



Laurent
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The Next Step of Humanity



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*To my daughter Aroona,
To my friend Sylvine,
To all interdimensional beings of Unified Worlds*

*Thanks to all the people I met at the crossroads of my life, and whose inner wisdom
enlightened my path.*

My special thanks to Yuriko Hori for her professional proofreading.

Absolute Consciousness amongst Pure Energy generates Principles that produce Laws that create Facts.

Io

It is the consciousness level of each individual that drives their understanding of the Universe.

Sylvine

Note: There is a chronological summary at the end for those who wish to read the book by following the standard time line.

Sommaire

Avertissement :

Vous êtes en train de consulter un extrait de ce livre.

Voici les caractéristiques de la version complète :

Comprend 68 notes de bas de page - Environ 456 pages au format Ebook. Sommaire interactif avec hyperliens.

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1. Rima Hyginus

October 1973

— Houston... Apollo XIX. We are approaching the Sea of Tranquility. Challenger releasing...

Freed from the orbiting device, the lunar module and its two passengers dived instantaneously toward Rima Hyginus.

The cabin was narrow. Engineers were not pilots; so despite many years of technological revolution, the comfort of space flights had not been improved yet. Constricted into his spacesuit, and focused onto the unique window of the capsule, Commander Gene Kerman was fighting hard to control the spinning of his LEM. ¹

Soon, it would be his second moon landing. However, History would only record his first one, as part of the Apollo X program, in May 1969...as the present mission would never have any official existence.

At that time, Kerman and his team had not noticed anything weird on the Moon. It's only after their return to Earth that a strange geometrical spot in the shape of a "castle" had been identified on a few photos taken from the orbiting module. Its location – 8.10° North and 8.10° East – was very close to the so-called Rima Hyginus rift.

— Boosters' ignition... Imminent landing! he announced to his copilot who was filming through the window.

Dr. Cain-Shepherd swiftly put his camera back into its holster, just before the vibrations became critical.

After a powerful deceleration, they heard a slight bump, and then the silence. The window was now displaying a greyish chaotic landscape flattened by a deep black sky.

— Challenger has landed! the commander confirmed. Airlock opening!

Bruce was in such a hurry to be the first civilian on the Moon that he unharnessed immediately and stepped out, forgetting about the protocol. Son of a famous American archaeologist and a specialist of Harmonics, this brilliant mathematician had soon joined the NASA Scientific team. He had been struggling for three years in order to be part of the secret Apollo XIX mission, motivated by a mystery he absolutely wanted to solve...

— We have slightly drifted from our planned landing site, the pilot said through his hood while stepping out backwards. We need to take the Rover...

— Wow... That's humongous!!! the scientist interrupted, flabbergasted.

North-East of the LEM, a huge dark shape was standing out against the horizon. It looked like a massive fortress magically showing off in the middle of the plain, with many threadlike towers holding hundreds of spikes.

Stoical, the commander opened the Rover's trapdoor.

— Though, it's still some eight kilometers away! he stated quietly while unfolding the solar panels.

Bruce got an idea. He moved behind the LEM in order to hide from the strange edifice, and then stepped backwards until the castle reappeared into his visual field. He estimated the

¹ Lunar Module.

distance to be three meters and a half. As the LEM was seven meters high, he performed a quick proportionality.

Three point five for seven, therefore eight for sixteen.

— Sixteen kilometers high... but that's just... crazy!

— Wow... You mean twice the Everest! Kerman realized.

— But the photos only display a basis about three hundred meters wide... So this structure is probably deeply rooted into the ground!

The two astronauts jumped onto the six-wheeled vehicle and immediately headed for the castle.

After half an hour of a sinuous track around a collection of small craters, the Rover stopped a few steps in front of the incredible object, which now covered their whole visual field.

— I feel like an ant at the foot of a giant carbon-made termite nest Bruce whispered while grabbing his camera.

The smooth and cold vertical planes, cut in the shape of a multi-faced prism, were reflecting the moon landscape like a black unpolished metal mirror. From place to place, some large scratches were striping its surface sideways.

The two explorers decided to slide into the largest one, with caution.

— Can you hear that? Gene asked, surprised. This thing is singing!

— Yep... it sounds like a melodious complaint. I can feel the vibration throughout my body. Hey! There is also a bluish blurring around our suits... Would it be ionized oxygen?

— ...Oxygen? But how come? the commander wondered. We have not been through any airlock!

— I bet for some kind of magnetic shield that forces the vacuum outside. Hence the ionization Bruce concluded.

— Hey! Look...

— Challenger... This is America a voice reverberated.

It was astronaut Evans, who had remained in the orbiting command module.

— America, this is Rover, Kerman answered. We have entered the Castle. It is definitely not a geological formation. Our presence has triggered some sort of active phenomena.

— I confirm! Evans announced. I have just passed over your zenith, and presently I can spot an intense green glow North-West of the Hyginus crater. The Doppler probe is recording a tiny seismic breathing, with its epicenter just under your feet.

— We are getting close to a large well circumscribed by a triad of silver rings the commander replied. It's quite deep and I can see a collection of whirling iridescent spheres at the bottom. They turn around and around as if they were engaged in some kind of process.

— We are precisely located at 8.10° North and 8.10° East Bruce interrupted, eyes focused on his bracelet. It's just the perfect harmonic position! It's probably a gigantic free energy extractor. The magnetic field intensity has also reached eight Tesla. We should move away.

— Right... Let's take this corridor on the right! Kerman reacted quickly. I can see a wide glass wall over there.

— Commander, I'm about to re-enter the dark cone of the Moon for the next twelve minutes Evans called. Be careful!

The two astronauts got close to the wall, while their steps were becoming heavier and heavier.

— I can record a slight alpha radiation and the gravitational field is rising up the commander specified. What kind of complex is it... a huge city, some sort of giant factory, or a spaceship?

— I have no idea! Dr. Cain-Shepherd acknowledged. It looks perfectly operating although it also seems deserted for ages.

Kerman touched the opaque glass roof, which immediately turned transparent...

— Jesus! he startled.

Bruce glanced over his shoulder.

So, Ted and Initia were right! he thought, with a smile.

2. The Venerable

Nowadays.

Institut de Physique des Hautes Énergies, Mount Dalmion, France

The silence of the night was hanging over the corridors of the red zone.

This wing of the Institute sheltered many top security laboratories, including the famous tachyonics lab ². The Venerable had arrived directly from the Minas Gerais region in the evening, and Malcolm Kres had just finished appointing it.

Curious, Lady Moon glanced through the glass dome. Immediately, the Venerable started to glow an odd purple light.

Puzzled, Malcolm approached. But the huge crystal only reflected a shifted and iridescent picture of a mid-size European man in his forties, almost bald, with a profound look.

He stroked its surface, intimately and promisingly.

So you do focus the UV rays? Very interesting...

He headed for his desk, stepping over a giant octopus of multi-coloured electric cables that were pulsating sporadically with a swift and deaf sizzling. All around, hundreds of small blue and yellow eyes were flickering from the different control panels, and a big torus ³ fed on liquid nitrogen was manifesting its satiety with a long deep breath.

Malcolm sat down and tinkled away his touch-screen, yawning.

“The Venerable is in position. Coordinates: 2° 38’ 10” W + 31° 34’ 48” N”

He thought about sending a message to his best friend.

« Initia, I know it’s late, but could you pop up tomorrow ? I need to entrust you with something new ; and not a word ».

He stretched out. The day had been particularly tiring.

— Malcolm! Will you be sleeping here? a lady ironically asked on the intercom. I have to go. Would you lock the Institute?

— Hi Olga, I was just about to leave too. Have a nice trip to homeland and... fingers crossed for your conference!

— Thanks... See you next week!

Olga Nielsen was the Head of the Institute; a Norway lady, specialist of Quantum Chromo Dynamics ⁴, and passion fruit cheese cakes occasionally. She excelled in finding practical developments for the most abstract theories of Physics. Malcolm particularly enjoyed brainstorming with her.

He closed his eyes for a while... and probably fell asleep.

² Science which studies the nature of time.

³ Donut-shape superconductive device that can store very high electrical currents.

⁴ Quarks, which are the ultimate particles (or vibrating modes) of matter bear a strong interactive force called “colour” that allows them to exchange messengers called “gluons”. The theory that describes the behaviour of gluons is called QCD for Quantum Chromo Dynamics.

A red flashing light suddenly spoilt the night; intrusion signal.

Malcolm was about to stand up when the heavy door, although protected by a non-breakthrough code, burst open. Four individuals, wearing black hoods and fitting suits, sprang up with laser guns aimed at him. Two red spots began to dance on the professor's chest before adjusting right on his heart.

- Professor Kres, you are under arrest! a military voice with a Russian accent cried out.
- What!? he reacted with a shaking voice, more surprised than afraid.
- Don't move! another voice specified, revealing an unexpected female presence.
- It can't be...

No time to complain. The commando had already reacted; gag on the mouth, hood on the head and handcuffs on the wrists. One guy grabbed his right shoulder and they all exited the lab swiftly. He preferred not to fight.

According to Malcolm's restricted perceptions, they were now heading toward the northern gate, on the mountain side. The sudden incoming of fresh air confirmed his feelings. Then, he felt the grass crunching under his feet and the slight breath of a wet breeze stroking the skin of his hands. The night was quiet... although something seemed to chop the air regularly.

His guide pushed him onto a hard metal plate, which rose instantaneously, and he found himself into a pressurized cabin. He swallowed to equilibrate his ears.

After a few seconds, he felt a strong acceleration and a little dizziness, but no vibration of any kind. The only sound he could notice was a continuous whistle, almost ultrasonic, which seemed to betray the presence of a turbine somewhere above his head.

Is it a stealthy helicopter?

“*Black choppers*” had already been spotted by some rare witnesses in the night skies of the USA. These very swift and silent helicopters were said to be stuffed with electronic spying devices, and were best known for their coming out a few minutes after some night wanderers had called the Police for UFO sightings. Though, they did not exist, officially...

Officially, official science... words overused to control the limits of Knowledge; a frontier that the human mass was not asked to clear... Were it so, people would become hardly governable.

3. Initia

A sunray slithered through a slit in the curtains and died onto the nude shoulder of a sleeping beauty; On a Manga-like face with mid-long silky black hair, two anis-green almond eyes half-opened.

Initia stretched out, accidentally rushing out her friend Typhoon who would have gladly cocooned a little longer on the quilt. The Ragdoll cat showed its discontent with a deep grumbling mewling.

— Lazy boy... Come and get out for a fresh breath! she threw at him, while jumping out of the bed.

Fluidly, she glided off the glass door and stepped out on the wooden deck. The cat boggled at following her and flattened on the floor.

What a chance to have found this loft on the roofs of Nice! View over the Castle, its flowering gardens and running romantic waterfalls.

Like every beautiful morning, the young Eurasian sat down on her small zafou and faced the warm rising sun for a short meditation.

Welcome each day with thankfulness...

Eyes mid-shut, she focused on her last feelings.

I'm walking on the beach... my little girl is on my side. I can remember every moment of my very long life... Kelly faces me and asks: "Mommy, do Apes gaze at the stars?" What does it mean? I feel like my soul had merged with someone else...

She opened her eyes, leaped to her feet and rushed into the bedroom, just avoiding the cat's tail, and took hold of her small bedside art book.

I must write that...

Then, she realized the blue light of her cell phone was pulsating. She grabbed it and headed for the kitchen while checking the message.

— Hey, that's Uncle Malcolm! she called upon the white cat that now had its whiskers into the kettle.

She had met him in Melbourne, at a symposium on Synchronicity she had covered a dozen years ago for the scientific journal she worked for. This very day, while the lecturer was developing a mathematical model showing that all living beings were located at the knots of a huge interdimensional grid, and that all coincidences were simple consequences of this invisible connectivity, she had opened a book bought at the Roissy airport the day before. It was untitled "Time Illusion". At the same instant, her backseat neighbour had bent over her shoulder and whispered: "You are just reading my last book. Do you think it's a coincidence?"

That had been the beginning of a deep friendship based on a common passion for both Science and Mystery.

Initia stayed thoughtful for a while. Then she opened her electronic diary.

Nothing special today... and Charleville-Mezieres is just one hour-flight away...

She poured herself a glass of ice tea and grasped her *Bluetooth* ear flap.

— Hi, Mina, this is Initia.
— Yes, sweetie... Have you fallen from bed?
— I've just received an invitation from Pr Kres. He probably made an important forthcoming she affirmed with a serious voice. It could make a nice paper, couldn't it?
— Kres... Oh, yeah! He's your famous crazy chap who's obsessed by time flow mastering?
— Hey, don't say that! He's a genius!
— Ha, ha... I was just teasing. All right! Let's have a look at the agenda... The November issue is done. Have you finished your paper about the cryogenic bacteria of Lake Vostok?
— Yep, I've already sent it to Willy for proofreading...
— Perfect, so you're off duty, but keep in touch this time! Your last Antarctica wandering has been worrying.
— Thanks, Mina. You're my favourite editor she whispered.
Mina greatly appreciated such sweet words... especially from women.

4. Mount Dalmion

The cruise sky had been aggressively white.

After landing, the triple-seven from Ankara via Nice ran on the taxiway for a long time before stopping on the tarmac where its purring finally softened. All the passengers headed for the luggage pick-up point, without going through any custom. It was Extended Europe.

Outside, the weather was cold. It smelt of suspended dirty snow. Initia put on a polar-wool jumpsuit.

— Hep... Taxi! she called.

A black Sedan stopped straight.

— Mount Dalmion, Institut de Physique des Hautes Énergies, please.

The car left the small city and its technological pollution to venture into the Ardennes' hills. The Institute had been built right amidst the forest, some twenty kilometers away.

The countryside was gorgeous, and Initia had fallen in love at first sight the first time she had come here. The widespread veils of mist laying over the country and the wonderful pine trees spiking toward the sky reminded her of some missing landscapes of her native Tibet.

— You're my second client for Mount Dalmion, today! It's not common! the driver engaged, dragging Initia out of her living dream.

— Oh! Was she a physicist?

— The guy remained silent, but he seemed really preoccupied.

These scientists live inside their world, she thought. They have lost their communication skills...

Malcolm was different. Like a child, he was still struck with amazement by everything, and always ready to help without any expectation in return.

After twenty minutes of windings, the car parked in front of a high iron gate.

— I must stop here, Mademoiselle. Cars are not allowed inside; so-called magnetic disturbances.

— Thanks for your safe drive. Keep the change...

— Thank you so much, Princess!

He stepped out, turned around and opened the back door with deference.

— I wish you a pleasant day.

Initia walked to the keeper's cabin. The guy was showing a closed face.

The Institute had been built over the ruins of an old mansion. It looked like an ochre chalk mausoleum erected in the middle of a huge natural park. It was Initia's third visit since the inauguration of the Tachyonics lab.

A few seconds later, a strong man in his thirties, with crew cut and salt-and-pepper hair, exited the main entrance. He approached with a wilful step and a serious face.

— Mademoiselle Lassa, I was waiting for you he said with a deep voice.

— Oh? Are you working with Malcolm? she replied, surprised and confused.

— Captain Amos... French Intelligence Services... We have intercepted the message you've received from Pr Kres... just before his kidnapping.

— Kidnapping!?! she echoed, bewildered.

— Were you aware of the special research program he was conducting for the Ministry of Defense?

— I... No... I mean, somehow! I've never spied on him, but he had entrusted me with some information that I have always kept secret...

— Would you come with me, please? he interrupted while heading for the main entrance.

They entered the Institute and walked through an empty corridor. At the end, a massive door was ajar, although Initia knew the entry code of the Tachyonics lab was controlled by some quantum cryptography software.

Wow... What a huge crystal! What is it for?

The captain broke the silence.

— As you can see, there is no evidence of fight. You know this place... Do you notice something suspect?

She stared at him for a while wondering whether she could trust him.

— I do understand your reticence, mademoiselle Lassa... But you must know that I have carte blanche to investigate this mystery.

She started to scan the environment, for a clue.

— No... I don't see anything peculiar! I'm deeply worried...

The captain smiled at her, warmly.

— Honestly, I think the professor's life is not threatened. They have just come for him as they have left the hard drive!

— So, let's find out she said, while switching it on.

The computer immediately displayed a pulsating message:

ENTER THE KEY...

They both stared at each other, awkward.

— The key... It's probably a password Amos wondered.

The key... Of course! Initia realized.

Without hesitation, she typed a seven-letter word on the touch-screen. The professor's diary appeared right away.

Amos opened wide eyes.

— You bloody knew his password?

— Nope... Just intuition! I entered my cat's name. Malcolm offered it to me last year and its little necklace bears a small key... So I figured it out.

— I'm very impressed! Let's check out he added, while rolling his sleeves up.

He clicked on the document.

"The Venerable is in position. Coordinates: 2° 38' 10" W + 31° 34' 48" N"

Initia read it again, cautiously.

The "Venerable" ... Who is he, and why indicating his location?

Amos grasped a mobile GPS that was lying about on a shelf and walked toward the crystal.

— That's what I thought he stated.

— I beg your pardon?

— That's weird. We are located East of Greenwich and above the forty-fifth parallel. Therefore, these coordinates are wrong. Take a look! he added while holding out the device to Initia.

It read: 4° 58' 46" E + 49° 46' 15" N.

— Right, so this Venerable is somewhere else she concluded, logically.

— No! It's right there! It's the name of this crystal he affirmed, pointing at it.

— OK! So Malcolm probably refers to another coordinates system she replied trivially. But he never told me about that. You should ask one of his fellows.

She typed the word "ARDEN" in the browser. The screen read:

**Association for the Research and Development
of New Energies**

Pr Malcolm KRES: Tachyonics lab,
Mount Dalmion, France.

Dr. Elie EISMANN: Institute for Cold Fusion,
Sophia Antipolis, France.

Pr Thomas BEE: Zero-Point Field department,
University of Hawaii at Manoa.

Pr Sophie ESTAL: Formal Resonance and Hyper dense Fields, Colorado Springs, USA.

Dr. Vanessa GREEN: Quantum Electrogravitics,
Indian Institute for Advanced Research, Pondicherry, India.

Dr. Bruce CAIN-SHEPHERD: NASA Harmonics,
Apollo XIX, Bahamas.

Apollo XIX? But the mission has been canceled...

— One of these persons may know something! she affirmed while printing the document.

— Fine... That's a start! I'm going to ask our experts to scan-check the hard drive the captain concluded.

.....

Fin de cet extrait de livre

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