

Cosmic Disillusionment

Tom Jenkins's mind was a seething mass of activity as he sat in his lounge, eyes closed, seeking a solution to the problem that had become an obsession with him.

Suddenly he was startled by, "Good evening, Tom."

He opened his eyes to see a curious being standing before him.

Somehow he knew that the stranger had not come through the locked door. Yet a curious feeling of peace pervaded his being and he was not in the least bit anxious.

The visitor had no hair; had an obviously large brain, and seemed to be clad in a seamless, greyish something that melded with its form.

"My name is Robor," Tom heard.

"We have been monitoring your thought processes for some time and feel that you are a good candidate for the next stage of our experiment."

"What experiment?" asked Tom.

The being ignored his question and continued, "Your intense desire to see the South African experiment work prompted us to contact you."

"What are you? Where are you from?" asked Tom.

"We are from an advanced civilization which has reached the point of knowing that right and wrong are merely concepts and that they only have an intrinsic validity in an undeveloped and primitive physical world. However, we have learned that this concept is still anathema to your society who cannot yet deal with it due, possibly, to the vast disparity in individual development within Homo sapiens. A disparity so vast in fact, that we fear it will have catastrophic consequences for your species if this gap is not closed."

"We see the major stumbling block to Homo Sapiens' development as criminal activity. No species can advance when they are preyed upon by their own kind."

"We have experimented with a humane approach to dealing with this problem, but to no avail. We are now ready to try a harsher approach. Let me explain."

"In our first experiment, a few years ago, we influenced a Judge called Bazelon in the United States to try and create a new approach to criminal justice but the experiment was not a success. We have since realized that one cannot tolerate the presence of those who are not yet sufficiently developed to meet their obligations to society."

"The Bazelon experiment had serious negative consequences, as you found out."

"In our next phase we influenced the minds of the Nationalist government in South Africa in order to see if many different races and cultures can live in harmony on your planet. The initial phases seemed to work quite well but now this experiment too is in danger of failing, once again due to criminal activity. As a result we are prepared to help you to intervene in order to save the experiment."

The mention of Judge Bazelon electrified Tom.

Tom had been an apolitical creature all his life but that all began to change after the South African election in 1994; he was swept up in the euphoria of events, such as the 1995 Rugby World Cup, which had raised his expectations of a just society to heady heights.

He wanted the Rainbow Nation to work, to set an example for the world to follow.

Alas - as time marched on - he watched his dream slowly disintegrating.

There seemed to be a growing acceptance, if not a covert encouragement, of criminal activity.

He began researching the origins of this lackadaisical approach to crime and discovered that it had taken root in the early 1960's in America when three judges, Bazelon, Ramsey and Warren decided to stop enforcing the letter of the law and to become social manipulators.

Despite the fact that the murder rate had halved over the past thirty years Chief Judge Bazelon decided that the problem of crime lay with a society who had a highly irrational and primitive urge to punish criminals. Criminals were, in his words, “. . . like us, only somewhat weaker.”

Unaware that his thought processes were being manipulated by extra-terrestrials he saw himself as an architect for social change.

Unfortunately, the net result was that the murder rate trebled in just fifteen years, juveniles became especially violent, and politicians became obsessed with criminals' rights.

It was in this vein of thought that Robor appeared to him.

Robor continued, “It appears to us that, because of the burgeoning crime rate, less and less advanced souls are choosing to incarnate on your planet which will mean that it will soon devolve into the tooth and claw period that we thought had passed. Perhaps if we can turn this tide of lawlessness by eliminating the souls with unrepentant criminal intent, the more advanced souls, the teachers of the universe, will begin returning. The less advanced will then either choose to learn here or to return to other undeveloped planets until they wish to grow.”

“The Universe, as you probably know, works on law and order. Young souls need more advanced ones to teach them.”

“The fact that you wish to do something about the situation, and that, as an orphan, you have no family ties, leads us to think that we can use you as a sort of Robin Hood in our experiment.”

“You know about Robin Hood?” smiled Tom.

“We know the entire history of every past thought on your planet as well as every current thought - nothing is hidden from us. All thoughts exist forever in the eternal now - none can ever be expunged. You will soon be aware of the current ones all around you and will be able to keep your mind tuned in to these thoughts, even while you sleep.”

“We seem to be communicating in English but I cannot see your lips move. What language do you speak?” Tom asked.

“Languages are ancient anachronisms – we are communicating at the level of thought, where there is a common communication method – a language – if you like.”

“Now, if you are totally determined and focused in your quest to improve South Africa we are offering to help you. There is only one condition attached.”

“What's that?” enquired Tom.

“We will empower you to eliminate these criminals. However, you will have exactly one year in which these powers will be at your disposal.”

“What then?” asked Tom.

“At that stage you must leave this country for Ireland. You will be given a new identity, including a different past. Those living in the area to which you will relocate will have known you all their lives - we will see to that.”

Despite himself, Tom shivered. This was the stuff of science fiction.

“What do I have to do?” he asked.

“Let me explain what is going to happen. In a minute or two we are both going to dematerialise and re-materialise in our Starship. There you will undergo a small operation that will remove some of the barriers that have been built into Homo sapiens in order to deal with your primitive physical urges.”

“Once these are removed, you will be able to read all the thoughts of everyone on your planet. You will be able to sit in your lounge and tune into, say, all the current thoughts of people planning to carry out a hijacking in the next - whatever you decide - number of minutes.”

“Secondly, you will be able to dematerialise and rematerialize, instantly, anywhere.”

“When you materialize at your destination, you will be impervious to any form of physical harm. Bullets and blows will simply not affect you.”

“The final ability you will acquire is to eliminate these criminals. You need not be perturbed by these acts, as you will merely be releasing the soul into its spiritual, or normal, environment. If the entity wishes to reincarnate again as a so called ‘bad one’ then it can do so at a later stage, or on a different planet, when and where it will not threaten the further development of Homo sapiens.”

A feeling of compassion arose in Tom, “Can I somehow reassure those I eliminate?”

“No. For two reasons. Those who are not yet spiritually advanced are at a much lower level of vibration than you are and the gulf between your souls is too great for you to deal with at your, as yet, relatively limited stage of development. Secondly, those who are advanced, and near your level of vibration, will know why this has happened to them, why they chose this. They will then be free to choose another physical life according to what they still have to learn.”

“It is important to remember that, while those at a higher level of vibration cannot raise your level, those at a lower level can drag you down to theirs.”

“From our observations, we suggest that you concentrate your mission on hijackers in your local area as, not only do these seem to be causing the most concern to your fellow humans, but they are also unrepentant of their actions.”

“By the way, I’m sure that we don’t need to tell you, but you will not be able to use these powers against anyone who intends no harm.”

Tom’s mind was strangely quiet and accepting of all these facts, as though something was already empowering his being.

“Ready?”

“Yes,” replied Tom.

Fascinated he watched as his body disappeared while he remained fully conscious of his surroundings. Then, instantaneously he was in a completely different place and his body began rematerialising.

The first sensation was that everything around him was lit equally with a soft, ethereal, shadowless light. A light which seemed to emanate from, and permeate, everything, including himself.

He was in a room with a few easy chairs and what looked like an operating table.

There were various circles all over three walls with different graphic figures on them. There were none of these on one wall.

“Want to see where you are?” transmitted Robor.

"Oh yes," Tom eagerly responded.

Robor touched a round image on a wall and the interior light dimmed to almost nothing while, what appeared to be the outer wall, became totally transparent.

Tom gasped in awe.

There before him, surrounded by a myriad stars, hung the blue planet - about the size of a house. Floating lazily to one side was the moon - the sight was awe-inspiring.

"You're lucky. Your sun is right behind our craft so both your home and its satellite are bathed in sunlight."

At this point another being as radiant as Robor entered.

"This is Margol who will perform the operation."

Margol described what would happen and told Tom that he would wake up in the chair he left a few moments ago.

Reading his thoughts Margol smiled, "No, there is no such thing as time - everything has happened, is happening, and will always happen simultaneously - but you cannot yet understand this concept, nor access it."

"Are you ready?"

"Yes," said Tom.

"Then please lie down on the table."

Margol placed one hand over Tom's heart charka and another over his crown charka and seemingly instantly he woke up in his armchair.

The air all around him was a swirling mass of movement, which he suddenly recognized as people's thoughts flashing around him.

It took him only seconds to hone in on thoughts of hijacking and he was immediately rewarded with two rascals about to hijack a car in Rondebosch.

In a flash he materialized before them as they approached an unsuspecting driver, guns in hand.

"What do you think you're doing?" he challenged.

"Piss off whitey," one said, firing at him at point blank range.

The look of hate on the hijackers face turned to abject terror as his bullets flattened and fell at Tom's feet.

Tom thought, "Eliminate," and the hijacker fell down stone dead. His accomplice, who was by now legging it down the street, suffered a similar fate.

In a flash Tom was back in his chair.

The morning papers had a headline about the two dead hijackers. In the article a perplexed driver tried to explain what she saw but no one really understood, or believed, her.

The police pathologist was totally baffled by the cause of death - he could not find any.

As the months went by, the mysterious deaths of hijackers remained front-page news.

Amazingly not a single person who had witnessed these events could remember any detail of the face or the clothing of what was becoming known in the press as the 'Avenging Angel'.

One hapless tourist managed to capture one of these attempted hijacks - and the elimination of the hijackers - on his video camera.

Or so he thought.

He rushed off to the nearest police station to hand over the cassette.

The consternation of the man was palpable when the replay showed everything, except the Avenger. The bullets seemed to flatten themselves a few feet from the gun and fall to the ground.

The best brains in the field studied this tape - all to no avail.

They could see that the hijackers were reacting to something.

They could see them shooting at something.

They could see the bullets falling.

They could see the stark naked terror on the hijackers faces.

They could see them being killed.

But they could not see the attacker.

The number of hijacks in Cape Town fell dramatically.

"I wonder how people can still maintain that the death penalty is not a deterrent," thought Tom as he looked at the falling hijack statistics.

These incidents were now widely reported in the world's press as well.

Some of the world's best policemen and psychologists came to South Africa to study and to try to stop the elimination of the hijackers (once again indicating that the law was more concerned with protecting criminals than their victims).

They appealed to the public for any information that could help them in their investigation.

Their appeals were rewarded when a Mrs Jones informed them that the hermit-like fellow living across the road from her sometimes just seemed to 'disappear' from an armchair in his lounge.

Sensing something peculiar, a strong contingent of police encircled Tom's house.

Tom's year was drawing to a close.

As a policeman knocked on his door, Tom felt himself dematerializing, this time not under his own volition.

He rematerialised in the car park of Cape Town International in different clothes. What appeared to be a car park security guard walked up to him with two cases and said, "Mr Watson, here is your suitcase and your briefcase. Your documents are all in the briefcase. It is time to book in for your flight."

Then the guard simply disappeared.

A dual consciousness began forming in his mind – he was both Tom Jenkins and one Anthony Watson.

Tom/Anthony walked over to the terminal building and presented his ticket to the check in clerk.

"Just the one bag for the hold?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"Seat 29D. Boarding at Nineteen hundred hours, through gate three," she said, handing him the ticket and boarding pass.

He thanked her and went to passport control.

After the usual questions the customs officer handed him the passport.

"Thank you Mr Watson," she smiled, "I hope you enjoy your flight."

"Thank you, I will," he said.

As the Jumbo jet lifted off the last vestiges of Tom Jenkins' life flashed briefly across his mind and then they were gone – replaced by those of Anthony Watson.

In a few hours' time he would land at Heathrow with a full recall of the life of Anthony Watson. It would be as though the physical Tom Jenkins had never existed.

Anthony pulled the *InFlight* magazine from its rack and idly flicked through it. There was a story on the amazing events in South Africa where hijackers seemed to be the victims of an unseen attacker. He had heard about these incidents but dismissed them as nonsense. He read the article carefully but remained as puzzled as the rest of the world.

"It all sounds a bit farfetched to me," he thought as he replaced the magazine in the rack.

In the Starship Robor sighed, "The Bazelon and Jenkins experiments have both been abject failures. The reactions to the Jenkins experiment are particularly disappointing. It amazes me that Homo sapiens continue to be more concerned with protecting criminals than with eliminating them."

"I have to admit, Margol, Jennor was right. Homo sapiens are several thousand years away from developing into a truly advanced species."

High above the earth the Starship glowed briefly as it transformed the massive amounts of energy needed to accelerate to the speed of thought.

Long before Anthony Watson touched down at Heathrow they would be back on Zebalon One.