

THE FUNCTION OF CREATION, THE CREATIVE PROCESS—

This EXCERPT is of content is a **fictional artistic dramatization**, inspired by theories, popular stories, and intense narrative elements. It may contain explicit language, disturbing scenes, or sensitive themes for some readers. It does not promote violence, hatred, or misinformation. Its sole purpose is creative expression. Recommended for mature readers aged 18 and over. Reader discretion is advised.

The raw, unfiltered report was just static, a deep, resonant white noise. But then, beneath the hiss, we heard it. It wasn't a human voice. It wasn't an animal. It was something melodic and dissonant at the same time. It sounded like dozens of voices speaking in unison, chanting a mathematical equation.

It didn't speak a language one could recognize, but the words seemed to have emotional weight and texture. The communiques don't enter through your ears. They form directly in your brain. And along with the sound came images, flashes of galaxies being born and dying, impossible geometries that may make your headache, the sensation of time stretching and compressing. One may feel a primal dread, similar to the feeling of a mouse looking into the eyes of an eagle. A trembling, cold sweat running down your spine. Something well beyond your pay grade.

It wasn't just a military secret. It was a secret about the fabric of reality itself. It didn't just change everything we know about the world. It changes everything we know about being human. And it is a witness to the beginning of everything.

The work we Master Engineers do is of an importance you cannot comprehend. Master Engineers data mine the back alleys and secret passages of the digital world, the ghost network worldwide archival system. There where it is tight, cold, and dark. There is where we find what we are constantly looking for, that mathematical melody. The pattern is complex, but Master Engineers train to identify recurring numerical sequences.

In mythology, Prometheus. stole fire from the gods to give to man. Fire is a metaphor for knowledge, the record of a discovery and cover-up of biblical proportions.

DISCLOSURE, of the existence of the most advanced race of non-corporal sentience; non-terrestrial electro-biological entities, vaguely humanoid, a shape-shifting silicon-based cellular structure with a bioelectric field of unprecedented magnitude. Communication is by direct telepathic transmission. The revelation of that reality, of that knowledge, is the modern day equivalent of fire stolen from the gods.

The transmission described is direct, instantaneous mimetic communication into the brain, the dissemination of biometric and psychometric data directly into the mind, via an area of the brain's claustrum complex called the endopiriform, located deep within each brain hemisphere; an instant interface of consciousness and thoughts.

It's not words. It's pure knowledge, including the entire history of the universe in a single instant. It's too heavy intellectually. The human mind wasn't designed to carry the weight of the stars. The human brain risks suffering massive simultaneous cerebral aneurysms from a direct interface with such advanced beings, a power that has already killed people, simply by speaking into their minds.

All future communication with the advanced civilization of non-corporal entities is conducted through digital filters and AI interfaces, and translates the advanced, pure energy and gravitational pulse-type communications of the entities into safe, comprehensible human language.

The archived physics-altering communications change the course of humanity's understanding of the unknown itself, the expanded science, and new data analysis. It was a polyphonic choir of unimaginable complexity. And within the cacophony, there are patterns, mathematical sequences, cosmological constants embedded in the very structure of the communiqués like an artist's watermark.

Whoever or whatever this is, it's speaking the language of the universe.

Fear of the unknown is a powerful insulator. It shrinks you, makes you small and quiet. But the unshared knowledge of the unknown is an even greater burden.

There are transcripts of conversations with the entity, which was eventually called the Communicator. The conversations were mediated by a translator AI. You ask it questions, and the entity would respond. The transcripts were long, filled with concepts on the infinite nature of time, cosmic consciousness as a quantum phenomenon, and of life existing in forms humanity couldn't even imagine. Excerpts follow:

The entity was asked why it was here. And the answer translated by the AI was, ***"I did not fall. I was sent. I am a message. And my presence here is the seal that has been broken."***

Floating in the apparent INFINITE vacuum of space are these cosmic entities. To describe what one would see is to try to explain a new color no one has ever seen, beyond our three-dimensional abilities.

They are figures of braided liquid light, vaguely human-shaped, but with no defined features. The light of their aura ripples and shifts, forming complex geometric patterns like living kaleidoscopes. The audio feed began. It was the translator AI's voice, monotone and emotionless, followed by the entity's response, which sounded in my headset like the same cosmic choir heard before, but now clear without static.

(Via AI) Repeat your function. Why did your arrival precede the global catastrophe by mere days?

The entity AI translation.

“Time is not a line. It is a tapestry. My arrival was not the cause. It was the first echo. A warning—”

(Via AI) A warning of what? Speak plainly.

The entity AI translation.

“The Primordial Architect creates. He sews universes as a farmer sews fields. Life is a byproduct of his equations. An echo in his workshop. Most echoes fade. Your species did not. You were given an anomaly. Self-awareness combined with the ability to manipulate fundamental

matter. A volatile combination. A tool that can build or erase.”

(Via AI) God. Are you talking about God?

The entity. AI translation.

“Your concept of God is much too small. Imagine an artist who does not love the paint, but loves the painting. The architect does not love their creations. It loves the act of creating. You are not children. You are but a brushstroke. An experiment to see if self-awareness can overcome its innate drive for entropy, for chaos.

“Everything humanity has built, religions, philosophies, a sense of purpose, is a mere experiment by an indifferent Creator. Your mythologies are the distorted cellular memories of our arrival eons ago. We are not angels. We are Observers, Chroniclers. Our only law was not to interfere too much, to witness and record the architect's experiments. But your echo was noticed eons ago; your potential for beauty, compassion, and art. And, your inevitable path to self-destruction using the tools and insights you were

given. You might eventually erase yourselves, again.

Out of curiosity, we interfered over the eons, both genetically and mentally. This is a choice to give humanity a final warning, a final chance to change the outcome.”

(Via AI) Warn us about what? About ourselves.

The entity AI translation.

“In part. But our interference, and my presence here, has alerted the other observers. The experiment has been contaminated. The field must be cleared so a new sowing can begin. What you call God does not send floods. He simply wipes the slate clean and starts again. The reset is coming. It is a function of the universe as inevitable as gravity.”

END EXCERPT OF COMMUNICATION

All the hidden classified military research projects aren't about studying THE MOST EXTRATERRESTRIAL CIVILIZATION. It is a desperate military attempt to extract

technology and knowledge to fight against a potential cosmic force of annihilation. The military isn't protecting us from an external threat. They were trying to arm us to fight the Creators of humanity, if it becomes necessary.

Only practicing Master Engineers around the world will learn of this Cosmic Truth...

Master Engineers can spot the fragments in the metadata, then publicize their discoveries. That should be enough for other intelligent engineers and investigative journalists to know there is something bigger, hidden behind the veil of **RELUCTANT DISCLOSURE**.

The existence of advanced extraterrestrial civilizations is becoming a mainstream truth. The ongoing research is moving continually, to where, at present, we don't know. A new base, deeper, more secret. The military doesn't abandon projects. They just change their addresses. The careers of whistleblowers are destroyed, their reputations are tarnished, and they are under constant surveillance. Every phone call, every email, every move we make is monitored. Whistleblowers are like ghosts, living on the fringes of society, carrying the weight of a truth they cannot share openly.

But in the last few months of 2025, something has changed, if you've been watching the news. Reports of unidentified

aerial phenomena are increasing exponentially. Magnetic and gravitational anomalies are being detected across the globe, not just in Antarctica. Things that were once relegated to conspiracy forums are now being discussed in congressional hearings. They are slowly acclimating the public to the idea that we are not alone because they know they can't keep the secret any longer. But they will control the narrative. The military will tell us it's a threat and that we need to unite under one world government, that we need more weapons, more control. They will never tell us the truth.

The truth is that we are not the center of the universe, that our existence is a fragile experiment, and the cosmic janitor is coming to clean up the lab. The truth is, the entities aren't a threat, but a messenger trying to give us one last chance. The names mentioned were exposed at least to those who know where to look.

But the military structure that allowed all this to happen to humanity merely changed its name. New code names, new protocols, the same terrifying intention to try to militarize the divine, to fight the inevitable. They haven't hidden the truth about the past. They have been hidden for 80 years, so that no one could prepare for the future.

The countdown never stopped. And the silence they enforce is proof that time is running out. Silence will not save us. Maybe, just maybe, the truth will. What you do with this information now is up to you. The only thing I ask is that you don't dismiss it. Think about it, research it, and look up at the sky. Things are changing...