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Blackhole Sun  
by Ender

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I woke up early that morning, only to feel the blistering heat that was plaguing our planet. I slowly got to my feet, put on a pair of shoes, and strolled over to the thermostat. It was set at 20° Celsius, but the temperature indoors was still 37°. I remembered the promise I made myself a few weeks ago to fix it, but my studies had taken most of my time.

I walked into the bathroom near my room. I flipped the switch to activate the water cooler and laid back in bed for about twenty minutes. Afterwards I took a shower and brushed my teeth. I flipped my personal telepathic unit (PTU) to \*6800, the news station. The middle-aged reporter blurted out something to the extent of a spur of the moment International Congress meeting. He proceeded to say that talks on proposed plans for earth's people would be discussed. Who knew then that one day I would be delivering a speech to the International Congress.

"The sun has grown an additional 1.37% closer to earth today," announced a clean-scrubbed young female reporter. "As you remember, the sun swallowed Mercury only two years ago after it began to use its hydrogen supplies at a vigorous pace. Our sun is now considered a radical K class star. Each day the sun is expanding in size by an additional .5 - 2%. At the current rate, the sun will swallow the earth in only a few short years."

What she said was true. Our sun had almost spontaneously become a K class, expanding supergiant. Almost a year ago the heat from our sun dried up all the liquid water on earth. Great floods first swept over the earth, then over a six month period, most of the water on earth dried up. All that was left behind was sand filled plains and hills of salt. Scientists scrambled to make a device to combine hydrogen and oxygen chemically, even though a beta version of the device was already designed for such an emergency. Each community got a water making machine to combine the hydrogen and oxygen in the air into water that was suited for human consumption.

I turned off my PTU after getting a sickly feeling in my stomach. Our world was about to be scorched by the heat of our sun, and we were all here waiting for it to happen. I thought that it was about time the world met as one to try to find a way to prevent us all from extinction. I had my own idea of how we should get our species off this planet, but, then who was I? I was a poor scientist barely making ends meet on my studies of space-time.

I was working at MIT at the time in the study of the relationship of space-time. Much was already known about the curvature of space time, and the possibility of wormholes. I was conducting experiments in which I created a mini-universe inside a perfect vacuum. The vacuum was only one cubed centimeter, but I learned more from that centimeter than any books could tell me. I created an additional space-time inside the vacuum. In effect, it was like a complete separate dimension in a box. I studied the curvature of space-time, which basically states that the universe has hills and cliffs like on earth. But, unlike on earth, where the hills are on a flat plain, the space-time curvature is on a three-dimensional plane.

I was seeking proof for the theory that a person could take shortcuts through the universe. I was suggesting that the quickest way to go somewhere was not by going in a straight line there. This was difficult for many people to comprehend, especially myself. Unlike on earth, where the quickest way to get from one part of the planet to another is on a great circle connecting the two places, I was suggesting that we go down.

How would this be done? With the help of space-time, of course. Think of it as it would apply on earth. You were at the top of a hill. You want to go to the top of an adjacent hill. It would take you longer to walk down one hill and up another than it would to fly to the other hill. Because of the hills in space-time, we can go across or down, rather than around.

I was also theorist in time travel. Although we knew it was possible to travel in time, we could not create the technology ourselves to do so. I thought that we could use the energy from a blackhole to propel us fast enough to travel in time and skip to other side of the universe. The black hole would pull us in at such as rate that we might be able to repel the other way, while gaining speeds faster than light, right into the pit of the blackhole, and then out the other side.

I finished eating my breakfast by about seven o'clock. It was then that I received the call that I would later find would change my life, and the fate of the world. It was one of my old friends from college. He had become a politician, and he was one of the 1000 something people that represented the world regions in the International Congress. He knew of my studies of space-time and my proposed theory on how to save the earth. He asked me to join him that afternoon in London, and I somewhat reluctantly agreed.

I was not a politician, nor did I have any connection with the North American Federation (formerly the U.S., Canada, and Mexico/Central America). I could not understand why he had wanted me to come along with him. Still pondering the issue, I jumped into my StarKar and took off for Jonathan's house in New York. I flipped my PTU to \*6800 once again to listen to the air traffic reports.

The same middle aged reporter that I had heard earlier that day was reporting again. The biggest news of the hour was that space-time specialist Clayton Berlin was to be present at the Congress this afternoon to propose a plan to save the earth from the ever expanding sun. "A source has confirmed that Clayton Berlin, a world renowned space time specialist will be present at the International Congress today. As you will recall, one of his greatest achievements is the 'mini-universe' that he created."

Just great, I thought to myself. The media knew I was going to be speaking on saving the earth before I did. I felt like killing my friend for a slight moment, but then, I thought that maybe now I would be recognized to the world as a brilliant individual. I pretended that he merely forgot to tell me that I was to speak, so I flipped my PTU to an alternative music frequency.

I arrived in New York just a little after nine o'clock in the morning. I met Jonathan at his house, and I asked him about the news report I heard. He said that he had forgotten to mention it earlier. "I thought you would know exactly why we needed you, Clayton. The whole world knows your views about saving the earth with the help of space-time."

I was so flattered for a moment that I almost forgot that I was still disgruntled with him. "No matter," I replied, "I should have known that I would get my chance one day to show the world." He sort of chuckled at this, and motioned toward his kar. "We have to go immediately," he announced authoritatively.

Only a few short hours later I found myself seated in a large room filled with people of various nationalities. I found it quite strange that everyone was speaking different languages, growing up in America makes you think that English ought to be spoken everywhere. A large man of about 50 stood up to the microphone and motioned for every one to sit.

"We are gathered here today to discuss the impending danger on our world from the sun. As you all know, the sun is growing in capacity by about one percent each day. Several people from various countries are here to discuss courses of action that we could take to save the earth. Mr. Edward's, would you please step up?"

"Thank you, Mr. Wellbanks. I have a proposed theory that could help stop the expansion of our sun. According to my studies, if a series of nuclear bombs were launched at the sun, the explosion would cause a delay in the usage of hydrogen. The sun would shrink down to a smaller size and prevent earth from being destroyed."

"We could have the nuclear arsenal ready at 1.75 galactic time tomorrow," the prime minister of Greater Japan explained. "Exactly how many bombs are we looking at, Mr. Edwards?"

"Approximately 10 bombs that will be launched in 30 minute intervals."

"Very good," the prime minister replied.

"Very good indeed, Mr. Edwards," stated Mr. Wellbanks. "Could I ask for Steven Thompson to come up please."

"Thank you," said Dr. Thompson. "You all remember the alien attack of 2047, correct? In that war we produced a magnetic force field around the earth by using a specialized magneto-electricity unit. The force field was designed to repel alien fire power and any other objects entering the atmosphere. I propose that we make a temporary magnetic field around earth until we can stop the expansion of the sun."

"Very interesting, indeed Dr. Thompson," noted a minister from a middle eastern region. "Have you actually tested this device on heat exposure, much less on the plasma from the sun. How do we know this will do any good? It could waste billions of currency units and not do a thing."

"I believe that it will but the earth enough time to make a plan to escape or something. May I remind you that I am the expert in this field."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," complained Mr. Wellbanks. "I think we have heard enough from both of you. We do not have time to argue. Your suggestion will be noted, Dr. Thompson. Now, if I may, will Yamuri Hamashito please come up to propose his plan?"

"Thank ya very much, Mr. uh... Wellbanks. I think that the people of earth should get into space craft and fly to a near by station for the time being. We have cargo ships that we can easily turn into passenger uh... freighters. We can send off about 5 ships at a time that carry two uh... thousand people each. The return trip would be about uh... 5 months to take a ship to nearby start Alpha Centuri."

I almost jumped out of my seat in protest. "Are you insane!" I screamed. "There is no possible way that we could get every person off this planet with your method. There are over 5 billion people on the earth. Each five months we maybe be able to ship one hundred-thousand people. But our sun is going to fry us all in just over a year!"

"How will you decide who gets to live?" I complained. "And you, Mr. Edwards, don't you think that when you drop those bombs on the sun that it may shrink, yes, but that it might collapse onto itself! Don't you even understand the basic concepts of science? This is totally crazy....all of you!"

"Please settle down sir! What would you do instead, may I inquire?" sneered Mr. Wellbanks. I never did care for that man. Neither did I care for anyone in that room for a moment. They were all crazy.

"I propose that we change the earth's orbit."

"Uh huh...and this will do what for us?"

"Well, if we set of a series of explosive outside the earth, we could push it out of it's current orbit. We would push it back to intersect with Jupiter's orbit. From there, we could use Jupiter's gravity to sling us out toward the Oort Cloud."

"You must be bloody insane! We all know that there is a small blackhole found beyond the Oort Cloud!"

"That is exactly what I am aiming for. We can use the blackhole's own gravity to repel us around and through it at speed faster that those of light. With the help of space-time curvature, we should be able to speed across to the other side of the universe. Another dimension, if you will."

"That's impossible!" someone shouted. "We know that the ides of time travel and dimensional travel are preposterous!"

"That, is where you are wrong. Back in the late twentieth century, the ideas of space-time curvature were first brought up. They did much research and found that it is very possible. Then in 2032, a professor by the name of Edward Clantz issued a report saying that time travel was impossible. He said that space-time was nothing, and that it could not possibly exist. In studying his data, I have learned that he made many faults in the data."

"Are you trying to say that Clantz was a phony?" cried out another voice from the crowd. "He was one of the most respected scientists of his time!"

"Yes, damn well I believe that Professor Clantz was a fraudulent, cheating, S.O.B." I had just about enough of this man.

"Uhhh Hmgh. What is your name sir?" asked Mr. Wellbanks somewhat impatiently.

"My name is Clayton Berlin."

"Thank you Mr. Berlin. Guards, will you please help Mr. Berlin to his kar?" I saw some guys with big guns give Wellbanks a nod. Oh, I wanted them to see that they were going to screw up our only chance of living. Damn him!

"Now, gentlemen, I say that we vote on this matter." sad Mr. Wellbanks. He was so good at looking polite and being so nice to everyone. "You all have a voting computer on the seat in front of you. Please select your plan; 1 being to drop bombs on the sun; 2 being to make an electromagnetic force field around earth; and 3 being taking space ships to shuttle people to near by stations. You will have about 5 minutes until we tally the results."

"All right, gentlemen, popular vote tells us that we are going to nuke the sun. Prime Minister Yiltamito, you have permission to strike the sun at 'o eight hundred hours. Meeting adjourned."

At eight o'clock the next morning, Japan launched a full scale nuclear attack on the sun. I had a gut feeling that something would go incredibly wrong. I watched out through the window of my house to see if I could see the bombs explode. I saw about 3 large inflammations of the sun in about an hour. I assumed that the bombs were doing their job.

The next morning the sun's size had lost about 20% capacity. It was almost the size that it was before its radical change. I knew it was all too good to be true, and in a week I was proved right.

What happened from the time of the launch to a week after can only be described as disastrous. The sun continued to shrink throughout the week. When it was about the size of a white dwarf star, it had a mini supernova. Although the remnants of the star never touched the surface of the earth, the heat did. The heat was worse than anything imaginable. And, worst of all, we were moving closer toward the black hole created by the sun.

As could be expected, the International Congress held another meeting. This time I decided to stay in my home and wait for the earth to come to an end. I got a somewhat expected, unexpected phone call again. But this time it was Mr. Wellbanks of the International Congress.

He apologized for his temper and that he now recognized that I was a man of great brilliance. He never would have thought that I would be right, but I was. He begged for me to come to the meeting again. This time the world would take me seriously.

The vote was 647 to 498 in my favor. Only two methods were actually treated as good plans that time. Mine, and the shuttling people off the earth. I vigorously argued, and I apparently convinced enough people.

At 'o nine hundred hours the next day, the first of several strategically placed bombs went off. The earth was pushed further and further away from our blackhole sun, but ever closer to another.

I do not need to describe in detail what happened after that. My plan worked as a I expected it to. Of course, if it didn't I wouldn't be writing this part of my autobiography. I figure that any person who goes down in history as the person who served the earth should have his own autobiography. We eventually found a perfect sun to use. With the help of our explosives, we blasted toward the sun we wanted. It's nice to be able to pick any solar system in the universe. With the help of our oxygen-hydrogen combining devices we eventually rebuilt the earth and filled the oceans with water once again.