

Transition

By Don Clifford

A35T's return to awareness was abrupt. He reached up to wipe away the cobwebs in his head and discovered he had no hand – nor did he have a head. He was, simply, an entity – a spark of intelligent energy. He was in transition.

An angelic chorus sang Mozart's Hostias softly in the background as he hovered about in the cottony white fog. He could see nothing. "I've been here before," he grumbled. "I didn't like it then, and I certainly don't like it now. Always had the feeling I was either alive or dead...never sure which."

An electric flash of blue pierced the fog. The singing stopped.

"Wow!" A35T looked about. "What a beautiful blue...just like Planet Earth. Speaking of Earth, seems like I was supposed to...my memory...."

"Ah! There you are," a voice said. "I thought I heard someone pop in."

"Who are you?" A35T said.

"The sudden arrival here is always a shock to the memory system," the voice said. "But you will get over it. Until then, I am the Earth Plane Monitor and you are here for Transit Orientation."

"You talk like an English butler," A35T said.

"Quite so."

"Aren't you supposed to serve tea, or something?"

"We are not here to discuss my attributes, A35T. Let us get on with the orientation."

"Orientation for what?"

"Please be patient. All will become clear. In the meantime, I need to verify who you are. Your I.D.?"

"607 dash A35T. Indeterminate."

"Quite. One moment while I tap into Central for your life scans."

Monitor whispered through several melodious glissandos that sounded like harps playing.

"I have you now, A35T. Hmmm. Interesting."

"Sir?"

"Your low I.D. number indicates you are one of our more experienced souls." Monitor thrummed.

"Now I see why."

"What does that mean?"

"You are a non-conformist. Also, you have traced through numerous life experiences without

learning the lessons offered.”

“I don’t understand,” A35T said.

“Quite. It’s all here. The Memory Shroud is a potent factor. It tends to blank all retention during a period of incorporation”

“I’m sorry, Sir, but I...”

“Patience, please. I shall explain.”

An ethereal display screen materialized and a kaleidoscope of brilliant colors danced on the screen to a rhythm of musical vibrations until it locked into a steady picture.

“These scans are a complete record of activity from your first created moment,” Monitor said. “For instance, this one shows your experimentations with various life forms on Earth and your subsequent entrapment.”

A button glowed and the scene shifted.

“This scan depicts a period in which you had to deal with various clan and family survival situations.”

A35T saw a muscular caveman dressed in a furry apron-like garment hefting a heavy club. “What was this all about?”

“You had just killed a bear single handed. While you were beating victory thumps on your chest you did not see the saber-toothed tiger sneak up behind you.”

The button glowed again. “Here, I jump to something more recent,” Monitor said. “In life scan 474, you were a general in Hannibal’s army. You persuaded him to attack Rome from behind by crossing the Alps.”

“I did that?” said an amazed A35T.

“Oh, yes,” Monitor said. “The elephant you were riding slipped on a patch of ice and fell. When the beast regained its feet, there wasn’t much left of you. Without your tactical expertise, Hannibal lost the enterprise.”

The button glowed and more life scans floated by.

“I remember these events as you display them,” A35T said. “What connection do they have with me now?”

“Again, patience, A35T. I merely wish to point out a factor common in most of your life scans – rash impetuosity. Usually, not serious in itself, but in your case, the factor resulted in many cause and effect issues that could have been avoided. For instance, do you recall the choice you made when you and your companions arrived at this fork on the jungle trail?”

A35T watched the life segment play back.

“Yes,” he said. “Our unit had orders to avoid at all costs a direct confrontation with the enemy. The left fork led to the enemy camp. The right fork bypassed the camp and stretched onward to a safe border crossing.”

“Quite. So what happened?”

“We went left and were captured. The enemy tortured and killed most of my men. I survived to become a slave.”

“What were the ingredients in your decision to choose the left fork?”

“Oh, I don’t know...I guess the Devil made me do it. Heh – Heh!”

A deep thunderous voice reverberated through a series of thrummed discords. “Quibbling levity is not allowed!”

Moments passed in hushed silence. Monitor regained his composure and a light musical bridge sounded. “Sorry,” he said. “Let us see what could have happened had you chosen the right fork.”

The life segment rolled back to the starting point. An entertaining account followed of a group of soldiers safely crossing the border and being greeted as heroes. A35T’s persona received an award for valor, and he became a distinguished leader of men.

The screen dimmed. A35T asked, “Is that what could have happened to me?”

“Quite,” Monitor said. “Of course, what you saw was purely hypothetical as none of these events are predestined. However, with most souls our predictability accuracy rate is in the high ninety percentile”

Monitor’s voice turned grim. “In your case, our accuracy rate is much lower than we like.”

“Why is that?”

“Because we have confidence in only one factor. At one time or another, you will select one or more undesirable choices.”

A flare of temper surged through A35T, but before he could say anything, Monitor continued.

“Observe the screen. This graph is a life-scan overlay. You will note the many – pardon the expression – trails and forks. Whenever you make a choice, we factor the resultant onto the overlay as either a green or red trail. Green symbolizes a good choice - red, something less desirable. In either case we can project the probable cause and effect consequence for each choice, and thus, predict quite accurately the probable lifetime outcome.”

“In other words,” A35T said, “you know what I’m going to do almost before I do.”

“Quite. Enough chatter of what might have been. Let us proceed.”

More scans flashed on the screen, all without further comment. As the final screen faded to gray, a harp-like arpeggio suggested that Monitor “cleared” his throat. “A35T, I am not authorized to make judgmental evaluations, but I can make observational comments. After viewing your history scans, I get the distinct impression you enjoy the Earth experience so much that you deliberately make reckless or absurd choices in order to guarantee a repeat experience.”

“What can I say? I guess my fate is to make mistakes.”

“Not necessarily. However, such an attitude is contrary to established policy>’

“Which is...?”

“All souls are given every opportunity to purge all blemishing irregularities from their systems so each can proceed with all due process to the next higher plane. In your case, we have stretched the point since Time began.”

“Point of information, Sir. I accept responsibility for the choices I made, but how can I be held liable for any transgressions when I am not allowed to learn from previous mistakes?”

“You refer to the Memory Shroud?”

“Yes. I’m never aware of my past until I complete an Earth assignment and return to this Transition Center.”

“I cannot comment other than you should take it up with the Master.”

“Fine. Make me an appointment.”

“Sorry. You have not yet qualified for a direct personal encounter.”

“Wait a minute!” A35T bristled. “This is my destiny we’re dealing with. Instead of offering to help me control it, you give me a bureaucratic run-around!”

“Calm yourself, A35T! All in due course. We have a plan...”

“We? Who is we?”

“Meet your new Guiding Spirits, Elishéa and Morónius.”

Poof!

“Hello,” Elishéa said.

Pop!

“We’ve met before,” Morónius said.

“Whi...!”

“Pay attention!” Monitor ordered. “According to the plan, this time you will incorporate as a twin entity – male. A female is in Transit Briefing, as we speak.”

“Have I incorporated as a twin before?”

“No.”

“So how is this new plan supposed to help?”

“As a twin, you are entitled to the services of two Guiding Spirits, as well as any potential common sense advice from the female entity. Apparently, one Guiding Spirit is not able to reach you. With two spirits, we increase the odds of getting through to you.”

“So how does a Guiding Spirit get through? Does he or she or it materialize in a puff of smoke?”

“Not quite. Except in extremely rare situations, a Guiding Spirit is not authorized to make a direct intervention. A spirit can offer advice, only, and contact is limited to the inner sense channel.

“Inner sense channel?”

“Commonly expressed as conscience.”

A trill of harmonies activated the display screen and a life-scan overlay flashed on.

“This is yours, A35T. It is blank because life as you will know it has not yet begun. However, we can project a few variables based on your programmed initial environment and probable upbringing until you reach the age of reason.

“Please note, if you conform to acceptable rubric and follow the advice of Elishéa and Morónius – to the letter, mind you – you have the potential for great service to mankind.”

“Provide an example, please,” an unconvinced A35T said.

Harp tones trilled again.

“Understand the examples are hypothetical as only you can select any of the variable choices,” Monitor said. “Here, you demonstrate great potential as a humanitarian.”

A different button glowed. “In this example you could become a famous aquanaut that uncovers the hidden resources of the sea. Or, as a world statesman, you might even save the Earth from self-annihilation. The possibilities are endless. As the Master says, ‘You always have a choice’.”

“All right. All right. I get the boring picture. When do I incorporate?”

“As soon as you wish.”

“One last question. When do I meet my female counterpart?”

“After incorporation. Any thing else?”

“No.”

“Please move to the Transit Tube and wait for further instructions. Meanwhile, we shall talk again. I look forward to viewing your newest life account.”

A35T entered the module. He energized the descend control and the module disappeared in a glittering twinkle.

“Oh my!” Elishéa exclaimed. “A35T launched before the countdown commenced.”

“Attention all Vectors! Attention all Vectors!” Monitor’s harp voice rumbled in low registers. “A35T has launched in a premature random multiplanal mode. This is an extreme – I repeat – extreme condition. Anything can happen. Be alert! Be alert!”

“Look at the life scan overlay,” Morónius said. “A35T is incorporating as a female instead of a male...O Lord! He – uh – she is doing it again. Quickly, Monitor, a new program! Abort the twin transit! Hold for possible reschedule!”

Frenzied harp strings clashed in discordant harmony.

“Obviously, A35T is trying to beat the system,” Elishéa said. “What are the probable outcomes?”

“Unpredictable,” Monitor strummed. “A35T is now a free radical capable of synchronizing at will with any diametric or polarized force that presents itself. Any long range projections are virtually impossible.”

“Which means we’ve been outflanked and screened out,” Morónius said.

“Well, there’s still hope,” Elishéa said. “A35T wouldn’t be the first radical to slip through the back door. Remember that entity who called himself Moses?”

“Yes,” Morónius said. “And that one who Earth history labeled Henry the Eighth?”

“Fascinating,” Elishéa said. “Looks like we will be here for another eternity.”

A whispering sound of wind-rustled strings accented Monitor’s echoing sigh of resignation.

“Yes. Quite.”

© 2011 Don Clifford