



# **No Nuclear War: A G2 Parks Novella**

**By  
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A Cautionary Tale in the OffWorld Man Anthology Series

## No Nuclear War: A G2 Parks Novella

### CHAPTER ONE

2129. G2 Parks ascended on a hovering, aerodynamic, paddleboard-sized electromagnetic unit, an extension of his spacecraft, designed for reconnaissance and emergency travel. He was attached to it by an EM stretch harness that also nullified gravity, allowing him to reach subsonic speeds.

He balanced himself on the stealth metamaterial covered, flat oval-shaped, morphing fuselage. AI sentient, the machine was a sensor-laden, personal aerial reconnaissance vehicle. With it, he could survey the war-ravaged land for 20 kilometers in all directions.

The machine rotated 360 degrees as it ascended from its attachment to the top of his ship, slowly establishing a radar net. It then gave a 'system's go' ping signal into his helmet mounted holo-display. The mini-nuclear reactor-powered aerial machine had a global range and operated in forward prone position when flying at Mach speeds, encasing the pilot in a morphed full cockpit cocoon.

And with that, G2 streaked off into the night, just under 400 feet above ground, He leaned into the whirling aerial machine's forward motion to reach speed, it was sensitive to his every move. He wore a special emergency pressure wingsuit and emergency parafoil pack. His attention focused on the grim exercise of searching for survivors, or any signs of life, this far from the epicenter and fallout damage.

There had been an initial nuclear exchange between two lesser powers in the Middle East. The larger NATO superpowers were lured into the spreading escalation after that. Mother Earth had also been injured. Whole populations were wiped out. Humanity plunged headfirst into chaos. Again.

G2 was originally on a shakedown flight of his newly finished hotrod spacecraft. Compact and stout, he built it mostly by hand, his own polarized vacuum field gravitic propulsion powered space worthy vessel. It took him three years. Triangularly shaped, it had nautical curves, like a small yacht.

The spacecraft was powered by a High Energy Electromagnetic Field Generator. The pyrolytic graphite layered metamaterial spacecraft uses an inertial mass reduction device comprised of an inner resonant cavity wall, an outer resonant cavity, and microwave emitters. The electrically charged outer resonant cavity wall and the electrically insulated inner resonant cavity wall form a resonant cavity. The microwave emitters create high frequency

electromagnetic waves throughout the resonant cavity causing the resonant cavity to vibrate in an accelerated mode and create a local polarized vacuum outside the outer resonant cavity wall.

The spacecraft has a triangular hull with vertical electrostatic line charges on each corner that produces a horizontal electric field parallel to the sides of the hull. This field, interacting with a plane wave emitted on the hull, generates a force per volume combining both lift and propulsion.

G2 worked hundreds of hours on the ship. He made use of Z Division's model-based definition (MBD) services. The MBD is a 3D model that contains product and manufacturing information (PMI), and provides the Z Division fabricators with a single, rich, and accessible source of information for all mechanical hardware in the ship. Parks' service androids also got heavily involved in the electrical system integration side of the project. The HMI (human/machine interface) development for the ship was very challenging, as were other aspects of the project's electrical system integration.

He didn't have to worry about funding. The U.S. Department of Energy's Office of Energy Efficiency and Renewable Energy, the U.S. Air Force, DARPA and an OM Group Endowment funded his research.

The Enoch Institute and its global branches were the priority of the estate. There is no tuition to attend the Enoch Institute. Prospective scholarship graduate students are recruited primarily from the Air Force, Naval, and Space Force Academies. Admittance and scholarship awards are by invitation only. The institute averages no more than a dozen gifted 'Fluid Intelligence' graduate students per year. The innovations they develop are produced for OM Group's 'Z' Division Labs. Products that make the grade for innovation go into production. Royalties are shared with the design engineering team and the company.

Of the 500-acre Gabon estate, 100 acres are reserved for the Enoch Institute campus and the Parks family residences and maintenance buildings. Parks Senior donated 400 acres to the United States Space Force for a covert spaceport and Space Command Special Operations black world base working in cooperation with MacDill AFB, Florida and the 'Puzzle Palace' McMurdo Base, Antarctica.

G2 was still an officer in the Space Force Reserve, a young Lieutenant Colonel. He held and maintained a Cosmic Top security clearance. Meticulous about his appearance, he had just finished washing and styling his semi-free form taper dreadlock haircut with peppermint extract shampoo and Jamaican mango and lime locking gel. The young half-Pleiadean, half-human was in top physical shape, 6'-3", 190 pounds lean with only 3 percent body fat. He was as strong as a Marine combat android. He was not expecting to receive an emergency NATO communication, let alone orders, to assess his area of West Africa, then on to the conflict site. Before the nuclear exchange, Libreville and Gabon were once idyllic tourist destinations. Global fallout so close to the impact epicenter, on the same continent, would change all that.

A nuclear conflict between Israel and Iran had been predicted for a long time. Especially once Iran developed operational nuclear weapons capability. Iran unleashed hell on Earth, targeting Israeli population centers. The extent of casualties and damage to population centers would be difficult to determine.

Iran attacked without provocation. Areas surrounding that were targeted and received lethal fallout radiation include Jerusalem and Tel Aviv, Israel, Muwaffaq Salti Air Base near Amman, Jordan; King Faisal Air Base near Tabuk, Saudi Arabia; and Camp Arifjan, Kuwait, Damascus, Syria and Saudi Arabia. In response, Israel launched a barrage of Jerico II missiles at Tehran, Iran. The U.S. retaliated with directed energy and other weapons of mass destruction from space. A limited exchange, but effective. That was all according to initial reports. That intel was several hours old. G2 was activated soon after.

His orders were clear. Investigate, starting from Libreville, Gabon, on through to Chad. Travel up to the U.S. Naval Research Unit 3, Cairo, Egypt. Get as close to Israel as safety will permit. Submit a Vlog report of the findings. Return home to Gamba, Gabon. Then, wait for further orders.

G2 rode the morphing aerial board to Libreville to test the unit as planned, then sent for his stealth spacecraft. Traveling in the airtight sealed, cloaked craft would be the only safe way to survey the fallout damage.

The limited nuclear exchange could be seen from space. This time, the Watchers observed but did not intervene. As G2 passed quickly over Cameroon, Chad, Libya, and Egypt, his sense of dread grew in intensity as he ventured closer to what was once Israel. To calm his nerves, G2 played on a low volume, OM chanting at 432 Hz by Meditative Mind, on a loop. The slow chant resonated deeply throughout the ship but served only to create a more somber mood. How does a soldier prepare to witness mass carnage? G2 started his Vlog.

“The nuclear firestorms have released soot and smoke into the upper atmosphere, blocking out the sun. The average global temperatures are cooling. Crops will be affected around the world, leading to starvation for millions.

Hundreds of thousands of people died from the initial detonations in the first hours of the war. The nuclear war will devastate Earth’s oceans and land, some effects will last thousands of years. Nuclear weapons produce ionizing radiation, which sickens and kills those exposed, contaminates the environment, and has long-term health consequences, including cancer and genetic damage.

The models used to calculate fatalities and injuries are restricted to the immediate effects of a nuclear weapon detonation. Clearly the other effects on society overall, the collapse of the industrial sector close to the attack areas, the long-term economic destruction, and the ecological damage will unfold over the generations.

For lives to be saved after the nuclear attack, it is necessary to provide food, fresh water, electricity, medical supplies and care, hospitals, shelter, and rescue recovery operations conducted by Emergency Response Centers.”

The equivalent of the ship’s digital gun cameras captured and recorded the devastation; G2 commentated from the safety of his overhead traveling vantage point. The images were being relayed to his Pentagon superiors and handlers in real time. G2 was one of many resources being sent to assess the damage. The radius of impact and destruction spilled out into the surrounding regions, exposing any survivors to radiation fallout. Seventy-two hours passed.

There was nothing else he could do.

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### CHAPTER TWO

Upon returning to Gamba, G2 secured his ship in the estate's underground hangar. He put the maintenance androids to the arduous task of washing and decontaminating his ship free of surface soot and fallout radiation. He was tired from the mission ordeal. But he was home now, time to unwind. As he made his way to the smart mansion, android security notified him of a visitor who had been waiting at their checkpoint for days. He acknowledged and made the long walk to the beachfront. Surrounded by estate security, a lone figure waited for him. A young man.

G2's father was gone and had been for ages. He just couldn't take the uncertainty of not knowing Eve's fate; on an impulse he left in the night without so much as a word. Dr. Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks was beyond the Sol system before G2 even knew that he was gone. G2 wouldn't have been able to stop him anyway. He understood. Dr. Parks went in search of Eve in the void of the universe three years ago because he loved her dearly, fearing that she was forever lost somewhere in the infinite cosmos. He was not just desperate for the return of his genengineered clone wife. Dr. Parks loved Eve Dumont from beyond the grave. So much, he moved Heaven and Earth to bring her back from the dead. He would find her. The old man sent messages to G2 every month of his voyages.

Dr. Parks maintained his position as one of Earth's Ambassadors in the NATO InterWorld Council. So too did his wife, Eve Nichele. She was a custom-made billion-dollar clone of the long-deceased love of his life. Their final child together, Hope, was away at college, following in her oldest sister Emily's career education path attending the Royal Academy of Art in the UK, studying Integrated Design Engineering.

Dr. Parks' wife was an IWC Ambassador as well and took to her duties off-world lately. She and the High Ambassador emeritus James Peterson were on diplomatic mission of discovery throughout the Virgo Supercluster. The trip was to introduce Eve to as many IWC space bases in this region of the universe. Peterson was on what might be his final tour of space. If the High Ambassador passed on during their journey, Eve would have the duty of sending Peterson's burial casket to the nearest star with all the formal circumstance and ceremony paid to the elderly diplomat's remains.

"You will discover over time that there are many like you, beings with enhanced lifespans working for the benefit of sentient worlds. It is where you belong," Peterson said.

Teacher and pupil looked on at the holo-surround screens of the great expanse outside his flat octagonal-shaped Pleiadean vessel that tracked his every move and amplified his telekinetic powers to that of a demi-god as they wandered beyond the sol system.

It came upon him in a few weeks like a thief in the night. The dramatic decline in energy, the refusal to use the rejuvenation bed technology on his aethership to renew his bone-tired body. He was at the point where he wanted nothing more than to rest. Eternal rest. Eve was there not only to usher him into the afterlife, but to bear witness.

The High Ambassador James Peterson had, in his mind and body, reached the end of his run, An architect of humanity, 396 years of service to humanity's ascension into a Type One civilization, and inclusion into the InterWorld Council of sentient home worlds. He wanted to go out like a warrior scholar; in a manner befitting his achievement. And Eve was there to facilitate this official procedure, this transition to the higher realms. A high honor. She would record his entire consciousness for posterity before death, then prepare his body, placing him into a burial cylinder, and jettisoning it into the nearest star along their journey. It was a tradition in the diplomat corps.

Peterson went into a deep sleep. His aethership monitored his failing vital functions. Eve followed the procedures just as Peterson taught her. She placed on the skullcap one last time, to record his final moments. But then she sat next to him and held his hand instead of leaving the room. She decided this servant to humanity's ascension would not die completely alone, in a break with the established tradition. No one deserves to be alone at the end of life.

Eve completed her duty to her mentor three years ago. She never returned to Earth. So, Dr. Parks went in search of Eve; he couldn't wait.

Gabrielle, their older daughter, was living in the U.K., Provost of the London Enoch Institute. Gabby also kept herself busy overseeing the Brompton Road Eden gallery. She also helped manage their EXO Men's and Women's couture shops on Bond St., Sloan St., and South Kensington at Brompton Cross. She and all her employees wore the warrior priest look, East meets West influenced Edo line of comfortable tailored kimono-inspired crossover-neck formal business wear virtually everywhere, to drum up business.

G2 was alone at the Gamba, Gabon estate. How long would it be before the fallout reached Gabon? Days he imagined. The fallout would circumnavigate the globe in mere weeks.

Who was this kid? He wasn't a teenager; he looked older.

G2 was exhausted from the assignment. He wanted nothing more than a week of sleep, the luxury of passing out without commitments or responsibilities was all he wanted. What did this stranger want, he thought. G2 was gifted to be part empath. The closer he got to the young man, the more G2 sensed a history involving him.

The young man wasted no time. “Mr. Parks, Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks, the second?”

“That’s correct. Who are you?”

“Do you remember Christine?”

The young man suddenly had his full attention. “She went by the last name of Conner, but it was actually Sullivan. She was a dangerous NSA agent and crazy as hell. I’m part Pleiadean; she was under orders to capture or kill me.”

“She was my mother. She passed away a month ago. Stage four cancer. She smoked two packs a day.”

“I’m sorry for your loss. Did you come all this way to tell me? Why?”

The young man seemed hesitant. “I think you’re my father.”

G2 processed the revelation deadpan stoic, then felt compelled to ask the young traveler,

“What’s your name?”

“Gordon Marcus Sullivan.”

“Gordon Marcus Sullivan, are you here to finish the job for your mother, killing me?”

“No, God no-- sir. I just—I needed to meet you-- see for myself. My mom was forced to have me. I know all about your past, your home world in the Pleiades. She lost her career standing at the NSA because she got pregnant with me. I was nothing more than a lab experiment to them. She protected me from them, made sure I had a normal childhood as much as she could. Mom made me go to school for mechanical design engineering. My senior year is coming up at University of Pennsylvania, Penn Engineering. It is the best program in America. I just don’t want to waste my life. I don’t know what to do.

Today marks two days I’ve been waiting to see you. I stayed at Cecilia’s Lodge for a night. Then I figured I could save a few bucks of my budget by camping out by the beach near the estate security checkpoint. I walked here from the lodge. The security androids have been keeping an eye on me.”

“Grab your gear. The least I can do is offer you shelter from this nuclear ordeal and answer any questions you may have. Come up to the estate. I’m curious to know what your next moves are. If you are my son, in all probability, you will have to be genetically tested.”

They walked to the Mayan pyramid-influenced smart mansion in silence as G2 gathered his thoughts. His mind wandered back two and a half decades; he’d kept his thoughts of Gordon’s mother in a private place that he rarely visited.

“We will have to limit exposure to the outside fallout. I normally live in the underground hangar, I moved there when I started building my own space worthy craft, plus I keep the maintenance up on all the vehicles. But while you are here, I’ll take up residence in the smart mansion with you. We may have to move to the hangar as a precaution if the radiation level climbs too high.

I've just completed an away assignment for the military. We should get settled first; I'm going to get cleaned up. You should do the same. I'll fix us dinner, and we can talk about your future."

"Thank you--. I don't know how to address you," Gordon said.

"G2. I've always been called G2. Or I guess you can call me Dad, especially once we confirm your genealogy. Your surname will be Parks. For all intent and purpose, you'll be G3."

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### CHAPTER THREE

Later, after early supper, G2 and Gordon Sullivan had a serious discussion.

“You’re twenty-one, with three years of college already. Finish up and secure that mechanical engineering degree; then join the Space Force, Officer Candidate School. Nothing would make me and your grandfather prouder. But it’s your decision to make, I know. But also know with that career path, you can get your master’s degree paid for, and continue on towards your doctorate, all paid for by Uncle Sam. And if the military doesn’t cover your tuition, I will. Do your twenty years and retire. Start an industrial design engineering business; become a consultant to the aerospace industry. Build your future.”

Gordon listened intently but was hesitant to respond. “I hadn’t given the military much thought.”

“Just give it some thought.” Father and son continued their discussion while taking a tour of the magnificent four-story, dark opaque polarized glass-encased, neo-Mayan pyramid-shaped mansion. G2 had most of the furniture covered in sheets while Dr. Parks was away.

“Well now, I’m dog tired from the mission. You’re all set upstairs to rest. We’ll talk more about all this over breakfast. I’m going to hit the hay early and fall down for the night. See you in the morning. The media communal area is just outside the bedrooms on the second floor. If you get hungry during the night, help yourself.”

“Thank you. I’ll see you in the morning.”

“Good night. Oh, and do me a favor. I’m trusting you to be on your best behavior in my father’s home. So, don’t turn psycho on me and tear up the place or set the house on fire, please?”

“I won’t, I promise. Good night.”

“Itadakimasu” (I humbly receive). The next day the two generations of Parks men shared breakfast around the large kitchen corner island counter. Then, they took a brief tour of the estate, the Enoch Institute, the covert spaceport and Space Command Special Operations black world base.

“Your grandfather built all this, damn near on self-will alone. His life mission was to build the future. And now, with him away, God only knows where, everybody is just waiting for

Dr. Parks and Eve to return. They may never return. Until then, I'll hold the line. The line of strength that pulls us through the fear and uncertainty.”

G2 had never made that admission publicly, the reality was too jarring. Gordon Sullivan watched his newly found father's grim face grow weary with the emotional weight of his statement. He understood the sense of loss his father was burdened with. Gordon witnessed his mother Christine waste away rapidly from cancer.

“And now, we have the fallout from a limited nuclear exchange to endure, the radiological effects to our health. Every few hours, we will have to check our radiation exposure levels. This must become routine in our everyday lives. The Institute will remain open. Graduate students who remain and are still attending will be under the same emergency protocols. The only reason we're prepared to protect against fallout to this degree is because of the military presence here at the estate. Remember, take a potassium iodide pill every 12 hours, as a precaution.

Protective measures will need to be implemented; some controls will be put in place for the surrounding areas due to potential contamination. The estate has long had a well-thought-out plan for dealing with a nuclear emergency, given that we used to have a defense system powered by a nuclear pellet reactor.

As much as I would like for you to stay in the comfortable accommodations of the mansion while you are here, for safety's sake, we are moving to the underground hangar. I'm moving the remaining graduate students also. Father's personal protection androids, Alpha, Beta, Charlie, and Delta are the institute's instructors. My father and I programmed them. They were dependable, humanoid A.I. machines, perfect for training graduate students focused on the future innovation of products and transportation. They shall be repurposed temporarily, to monitor the changing radiation levels daily. They shall also serve as our only contact with the surface; the estate security androids are semi-autonomous.”

Gordon nodded in understanding.

G2 and Gordon gathered the Enoch Institute's students and administration in the estates' cavernous underground hangar. G2 spoke to the assemblage.

“Ladies and gentlemen, this will be our home for the foreseeable future. We are in a dire circumstance. Iran attacked Israel with nukes. There was a response, from the U.S. as well. The fallout from the limited exchange will last for decades. One thing is certain; the area of immediate danger encompasses thousands of square kilometers downwind of the detonation sites. The severity of the fallout contamination will fluctuate, depending on the fission yield of the detonations, height of each burst, and the jet streams of the Earth. We are close to the equator. We can only monitor the weather and jet streams, to estimate how much daily radiation we face. We are going to have to fabricate wearable, watch-size radiation reading units, ASAP.”

G2 picked up a data pad and began to review his selected statistics on nuclear fallout.

“Gamma and neutron radiation levels will be initially dominated by isotopes of short half-lives, which are the most energetic and lethal to biological life. The most dangerous effects from the fallout will last for weeks. The recommended shelter in-place duration is a minimum of forty-eight hours, to allow radiation levels to decrease. We are doing ten days. My vessel is off limits, the maintenance androids are still cleaning it off, washing my ship free of surface soot and fallout radiation. I was ordered to survey the damage; I got safely within twenty kilometers of what used to be Israel.

Hundreds of thousands to millions of people are dead or injured. The first few days of the fallout are just the beginning of a global catastrophe. It will encompass the entire Earth. Global climate changes, widespread radioactive contamination, and societal collapse would be the reality for decades.

Smoke or black carbon aerosols from the many mass fires is injecting massive amounts of soot into the stratosphere, the Earth’s upper atmosphere. When smoke is injected into the stratosphere, it is heated by the sunlight and lofted to higher altitudes; ten to twenty kilometers, prolonging the time it stays in the stratosphere, anywhere from months to years, leading to ozone depletion, and cooling at the surface. There are five million tons of soot per teragram (Tg). Soot from the nuclear firestorms will rise much higher into the stratosphere, where soot removal clouds in the form of black rains are slow. Once the smoke is heated by sunlight it can self-loft to altitudes as high as eighty kilometers, penetrating the mesosphere. The smoke injected by nuclear firestorms also absorbs more radiation from the sun, heating the stratosphere and perturbing circulation.

In the stratosphere, the presence of highly absorptive black carbon aerosols will result in increased stratospheric temperatures. The Middle East nuclear war has led to a five Tg injection of soot; stratospheric temperatures will rise by thirty degrees Celsius for many years.

This extreme heating of the stratosphere will increase loss of the ozone layer—which protects all life on Earth from severe health and environmental effects of ultraviolet radiation—for the first few years after the nuclear exchange. AI simulations are estimating that this regional nuclear exchange will inject five Tg of soot into the stratosphere, reduce the ozone layer by twenty-five percent globally, and take twelve to fifteen years to dissipate.

The loss of the Earth’s protective ozone layer will result in several years of extremely high ultraviolet light radiation at the surface, a hazard to human health and food production. The nuclear exchange will lead to a tropical ultraviolet index above thirty-five, lasting for several years. An ultraviolet index of eleven or greater poses an extreme danger; fifteen minutes of exposure to an ultraviolet index of twelve causes unprotected human skin to experience sunburn. Worldwide, the average sunlight in the UV-B range would increase by twenty percent. High levels of UV-B radiation will cause sunburn, skin cancer, and cataracts. High UV-B radiation levels also inhibit the photolysis reaction required for leaf expansion and plant growth.”

G2 looked at the shocked and weary group. He had to continue; to let them know that their paradigm was forever altered; that this was really happening. And, the future that lay ahead, would be incredibly difficult.

“The temperature changes will have their greatest effect on mid and high latitude agriculture, by reducing the length of the crop season and the temperature even during the season.

Worldwide average precipitation will drop significantly because the lower amounts of solar radiation reaching the Earth’s surface will reduce temperatures and water evaporation rates. The precipitation decrease will be the greatest in the tropics. As much as a forty percent precipitation decrease in the Asian monsoon region. South America and Africa will experience a major decrease in rainfall.

The smoke from the firestorms will quickly reach the stratosphere and disperse worldwide, absorbing sunlight and reducing the solar radiation to the ocean surface. Once cooled, the ocean will take decades to return to its pre-war temperatures, even after the soot has disappeared from the stratosphere and solar radiation returns to normal levels. The delay and duration of the changes will increase linearly with ocean depth. Abnormally low temperatures will persist for decades near the ocean surface, and hundreds of years or longer at depth. In the aftermath of the limited nuclear war, changes in ocean temperatures to the Arctic and Antarctic sea-ice are likely to last thousands of years—perhaps even triggering a nuclear Little Ice Age. Because of the dropping solar radiation and temperature on the ocean surface, marine ecosystems will be disrupted both by initial perturbation and by the new long-lasting ocean state. This will result in global impacts on marine ecosystem services, such as fisheries.

Changes in atmosphere, surface, and oceans following the Middle East nuclear exchange will have massive and long-term consequences on global agricultural production and food availability. Agriculture responds to the length of growing seasons, the temperature during the growing season, light levels, precipitation, and other factors. Nuclear war will significantly alter all those factors worldwide for years to decades.

The long-term impacts of radioactivity on humans or the global contamination of food that will follow the nuclear war must be monitored worldwide. The impacts of nuclear war on agricultural food systems will have dire consequences for humanity who survive the war and its immediate effects. The overall worldwide consequences of the Middle East nuclear exchange—including both short-term and long-term impacts—will be even more horrific, causing hundreds of millions-- even billions, of people to starve to death.”

CHAPTER FOUR

Day two. G2 looked up into the night sky. It was approximately ninety-six hours since the nuclear conflict. The soot in the atmosphere nearly blocked out the stars. His radiation measuring cuff, a regular part of his gear and the only one they had, registered a low reading. He would spend a few minutes above ground. He and several of the grad students were scavenging the estate and adjacent villa for food, water, and other supplies. Upon returning underground, they isolated, discarded their contaminated clothing, took full showers and changed into fresh clothing, before meeting with the rest of the group.

He wondered if his father knew of—or would have some way to be notified, of the nuclear war. Dr. Parks would be systematically checking every InterWorld Council headquarters located along Eve’s path of travel in the Virgo Supercluster.

“One of the rejuvenation beds needed to be moved, G2 thought. “That can wait until tomorrow. The radiation filter will keep everyone healthy. A schedule will be established.”

Dr. Parks would often laud the benefits of the rejuvenation bed technology.

Lying on an air gel glide pad, two wide, two flat counter-rotating rings configured on a sliding apparatus under the patient’s resting body, cycle to the completion of a standard three-hour treatment session. A combination of mild pulses of low-level amethyst crystal refracted laser and infrared light, emitted from hundreds of pinpoints, millimeter-sized pores on the inner surface of the spinning rings. The light saturates the mitochondria of every cell in the patient’s body with a rejuvenating disc-shaped collective wall of healing violet-blue light energy and pulsed magnetic resonances. The apparatus glides slowly one-half inch at a time, making barely a beep at four-second intervals from the crown of the head to the soles of the patient’s feet repeatedly, ensuring that every square centimeter of the body receives equal amounts of nourishing light. The painless procedure feels like a massage.

The human body is an aggregate of numerous cells, which continuously grow, develop, split, regenerate and die. By splitting up, cells renew themselves. For adults, roughly 25 million cells are splitting every second and blood cells are constantly renewing at a rate of about 100 million per minute.

In the process of cellular split-up and renewal, the charged bodies of the nucleus and extranuclear electrons that form the basis of a unit cell are moving and changing ceaselessly at a high speed as well, emitting electromagnetic waves without interruption. The signals of electromagnetic waves emitted by human bodies represent specific conditions of health, good or bad health and diseases, etc. The conditions of life via electromagnetic wave signals can be analyzed. The quantum resonant magnetic analyzer function of the deep penetrating, pulsed

amethyst crystal refracted low level laser and infrared light-based looping feedback bio-therapy system determine what nutrients each cell is deficient in. Weak magnetic frequency and the energy of the body's cells are collected, analyzed and compared with the standard quantum resonant spectrum of nutrition, disease and other indicators incorporated into the rejuvenation unit to judge whether the sample waveforms are irregular using the Fourier approach calculations. Analysis and proper nutraceutical treatment can thus be applied on the main problems based on the result of waveform analysis, as well as standard curative proposals.

The rejuvenation bed is a rapid, non-invasive spectral testing and treatment method for curative effects medicine and checking of sub-health conditions. The main analysis checks include cardiovascular and cerebrovascular conditions, bone mineral density, blood lead, rheumatism, lung and respiratory tract, nephropathy, stomach and intestines, liver and gall, cranial nerves, gynecology, prostate, cancer disease, and trace elements of vitamins and minerals.

The porous ring apparatus' delivers cellular nanoparticlized nootropics or nutraceuticals via Edser photonic quanta or tachyon energy that calibrates and rejuvenates the mitochondria of the cell with no damage.

The machine utilizes a quantum resonant magnetic analyzer and a deep penetrating, pulsed amethyst crystal refracted low level laser and infrared light based looping feedback bio-therapy system, much like photosynthesis, to deliver micronized nootropics or nutraceuticals, antioxidants, and essential monoatomic elements such as: nanoparticle Gold, nanoparticle Silver, nanoparticle Platinum, nanoparticle Copper, Organic Sulfur, Mega Hydrate, Nascent Iodine, and phyto-nutrient dense nanoparticlized micro compounds such as R-Lipoic Acid, Carnosine, Polyphenols, Green Tea extract, Curcumin extract, Resveratrol, Bio-Flavonoids, Pine Bark extract, Acetyl-L-Carnitine Arginate DiHCl, Benfotiamine, Pyridoxal 5-Phosphate, PQQ, Luteolin, Pterostilbene, Fisetin, Resveratrol, Tyrosyl, Hydroxytyrosol, DHEA, CoQ10, Shilajit, 25-Hydroxy D, EPA or Ecosapentaenoic Acid, C, E, B6 and B12 complex, K complex, Aquaglycerolporins-3, Glycosaminoglycans, Chlorogenic acid, Magnesium-L-threonate, Lutein, Gingko, Chlorophyllin, Lycopene, Gamma Tocopherol, Curcumin, Reishi extract, Ellagitans, Anthocyanins, Pignoginol, Carotenoid, Astaxanthin, Polypodium Leucotomies extract, S-Adenosyl-Methionine, Creatine, Coffee berry extract, Fruit XB, Hops extract, Sinoprene, Kelated Boron, AKBA Boswellian extract, Sirtuin enzymes 1-7, Human Telomerase enzyme, Shilajit, Strontium, Peppermint, Inositol, Iodine, Fulvic Acid, Chlorophyllin, Chlorella, Boron Citrate Complex, Copper, BubR1 protein and Ketose; to slowly repair and boost critical cellular function.

The addition of amethyst crystal refraction allowed for a greater increase in the utilization of both laser and infrared light by the human organism. The system uses molecular scanners and advanced DNA CRISPR CAS 9 high-end computer sequencing of the 6 billion letters of the human genetic code, the recorded history of human genetic evolution, to diagnose, and predict future diseases, and heal the human body's 30 trillion individual aging acetyl ethyl phosphate

cells through deep-penetrating light inducted rejuvenation. Every organic species on the planet is a DNA-based bio-decoding and converting software system.

The amethyst crystal laser and infrared light biotherapy also delivers negative ions to the body through the skin's surface, which energizes the body for optimal health. When negative ions are applied to the body, the calcium and sodium circulating in the blood are ionized. This increases the blood's pH and has an overall alkalizing effect on the body. Proper blood pH is essential for optimal health. Negative ions applied to the body are helpful at regulating blood pH. When the number of negative ions in the blood increases, there is an increase in inter-cellular communication. Cellular metabolism is facilitated, and as a result, there is an increase in cellular nutrient uptake and cellular hydration. In addition, cellular waste materials are efficiently excreted. With the increase in cellular metabolism, optimal cell function is rapidly revived.

Far infrared rays penetrate six to eight inches into the human body. These rays not only benefit the skin and muscle tissue on the surface of the body but penetrate deeper into tissues. The far infrared penetrates into the lymph glands, blood vessels, nerves, and key organs. The rays optimize the health of these tissues in a number of ways. Among the waves within the energy spectrum coming from the Sun, far infrared waves are by far the safest and most beneficial electromagnetic energy available for the human body, directly affecting all metabolic and cellular functions.

The domed enclave where patients receive rejuvenation therapy is kept at a comfortable 73 degrees. It glows with a rich dark royal blue hue from the artificial starscapes projected by the LCD-lined interior. The amethyst crystal laser and infrared light biotherapy improves circulation and cardiovascular function; the light waves raise body temperature, warming the blood and expanding the blood vessels. There is an increase in peripheral blood flow and volume, resulting in improved circulation and heart function. The unit improves the function of the body's immune system, combined with the detoxification of harmful toxins and waste products, one's overall health and resistance to disease are greatly improved.

The healing unit relieves pain and helps peripheral blood vessels dilate, bringing relief and healing to muscles and soft tissue injuries. Increased blood circulation carries off metabolic waste products and delivers oxygen-rich blood to oxygen-depleted muscles, so they recover faster. As one relaxes in the gentle heat of the far infrared, one's body is actually hard at work, producing sweat, pumping blood, and burning calories. A single session burns as many calories as rowing or jogging for 30 minutes. The healing therapy eases joint pain and stiffness from many kinds of arthritic and muscular-skeletal disorders. The healing unit was effective in the treatment of sprains, neuralgia, bursitis, muscle spasms, joint stiffness, and many other muscular-skeletal ailments. Stiffness, aches, and soreness that come with aging are reduced and eventually eliminated. The healing unit reduces stress and fatigue. The gentle warmth of the far infrared rays helps to soothe nerves and relaxes tight or knotted muscles. The end result is reduced stress and improved energy.

The amethyst crystal laser and far infrared light biotherapy produce negative ions that penetrate the skin deeply, helping detoxify impurities from the skin and lymphatic system. In addition, exfoliation is greatly enhanced by the far infrared, rapidly removing dead skin cells. Increased circulation draws the skin's own natural nutrients to the surface, rejuvenating the skin's health and appearance. The healing sessions remove bodily toxins and assist in detoxification. Far infrared helps to detoxify the body in several important ways. Increased blood circulation stimulates the sweat glands, releasing built-up toxins and waste. Daily sweating can help detoxify the body as it rids itself of an accumulation of potentially carcinogenic heavy metals, alcohol, nicotine, sodium, sulfuric acid, cholesterol, and uric acid. In addition to causing the body to sweat, far infrared is capable of removing toxins via several other bodily systems.

The healing unit is controlled by advanced computer technology that monitors all aspects of its performance by sensors distributed throughout the resting air gel pad. The machine is vaguely similar in appearance to a magnetic resonance imaging machine. It has these two counter rotating ring apparatuses. The unit is powered by an independent hydrogen 5 catalyst that converts vacuum aether potential into unlimited energy.

This is a paradigm advance in life systems science, because all living things can be healed through light and electromagnetic resonance modalities. The human body is roughly 72 percent water. This low power healing system is gentle and effective, utilizing a higher concentration of activated molecular hydrogen-rich water in treatments than regular water, which is responsible for restoring health to cells damaged by oxidation. The unit emits via individual hair follicle sized gain perforations lining the inner rings, mild violet blue alternating pulses of amethyst laser and far infra-red photons. There are approximately one hundred of these perforations emitting hair width pulses of tachyon quanta protons along the interior of the rapid spinning counter-rotating rings, which reach a certain rpm speed and create twin discs of healing energy. The discs of energy saturate the cells of the reclining patient, traveling from opposite directions toward the center and back repeatedly. The DNA sequencing to diagnose and properly adjust and repair of the nearly 30 trillion individual cells that make up the human body, in rapid secession, must be without error, otherwise it could very easily kill instead of treat the patient.

The intra-cavity light passes through the cells as the rings travel from the crown chakra to the heels. There is a combination of deep tissue 7.5-to-7.83-megahertz magnetic harmonic resonance, far infra-red and photonic tachyon quanta stimulation. The machine hums, tuning the body right down to the DNA to its synchronized harmonic waves. The resonance spectrum is quite powerful and works well with the Edser photonic therapy, which also activates the lymphatic system to create hyaluronic acid, the so-called Youth Molecule, connecting the structures of the cell. Edser healing therapy also increases the pineal gland's production of natural DMT, the so-called transcendental spirit molecule. The treatment can also involve filtering the biome for cancers and cancerous genes such as P-53, RANi interference and somatic gene therapy to alter longevity and reverse the aging process.

Treatments can be infinitely tailored to the patient's diagnosis. Treatment also activates telomere gene enzymes that maintain the ends of the cell chromosomes. This machine helps the body to create more telomerase and slows down significantly the baseline rate at which the telomeres shorten each time a cell divides. When telomeres get too short each time a cell divides, the cell can no longer make copies of itself and the tissue and organ systems that rely on continued cell replication, namely the 200 different types of tissues in the human body, begin to falter.

The cell mitochondria convert glucose into energy. As the mitochondria ages, they spew out increasing amounts of free radicals that hamper energy production and damage the entire cell, accelerating the body's all systems decline, the classic aging process. Tissues and organ systems that depend on cell division have a limited amount of reserve capacity.

The cells that play the greatest role in the body's decline, the neurons and the heart muscle cells hardly replicate. Heart health depends heavily on the endothelial cells; and brain health relies on the glial and Schwann cells. This machine can rejuvenate these cells and any of the cells in an organic system.

Dr. Parks would often say, "We have somatic cell organ engineering replacement technology. We can make any replacement organ needed. The true state of the art when it comes to genetics has been hidden for at least fifty years. My super conglomerate reverse engineered this technology and democratized it for the benefit of all humanity, not just some-- goddamned breakaway civilization. That became the mission of the OM Group Z Division labs. Faithfully replicate this machine for the benefit of humanity. I won't rest until we have. This is OM Group's new holy grail."

CHAPTER FIVE

Day ten. The majority of the free world carried on almost as if things were normal, and the prospect of a nuclear winter was nothing. Shock quickly turned to panic, but there was nowhere to hide. There was a new normal. Water decontamination became the number one priority of world governments. Radiation sickness, a worldwide condition now, had taken over the underground hangar. Nausea and vomiting, diarrhea, headache, fever, dizziness and disorientation, weakness and fatigue had the group. Reverse osmosis filters were being placed on the water taps to clean as much of the water as possible. G2 put the entire group on fabricating clay earth filtration. The process removed the vast majority of the radioactivity. Both methods were used together. It was a slow tedious process, but it was the most reliable and adaptive method for filtering contaminated water.

G2 knew they could stay in their predicament much longer. He would need to get them to the Orbital Industrial Colony, in earth orbit. His ship, now cleansed of fallout contamination, could carry them up. There were fifteen of them in total, twelve students, two administrators and himself. They needed the full decontamination medical protocols found on the colony. Shelter from the radiation storm. There would be no opposition to his decision. Everyone wanted to go. It would be months to years before the high radiation levels subsided. It was settled.

Only the incredibly rich and powerful, the one percenters, had the resources to utilize this option. They would have to move quickly, if they were to be received. Soon, even the rich and powerful would be turned away, sent back to Earth, their fates sealed with the common man. They made immediate plans to leave in his polarized vacuum field gravitic propulsion powered space worthy vessel.

Day twelve. The Orbital Industrial Colony or OIC, was always at the edge of dawn, always on the dark side of Earth's rotation. The colony was geostationary to the curvature of the new day and partially protected within the geomagnetic tail lobe of the Earth's magnetic field. Of the dozen smaller military, NASA, and low orbit commercial resort stations positioned at various orbits around the Earth, the OIC was the first of its type. The OIC is categorized by the U.S. Air Force Space Command as an autonomous, centrifugally induced gravity, 'Newton Class' covert military industrial smart grid city base prototype, approximately 30,000 kilometers "upland" in Earth orbit. It was positioned just beyond the equatorial orbital paths of the THEMIS solar radiation space weather satellites.

Orbital living was on schedule to be routine by the 22nd century. The civilian contractor and military personnel shuttles docked at the first habitat sector of the Stanford superstructure's disembarkation zone, which had an overhead plaque with a quote:

"I do not know what I may appear to the world; but to myself, I seem to have been only like a child playing on the shore, and diverting myself in now and then, finding a smoother pebble or prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me." --Sir Isaac Newton, 1642-1721

With military precision, G2's craft was given emergency docking; the process was slow and tedious as procedures were put in place to handle the radiation exposure medical emergency. As soon as the hatches were opened, G2 and his entourage were sent through a decontamination strip-shower-radiation check, and restriped-showered as needed until skin surface radiation levels were nearly undetectable for everyone. The entire process took hours. OIC was processing thousands of Earth fallout radiation refugees. They would be quarantined for two weeks. Playing for time.

Each in the group was given an Apple brand personal Psychic Companion. For the mind, these tablet-sized, quantum entangled personal computers can stretch the boundaries of vivid personal thought, dreams, and imagination. They were used when past events needed to be faithfully reviewed. G2 would debrief his superiors by telepresence.

## No Nuclear War: A G2 Parks Novella

### CHAPTER SIX

G2 had never been to the Orbital Industrial Colony. And after the debriefing, he wouldn't have the opportunity to visit its sights. His orders were clear; return immediately to the Gamba, Gabon estate. Leave the group on the OIC. G2 apprised his son of his orders, promised he would return for them, and made ready for departure. The reason was simple. China. The Peoples Liberation Army had a covert base and spaceport on the coast of Equatorial Guinea. They also had a growing influence on the continent of South America.

The United States Space Force maintained a space port and Space Command Special Operations base on four hundred acres of the Gamba estate. The base also maintained small fleets of sixth, seventh, and eighth-generation air dominance fighter craft. The seventh and eighth generations were powered by gravity-neutralizing electromagnetic (EM) propulsion. They could deploy to any in the Southern Hemisphere in mere minutes. The P.L.A. base was damn close to the Gamba estate. Both bases were on high alert, so was every military force on the African continent, in the aftermath on the Middle Eastern nuclear exchange.

In the decades since the founding of the Forum on China-Africa Cooperation (FOCAC) in 2000, Beijing has integrated a military and security component into its economic partnerships with African nation states, making China's defense presence in Africa part of the fabric of the continent's development. The FOCAC summits take place every three years, and each one agrees to an action plan for each side to work on until the next meeting. These plans reveal a clear trajectory of Beijing creating a pan-African security structure with China at its center. The naval base in Equatorial Guinea is clear evidence of this agenda.

Once again, upon returning to Gamba, G2 secured his ship in the estate's underground hangar. He directed the maintenance androids again to spray wash and decontaminate his ship free of surface soot and fallout radiation. G2 showered, had lunch, then slept the rest of the day.

Day twenty. G2 was struck violently ill. Radiation exposure had finally caught up with him. Headaches and nausea overtook him. He had to spend days in the infirmary on the rejuvenation bed, filtering the exposure from his system. During the treatment, he fell in and out of consciousness, hallucinating. His dreams were disjointed, they made no sense. When he awakened, he couldn't remember them or what they were about. Weeks passed.

The journey in life can be hard for those who travel alone. G2 had no one; no family of his own, other than his newly discovered son on the OIC. If he became sick, there was no one to care for him. He would heal all alone in silence.

Day sixty. G2 let his beard grow. He was physically weakened and disheveled from the radiation exposure. Decontamination by use of the rejuvenation bed had been successful. But the supplement containers under the rejuvenation bed responsible for delivering micronized nootropics stocks to damaged cells were running low. Soon, the technology will be unusable.

He accepted the realization that this was his last stand. He had only a month or two left of stock micro-nootropics. Daily treatments would stop, he would have to switch to weekly. Stretch out his supplies.

Far, far away, out amongst the stars  
There's a planet spinning slowly, we call it ours  
Any time, any day  
Any moment that we bring to life will never fade away

Oh, all the moments come and go  
While the memories ebb and flow  
And play again, play again  
Oh, there's a hill that we must climb  
Climb through all the mist of time  
It's all in here, what we've been through

Down, I'm getting it down  
Sorting it out so everything I care about  
Is held in here  
All of those I love, inside  
Everybody's playing for time  
You and I still playing for time

There goes the sun, back from where it came  
The young move to the centre, the mum and dad, the frame  
Any space, any time  
Any moment that we bring to life, ridiculous, sublime

Oh, all the moments come and go  
While the memories ebb and flow  
And play again, play again  
Oh, there's a hill that we must climb  
Climb through all these mists of time  
It's all in here, what we've been through

Down, getting it down  
Sorting it out so everything I care about  
Is held in here  
All of those I love, inside

The future shines a sunny day  
Unpacked memories stored away  
All the while the clock keeps ticking  
You and I still playing for time

One by one, the voices silenced  
For they know that time will tell  
It's time that wears the crown  
And time that rings the bell

All cards on the table  
All hands are down  
Everybody's playing for time  
Everyone's still playing for time

Looking for a flicker in the face of the clock  
Hidden in the mountain, in the body of the rock  
No one seems to notice or to feel the aftershock

They're all too busy playing for time  
Everybody's playing for time  
You and I still playing for time

Peter Gabriel

## No Nuclear War: A G2 Parks Novella

### EPILOGUE

G2 decided to go to the observation deck the Mayan mansion, spend his last days looking out on the land he loved. The land of his father. He passed in and out of consciousness. G2 suddenly heard what he first thought was a very loud deep humming almost like the sound of a plane's engines passing overhead, but it wasn't diminishing in volume like you'd expect.

The humming sound got louder, and something in the sky caught his eye, like a faint shimmer or distortion, like a heat mirage you see on asphalt in the summer, but this was up in the air 1000 feet, above the manicured tree line of the surrounding estate. There was no color, only a definitive spherical mirage distortion. G2 thought his eyes were playing tricks because the sun was going down and the diminishing light could do weird things. But then the hum became more like a continuous vibration that he could feel in my chest. There was also mild static electricity in the air, like when your hair stands on end just before a lightning strike. Then there suddenly was a flash of great energy.

The clouds parted; the ozone layer developed a swirl of large energy. The twin delta aethershops darted through then came to an immediate full stop, just hundreds of feet above the estate. One of the vessels was twice as large as the other; it piggybacked the smaller aethership.

He thought he was hallucinating again. G2 reached out for the vessel, then lost consciousness.

G2 awakened on a rejuvenation bed—aboard the USSS Constitution. Eve was attending to his treatment for radiation exposure. “Rest G2, you’re almost done. We got back just in time.”

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After treatment, G2 and Eve made their way to the conn. When arrived, they found him there busy at work, his back was facing them. He wore the NATO long vest. He was separating and landing the two ships. He was sitting in a mobile wheelchair.

“Dad?”

As the wheelchair slowly turned around, G2 could see his father’s tired visage; he leaned to his right in exhaustion. “Son--.”

Eve said, “Your father stopped using the rejuvenation bed here on the ship once we received your emergency message notifying us of the nuclear exchange. He didn’t want to as he put it ‘waste the stocks.’ He stopped eating.”

G2 said, “Dad, we’ve got to get you to the regen bed. You’ve got to be in top form to meet your grandson.”

Dr. Parks had been traveling at superluminal speeds following Eve's flight path for some time before he found her and again for the journey home. Perhaps more time had elapsed than his aethership calculated. As the grizzled old warrior slowly turned, he looked up silently at G2, curious what he meant by the remark...

*G. K. Walker is a writer, internet researcher, conceptual Industrial Designer and artist, author of [The OffWorld Man Anthology](#), at [KINDLE](#).*

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