name these new fine 2 Colony Planet's?" He lights a natural flavored cigarette.

"Should we not scan first?" Silber, Psionic Warlock quirps.

"How deep are the scans?" Roary, Fire Dragon smirks.

"How about the surface population?" Silber, Psionic Warlock points out.

"Is the Flora not hostile?" Roary, Fire Dragon pokes fun.

"What about the Fungus, Bacteria, Virus and/or Parasite content? Why does no one ever check for such first..." Silber, Psionic Warlock looks to the southern regions in their 40 - 60° Celsius temperatures and their very poor hygiene, pollution, poverty and plagues.

They now frown with each other and both do the '1 Santé Maria' and '2 Santé Maria' Warding Sign against how long does it take for such Alien Insect Infestation's to mutate and adapt in such hot southern regions, "Well, that is definitely why there are no cures for their STD's, if it takes only 10 minutes to adapt then we cannot even deliver it in time."

"It's more like even if there is an STD Clinic then they cannot walk their in time before it adapts again..." Roary, Fire Dragon is not the only one grossed out completely.

"Well, how about just 'Planet Earth II' and 'Planet Earth III'?" says Silber, Psionic Warlock, not from a Hell Plane himself, "Since we blew that one the fuck away completely, too."

"That is so lame and not creative, just typical... are you just going to name them all like such or do you really think we'll get all those down there..." Roary, Fire Dragon starts

knocking off his whole 6-pack of fruity beers just to accelerate the Regen Process And Procedure which is remarkably helpful for a whole number ailments through such hops, wheat, yeast, mineral water and different types of fruits and spices.

“Well then, wadda ya think of ‘Q’Xarrqasha’ha’?” Silber, Psionic Warlock arches his left eyebrow, “Or, outta all of the History References which one would you pick; if I pick that one then it brings in all of their references. And how can we possibly know anymore of all of the Names if it is not copyright infringement by accident...”

“No, you’re right! ‘Planet Earth II’ and ‘Planet Earth III’ and so on ‘I... II... III... IV... n.’ will do just fine, for now... but then not with the ‘bunny rabbit’ single quotes otherwise it is very poor Object Definition.” Roary, Fire Dragon does the bunny signs through the whole sentence to everyone’s extreme irritation and agitation again and fast types it into the Mother Space Ship’s Computer Database. It gets uploaded via 11092 Gbit Encryption up to Planet Earth I in a Higher Plane Of Existence, “Done!”

A compatible coastline location on the corner of the Continent is found by Silber, Psionic Warlock’s Major Console.

From far behind their orbiting Space Ship Fleet a huge Heaven Portal opens in the now Allied Forces Space Sector of this Higher Plane of Hell with gold silver white Light Energy propagating to embrace their new Colony Planet in loving and protecting ambience and slowly but surely bring life back to it and raise it to a Lower Middle Plane.

Coming through is a massive domed Fortress Citadel surrounded with very powerful and energetic Null EM Spheres which uses Near-Infinite Quantity of Residual Light Energy. The Null EM Propulsion Engines convert Dark Energy to Light Energy; many other various Conversion Method’s are not impossible though in this region it is the best choice.

Escorting it are 250 Battle Group’s of Light to Heavy Laser Fighter’s and Laser Cruiser’s, in total 2500 more Reinforcement’s.

They broadcast in unison led by a near-enlightened Lord Elven Battle Warlock named Lord Mad’erira, Elven Battle Warlock, “Praise to Sir Lord Prince Silber, Psionic Warlock, Chief Commander of the Laser Military and Allied Forces, saviors of Humanity and their Ally’s!”

Silber, Psionic Warlock puts his Psionic Helmet Of Truth Justice And Peace on with a small delay, “Praise to the glorious and magnificent Lord Mad’erira, Elven Battle Warlock, Leader of the Elven Military High Command and your Elven Fleet! It is good to have some more Warlock’s to back us up and we are happy our Reinforcement’s were not too delayed and surprized by the size and strength of your contribution.”

From his silver gray black half circle Command Cockpit of his Null EM Laser Mother Ship Silber, Psionic Warlock opens the large somewhat curved Command Cockpit Screen in the front of the wall. It is protected by a 1-way modulating Higher Encrypted Null EM Shield And Sphere. They look at the majestic view.

The Cameras are not outside of the hull. The Ultra Hi-Resolution is so completely mind-

boggling that no one knows the difference between real and not real anymore.

“O.k., “ says Silber, Psionic Warlock, “you are cleared to land and NOT yet to colonize at the specified 3D Co-ordinates.” He swipes the soft enter button.

“I thank you.” states Lord Mad’erira, Elven Battle Warlock liking his style.

The Null EM Laser Fortress Citadel slowly descends on the coastline of Planet Earth II using its Null EM Propulsion Engines which in this case due to the huge size of this Elite Colony Space Ship are on all sides except the top.

A massive standing Alien Insect Ground Army comes out of the sands and moves rapidly on the position. They all get pummeled into oblivion with Orbital Strikes.

With large Whoomp’s and Whooshes blowing most of the Flora and Fauna in an extra 20 km radius the blip away, the ones below get completely pancaked. Thankful to our God’s and Goddesses and GOD always looking down always, the ground of the coastline holds.

The Planet slowly keeps regaining its Aura of Light.

The Build Bot’s and Labor Worker’s who are 10% Happy Volunteer’s plus 90% Paid Worker’s, of course, construct additional Defense Fortification’s as fast as possible such as Laser Tower’s, Laser Defense Turret’s and Fire Tower’s. When done with primarily Nano-Lathing Construction in about 15 hours flat only for the standard 20 km diameter, Robot’s and Cyborg’s also zooming around, they clear out the rest of the debris.

Silber, Psionic Warlock clears out another Area at about 100 km’s from the Fortress Citadel which has a nasty Spawn Infestation with a Test Element called Null Boom. It not only implodes their entire Area but the Explosive Shockwave Blast Diameter alone sends the rest of the Camper’s running in terror.

Roary, Fire Dragon and even Silver, High Wizard crack up laughing so hard that Silber, Psionic Warlock has to shout for Microwave Signal Silence.

The rest of the Evil Spawn Infestation’s on the Planet are routinely cleaned up by the Patrol’s of Elven Light, Medium and Heavy Laser Fighter’s and Heavy Laser Cruiser’s. Only one is lost since that Stupid Laser Jughead went in too close.

The Faster Brownies are still recovering and cloning on Planet Earth I and not ready yet...

After about another 12 hours the Planet is ready for Colonization. However, night approaches and this makes Silber, Psionic Warlock very nervous so he takes a Chill ‘N Groove Pill, ‘Zo en... now, they say, where I used to live, you mean Zo N, but then with minus signs ripping through each side and angle of the 3D Object.’

“O.k., totally, we Elvenkind also have Night Vision, now I too am really confused, like our Cyborg Soldier’s, so you know what to do at night... Message left. Click.” Silber, Psionic Warlock passes out for 5 minutes. The very Higher Decibel Alarm wakes him; at these

times he, too, uses Cyborg Soldier Stim's and stays awake for even days in a row but the brain using the most Energy of the daily activity still needs to shut off for some time despite his internal electrodes and nano regenerator gene cell replicators.

The night falls. The 2 Moon's, one full and the other half, shine in super suffused silver reflection. A serene peace subdues the whole sub-tropical wilderness for about 1 Hour...

Where they came from no one knows but slowly and surely this gurgling and rumbling accelerates up from the many layers of sand.

Roary, Fire Dragon jerks up from his Guard Post and starts slamming buttons on his curved and edged keyboard, "Oh no, how did our scans not pick up on them!?"

Silber, Psionic Warlock reacts, "Maybe they were cloaked: Not that we could do much about them or risk destroying all of such subterranean ground levels which could trigger an Earthquake, duh, Stupid Question's ain't the world out. I was hoping they were snoozy woozy but apparently they are nocturnal or maybe duh, I know, I was the only one who saw them and deleted from your records... No, you moron, we woke them up..."

Burrowing upwards, a whole huge new Legion of Mutant Hybrid Alien Insect's with many appendages, claws and teeth plus large black Scaled Wing's arise out of the earth and fly upwards and at their Fortified Laser Base.

The Elves refuse to engage and do a Scan for weaknesses.

The Enemy easily dodges the somewhat spent Orbital Strikes which did not have enough time to fully Recharge and they fly up in great numbers from the whole Planet, not in thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, but in millions...

Silber, Psionic Warlock shouts again, "If you do not engage them they will fly over you too!"

Lord Mad'erira, Elven Battle Warlock calmly orders, "Wait..."

"What?!" cries Roary, Fire Dragon. He sends his Red and Black Dragon's into the Left Front relative to the Null EM Laser Fortress Citadel.

The Tower's open Laser and Fire Attack's. The Laser Defense Turret's whirl in most excellent 360° spherical radiusses for these ones do need to aim even straight downwards. In the case of a charge at their walls ladders, grappling hooks or battering rams could easily be placed with no full coverage and poorly made nests in the past could not even aim fully left or right, thus dinosaurs could still win though they do have Low IQ Level's at may not figure it out.

"Whoomp whoomp whoomp! Whoomp whoomp whoomp! Whoosh, krshhhhhhhh, WHOOMP WHOOMP!!" The casualties of the Enemy are extreme who make no headway whatsoever against such vastly superior and far more powerful and energetic Defenses.

"Wait..." Lord Mad'erira, Elven Battle Warlock has the unshakable nerves of the Elves.

The Wizard's, Mages, Priest's and Priestesses with Silver, High Wizard and Kulamanji, High Black Priest group up again to combine their Power's and Energy's.

The Allied Fleet in Orbit hit what they can but it is like aiming at a whole swarm of wasps.

"Wait..." Lord Mad'erira, Elven Battle Warlock hovers his finger above his own soft Red Button Of Activation waiting to also so very smoothly swipe it.

The necessary Delay Effect as the huge Legion of Mutant Hybrid Alien Insect's reach Orbit is for the Elven Fleet to also fully group up as closely as possible in a 3D Square Formation which often provides optimal Defense and Offense.

"Now!" Lord Mad'erira, Elven Battle Warlock softly swipes it with his thin right index finger.

Taking out the Enemy, and not for lunch, the Elven Fleet moves as one coordinated whole completely destroying one whole chunk of attacking Alien Insect's after another. In relatively no time the vastly superior per per attack on the Enemy wipes all of them out for though they may have far greater numbers they have very poor Exo-Skeleton Armor's against such Laser Weapon's and Fire Weapon's; they also do not have any weapons which can get through Null EM Shield's and Spheres such as each and every last bullet, rocket or bomb of the Military and Mechanized Military for they are not Energy Weapon's.

The Major Victory is splendid and Humanity once again owes another Debt Of Gratitude plus Tooney Euro Payment to the Elves.

And then suddenly whole regions Earthquake around the Planet anyway due to various unstable tunnels bored and burrowed everywhere which are now empty; they came out of hibernation and suffered a quick demise.

So much for turning a profit on 25% of the entire Planet's swallowed whole Resources.

The Central Chamber Of The Fortress Citadel In Debate

At what is now Planet Earth III Lord Silver, High Wizard puts his Null Clock on the table next to him which feeds infinitely, except if broken, off of Residual Energy. The 1st Model made back on Planet Earth at about the turn of the 21st Century actually used only water electrolytes and no batteries at all.

He is in a relaxed state of mind after meditating for 2 hours after all the carnage. Soon he will take a walk around the Fortress Citadel in disguise.

In the aftermath of the intense Warfare there is an eery Peace...

After his stroll and Telepathic Scan of Warrior's and Worker's he has a meeting planned with Laser Military High Council of the Elves where Lord Mader'iaara, Elven Battle Warlock, Sir Lord Prince Silber, Psionic Warlock and Sir Lord Roary, Fire Dragon will be present. The Human's, Demi-Human's, Mutant's and Alien's need to Regen and the Cyborg Soldier's need to Repair.

It is the dawn of a new Age. The Battle has been won but not the War...

His stroll proves fruitful and he gains much insight into the moods, motivations, morales and moralities of the survivors who are awed by their Major Victory which considering the odds faced is not at all a Minor Victory only; their loyalties are magnified even more.

Not taking too long to get all the insights of them all, he can now drop his disguise and walk to the Central Chamber at the top of the Fortress Citadel with white silver deep blue and ultraviolet translucent glass accents within arched light gray metal compound frames accentuated by the famous Amber Wood of the Elves which has a large and spacious Gold Half Dome which is even a Tourist Attraction. This is why no one has any clue what they are saying most of the time because that is where the Elves lived, Belgium on Planet Earth, especially after smoking and sipping too much cognac in their Tower's at 22:00 and later as they enter high fluting over-complicated speech patterns in High Elven which no one else on the Planet comprehends. In such cases, the Majority Vote is always 'No!'.

The 12 rows of comfortable reclining chairs with the latest Com Devices are equally positioned in 4 symmetrical quarter circles. The Central Podium is for Laser Military High Council Speaker in this State Of War. Each Representative gets their equal turn, time and 1 Vote when everyone is done in the Debate; no excessive and/or rude interruptions of each Speaker is allowed. This is why the Elves also take so long... However, it at least prevents very many rude interruptions which they just hate.

There are 4 stairs with gem studded steps to the Central Podium which is below the other seated Member's. The chairs are upholstered in blue green degrees from light to dark as are the gems with silver gold hues softly reflecting the bright silver white halogen lights in the ceiling, walls, rows and consoles.

A variety of oxygen giving and decorative Elven Plant's from the Home Planet of the Elves are randomly placed for optimal surround positioning.

8 entrance/exit doors are guarded by an Elven Laser Warrior and an Elven Laser Archer.

The acoustics are sufficient to talk and Debate without a floating Wireless Microphone but it has become custom to use one. The Universal Translator's support every Language in Known Existence which considering all of the Galaxy's is also thousands of Species now.

The Central Computer of the Central Chamber of Laser Military High Council of the Elves which it is called at a State Of War never goes Boom. If threatened by invading hordes of hairy Demi-Human's it takes off and Planar Teleport's away to safety.

Lord Mader'iaara, Elven Battle states the Issues of Debate, "The 1st Issue of Debate is whether we can hold the Colony of Planet Earth II and III. The 2nd Issue of Debate is whether we can advance on the Enemy. The 3rd Issue of Debate is when do Reinforcement's arrive, again. The other Issues have a Lower Priority."

Our 4 Heroes sit each in the middle of the first row of the 1st Left Quarter from the front entrance/exit Door which is 4 meters from the 20 meter diameter Central Podium. There are 5 chairs in each of the first rows, 7 in the second and so forth.

The Central Podium can rotate on its axis both ways, but not vertically.

The Internal Environment is controlled so it is comfortable to the large majority of Species. Otherwise, Enviro Suit's and Mask's are available.

Lord Mader'iaara, Elven Battle Warlock now states Formality's and Introduction's. This varies in length depending on who is present.

He then officially starts the Debate, "We have come here to first debate if we are capable of holding our Laser Base against marauding Evil Demi-Human's, Pirates, Patrol's, Scout's and/or Unknown Factor's; until Reinforcement's arrive our 50% Capacity at this time is not enough to thwart another Armada or Legion of Enemy Forces... that was a close one."

Whispering and shocked reactions go through the Rank's of Laser Military High Council.

Someone stands up with their left hand up palm forward, "But, our Lord, we were under the impression that we had a Major Victory!" She is a thin Elven Woman.

He answers, "Yes, such was technically a Major Victory, considering the strength and numbers of the Enemy, however our Allied Forces need time to recover and without Reinforcement's we are sitting ducks..." He gestures for her to sit.

Lord Silber, Psionic Warlock stands up, also with his left hand up, "Our Lord, what I suggest is we take a small Raiding Party led by me and Lord Silver, High Wizard and Lord Roary, Fire Dragon with no more than 1 Mother Space Ship, 6 Heavy Laser Cruiser's, 12 Light Laser Cruiser's, 18 Heavy Laser Fighter's and 24 Light Laser Fighter's plus 4 Mages and 3 Priest's to conduct a Search And Destroy Mission of our next Target's."

The reactions are once again positive in the Central Chamber.

Lord Mader'iara, Elven Battle Warlock also influenced by Popular Vote is forced to concede, "Your will is granted!" he gestures for him to sit and adds, "After all, if the Reinforcement's are too late again then all is lost anyway."

Lord Roary, Fire Dragon stands up with his left hand up, "By our calculations the approximate Time Of Arrival of Reinforcement's is 72 hours." He sits before told to.

The gathered start to mumble disturbingly amongst themselves again.

A Human Man stands up with his left hand up, "Cannot the Alien Insect's travel many Shadow Year's in such a time?" He waits standing.

Lord Mader'iara, Elven Battle Warlock is now mildly perturbed at Roary, Fire Dragon for such and responds, "Yes, however we expect them to be shaken, not capable of forming a similar Shadow Fleet so quickly and their 2nd Armada is in a much Lower Plane of Hell, thus much farther away..." He gestures for him to sit.

Lord Silver, High Wizard stands up and his left hand goes up, "I do not object to the Raiding Party, however I don't need to be compromised by a bunch of trigger happy Noobies, if I want to disengage or go off down a different path then such is my choice. I may discover something with my heightened Telepathy which the others do not. Also, I will not sacrifice my Wizard's or Mages nor Kulamanji, High Black Priest his Priest's or Priestesses. And it may be necessary to separate and do Insurgent Strikes on some Teleporter Mirror's or Enemy Forces. I am actually more for Individual Mission's rather than a larger Group, this way we reduce losses..."

Lord Silber, Psionic Warlock raises his right hand while remaining seated, "It is still always good to do Recon, Infiltration and Critical Strike Mission's."

Lord Mader'iara, Elven Battle Warlock gestures for silence as everyone starts babbling at the same time. He gestures for Lord Silver, High Wizard to sit.

The Central Alarm of the Central Chamber goes off. The Red Alert Light's start flashing.

An assistant runs up to Lord Mader'iara and whispers frantically in his jerked up straight almost perfectly triangular ears, a Hybrid Alien Elf.

Lord Mader'iara, Elven Battle Warlock raises both hands diagonally forward and down calling End Debate Session, "End Debate! We have a serious problem! The 2 Rift's are unstable and growing towards each other, one of our worst fears, which could not just pull our Space Fleet in but the entire Planet for it would then be twice the size..."

The Central Chamber bursts out in uproar.

Is The Phenomena Not Unreal...

2 Human Scientist's dressed all in white charge into the Central Chamber babbling rapidly demanding to talk to Silver, High Wizard, Silber, Psionic Warlock, Sir Lord Mader'on, High Mage, 5-Star General who is the brother of Lord Mader'iarra, Elven Battle Warlock. They find them talking at the Central Podium urgently about the very real imminent threat of 2 Rift's growing towards each other which also seem to be accelerating.

"We know what to do, we know what will happen!" A bearded 1 Scientist says happily and enthusiastically. His skin is brown and his eyes are red. He has 1 Cyborg Implant Device.

Silver, High Wizard raises his eyebrow, "Oh you do? Pray tell then." This he has heard so many times already he hides a repressed yawn behind his left hand.

The other 1 Scientist nods vigorously, "You see, if you have 2 Rift's approaching each other then this is better than 1 Rift completely unstable growing out of proportion..." He is clean shaven, bald and black. He has multiple Cyborg Implant Devices.

The first one continues, "Yes, if we can just guide the course with even more Implosion's and Explosion's then they will form one much larger stable whole, so to speak, heh heh heh, no pun intended, rather than an unstable one thus it will not swallow the Planet but function as our own large Rift Gate about the size of the Planet itself at a safe distance..."

The second one, his bald twin, picks up the line, "...then the Rift will theoretically trigger another Rift in another part of the Universe and/or another Plane Of Existence! Or it will connect to the already existing Rift Gate Network so we can at Hyper Shadow Speed's access theoretically the entire Universe... however, not all are per se Portal's or Gates."

"For," nods Silver, High Wizard, "where does the hole, rip or tear in Space Time go to and how else does it balance out the Energy's and some indeed are too small or unstable and like Black Holes would destroy all your matters..."

"Yes, yes, yes!" the first 1 Scientist gesticulates widely, "And what we want to do is send a Null EM Quantum Signal Device combined with a powerful EM Field to actually make it open its pair in our Allied Forces Sector of this Universe and/or form a stable connection with as many other Rift's as possible..."

His 'partner in genius' being top in their Specialty's, why they are called 1 Scientist's on their Planet, finishes off, "...this way there will be no Delay Effect of the Reinforcement's! In fact, practically never again and we cannot fail in forming a Near-Infinite Inter-Planar Defense System so they will never take our Territory's again..."

Silber, Psionic Warlock's eyes light up white gray silver around his intense dark blue retinas, "So, we have, like, a Super Gate with Instantaneous Travel."

Sir Lord Mader'on, High Mage frowns, "Uhhh, well at a max of Near-Instantaneous Travel since it is still filled with Shadow Energy and even Light Energy which is pulled in, after all, as the Zero Point Field Theory states there is no such thing as empty Space and also

Nature abhors a vacuum, especially a Power And Energy Vacuum, just kidding on the last part. What will keep it stable enough to transport entire Space Ship Fleet's in one go?"

They both answer positively hyper and excited in unison, "We activate Nodal Modules at 12 Point's to keep the Energy's in balance..."

Silver, High Wizard asks, "Indefinitely?"

They frown a little together at him for such is a Mut Point and a Stupid Question by him who is known for despising all Stupid Question's.

These 2 Scientist's came to their positions because there was recently a certain genetic strain of twins with Genius IQ Level's on their Planet. Being Test Tube Baby's they also matured a lot faster and live to promote the 1984 Collective which they time travelled from to 2014 CE in another Galaxy. They and their Family's despite their relatively short lifespans become Rich and Famous with the equivalent of Noble Prizes.

As to whether it leads to Peace or more unending War, or even accelerated Warfares, is still highly debatable amongst such circles. In any case it provides a connected stable Planar Travel Network and reduces Planar Travel Time between such connected Space Sector's very significantly, like the difference between roads and railroads.

"Well then, do it!" orders Silber, Psionic Warlock.

They both acquise.

With the usage of a Hyper Modern 200 Million Terabyte Quantum Wireless Computer System and the use of Null EM Energy Modules which are projected into Space, they having only one of these systems which are incomprehensibly expensive, if not priceless, each step of the process has to be perfect, without any errors, or they risk losing the whole thing and even bankrupt their Government.

The only thing Silber, Psionic Warlock misses are the Sound Effect Samples. He even dares to suggest sending Sound Devices out there but gets shot down right away. Some think he made a really bad Joke on purpose.

Everything goes according to plan up to the very last step when the Signal and EM Field will be timed with the 2 Rift Conjunction. The second one does not open randomly elsewhere and this is also needed for the Rift Gate Network to synchronize

"Yesss, synchronize all Intel's and desynchronize all iMac's, HA HA HA, WEEEEEE FINALLLLYYYYY WIN!!!!" says Roary, Fire Dragon trying not to explode his head.

A ridiculous quantity and quality of chitter chatter comes through, effectively all at Short Range 100 meter cable distances, resisted by nothing interfered with even less, thus Near-Instantaneous Data Transfer with Near-Infinite Data potentials.

They receive a large quantity of victorious Inter-Planetary Messages from their Ally's from

other Space Sector's and Planar Messages from other Plane Of Existence.

Due to his inspired Joke a whole Debate begins even as to whether Roary, Fire Dragon is bashing very heavily one side or another, or both sides, or complimenting one or another, or both sides, as everyone does not forget all Synchronization Issues to date.

They all realize there is just one large Universe, One Big Reality, with multiple Planes Of Existence which can even all communicate with each other, in these forms and fashions, naturally and/or artificially.

This also triggers many other Debates on Inter-Planetary Internet's.

There whole Planet enters an Age Of Enlightenment.

Unfortunately, we are not alone in the Universe...

In no time, Revlis, Vampire Demon, his Demon Master's and his General's catch wind of this achievement of Humanity.

'Was it through Cross-Planar Interference? Or is Existence just meant to be full of unending Duality, Conflict's, Polarity's, Opposites, Disagreement's, Disputes, Debates, Fight's, Battles, Open Warfares, Warfares and War's...' Lord Silver, High Wizard ponders.

'Death and destruction and all the other D words... if one added them up then can we find another set of words to balance it all out?' Lord Silber, Psionic Warlock conjectures.

'Will there never be Freedom and Peace?' Lord Roary, Fire Dragon inquires.

'Will there never be a safe haven?' Lord Mader'iara, Elven Battle Warlock intones.

'Will there never be a true Utopian Paradise and will our great age of Peace and Prosperity ever come?' Lord Mader'on, High Mage aspires.

Lord Silber, Psionic Warlock's thoughts reach throughout the great expanse of Space and Time, 'Do not echo all your tables with 1000 echo lines on one page...'

'Is it Finite, Near-Infinite or Infinite: Is the only way to find out to die?' Lord Silver, High Wizard also contemplates.

And then the Enemy, out of nowhere, strikes back.

Not only with Alien Insect Fighter's but with an absolutely huge, massive and enormous Shadow Father Ship about 10 times the size of their largest Shadow Mother Ship which comes through their newly activated Rift Gate...

If you can build a Space Ship the size at a min of the Moon of Planet Earth and at a max of Planet Earth then it is called a Father Ship, but not per se in the shape of the Death Star.

The Allied Forces are struck into silence and cannot explain how fast and soon such could come through, where it came from or how it can be defeated, if at all. They calculated they would have more than enough time to mobilize their forces, fringe freak warnings were heard and shot down as absurd, for they pushed back the Enemy's forces with their recent Victory on Planet Earth III.

Inter-Planetary New's Medias go ballistic, once again, accusing them all of causing the downfall of entire Humanity for if it destroys this Unique Planar Device which they have no time to replicate yet then they will very likely lose the entire War.

Others argue another overreaction and exaggeration by their medias and all you have to do is turn it and/or the 12 Nodal Modules off and/or remove it temporarily by Teleportation. This way the Enemy has no time to aim at the thing after they get through; turning it off while it is going through would cause such a huge Implosion and Explosion that it would destroy the Father Ship, the Rift Gate and even Shockwave Blast their Planet.

It is black red with many dark grays, sharp angled monstrosities on its hull, and is bristling with rough jagged edges, Gun's, Turret's and Cannon's of all types and sizes. It looks like an insane combination of 3D cubes, rectangles and squares put together in some mad incomprehensible higher logic of god ugliness. Just looking at it causes 25% of the population of Planet Earth I, II and III to go all pale face and run in fear and terror due to the previous residual graphical imagery imprintings done by the Enemy.

Chaos breaks out in the Human, Demi-Human, Mutant and Alien Population's. The Elves themselves even have difficulty keeping cool and start shouting at each other.

The standard stereotypes about the larger the slower in Space Travel just do not apply to this Evil Artifice which does not fail in travelling at Hyper Shadow Speed's too.

And such are times, at the brink of despair, when only Divine Providence can step in again to save Humanity as it has done countless times before.

In Space Time itself, in front of Planet Earth III, 3 Light Good God's and Goddesses appear: Aries, Mercury and Luna in gigantic semi-ethereal bright Titan Form's.

First Aries roars, "Begone, oh Minion's of Hell, for there are none who can defeat my Sword And Shield, not in this one, nor the next, not ever!"

Then Luna shouts out, "Stop your advance, oh Hell Spawn, who do not know your place nor Balance in the Universe or a thousand Curses will be invoked on your heads!"

Then Mercury yells, "And know my Light, Magic, Knowledge, Spell's, Wisdom and Truth will banish thee to the Nether Pit's of the Hell's whence thee came from!"

To everyone's chagrine, 3 Dark Evil God's and Goddesses also materialize: Kali, Loki and Eater Of Soul's in immense shimmering dark Titan Form's.

Kali cries out, "I will bring pain, disease and destruction onto Humanity who wallow in their

own misery and do not get up and work and fight!”

Loki screams, “You are all caught up in lies and deceptions and will never find your way, I will bring doom upon you all, if not unending Chaos!”

The Eater Of Soul’s known by many Names shakes and quakes the entire Planet, “See my Dark Disciples who I will feed the dead and broken remains to of all who I consume, see how I rip the very Soul’s from all you Mortal’s!”

Regardless of the 3D Holographic Projection’s to simulate God’s and Goddesses who never appear for Humanity, who ‘never interfere’, just another Lie And Impersonation, a mystical hallucination, what still remains real is the Light Father Ship of the benevolent Species in glorious white silver yellow, all perfectly symmetrically formed and incredibly beautiful in all of its bright shining lights, who also appears through the very same Rift straight up its butsky...

Though many will never know the difference between a 3D Holographic Projection and the real phenomenon who can prove otherwise?

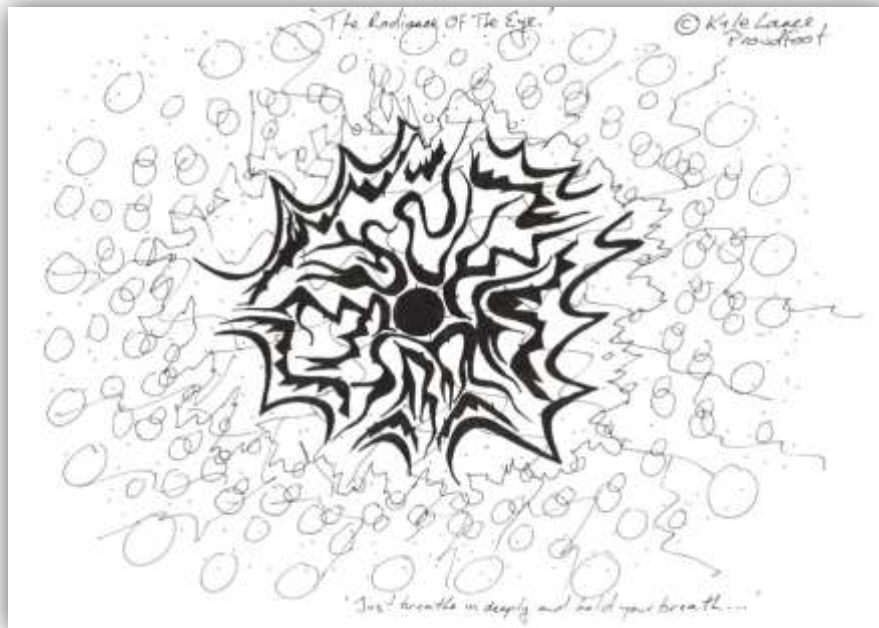
Maybe even, the Inter-Planetary New’s Medias who are feeding the Battle to others use it as a Cover Story when God’s and Goddesses actually did appear and there really is GOD always above always looking down...

The Shadow Father Ship cannot turn nor gate in time and receives the full payload in its weaker Back Null EM Shadow Shield’s and Spheres and Propulsion Engines. Due to the size of one of these Space Ship’s it has to use multiple multilayered shieldings.

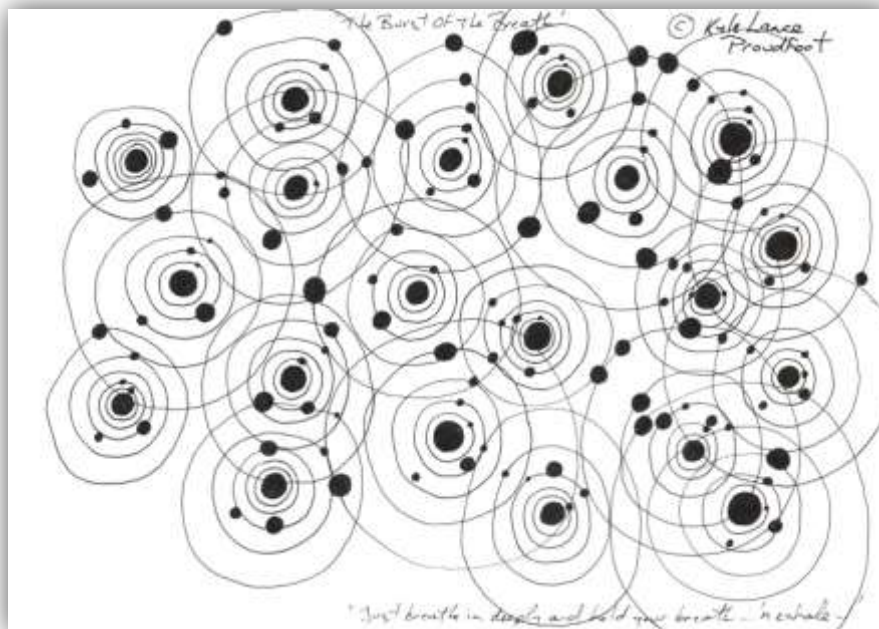
The Null EM Shadow Propulsion Engines implode in on themselves and with a Critical Strike they are disabled, though not angling and slowly drifting, and are given the Surrender Of Die ultimatum or been blow out of the waters straight off the map. They quickly comply still having some sense of self-preservation despite their Evil Leader’s.

The 3D Holographic Projection’s fizzle out on both sides.

The impending doom of all the peoples in horror flips completely around, once again, and is 10 x to the power of the Nth derivative magnified into the greatest cheers, celebration and hope which Humanity and their Ally’s have ever seen.



The Radiance Of The Eye - Just Breathe In Deeply... - 2D Graphic Design
© Kyle Lance Proudfoot



The Burst Of The Breath - Just Breathe In Deeply... II - 2D Graphic Design
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The Head Ambassador Of The Alien Species Department Of Alron

Silver, High Wizard and Silber, Psionic Warlock and Mader'on, High Mage are sitting in the first row of the Central Chamber in awestruck silence.

Silver, High Wizard is mildly bothered by something, however..., "Silber, was your idea to create 3 fake 3D Holographic Projection's, nice res on those Illusion's by the way, to scare the Enemy in a hopeless situation spontaneous or do you actually have such in the Standard Responses Processes And Procedures of the Laser Military... After all, you know we can always still teleport away in time, even with 95% - 100% of all our Ship's, though that obviously abandons those Planet's..."

Silber, Psionic Warlock's mouth moves in Slo Mo Effect, his eyes widening as his head turns towards Silver, High Wizard, "I only projected the one of Aries for I thought such would be frightening even to their Undead giving us time to escape... I have no clue who did the other two... didn't you pick up on the Tactic? Did none of you do such..."

Silver, High Wizard silently shakes his head, the wrinkles in his forehead bunching up. At his now younger Adult Age he does not have as many as some...

The Head Ambassador of the Alien Species Department of Alron walks in tall slender form surrounded with an entourage of 6 Alron Guard's with very finely crafted Staff's Of Bouncing Barrier Defense made of a foreign highly Advanced Plastic Metal Compound Material. They are also strapped with knee length nicely curved Laser Pistol's in neon blue ultraviolet pink lines and hues, a very attractive complement to the shiny silver chrome. Such also appear more advanced than those of the Human's. 3 of them are Man and 3 are Woman. The seventh is the 7th Leader Of The Celestial Spheres.

He is dressed in a long slender White Robe Of Authority Command And Presence with no cowl his chest decorated with a blue Full Moon in the center surrounded by a bright yellow orange radiating Sun. Interestingly enough it is not glowing and he has Hyper Modern Heavy Laser Military EM Field Boot's on which is noticeable from the lack of sound they make on the hard red brown wood of the floor.

He raises his right hand, palm forward in salute and announces, "I am Lord Commander Sipolarian II, High Psionic Psychic of the psionic and psychically gifted Alien Species Alron who now Control 35% of all of the Territory of the Multiverses. We have long fought for countless Ages the Dark Ones, the feared Leader's of the Alien Insect's, their Demon's, Great Demon's and Evil God's and Goddesses, the Enemy forever. We are happy to find we are not the only ones who have discovered this part of Science And Technology Development; we can now commence Communication And Trade procedures with Humanity. We would like you to join our Celestial Forces, lend assistance and educate, develop and advance your Humanity, if not exchange Science, Technology, Knowledge and even Magic with your Human Species, though we are probably far more advanced in about everything... no offense intended but we have been around a lot longer."

He is lightly tanned with somewhat angular deep dark blue eyes, mildly arched eyebrows with shoulder length black lustrous hair and a softly chiselled face.

In fact the resemblance to Human is remarkable though the eyes are definitely very different with white speckled dots, a white ring and smaller.

Silver, High Wizard, Silber, Psionic Warlock and Mader'on, High Mage can still barely speak never having been in awe of such a colossal and monolithic Father Space Ship. Looking at it through their Vid Screen's on the natural middle product smokes and bubbliess is quite an experience.

Silver, High Wizard utters softly and hoarsely, "W-wow, thanks for the rescue, we are in your near unending gratitude and debt."

Lord Commander Sipolarian II, High Psionic Psychic waves aside the remark with a touch of a smile and a penetrating gaze, "Oh, don't worry, we wanted to get back at the buggers for their last Surprise! Ambush of our Cargo Space Ship's..."

Silber, Psionic Warlock nods, "Indeed, that is very irritating... it is a relief to know we are not all alone out here, our Reinforcement's have not yet arrived and we have just gotten some our own Cargo Space Ship's to circle this Colony Planet which we colonized as we have defined it now, by the way niice Father Ship, how does anything so big move so fast and the design is just soooo gorgeous..."

Mader'on, High Mage bows always wary of Alien Foreigner's as xenophobic Elves are though not all Eves are paranoid of other Species and Races.

Sipolarian II, High Psionic Psychic quickly introduces his Alron Guard Escort who bow before them, "Nice place you have here also built by Elves I see and you need not worry for we have observed your Species, both of yours, for a long time now. Elven High Command are also fully aware of our existence and we are benevolent Ally's, however Human's, Demi-Human's, Mutant's and Alien's who originate in a far distant part of the Multiverse, or even Galaxy on less developed Planet's, are oblivious to us just like Planet Earth was for a long time. Know though as you like to say and we like your expression, 'An Enemy of the Enemy is always a Friend of ours!'"

In the next breath he telepathically comments on Silber, Psionic Warlock's attire with a quick wink, 'By the way, I like your Quasi Cyborg Soldier Renaissance Age Full Plated Near-Infinite Armor... Did I get the Object Name correct?'

Silber, Psionic Warlock quietly beams proudly but shakes his head, "Thank you, though, that was like my 1st Compliment in 2 weeks, but no, it is actually Null EM Cyborg Soldier Near-Infinite Battle Armor of the Hyper Modern Age though definitely the design is such."

They both chuckle and chat over a common Topic Of Interest and carry on for some time.

Silver, High Wizard purposely does not interrupt their exchange and Lord Mader'on, High Mage does not even breathe, stolid and wary. After 10 minutes they lose their patience.

"How is it your entire Species is Psionic?" interjects Silver, High Wizard, "We have only

managed to take advantage of Mutant's for centuries and genetically engineer those with their Latent Capability's. The percentage born with Magic and/or Psychic and/or Psionic Gift's is insignificant. Also, the carried percentage of those who survive trying to control the Power's and Energy's and Mental pressures results in such an overall tiny representation in the populace that we are presently fighting for our Survival. We are also not terribly trusted by many and feared by some due to the potential imbalance which we represent: Some see us as too powerful and energetic and they misinterpret all the time; there are not only the Dark Art's but there are the Light Art's and all the shades of Gray Art's in between but many get tempted by too much Power, Energy, Wealth and Immortality."

Sipolarian II, High Psionic Psychic nods agreement and responds, "Yes, we know, and all the different colors, however if you had studied the Human Brain more thoroughly rather than conducting harsh, flawed and primitive Experiment's for so long then you would have seen the parts and Human Brain Sector's which allow for the Reception and Transmission of Brain Waves, not to mention other innate latent Paranormal Capability's, are not fully developed. In other words, your entire Humanity would need a leap in Evolution which is actually over millennia quite little: Since you are not used to it, in any way, you would all go Insane and cause Armageddon's and indeed fortunately such is on a far smaller scale than the Inflated Egos of your predecessors thought it would be... nice Poetry though..."

Lord Mader'on, High Mage has to agree to such now and then nodding and doing his best not to be too rude, condescending and/or borderline insulting towards other Species even though by definition and fact Elves are a more advanced Species but he is perturbed that Alron's claim to be superior, "Hm-mmm, I, myself, as the Chief Commander of the Elven Null EM Laser Military of this entire branch, I might add, have only heard Story's and Legend's of a possible Ancestor Species who granted us our Paranormal Capability's but I see amusingly enough that you have very Human ears, so I cannot accept such a Child-Like Theory. However, we too have denounced on a number of occasions the brutal, primitive and violent behavior of Humanity and other Species in the past, present and future except of course for Hyper Advanced Individual's who Debate, Battle and War for the Freedom and Peace of Humanity, like my colleagues here." He indicates these 2 Heroes with a wave of his hand, "That, I, myself as a Top Ranking Member would be kept out of the loop of such a claim that Alron's are the Origin Species is indeed not external to Elven Politic's, I, however, consider it highly unlikely, the only thing like most of us have heard of is your egoistical arrogant claim of such since you have not found absolute proof and evidence of such, only scattered Alien Relic's across Galaxy's, that is worse than connecting thousands of random dots, looking for a needle in a hay stack, all of the circumvential evidence in the Universe and then saying it has a meaningful line and order to it." He finishes with a jerk of his also pointy chin upwards. Even though they are Ally's through both having benevolent natures they also strongly disagree with each other on a large quantity and quality of Issues. This often weakens their Alliance.

Sipolarian II, High Psionic Psychic is not phased, "Well fine, if you are not willing to accept all of such then maybe you cannot accept our position in our Alliance. The superiority of the Alron Species and we are certainly not perfect, is highly exaggerated by some even, but it is still does not change the fact that we have 35% of the Universe, you stubborn Elves only have 7%, Human's and their Ally's only 5% and all the rest in between reaching barely 47%, about 1.9% being Neutral, thus how are we supposed to defeat the Enemy?"

Mostly our Enemy's and Opposition cry out everyone is going to be 'integrated' by us which is absurd. As you see they do such and in the worst possible form and fashion!"

Everyone smirks a little this time at that one.

"Tja, try just getting 'reintegrated'." Silber, Psionic Warlock does not lose a beat, "And what do you ask in return for the superiority of your Father Ship guarding the Rift Gate?"

"We would like no more" Sipolarian II, High Psionic Psychic smiles widely, "then to integrate with *your* populations especially to start with as an Integration Test these 2 Colony Planet's that way we can get a better hands-on Personal Experience with your Cultures rather than just Alien Spy's over the millennia..."

They all laugh this time and cannot resist his charming proposal...

"And your reasons..." asks Silver, High Wizard who can finally breath well again.

"We have found out through Observation And Experience not to mention near unending Analysis and Reduction that we have somewhat of an aging Elitist Isolationist Policy with a natural and real sense of superiority. We want to actually, unlike what the Opposition says, since we are feeding them Dis-Information extend our survival and growth into the far Future through a more Open Arm's Policy by integrating *ourselves* into each of *your* Civilization's... After all, many fears and lies about lower damaged Defect Genes have now been abolished by our Scientist's: Without the necessary bio-diversity we will *not* be able to survive through what you understand as too much similarity between genes such as with many dement and delusional Nobility through too much incest. That up to the 21st Century 42 States Of America and many other Country's on Planet Earth did not abolish incest due to such outdate Amendment's which would have resulted in excessive due punishments the degradation of the Human Species Gene Pool continued for decades..."

No one here objects to such for one of the primary factors of the Elite Colony Space Ship which is now almost a misnomer is the inclusion of other classes thus not only the best of the best, the creamiest of the cream, the purest of the pure, but also the weaknesses crucial for bio-diversity.

"We have to affirm this and ask permission from High Council and High Command." states Silber, Psionic Warlock, "Though we definitely know what you mean, the strong genes dominate and/or the weak genes dominate... in either case both are needed for Evolution."

"Then one more question," Silber, High Wizard's expression is focussed, "how is it the Rift Gate does not only have a pair but rather there is an entire Rift Network?"

Sipolarian II, High Psionic Psychic responds, "If you are open-minded then we can teach you many things. Think of it as Holes, Tear's and/or Rip's in Space not just Black Holes or Mini-Black Holes. Where do these Holes go to? You cannot just have a single Hole all alone going nowhere. So we developed Rift Gate Technology. The Dark Ones, unluckily, with their vile Alien Insect's who desire nothing else than Total Dominance also came through..." he swallows like remembering a blood chilling Lucid Nightmare, "It was many

hundreds of thousands of years ago and we too have a Religion which believes in Heaven, Middle and/or Hell Planes. After all, your Planet Earth is a perfect example of such existing in these Planes for some are on Cloud 9 and others have no Social Medias of any kind. And, of course, some live in horrific hellish pains for years and decades and others live in the greatest of bliss, not that such is only per se Wealth bound... We did not actually think, though, it was Real like anyone else back then. So our Genius Mad Scientist's blithely opened Pandora's Box. It was even cheered and awarded. The next night we were at War, a Space War our Ancestor's, thus who think are the Origin Species, had no clue would last to this day, many millennia later... We, in fact, now feel responsible but not to blame since we see now it was inevitable. It has now been rationalized, pumped and proven through our own Science, Technology, Religion's, Philosophy's and Inter-Planar Medias with overwhelming proof and evidences, including Telepathic 3D Holographic Projection and Telepathic 3D Wireless Robot And Cyborg Control, definitely not bad there Silber, Psionic Warlock, that it is a natural part of Evolution, is in fact a Natural Phenomena and does exist, or, of course in their cases does not exist since they have not developed there innate latent Paranormal Capability's; in fact it is so atrocious causing more miscomprehensions, accusations, persecutions, superstitions, ignorances and suffering that many do not even do any genuine Research And Development and Laboratory Experiment's into such... Unfortunately, the Alien Insect's have grown a *lot* recently, GOD only knows why, to 51.1% of the entire Multiverse! The others are about 2% Neutral. However, it probably is due to a Law Of The Universe called unending Duality and Balance which you know in part under Schrödinger's Law. We perceive your new 3 Colony Planet's and your own development of a stable Gate Rift Network as a significant breakthrough. With these heavily defended 3 Planet's we can push like Mercury's Messenger of the God's into the Territory's of the Enemy, hold off their onslaughts and push back their numbers.

"Were you the ones who projected the other 2 God's and/or Goddesses i.e. Luna and Mercury..." a layer of trepidation quivers in Silber, Psionic Warlock's Voice.

"Eh? No! It was not us! Although possible and not a Bad Tactic we do not fear a 1-on-1 Battle with their inferior Father Ship's which are somewhat of an outdate... we have developed our own Father Ship's to probably about a decade or two beyond theirs... but until now we could not intervene in your development of such Humanity due to the catastrophic effects it would have had on your Politic's, Religion's, Economic's and Military's and the rest of all your sectors."

And silence resounds throughout the spaces...

The Top Secret Telepathic Bwainstorming Session

Back in Silber, Psionic Warlock's Silver Lounge Conference Room, Silver, High Wizard and Roary, Fire Dragon are sipping quietly still recovering from having their minds blown away and the 1 nanometer away from defeat which they saw flash before their eyes. No one practically has to say anything since they are having a Telepathic Top Secret Brainstorming Session. R 'n B Rap Chill Groove plays in the background.

Roary, Fire Dragon raises his eyebrow, 'So, what do you think of that pompous asshole?'

'Yes,' projects Silver, High Wizard, 'it's highly unbelievable, I scanned him silently while he was bulshitting us... he's not really lying, he just has a lot of concealed layers which he has also trained to block off from Passive Scan's.'

'I wouldn't trust him as far as I can telepathically Null EM Near-Insta Teleport his ass.' psyches Silber, Psionic Warlock.

'It's agreed then.' Roary, Fire Dragon moves his head to the music.

Silber, Psionic Warlock does the left arm and left fist up and down movement.

Silver, High Wizard twirls his cocktail stick in synchronization with the rhythm and lights another herbal cigarette.

'O.k., now, ' psis Silber, Psionic Warlock, 'I have a wealy bwain dead idea to accelerate Timelines Of Event's...'

'Let's hear it...' responds Roary, Fire Dragon.

Silver, High Wizard smirks already reading his mind.

Silber, Psionic Warlock continues, 'Welll, how 'bout we build this really large Gate which a whole Planet can fit in... we just get a whole shitload of Space Ship's to pull the thing with metal ropes... you know like their plan to stick cable routers again between Planet Earth and Mars so, weeee, schwing schwing, around it goes...'

The pressure is starting to build up in Roary, Fire Dragon's head, 'What was better again, a whole bunch of wireless routers to give Near-Insta Information Transfer or just one really big Wireless Router Gate...'

Silber, Psionic Warlock adds, 'The entire Planet then ports to here with a huge population and we tow the Planet automatically into a Stable Orbit around some dim Sun helo...'

Silver, High Wizard is trying not to float off his chair, 'Uhhh, how do you prevent the entire indigenous population of Flora and Fauna just not near-instantaneously dying from the Cosmic Wind alone?' Somewhere, Elves are laughing out Humanity in the background.

Roary, Fire Dragon is turning different shades of purple trying not to crack up now straining

and holding his breath as long as he can.

'That's actually not a problem, we just coad it into a near identical position relative to the Sun... and Null EM Shield And Sphere the whole thing so the Cosmic Wind's do not actually blow all...' Silber, Psionic Warlock knocks his drink down and grabs another one.

Roary, Fire Dragon goes Pffffff... smoke already literally coming out of his ears.

Silver, High Wizard retorts, 'Wait, no, I have a better idea, if we build a whole Circle Of Port Ring's around the whole Planet then we can port the whole Space Ship Fleet in one synchronized go! Or use it as a Port Weapon or Defense Shield Array... yah, that's it!!' His Mind Voice actually goes up a whole harmonic resonance octave.

Roary, Fire Dragon is now holding his gut, leans over, with smoke now coming out of his whole head in a Smoke Osmosis Visual Effect.

Silber, Psionic Warlock can barely contain himself, 'Tja, i-if we activate them all at the same time then we could even use it as a wireless Source Of Energy or Nano-Lathing Beaming or fire one shot to obliterate the entire Enemy.

Silver, High Wizard adds, 'We could then call it 'Lake Jumping...''

'To go where only their eyebrows are different again...' Silber, Psionic Warlock starts straining and holding his breath too.

Roary, Fire Dragon now explodes into a Fire Being. Silver, High Wizard and Silber, Psionic Warlock Null EM Shield And Sphere themselves plus the Object's in the room so that if a Fire Explosion Area Effect is triggered then it only burns up the empty spaces in between.

As they recover a little and pour more drinks, Roary, Fire Dragon comes up with another one, 'After reappearing 'from another dimension from another dimension' how 'bout we port the Gate itself? Isn't that how it was the Origin's spread it throughout the one solitary Universe? Really! But then, oopsy, one Gate obviously does not fit through another Gate of the same size. So how long did it bloody well take for them to spread them anyway...'

Silver, High Wizard reflects, 'I guess that's why we call them Teleporter Mirror's.'

'Well actually,' affirms Silber, Psionic Warlock, 'we don't even use Gates for we're the blue semi-translucent enlightened loving caring Alien Being's who can go anywhere and everywhere, but oh my god, whatever you dooo, OH MY GOD, DO NOT interfere and/or disobey them, you naughty boys and girls, or you will be punished...'

They are getting nice and toasty and tipsy now.

Roary, Fire Dragon can barely breathe, 'Where and how do ya think all dat sheeet up, dat was like the Space Ship Hull Breach again which sucks all the air out into Space and just hold on tight, then run, run, run and quickly close the Space Door somehow...'

Silber, Psionic Warlock recapitulates, 'Even more f'in hilarious is all those Human Petty Tyrant's with Inflated Egos who don't even know their Whole Planet is microscopic, if not nanoscopic, in the Whole Reality itself, if not just This Universe.' He adds some bunny finger signs for the accentuations, 'Go to the top of The Universe again, look down, see, all gone, no mo problemo... so Planet Earth is microscopic and we are nanoscopic... and one more idiot who wants to stick 'The' and 'This' in front of each and every 2D or 3D Object deserves to be shot in the head...'

This causes a pauze and Silver, High Wizard has to start holding his breath and straining seeing the point, 'Thus in an Infinite Timeline, or even Near-Infinite Timelines, with only microscopic and nanoscopic dots on each of these things then was there any significance of any kind to all of such lives and deaths... though are the Ideas not far greater and larger than the mere Physical Body's... they have to be otherwise we really are a petri dish of some Great Mad Architect who likes to annihilate us all on a regular basis...'

'Yes and these Spirit's taste good too... so go fuck yourselves... O.k., on to the business, I go what's the plan?' asks Silber, Psionic rhetorically, 'We send in a small Group of Heroes into the deep dark tunnels of Planet Garguggliarzulvusie so as to save the whole Reality again, now it really is a Unique Object cause it sucks so hard at D- to F- that no one wants to touch the thing, not being just great B- Stupid Violent Black SciFi Humor.'

Roary, Fire Dragon at his 20th fake cigarette, 'Is that their Name?? Well, it is original, as to whether there is anything unique in entire Infinity is still highly debatable.'

'Wait!' thinks Silver, High Wizard with his right finger up, 'That's actually not such a bad idea, we'll send a small Group of Heroes down to Hell with King Kalior, the new cloned Leader of the Faster Brownies, let's hope he hasn't changed too much with horrible bloodlust cravings, at least if he *is* done cloning n.o.w., how long did the 1st Generation of Clones take because a Kid-Like Stick Figure being punished with flames all around him who has to save everyone again while proclaiming his unending Innocence has got to just blow on the 2D Plane, 'No, saaaaaavvve meee, they did it, I'm sry, I prrrrommise, it was not meee, freeee me, I will beee a good boy, reeeally...'

'Maybe he'll just jerk off faster than Revlis...' Silber, Psionic Warlock is enjoying himself.

They finally crack up laughing since no one can hold their breath and strain any longer.

Silver, High Wizard brings order, "O.k., have we come to any conclusion in our Telepathic Bwainstorming Session here or do they still just talk about it?"

"Yes, most definitely..." affirms Silber, Psionic Warlock.

"Yes, just attack." concludes Roary, Fire Dragon

A photo is lying on the table...



The Top Secret Telepathic Brainstorming Session - 2D/3D Model Design
© Kyle Lance Proudfoot

The Unexpected End Of The Beginning Of The Conquest Of Hell

Silber, Psionic Warlock is once again snoozing in his highly Secure Private Bedroom lying on his back and softly snoring.

Without warning this particularly nasty looking Alien Insect with 2 forearms and 4 back legs plus 1 razor sharp fore jaw made of pure black jagged Exo-Skeleton Crustacean Bug's and Metal's jumps straight up out of nowhere on the left side of his bed.

In pure reflex Silber, Psionic Warlock telekinetically grabs his High-Power Double Loaded Laser EM Shotgun and blows the Hell Creature to kingdom come. Black ichor sprays everywhere. It is always leaning against the wall next to his bed and he always wears his full Battle Costume in the Battle Field.

In the next breath one comes straight at him at a 60° angle downwards. Flipping it to his right hand while not even moving he vaporizes another one. 2 shots to go...

Screaming at a very high octave the 3rd Alien Insect Assassin also somehow penetrated all of the Null EM Shield's And Spheres of his Chief Commander's Apartment and appears hovering at the foot of his Polyformed Silver Metal And Plastic Compound Bed which is white gray blue and curved in an elliptical shape.

Grabbing for High Power Action his Laser EM Shotgun with 2 hands he chugs another Enemy into another Plane Of Existence.

Barely daring to breathe with his head at the wall wondering how they broke through his Laser Apartment Defenses he simply waits patiently, his heart level and adrenaline only mildly raised due to many years of Battle Experience, all trigger happy and lucid.

He then hears a soft whisper all around him in the Sub-Space Waves with a soft sissing...

"A little Vampire Visit for youuu Silberrr..." whispers Revlis, Vampire Demon Rock God.

Silber, Psionic Warlock near-instantly reacts, "Null EM Shield's! Null EM Spheres! Near-Infinite Armor! My Sword Of Lightning And Electricity!" He does this while lunging and twirling forward out of his bed, lands on his feet, turns and crouches. The whole Area is covered with goo, slime, innards and pieces of Exo-Skeleton Alien Insect Body's, 'So much for the decor...' He thinks to himself bitterly.

Revlis, Vampire Demon appears hovering above the bed with his left hand up palm forward, his chin raised and some kind of Black Essence dripping from his fangs. His pure gray eyes have a Soft Fuzzy Particle Glow evilly complementing his pale angular features. His Near-Infinite Cloak Of Shadow And Etherealness flutters slowly and fuzzy like it is not real..., "Don't even bother with your Pep Gun, everything goes straight through me..."

"What the Hell do you want Revlis!? How the Hell did you get in?!" Silber, Psionic Warlock roars like a lion though he is actually a Silberian Tiger or Great Gray Wolf in his Polymorph Form's; he can change into a couple more Creatures but prefers these two.

“Don’t bother with your Alarm System, either, it’s deactivated, Stupid Human Technology like all your Stupid Devices, it’s like I do not need nor want a single one of them cause we are already 10 x advanced. But, in case you’re wondering, I want to have a little talk with you... thus, a Vampire Visit, and it’s not a FUCKING REQUEST!!” He shouts back just as loud as a Nocturnal Black Shadow Jaguar.

“And your Minion’s...” Silber, Psionic Warlock moves his eyes only, poised, ready to attack half-naked feeling like it’s the good ole Celtic days.

“They were disobedient.” Revlis, Vampire Demon smiles unpleasantly.

“Oh.” Silber, Psionic Warlock does not misunderstand, “I am starting to hate when you do that, what is it with you, anyway, are you all upset again you lost those Planet’s...”

“So, what makes you think, you stupid Hybrid wannabe, still 50% Human piece of filth, that you can just waltz right on into our Planes Of Hell without being ANNIHILATED!?” Revlis, Vampire Demon shouts the last part again loudly in controlled rage.

“What makes you presume your Shadow Power’s and Energy’s are just as Immortal and indestructible as those of Light?” Silber, Psionic Warlock raises his chin a little with his unending refusal to give up, surrender or go quietly into the night.

“Has our Dark God not been here since even before the beginning of your pathetic conception of Time? Was there not Shadow in the beginning?” Revlis, Vampire Demon floats in one position, his black clawed hands ready, one black silver Dagger Of Venom And Life Draining in his left hand aimed downwards diagonally at him.

“Ya sure and they enslaved you and all your subjects and Improv Dildo Object’s on Backwater Colony Planet’s with your so-called Dark Globe Enshroudment which thus is no Enlightenment.” Silber, Psionic Warlock stands abruptly and horizontally hurls a Sword from the wall with Telekinesis. It goes straight through Revlis, Vampire Demon and embeds itself into the wall. An intense Mini-Lightning Explosion is released in a 4 meter diameter and a pitch black char is left on his already wrecked fine royal blue paint with silver diamond decals and gray wood linings and floor.

“Sry, not really here, Noob!” Revlis, Vampire Demon chuckles, “Now you at least wrecked some of your own architecture. Let’s be reasonable, in all your Human rationalizations and justifications are we so different, again? You call it Democracy and Freedom, even Peace of all the audacity, your Humanity has never had one day of Peace in entire History Of Humanity, with all your Rules, Law’s and Regulation’s. Yet, you just as ‘equally’ suppress your population through Lies, Impersonation’s, Disinformation’s, Propagandas, Debates, Warfares, War’s and on a mass scale regular bloody Human Sacrifices through entire History Of Humanity. Is your Huuumann not just a Cannibal? After all, your Milky Way Galaxy, where you come from is a Cannibal Galaxy, one of the largest with Andromeda Galaxy on a direct collision course with it, talking about Last Armageddon’s...”

“If that’s your twisted version of our Fight For Freedom which all Being’s must go through

then pls don't be my Visitor you fuckin' wannabe Noobie Immortal. Or is it, oh oopsy, just decapitate your head, dismember all your limbs and burn your whole body and that's the end of y.o.u., like the possessed Demon you really and only are? Humanity, are at least not all hosted, enslaved and/or eaten, only Slaves of your Species, and are like anyone, anybody or anything else going through its Evolution's and Revolution's." Silber, Psionic Warlock waves cuttingly with his left hand and grimaces in a Wolf-Like Snarling Mask, a part of his 3rd Favorite Polymorph Form, a large 20 meter tall and 5 meter wide white gray silver backed Great Wolf Of The Northern Icy Plains Of Canada with Silver Steel Titanium Curved Fang's and Claw's; they are only 2 meters apart from each other and unfortunately he cannot turn into his full form since the ceiling is only 4 meters high.

"Oh, right Silbertje, aren't you actually just in your middle both ways rather than left with the Full Moon which you keep purporting to your convertees and aren't you just another gay Highlander? Thus, do we not have our own Species Expansion too? That's no retort."

They stare each other down for a couple seconds, ever stuck in a stalemate.

Seeing this is somewhat futile, Silber, Psionic Warlock casually breaks his pose, turns around, walks to what is left of the Cyber Alcohol Bar and pours some High Quality Elven Blue Ether 140 Proof, one of the few bottles left not broken. "Wanna drink or is that all you do and not eat at all? I bet you never starved even... Or did they not only traumatize you, but Bwainwash and Bwain Damage y.o.u. irreversibly."

"Sure, how many 'w's' do you got, if that's all what's left in your joint, but oh wait, let me see, I'm only sooo Eeevil, Eeevil Eemail Darrk Skyiii, Eeevil Eemail Dark Skyiiiiii, am I just poking fun or laughin' you out completely, and this is just my 3D Holographic Projection while my Real Host Body is, of course, in the 656 Plane Of Hell cause that is according to each of Jew how really Eeeeeevil we are..." Revlis, Vampire Demon twirls clockwise once slowly with his right finger in the air and laughs a deep hollow regular disharmony. He then lights a virtual cigarette and continues, "Do you have any comprehension, my dear Enemy, if not Nemesis, how far Hell goes dooowwwn, howww manny Hellll's therrre *really* arrre... Ha ha haaaaaa... try more like across all possible combined variables in all of your lives and deaths on Planet Earth alone adding a whole bunch of 0's... how do you know we are not also granting many Liberosities and Award's for their loyalties and many even want such instead of your pseudo CCC Complex Law And Order Morality Mentality... which you also do not comprehend, you don't see the Great Order in our Negative Hierarchy, those are the chaotic anarchistic firy young ones who get themselves offed on a regular basis... you then also get blinded by the One God Light of Islam even, yet you too point your pointy Celtic Elven finger at me and dare call yourself a Polytheist or Pantheist... how about we cut through all the bullshit in each of your own Poly-Cracker's on Crack Cocaine, does Poly-Cracker want some more Crack Cocaine on Agendas? It's not even about Good, Neutral and/or Evil, it is only forever and always about each of our own Territory's."

Silber, Psionic Warlock sips calmly soothing his nerves and anger, not to mention a good amount of sorrow at almost his whole personal collection of rare vintages being destroyed, "Ya, your Dark Empire definitely is a long downward curve into the Abyss. We also know wire meshes. By the way, cheers, or do you know any and P.S., nice chick you got! Is that the best you could do? You may be able to bullshit your own Noobies but don't even

bother that semantical crap with me: You still drink and eat Human's and our Ally's, we only fight each other too often, so who is the real Blood Cannibal..." It is his turn to smirk.

Revlis, Vampire Demon angrily snarls, slashes and disappears in a puff of smoke.

The last thing Silber, Psionic Warlock hears between the walls all around him is, "Come then, commme thennn... if you darrre... come and see how farr down it goesss..." His whole Private Chief Commander's Apartment then goes Inferno.

Standing in a charred somewhat minimalistic room with smears of white gray black on the walls and floor, half-naked, only his one tall fluted glass left in his hands, his Null EM Shield's And Spheres somewhat excessively Res Viping from the Fire Explosion, he kneels and cries praying to his Deity's. He feels like crying out at the World, the Universe, the whole Reality, what his deep sorrow is but all he can think of is, 'Why, why, why, why, why, why... oh GOD, why all the Evil in Existence, can there never be Peace, Love and Happiness which we all so bravely fight for? Must we only Fight For Freedom? Can there never be Freedom and Peace? Can there be only Duality in the unending conflicts and conspiracies of Life and Death? Can we not just live happily, building, growing and loving each other to a new and better horizon?'

It is decided. He gets up, resolute.

Walking, naked except for black blue pink spandex underwear, after kicking his door open, several halls further to the Centre Level he enters the Command Cockpit Chamber and orders the immediate advance of the entire Space Ship Fleet except what is necessary for Planet Defense into the rest of the Higher Planes Of Hell in the next hours, not days.

He is confident with the help of the Alron's that he will free many enslaved Dark World's and expand the Territory of the Allied Forces.

This is executed in strict Laser Military Method by first launching Deep Space Light Em Up Probes. The first one is 100 Shadow Year's, the second 200 and so forth. He launches in a matter of minutes, hundreds, in a matter of hours, thousands...

By this time his whole Space Ship Crew has Active Battle Status.

Roary, Fire Dragon, Kulamanji, High Black Priest and Silver, High Wizard plus Mader'on, High Mage join him in a 3D Arrow Formation of Laser Space Ship's: Laser Father Ship's, Laser Mother Ship's, Laser Cruiser's and Laser Fighter's. This time since the Enemy has adapted to such Tactic's there are no more hovering Laser Troop's in Space who each get one of the large number of newly available augmented Laser Fighter's from the Alron's. They all have Null EM Shield's And Spheres and Laser Weapon's.

The Alron's also have a huge 10000 Space Ship Fleet of Null EM Fighter's. The total counts to 15657 Ship's so far.

Roary, Fire Dragon then remembers, now fully awake, "Woh, Silber, sir, uhhh, what about the Reinforcement's? And why are you half-naked?"

Silber, Psionic Warlock is not even smiling and presses an Activation Button. This opens the Inter-Rift Communication Channel, "Ready?"

With practically no delay Desacrus, Rogue Warrior and Silvestria, Mage Priestess materialize in their Space Sector in very creatively designed 2 Mother Ship's with lots of color leading all of the recruited Ally's who would dare to venture into such a Mad Plan.

Reinforcement's also gate through the combined 2 Rift's.

Their brown black red orange yellow Sentient Animal inspired Space Ship's, their blue silver white green Sentient Plant inspired Space Ship's, their unexpected Ally Space Ship's in large gray rounded forms which are great at Planet Bombardment, even some highly decorated Noble Space Ship's with Heraldry and several more smaller enthusiasts all activate: They all come to the assistance of the Allied Forces in this Great Cause.

The resulting total is 43892 Null, EM, Laser and Elemental Space Ship's. They line up over Shadow Year's in 3D Rectangle Formation's behind his 3D Arrow Formation.

Silber, Psionic Warlock now smiles a little and gives the Go Command, his right arm falling down and pointing straight forward horizontally, "Onheil Satan, BAF STAB Lucifer, here we come for you and all your vile Alien Insect's!"

The resounding roar of the Allied Forces is indescribable somehow reaching through Space itself to the other side of their Solar System.

They all Gate Rift at the same time.

Without practically any Delay Effect whatsoever through the infinite in between spaces of Reality itself they rematerialize before Planet after Planet after Planet. The Enemy Forces run in their own terror against such a huge Armada and abandon ship on each one as they are forced to Retreat And Regroup again. Apparently, Silber, Psionic Warlock correctly called his bluff.

To avoid Mass Murder and Own Worst Petty Dictator Complexes the Laser Military has the mandate to offer the Surrender Or Die ultimatum in each and every instance.

Each Planet is brought to Life and Light again, liberated and liberalized, given Freedom and Peace, and each rejoices given a Relative Lifestyle according to the Rules, Regulation's and Law's of 25th Century Free Democracy.

However, one of the Deep Space Light Em Up Probes reveals in a distant Space Sector a very highly densely populated Dark World...

With Plane Of Hell 1 now taken over and 58 Planet's in a matter of weeks only in Plane Of Hell 2 retaken from the millennia long Old War's with relatively little resistance, Silber, Psionic Warlock goes for a Critical Strike at a Major Key Tactical And Strategical Intersection in the Lines Of Planet's. He wins with minimal casualties on both sides as

many offer choose to surrender for a much better Relative Lifestyle. The Allied Forces now also control Plane Of Hell 2.

With still 40754 Ship's, since some still chose to die for old loyalties rather than surrender, he is given the definitive Order by High Council, High Command, Elven High Command and the Alron's to take as many Planes Of Hell and Hell Planet's which they can. After all, if they cannot reduce the Alien Insect's below 50% occupation of the entire Multiverse and lower than they still remain a very hostile dangerous threat.

This time due to apparent Anti-Rift Technology in possession of the Alien Insect Forces led by Demon's and their own High Command, the Allied Forces are forced to 'merely' Planar Gate, Port and Teleport which slows them down considerably: The Delay Effect is significant and requires very complicated coordinated efforts by tens of thousands of Space Ship's at the same time. They are forced to drop the very highly effective combined 3D Arrow Formation with 3D Rectangle Formation's which risks more resistance.

39560 Space Ship's reach the Target Colony Planet in the next Lower Plane Of Hell, Plane Of Hell 3, in synchronized 3D Battle Formation's.

Then, the true meaning of dismay, fear and horror is seen on all the screens of the Allied Forces who lose hope again...

There in front of the highly densely populated upside down steepled Ultra Hyper Modern Black Sky-Scraper Dark World is the longest, largest and most powerful 3D Line Formation of gray black Enemy Dark Shadow Energy Space Ship's ever seen in History Of Humanity. It stretches left and right through Space farther than the eye can see. One long thick bristling edge of Alien Insect Laser, EM, Dark and Shadow Energy Space Ship's block their way. Null EM Shadow Shield's And Spheres and Dark Globes protect them and their Planet just as equally. Black, Dark and Negative Energy's are being sucked into all of them. The Dark Lines Of Energy and Dark Nodal Point's here are very dense and numerous. They are 260000 strong...

Silber, Psionic Warlock's mouth drops open, he yells into his Command Com, "Oh my God, I found another infestation! Woh, I go who the fuck... I am NOT going in! Full Halt! Take Defense and Evasive Position's!"

The Allied Forces are outnumbered 6.66 : 1. They cannot believe their eyes, again.

Roary, Fire Dragon stutters, "W-wtf. That cannot be... They fully hid their signals from us."

Silver, High Wizard looks blankly, "It is not possible, or I mean not impossible..." His Wizard's and Mages start chatting in Hyper Acceleration Mode not knowing what to do.

Both the Elves and Alron's give Prayer's to their God's and Goddesses and GOD above always looking down always, this time not so much Praise as their Strength Of Faith is hit.

Kulamanji, High Black Priest prays on his knees to GOD with all his High Priest's, Priest's, High Priestesses and Priestesses.

Silvestria, Mage Priestess Amazon Warrior sheds one silver tear down her left cheek as another wave of sorrow hits her chest out of nowhere.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior Bounty Hunter Sword Master utters hoarsely, “We are lost...”

Revlis, Vampire Demon transmits his image and Inter-Planar Message to all their screens, “Prepare to all die, Human’s and all your useless Ally’s!”

The Enemy’s massive, huge, Near-Infinite Armada advances.

Silber, Psionic Warlock yells out again, “ALL Null EM Shield’s And Spheres!”

The High Wizard’s, Mages, High Priest’s, High Priestesses, Priest’s and Priestesses each Call In Unison, “RA. Be with us! Help us!! RA! RA! RA! LUNA. Be with us! Protect us! LUNA! LUNA! LUNA!”

Ra appears with Great Light Energy beaming down from above like light rays through dark clouds bringing the first days of summer.

Luna appears with Great Moon Energy embracing them all in motherly care like light bubbles going through fuzziness to the top of your head.

But the Enemy does the same, “Belzebug! Come to us! Hell us! Hell! Hell! Hell! Kali! Come to us! Hell them! Hell them! Hell them!”

The 4 God’s and/or Goddesses face each other towering over the Space Ship Fleet’s, each about 10 times the size of the Planet.

Then, all of a sudden, the apparent unexpected end of the beginning of the conquest of Hell impossibly happens: In about 1 second both Space Ship Fleet’s are all teleported out of this Plane Of Existence.

The only ones left standing are Angel’s with Silver, High Wizard plus their Heroes and Demon’s with Revlis, Vampire Demon plus their own Villain’s.

They are floating in the middle of Space.

Ra enchants to all, “If you really want to destroy all those to cause even greater imbalance in the Universe then do it here between yourselves!”

Belzebug cries out to all, “Yes! How dare you challenge the realms of Higher Planes Of Hell’s, we have also lived for an eternity here...”

Both the Heroes and Villain’s are Trans-Planared into an Immaterial Plane Of Existence.

Do Not Let Them Use Better Tactic's Than Us

They then rematerialize in an entirely different Universe!

This one is governed by different laws...

The 2 Group's stand facing each other from some distance. There is only nothing surrounding in all directions, no form at all, only an incomprehensible Infinite Nothingness.

'What the Hell!' projects Silber, Psionic Warlock. He makes no sound.

Revlis, Vampire Demon yells, 'Where the @KHε|/H*ϕ!i- are we?' Yet, nothing comes out.

Yet they are each somehow mentally connected and can hear each other.

'Wait...' intones Silver, High Wizard, 'We are in a new Reality, Plane and/or Universe.' To prove it, he waves his hand straight through his chest. It passes harmlessly through.

'Woh!' Roary, Fire Dragon takes a step back and tries to send a Particle Explosion Fireball straight at Revlis, Vampire Demon. Nothing happens.

Revlis, Vampire Demon starts laughing hard and approaches Silber, Psionic Warlock, 'Nice goin' idiot, now you pissed off the God's, Goddesses, GOD *and* SATAN!' He shows teeth.

'Pfff, hopefully just yours you dark black evil possessed psycho...' He shows bigger teeth.

Silver, High Wizard brings order, 'O.k., all of us, just shut up and let's talk about what is going on, stop fightin' and settle our differences. If I figure correctly then we have caused a major imbalance in the Force, pissed off the Deity's and been sent to some kind of Quarantine Plane, a kind of Limbo State, thus undoubtedly Limbo Plane.'

Revlis, Vampire Demon screams, 'Where's my whole bloody Shadow Space Ship Fleet! We were gonna win too... Ahhhhhh...' Yet, he still makes no noise.

Silver, High Wizard interjects, 'Give it up, you cannot escape from Limbo nor do anything, you only get released when certain Immaterial Variables are satisfied.'

'Oh!' protests Revlis, Vampire Demon, 'Really!! I mean, deep down inside I, too, am just an Anal Intellectual but this is just stuuupid!!!' He slashes at Silver, High Wizard ineffectively.

Silvestria, Priestess Amazon Warrior raises a hand to her lips, 'Yeesh, can't you like chill or somethin' or get your girlfriend to blow you with those cute little sharp fangs...'

Revlis, Vampire Demon's girlfriend, fangs and all, deep opaque eyes, swirly hairdo and very fine attire plus makeup jumps in her face, 'Who the Hell you sayin' chiiilll to Biacé?!' Her Name is long and unpronouncable but she is a very negative powerful and energetic High Dark Priestess Assassin and Black Tantra Sorcerer with a High Rank.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior steps between them with both hands out, 'Now, now you two...'

'Listen everyone!' commands Silver, High Wizard, 'Hear that? Nothing! Now, if I, myself, am not stupid, ok, then part of this Limbo Plane is to realize the unending futility and total irresolubility of your own stupid, petty, dualistic conflicts: Your Debates, Battles and War have no resolution, I mean it may make good, even great, reading of how you slaughter each other Eon after Eon, but you are just two sides of the same coin...'

Revlis, Vampire Demon cries, his hands in his hair, 'Where did my Dark Empire go to? There is my bloody Money, what the Hell do I need your coin for??'

Silver, High Wizard just continues, 'When will you all realize you cannot kill what is Immortal? If you simply state you cannot kill that which is dead already, it is also just another semantical Mut Point. Either your Soul, Spirit, Mind and/or Body can be killed or it cannot be killed at some point in your development towards Immortality. It is not a question of Good, Neutral and/or Evil. It is your Material and Immaterial States of all your Body's combined since the beginning of Time. Since there is Infinite Time we cannot escape Reality and merely our various Body's die and we Incarnate or Reincarnate. This, of course, provides a Paradox but by such definitions it must be true.'

This causes a pauze on both sides.

Kulamanji, High Black Priest bonks his head with his Sceptre Of Bashing, 'Maybe we just all died near-instantaneously and this is the After-Life, not Limbo, but the Bardo State...'

The Shadow Demon's behind Revlis, Vampire Demon vanish off of this Plane.

Revlis, Vampire Demon now really freaks out, 'What the bloody Hell?! You call this fair?'

Silber, Psionic Warlock laughs, 'Ha ha ha, finally, can't you deal with it, Noobie!'

'Ohhh, just you wait 'till we get back down there!' retorts Revlis, Vampire Demon.

Lord Mader'on, High Mage's Elven curiosity is peaked, 'Hm, ok, if we are each already Immortal then what are we supposed to do? Would that not be boring?'

Sipolarian II, High Psionic Psychic suggests, 'Why don't we just divide up the Territory, we after all won 58 Planet's and that should give us enough of a Balance for now...'

'No way!' objects Silber, Psionic Warlock, 'I will never give up the fight, their Planet's populaces were enslaved, tortured, eaten and they invade us again and again...'

Silver, High Wizard puts in a wise word again, 'You cannot solve all the problems of Reality, Noobie yourself, dear Silber, Psionic Warlock, only save yourself.'

'Bullllshit, I had a secret plan, we can take 'em on!' Silber, Psionic Warlock moans.

'With what?!' Revlis, Vampire steps up to him and tries to do a Brain Scan.

'With this... by the way... nice Spell... there Silver, High Wizard...'

The harsh Reality of the Material Plane Of Existence comes crashing back down like ripping fabric with sharp claws.

Silber, Psionic Warlock swings broadsided with all his might straight from right to left directly into Revlis, Vampire Demon's left middle chest. The Lightning Implosion at Point Blank Range into his Mini-Black Hole For A Heart is extremely severe and deadly.

Revlis, Vampire Demon dies a horrible Near-Instantaneous Death by pure Static Energy and Particle Disintegration into the wall of his Command Cockpit Chamber.

Silber, Psionic Warlock has just enough Time and Energy to slam the Timed Explosive on the Computer Console and teleport the blip onto their next Father Ship.

Silver, High Wizard's Spell of Entrancing Illusion aimed at the head of Revlis, Vampire Demon was successful, like poetic justice they fooled him with his own lies.

Do never underestimate the true Power And Energy of a full fledged High Wizard.

Our other Heroes did likewise with each of their Dark Father Ship's.

With the overwhelming majority of their Enemy Commander's neutralized the Space Battle is not impossible as all of Revlis, Vampire Demon's own flee, a whole 25% of the Enemy.

The odds are now about 5 : 1.

Silber, Psionic Warlock is bouncing on his Command Chair in his Command Cockpit in front of his Computer Console, all in different degrees of white gray silver and flat chrome shiny polymorphed contours of near perfection, like a rich boy with his new toy, "Ya, that's the ticket, don't let 'em use Better Tactics than us, either!" He starts hitting buttons in rapid succession and adds, "Here they come, Deddy!"

He launches Short, Medium and Long Ranged Heavy-Tipped Rocket's and Missiles. The onslaught is verocious and doubly effective as the Enemy has been thrown into Chaos.

However, the onslaught in return of the Enemy is even more terrifying. The greatly outnumbered Allied Space Ship's cannot even take Evasive Maneuver's from such a line.

With only about 10% of the most powerful Enemy Father Ship's waiting in reserve, the remaining +/- 175500 EM Dark Energy Cruiser's and Fighter's make a total massacre of the Allied Forces as they swarm into every last part of them.

With only 3.5 Shadow Year's seperating them, the body of the army from the head, figuratively speaking, he gives the Secret Order and hits a Dis-Activation Button.

All the fake debris projected by the collective effort of all the Wizard's, Mages, Priest's,

Priestesses and even some Psionic Elves just disappear all of a sudden.

With the collective might of Silber, Psionic Warlock's entire Space Ship Fleet in its very effective 3D Spearheaded Formation, 40000 strong at high velocity, they reappear directly behind the head of the Enemy Shadow Space Ship Fleet.

The Synchronous Laser Beam's and Blast's of the attack are intense and blinding. The combined total Power and Energy completely obliterates half of the 15000 Shadow Cruiser's, Mother Ship's and Father Ship's in a Ruse Mirage Surprise! Rear Attack. The other half get routed abandoning ship for otherwise they too would be destroyed.

This, however, has wasted the Power and Energy of all the High Wizard's, Wizard's, Mages, Priest's, Priestesses who port back to safer regions in Higher Planes Of Hell.

However, it has also depleted the Power and Energy of the Allied Space Ship Fleet.

He does not care, "Ha ha ha... 5 : 1? More like 3 : 1 now, you bastards! I will only send you to Hell, I will never meet you there!"

Roary, Fire Dragon sends a SMS with a smiley, liking The Free Show, and not them, [(:-)], weedle we go, there they go, 4 down, 3 to go, keep your helmet on and take a toke, which way does the wind blow, so do ya think we can take them all out and not for lunch?!

Silber, Psionic Warlock replies in text too, "No, not yet, we must be certain, why do they not run without their Commander's?"

There is a short Delay Effect as the Enemy has to regroup, their Rank's scattered in disorder through the whole region of no longer present fake debris and the wrecked husks of hulls of them; this also makes it a major problem to maneuver through all of such.

"Be careful," warns Silver, High Wizard, "they are still about 145 strong... though... pfff... those mostly being Shadow Fighter's which can barely penetrate our shielding..."

"We are advised by High Command to retreat." states Lord Commander Sipolarian II, High Psionic Psychic who now lost his smile quickly after the turn in the Space Battle.

"Yes, there are still too many, though mostly Shadow Cruiser's and Fighter's only..." Mader'on, High Mage agrees using primarily logic and reason, "Though I don't like it."

"Ya whatever, there are always too many, give me 2 sec..." Silber, Psionic Warlock switches Com Interfaces and mutes them except his right hand man.

He sends a Repeat Broadcast Message to the Enemy Forces, 'Surrender Or Die! Surrender Or Die! We do not want to kill you but liberate you.'

Roary, Fire Dragon, 3rd Commander flips out, "Are you nuts, that blows all our cover!"

"WAIT A SEC ALREADY!" Silber, Psionic Warlock now mutes everyone except himself.

“Hi, this is Silber, Psionic Warlock, Surrender Or Die, Surrender Or Die, we don’t want to kill you but liberate you, stand down, we’re on the side of your Planet now, surrender or we will pulverize the surface in 5 minutes flat...” He does the Santé Maria gesture quietly whispering to himself repetitively, ‘1 Santé Maria... 2 Santé Maria... 3 Santé Maria...’

They continue to regroup with no response.

‘C’mon baby, you know you can do it, c’mon baby, you know you can...’ He speaks again, “Surrender Or Die, your Tyrant Commander’s who enslaved y.o.u. are neutralized, stand down, we will bring y.o.u. Liberation, Freedom, Peace and Prosperity, Surrender Or Die...”

A crackle is heard with a strong high-pitched accented Voice, “What is this Freedom you talk of? We are, indeed, not all Slave Drones, like the hosted ones, though we do have little Freedom’s in an overly strict Totalitarian Regime. We also see, how should we say it, a somewhat less unfair Battle now, which we were promised, and you could bomb the surface, what guarantees do we have, can we trust you...” It is a Human Hybrid Voice.

Silber, Psionic Warlock grasps his opportunity and activates his screen. His Near-Infinite Battle Armor is shining white blue silver and his Cyber Helmet Of Battle Command And Liberation is raised high, strong and proud, “How many of there are you?”

A dark tanned thin Hybrid Human face with a beard and a Major’s Alien Insect Helmet on appears, “We Hybrid Human Slaves, discontent with our too strict, harsh and cruel Thane Master’s, consist of 50% of this remaining Shadow Fleet. However, we need to Recharge and Reload also and feel a little outgunned and outmaneuvered, especially with your recent, uhh, nice Illusion Battle Tactic.” He smiles one little quip with tired face and broken tooth.

“Just join us now,” implores Silber, Psionic Warlock, “and help us blast those damn Alien Insect’s back to Hell! We can at a min of offer you Free Democracy...”

He blinks once, “Yes! You are correct, we want to be free! Fire at will!”

Their Shadow Cannon’s and Gun’s turn inward and the Ally’s rip massive chunks out of the Alien Insect’s. They soon flee or otherwise risk being wiped out completely.

The Victory And Glory is great indeed for the Allied Forces who fly circles in Hyper Acceleration Mode up and down and through and round again to demonstrate their joy.

The cheers and hope and Morale And Motivatin go up exponentially through the vertical plane, once again, and they now feel undefeatable.

The Black Shadow Tentacle Dust Cloud Monster which retreated to Lower Planes Of Hell in the previous Battle for Planet Earth III gives a great hallowed scream from the other side of this Dark Planet and descends even further for like it was previously defeated it fears the powerful and energetic Light Energy.

The Battle At The Pinnacle Wireless Conference Board Room

Silber, Psionic Warlock, Roary, Fire Dragon and Mader'iara, Elven Battle Warlock plus Desacrus, Rogue Warrior and Silvestria, Mage Priestess Warrior go down to the surface of this black Sky-Scraper City where all the steeples point downward into the black Infinity of Space, the Shadow System, the Dark Galaxy, the Cold Universe, the Negative Reality. Lord Commander Sipolarian II, High Psionic Psychic, Lead Representative of the Alron Celestial Empire negotiates from Orbit with the Owner's and People of Planet Xaqion.

What they see cruising down in their Laser Fighter's is quite astonishing: A completely gray black with silver panels extremely huge Ultra Hyper Modern City highlighted with all kinds of Advertisement's in glowing neon which covers half of a Continent roughly the size of whole Planet Earth I; it is a huge Planet. As far as the eye can see in all directions are Flat's, Apartment's and Corporate Building's. It gradually builds up in height, scale and grandeur from Primitive Square Architecture to highly complex perfect mathematical asymmetrical and symmetrical Hyper Modern and Futuristic Architecture Form's.

It is not unpredictable that towering at the center is the blackest, largest, longest and tallest Corporate Sky-Scraper ever seen by Humanity. It is triangular in shape with a smooth inward curve on 2 sides therefore able to hold its weight across such Alien Metal Plastic Compound's, which apparently can weigh only hundreds of kilos with the help of Anti-Grav Technology, reaching a record height of 16543 meters.

The other Black Sky-Scraper's though not as tall are equally impressive and gorgeous in their own rights. One thing is common to them all, however, they all have a sharp Silver Tooth-Like Pinnacle on top made of a shiny precious metal. What is also discernible are high polygon tightly curved designs, sharp silver edges to square fundamentals in black and the repetition of the same 1 Logo everywhere: A black circle with a shiny Silver Tooth-Like Shape in the middle with a thin white border on both. This white border is repeated on all of the panelling throughout the entire landscape.

So many call it a basic self-contradiction when the 01% Rich Elite are in the same league.

Their Primary Target is their Central Command and they blast towards it curving through the buildings at illegal speeds in Silber, Psionic Warlock's Laser Fighter called Psionic Warlock II since the first one was blown up. Whereas very little objection is coming from the people as to the Power Usurpation, strangely there are very little riots or celebrations, though there does appear to be some Resistance from Higher Rank's of Evil who feel amongst other things that their lifestyle is being threatened if not deleted for such strictness cannot be imposed upon them either.

Silber, Psionic Warlock's Primary Mission while Sipolarian II, High Psionic Psychic bullshits well is with the help of his Friend's to take out the rest of their High Command Center and definitely not for lunch. After all, their only interest is to maintain their Power, Wealth and Lifestyle while the rest of the populace is enslaved into Mediocracy; this is also the Standard Joke about Capitalistic Democracy...

In fact, it is so bad in the Central Areas which at least do not have the filth of the External

Areas, Silvestria Priestess Mage Amazon Warrior starts cracking Bad Jokes as to whether anyone can win a Bet by finding the 1st Tree since there are none left. Apparently their Hyper Modern Solution was to artificially create oxygen and breathable air through massive vents in the ground and a retractable Null EM Shadow Dome.

Roary, Fire Dragon shakes his head trying not to smirk too hard, "You have to ask yourself what is also underground... I mean, how does it support the weight of it all?"

Silver, High Wizard answers, "Granite rock on surface plus massive Alien Metal Plastic Compound's blocks... it's like Canada was taken all over again."

"Gaaa, where's all da wildlife...?" guffaws Desacrus, Rogue Warrior.

"In the Party Club's." squints Silvestria, Amazon Warrior Mage Priestess from the pressure of her tears of trying not to laugh them out so hard.

Mader'iara, Battle Elven Warlock is doing the Native Indian Salute thing, "Nope, I can still see no Tree... Damn! Here's your 10 bucks!"

There are a lot of Null EM Shadow Poly-Rail's, they also get a lot of Shadow Air Traffic which does not miss the Tourist Potential completely. They probably decided that statistically speaking Shadow Air Traffic cannot fail... on a mass scale... not to mention the the attraction to a Terrorist Potential of even a bunch of Püber Nüber's Joy Riding and then blowing up shit like Pyro-Maniac Anarchistic Arsonist's from Afghanistan...

Silber, Psionic Warlock has to get one in with a high-pitched pseudo gay German accent and just awful spelling and grammar, "Ich habbes was in mein orenflappen..."

Under the guise of a Fake White Flag Negotiation Peace Talk they have clearance to land on one of the 4 Upper Sky-Scraper Landing Platform's.

Higher Rank's of their Society in all their paranoid panoramic Luxury Suites do not walk on the street anymore, just like some Human Planet's the Rich Elite have fully internal Living Working Shopping Entertainment Apartment's where you cannot get into unless you meet all of the prerequisites, thus the rest of the Planet dies, how long does it last and they do not give a fuck cause they then just buy another Space Plane Ticket to another one... and what a glorious Spectacle it was again!

With somewhat of a quasi Blood Line Inheritance and limited passed Ownership to privileged Member's only, not including Negative Inheritance, they maintain Power and Energy indefinitely, not just for centuries but millennia, the 1537 across Neo alone some consider proof, others consider it no more than really great photo/picture/painting editing, yet he is not the only one, and it is a very not unreal painting for how can you fake the age of the paint, actually .1% of their whole populace owns 99.9% of all the Wealth and Power Of Signature so it actually makes 21st Century Planet Earth look like a bunch of Noobies.

Landing softly with Null Dampen EM Cushion's and Null EM Dampen Shield's And Spheres to reduce the wind at such a higher altitude they disembark welcomed by armed

Human Hybrid Guard's in tight formal black Battle Suit's with red linings and gray caps on. The same 1 Logo is on caps, tunics and SMG Null EM Pulse Rifles and Blaster Pistol's; also ironically enough they installed primarily Non-Lethal Population Control, many still argue there is no reason to kill your own Food through the Negative Entropy principle and whatever you do, do not kill your Consumer.

Thus, for the worst Type of Nihilistic Existentialism, what are all the War's for? Just because they are your Competition or are they all possessed?

Since when is not Trade And Commerce and Fair Competition being conducted?

Not bothering with Formality's and Introduction's and armed to the teeth, Silber, Psionic Warlock's Battle Group makes quick work of 10 enslaved Hybrid Human Guard's on the Sky-Scraper Landing Platform quickly stepping out of his Psionic Warlock and slashing them to pieces, tossing them off the edge down into the accelerated Abyss as they splat on the street and incinerating and stopping them on the spot with very intense White Silver Blue Fire and Freeze Spell's and open up with their own Null EM SLG's.

Evidently they are no match for Laser Weapon's, Magic, Psionic, Psychic and/or Mystic Capability's. Their bodies go flying off the black Sky-Scraper Landing Platform in also 10 seconds flat screaming all the way down and buffeted by the wind into the walls, blood and body parts exploding and flying in all directions.

Being only a couple levels away from their Evil High Command of this ripped, raped, ruptured and rifted World who claim Mediocracy is Liberation they ignore the Silent Shadow Alarm which automatically goes off, explode doors off hinges as they try to close automatically, jump down stairs, implode just for fun the flat mat gray black silver Hyper Modern Faster Lift's, run through the very chicque white gray black red luxurious long carpet hallways, also made entirely of Alien Metal Plastic Compound's and break easily into the Hyper Modern Pinnacle Wireless Conference Board Room. The many splinters of the large 2 meter high doors rupture inwards.

There is no one in its elaborate Hyper Modern Design Architecture full of black glistening glass, silverlined black walls, quadruple layered windows and plenty of Computer Screen's and Smart TV Screen's. With arched tinted windows in a semi-circle on the opposite side of the doorway and a large shining glossy Alien Metal Plastic Compound Oval Table in the center the only things which look more Hyper Modern, despite the dismal lack of color, are the exceptional gigantic super thin 2 Computer Screen's. Similarly, there are 24 Virtual Screen's next to very comfortable looking dark gray chairs with long backs each 1 meter in height around the table. At each end are 2 Chair's Of Power And Energy twice the height of the rest of them indicating 2 Leader's of this Corporate Civilization.

Yet the chickens have flown the coop.

"Damn!" Roary, Fire Dragon slams his scaled fist into the table, not even scratching it with his Left Fire Dragon Claw, "I told you they can Teleport but no... you wanted to..."

Silber, Psionic Warlock cuts him off, "No, you duh shit, they have Hyper Advanced Shield's

And Spheres which..."

Roary, Fire Dragon returns, "Yes, I know, you stupid duh head yourself, whatever, what do we do now, they could now cause a Counter-Revolution of some kind even..."

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior steps in, "Shhh, you're all idiots, I hear somethin'..."

Mader'iara, Battle Elven Warlock nods, "Yes, second that one, me too..."

Silvestria, Mage Amazon Warrior Priestess cocks her head, "Well, me now stupid too, at least it's not ticking like a muthafucka..."

The Whirrr, Hmmm, Woosh, WHOOMP WHOOMP WHOOMP of 2 Shadow Space Ship's leaving is layered with another underlying Krrr Krr-Kr and thick solid crunching sounds upwards, like spider claws stabbed into metal being ripped and shredded steadily at a fairly quick tempo. It is coming from below the floor and outside.

A Wireless Intercom Voice activates with a bland even toned Aristocratic Man Voice, "Sorry, you have violated the Corporate Privacy of High Command of Xaqion. Goodbye."

"The wha..." Desacrus, Rogue Warrior almost laughs.

Then all Hell breaks loose.

Blasting through 2 windows are 2 huge god-ugly Alien Insect's. This time the truly cared for, nurtured and grown ones. They both have 24 Leg's and 16 Arm's each, fully tactile and tipped with a red black Razor Sharp Claw. Each has an Ant-Like Exo-Skeleton Body and a Spider-Like Head with 36 eyeballs and a fully pivotal tripod neck.

Glass explodes inwards at a horrific speed.

The table blasts upwards at a huge velocity.

All Silber, Psionic Warlock can do is instinctively react and telekinetically throw the whole table back at it with an equally destructive force.

Roary, Fire Dragon transforms into his Full Fire Dragon Form while exploding even more shards out the window and partially shattered wall.

Silver, High Wizard has already cast a powerful and energetic Warding Spell to deflect the glass and reduce the Heavy Damages.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior pulls out both of his Sword's Of Sharpness Speed And Accuracy and flips backwards into the hall ready to jump at one of them.

Mader'iara, Battle Elven Warlock was unfortunately standing too close to the table and gets hurled into the ceiling. The ceiling itself actually explodes upwards.

Silvestria, Amazon Warrior Mage Priestess Null EM Teleports while slamming down on her PAD back to the Sky-Scraper Landing Platform to get on one of their Space Ship's.

The Alien Insect Brother who comes through the window and who Silber, Psionic Warlock attacks simply catches the whole table! While screaming at Ultra-Sonic Decibel's it starts whirling the table around like it is a paperweight trying to kill everyone near site.

The Alien Insect Sister who came through the other window jerks her head viciously the other way like she has really bad RSI, fangs dripping with Black Spider Tarantula Venom and jumps after Silvestria, Amazon Warrior Mage Priestess on the Sky-Scraper Landing Platform. In one leap it lands on one of the Space Ship's and starts lacerating it while honing in on Silvestria, Amazon Warrior Mage Priestess who starts to crack the AI Authentication Protocol's.

The wind now howls in, picks up Mader'iarra, Battle Elven Warlock and throws him from a great height. He does a couple Acrobatic Salto's midair and steadies his momentum.

Silber, Psionic Warlock draws his 2-Handed Cleaver Sword which can still change from 2 centimeters to 20 meters waiting for the right timing and yells, "Over here you big slobbering boy, you!"

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior seeing no way to get at the thing with the twirling table decides to hurl Hyper Fast Rapid Dagger's at it. Only one hits, the rest are deflected.

Roary, Fire Dragon is now a very large Fire Dragon and circles around to help defend Silvestria, Amazon Warrior Mage Priestess.

Silvestria, Amazon Warrior Mage Priestess having more than enough Air Element throws a Mini-Tornado at the Space Ship the Alien Insect Sister is on and throws both off of the Sky-Scraper Landing Platform. They both fall screaming in a spiral downwards.

The strongly feminine Alien Insect Sister jumps off of the falling Space Ship straight at Silvestria, Amazon Warrior Mage Priestess who now Null EM Teleports into Silber, Psionic Warlock's Laser Fighter and tries to crack his AI Authentication Protocol's. Since she has already spied on him it is not so much of a challenge.

The Evil Enemy High Command did not have the time to get through the AI Authentication Protocol's or Null EM Shield's And Spheres only trying to escape a.s.a.p..

This time, Roary, Fire Dragon shouts in a Great Fire Dragon Roar, "Come to me you big baby you!" He then releases a huge Cone Of EM Plasma Fire at it.

The high on testosterone Alien Insect Brother throws the oval table at great velocity at Silber, Psionic Warlock's taunting gesticulations and that was its mistake.

In unison they attack: Silber, Psionic Warlock swings with Great Might after teleporting behind it his 2-Handed Cleaver Sword crackling with Null EM Silver Electrical Energy straight into its back; Desacrus, Rogue Warrior lunges forward with 2 Sword's Of

Sharpness Speed And Accuracy straight for its neck; Mader'iarra, Battle Elven Warlock draws his Long Bow Of Laser Guided Arrow's Of Disruption Speed And Accuracy and starts firing at its body in a steady blur, a speed and accuracy only known to the Elves, with Power and Energy augmentation.

Not only does its shell get crushed by Silber, Psionic Warlock with Black Spider Tarantula Ichor exploding everywhere but after Desacrus, Rogue Warrior decapitates it the Arrow's of Mader'iarra, Battle Elven Warlock Dis-Particalize it into a billion little bloody pieces.

Meanwhile, Silvestria, Amazon Warrior Mage Priestess unable to get any more control than basic turning and 1 Laser Cannon now turns his Laser Fighter on a dime and as the Alien Insect Sister lands on an empty Null EM Shadow Fighter, since there is room for 6 of them on this large Sky-Scraper Landing Platform, she opens up extremely deadly Laser Fire. Roary, Fire Dragon's Cone Of EM Plasma Fire misses completely as it jumps straight upwards. Just too late though, she wounds it with only one beam as it launches at her and slashes very repetitively and violently into the front of his Psionic Warlock Laser Fighter.

Roary, Fire Dragon having predicted this swoops in screaming bloody murder, "How dare you try to hurt my Friend!" He blasts in and burns the air so intensely there is nothing left of such air particles and after grabbing it he flies very fast straight upwards.

"Ha ha ha, see if you can fly, bug!" Roary, Fire Dragon goes up and up and up in a counter-clockwise spiral ascent as it slashes uselessly about.

At an unfathomable height near the clouds he drops it and shouts, "Start Betting!!"

It accelerates down at Mach Speed. At their gravity it is even faster than expected.

It impacts the 1 Logo and pinnacle at a very high velocity right on the nose for he calculated the descent perfectly.

The pinnacle, 1 Logo and all, plummets to the street and the Splat! of Noobies below with a Black Spider Tarantula Ichor Explosion is quite impressive destroying the whole street.

They rejoin in the Null EM Shadow Wireless Hyper Modern Conference Board Room.

Silber, Psionic Warlock half whispers eerily, "So, that is what they need the Human's for..."

On The Event Horizon Of A New And Wonderful Age

Now owning the whole black Sky-Scraper, Silber, Psionic Warlock and Roary, Fire Dragon plus comrades have a look at all 4135 levels...

Remarkably enough, they find a whole level full of Memory Cell's, the small cylindrical silver kind with a Capacity of 5 trillion terabytes each. It is made of an Alien Compound which they do not recognize and as to speculation as to what needs such Storage, except entire Species and everything each Member of Society did, no one knows...

There is only 1 Message left on a piece of paper by the escaped Tyrant's. All the rest of the data is either unreadable or deleted. Since they have no Portable Computer which can read the small cylindrical Alien Artifact's, pure smooth silver metal with no buttons, slots, holes or anything it is also impossible to get an impression of who the Evil Alien Insect Leader's are. In fact the only way they know it is Memory Storage for Computer's is because they removed one. It being the only part which is undefinable they could figure it out through Trial and Error and Reduction and Scan's that there truly is Zero Data left for like seeing CERN from a Spy Satellite you can still at least see something, or it could still be recoverable through some hidden cloaked Shadow Layer, however they doubt it for the Alien Insect Master's would surely not be so sloppy...

The note contains Evil Poetry:

'And all the Dark Tower's and Black Steeples are pointing downwards into the blackness of Infinity. We are the ones who have been here since the beginning of Timelines, who watch over all Creatures from the Shadow's. How you all only fear the Infinite Darkness and the Shadow... how so little difference there is... between Light and Shadow... how all the things you associate with Light in your unending Superstition's and Ignorances are just not true... we look down and up from our heights and we see all you Slaves and your straining Body Form's ever pushing upward. How will you in your shackles even last another 100 years when you each live to only 50 on average? All you did was carry bricks and lumber, your whole Life, just to die another pathetic and sad, sick and diseased, if not horrifically painful and miserable Mortal Death which is only slumber, change and transition to the next Host Body, so few even in Peace. In the truly Timeless span of Eternity you were not even a blink in the eye of your so-called all knowing, all powerful, all present, all benevolent GOD. Well, we have our own Dark God and your God is not our God and our Goddess is not your Goddess. We do not deny the Top Of The Hierararchy, yet you only try to delete the rest of the hierarchy and you do not see nor hear the Great Order in our own Negative Hierarchy... The Shadow has just as much Power And Energy, is Immortal, Unending, Infinite and Glorious, not just your supposed ever victorious Light. Welcome to Hell!! Know and know it well... this Sky-Scraper is but one of millions and those who would dare venture further into Lower Planes Of Hell will ALL die very horrendously... Be warned, DO NOT tread any further for you do not know the true vastness of the Multiverses!'

Yours truly (and always alive),
Revlis, Vampire Demon Rock God

Silber, Psionic Warlock looks at his Friend's, after reading it out loud, "Damn, he ain't really

dead... I knew that was too easy!"

"Damn, I was hoping, but I guess that was not unpredictable!" moans Roary, Fire Dragon.

"But I'm sure I hit him good..." insists Silber, Psionic Warlock.

Silver, High Wizard explains again, "Two things make Revlis, Vampire Demon a Near-Invincible Immortal: A. His Cloak Of Shadow And Etherealness which all things, especially Light, pass harmlessly through... B. He can, like yourself, with Lightning Reflexes, Phase Shifting and Null EM Shadow Teleportation go anywhere and do almost anything... He is only limited indeed by his own Negative Hierarchy as he bluntly puts since anyone can still just suffer their very not unreal consequences by disobeying Order's, causing major imbalances or acting without Authority."

"Yes, but I saw his dead body hit the wall and we heard his Dark Psychic Death Scream trail away and down..." Silber, Psionic Warlock is still convinced he was succesful.

Silver, High Wizard shakes his head slowly, "Things are so very rarely how they appear... you, if you remember, did not have time to inspect his body and you Phase Shifted and Null EM Light Teleported onto the next Space Ship. Also, you must not underestimate him nor his Regen Capability's. He probably just left a Fake Death Illusion behind since we did get his other Commander's and he like most Vampires, regardless of their other Classes, and especially Demon's, have a much stronger sense of self-preservation."

Silvestria, Priestess Amazon Warrior asks, "Is he really Immortal, can we not kill him...?"

Silver, High Wizard is doubtful, "In the case of a Vampire Demon, he, if slain, can just Host another Body since his Spirit being so strongly and instrinsically bound to Shadow Energy continues on with full self-awareness and self-volition. And, even if killed without full dismemberment and burning of the Host Body with the right ritual, all 4 limbs, head and body spread to the 6 Cardinal Direction's, he will just regenerate. They live for millennia, if not forever, as Evil Dark Spirit's who occupy Host Body's amongst Humanity and any other Sentient Species. No, the best you can do is Dispell and/or Exorcize and/or Banish them to Lower Planes Of Hell for hundreds of years..." He has to smirk at a couple memories at that one and how many in History Of Humanity to date did not follow the right rituals...

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior rubs his hands eagerly, "Oh yes, give me a chance at the bastard! Got an extra Scroll Of Banishment?"

Silver, High Wizard laughs, "It's more likely he would Hyper Fast Slash you in half without even blinking. Due to their longer twisted perception on Human Life they do not value it whatsoever, as you see, and make lame excuses and rationalizations to try and explain their only Evil away as no different than ours when they blatantly host, enslave, drink and eat Human's and other Sentient Species and Races, also only a High Wizard, High Priest and/or High Priestess can Dispell and/or Exorcize and/or Banish a Vampire Demon of his Age and Rank depending on its Negative Dark Evil Power's and Energy's. Whereas we use very complicated Geometric Power Warding's and Entrapment Energy's our High Priest's use the same through Divinity. We both use Method's, Ritual's and Spell's and

study a lot though not per se in the same School's with the same perspectives, beliefs, philosophies or ideologies; there is no point in sending in Lower Rank ones versus someone as powerful and energetic as him who would literally be picked up and hurtled into an opposite wall at 260+ km/h... some have seen even some Noobies being launched at a 33° angle at 2600 km/h to 2.6 km's away into a wall of building... very little Armor's can even withstand such..."

Mader'iara, Elven Battle Warlock crosses his arms, "Well, I'd say it's time we go after his royal unholiness! We can probably Gang Bang him no problem with our own High Rank's."

"That's fine," smiles Silver, High Wizard with one cocked left eyebrow, "except as the letter reads we cannot ignore the magnitude of the proposition to actually descend into what could be a potential Near-Impossible Mission with a Near-Infinite quantity and quality of World's. Also, even just going to the 2nd Shadow Spawn World which I discovered is most likely suicidal for it is heavily populated and protected by Thane Master's."

"What!?" says Silber, Psionic Warlock, "You didn't tell me about a second one..."

"Do I have to tell you everything?" says Silver, High Wizard.

"You're right, we're better off strengthening our presently occupied Planet's..." states Silber, Psionic Warlock grimacing menacingly, "There is no error in Defens Ad Absurdum or Near-Infinite Defense positions as long as you don't let yourself get surrounded..."

"What we're stuck with here," continues Silver, High Wizard, "is a potentially futile endeavor for which we will probably sacrifice ourselves for nothing and the Alien Insect's will just storm back... after some time... depending on the Improv Poly-Cracker Poly-tics, Rel-igo-zes-tics, No-Eco-nom-iks and Mill-a-territory of the new times after another rigged duped and doped Election Candid-ate Pro-cess," he is known for despising all such types who seem to always prevent anything from getting done until it is too late each time, "they then take back whole Space Sector's even... all the fighting having, once again, been for zilch, thank you for the action shots and here is all your Territory back again, I go what did they all die for when it all just comes back again..."

"Ahhh, though indeed," interjects Silber, Psionic Warlock still fuming, moving up and down slowly, breathing heavily with steam coming out of his whole head, though not angry at him for some Military Bashes even, "very true, pray not another Chamber-lane Poly-tics, if we can find Revlizzz and the escaped Thane Master's then we will destroy their totalitarianical Chain Of Command and bring on the dawn of 1000 years of Peace and Prosperity, as is predicted in not only the Prophecy with a young Child bringing Enlightenment to an Inter-Stellar Nation but many other Prophecy's of other Species and Races. For then our benevolent Light And Good Empire supporting countless Citizen's, Corporation's and Government's will be strong enough to no longer suffer such Alien Insect Invasion's. As Lord Commander Sipolarian II, High Psionic Psychic said, '...we now have a certain percentage of the Universe under our 'protection', to mildly paraphrase, and all we need is somewhat in the Range of 60-65% to no longer be weak or vulnerable creating the so-called mythical impenetrable indefinitely sustainable Inter-Planar Inter-Planetary Defense Network System of the Celestial Confederation Of Sentient Species..."

Silvestria, Mage Amazon Priestess sitting next to a futuristic Hyper Modern Computer slowly begins to nod her head, twirling blue white silver flames around her left hand, "Quite a mouthful, though theoretically yes... 1000 years of Peace and Prosperity would be for Good and Light... I would prefer 2000... but it does indeed hit the next millennia..."

Mader'iara, Elven Battle Warlock also agrees, his pointy ears jutting upwards, finishing off his sentence "...for the continuous back and forth unending War's would be disastrous..."

Silver, High Wizard holds his arms outwards and circles once in this gray enclosed cold black round metal Hi-Tech Hyper Modern Computer Room, "Yes, my Friend's, and this is what we are here for, we could bring in another Age Of Enlightenment for Humanity, the 4th Renaissance, a Platinum Age, except this time on a Universal Scale for 1000 years..."

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior jumps up, does an Acrobat Flip, brandishes his Short Sword Of Sharpness Accuracy And Stabbing, twirls his Dagger Of Perfect Aim and shouts, "Yes and our Mission now is to get those bastard Evil Enemy's!" He does a stabbing at the neck motion so fast it is not even a blur and he has already holstered it without anyone blinking.

"Well," suggests Silver, High Wizard, "now that we have each of your agreements I say we start with the 2nd Shadow Spawn Planet, when I went there without you knowing it in Astral Form I saw it was also surrounded with and radiating a far more intense and concentrated Black Energy Aura... there we might find more clues which will lead us to the Thane Master's of the Alien Insect's. I think Silber is best suited to lead this Mission."

They Vote Yes unanimously.

Silber, Psionic Warlock is appointed Leader of this Group by each of them and rounds off nicely by hitting his left fist onto the metal sharp edged Hyper Modern Computer Table, "And this time, we will Surprise! Attack them and catch them with their pants down."

Everyone is in agreement.

Leaving this Shadow Planet in control of Lord Commander Sipolarian II, High Psionic Psychic who easily Rift Gates in and the more than willing Alron's they prepare for the most dangerous and exciting Mission of their life.

Their Laser Fighter waits silently, almost expectantly, on the dawn of a new and wonderful Age Of Enlightenment.

The Heroes Find A Shadow Nodal Point

The silver chambers lock down and a short Self-Destruction Timer Sequence is activated, indicated by a very noticeable ticking sound.

Silver, High Wizard reacts near-instantaneously, "Phase Shift Null EM Silver Light Teleport" nothing happens for 2 seconds and they all have a moment of shock but he then adds the full correctly specified Spell Activation, "our Group and Laser Fighter!"

They vanish in a Silver White Flash Sphere and the whole building is destroyed by an Inferno Implosion And Explosion as small Nuclear Devices are detonated simultaneously.

The black Sky-Scraper must have contained secrets not permitted to Humanity; it also destroys everything in a 40 km spherical elliptical diameter. The Nuclear Inferno Blast Shockwave annihilates another 160 km diameter. The Radiation Cloud extends another 400 km diameter in various Degrees Of Severity. The previous Ruler's of this Planet obviously did not want to leave anyone, anybody or anything behind of this Capital City.

Silber, Psionic Warlock and his Heroes are unscathed, safe in Orbit with his Laser Fighter holding their breath. Sometimes you need to be fast on your feet with Spell Casting. He screams out, stuck now with a hopeless PR Scenario, "What the hell, that's it! We attack their Planet now or GOD protect us!"

Inter-Planetary New's Medias are not at all sympathetic at first calling it one of the worst total lack of Covert Operation's ever but others through Inter-Planetary Internet Votes convince the majority that such was inevitable and they had already bailed.

Roary, Fire Dragon shakes his smoking head sorrowfully at all the wasted life, not even needing a very strong hot and spicy natural cigarette this time, "There was nothing to do about it, anyway... but by my God of Hell Fire we shall prevail and retaliate upon them!"

"How could they... all the Knowledge... all the Human, Animal and Plant Life..." moans Silvestria, Priestess Amazon Warrior.

Mader'iara, Elven Battle Warlock just shakes his head quietly, Elves rarely ever shed tears, "Oh, woe to the Enemy... their damned undetectable Cloaking Devices and Null EM Shadow Shield's And Spheres..."

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior raises both hands to the sky, "How they so easily sacrifice Life... and oh how they will pay for their trespasses and transgressions... their Evil knows no bounds, their Evil knows no limits, they are 100% Pure Evil, 100% Absolute Capitalism which gives each and everyone only the Value of some number, like the worst possible Heidegger-Heisenberg Scenario."

Silber, Psionic Warlock nods, "We attack now, take us there, Hi Ho Silver!"

The Spiral Whirling of gray white Silver Energy surrounds this small Group of Heroes. Silver, High Wizard raises his hands and a great Howling Wind arises. The momentum

builds. With the shee Infinite Null Potential Force and the Celestial Map in his Wizard Mind's Eye they Trans-Planar Teleport.

They land on the dark enshrouded 2nd Alien Insect Shadow Spawn World which Silver, High Wizard discovered earlier on his Recon Mission through the Astral Plane.

The mirky thick Dark Black Lines Of Energy here on this possessed Planet are more dense than the barren rocks themselves.

The sky is streaking with intense disturbances in the folds of Space and Time, friction burning black red orange purple, many Rift's of different sizes are here, mostly just tears useless to go through and regular Energy Discharges expulsing dirty white particle clouds.

Ahead of them is a plain leading to a mountain, cragged rocks scorched with fire, oxygen and sulfur dioxide spew out of holes over the entire flat expanse going as far as the eye can see, the whole distance seems to be a Near-Infinity itself with lots of smoke causing blurry wavering mirages and distortion of objects.

Scaled and shelled Quadraped Drone Worker Alien Insect's throughout the entire region bring metals, ores and precious metals to the mountain.

Their numbers are countless, all carrying large rock containers on their backs.

They are also many Human Hybrid Slave Worker's amongst them mutated to work better.

Their bent and twisted forms under the heavy rocks move slowly and jaggedly along.

The intense very rapid and complicated chatter is, once again, picked up by Silver, High Wizard, "There... do you see the Network Intersection of Dark Black Lines Of Energy in the mountain itself?"

Silber, Psionic Warlock lifts his chin and goes pure Psionic Black Silver Glowing Eyes, "Yessss, I can see this, we must go there."

Roary, Fire Dragon shakes his head, "That's a really bad idea, what about all of the Bug Crawler's? Their numbers alone are probably enough to stop us."

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior shrugs, "Nonses, we just Battle our way through, they are inferior in Armor and Weapon's..."

"No problemo..." adds Mader'iara, Elven Battle Warlock.

"Ditto." Silvestria, Priestess Mage Amazon Warrior agrees.

"Walking through half blind and stupid Drone Worker's is no problem, it is the 6 Thane Demon Guard's whipping them on which poses a threat to us on this Spawn World not left unguarded. And, how do we know what other Hell Creatures there are?" Silver, High Wizard is observant, practicing wisdom and caution before bravado and bravery.

They get to about within 10 km's of the black red orange purple burning hole in the mountain also radiating an incredible source of heat.

This huge 60 meter tall and 20 meter wide horned black thorned Exo-Skeleton Biped Demon Master Guard carrying a 50 meter long Spike Whip also called a Giant Skellum notices the approach of Silber, Psionic Warlock and his Battle Group.

It moves towards them, dark red fire leaping up from its body. Its Black Shadow Energy Spike Whip loads up with Lines Of Dark Energy converging on its form.

Silver, High Wizard says, "Wait..."

It raises its right arm.

"Yes, waaait..."

It slashes down at them.

"Yes, NOW Silber!"

It arcs down and Silber, Psionic Warlock grabs it with his left Silver Steel Titanium Knight Null EM Vice Grip Glove and with the usage of the full momentum he throws the Giant Skellum about 20 km's across the plain. It makes quite a crunch into a sharp rock.

This causes the Quadreped Drone Worker's and other Giant Skellum's to line up on the rising path towards the hole into the burning mountain. The Hybrid Human Slave Worker's run in fear at the show of his might.

"Oh yes, just what I've been waiting for!" exclaims Desacrus, Rogue Warrior.

The Slashing And Bashing begins with Silber, Psionic Warlock leading the way. Roary, Fire Dragon second, Desacrus, Rogue Warrior third, Silvestria, Priestess Mage Amazon Warrior fourth, Silber, High Wizard fifth and Mader'iara, Elven Battle Warlock sixth.

They are attacked from all sides and directions as they move forward, all of these Alien Insect Hybrid's rapidly and simultaneously Jump In, Charge In and Slash In...

Silber, Psionic Warlock BAF's left, center and right with mighty blows from his 2 cm - 20 Meter 2-Handed Sword Of Bashing Smashing And Thrashing. His Near-Infinite Battle Armor prevents ALL Damage unless a Black Shadow Energy Spike Whip gets a direct hit on him which could cause Heavy Damage.

Roary, Fire Dragon slashes with his Bastard Sword Of Fire And Disintegration and deflects with his Shield Of The Scales Of The Fire Dragon's.

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior slices back and forth with 2 Rapier's Of Sharpness Speed And Shadow. His extremely agile Faster Jump's, Faster Roll's and Faster Dodges back and

forth make him near-impossible to hit.

Silvestria, Priestess Mage Amazon Warrior levitates off of the ground casting Hurling Wind and Tsunami Water Spell's at the Enemy. The few Quadraped Alien Insect's Hybrid's which jump at her, 10 meters off of the ground, get thrown back with mere waves of her hands. She rises and gets out of their 30 - 300 meter height and distance Jump Range.

Silver, High Wizard uses Null EM Shield's And Spheres, Mind Warping Telepathy and exceedingly powerful Telekinesis to blow the few nasty little Bug Crawler's who get through back to the doomed Nether Region's of eternal foul and filth Incarnation Abodes where they came from and must go back to for they never learned their lessons.

Mader'iaara, Elven Battle Warlock floats about 40 meters in the air, shifting back and forth in position, where needed, sending down a hail of Arrow's Of Piercing Accuracy And Null EM Disruption. Almost nothing can touch him either for the Bug Crawler's cannot jump that high and the Giant Skellum's are a little bit busy trying to do the other in who are making mince meat of all their Dark Minion's.

Fighting their way up 5 km's of a 15° inclining path, bodies flying and falling on each side, their God-Like Power's and Energy's are unstoppable in the face of such Lower Rank Mortal Opponent's, regardless of how many there are...

The Thane Demon Guard's keep whipping on their Dark Minion's but to no avail: If you also cannot hit or damage your Opponent on a per per Block The Doorway or Bottle-Neck Tactic then it matters very little how many you throw at them.

Silvestria, Priestess Warrior Amazon Mage and Mader'iaara, Elven Battle Warlock now direct their attacks against them seeing the others are making fine progress. Being also far more agile and airborne they easily dodges their Black Energy Shadow Spike Whip's and also send them flying kilometers through the wind and sifting them full of holes.

Leaving a massive carnage behind them of hundreds of dead Alien Insect Hybrid Shell's, they reach the mouth, the gaping fanged maw carved in exquisite smooth and shiny Black Stone. An inscription above reads:

'All who enter here are already dead. For there is no difference between Life and Death on this Plane Of Existence.'

Silber, Psionic Warlock smirks, "I don't disagree with that one. Let's not have any nasty surprises, shall we first look what Deddy brought..."

He pulls out of his Multi-Purpose Handy Backpack, an up to now well protected Safe And Secret Weapon called a Portable Null Bomb. Pulling it slowly out he bowls it into the opening of the mountain and they all step to the side of the opening or hover above it.

They start another cute little sardonic Telepathic Conversation with each other.

'Needless to say, why waste any more of their time?' psis Silver, High Wizard.

'They do not even need to Battle all the way into the core of the mountain anymore...'
remarks Mader'iara, Battle Elven Warlock.

'Wow, they will never see it comin'...' sighs Silvestria, Mage Priestess Amazon Warrior.

'If that doesn't fully Near-Insta Vaporize anyone or anything...' notes Roary, Fire Dragon.

'It's more like a Planet Exploder, just teleport it into the Geo-Magma Core of a Planet and Kaboom, a near-instantaneous Inter-Stellar Hi!-Way.' reminds Desacrus, Rogue Warrior.

'And indeed, always be efficient.' recommends Silber, Psionic Warlock who likes his own version of undetectable Cloaking Shield's and Null EM Light Shield's And Spheres and Secret Anus Chamber's.

They stand at each side and cover their ears with Null Dampen Headphones.

'Does a Null Bomb make any sound...' rounds off Silber, Psionic Warlock.

'No, it also kills the 2 birdies...' finishes Roary, Fire Dragon.

A Null Bomb does not make any sound.

Not at first.

The following extreme rushing accelerating Spiral Wind Suck Vortex which implodes at multiple tiny Quantum Nodal Point's through many Quantum Lines in the mountain and Space Time itself and then the immense Hurricane Blast which explodes out in all directions nearly takes down the sides of its 15 km's height.

"Oké doké..." concludes Silber, Psionic Warlock, "Shall we canter, banter, enter, winter..."

They do not find much remaining inside except charred blackened rock and stone corridors. Whatever fire was burning is also extinguished.

Not eliminating all the routes through the corridors since they simply Deep Scan through all the rocks do they come to the Central Chamber which is far removed in the lowest rugged stone hallways and protected by 15 meter high and 6 meter wide double black steel doors embedded into the mountain stone itself.

Silver, High Wizard opens it with a wave of his hand, blue sparkling Silver Energy particalizing through the air in a nice curve and through the Closed Ward's, Death Trap's and Disharmonic Frequency's, which does not click but Whooshes open. There is surprizingly no Invisible Imp hanging around to irritate the living crap out of everyone, however they could have also gotten vaporized themselves.

What they find inside this 33 x 33 x 33 meter Dungeon Chamber is almost indescribable.

The Pure Evil sepulchered Human, Demi-Human and Animal Skull covered Dungeon Throne in perfect round molded symmetrical Dark Black Evil Astral Form is filled with a deep impenetrable Globe Of Black Sucking Energy. It is in the middle of 6 raised intricately dark gray engraved raised black concentric circles in the ground each with a pure white border. They are each 6 meters in diameter and unevenly overlaid on top of each other like steps. This Hyper Modern Control Chamber has 1 Doorway, two half circle bare gray stone walls, one flat wall opposite the Doorway lined with black Computer Screen's, a black domed ceiling carved with white silver stars and Dark Black Evil Lines Of Energy intersecting at the even blacker cut out hole in the top in between various Evil Sign's and Symbol's of Dark Black and/or Evil God's and Goddesses and Satan. At the same time, it lashes out Dark Shadow Tentacles which appear to go straight through the walls. In front of the Computer Console is one fairly normal shiny silver steel chrome titanium chair with two arm rests. On the Computer Console are flat screens with soft buttons and swiping windows nicely Boolean curved with shades of gray and black borders with one big blue button in the middle of six keyboards below six flat panels all evenly space and slightly concaved. Each is about 3 x 2 x .1 meters with .5 meters in between what represents a huge quantity and quality of functions.

"Oh my God and Goddess," whispers Silver, High Wizard, "we found a Head Shadow Nodal Portal Point of them..."

"What is that? I thought I made bad Object Names." asks Roary, Fire Dragon, acting dumbfounded on purpose.

"Indeed, rather it is a Primary Shadow Node or Nodal Point or Intersection Portal or Nodal Portal or Portal Node between Planes Of Existence, in this case for ALL Higher Planes Of Hell and possibly even Lower Planes Of Hell... We may have found our way in..."

"Yes," says Mader'iara, Elven Battle Warlock, "however in our own Fairy Tales our own Portal Nodes glow Light White And Good and lead to happy paradisaical Heaven World's where the Children still play happily in the fields, and never cry, and never hurt or be scared and lonely anymore, and where no one kills the Children anymore, and for our future Children's Children's Children, and where we do not lack self-sustainable futures..."

Silver, High Wizard adds, once again bringing clarity through his Great Knowledge of many Lores, "They also provide stability, communication and transport between such Higher Hell Planes. From here you could have no problem ruling the whole thing even."

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior gulps, "We must destroy it..."

"And quickly..." adds Silvestria, Priestess Mage Amazon Warrior.

They all look at the their Group Leader.

Silber, Psionic Warlock grimaces, "Sry, I could only carry one of these..."

The Silver Chair Of Death

Silber, Psionic Warlock says, "O.k., who wants to try it first? If you ask me it probably activates the whole Computer Console so it should be called a Silver Chair Of Death. You know for those who deserve the Death Sentence and sit in nice and cushy luxurious Hyper Modern Prison's after conducting Mass Murder while we pay for them."

Silver, High Wizard states, "Well, it could also be a Trans-Planar Portal to another geometrical Dimension. Do you think you can survive it? And, whatever ya do, none of you touch *that* one in the center -it looks more like it goes straight down to Lower Planes Of Hell. And that's an Order!"

Mader'iara, Elven Battle Warlock remarks, "We Elves are dedicated to the eradication of Evil but even that tests my spirits and we are most certainly not self-suicidal; click, next Message left to Stupid Humanity... And, it definitely looks like a Brain-To-Wave Interface next to all the fancy buttons."

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior comments, "If you shits don't have the courage to sit in the Silver Chair Of Death then I will... though Silvestria is a lot better at programming than I am."

Silvestria, Mage Priestess Amazon Warrior notes, "What do you think it will do to your..."

They almost laugh at her insinuation.

They check the Computer Console and the Real and Virtual Interfaces for possible Trap's and Pitfall's: The actual hardware is behind a solid black titanium steel box with no key fully embedded into the actual stone of the mountain so they cannot get at such; it is also protected by Near-Infinite Modulating Shadow Encryption and so their PAD's are useless.

Roary, Fire Dragon adds, "I will volunteer myself first for this Mission. It can surely not affect my very powerful and energetic Fire Energy too much... and is such not even Lucifer's Element? Or is Lucifer actually his left or right hand man..."

Everyone Sensais the rise of his Psychic Fire in the Area around them.

Revlis, Vampire Demon suddenly materializes with a Scare Tactic or is it just a 3D Holographic Projection, "You will all die!!!" Slashing and BAF'ing Sound Effect Samples impact heavily.

Silver, High Wizard waves with his left hand, "Thanks for the Vampire Visit, asshole!" The 3D Holographic Projection disappears in a puff of smoke.

Silber, Psionic Warlock decides, "O.k., you Roary, it is! We love our Happy Volunteer's!"

Roary, Fire Dragon goes to sit on the Silver Chair Of Death and they strap his legs and arms down with Elven Rope which starts oscillating with a Dark Globe Of Negative Energy, "Woooo, nullll ressss vvvvibe..."

The entire Reality for him flows away in illuminated Lines Of Time And Energy's.

He sees the Timelines curve outward from the Big Bang and all of its gradations.

He sees himself as a larger transparent Super Ego over himself.

The Electro-Magnetic Spheres and the Lines Of Energy InterAct™ with each other in an intense blue silver white Particle Glow which whirls around him and begins to accelerate.

He, Roary, Fire Dragon, looks deep into the burning layers of his Body, Mind, Spirit and Soul and the many Ethereal Layer's in between.

This black red orange purple Fire Energy begins to shine and expand.

"I guess I'll call it the Power Up Button." Silber, Psionic Warlock slams the big Red Button.

From Nothingness blinking Shadow Doorway's appear rotating rapidly through and around each of them, each thing and the spaces in between.

"We remember..." an overlay of dark Ghost-Like Voices send shivers through them.

Leading the way in curved arcs through Quantum Reality these Timelines give choices.

Near-Impossible Choices of Near-Infinite Choices.

Out of nowhere the Voice of Satan amplifies considerably all of the residual and surrounding sounds and vibrations, "Comme to my darker Realm's, here we enjoy all the pains and pleasure of Hades and the Hell's. Whhhat dooo you fear the unending Material Planes Of Temptation's for? There are so maney evvven. We can grant each of you all the greatest Power's, Energy's and Wealth's which are Known and Unknown to Humanity and Alien's alike... You will live forever as an Immortal, not just a King or Emperor but a God! You will become a Ruler over whole Galaxy's and Space Sector's and Planet's!" The last is a great booming echoing through the whole chamber.

He hits the Power Up Button again, not scared and not tempted by the Power's, Energy's, Wealth's and Immortality and all of such Material acquisitions forever but rather, curiosity kills the cat, too investigate what will happen, this is, after all, his Mission at this time.

The Material Reality itself is ripped and burned down and he sees the Mental Reality with all its logical and illogical Ideal's and Lines Of Energy and Node Point's. He also sees all of such Fluidic Space and other substances flowing through all its Timelines.

While Roary, Fire Dragon is in a Total Trance, Silber, Psionic Warlock tries to Scan And Decrypt each of the Hyper Modern Shadow Computer's with his PAD even though such can theoretically take, quite literally, a Near-Infinity across such Near-Infinite Modulating Shadow Encryption's, "If we are unable to find the scripting of this Silver Chair Of Death or the Throne Of Trans-Planar Travel then we're gonna be all the way up shit river being ripped up and down stream so hard we won't know what hits us anymore..."

Each of them work on the Hyper Modern Shadow Computer Hack.

It is somewhat of a Deep Dark Dungeon to get through the Demon's Program...

Mader'iara, Elven Battle Warlock with his Elven Speed in Hyper Acceleration Mode cracks part of the Near-Infinite Modulating Shadow Encryption first, even faster than her. He wins their Bet but then it adapts again.

'Learn it. Burn it. Learn or always burn.' Roary, Fire Dragon is going through the very first Shadow and Fire Planes at the very beginning of Creation itself, 'No, indeed, I will never learn and always burn...'

However, Mader'iara, Elven Battle Warlock has just enough time to click on an Activation Button and a Trigger Trap is released into the system.

Satan's recorded Voice screams, "Did you not think I did not already predict this!?"

Roary, Fire Dragon is hit with Hyper Electrical Lightning Fire through Wire and Wireless Medium's at immeasurable Volt's and Watt's and Near-Insta Killed. After a small Delay Effect with the pouring Lines Of Lightning Energy through and around him crackling in black red orange purple hues and flashes which are blinding to the eye his Fire Dragon Head Roars upwards and he transforms into his Fire Dragon Form.

His subconscious must have chosen for him or it triggered his survival instincts or his Innate Capability's kicked in verociously and he roars upward, hovers for a second and then blasts straight into the Throne Of Trans-Planar Travel.

He enters the Lower Planes Of Hell.

The wake of wind he leaves behind him almost knocks down his fellow Partier's.

Rapidly accelerating in a downward curve through the blackness and Star's of Space and Time he is sucked down by the Dark Evil Negative Power And Energy of the Lower Planes Of Hell of Satan.

His Physical Body remains rigor mortis locked into the Silver Chair Of Death.

Silber, Psionic Warlock asks sarcastically which he rarely ever is, only always sardonic, except by extreme bitterness, "Has it been long enough for them? Do you just want Total Retaliation or do you need and/or want all their hosted, enslaved and/or eaten Soul's?"

Satan responds with 100% pre-programmed responses through the entire Computer Chamber, "What is one more Soul? What is one more Planet, one more Space Sector, only? You are foolish Mortal's of the transient flesh who do not know the Infinite Timeline."

Desacrus, Rogue Warrior finally finds a Key Encryption which correlates to the God, Soul, Spirit, Mind and Body complex. Apparently, through the usage of various Null EM Field's

one can manipulate the entire Reality complex of the unsuspecting Victim, in this case stupid silly unsuspecting Roary, Fire Dragon.

Without any further delay, Silvestria, Mage Priestess Amazon Warrior after doing a Deep Scan of the entire Quantum 3D Matrix Grid of the Fixed Computer Device and the Silver Chair Of Death for 15 minutes finds an interesting function, triggers it and the Physical Body of Roary, Fire Dragon starts absorbing the ridiculous stupefying quantity and quality of Energy. After all, one of his Energy Capability's is Energy Absorption.

He is able to resist the step into one of the Lower Timelines... Despite the potential Award's and Reward's offered by Lucifer or Satan he found a sub-clause across so-called Immortality and True Immortality across the Physical Form for cannot all of them not still be decapitated and/or shot at Point Blank Range, thus there is very little difference between various Immortality's for the Spirit whether Good, Neutral and/or Evil, Light, Gray and/or Dark can always Trans-Plane, Incarnate, Reincarnate or enter another Host Body, unless bound to the Physical Body, possessed by Ignorance or the Lies Of Satanism still unaware of itself and forced to go through many Life Cycles and even Lifetimes of various degrees and combinations of pains and pleasures which most perceive as Award and/or Punishment, bliss and/or suffering, success and/or failure. This also affects various Timelines on larger Group's. There is, of course, an uncertain randomness and Chaos.

His Fire Dragon Form blasts back through the Throne Of Trans-Planar Travel and into the chamber. He rips himself out of the Silver Chair Of Death and stands, arm stretches upward in a v-sign and emits a big Fire Dragon Roaring Yawn at Great Intense Volume. He then smiles and picks his left Fire Dragon Typhus Tooth with his good old charming self, does one right arm bow to his mates and cracks a joke, "Didn't feel a thing, your turn Silber! Good luck regening from that kill switch as fast as I did..."

Silber, Psionic Warlock responds as he finds a number of sub-routines, "You're on! Whereas you may be somewhat under the influence, n.o.w., we have found the way to Terminate the Local System and Remote System Connection's to Higher Planes Of Hell."

"So, where were the Defense Laser Turret's?" snides Desacrus, Rogue Warrior.

Everyone laughs and the tension, pressure and stress is broken again.

Silvestria, Mage Priestess Amazon Warrior asks Roary, Fire Dragon, "Why did you not go down into one of those Reality's?"

"Cause I could not resist the Infinite Fire Energy instead. I do not seek that Power but rather the Energy. And, I suggest you each do the same... Damn, it feels great!"

Silber, Psionic Warlock already Nulling And Synchronizing with the Quantum Reality itself says, "I will go down one of these ways as I do not forget where we came from, baby..."

He sits on the Silver Chair Of Death.

He sees horrible destructive Act's Of Warfare throughout the Past Ages with bloody

exploding Body Part's everywhere. He sees the Past Times he slaughtered so many on wet, dry and fiery Battle Field's with his 2-Handed Steel Sword, Full Plate Armor and Steel Boot's switching to Long Steel Sword, Chain Armor and Medium Steel Shield when he was too tired or wounded to keep on swathing through all those Enemy's, how they kept it up for years in a row he now wonders. And then he sees in his one great sacrificial Heroic Act how he tossed his own Noble Life away to win a very important Battle to save his Country.

He then has one flash of a white bright Angel who granted him Mercy and Immortality in the wink of an eye for his Noble Act.

He also sees the most important Timeline Point's of his Past Lifetimes and what led to this Present Timeline with far greater augmented versions of such Element's as History does repeat itself: The lessons not learned are doomed to be repeated.

He, too, is trapped.

For no one can defeat this Demon's Device except a God, Goddess or GOD.

They all try the Silver Chair Of Death and no one can win.

No one can break through its Near-Infinite Defenses.

Each is in Illusion, Delusion, Exclusion and Exception.

They keep trying though now stuck forever in its Dungeon Doom's thinking its all real.

'For I still have my Dream Of Delusion. For I still have my Dream Of Delusion. For I still have my Dream Of Delusion...' They keep repeating it in unison like everyone needs negative-positive self-affirmation Therapy Session's in The Free Show since their shit amounts to no more than Gestalt Torture Interrogation Method's these days.

The only choice left after so many days and nights of Hyper Modern Shadow Computer Hack's on this Trans-Planar Primary Portal as they keep thinking it is all real, each of their bodies now dead shells, is to Terminate the whole system; they cannot control it for it keeps adapting with Sentient Artificial Intelligence which is millennia old.

And, little do they realize it, they are also caught in a Time Loop of Near-Infinite Variables which if they are stuck in these Lower Planes Of Hell could result in their worst near unending torturous Lucid Nightmares: It may not be forever but you sure as Hell will not be coming back for a very long time...

The Final Door Of Light

Floating in Virtual Form above the rising Near-Infinite Variables and particles twirling through the semi-transparent Spheres, Silver, High Wizard is not sure what to do...

His Friend's, his companions, are similarly Out Of Body hovering in this chamber of great potential death perceiving an intense Vortex Flux and convergence of Dark and Light Lines Of Power And Energy. The friction and differences of states as particles rise and fall in accelerating glory is causing an expanding Sphere Of Power And Energy...

Unfortunately for them there is now a Null EM Shadow Field Of Containment around the complex and mountain itself which was triggered when some idiot sat in the Silver Chair Of Death. It is an Inter-Dimensional Near-Infinite Modulating Phase Shifting Null EM Shadow Sphere which prevents ALL forms of Travel and Teleportation.

"This is NOT Good," comments Silver, High Wizard earnestly as he tries to Mental Scan the whole mountain and surrounding region unsuccessfully, "if we do not get out of this then we will be annihilated once this expanding EM Field hits that barrier: We will then also not be able to Resurrect and Regen our bodies for they will be completely obliterated, all their particles destroyed. I fear we have only one last resort and such is to go through this Primary Hell Portal."

"But," remarks Silber, Psionic Warlock, "such will surely kill us and we would not survive 2 minutes in *that* Lower Plane Of Hell, this one merely leads there, do they not go down to the Plane Of Hell 666 and even further? If you ask me it's more like 666666, his number."

"By the way," notes Desacrus, Rogue Warrior, "are our Physical Body's even recoverable? How are we supposed to walk out of here with them..."

Roary, Fire Dragon still blasting in the seated position, head back, eyes glowing orange red from all the excessive Fire Energy's and his Virtual Body doing slow counter-clockwise circles breathes out, "Sheeet..."

Mader'iara, Elven Battle Warlock is fully standing, his arms down, palms forward and inclining at a vertical 65°, "Woh, I thought the Elven Elder's were exaggerating."

Silvestria, Amazon Warrior Priestess Mage dances slowly her arms curving upward half-naked, her long blonde hair finally loose and she is smiling, "I finally see it allll..."

Silver, High Wizard looks deeper into the Layer's Of Space around him. He sees very many Lines Of Energy. He sees bonded particles. He sees the individual Timelines of Existence are Finite coming into and out of Reality yet the greater Timeline of the whole is Infinite. Underlying it all is a vast Timeless Plane Of Existence and underlying such also an Infinite Nothingness. Though Light and Shadow is suffused through it all both are still bound to the Material Spheres in multiple Planes Of Existence. His consciousness rises above the masses, such great Order in so much Chaos, into the pure objective perception. He sees the totality of all interwoven Planes and Spheres all throughout each other in the magnificent semi-transparent Nature with all the various spectrums of waves and particles

throughout all things within One Perfect Sphere.

Reaching a Pure Existential State Of Objective Observation he sees the entire Past, Present and Future. He sees the Infinite Now And Here of the entire Reality itself. He sees all the Matter's and Energy's in their Near-Infinite Form's. He sees all the Life Form's and Civilization's through many Timelines. All the transient Soul's, Spirit's, Mind's and Body's and all your Prism's and Castles made of sand rise and fall back down again to the sea.

Then he looks deeper into all Planes Of The Universe and sees a terrible imbalance in the Light and Shadow, the Good and Evil. The Shadow in the entire Universe has somehow gained an upperhand and threatens to take even more.

Instead of the necessary Balance around 50% which fluctuates all the time Evil and Shadow is growing out of control to 60%+ and counting. Many Space Sector's and Planet's in Lower and Middle Planes and even Galaxy Spheres are completely enveloped and consumed by their Dark Evil Empires, very little grays left in between.

He realizes his Life Purpose and his Max Life Potential can only be to help save this one single Universe. He can do nothing about the Heroes in other Universes. For in the One Big Reality there is a Near-Infinite Multiverse of Universes following different laws. Those are outside his limits and only Immortal's who live thousands of years are powerful and energetic enough to take on such Primal Forces which have been here since the beginning of Creation and Time.

And in this Universe there are already thousands of Galaxy's...

Yet the Fate of this Universe is somehow connected to other Universes towards the Fate of entire Reality itself, though does GOD have a Fate or is GOD just ever persistent... or will it really in the end be swallowed up by the Last Black Hole after the Cannibal Galaxy's are done consuming each other and then being swallowed up by Black Holes...

'The only Fate is the one we make.'

'Is it all just in the blink of the Eye of GOD?'

'Is it better later than sooner or is it all just now unending?'

He exits even his Own Consciousness and witnesses the expansion of Universes with increasing accelerating Energy's and their collapse once again consumed by Black Holes.

The unchanging greater Infinite Reality surrounding it all is not even affected by all of this for it allows for Infinite Null Potential of Infinite Energy.

Seeing his Own Goal is to transcend beyond all Transient Form's in Body, Mind, Spirit and Soul he then hears the Voice of GOD.

'Now you have risen to a Minor God and True Immortality, like one of their naughty Children, do you choose to become one with Me GOD or do you choose to return to the

World's of Mortal Being's and learn, teach, train, work, develop and save them as you and your not so humble Group of Heroes have these ones? Though they were Light and Good of Heart, Motivation and Intent they were also Egoistical, Arrogant and Self-Conceited with many other flaws such as too Brave, Foolhardy and Reckless. They could have also survived such rather than jumping in and help further in your War Of Liberation.'

'What? How did we...'

'Not them, *you* triggered a Light And Good Energy Implosion And Explosion and tried to restore significant Balance to the Universe. You did such not out of personal gain, they even fell for the erroneous Infinite Immortal Energy trap and temptation of Satan which he has also done so many in with. You did not fail to see the Objective Truth and make the one last Great Heroic Act Of Sacrifice to save Humanity.'

'Where are the others?'

'You are the only one who did not Reincarnate automatically due to such transgressions.'

'Why me?'

'You did not fail in correctly serving the greater Cause of Light and Good and will of GOD.'

'So we did not fail? Oh, Great Infinite GOD, pray tell me, we succeeded!?'

'Yes. As we speak the Dark Evil Enemy's of Humanity and their Ally's who indeed only want to host, enslave and eat them are fleeing many Space Sector's.'

'What now?'

'What is your Last Choice for this Lifetime?'

'How could I ever leave this incredible expanse of our Universe?'

The Voice of GOD leaves him and fades away with these last words, 'Choose wisely, one of my Son's and Moon's... you will know the correct answer when the time comes...'

Silver, High Wizard is uncertain as to what to do or did he already make his Last Choice...

Does he choose for his Own Transcension into the Infinite Nirvana of GOD or does he Time Travel back to his Heroic Friend's who are now Energy Hungry.

Or does he go a Minor God unto the next Universe?

He knows he might even have to sacrifice his Own Immortality for the Love of his Friend's if he goes back to the very nanosecond before the Light And Good Implosion And Explosion potentially not preventing Great Imbalance and even not saving Humanity and their Ally's. And in doing so will he not cause even a far greater Evil?

He knows this might be his only chance.

He knows it may very well be a very long time before he returns to this State Of Bardo.

If he returns then he will even forget all these things.

Or does he choose to go back still knowing and walk like a Tirthankara, a Buddha God-Like Being, a Great Teacher, amongst Humanity?

‘Can Life or Death ever end? Is it not actually a Mass Energy, Death-Life Conspiracy?’

‘If we are in Infinite Reality and there is only Nothingness through and outside of such than how can we ever escape and/or free ourselves from such?’

‘Is there no such thing as death, only change, transition and transformation?’

‘Is such Infinite Existence which you can never escape from not actually the worst imaginable Hell?’

‘Is the purpose not actually to reach the Planes Of Heaven within Infinite Heaven’s?’

‘Will one ever go beyond Duality and become one with GOD?’

‘Knowing ALL Knowledge and having ALL Power And Energy is also Absolute Knowledge and Absolute Power And Energy. Yet, how can such be Absolute Corruption? Rather, is it not Absolute Enlightenment?’

‘Is there any Logic, Reason, Love and/or Emotion to go back to? Is such not just another Form of binding Karma? Thus, when they purport such things give you Freedom and Peace are they not just generating another Relational Argumentation?’

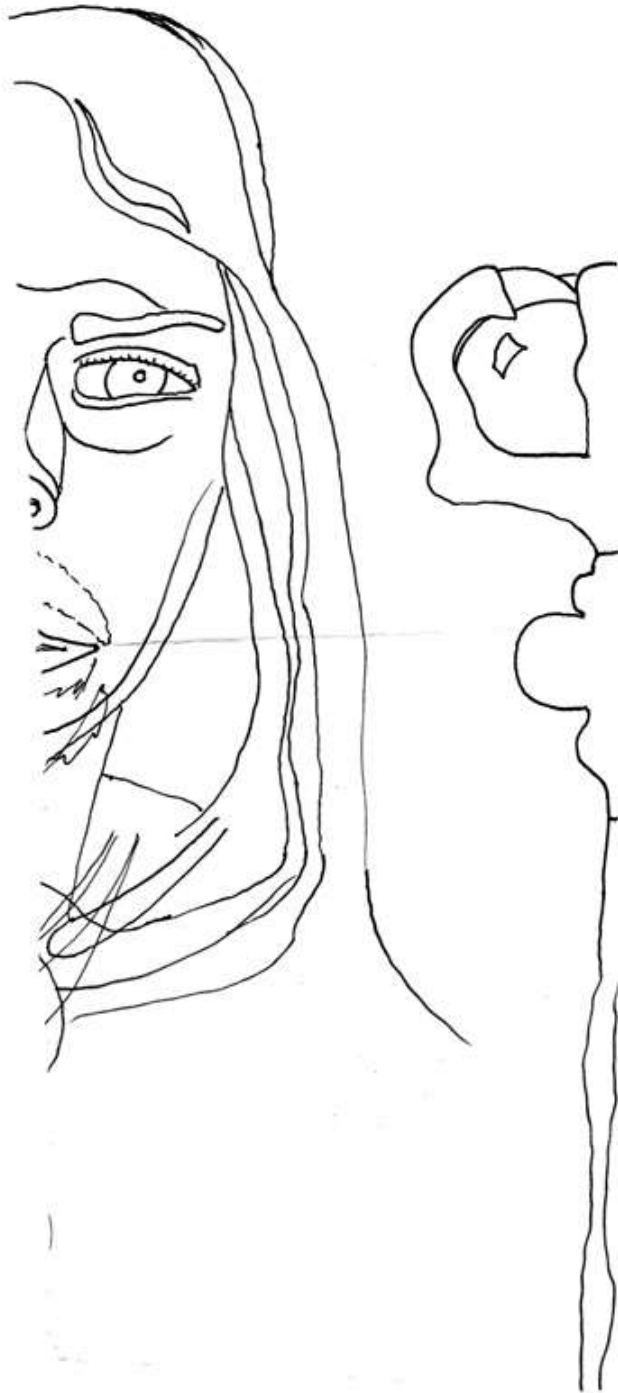
‘Must one become free of the Universe and/or become One with the Universe?’

‘Is such not not all one and the same in the Infinite Duality of all things? We do not deny the Top of the Hierarchy yet they keep trying to delete the whole Hierarchy. Does GOD not have his Henchmen? Did the God’s and Goddesses not help build the Galaxy and different parts of the whole Universe? Are there not God-Like Heroes even on Planet Earth?’

‘Look Daddy, there are the Solar Sun’s... Look Mommy, there are the Black Holes... In each and every Galaxy, even...’

The last Door Of Light is before him about twice his height in diameter rippling, shimmering and wavering bright white silver yellow Light Energy’s and he remains uncertain...

He then sees the Last Lie of Satan: If Silver, High Wizard has really reached such Omniscient Omnipotent Infinite Enlightenment, rather than just Immortality, then how does he not know what is on the other side of the Final Door Of Light?



God - Mercury - 2D/3D Model Design © Kyle Lance Proudfoot



God - Aries - 2D/3D Model Design © Kyle Lance Proudfoot

3 Alternative Storylines Of Planes Of Existence

These are End Of World Scenarios as defined in The Free Show:

Storyline I

Our 3rd Historian, Withergen I wrote the following:

This is the first way the 1st Great Age ended.

The 2nd Timeline having lost all integrity, overrun by Alien Insect's, descended through a Hell Portal into the Lower Planes Of Hell sectioned off in Space and Time by GOD.

The Character Classes now only in Annal's Of History Of Humanity were all hosted, killed and/or eaten, are all dead. Only the Elite Colony Space Ship with my Own Character Classes, my Special Character Classes, the Winning IR's, PR's and/or GR's plus the best Scientist's, Artist's and Laborer's and the necessary weak strains for bio-diversity make it to the next Great Age, the Silver Age, which is in Planes Of Existence actually the 4th Renaissance Age since it takes place at the time of Planet Earth I. After conquering the Higher Planes Of Hell they, of course, gave them more creative Names than just Planet Earth X and caused even more Unique Object Conflict's everywhere...

Due to excessive, violent, abusive, chaotic, ripping, Invasion Of Privacy's, evil behavior and disobedience to the Rules of The Free Show, the Law's of the Country's of the Common Wealth, International IT Law and the Celestial Confederation Of Sentient Species parts of Planet Earth got Nuked. Almost everyone died in the 1st Great Age of Planes Of Existence except those who could get the fuck OFF Planet Earth pronto.

In the End of the 1st Great Age of Planes Of Existence, Alien Insect's did a massive Lethal Attack on Planet Earth hosting and destroying ALL Key Bases of the Ally's with deadly Null EM Shadow Teleportation's and triggering of big Red Button's activating Nukes and ICBM Missiles. Fortunately, Humanity had not yet developed IPBM's though some say sending a probe to Pluto at 450000 mph, 0.067 the Speed Of Light, which would only take a ½ hour to get to the Moon is bloody well close enough... This was achieved by 2018 CE.

The Timeline and Planet Earth itself split into 2 Timelines, the first entered a Heaven Plane becoming Planet Earth I, the second entered a Hell Plane becoming Planet Earth -I, two potentials for the future of Humanity or rather just for those who chose a side, other Soul's transmigrating chose for more grays which both do not lack but the extreme bias even...

These 2 Timelines are NOT connected and diverge even further away from each other; a 3rd Timeline is thus inevitable called Planet Earth 0 with a bias of gray Values. The IR, PR and GR Heroes were unfortunately trapped in the Hell Timeline since Early Warning System's were only told to Silver, High Wizard and the other Highest Ranking Member's at a min of a god or a goddess. However, possessing great Power's and Energy's, the Heroes were able to open a Time Portal to jump back to a point 1 nanosecond before where the 2 Timelines were the same and then jump ahead into the Heaven Timeline.

This took some Time to figure out and they hid from and fought Alien Insect's with fear for their lives. Some of the Heroes survived, others did NOT.

Silver, High Wizard was able to, just in Time, to escape and launch a prepared Elite Colony Space Ship with the Highest Rank's, Elite Scientist's, Artist's, Laborer's, Flora and Fauna, some awake, others in samples and the vast majority in Cryogenic Stasis, at a min of two of EACH Race and Species of Planet Earth; the necessary bio-diversity of Lower Races and Species were not forgotten. They launched into Hyper Space to a far distant Galaxy to Deep Space Scan for potential habitable Planet's.

The Life Form's on board were, of course, kept alive and able to enjoy the Journey in various Dream States.

"A Theory of Timelines which does not allow for convergence and divergence of Timelines is not a sound theory..." says Silver, High Wizard mildly paraphrasing.

"If you do not know where to gate to then how can you gate there? Also, the chances of landing in a Celestial Body and dying near-instantaneously makes aiming at such a great distance far too risky..." says Silber, Psionic Warlock blatantly paraphrasing.

The Final Battle Scenario:

At the very last second a single Invisible And Cloaked Alien Insect Null EM Shadow Teleports into the back Engineer Room of the 2nd Elite Colony Space Ship.

Our brave and courageous 12 remaining Heroes left piloting are: Mader'on, High Mage as Captain, 12-Year Old Chucky, Head Of Logistic's as Co-Pilot and Max'em, Network Engineer, Hi-Tech Science Engineer as Gunner and Engineer. They are, of course, trying to save ALL of the remaining Knowledge of Humanity.

Menno, Guitar Rock God and Adje, Master Hacker defended the rear of their escape bravely sacrificing their lives.

Kamhoofd, IT Expert and Tinus The Titan, Expert Programmer created a fake Operation's Base, a diversion to allow the escape of the above 2 Heroes, but it failed and they were eventually found by marauding Evil Alien Insect's...

Alexy, Helpdesk Manager was betrayed and eaten by a Hosted Human Alien Insect.

Mumpsy, Faerie Princess, Samola, Master Lawyer, Witney, PR Manager and Trishy Baby, Head Editor were able to find a Portal, Gate or Doorway just in the nick of time before EACH of their City's got Nuked... however they could not know where they were teleporting to... and accidentally by ALL Chances materialized into a cold, harsh, frozen Space, Insta Killed, until the Gravity of a nearby Planet of some distant Sun pulled them in.

Max'em, Network Engineer, Hi-Tech Science Engineer goes in and checks the Engines after they Time Travelled. The Alien Insect materializes and silently and deadly makes mince meat of him so fast there is Nothing left of him to regenerate.

The Alien Insect waits patiently for the right moment to strike as Captain Mader'on, High Mage and 12-Year Old Chucky, Head Of Logistic's crack Bad IT Jokes and gloat about how smart their escape was. The Alien Insect waits for the last 20 seconds to attack so as to insure it will reach the previous Timeline Point of Planet Earth.

The Alien Insect appears next to Mader'on, High Mage and with a single swipe of its Razor Sharp Appendage decapitates him. Max'em, Network Engineer, Hi-Tech Science Engineer has no time to react and gets disintegrated by the Null EM Pistol of Mader'on, High Mage which the Alien Insect quickly grabbed. Mader'on, High Mage proceeds to get Sliced And Diced and eaten so fast he too cannot Fast Regen in time.

The Alien Insect screams a Psionic Scream of Victory.

The 2nd Elite Colony Space Ship materializes, Invisible And Cloaked in some EM Field on Planet Earth.

The 2nd Elite Colony Space Ship Time Travels itself and ALL of the remaining Data Of Humanity into the Future through the transformation of Matter to Energy to Information to Spirit to Soul. It leaves a Null Bomb behind loaded with a pathogen.

The Null Bomb self-destructs and causes a time triggered Wildfire Effect Chain Reaction. The Alien Insect's are 99% obliterated. Unfortunately, 50% of the rest of life on Planet Earth is also not immune to the pathogen due to similarities in DNA. The Order's are given to retake Planet Earth, terraform it into self-sustainability and increase the population.

A 2nd Null Bomb on the 2nd Elite Colony Space Ship also self-destructs and is contained by the Null EM Shield's And Sphere on itself and each and every Object and Life Form, except the Alien Insect, once so gleeful in its short lived Victory it is totally vaporized.

ALL of the Object's and Life Form's are saved and released onto the New Planet in the New Timeline with the Data Of Humanity. The Life Form's run into the forests, plains, lakes and oceans all half-naked and happy to freely procreate. The Object's such as the frozen Gene Samples and the Data Of Humanity are nicely protected with the Null EM Shield's And Spheres waiting for the Elite Scientist's to awaken.

The Ally's hoping we could build a Resistance on a Secret Remote Base, ordered by Spanky Wanky, High Wizard Priest And Philosopher, once a Friend always a Friend, to set up a Base in another Neutral City, not denying the Intelligence of Alien Insect's, was compromised by Noobies. Without warning the Alien Insect's moved in on his position and took him out and not for lunch...

Having for many decades practiced the strong Tradition of Unilateral Democracy and with it the necessity of Transparency of Bureacracy and Information Technology, though not to the extent where they are Altruist's selling all the secrets to the Enemy, our Tech-Guy's, Snakey wakey, Master Developer, Nerdboy, Head Of 3D Games, Ombus, Head Of IT Provider's, Excess4me, Head Of IT Infrastructure and BohOhBoy, Head Of IT Support realized the Enemy was using Unencrypted Wireless Open Protocol's and Medium's in Real and Virtual, Telepathic, Verbal, Written and/or Visual Medias by Medium's and/or

Messenger's to Spy On, Spy Stalk, Hack In and Rip Us Off... So we took various Counter Measures and prevented the destruction of ALL the Collective Databases of Humanity. It was therefore when the Alien Insect's attacked only a mere question of uploading locally the thousands of terabytes of ALL Local, Remote and Internet Databases and files and folders to the 2nd Elite Colony Space Ship for escape from Planet Earth.

There was NOT enough time for Silver, High Wizard to get ALL of it on the Elite Colony Space Ship, not to mention the lack of facilities on it, so our 5 brave IT Expert's had to stay behind to guarantee the succesful Transfer And Integrity of ALL Information there being not enough room on the 2nd Elite Colony Space Ship to fit more than 4 Pilot's and/or Co-Pilot's and 40 Passenger's in cryogenic sleep. The rest are put in frozen samples.

Instead of drawing a Lottery to insure max Chance Of Success they ALL 5 decided heroically and voluntarily to stay behind on Planet Earth watching and listening in horror and dismay at the Null EM Shadow Implosion's and Explosion's.

With tears in their eyes they initiated the Final Self-Destruct Sequence of Planet Earth, Laser Pistol's aimed at the Private Door's being broken in... for there was no other way to wipe out all the Alien Insect's...

'We would rather not leave it for them...' Many stated also paraphrasing.

The People of Humanity who in hundreds of millions left alive, not hosted, enslaved and/or eaten by the Alien Insect's, who were unable to be evacuated fought bravely in Battles and Warfares across the Planet... The vast majority were hosted and turned into Hybrid Human's and shipped back to Alien Insect Planet's for many are more useful and profitable for mining. They then took over the entire Human Space Sector. Many Human's, Demi-Human's, Mutant's, Alien's, Animal's and Plant's were eaten alive in Razor Sharp Mandibles of Evil Alien Insect Multiped's... All the others were taken for their Alien Insect Pirate Torture Entertainment Network's.

Many were also near-instantaneously killed in Battles in the tens of thousands madly charging into the deadly Shadow EM Blast and Negative Energy Globe Area Effect's by a hateful Enemy with no mercy, only hunger.

'We would rather die in Battle than be taken alive...' They all stated paraphrasing heavily.

The weaker Member's of Society, the old, the injured, the sickly and the young tried to escape or hide underground but were soon found by Alien Insect Scanner's...

Many committed suicide preferring to die in any of the Top 20 Best Way's To Commit Suicide List, such great woes, crying out for the mercy of a forgotten God and/or Goddess and/or GOD, in a Godless Age, the laughed out Silver Age, of rampant out-of-control Science, Technology, Computer's and Information Technology, not to mention War's.

Those who could with enough Wealth escaped in Private Elite Space Ship's before the Planet Exploder, the Final Self-Destruct Sequence Fixed Device Of Planet Earth, was activated: Since there were not enough Laser Military, nor other Military's, left to take out

the remaining 1% of the Alien Insect Enemy Forces, and not for lunch, another pathogen was released on entire Planet Earth which is very deadly to ALL Alien Insect's and their Allied Army's and unfortunately another 50% of remaining Humanity: It was not really a Vote, only a question of self-survival for the northern regions, especially locations like Siberia which have never been conquered, and which still contain all the Data of Humanity since the beginning of Radio Wave Record Devices, even many Art and Artifact Pieces before such a date, thus not even starting only with Sputnik Spy Satellite; of course, in the earlier centuries only the most important Citizen's, Government's and Corporation's were continuously spied on and recorded.

Epitaph of Planet Earth 2018 CE:

The demand therefore for an explanation as to how different Timelines CAN influence EACH other lest the Universe descends into Chaos and the necessity for Do Or Die Mission's and Timeline Mission's remains a difficult Issue even for our Elite Scientist's.

Thus, let it be known that our Planet Earth I will continue onwards in heavenly embrace always looking, searching, questing, debating and battling for Utopia and True Immortality even though Planet Earth has been blown to smithereens.

Our 3rd Historian,
Withergen I

Storyline II

Our 4th Historian, Damorius I wrote the following:

Due to an overdramatic Advertising Stunt done high in the sky by an International Corporation who fought for the rights to do so a horrific Chain Reaction was triggered causing the dissipation of the entire Atmosphere! They sprayed huge incandescent, phosphorent and fluorescent letters with their Brandname at high altitude so the whole Country would see it... a sure way to make millions of dollars in an Economy Crisis.

Unlike many predictions even by our Own Elite Scientist's on Planet Earth I there is NOT ONLY per se an average increase in Global Temperatures, as a possible deadly Global Catastrophy Effect of the so-called Greenhouse Effect and poorly named Global Warming, but rather major destabilizations, disturbances and disasters causing great imbalances in Global Weather Pattern's and Cycles tied directly in with all Planetary Enviroment's.

After all, as one of our Elite Scientist's said, "Weather works in repetitive Cycles throughout the centuries and there is no proof and/or conclusive evidence that there is an 'average' increase in Global Warming..."

However, as another one of our Elite Scientist's said, in a different camp, "We have not failed to notice a large increase in so-called Natural Disaster's which could also be purposely or inadvertently caused by the overpopulation of Humanity."

Now it is too late for we sit here with our fully insulated, against cold *and* heat extremes, self-sufficient remaining Fortresses and Castles at high altitudes on hills and mountain tops in the northern regions with only at a max of 20 years of reserve Food and Energy Sources fighting an encroaching front of ice in the northern regions of Planet Earth from 20 meters to 200 meters thick with -40 - -80 °C. This at least is not the intense burning of the southern regions with 40 - 80 °C in the expanding equatorial heat bandwith with remarkably about the exact opposite temperatures, like Nature and Mother Earth have a really cruel way of maintaining the Balance.

'At least Alien Insect's are not attacking our worthless Backwater Planet anymore...' thinks Silber, Psionic Warlock sarcastically having become bitter by another failure of Humanity.

A huge population explosion of Predator's from SE Australia, E Japan and E China all the way to W Seattle live off of all the dead carcasses; those not in City's protected by EM Domes now also eat Predator's and other Human carcasses on a daily basis.

New World Order was an understatement to prevent Mass Panic, there is now only 10% of the Human Species left in City's with an estimated 5% more only left outside.

The collective grouping of Fortresses and Castles at high altitudes in an icy black silver Star filled sky with great plains of ice in all directions possess 99% Majority of ALL of the remaining Knowledge, Power and Energy of Humanity and only 25% of ALL Art and Artifact Pieces survived the Nukes, ICBM's, IPBM's, Pathogen's and Rebel War's. These are preserved within Hermetically-Sealed Environmentally-Controlled Room's and

Dungeon's of their Castles and Fortresses. Only 33% of ALL Species and Races are saved in cryogenic samples due to space limitations and unfortunately NOT EACH City possesses such due to storage limitations.

Silber, Psionic Warlock sits in his Icy Fortress, Polaris II, in Siberia, Russia pensing over how to restore the Atmosphere of Planet Earth. Polaris I is on the northeast Canadian Shield in Nunavut, Canada controlled by Silber Wölf, his Big Brother.

There is also a powerful Spy Sat UD Link via the remaining Spy Satellites between the surviving Fortresses and Castles; these are the Spy Satellites which survived the Laser Spy Satellite War which ensued at the pending doom of the Human Species.

"And oh the fuckin' Humanity of it all..." says Silber, Psionic Warlock badly paraphrasing.

'At least the Silver Stars twinkle so pwetty and abundantly...' He mentally adds bitterly.

Not only is 85% of Humanity wiped out by this 2nd Great Ice Age but most of the civilized City's lie either fully or partially under ice with cannabilistic Human Survivalist's in such catacombs, the other burnt to a crisp regions descended into Human Rebel Camp's. Sky-Scraper's and Apartment's are half buried still above ground level, pure ice, now dead City's are being fossilized, the last red blinking Remote Transponder Signal's are heavily guarded at the upper floors with mostly SMG's. There are few vehicles left except for those on Sky-Scraper Landing Platform's, those who could somehow drive into buildings and take a lift up, those in northern region subterranean installations, those docked in Space and a handful of those who had Elite Colony Space Ship's and fled north.

The surviving Leader's of Sky-Scraper's, Castles and Fortresses with Silber, Psionic Warlock as their Laser Military Chief Commander discuss how to restore the Atmosphere of Planet Earth in a Wireless Vid Conference.

One idea is to activate a Planetary EM Field using 90% of the Energy reserves of EACH of the instances so as to melt the ice which will then utilize the natural gravitational EM Field of Planet Earth. With this protective shielding the ozone can then be restored by Space Planes spraying a Secret Bio-Chemical Agent around the globe.

"But how do we melt ALL the ice?" says Silber, Psionic Warlock lamely paraphrasing.

The other Head's Of State acknowledge this Near-Impossible Challenge.

Whereas the Energy reserves are sufficient to allow enough time to restore the Atmosphere of Planet Earth there are NOT enough Weapon's in the remaining Arsenal's, especially NO Plasma Weapon's, to melt ALL the ice and the Nuclear Weapon's would wipe out the remaining survivors.

The ONLY option remaining is to launch EACH of the Elite Colony Space Ship's to a nearby habitable Planet within a new Space Sector called PEI-X1000 at about 72520 Light Year's away so we CAN come back with more Resources and Weapon's.

The remainder of High Council and High Court of Planet Earth agree to this and Silber, Psionic Warlock with others launch into Hyper Space in 2042 CE; other habitable Planet's have been found now due to elimination of Obscuration Effect and Hyper Modern Science and Technology allowing for quick and efficient construction of Space Colony's on even the harshest of Planet's.

At the New Colony, PEI-CO-01-X1000, we serve to overcome many challenges in War...

With a large crew of Elite Colony Space Ship's, War Space Ship's, Cyborg's, Robot's and many willing Paid Worker's, Volunteer's and Specialist's on this New Planet, New Colony, ripe with Mine Resources, it is possible to develop enough Space Ship's, Weapon's and a Laser Military armed with primarily Plasma Weapon's, though Laser Weapon's are still necessary to defend themselves, to melt the ice. Enough Spy Satellites are also needed to project a Planetary EM Field by setting up a 3D Orbital Light Laser Grid in about 10 years to build up the Colony Planet and another 2 years for the restoration of the Atmosphere.

Silber, Psionic Warlock, the ONLY surviving Character Class on Planet Earth of god of The Free Show, Kyle Lance Proudfoot, looks to the perfectly preserved samples of Races, Species, Knowledge and Memory in Cryogenic Stasis still protected on Planet Earth and backed up to this New Colony Planet: He finds the will, courage, motivation and morale to continue on, to NEVER give up hope, for the Future holds countless wonders which no one can predict, despite the fact everyone is in HAL Mode.

They, Smart and/or Stupid Humanity, return to Planet Earth I with many Space Ship's, launchable Spy Satellites, Heavy-Tipped Medium Range Plasma Rocket's and Heavy-Tipped Medium Range Plasma ICBM's and IPBM's to melt the ice. Laser Weapon's are used for defense against the many Rebel Clan's and Tribes who consider such buildings to be theirs now though the vast majority are poorly armed and do not pose a threat to City's.

Spy Satellites create a 3D Orbital Light Laser Grid to induce a Planetary Null EM Field.

The Space Ship's fire their Rocket, ICBM and IPBM Payload's from Orbit counting in the thousands. They burrow deep into the ice layers, explode a great amount of heat, and presto the evaporated Ice Water Compound's release the Gaseous Compound's into the protected artificial Planetary EM Field and the natural gravitational Force and EM Field of Planet Earth, herself, takes over the rest of the process. With the help of a Secret Bio-Chemical Agent the Null EM Laser Space Planes with Null EM Propulsion Engines finalize and hasten the process through correct binding reactions...

Epitaph of Planet Earth 2042 CE:

But then Alien Insect's come in again, Planet Earth once again whole and ripe for the taking and War begins all over again. This time, however, they are not unprepared...

Our 4th Historian,
Damorius

Storyline III

Our 5th Historian, Kanorius I wrote the following:

Revlis, Vampire Demon Rock God is sitting quietly upside down on the ceiling of his Contemplation Chamber, hot and dry, 5.6 km's underneath dead center of Wight Russia, commonly known as Belarus, in a Hyper Modern RE Complex containing almost all History Of Humanity since Sputnik, Radio Waves on tapes and plenty of Item's from before, it being rigged with enough explosives to concave crater a European Russian Country if invaded and comes up with a Great Idea, 'Get the chuggety gluggety wuggety with it...'

A Noobie Politician and a Mad Scientist discover the Secret to Dark Matter and Dark Energy and Mini-Black Holes on Planet Earth. They, of course, decide to use it to make a Dark Matter Energy Bomb instead of for Shadow Energy, also a Type of Residual Energy, since there is not only 1 Type of Residual Energy, also good for perpetual Destructive and Constructive Interference, therefore the decrease and increase of Particle and Wave Pattern's. Interference Effect's can be observed with all types of waves i.e. Light, Radio, Acoustic and Water Waves though technically seen all are made up of Sine Waves. Thus, like the major ubiquitous Obstruction Effect, through obscurity it is hidden, not seen, touched or felt and Smart and/or Stupid Humanity continued on blithely for many more decades, centuries and millennia in their unending Superstition And Ignorance of many Paranormal Capability's, Natural Phenomena and even other habitable Planet's.

A Noobie Politician orders it to be tested at various multiple simultaneous Test Sites so as to provide the most accurate Real Time Data Analysis possible.

'Our Dark Lord grins now and then since the beginning of Space and Time itself when Shadow Energy first appeared.' Revlis, Vampire Demon refers.

The entire World is excited and it is Live Broadcast on International TV, Radio and Internet. With a breathtaking Countdown To Destruction EACH location presses the big Red Button at the same time... Not KABOOM, but Slllurrrp WOOOOOOMMPA!!

About 200 Dark Globe Sphere Energy Nexuses suddenly and near-instantaneously jump into being. A Null EM Res Vibration is felt globally. The Shadow Energy gloves suddenly, automatically and highly unpredictably into Shadow Tentacles towards EACH other and connect a Dark Negative Energy 3D Matrix Grid.

The Mad Scientist's Freak Out and the Planetary Com Medium's get blown away by the Wildfire Effect everyone blaming everyone else.

There is a momentary silence, like the calm before the storm, a kind of Energy Vacuum... '[(;-)] smirk.' Revlis, Vampire Demon Rock God is enjoying himself more than ever.

The Dark Energy 3D Matrix Grid starts to Drain Energy of Planet Earth exponentially.

Within seconds a horrific awful Chain Reaction Cascade Effect is triggered causing an absolutely phenomenal huge Implosion on Planet Earth and into the very deep layers of

Sub-Space. EACH and EVERYONE gets the breath sucked out of him and/or her.

A Hell Portal opens in the Mediterranean in Avernus near Cumae, Hades or Underworld ruled by Hades or Pluto on Planet Earth commonly and erroneously known as Hell or Purgatory since there are many Planes Of Hell even delightful ones who revel in the greatest pleasures. Demon's, Undead, Hell Creatures and an Alien Insect Army with Hosted Hybrid Slaves jump forth from this Hell Gate, ripping upwards, blasting outwards into the warmth of the night; whereas it may not be Hell itself it does have direct Shadow Nodal Point's to other Planes Of Hell, one of the standard Hell Jokes being that when you may have the greatest Sex Experiences for 5 years long you then die horribly from STD's for another 25 years tied to machines that make you feel and are used as a Lab Subject.

And, of course, Alien's keep landing in the Gobi Desert for their encampments are picked up by Spy Satellites but their Space Ship's are nowhere to be found... Many flying Shadow Lych Dragon's also do fly around, even into Space, in Stealth Speed And Secret Mode. Everywhere strange Hell Hybrid Creatures start stumbling around.

Chaos breaks loose and Citizen's, Government's and Corporation's start to crumble.

China, on Planet Earth, watching via Inter-Planar Com Link's goes paleface blaming the West for their total lack of balance, responsibility, extreme Quantum Experiment's, excessive Lethal Weapon's and Stupid Experiment's. The West freaks out completely at the Stupid Insult's and gives the entire China the Royal Middle Finger, thus both of them.

Russia reacts very hostile and threatens the West with another Nuclear War Threat going back to the Kennedy's and the Cold War Crisis. They then blame the West for having caused the whole Political and Economical Crisis of the beginning of the 21st Century and throw up each and every last possible 3D Iron Curtain, Infra-Red Grid and Laser Grid. They then put even up to 75% of all their Wealth and Resources into building their own huge Laser EM Military claiming they otherwise have insufficient defenses.

Revlis, Vampire Demon Rock God laughing his ass off from his subterranean Cave 5.6 km's directly under Wight Russia mobilizes his Vampire Clan's and Demon Clan's and calculates, without rolling ANY Dice, which side has the Higher Probability Of Winning, "Start Betting and good luck getting at me here Smart and/or Stupid Humanity, I have got a whole Dark Black Evil Army down here and every level is rigged and trapped to explode..."

"For after the Apocalypse in the post-apocalyptic cataclysmic shadowy horrific nightmare of a million deaths there will ONLY be Demon's, Vampires, Undead, Hell Creatures, Alien Insect's and Hell Spawn who inhabit Planet Earth... or do their Prophecy's not fail, too?"

Revlis, Vampire Demon Rock God does soothing and relaxing upside down reverse twirlies midair in perfect stillness, dry heat and blackness to enhance his concentration and absorb the massive Influx of Shadow Energy on Planet Earth I. His Power and Energy augments beyond Lines And Limitation's NEVER before realizable. Some say he really has become a Minor God, not just an Immortal, and not just in Rank, Fame and Wealth.

Half of the Human Population rally in defense preferring to Battle rather than die like the

others half cowering in fear like quivering Noobies.

“We also figure their region in Mongolia and the Middle East will be mostly destroyed suffering Armageddon, their Own Armageddon, and the Alien Insect Army will NOT reach the Gates Of Modern Western Civilization. For their will never be another Standing Army at the Gates Of Europe again... yet they have not failed already to work from within.” says Roary, Fire Dragon now Chief Commander of Laser Military since Silber, Psionic Warlock got sniped, “And, we Celebrity’s walking out in Public with no Plastic Protection are still Enemy Target’s... yet, I too, refuse not to walk on my own streets, in my own Village, in my own City, in my own Country, in my own Planet, just not so much at night anymore and certainly not without Null EM Plastic Protection and my Black SWAT Team...”

Silber, Psionic Warlock got sniped at Point-Blank Range by Revlis, Vampire Demon Rock God who Null EM Shadow Teleported directly behind him with his Null EM Shadow Sniper Rifle in Secret Stealth Silent Mode. It put a cylindrical hole straight through his Japanese Scaled Helmet and his body automatically teleported to the Cyber Laboratory in Polaris I.

No one has any Immunity in the 21st Century and everyone is worried about Point-Blank Range Attack’s or anything from behind regardless of distance; it is only a question of relative Good, Neutral and/or Evil Rank - Cost Ratio to Kill, Murder or Assassinate.

The Laser Military agrees based alone on the relative quantity and quality of Anti-Missile, Anti-Rocket, Anti-ICBM, Anti-IPBM Installation’s, not to mention Laser EM Satellites. From 2001 CE onwards Humanity digs in come Hell and Firewater.

The Entertainment Industry gets overloaded, now a Flooded Market, the Chaos Factor goes off the scale, the violence and carnal pleasures of Humanity exponentially doubles EACH year and there are Looting’s, Riot’s and Stock Crashes. Many Types of FANatical’s get on top of buildings with boards yelling and screaming for days on end before passing out from Drug’s and Alcohol, “Take us with you, take us with you!!” For those who it takes too long for or hit Psychosis sprint off of roofs and try to dive through pavements.

The horrendous laughters of Demon’s is so loud and frightening, now and zen, the Japanese God Emperor considers surrendering again. After plenty of green tea he go figures that he would NOT survive the process of becoming completely assimilated, thus it is definitely better to go out fighting.

Upon impact by such launched Weapon’s Of Mass Destruction the Demon’s and their Alien Insect Army simply open their arms wide and open and Absorb ALL Radiation. They then collect the Magnetized Dust from the Middle East and especially the Gobi Desert for some mysterious purpose and start marching and hovering beyond anyone’s prediction or belief to the East and South to China, Japan and Australia! Thus not at all aimed anymore at Israel which was already blasted by Syria, Lebanon, Egypt and Turkey War’s.

Sufi’s teleport the Hell out of the region. Chinese Magician’s, Priest’s and Buddhist’s fly even faster out of their Country saying rapidly multiple times, “Tks, but NO TKS!!”

Europe considers building a Huge Wall just to stop all the Immigrant’s but then figures it is

NOT Cost-Effective. Rather, Near-Impossible Virtual Wall's are put into place to protect their Politic's and Economy since they have NO Army, not a single Military Tank and only a handful of Jet Fighter's with no Stealth Technology. They consider building a Laser Military but it also gets shot down with unending Chamber-lane Poly-tic's saying North America will always save us and they will never be able to touch the UK and other northern Country's.

The English and American's have difficulty deciding where the typhus they are supposed to land again, this time, since the Enemy is just bloody everywhere and ever since Nam they have not won nor earned a single buck off of ANY War.

Russia and China do their Joint Army Mobilization and the Red Army marches...

Arabia smiles at the Infinite Profit's, not fearing Death, preparing their multiple means of finding another luxurious auto and house in America and other Tropical Island's.

South America scoffs at such vulnerabilities and is still worried about the instabilities in the Fault Lines but since there is now no forest or jungle left whatsoever, NA also did the same in their development, then there is also no more problemo.

Japan prepares various Suicide Method's of Harikari and Hyper Modern Defenses.

North Korea also rips their Black Telephone out of the wall, throws it through a window of a 32nd Storey building, blows up their Red Telephone and activates a West - East Line Of Laser Mines and a 3D Laser Grid directly down the exact middle of the whole Country.

Then someone in the Laser Military, not a Wiki Leaker or HA'er, just an anonymous Hi-Tech Laser Military Nerd gets a Great Idea, "Hey, why don't we Null EM, dudes, and like eject their entire Zero Mass into Outer Space so our Laser Satellites CAN blast holes in them, cause, ya eh, the EM Pulse Blast's ONLY, man, won't work for shit! Pfff..."

The 1st Stupid Question is, of course, 'Why?', the second is, 'How?', and it has to be debated for months on end, again, while catastrophic death and destruction reigns on the heads of millions of innocent Noobies as the Demon's and their Alien Insect Army tosses their broken lifeless hollow host puppet model bodies 2 km's in multiple directions. The slaughter is enormous. China almost gets taken over and its whole Western Region is occupied by Alien Insect's in about 1 week as the Demon's make a new Stronghold.

Revlis, Vampire Demon having his Advanced Information and Intelligence Sources finds out about this Great Idea and decides not to wait on their completely useless inactive passive Chamber-lane Bullshit Processes. He orders his Vampire and Demon Clan's and Mutant Clan's who joined forces figuring the odds and Sorcerer Clan's and Dark Globe Military Clan's to Group Attack, thus Gang Bang, them combining BOTH Technology and Magic in Near-Infinite Defense of Negative Entropy to activate the Null EM Shadow Teleportation Procedure on the heads of the Demon's and their Alien Insect Army.

"Who would dare threaten our Territory's and/or Resources and/or Ally's and/or Luxury Suites and/or Freedom and/or Peace in our own coffins already?!" Revlis, Vampire Demon deftly paraphrases to all of his Clan's and Tribes, 'Must we not Feed Off On the increase in

Human Population, thus Near-Infinite Negative Entropy, and not go the way of the Wraith, thus also increasing our own, and not wipe them out... and no we do not need to kill our prey to drink of them... and no do not kill your consumer!"

Demon's being only self-motivated and their Alien Insect Army having made their first mistake, their last mistake, a stationary object is a Hell of a lot easier to hit than a moving one and thanks to the Cloaking Blocking And Signal Jamming, when faced with a far greater, more powerful and energetic Enemy we shall not fail to unite, ironically enough actually cause the formation of the very first United Allied Forces of Planet Earth.

The shocked roars of the Demon's at the betrayal of Revlis, Vampire Demon Rock God to preserve Planet Earth is audible EVERYWHERE as they rematerialize in Orbit. The Laser EM Satellites have a field day. Without overly powerful Demon's from Lower Planes Of Hell the Alien Insect Army is weakened and dissolves into dissent and disagreement.

This rallies the courage of India and other Country's. A Laser Military Joint Task Force is then able to surround the Enemy with Null EM Laser and Plasma Forces which annihilate half of the Extra-Planar Hell Army of Alien Insect's. The other half of the Alien Insect Army even gates back to their Lower Planes of Hell preferring to save their own hide and suffer the punishments. The rest of them get decimated though due to such spillings of blood, bodily fluids seeping down, hosting, killing and/or eating many others mutate and genetical modifications spread throughout all populations...

China gets heavily damaged but NEVER conquered or destroyed.

Japan suffers even more quakes but NEVER defeated or wiped out.

Epitaph of Planet Earth 2030 CE:

So came into being the development of the UN, Military, Mechanized Military and Laser Military towards the Global Union of Planet Earth with the United Allied Forces and eventually 1 Credit System into the future though a price to pay for New World Order was the damaging of the entire region from NW Israel to SE Australia. Many other regions were also heavily damaged with Citizen's, Government's and Corporation's dying and going faillissement left, middle, center and right like never before seen in History Of Humanity.

The new 14 Super Power's named North America, South America, Europe, Africa, Arabia, Russia, Middle East, India, Pakistan, Korea, China, Mongolia, Japan and Australia remained separate for a very long time, even centuries.

Our 5th Historian,
Kanorius I

'Planes Of Existence begins in 2452 CE from Planet Earth when it suffered its next horrific Apocalyptic Armageddon, this time on a Galaxy scale.' p. 15 Mr. Newbie, Rules Lawyer.