

The Condyne paradox by julian A anderson sample

# The Condyne paradox

julian A anderson

a Connections tale

Connections is a collection of stories that share a common theme, survival. Based around the discovery of an ancient substance, each book explores a different aspect of the material and how it affects the past, present and future.

The Connections stories can be read in any order.

The Condyne paradox by julian A anderson sample

THE CONDYNE PARADOX © 2007 JULIAN A  
ANDERSON

Cover picture © 2007 julian A anderson

The moral right of julian A anderson to be identified as the author of this work has been asserted in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act of 1988.

All rights reserved; no part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying or otherwise, without prior permission of the publisher. All characters in this book are fictitious and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead is purely coincidental.

ISBN 978-0-9934328-0-4

First published in Great Britain in 2015 by  
NorilskXylla Publishing, UK.

[www.julianaanderson.co.uk](http://www.julianaanderson.co.uk)

## What if?

Every story begins with a single thought, what if?

“In his Principia Mathematica, Sir Isaac Newton stated that absolute, true, and mathematical time, of itself and from its own nature, flows equably without regard to external forces.

By the early 20<sup>th</sup> century that fixed view concerning the nature of time was dispelled by Albert Einstein. In his Special Theory of Relativity, he stated that the rate at which time passes is not fixed, but is dependent on the observer. A man standing on the surface of the Earth would observe time passing at one rate for himself and at another for his brother returning from a trip to deep space. It is a short leap from that idea, to one in which time might move in different directions, depending on the perspective of the observer.

If one day, man could travel from the future to the present, then from his perspective, our present would be his future as well as his past. In other words, our view of time as a fixed linear progression from the past to the present, to the future, no longer holds true and seventy thousand years of gradual and linear evolution of knowledge would come to an abrupt end. We would have created a melting pot in which it is not too far-fetched to suppose that the future of research is not to build on the experiences of our ancestors but to seize the knowledge of our descendants.”

Andre Zidane, International SAP conference, Munich

## It begins

‘Dear god, it’s there.’

The voice, cut with a mixture of disbelief and eager anticipation, had an immediate effect on the three man team that occupied a cramped office deep in the bowels of the Zidane Industries’ Research Institute.

For a few seconds, no one dared to speak or move. Each stunned into immobility by what had been said. There followed a flurry of activity as everyone tried to squeeze into a narrow space between a wall and the single computer screen on which they hoped the fruits of two years’ work would be displayed.

Brad Condyne, the owner of the voice pointed to a nondescript area on his screen as the remainder of the team stood in silence behind him. They waited patiently for the reappearance of something that might prove whether or not, they had wasted two years of their lives. Two years of staring at blank screens waiting to see... In fact, no one was quite sure what they would see, whether they would see anything at all and even if they did, whether they would recognise it if they did see it. But encapsulated in those four brief words was the hope and desire that the waiting was finally over.

Time passed slowly whilst the office clock tapped out each individual passing second of inactivity. As the second hand completed another revolution, the three men began to fidget nervously at the prospect of another brief moment of hope, cruelly cut short as the result of a power spike or a random particle of radiation, striking a single pixel on the monitor. The screen flared again leaving behind a short

lived black circle. There was a collective sigh of relief as they began to breathe once more.

‘Timing?’

The two men standing behind Brad looked at each other with fleeting bewilderment before reacting to the statement. Then each scrambled frantically to his own station.

Brad shrieked like a child as his screen flared once more. The youngest member of the team activated a timing programme. Then they waited, patiently anticipating Brad’s next call, which would confirm or not, the flare’s reappearance.

‘That’s it!’ Brad shouted with excitement.

‘Twenty-eight seconds, repeat.’

‘For Christ’s sake, don’t give me rough approximations.’ Brad yelled. ‘This is too important.’

‘I know my job.’ The young man replied angrily. ‘It was twenty-eight seconds to an accuracy of 1/10,000ths.’

The room fell silent as the timing experiment was repeated.

‘Twenty-eight seconds, repeat and that is an exact figure.’

Brad nodded but said nothing. In all, they carried out the same actions a further 128 times over the course of the next hour before the signal faded beyond the limit of their interest. Repeating the experiment so many times was crucial. This could be the dawn of a new scientific age. There could be no room for mistakes.

‘What about the position, is it changing?’

The third man of the team shook his head. ‘The coordinates are fixed. We have a predictable cycle. It’s like a lighthouse beam. But there is something odd. Each time we got the signal it was both weaker and had other signals buried beneath it. The first had two, next four and so on. It’s almost as if we are seeing multiple echoes.’

‘It has to be artificial, doesn’t it?’ The younger man

finished his sentence in a hesitant manner.

‘Don’t jump to conclusions.’ Brad warned. ‘Remember what happened when they discovered the pulsar.’

‘Yes, I know. They found a regular repeated signal from deep space and thought they had little green men, but we are not looking at space or aliens for that matter. This is purely a terrestrial phenomenon of human origin.’

‘Who knows what the origin may be. We have moved beyond the boundaries of reasoned science.’ Brad replied as he began to fumble through the chaos on his desk in search for a phone. At last, he found it and dialled a short number.

‘Heuttenbauer bitte. Ja, hier ist Dr. Condyne. Wir haben es gefunden.’