

Earthen Betrayal (Chapter 1)

Prologue:

This story was inspired from watching the movie “Interstellar”. I found two true scientific facts extremely interesting portrayed in this movie. One, the existence of wormholes. These were predicted by Einstein and have since been proven to exist. They are basically a distortion in space-time that will allow a traveler to venture through them to another galaxy that would otherwise be impossible. The second fact is about black holes. There is a thing called the “The Event Horizon”. It is the line where, if you pass beyond, you will be sucked into the black hole. A spaceship traveling near the event horizon experiences time frozen in relation to time on Earth. To further explain, the astronaut's watch would tick along normally one second at a time. But relative to Earth, his clock would be stopped. Earth's time would proceed as normal. This is Einstein's Theory of Relativity. Both speed and gravity affect time.

To begin:

Everyone thought mankind would eventually annihilate each other. Conventional wars, nuclear wars, pollution, all these things were possible. No one could have predicted that it would be Mother Earth herself who turned on us. Yes, global warming did happen. It was not caused by too much carbon in the atmosphere though, it was just an extreme natural occurrence. First the extreme heat killed most of the crops. The world population was just too large to handle that. Millions of people starved. Riots occurred in all over the globe. Fights over food resources killed many more. The scientists predicted that humanity had about 10 years left before the last would succumb. The dust was everywhere. High winds blew down windows and doors. There was no getting away from it. Many people choked on the dust or just suffocated from lack of air.

Chandler was a farmer now. The wheat was gone, but his corn still grew. In years past he had been a NASA astronaut. His career was cut short, when he crashed in an experimental orbital module. They claimed it was pilot error, but he knew otherwise. Something abnormal had happened to him. Some

external force had caused his module to veer off course and he had to eject at a high altitude. He was lucky to even be alive. All that was in the past. With the food crisis on everyone's mind, no money was available for space exploration. Governments did not want to spend money on that while the world was starving. Now it may be too late to save mankind.

Chandler's wife had past away several years ago leaving him with a 10 year old daughter. A daughter more advanced than her years implied. She was an avid space hound. Anything to do with travel beyond the stars was of the highest interest to her. No doubt that was an inherited trait from her father. They lived together with his father in their farmhouse. Dust storms were becoming more frequent leaving everything covered in dust, even inside the house. They formed a habit of turning all their cups and plates upside down so as not to sully them.

Chandler was no optimist. He knew that the Earth was doomed and his daughter's generation might be the last humans to exist. After that, who knows what the Earth would be like. He wished there was some plan to venture to another world suitable to sustain organic life. Unbeknownst to him (why would I use such a crazy word as unbeknownst?) Why not just say he was unaware? I must need another glass of wine.

Unbeknownst to him, a secret group of former NASA scientists were in the process of doing just that. They had built a secret facility and gathered the best minds and resources available to build a rocket that could venture out in search of a planet that can support life. In fact, they had already sent multiple space ships manned with the bravest astronauts. They knew that there were no planets in our solar system that would work. What they had discovered was a wormhole on the other side of Saturn. A wormhole is a distortion in space-time. Even Einstein acknowledged the possible existence of wormholes. If you could go through it, you would end up in another galaxy. Of the twelve missions that had been sent, they had only received communication back from three. That means three of the twelve had found a habitable planet containing water and breathable air. Their next plan was to send a rocket ship to meet up with the survivors and bring back evidence for the best place to exodus to. The only thing stopping them from making the

journey was that they didn't have a suitable pilot. Chandler was about to get the surprise of his lifetime.

After one particularly bad dust storm, Chandler was sitting in his house drinking a beer. A knock on the door roused him from his partial slumber. When he opened the door, a familiar figure from his past was standing there. I thought you had died. I haven't seen you for the last 6 years and you were old even then. What have you been doing? Major Austin asked if he could come in. Chandler offered him a beer which he accepted. Austin had been his commander during his NASA days. How is the farming going? It is getting worse and worse. I am not sure how much longer these crops are going to hold up. That is one reason I am here. We need you for one of our projects, unless you would rather stay being a farmer. I would give anything to do something else if there was something else to do. Can you come with me to our facility not far from here? Is this the place with all the security fences and sensors positioned all around. That is the one. I guess you have been by that before. I knew of the place, but I figured it was just some fools playing around. We may be fools, but we are serious ones. You can judge for yourself.

He brought me to their top secret facility and allowed my entry. I was truly amazed that this place even existed. How did you get funding for this operation? Lots of important people believe that the world is not ready to end just yet. That is one of our goals. As heard so often on Star Trek reruns and movies, "We boldly go where no man has gone before."

Major Austin filled me in on all that had transpired over the past ten years. He told me about the twelve astronauts that had already left planet earth and traveled through the wormhole. We need you Chandler to pilot the most important and final rocket ship left. Why me? Don't you have others that are on the project. Most are too old like me or too inexperienced to handle this most important part of our plan.

I have a ten year old daughter that needs taken care of. Isn't saving Planet Earth a way of taking care of her and all of the rest of mankind?

Austin knew exactly what buttons to push.

Reluctantly, I knew I had to take this mission. Now I faced the hardest task of my life. How to tell my ten year old daughter that her father is going to leave her and might never be coming back.

Earthen Betrayal
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My attempts to console my daughter Alissa had not gone well. Why do they have to send you? What if you don't come back? Are you leaving me here to die with all the others? They specifically asked for me because of my past experience. I promise you I will come back, I just don't know when. My reason for doing this is so that you will not have to die along with all the others. We have never talked about this, but I know you are smart enough to have figured it out on your own. How many years can we keep growing corn when each year another crop has gone bad? Its not just us either. All over the planet the same thing is occurring. At least my old buddies at NASA have come up with a plan, although a risky one. If anyone can pull this off it is your own Dad. You know that. Will I be able to communicate with you? Yes, although the transmissions are slow. I will send reports as often as I can. When are you leaving? Tomorrow morning. Why so soon? Now is the optimum time to launch and the shortest distance to Saturn. We will be in suspended animation for the year it takes to reach the black hole location. Finally I see some acceptance in her eyes.

The next morning, after saying my goodbye to her and my Dad, I got in my truck and started to drive away. Looking back in my rear view mirror, I saw Alissa run out the door yelling “Don't leave me Daddy!” To keep going was the hardest thing I had ever done in my life.

This was not going to be a solo flight. There were three other astronauts on board as we strapped ourselves into our flight seats. Malcolm was a technical specialist. Dr. Janice had a PHD in physiology and astrophysics. Oscar was a medical specialist. Not quite a doctor, but schooled in all kinds of advanced medical practices. The 4th chair was for Roscoe. Not an astronaut,

but a robot with the most advanced AI. He monitored and controlled all the ships instruments. If everything functioned as designed, I was just ballast filling the extra seat.

Astronauts are subjected to G forces of up to 6 Gs during launch and re-entry. Those forces can drain blood from the brain causing unconsciousness. To prevent that, they wear G-suits.

The trousers are fitted with inflatable bladders, which when pressurized through a g-sensitive valve in the aircraft or spacecraft, press firmly on the abdomen and legs, thus restricting the draining of blood away from the brain during periods of high acceleration.

Side note:

How space suits are designed:

While in college, a NASA guest was invited to lecture at Cal State Fullerton where I was taking Physics at the time. He talked about the practicality of astronaut's space suits. He said that it is never mentioned in the press or after a successful launch, but incidents have happened. The space suits are designed to capture all the human waste. Astronauts need to eat and drink. The space suits have rubberized bladders that capture body waste. He showed us a film where, I think it was Buzz Aldrin, whose urine bladder ruptured upon re-entry and his face helmet was showered in his own urine. Instead of prolific historical lines like those from Neil Armstrong, **"One small step for a man, one giant leap for mankind."** We hear "WTF, Son of a bitch, God damn ##\$%\$#%\$%\$%" True story.

To continue:

The launch went off without incident and we soon watched our home planet get smaller in our rear view mirror. Actually, they were cameras, but you get the picture.

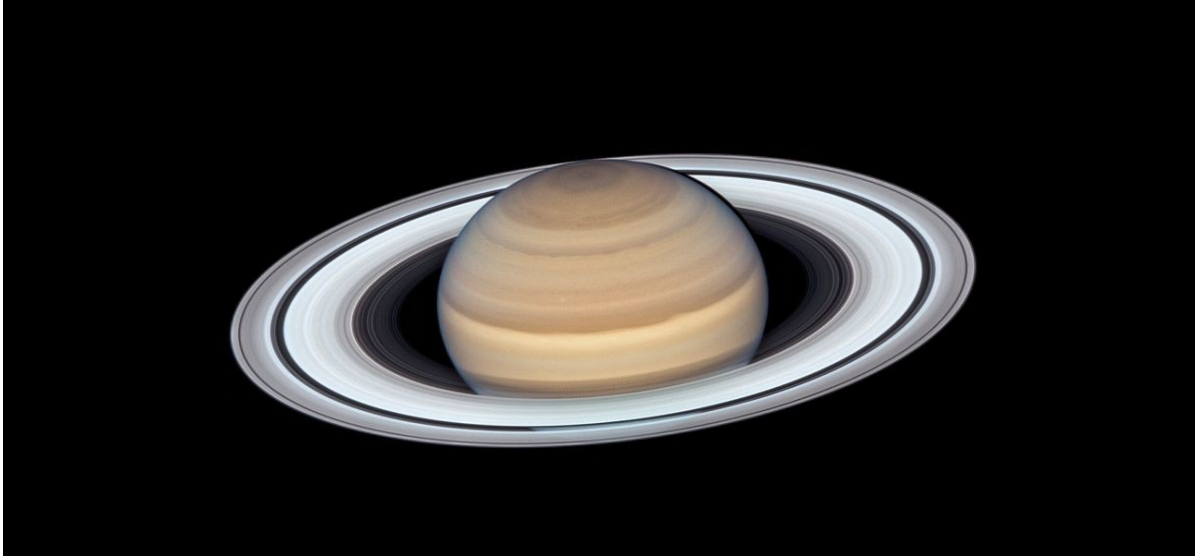
In order to conserve resources, food, water, and not produce waste, we all had to get in life suspension modules. I really did not like the look of these. They looked like coffins filled with liquid and we were zipped inside rubber protective sleeves that looked like body bags. Roscoe did the zipping. He

was not anatomically formed. Just a metal body fitted with stilt legs. At least his voice was comforting.

It seemed like a blink of the eye, I awoke to hear Roscoe's comforting voice saying we had arrived at the entrance of the wormhole. A year had passed. My daughter Alissa was now 11 years old. Before going on, we each viewed a years worth of personal messages sent from Earth. I was delighted to hear Alissa's voice, but saddened to watch her at her 11th birthday party without me. We all sent messages back letting them know that we were doing OK.

I could see the backside of Saturn on the monitors and what looked like a sphere in front. How come this looks like a sphere instead of a tunnel? Dr. Janice explained that if you consider how this is formed, you will understand that a sphere is what it should look like. OK, if you say so. I was still confused. I think I knew more about growing corn than astrophysics.





Images of Saturn look more like what someone would be making a cake mix or some pottery.

Let's get going. The clock is ticking. How true this statement would be in the near future. Roscoe, guide us through the wormhole. The next hour would be one of the most spectacular rides I have ever been on. This was so much more than any Disneyland thrill ride. The colors and swirls were beyond imagination accompanied by a few bumpy sections. Finally we were spit out of the other side to view a part of space never seen before. We were in a new galaxy.



Now it was time to decide which world we would visit first. There were three candidates. Lt. Sherry had sent messages from the closest, but nothing had been received for awhile. Lt. Dale had sent the most promising data. A world with water and breathable air. Dr. Edwards also sent promising data, but his was the furthest away from our present position.

The problem with Lt. Sherry's planet was that it was next to a massive planet that we had dubbed Gargantua. Getting anywhere close to that would result in a massive time shift. Meaning that those back on Earth would have aged too much and may have already perished.

I had a plan that could overcome this. If you stay far enough away from the giant planet and maneuver to the back side of Lt. Sherry's planet, we could avoid the time shift, drop down, pick up Sherry and leave quickly. Every hour spent on that planet, Earth ages 10 years more than us due to time slowing down next to this tremendous gravity.

(This seems like science fiction, but Einstein theorized that this is what happens to time at high speeds and enormous gravity. His theory has since been proven over and over again).

Everyone agreed this was a viable plan.

We leave the space station and fly down to the surface in our landing module. The entire planet's surface is water, but only a couple feet deep. We spot parts of Lt Sherry's landing module. This does not look good. Dr. Janice gets out of the landing module and starts to wade over to the wreckage. What are you doing Janice” When need to retrieve her data black box. She starts looking through the wreckage. I think the data box is closer to that mountain we see over there. OMG, that is not a mountain, it is a gigantic wave. Bigger than any Tsunami I have every seen. Dr. Janice, get back here immediately. I just have a few yards left. I can tell that she is not going to make it back to the landing module before the wave hits. Roscoe, go get Dr. Janice. He bounds over the water much faster than a human can walk, snatches Dr. Janice and gets back to the module opening just in time. Oscar

is helping her through the hatch when the wave hits. He is swept away by the torrent, but fortunately, the door is slammed shut by the wave's force. Oscar is gone. We are raised up like a bobber in a fishing pond. Next we are sliding down the face of the wave like those crazy surfers taking on the biggest 60 foot waves on Planet Earth. Thank God for our titanium shell. We are momentarily submerged then end up back on the surface in 2 feet of water again. Roscoe, get us out of here. The engines fail to start. Malcolm says the engines are water logged. We need to dry them out before ignition. It is apparent that Lt. Sherry was lost shortly after landing. These waves must occur periodically. One hour goes by. Ten years more have past on earth. My daughter is now 21 years old. I can't even imagine what she is thinking. I look out the hatch window and see another giant wave coming. Malcolm, can we start the engines? Not yet, we are still too wet. Reverse blow the engines. What? The blast will dry out the moisture. I am not sure if that will work. I am not going to spend another hour down here while my daughter ages another 10 years back on earth.

This reminds me of a movie I saw called "The Flight of the Phoenix". Jimmy Stewart used two of the last three starter charges to flush out the planes engines. The last one was used and the engine fired up. I hope this works.

Roscoe reversed fired the engines. With just seconds remaining, the engines ignited and we sped off the the surface back to our space station.

This leaves us with another decision. Lt. Dale or Dr. Edwards. This is my input. Lt. Dale has promising data, so does Dr. Edwards. I vote to get to Lt. Dale. His is the closest. What about the rest of you? Dr. Janice, still upset about losing Oscar due to her negligence, votes for Dr. Edwards. Dr. Janice, will you enlighten Malcolm on why you voted for Dr. Edwards. What do you mean? You and Dr. Edwards had a romantic connection in the past, don't you think that influences your vote? I am basing my vote on what I think is the best choice. Personal feelings aren't involved in your decision? What would you do if your daughter was your favorable choice? Malcolm was neutral so as mission Commander I chose Lt. Dale. He is closer.

Earthen Betrayal
(Chapter 3)

As we leave Lt. Sherry's “Waterworld”, these images are still fresh in my mind.



We sent messages detailing our landing, what we found, and our escape. I hope the next world is more compatible. As we approach, my hope is somewhat dashed. We have substituted ice for water.



After landing, we spotted Lt. Dale's habitat. An American flag was prominently displayed. As we open his hatch, his life support pod is the first thing we saw. Everything looks OK. Opening the pod, then unzipping his protective bladder, we observe that he is still alive. Performing the resuscitation procedures, he opens his eyes, sits up and immediately cries and hugs me. You have no idea how seeing another human face after all this time would affect you. I have almost run out of resources. Each time I set the wake up timer and rose alone, it almost drove me insane. This last time I didn't even set one.

Roscoe is the first one to point out that something is amiss. The surrounding area is filled with ammonia gas. Lt. Dale admits that is true, but says that down in the lower valleys, the gas is dispersed and breathable air is abundant. That alleviates one of my worries. We send off a message that we have reached Lt. Dale's planet. I ask Lt. Dale to take me out to where one of the breathable air valleys are located. It is just him and me. We are about 200 yards away from his habitat when he suddenly pushes me down a crevice. What are you doing? I know that you would find out that I have been faking the data. This place is not inhabitable at all. There is no breathable air. As I try to climb my way out of the crevice, Lt Dale takes a large piece of ice and smashes my face shield. I am suddenly only taking in ammonia gas. I never thought I would end my journey sabotaged by one of our own. Lt. Dale leaves me to die. I need to get off of this God forsaken planet. I will take the space station by myself. Sorry Chandler. I see him walking away back to the habitat. Dr. Janice asks where is Chandler? He fell down a crevice and broke his helmet. There was nothing I could do to save him. Dr. Janice does not hesitate. She jumps in the shuttle and frantically looks for him. I am on my last breath ready to pass out when she suddenly appears and supplies me with a portable breathing device. I inform her of what had happened. She is just as surprised as me. When we get back to the habitat, Lt. Dale is not there. Malcolm said he wanted to check out the landing craft. We told Malcolm what had happened. He immediately ran out the hatch after Lt. Dale. As he approached, the landing craft engine fired up and spun around. Malcolm was caught in the blast and was fried instantly. Roscoe, disable the landing craft engines and flood the compartment with knock out gas. We had prepared for a possible invasion by alien creatures. Never thought we would have to use it on one of our own. We retrieved Lt. Dale's body and put him back in his sleeping pod. He revived long enough to hear my final words to him. If possible, we will return and rescue you. Nothing about your actions will be reported to the command center. As he slowly returned to his slumber, we could hear his final cries, no no, don't leave me!

The only message we sent was about the unfortunate demise of Malcolm, which we listed as an accident and the fact that this planet was too inhospitable.

Back inside the space station module, we went over our options. We don't have enough fuel to reach Dr. Edwards planet unless we harness another source of energy. What would that source be, Janice asked? Gravity. Please explain. I thought you were the astrophysicist. Just tell me your idea wiseguy. Between us and Dr. Edwards planet there is a black hole. If we venture close to the Event Horizon, the gravity will increase our speed enough to slingshot or ricochet us on our way. That is a clever idea and I believe that might work. We were on our way. I also knew one more fact that she didn't. With the weight of the shuttle, we still would not quite make it. I had an alternate plan, but I did not want to reveal it just yet. As we approached the black hole, we did indeed accelerate. It was a touchy maneuver to not get sucked inside. Once I felt we were traveling at the maximum speed possible, I hit the thrusters and speed away narrowly escaping its tremendous pull. My plan was to take the shuttle and depart the space station. Dr. Janice still had the landing module so she should be OK to meet up with Edwards. While she was busy handling other tasks, I entered the shuttle with Roscoe along side me. As I began to prepare for separation, she appeared at my viewing window. What are you doing? I said, based on my calculations, with the extra weight of the shuttle, there still isn't enough speed to reach Dr. Edwards planet. I am going to approach the Event Horizon and see if I can extract the data that will aid Earth. With that explanation, I pushed the ignition switch and catapulted myself out into empty space.

I hope Janice can meet up with her former lover and perhaps that planet will have the necessary elements to start a new colony.

Roscoe and I head back toward the black hole.

Roscoe, I hate to do this, but I need you to go beyond the Event Horizon and try to send back data as to what knowledge we can gain. No one has ever done this before.

Don't feel sorry for me Chandler. My goal is to boldly go where no piece of metal has gone before. Roscoe, when did they embed humor into your

programming? AI continues to learn. I got that from you, Chandler. How about this one, “I laugh in the face of adversity!” OK, stop. You are making me even more sad with your humanistic persona.

Image of a black hole

What did you expect to see? It's a black hole. Not even light can get out.

What are you going to do Chandler? I am going to use the enormous gravitational force from the black hole to slingshot me back to earth. There is still one life support pod on this craft. Roscoe does the honors of zipping me up. Once again I hear his comforting voice. Chandler it has been an honor serving you.

Myself, unaware of Roscoe's plight, my shipboard recorder captures his final transmission.

I am not sure how much effect being near the Event Horizon has had on my relative time verses Earth time. I will not know that unless I can survive the return journey.

Roscoe propelled himself toward the black whole Event Horizon. As he breached that barrier, he indeed was sucked inside. Before he was totally crushed by gravity, he managed to collect the crucial data we need and transmit it back to the shuttle's recording system.

I was just kidding earlier. This is what a black hole looks like and they have



been photographed before.

What about Dr. Janice and Dr. Edward?

Earthen Betrayal (Chapter 4)

While I was off on a possible suicide mission, Janice had successfully reached Dr. Edwards planet. Taking the landing module, she set down near his habitat. This planet indeed was the most promising of all that she had seen. There were lakes, rivers, and forests. If only Chandler had listened to her, he would have been alive and arrived with her. None-the-less, (this is almost as bad as using unbeknownst), she was anxious to find out if Edward was still alive. Relief flooded her face as she saw him come out of the hatch. They ran toward each other and embraced as often seen in many of these romantic movies. The next few days they reestablished their relationship. He filled her in on what life was like on this planet and what he has been doing. We have finally answered the age old question, is their life beyond Earth? I can most assuredly say yes. The lakes and streams are teeming with fish. Weird by earth standards, but edible. The forest also have abundant wildlife. Most benign, but some dangerous. I have used my pod tools to fashion long sharp tipped spears that are effective against all but the largest of predators. The others I just avoid. I have ventured away from my habitat and surveyed the area with about a 5 mile diameter.

This planet is 75% the size of Earth and rotates once every 7 hours. At first I tried to adjust to the short days and nights, but later just gave up and sleep and wake whenever my body says it is time. Due to the smaller size, we are lighter here too. Just after arriving, I weighed myself and have lost 50 lbs. Ha! It takes 1.5 years (by Earth's standards) to circle the dual Suns. My habitat is close to the equator, so we only have two seasons, wet and dry. The oxygen level is twice as much as Earth's air, so breathing is much easier. This place turns out to be a very habitable planet.

She also filled him in on the troubled journey her and her three other companions endured. The loss of Oscar and Malcolm. She kept the secret of Lt. Dale's traitorous attempt to flee without the others. She and Chandler both agreed to forgive him due to his former bravery of volunteering for such a dangerous mission to begin with. She explained that he had stayed on his

planet to give her and Chandler a better chance to reach this one.

The force of Nature is hard to ignore. It was not too surprising when a year later, Janice gave birth to a baby girl. It was Edward's idea to name her Chandy. He said it was Chandler's sacrifice that allowed her to reach his planet. There was no argument from her.

Back on Earth

I awoke in a hospital bed. I was told that I had been in a coma for six months. My shuttle had made it back through re-entry, but the hard landing in the ocean had given me a concussion. They kept me sedated until my body stabilized. How long has it been since I left? It has been 25 years. I thought the Earth was doomed and only had 10 years left. Originally, that was the prognosis, but the NASA group shared their knowledge of habitat building with the rest of the world. After all, they had plans for years for habitat living on Mars. Not all of the world adapted these ideas. China, Europe, South America, and Australia all built survivable habitats from these plans. Still, 75% of the world's population died. Those who did not adapt the plans continued to fight for food resources. Africa was too poor to utilize the plans and the whole continent perished. The scientist theorized that the Sun had started some kind of internal expansion. This raised the surface temperature on Earth to 150 F. The once thought theory of global warming, that would melt the ice caps and raise the ocean level 500 feet didn't happen. In fact, the opposite happened. The high temperatures started to boil the oceans waters. Steam rose up and left the hemisphere. Only 35% of the ocean's waters remain. You can imagine the sea creatures dying off in droves. Inside our habitats, we learned to grow vegetables hydroponically. The habitats protected us from the harsh sun rays. The vegans were ecstatic. I haven't had a steak in 20 years.

Wow, a lot has happened since I left. A lot more than you could know. There is someone waiting to see you. A 55 year old, still attractive woman entered my room. Hi Dad! Alissa?

Dad, I always believed you would come back, but never thought it would

take so long. How I missed you. Let me introduce you to my husband and your two grandchildren. This was so surreal. I didn't want to tell her how I even thought I would never return, even though I had promised. I thought I would die in outer space.

After meeting my grandchildren and son-in-law, they respectfully departed. Alissa, what have you been doing in my absence? I am head of the NASA research center. We were the ones who organized the world leaders. We weren't ready to give up on Mother Earth quite yet. That is not the top news I want to convey. We retrieved the data you garnered from the black hole. This information opened up a whole new area of science for us. Using this crucial data, we have solved the problem of long distance space travel. We no longer need to get on a space ship and fly through a wormhole. This new science is called Multi-Dimensional Awareness. To visit another part of the universe, we just step out of the 4th dimension. This gives us portals to anywhere in the Universe.

Dad, you are a true hero. Not me, Alissa. If an AI robot can receive a medal, it should go to Roscoe who gave up his existence to get this data.

The people left on Earth were leaving in droves. Kind of like what happened in California with their liberal laws and government that ruined the state. It is funny though about human nature. The Chinese chose a planet and they named it New China. 95% of the Chinese people chose to go there. Same thing happened with other ethnic groups. I guess it is true, “Birds of a Feather, Flock Together”.



With the data I brought back from skimming the Event Horizon, we were able to solve the problem of time travel. The people on Earth were able to leave the doomed planet by crossing into and out of the 5th dimension. I believe this knowledge was what let UFOs come and go on our planet. Even Jesus had this knowledge. That is how he returned from the dead.

The people were settling on amazing planets. Full of lakes, rivers, and oceans and no tectonic movements. Greenery as far as the eye can see. My corn would grow wild there. Maybe I should return to my farmer roots.



I told my daughter that I am so happy that you have your own family. That will ease your sorrow that I am going to leave you again. Why are you leaving? There is someone I left on a deserted planet, whom I imagine is all alone by now. Her name is Dr. Janice. Without her, I would never have gotten the data to save Earth. Don't feel sad. With this new technology, I can return and you can meet her, if she will follow me.

Dr. Janice was indeed alone. She had buried Edward six months earlier. She was unaware of what had transpired back on Earth, (maybe I should have said (“Unbeknownst to her”), no don't do that.

My arrival was a total shock to her. I also was surprised. Beside her, was a two year old child. It kind of humored me that a person with such high academic degrees would not have thought of bringing birth control. On the other hand, she did not go on this journey thinking it as a possible romantic date. I imagined her worry was that she would die and leave her daughter to fend for herself. What is her name? We named her Chandy. If not for you, I would never had made it here. Edward insisted on giving her that name. The embrace she gave me couldn't hide the emotion she felt thinking she would

never see another adult human being again. My return embrace displayed a warmth, that was not just glad to see you friend, but implied a future connection. I asked her, would you like to meet my daughter? The light up in her eyes told me that would be an affirmative.

The End

Earthen Betrayal *(Epilogue)*

With the ability to traverse different worlds by just stepping in and out of the 5th dimension, it reminded me of Epcot Center in Orlando Florida back in the day. You wanted China world, go to that section. Japan, over here. Mexico, bring your sombreros and serapes. There was one world that still had a diverse population. America World. America had been the most diverse country on Earth. So I didn't have to travel to China World to eat dumplings, or Mexico world to have a taco. Pizza was still king.

Janice, Chandy and I settled in the new American world. The same place my daughter chose. So now I had it all. Life was good. My grandchildren accepted Chandy as their little sister.

I still had one more task to perform. I returned to Lt. Dale's planet. I opened his life support module and unzipped his protective sleeve. He once again regained consciousness. I have returned as promised. I just want to inform you that you will return to command center as a hero. No one will know what transpired between us. I told them that you volunteered to remain on your planet in case the venture to Edward's place turned out futile. Even though you turned on us, your former bravery to accept the challenge of one of the most dangerous missions, trumps all other actions. Lt. Dale did indeed return as a celebrated hero.

Fast Forward:

10,000 years. The sun had finished its expansion and returned to normal size. The ice caps reformed, the oceans filled up again and lush vegetation spread all over the planet. The Garden of Eden had returned. Mother Earth had

purged herself of those pesky humans. No more nuclear wars, pollution, or over population. Maybe someday, mankind will return to its birthplace. For now, let it remain beautiful peaceful and clean.

Joel and Mandy, looking for the perfect planet to begin their young life together, discover what they believed was an untouched paradise. Unbeknownst to them (there I go again), distant ancestors, Chandler and Janice had saved this planet's inhabitants from sure disaster. None-the-less (are you kidding me?), they chose it. Mother Earth welcomed the new Adam and Eve couple hoping things would turn out different this time around.

The Final End