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A Signal from another Species

Jason Ford

A flash of lightning struck the sole antenna that operated in the Lithgow Quarantine Zone. Sparks of an electrical blue substance Dinesh had never seen before were emitted around the antenna. Dinesh was attempting to come to grips with what he was seeing but felt just as lost as he was on all the other occasions when he witnessed this occurrence. In the span of three days, he saw occurrences which he previously never thought could be possible such as an aura of electrical blue sparks floating above the antenna and the appearance of brief symbols in the hull or on the outer rim of the antenna. On each of the previous occasions that he witnessed these occurrences, he told other people from his zone about them but by the time they came around to look at the antenna, the symbols had disappeared. Dinesh took out a pair of binoculars and was able to detect three distinct symbols on the antenna's hull which were a circle with three dots inside it, a triangle and the letter t. Without even being aware of it, Dinesh's girlfriend, Heather arrived to see what he was seeing. She tapped him on the back and he turned around.

'I didn't notice you.'

'You need to stop daydreaming.' She answered.

'I wasn't daydreaming. I saw something unique.'

'Now I know you're daydreaming.'

'Just have a look at the antenna. You'll know what I'm talking about.'

Dinesh handed Heather the binoculars. She looked through them and noticed the same symbols which Dinesh had seen. 'I can't believe this. You're telling the truth.'

'Of course I'm telling the truth. If you arrived earlier, you would have seen an aura surrounding the antenna.'

'That's something I won't believe.' She handed the binoculars back to Dinesh.

'What if you were to see it with your own eyes?' He asked.

'If I were to see it with my own eyes, I would believe it but until that happens, I won't believe it.'

In the months following this incident, other people living in the Lithgow Quarantine Zone of the state of New South Wales in Australia also reported seeing the same kind of events that were witnessed by Dinesh de Souza. The inhabitants of quarantine zones, who were regarded under the law as QCPs (quarantine coded people), decided to report what they witnessed to

various authorities such as politicians and the police. They were ignored as if they did not even exist. The community of QCPs responded to this by gathering together outside the antenna and attempting to communicate with the source of the symbols that were reportedly coming from outer space. Dinesh was chosen to be the mediator between the community and the alien source of communication. He wrote a message on a double bed sheet with the letters of the English alphabet and the words “What are you trying to say?” on behalf of the QCPs and used a ladder to climb up the antenna and have it attached. Not long after Dinesh climbed down the ladder, a light bolt of lightning struck the antenna and a blue aura of electric currents was engulfing it, until it slowly dissipated, revealing a humanoid form that appeared to be solely constituted of glitter. Its’ outer layer seemed to reflect the light coming from the sun while also giving the impression of it being transparent in such a way that the section of the hull that it was supposed to cover could be seen through its body. It began to speak in words that no one could understand and cried before disappearing. From the moment that it disappeared, small clouds of glitter were emerging out of the antenna. Each cloud of glitter slowly made its way to people in the crowd who grasped the glitter in their hands. That night, people were having dreams about the alien talking to them in a language they could not understand.

Dinesh added slices of banana to the cereal and the milk that was already in his breakfast bowl. As memories of his dream from the previous night came back to him, his awareness of the world around him was temporarily obscured to such an extent that he forgot about his breakfast. He felt a kiss on his cheek and wondered who it was. He turned around and realised that it was Heather. He did not say anything as he looked at her.

‘Good morning.’ Heather said. She paused briefly before speaking again. ‘You don’t look happy.’

‘I’m confused.’

‘Confused about what?’

‘I had a dream last night about an alien.’

‘The one that we saw on the screen?’

‘Yes, that’s the one.’

‘What happened in the dream?’

‘He was standing in front of me and communicating to me in a language I couldn’t understand.’

‘I had that same dream also.’

‘Are you serious?’

‘Yes, I’m serious.’

‘What do you think could be going on?’

‘I wouldn’t have a clue.’

At that moment, someone was knocking on the door. Making her way to the foyer, Heather opened the front door. It was Donovan Edwards, an elder within the community.

‘I’m sorry to be disturbing you so early in the morning but there’s something strange at the antenna.’ He said.

‘What’s happened?’

‘There’s a piece of large fabric with an architectural designed on the hull of the antenna. We need to remove it and find out what it is. We also need to remove it to get the antenna working again. Will you be able to help me get it down?’

Heather turned her attention to Dinesh who was now at foyer. He nodded in agreement. “We’ll come down and help you.”

By the time they made their way to the antenna, there were half a dozen other people there. The piece of fabric with the architectural design on it was so large that its size was almost the equivalent of a king size bedroom. Donovan arranged a strategy for people to take down the fabric in the safest way possible for themselves and the fabric. Three ladders were set up around the antenna with one on its left side, one on the middle of it and one on its right side. Donovan arranged to have three people on each section of the antenna with him, Dinesh and Heather on its right side and two other groups of three on the middle and left side of it. On the right side of the antenna, Donovan was at the top of the ladder. He slowly guided the section of the fabric that he held to Heather who was on the middle of the ladder and she guided the rest of it down to where Dinesh was at the bottom. Having successfully laid the fabric down on the ground, everyone examined the details of the architectural design. It consisted of three parts. The first part was a set of drawings of tools and objects used for building with these tools. The second part was an architectural design for a particular structure and the third part was simply a set of symbols in a dialect that no one could understand. One of the symbols stood out among the rest of the dialect. It was the symbol of an eye enclosed inside a drawing that seemed to represent a flame. It was located at the start of the writing and was twice the size of the other symbols. Without saying anything to anybody else, Heather came forward and touched the symbol of the eye inside a flame. After making contact, she started feeling dizzy. She took a few steps back and looked disorientated. Dinesh took hold of her with his hands as everyone was looking at her.

“Are you alright?” Dinesh asked.

“Images and sounds are going through my head.”

“Do you know what these images and sounds are?”

“I can’t explain what they are. I’m feeling dizzy. You need to take me home.”

Dinesh apologized to everyone present and took Heather back to their residence. He assisted her to their bedroom where she laid down on their bed. As her eyes were gazing at the ceiling, Heather seemed to be oblivious to the world around her. There were no indications that she aware of Dinesh’s presence. Dinesh waved his hand in front of her but she continued to stare at the ceiling. He decided to look in the direction where Heather’s eyes were staring. Suddenly, a cloud of blue glitter could be seen hovering slightly below the wall before disappearing. Dinesh looked back at Heather. Now she was aware of his presence.

“Did you see that cloud of glitter?” She asked.

“Yes, I saw it.”

“What I’m about to tell will be hard to believe. Are you ready to hear what I have to say?”

“Yes, I’m ready.”

“That cloud of glitter is some kind of entity that’s communicating with me.”

“Are you sure about that?”

“Yes.”

“How can it be communicating with you? I can’t hear anything.”

“It doesn’t communicate by making noise. It’s simply passing messages to my brain and teaching me the language of its’ race known as the Sakei.”

“How far advanced are you in its’ language?”

“I’m well advanced. I’m familiar with it already. I know all the symbols from its alphabet. I can understand the language and speak it.’

“Do you know what the message is from that piece of cloth we collected?”

“Yes, I know the message. It’s an appeal from the Sakei for us to build underground shelters to protect the human race from a coming apocalypse.”

“You’re telling me that the world is going to end?”

“Yes, almost everything will be gone.”

‘How can that be?’

“A meteor from a far away solar system where the Sakei used to live is scheduled to reach the earth in fours years from now. After it strikes the earth, its gases will merge with all the traces of franposis from around the world and form a toxic gas that would suffocate all those who would inhale it.”

“How can you know that this is true? That entity could be lying to you.”

“It replayed images and sounds in my mind of a past apocalypse in a world where it previously lived many generations ago. It showed me how the merging of toxins from franposis and a meteorite suffocated all the living creatures from its world. It can see into the future and is predicting the same fate for us.”

“I can only assume that you’re a believer in this prediction?”

“Yes, my instincts are telling me that this communication is real.”

Dinesh was finding it hard to believe that Heather could make the transition from having been a sceptic in regard to supernatural occurrences to becoming a full believer in alien communication and prophesy. As he reflected more carefully about Heather’s claims, the whole issue of the hallucinogenic drug, franposis, and its usage, became clearer to his comprehension. In all the quarantine zones, franposis was non-existent due to the fact that nobody in a quarantine zone could afford it. In all the normal areas of society, franposis was in widespread usage. If Heather’s claims were true, a quarantine zone like the outskirts of Lithgow would be a logical choice for aliens to transmit their message in regard to an impending apocalypse. Another issue arose. The origins of franposis. Historical records traced the origin of this drug to twenty years ago in the year 2154 with Harold Gail being accredited as its’ founder.

“I’ve got a question to ask. How could franposis have contributed to the destruction of another world when it was only invented here on earth one generation ago?” Dinesh asked.

“It didn’t originate from earth. It originated from a world known as Paraplax millennia ago.’

‘If it originated from Paraplax, how did it make it to earth?’

“An alien species known as the Krune have been using antennas from other worlds to teleport into these worlds and use their mental powers to influence people into taking drugs and destroying themselves. They’re shape changers who can mutate into any form they want and you wouldn’t be able to tell them apart from other people. They are a race of destroyers who brought franposis into these worlds. If franposis makes contact with a meteor, it creates a poisonous gas which reproduces and then eventually destroys all forms of life. Before the apocalypse happens, the Krune will return to earth and accelerate its’ destruction.”

“Has this being revealed to you when the Krune will come?”

“No, that’s the one thing it can’t predict. I only know that they will come sometime before the apocalypse four years from now.”

In the weeks following Heather’s initial correspondence with the alien entity, she continued to receive communication from it regarding a prediction for the end of the world. She regularly engaged in discussions with others from her community, with people being split between those who believed her claims and those who regarded them as false, despite the evidence of the large piece of fabric with architectural designs and alien symbols on it.

Donovan Edwards eventually worked out a strategy for people in the community to learn whether or not a merging of the gases from a meteor and the smoke emitted by franposis after it was smoked could result in a toxic gas capable of killing people. Donovan assigned Dinesh and another man called Paul Summers with the duty of travelling to the Department of Science and Technology at Macquarie University and finding out if a merging of the gases from a meteor and franposis could have the potential to result in an apocalypse. Although people from quarantine zones were known for living below the poverty line, Donovan's community had something that none of the other quarantine communities had. They secretly inherited advanced forms of technology from John Kearns, a former robotic scientist who died several years ago. The inherited forms of technology included an abundant supply of artificial tissue and skin for disguising oneself along with an instruction booklet and the tools required for either applying or removing a disguise.

Donovan arranged for Dinesh and Paul to go to Macquarie University with disguised identities and identity cards to find out whether or not there could be any credibility for the potential cause that Heather was attributing to an impending apocalypse. Over the space of a day, Dinesh and Paul negotiated with Macquarie University for them to be allowed to arrange an experiment with Professor Clive Burns using the smoke from franposis and an artefact from a meteor. After several hours of negotiation, the university administration agreed to let them have the experiment that they requested on the third day. On the afternoon of the third day, Dinesh and Paul met Professor Burns at the Department of Science and Technology. They exchanged greetings with him and were taken to a laboratory on the third floor. The lab consisted of two rooms which were an observation room consisting of tables and chairs and an experiment room that was enclosed and fully sealed with bullet proof glass. Only a handful of objects were present in the experiment room. These objects were a table, a fragment from a meteor, a bong and a joint of franposis to smoke the bong.

“Don't you have any machines in this place?” Paul asked.

“We have everything. If you give me a few seconds, I'll show you what we have.” Professor Burns took out a remote control pad and pressed a few buttons. A few sliding doors on the floor separated from each other as machines with screens attached to them rose from the ground until they were level with the other objects on the floor. The screens of the machines were automatically switched on with images of the experiment room. “Do you like what we've got?”

“Oh yeah, it's much better than anything else I've seen before.” Paul said as he looked to Professor Burns and then to Dinesh.

“I'm really impressed.” Dinesh said.

“I've got even more.” Professor Burns led his two guests to one of the machines and inserted a code into the keyboard where he was standing. A robot appeared from a side door near the experiment room and walked up to Professor Burns without saying anything. “This robot

only talks if you ask him to talk but he'll do anything you ask him to do. Isn't that right Larry?'

"Yes, I do whatever I'm told."

"Larry, can you go into the experiment room and smoke that bong?"

"Yes, I can do that."

Larry entered the experiment room and locked its glass door after him. A joint from his finger was unhinged and a flame appeared. Larry used the flame to light the bong and returned his finger to its original position. He started smoking the bong. The smoke started to make its way to the fragment of the meteor. After the smoke from the bong made contact with the meteor fragment, a grey vapour was emitted from the fragment. Within seconds, a few other smaller vapours came out of the original vapour and became the same size as it. This same process of reproduction happened to each of all the second set of vapours to such a stage that there were over fifty vapours in less than a minute. The vapours moved towards Larry and made contact with him. At that moment, all the computer screens were flashing red with the words 'Alert: Danger Present.' Professor Burns took out a microphone and started talking through it.

"Larry, you need to put out the bong."

"Affirmative." Larry responded as he used a thumb to extinguish the bong.

Professor Burns switched the machines from experimentation mode to decontamination mode and activated a plasma filter and a set of fans. A plasma filter appeared from out of the ceiling. It consisted of strands of plasma that rotated into a cylinder. Three large fans surrounding Larry appeared from out of the floor. The fans were driving the toxic vapours away from Larry and towards the plasma filter. In less than a minute, all of the smoke disappeared. Professor Burns returned the machines to experimentation mode and checked the results for the experiment. The results declared the gas to be a level five threat that was capable of highly advanced reproduction unless it was contained. A level five threat was any danger that resulted in death from immediate physical contact. Professor Burns was shaking his head in disbelief.

"I can't believe this. I can't believe it."

"Don't you believe the results?" Paul asked

"Of course I do. My disbelief isn't about the experiment. It's about us as people. We're so stupid that we keep on smoking franposis without realising that it has the power to destroy us. What we've just seen is clear proof that we couldn't survive the landing of a meteor while we think the way we do. After a meteor lands, its residue travels long distances for several days. If a meteor were to land in the desert, its' residue would make contact with a suburb in a matter of days. As we know, most people who live suburbs smoke franposis. It would only

take a mixture of residue from a meteor making contact with a puff of smoke for franposis to create that deadly gas. The ability of that gas to reproduce is too much for us to handle.”

“What about decontamination technology? Don’t we have filters that can handle reproductive contamination?” Dinesh asked.

“We have that kind of technology but it’s so limited and so expensive. Besides, politicians are so selfish that they wouldn’t invest the time and funds to expand this technology.” Professor Burns responded.

“I know someone who has prophesied that an apocalypse shall happen according to what we’ve seen in the experiment. She also claims to know a solution. Would you be willing to meet her?”

“Yes, I’d be willing to meet her. After having seen what we’ve seen, I’m starting to become open to this thing called prophesy.”

“She’s free tomorrow. Can you meet her tomorrow?”

“Yes, where is she?”

“She lives in the Lithgow Quarantine Zone.”

“You go to a quarantine zone?”

“Yes, we see her because she’s the only one with a solution to the dangers that are facing us. Are you still willing to see her?”

“Yes, I’ll be free this weekend. I’ll see her then.”

Dinesh and Paul would spend the next three days with Dinesh’s family in the suburb of Auburn. Despite having reached an agreement with Donovan that they would not interact with other people during the time that a duty was allotted to them, Dinesh was able to persuade Paul to renege on this agreement. Dinesh revealed to Paul how his case was different from other QCPs in that he was born a free man and only became a QCP after being falsely labelled as a sufferer of diabetes by secret agents working for the government. Samples of his blood were tainted with strains of type two diabetes which resulted in charges of being a diabetic and a successful conviction of Dinesh to the fate of being ostracised to a quarantine zone for the rest of his life. That afternoon, Dinesh contacted his parents and explained the full circumstances of his current situation and how it was that he became a QCP. Arriving at his parents’ house, Dinesh and Paul successfully removed the synthetic skin and tissue of their facial disguises and switched off their voice manipulators. After Dinesh introduced Paul to his parents, Dinesh’s father and mother embraced him. Tears were in his mother’s eyes as she looked at him.

“Why didn’t you contact us? Why didn’t you tell us what happened? We’ve been worried about you all these years.”

“After my conviction, secret agents warned me that if I contacted anyone from the family that person would be killed. I couldn’t take the risk.”

“Why are you taking the risk now? Why didn’t you take it back then?”

“In those days, I didn’t have access to a disguise. I’ve only got access to it now.”

Dinesh looked at the wall. There was an award that was given to him only one month before he was ostracised. It was the annual Sydney Courier award for excellence in journalism. Dinesh took it off the wall and held it in his hands. The main reason why he was given this award was coming back to him. He was rewarded for his courage in being willing to tackle an issue that none of the other journalists were even willing to look at. He wrote an article against the government’s unjust quarantining of people suffering from diseases such as asthma and diabetes. He successfully argued that these diseases were not contagious and could be cured by providing evidence of scientific studies which proved that he was right. As the government were unable to refute any of his claims, they used false allegations to close down the Sydney Courier and have him quarantined. Dinesh put the award back on the wall. Dinesh’s father shook his head as he looked at his son.

“Don’t you have any regrets about that article?” He asked.

“No. I don’t have any regrets.”

“Your article didn’t lead to anything. You were quarantined and the newspaper was shut down.”

“What happened was very sad. I can’t argue with that but I can’t give up what I believe in. I can’t quit those values that I grew up with.”

“What if those values lead to nothing?”

“I’m not concerned about that. What’s important to me is being who I really am and not being a coward like most other people in society.”

The rest of the day was spent with other family members and a few close friends meeting at the home. Dinesh and Paul spent much of that time informing the others about the results from the scientific test at Macquarie University and the strange events which took place around the Lithgow Quarantine Zone. All of them believed the results from the scientific test but were sceptical about the claims of correspondence with aliens. As Dinesh was in a society where very few people were believers in the supernatural, he realised that it would take a long time before his message could be believed. On the weekend, Professor Burns would meet up with Heather and be persuaded about the truth of her correspondence with an alien.

The next four years were almost fruitless in regard to politicians and most people in authority. Professor Burns spent the majority of this period campaigning for the authenticity of Heather's alien correspondence but not many people were willing to accept his testimony despite the fact that his scientific tests in regard to Heather's alleged apocalypse were proven to be true. The strong biases of the general population against QCPs and their refusal to entertain any possibility for the existence of the supernatural were too much of an obstacle for Professor Burns to overcome. Kevin Harper, the owner of Alkaline Robotics was one of the exceptions to this climate of obstinacy. He accepted Professor Burns testimony a month after he began to campaign for an upcoming apocalypse and offered to provide whatever help he could. An agreement was reached between the QCPs and Kevin Harper for his robots to be used to build an underground labyrinth that would shield humans from the toxic gases of the coming apocalypse. On the morning of the first Saturday of September, Donovan, Dinesh, Paul, Professor Burns and Kevin Harper examined the completion of the underground labyrinth that would rescue a remnant of humanity from imminent disaster.

Kevin Harper took out the map of the Labyrinth and held it out in front of the others. The map was divided into three sections which comprised of a decontamination zone, a dwelling zone and a power supply zone. He led the others to a control panel with a screen attached to it and gave a demonstration of the labyrinth's capabilities of countering the effects of the toxic gases that was to come. He turned the screen on and activated the fans and plasma filters in the chambers of the decontamination zone. A robot appeared on the screen with a cigarette and a fragment from a meteor. The robot was looking at Kevin who gave him a signal and it responded by taking out a cigarette and smoking.

"In this demonstration, you're going to see how good this technology is." Kevin said.

After the smoke from the robot's cigarette made contact with meteor, grey clouds were forming and multiplying from each other to such an extent that within five minutes, the whole chamber was covered in smoke. The robot could barely be seen until the appearance of a plasma filter from the ceiling and several fans from the ground. All the smoke that was driven away by the fans was quickly disintegrating before even making contact with the plasma filter. In less than a minute, all traces of the smoke disappeared.

"Congratulations on your success." Donovan said as shook hands with Kevin.

"Thank you. Hopefully we can convince more people about the threat facing them before its too late."

"We can't give up hope. We can't give up trying."

At that moment, Heather appeared at the entrance to the room. She was holding a few magazines in one hand and looked to be distressed.

"I just received a message from my communicator." Heather said.

“What is it?” Donovan asked.

“I’ve just been informed that the Krune have been on earth for several months. They’ve been actively preparing for the apocalypse.”

“How could they do that without being recognised?”

“The Sakei haven’t been able to monitor the activities of the Krune until recently. It was just this morning that my communicator was able to monitor the activity of brainwaves that belong to the Krune.”

“Do you know what the nature of their activities are?”

“Yes, the Krune have successfully infiltrated the thought patterns of key players in the music industry from around the world. They’ve used subliminal messages to persuade the big wigs of the music industry to organise a worldwide rave. We are in the final stages of the planning for a rave to take place in all the capital cities of the world. This rave will happen on the day the meteor is supposed to strike the earth.”

“Have you been given advice on what to do?”

“Yes, I’ve been advised not to communicate with any politicians and anybody else in authority.”

“We can’t do that. We have to negotiate with them.”

“That won’t be possible.”

“Why?”

“The Krune have also infiltrated the thought patterns of politicians and other people in high places. All prominent figures from around the world are going to the rave.’ Heather began handing out her magazines to everyone. ‘If you have a look through these magazines, you’ll notice that they all have articles relating to the rave.’”

Donovan quickly read through the first paragraph of an article of *the Sentinel* and discovered how every country around the world would be having a rave on the same day and would be playing exactly the same music at each venue. As he thought carefully about this, he realised how everyone failed to detect the possible warning signals associated with the coming of the Krune. He remembered how Heather had warned everyone of the ability of the Krune to influence the thought patterns of living creatures and how the level of usage of franposis among people combined with the striking of a meteor on the earth would determine how destructive the coming apocalypse would be. Everyone failed to make a connection between the activities associated with the usage of franposis and the ability of the Krune to influence people’s way of thinking. Donovan simply shook his head in disbelief.

“If we acted earlier, we probably could have suspected the Krune to have been involved in the planning of the worldwide rave. Now it’s too late to do anything about it.” He said.

“The only thing we can do now is hope that people will accept our message.” Heather said.

“That’s all we can do.”

Only three weeks later, a meteor struck Istanbul on the same day that the worldwide rave was taking place. The meteor landed on a residential compound where franposis was in widespread usage triggering the formation of a poisonous gas that quickly spread to Europe, Africa and the Middle East. In less than three hours, the poisonous gas spread to the whole world. The gas destroyed all forms of human and animal life with the exception of a remnant of the seven hundred people who were secured in the labyrinth below the Lithgow Quarantine Zone. On that day, Donovan, Dinesh, Heather and Kevin were monitoring the control room for the decontamination zone and were dismayed that nobody came arrived there until a single man came in and appeared to be suffocating. He had dark brown hair with a beard and was dressed in ordinary civilian clothing and was carrying a suitcase that fell onto the floor. A plasma filter and fans were used to remove all traces of the toxic gas from him. The man could see the others through a screen in the decontamination chambers where he was standing. He spoke through a microphone connected to the screen.

“Thank you for saving my life. I owe you everything for what you’ve done. Can I be a part of your community?” the man asked.

“We’ll go down and meet up with you.” Donovan said.

Heading down from the control room, Donovan was about to open the entrance to the dwelling zone until he was given a gentle tap on the shoulder by Heather. He looked at her wondering what was going on.

“Before we let him in, we need to exercise caution. It would safer for us we could have a look at this suitcase before he comes in.”

“Yes, you’ve got a good point.” Donovan turned on an intercom and communicated with one of the robots. “Reginald, can you do me a favour?”

“Yes, what would you like me to do?”

“There’s a man in your decontamination chamber. He’s carrying a suitcase. Can you take the suitcase off him and bring it to me?”

“Yes, I can do that.”

Reginald appeared from out of a sliding door from one of the walls and approached the man. He took the suitcase off the man with one quick grab before the man tried to get it back. The man tried to hit Reginald but all the blows were either evaded or blocked. As Reginald was about to open the door to meet up with Donovan, the man tried to make his way through the door but could not do so. Reginald simply used one hand to push the man several meter

across the floor and then entered dwelling zone. He handed the suitcase to Donovan who opened it up to see items which left him and the others with the exception of Heather in a state of shock. The suitcase contained a few bongs with several kilos of franposis and fragments from a meteor. After the suitcase was opened, the man disappeared out of thin air. It was immediately clear to everyone that he was a Krune. Donovan turned to Heather.

“If it wasn’t for your advice, we’d all be dead.”

“You can thank my communicator for that.”

“What did it say to you?”

“This morning, it warned me that the Krune would do everything they could to kill off the human race. As I saw that man, I remembered its’ warning.”

After several months, the deadly gas eventually died from a lack of smoke arising from franposis. The QCPs and those who were converted to the message of an apocalypse returned to discover a society littered with dead corpses and whole cities and suburbs that were uninhabited. Dinesh’s family would return to their old residence with Dinesh and Heather living with them. Professor Burns, Kevin Harper and other converts would return to their former residences while the QCPs would take over the homes of people who died in the apocalypse.