

AN EQUATION TO THE ANSWER



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Introduction

In retrospect, it became clear to me that there was a simple progression of thoughts leading to my writing this novella. Perhaps it was mild curiosity or more arrogance on my part. Perhaps it was a desire to understand my own limitations or recognize my own abilities. Regardless of what the case may be, I took it upon myself to fly as close to the sun as possible, without melting my wings.

After a class I was teaching a few years ago, one of my students and I were discussing different points of view in writing. I asked whether or not he believed it possible to write a non-fiction narrative from a second-person point of view. Of course, he simply laughed, dismissing it as impossible. After a bit of serious discussion, thinking and debating on the topic, my student came to the conclusion that it may be possible to write a short piece of non-fiction in this point of view, although it would be far from any kind of a story, merely containing dozens of ubiquitous inferences regarding the reader, logical conclusions that should apply to anyone.

I later began to think more deeply on the subject, considering the second-person point of view from all points of view, so to speak. Why have writers always kept their distance from this great anomaly of literature? No doubt, it is easier and more accurate to write about *me* as *I* or *you* as *he* or *she*, but to avoid *you* altogether seemed like conspiracy. I took this as a challenge and set out in an attempt to write the first non-fiction story, written from a second-person point of view. Even doubtful, myself, as to what kind of success I would have, I then took it just one step further, making it an omniscient point of view.

As it turns out, the true reason for my writing this novella was not due merely to a simple progression of thoughts but a much more complex series of events. You see, the student who had so much to do with my writing this novella, the one who put the spark in my brain and the idea in my hands was, in actuality, me. I should explain: I, in fact, had taken a position teaching at the same school from which I had graduated some twenty-five years before. From a metaphysical standpoint, I was continuing a dialogue in my mind that I had begun more than twenty-five years earlier. It seems my mind had reawakened these thoughts for some reason, like a puzzle being sent into the future to someone now a bit more qualified in solving it. Why do I now persevere on these particular facts? I now realize that it all ties into a much larger perspective—a view of such

overwhelmingly magnificent proportions as to be overlooked, in the same way as viewing the page of a book from just an inch in front of one's face. From this point, I now understood exactly what I wanted to write and how I wanted to write it.

As I set out on my endeavor, I quickly became aware that there was no other way to write this story.

It was to be your story—the world's story.

What you are about to read is, in fact, the first non-fiction epic novella, written in the second-person, omniscient point of view. Certainly, many will dismiss it as science fiction, which would be an honorable distinction; nevertheless, only the reader who is most true in spirit will recognize the great body of historical truth contained in the following story.

The following is an excerpt from chapter 4. You can receive the full ebook by sending an email to m_trainor@bellsouth.net – include the word “ebook” in the subject line, and state whether you prefer .pdf or .epub formats.

You dream about a stranger without a name whom you meet while traveling on an unknown road to an unknown place. The stranger can see the weariness in your eyes.

“Where are you headed?” he asks.

“I’m going to...” You hear yourself say a name; at least, you hear the sound of a name. Although, in your dream, you have no idea what it is that you tell the stranger.

“I’m on my way there, as well. Maybe we can make the journey seem a bit quicker if we travel together.”

You begin walking down a dirt road that cuts through miles of flat acreage. There is nothing in sight, other than barbed wire fencing separating you from patches of dry grass to the left and right. You begin a long conversation with the stranger. You hear yourself speaking and the stranger replying, but you do not know what either you or the stranger is saying. After what seems like several hours of walking, you both sit beneath a large tree that appears out of nowhere.

“You know,” says the stranger, “I heard a good story a ways back from an old beggar I met. He was searching for something to eat, rummaging through a dumpster behind the Motel 6, over in...” The stranger could have said, *over in the next galaxy*, but you fail to hear the name. “He was a better storyteller than I am. I think I remember it pretty good, though. It went something like this...”

A man went walking, one fall morning. It was a day like any other day, yet he knew there was something different about it. An unusual smell filled the air, yet he had smelled it before. He walked through the cold wind and felt as if it was the first time he had felt the air on his face. As he walked, he saw a man just sitting there on a park bench,

wearing a hat and overcoat. There was nothing out of the ordinary about this man, and yet he was extraordinary, simple yet brilliant, plain yet beautiful. He approached the man with wide eyes, and without having to ask, he knew. It was God. Yes, **the** God, God of everyone and everything, the One, the Only.

"Hello," said the man, in his calm sense of awe.

"Hello," God replied.

"How did I know it was you?" asked the man. "What I mean is, I just knew. I didn't have to ask you."

"That's a little tough to explain," God said, "but in time, I'm sure you'll eventually understand better."

"Is it true that you can do anything?" asked the man.

"Yes, that is true. As you have seen, I have made the Heavens and the Earth. I have formed mountains and rained oceans. I have created life from slime and created Man from an instant flash of thought."

The man thought for a moment and hesitantly yet curiously asked, "Could you make a rock that is so heavy that not even you could lift it?"

God looked into the man's eyes and said, "I could try to explain it to you, but it would be far too complex for your mind to understand. In fact, it would be over a billion years before your mind was near ready to understand the answer, but let me explain to you in another way. I believe that what you are asking is how can something be and yet not be? I will try to show you the answer to that question. I will help you to see without seeing, and you will know without knowing, and then you will understand without understanding."