

Twin Effect

By Richard Hiebner

(The Viennese neurologist Paul Schilder (1950) said ‘ . . . the empirical method leads immediately to a deep insight that even our own body is beyond our immediate reach, that even our own body justifies Prospero’s words “We are such stuff as dreams are made on, and our little life is rounded with a sleep”)

Prologue

When an ovum comes into contact with a spermatozoid there are several possible outcomes. One of which is the formation of twins. The ovum splits in two and develops into identical twins, more commonly twins of the same sex, less common twins of the opposite sex. In every way these twins can be identical, sometimes there are very significant physical differences. Ultimately the substance of their make up is completely the same. Though two of a kind, they are the same separated only in space and time, though they are of the same space and time. One such set of twins existed, completely the same in every conceivable way.

“I think therefore I am.”

Authors Unknown

In the heart of the city a lone man walked. In the heart of the city a lone man walked the exact same steps. Neither knew of each other, yet. They were looking for the same thing. In a dream they had been called to search the depths of their city and find an answer to bringing a war to full closure. They walked with power and authority, each step echoing with the sharp ring of determination. The dream was a certainty it was true. No one argues with Tempus. When the great deity speaks you listened, he may not take you now, and you will ever know when he wills to take you. This is the way of the deity over all space-time.

They stopped, before them stood a wall of complete darkness. There was light in these passageways yet none of it threw any on this wall or it did and the wall absorbed it. It mattered very little at this point as they examined this strange construct. It had to be something made by the hand of man. Closer and closer they moved with cat like curiosity and the caution of many years of war, when there upon the wall was their reflection. Startled they leapt back, staring with intent intelligent eyes at one another. Together they reached forth to touch their *reflections*.

Their life stopped, time stopped, thoughts stopped, space stopped. Everything in the pass, present and future stopped. One man walked into a room filled with wisps of twisting shadow though no light was apparent. Positive, no negative, no equally balanced thoughts ran with unhindered ferocity through his mind. When they caught his eye, his breath stopped in his chest and his eyes stared with devouring fervour at the beauties that stood before him. What is this place? Where am I? These were all questions that dimmed in the light of such brilliant radiating beauty.

“They think therefore we are.”

Richard Hiebner

There in the non-existent light stood two beautiful warrior women locked in eternal battle. They were frozen in time, each about to give the final death stroke to the other. One had a knife barely touching the throat of the other whilst the tip of a sword had just started to drive through the armour over the heart of another. He stood there for a moment, which felt like it spanned an eternity, eyes roved over these two who were exactly alike. Hair cascaded over shoulders exactly the same length and colour, a deep black that had a shine of its own. Eyes a rich emerald green, stared with fierce anger and hatred into its exact counter part.

“Why do they hate each other, they are obviously twins.” He said with reverent awe at this spectacle.

The dust stirred as a wind blew past him and then seemed to turn on itself creating a dust devil that grew in height as he watched. For some reason he was in complete control, no fear encroached on his being just a sense of peace. Before him another man appeared and with instant recognition he bowed, kneeling before this newcomer.

“My, even here dust seems to collect. I must look into that.”

The newcomer stood tall and strong, his face glowing from an internal light with eyes like fire and hair like gold, his skin like bronze, rippled with the powerful muscle. He wore nothing but an azure loincloth.

“Stand up my boy.”

“M’Lord Tempus.” He spoke with a quiver in his voice, “What is this place?”

“This is Inevitability.”

“Human beings live in reality, without really knowing exactly what it is.”
Author Unknown

No more than an eternity ago Faetum and Daestinaire had been arguing over who was right. In fact, they were both right for they were one person up until the argument started. Somehow the internal dissention had actual ripped them into two separate individuals, and immediately they had started to physically attack each other.

Into this fiasco Tempus walked, only to see them about to destroy each other, he stopped them. Encasing them in a thought bubble he created a room in the very centre of the time, knowing one day they would be one again, with help. Even though he could fix this with the word of his mouth, he knew that it would be repeated.

So, locked in space and outside of time Faetum and Daestinaire existed in thoughts alone. These thoughts reached out and slowly as all things go life was brought into being, a city was built, people lived and moved and warred against another city. There were two cities, one place, two people, one person, in every way the same yet different.

They lived side by side yet unaware of this reality until the boundaries that separated them started to crumble and were this had taken place people ceased to exist. Millennia had seen men and women come and go and vast leaps in technology and science had taking the war to greater and greater heights, yet never had anyone asked the question, “Is this all there is?”

Till the day Wissen and Kapiere dreamt the dream of a god. In the future it will be named “The Call to Unity”. But first there has to be a future. Now before the deity stood a man who up until an eternity ago was two. His name Pallas-Adin

Knowledge and wisdom had found a way in; it was time to bring fate and destiny together again.

“Each part, by realizing its own essence, plays its own part in realizing the whole.” Author Unknown

“Inevitability, that’s a strange name for a place.” Said Pallas-Adin

“Not so strange son, this is a place of my thoughts. It is inside the time stream yet completely without time. To them it was only seconds ago that they were about to destroy each other and with that all else would inevitably come crashing down.” Spoke Tempus

Still somewhat in awe Pallas-Adin looked to Tempus as he walked toward the twins locked in eternal battle. Tempus knocked his go ahead.

“It is your fate, or should I say destiny to bring these two together again. Only your wisdom, the product of acquired knowledge and understanding can change the course of their lives.”

“Can’t you do something?”

“Sure, I can, but then it will just reoccur, everything needs to be balanced. Fate and Destiny need to be balanced with understanding and knowledge.”

Understanding dawned on Pallas-Adin with the effect of a crushing tsunami on a small fishing village. He sunk to his knees sobbing with the weight of that insight. Shaking he looked toward the twins and reached out to touch them.

“I don’t suggest that until you are ready to fulfil your task.”

“I am ready, as ready as I will ever be. There is just one question. What will happen to Prostualene/Qismat? It is but an extension of these. Will there be anything left to return to?”

“Everything will be as it should be. Now go and fulfil my call, your duty.”

With that Pallas-Adin reached for the twins taking hold of each by the hand. Everything ceased; the multiverse took a sharp breath and held it. Tempus watched and smiled with satisfaction.

“The heart has its reasons that reason knows nothing of.”

Pascal

They were fighting and then nothing, in time their thoughts met and the fight started again. Two warriors of grace and beauty divinely empowered to reign and rule as one. Yet now they battle across time and space. They were stopped in the process of killing each other but have not been stopped in their minds. Now within the mists of thoughts, hatred and anger battled furiously as man fought man and women conspired to overthrow man.

Into the midst of this tumult Pallas-Adin was, is, and became present. He had travelled, yes that was it, travelled far and long and learned many things about who he was and what he had become. He is a man, he is a deity, and he is the practical application of information, knowledge and understanding equalling wisdom. It was easy for him to therefore reach out with his mind and drag Faetum and Daestinaire toward him. Their minds though powerful were no match for his but he knew that that would not suffice. He would have to get them to work together.

One at a time they appeared before him, anger radiating as eyes glared from one to the other and then at this mere mortal man who would think himself powerful against fate and destiny. He smiled and sat cross-legged as in unison they spoke, a melodious sound that started as a sharp repertoire and built into a crescendo of crushing rapids flowing over jagged rocks and thundering to a staccato halt against an impenetrable dam wall.

“Would you believe that I think, no I am sure that I am in love. Yes that is it. I am yours now will you be mine?” He spoke with quiet authority.

The stunned silence was beyond comprehension.

“Now comes’ the mystery.”

Last words of Henry Ward Beecher

Is it not that in space and time there is always very little space and not enough time? Well this then was turning out to be just one of them enigmas. It is said without a destiny a man will die for lack of purpose. So, if destiny dies then man dies, yet if fate were set and unchanging would not it be fated to happen. Well fate like destiny needs people to have an outcome. People need destiny and fate to believe there is purpose to their existence. Well in some degree or another. Pallas-Adin watches the two women eyed him and eyed each other.

Their eyes flashed with deep hatred as energy seethed and boiled with every thought. Prostualene/Qismat Shook with a massive earthquake the very foundations of the city starting to crumble and men and women ran for shelter. Power arced between Faetum and Daestinaire as both women seeing little danger to them in Pallas-Adin turned to face each other. Prostualene/Qismat divide reality shattered, people stared themselves in the face with undisguised fear and trepidation. The war of cities had come to climax.

Pallas-Adin smiled gently and rose to his feet effortlessly placing himself between these two titans of eternity.

“Understanding and knowledge have no real meaning until it is practically applied. Then and only then is it true WISDOM!” He shouted the last word as the power of ages surged through every fibre of his being and threw the twins against opposite sides of Tempus’s bubble.

In awed shock they stood up and without thought moved as one straight at this insectile creature that thought himself able to stand between them. How dare he believe he is stronger than I? It was with these thoughts that unity found its bond, and blood became the glue.

Wisdom presented understanding and knowledge as Pallas-Adin died on her blade.

The tip of her blade pierced his flesh with an eruption incandescent light, limitless power surged along its glowing face as blood ran along the central groove toward the hilt. The fires of anger and hatred clouded as revelation dawned within her heart and understanding touched her mind. The red glare that was her eyes flashed, dwindled, and flared then flashed again before settling to a deep blue, calm and serene yet unfocused.

Slowly a sparkle entered the deep waters of her eyes and focus returned with sudden pain and intense horror. Something had happened and she had killed. Love had happened and she had destroyed it. Her heart felt heavy and unable to bear the burden of having destroyed something so precious yet somehow there was strength and power to bear what she felt.

She gazed at Pallas-Adin as he knelt before her with adoration in his slowly fading eyes. The image seared itself upon her mind and in her heart. Tears broke the damn walls of her eyes as liquid diamonds rolled down cheeks of pearl.

“I will always love you, for you gave me purpose.” With that his breathe left his body and he slumped forward against her.

A cacophony of sound breached her opal lips as she raised her head and arms in despair and grief. The noise settling to a soft whisper of mournful trills dancing across a soulful melody coming to harmonic adagio. She knelt by him her head down as ebony hair cascaded over his shoulders and gentle hands came to rest on his hands.

In a place where time stood still, time somehow seemed to be even stiller. Her mind raced and one thought after another vying for her full attention. Prostualene/Qismat for the first time in an eternity saw the light of a sun and felt the renewing, refreshing touch of a breeze.

“Every man takes the limits of his own field of vision for the limits of the world.” -- Arthur Schopenhauer

“Father HELP!!!” she screamed telepathically

With a clap of thunder Tempus stood tall before his daughter. His smile was one of deep warming love. His gaze shifted to Pallas-Adin and sadness filled his heart to breaking.

“I thought you would never ask”, he said with gentle playfulness, “What can I do for you dear?”

“Bring him back ... please. He need not have died for me.”

“He did not; he died for Prostualene/Qismat. He understood that only by giving you a single purpose could he unite your two halves. In this he also knew that this would separate Prostualene/Qismat from being a projection of your mental selves/self and bring it into space-time reality. To be sure he shook your foundational standpoint. He became for you destiny, fated to restore your balance.”

“I understand, but why did he profess his love?”

“You believed yourself above this one emotion and found that a mere mortal could pierce your very heart. Thus, in love and by love he sacrificed his life not just for you but for all the things he loved. Wisdom is the practical application of knowledge and understanding.”

In a river a mighty burp escaped as a vast bubble exploded and a City spanning the width of the river flourished in the light of life and love. One man chose to see beyond his field of vision, beyond his own reality and view life in the big picture, stumbling upon the truth and as the saying goes, “... *The truth shall set you free.*” With fading remembrance of a time of discord Prostualene/Qismat set its sights on the vast creation that had unrolled before it.

“There's an east wind coming, such a wind as never blew on Prostualene/Qismat yet. It will be cold and bitter, Myou-Anki, and a good many of us may wither before its blast. But it's god's own wind none the less, and a cleaner, better, stronger land will lie in the sunshine when the storm has cleared.” Pallas-Adin

In the heart of a city a man walked with purpose and vision. In his heart and mind, he felt the call of the great deity Tempus and responded without question. On faith and trust he walked though shadows surrounded him. Hope filled his vision with greater purpose than just seeking knowledge; insight spoke to him of revealed truth and deep understanding. Fear was overcome by the promise of eternity, an eternity untouched by anything that was seen to be fearful.

He stopped short for the passageway he was walking through came to an abrupt halt before a wall of incredible dimensions. In awe he started to reach for it as though compelled, and as he touched it, ancient symbols flared to flaming life and a story never told was revealed. Tears ran down his face whilst un-noticed a woman of amazing beauty materialised and smiled ever so gently watching him.

Suddenly he stopped as there before him blazed his name. The name Pallas-Adin. With a loving hand she touched his shoulder, her voice a melodic symphony of encouragement and affection spoke directly to his spirit and all else was forgotten as the pages of his existence closed on this reality and the gate of eternity opened to the fruition of his purpose.

Tempus watched, smiled. Myou-Anki and Pallas-Adin stood before him and bowed. Eternity waited; no eternity continued. It was in good hands.

A young man walked out of the massive temple to Tempus lost in the eyes of a young woman. They walked enamoured with one another.