

THE LAND SHADOWING WITH WINGS

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Victor Darnell Hadnot

“Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue” Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The object which was ancient—it was called the Cringle according to ancient writings that Stacey had deciphered—she was an anthropologist who specialized in ancient human artifacts—the mid-sized object was inside a small room which was designed to contain dangerous objects. Primrose came into the science laboratory along with a few other official looking people.

Primrose said, “What can you tell us about this thing—why does it seem to have some strange powers to influence electrical devices and I’ve read a report—that it can cause living tissue to be altered or mutated?”

Standing next to Primrose was Matthew—he was chief of security, “The thing that gets me is how can something this old be doing the things that it does—I mean—people long time ago didn’t even have electricity or for that matter—they have to use outhouses—no one was sophisticated enough to have created this object.”

Stacey smiled just a bit at that last saying—she had a radical theory, “What if this object didn’t come from anyplace around here?”

Primrose tried to get a handle on things, “So—it came from some other country other than the one that it was found—it still doesn’t answer the question—how do ancient people create such an advanced device?”

Stacey shook her pretty head, “No. I’m not talking about some other country—I’m talking about something totally different...”

Primrose stepped back almost instinctively, “I don’t like where this is going—if I’d wanted wild theories—I’d called in some half backed professor from the philosophy department.”

Matthew said, “You think this object—the Cringle you call it—is alien—as from another planet?”

Stacey nodded but her face was just ever so contorted, “Yeah—I know it sounds crazy—but—if you look at technology—how it seems to take miraculous leaps every so many decades—it would seem to suggest that we are being influenced by thoughts and ideas way beyond our human capability. I mean—just look at the long and vast amount of time that mankind—when left relatively alone—did not advance beyond the horse and wagon—then—suddenly—we began to crawl out of the so called Dark Ages of science and technology—what are the real secrets—that no one is telling us about alien influence?”

Primrose voiced, “So you are saying that this thing maybe alien—from some other planet—but the problem with that is—no other planet in our solar system is inhabitable.”

Stacey postulated, “What if the culture—alien culture—had advanced ways of living on planets that were hostile to life as we know it. Just like the base that is being built on the moon—in an alien environment—people have to use life-support and all sorts of innovative techniques...”

Matthew said, “Your point is, doctor?”

Stacey plain old flat out stated, “What if we were not the first ones to colonize this solar system?”

Primrose stated, “People were created here on Earth! We were not colonized!”

The Fahag-mosha was a serious terrorist group that had managed to reap hell on most civilized nations—it was headed up by Dogozan whom some said was a military genius—and others declared that he was a political disaster—because most of the nations that he now sought to terrorize were at one time friendly to him and his cause. The problem with Dogozan was that from time to time he picked up new causes—political alliances with people that the more powerful nations did not want him to side with. None of this would matter if Dogozan was just another piss-ant in the vast desert of insignificant political wannabe—but he wasn't—he was well educated from a very good college—and had connections all over the world—dealing in arms—and there rested the true dilemma—what to do with a western educated terrorist that could be useful in one degree and totally the opposite in the other.

The discovery of the ancient device was sure to shift the balance of power in the natural scheme of things—the Cringle was too powerful and too misunderstood for just one nation to have complete control of it—but there was the problem—what nation had the right to control the Cringle—and its seemingly endless power and applications—as a power source—the device was beyond cold fusion—drawing its power from beyond normal space and time—if the thing could be backwards engineered—without that process destroying the device altogether—then larger ones and smaller ones could be developed to meet the needs of the various applications—it would effectively put an end to dependence on foreign oil and nuclear power—which would become a thing of the past. With the Cringle—there could be one in each home—powering everything from that one small source—doing away with the need to have greedy and inefficient power companies—who charged too much and gave too little in return.

A lot of inventions that could help people on a personal level—devices like artificial arms and legs and complex artificial organs—which until now—were not feasible because of the amount of continuous and long lasting power that they needed—portable power—the Cringle had very serious applications in those fields—so in a word—the battery companies—those people who never seemed to provide a significant advancement in storage technology—would soon be out of business—and the Cringle would take the battery's place in the market for a portable power supply that could run just about anything.

So—some crazy organization like Fahag-mosha--Dogozan—getting hold of the plans to build a Cringle was more devastating than those same crazies getting hold a nuclear bomb or other weaponized substances or devices. Was there a price to pay for scientific discovery—hell yes—and mankind had been paying the price—ever since Eve decided to disobey God and do the unthinkable—commit suicide on an unprecedented scale—an action which effectively killed the entire human race—but that was the price for scientific discovery—or in Eve's case—finding out first hand just what death really was about while having her eyes opened. It was postulated that before the two first human beings fell from perfection—they were able to exist in a realm of perfect harmony with their conscious and subconsciousness—exercising will over their perceptions—what we call dreaming is no more than the disconnected ability now long lost—to exist on a higher level of life.

In the perfect models of people—we all would have lived through our complete imaginations—while our dream-consciousness was willfully controlled by our minds—our so called reality—our conscious actions were relegated to the unconscious—enabling us to manipulate and ambulate through a world—while perceiving that world as beautifully was our own individual minds and imaginations wanted to. It was the poisoning of the genetic code that ended all that.

Stacey walked across the room—she’d just finished taking a shower—her nude body was semi-clothed with a damp towel, “Isn’t it against some regulation or something—the two of us being lovers?”

Matthew got up off the bed and took her into his arms and kissed her, “I’m not sure what regulations we are breaking—but I’m not sure that I care at the very moment.”

Stacey ran her hands across his muscular body—her firm breast pushing up against his chest, “You know—Dogozan—wouldn’t hesitate to use something like this against us—it shows weakness—if the enemy knows who you are in love with all they have to do is threaten your lover...”

Speaking from a military point of view Matthew said, “Or worse—sometimes it seems better to just be alone—without having someone to care about or to be cared for...”

Stacey kissed him again then went to the kitchen, “Are you hungry—I am?”

Matthew motioned for her to pass him a beer and he settled down in the adjoining livingroom, “You know—this Cringle thing—I was reading the reports that were done on it out at Area 51...”

Stacey looked up from the cooking she had started, “I thought that those reports were classified?”

Matthew nodded as he sipped his beer, “Yeah—they are—but you and me—we have a need to know—anyway—that is what Primrose told me—just before he handed me the files. Seems that some of the scientist that are working on the Cringle device have some strange theories...”

Stacey walked around the corner for a moment, “I’ve read some of those reports—but from a different source—they think that the device can reach into deep subspace and channel parallel quantum events.”

Matthew clicked the clicker for the audioimage—a sports game was on, “Why is it than just when I think that I have something that is new—you manage to be one step ahead?”

Stacey smiled and went back to her cooking, “It’s my job to know what we are dealing with—just like it is your job to do the dangerous military thing—when needed. Anyway—one of the more far out theories seems to suggest that the Cringle—while a unique power source—also might have a more primary purpose—the design of the machine is so complicated that even in reverse engineering the thing—all sorts of unexpected applications keep cropping up—but this application is too dangerous to even comprehend.”

Matthew got up and stood in the doorway briefly—he was wearing his boxer briefs, “One thing I hate is when the science people start holding back from the military people—what does this thing really do? I’m not talking about the power source applications for civilian use—you obviously have access to classified information that I’m just coming up to speed on.”

Stacey seemed concerned all of a sudden, “The Cringle can alternate quantum realities—but only once—if the settings are adjusted just right—a person touching the device can alter their own reality.”

Matthew said, “You mean like—making a wish and it comes true—sort of thing?”

Stacey nodded and shook her head, “Yes and no—it’s actually infinitely more complicated than that—as to how the device accomplishes the task—but from a layman’s point of view—yeah—but it only works once with any person...”

Matthew said, “So—you only get one wish instead of three—like with a genie.”

Stacey got serious, “The Cringle is very dangerous—in the wrong hands.”

The foolishness of God is wiser then men and the weakness of God is
Stronger than men for the Lord is great and wonderful no matter the
Circumstances because Jesus Christ not only has gone forth to create
A new Heaven and Earth for mankind he also created the entire universe

We speak of things that we know not and search for things that we can
Not understand but in the collective of our spiritual consciousness we are
Trying to become something that the world wishes us to be while rejecting
The beauty of the Lord Jesus Christ and his holy teachings for God is love

I once had a conversation with a woman who first espoused the word of God
Boldly speaking about love and the love of one's neighbor but when I asserted
That this love should be mutually shared she became outraged after having
Started the whole thing by claiming to love her neighbor for was not I her neighbor

This kind of hypocrisy must not be so because the Word of God is too precious
For Christians to bander around without full knowledge of the Acts of Faith
Towards other Christians because it is not enough to just worship God in
Words but sufficient to praise the Lord Jesus Christ in deeds of true faith

There are many devises which mankind throughout the centuries have discovered
And mankind loves his inventions for they suppose to convey a higher form of
Intelligence than the base ideas of animals but men and women seem destined
To worship the creature rather than the Creator and the idol rather than God

In discovering machines and plans for machines that do not belong in the hands
Of men mankind had played the harlot for devils that disguise themselves as angels
Of light while all the long they are guiding mankind down a path of hellish
Destruction by turning people's backs to the true message of God and forsaking truth

What foolishness is that when at the top of mankind's game God in his foolishness
Is greater than the most wise men of our world and God in his weakness is stronger
Than the strongest men in this world for the last time anyone checked we were
Created as part of something much bigger than ourselves yet Jesus Christ loves us

It is an error to presuppose that because one believes that one is saved that people
Ostracize those who would have come into the flock of Christ Jesus and believed
But for the stumbling blocks that are laid down by hypocrites some are lost due to
Gainsaying and gain-doing just so that the false god called money can be preserved

For there is nothing new under the sun and though all seem to believe that this and
That is new in truth it has already happened and it will happen again for what was
Must by circumstance happen again and what has yet to be must by divine providence
Exert itself once more for there is nothing new that has not been done before

There was a terrible battle as Matthew and his fellow soldiers engaged Dogozan's mercenaries. As the shooting raged on Matthew's soldiers began to engage mutant soldiers that Dogozan had managed to conger up by using a partly assembled Cringle of his own design. Stacey was deep underground in a special laboratory designed to contain the Cringle that they had discovered—along with the reverse-engineered blueprints to create the evil device—which the military had oversight. It was an ugly engagement with lots of lives lost on both sides but in the end Matthew's soldiers prevailed—and in a stunning gesture he managed to rescue Stacey from the underground laboratory.

In another top secret facility with the Cringle having been moved after the battle with Dogozan's soldiers—Primrose came into the room, "I'm glad to see that the two of you managed to stay alive."

Matthew said, "Yes—well—I can't say the same for a lot of my soldiers and I'm glad that we managed to suppress Dogozan's soldiers."

Stacey asked, "Why was Dogozan so hell bent on breaking into the facility in the first place? I mean—it is obvious that he has the Cringle technology—that is why we saw all of those mutant soldiers of his."

Primrose cleared his throat, "Yes—I read your reports and viewed the available video-feeds from the laboratory—our scientist are examining the information gathered even as we speak."

Stacey uttered, "That is what you want to make—isn't it—mutant monster soldiers like the ones that Dogozan sent after us. All the funding and all the access to research and development—all for a new way to make a better killer for the military."

Matthew said, "Wait a minute, Stacey..."

Stacey was very adamant, "No—I almost got killed down there—and I think I deserve the whole truth—not some watered down version that has the fingerprints of political spin."

Primrose took a seat behind a grand desk, "No—she is right—you both deserve to know just what it is that we are all up against. As was already discovered and revealed—the Cringle is a powerful energy source—if science can accurately reverse engineer the machine—the world would have discovered an unlimited power supply—for both large scale and small scale practical use..."

Stacey said, "But like with all discoveries—the people making the discoveries and with good intentions are overshadowed by and ugly truth..."

Primrose interjected, "Yes—you are absolutely correct, Stacey—and Matthew—you might as well be told as a military man—it was all on a need to know—you understand. But most of it you have already been briefed on. Here are some extra information that you can review—all classified of course," he handed them disks with the information on it.

Stacey spoke, "So the military applications of the Cringle are actually the most prominent aspect of the device."

Primrose nodded, "Some of our researchers think that the Cringle was responsible for the Dark Ages. It has been postulated that mankind might have reached a state of technology far beyond our own technology today—only to sink into a dismal pit of darkness. There are also some suggestions that the dinosaurs were actually genetically engineered creatures designed as part of an alien terra-forming of the planet Earth."

Stacey postulated, "That would explain why they all died off suddenly—after they had done their part in helping to change the environment—they might have been genetically programmed to die off—become extinct—their presence not needed anymore."

