

First Chapter (Prologue - A Voice from the End of Times):



I don't know whether you can hear me, but it's very important to me that I tell my story to someone before I lose the ability. I know you won't believe it yet, but the story I have to tell you has the power to potentially change your life, but I recognise of course, that the chances of this being heard are infinitesimal. Having said this, amongst the countless realities, struggling through countless challenging contexts there must surely be at least one out there where my story is potentially heard and subsequently written down? The limitations of where I am now, at the end of times means the only way I can write this book is by thinking it and hoping the super-consciousness which links us all resonates across the impossibly vast reaches of space/time and endless dimensions and connects with a writer of some description.

My story may seem relevant, and perhaps our history has even been similar, up to a point? On the other hand, it is entirely possible that the creative structural pathway I have chosen to tell this story may be so alien that this desperate attempt to communicate to someone is dismissed immediately as a random space anomaly. If you are reading this, then someone, perhaps a writer, or perhaps someone who you've never heard of has picked this story up and written about it in your language. I can only hope this is the case, for this is my last chance to pass on my extraordinary experiences to help others. If you are to gain any knowledge or insight into my experiences at all, as unlikely as it all may sound, what you do need to realise immediately is that this is an entirely true story. A knowledge of temporal mechanics, electroencephalogram investigations, quantum entanglement theory and superluminal travel would be handy, but not essential so don't worry! The problem I have initially, is that compelling stories don't suddenly start from nothing. They usually pick up from an untidy tangled web of already well defined, complex occurrences, and mine and the writer's job is not only to clearly identify a starting point but bring the reader up to speed as it were in terms of who is who and what is what, hopefully without boring them.

My story then starts in the year 2018 AD in our calendar but to be honest, to understand the connections between me and the other protagonists in this story, you really need to travel 2000 years before this into the past, where me and my fellow Tibetan monk friends first made the extraordinary commitment of volunteering ourselves to be linked to four statues through time, to keep us from 'moving on' at death and ensuring that we returned to this earthly plain each time to experience our reincarnations. We were brought together by our master, who in this time period is called Mr Chu, to do his bidding for the benefit of humankind. Mr Chu had bravely volunteered to stay alive all this time using the power of the Thousand (expired holy monks who volunteered their life energy in the cause of humanity's journey to enlightenment; or so I thought), so he could round us up and once again tell us who we were. This all stopped in our last reincarnation because the holy mission we were on led Mad Dog, who worked for British Secret Service pre-war and during the beginning of the Second World War and me to be trapped in Limbo, and the other members of the Hand (of Destiny) had to physically rescue us. This was successful, but ever since then we have been immortal so the laborious task of collecting us after we had been reincarnated was no longer required. We stayed who we were, and never grew old.

At this point, and please stay with me, dear reader, as my story is about to be told, I should introduce myself and my friends in the Hand of Destiny. My name is George Melville, and I had been an investigator for solicitors in London until I met Mad Dog, an actual Scottish lord who recruited me into the British Secret Service. Other members of my team were Dodds and Yvonne, a married couple who were police officers at Scotland Yard until I got them mixed up with MI6. In addition to

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Mr Chu in the Hand was Mr Neme, who like Mr Chu was already ancient and was a Sufi master. To conclude our tiny but unusual group were two people very dear to me. One was my beautiful wife, Emily, who became a member of the Hand when I was trapped along with Mad Dog in limbo, and my daughter Susan, who at the time of the beginning of this epic story in 2018 is sixty-six years old. This all sounds well and good, but unbeknownst to us, Susan was in fact the reincarnation of an ancient being called the Pathfinder and sent to us to help humanity achieve the rebirth (all will become clear later). Because she had been a seven-year-old girl when she entered Limbo, then that is exactly how she stayed, but with an intense intelligence and wisdom discernible if you looked her closely in the eyes. By the time we heard this I might add, things had already turned weird, so we sort of just took it in our stride. The thing I should mention as well is that we had a visitor in the earlier 1960s, which was a very advanced machine which had travelled through time, space and multiverse dimensions from a dystopian Earth (our planet) future to protect the Pathfinder. It was a small spherical object called SeeMore which could disappear inside Susan at the drop of a hat and existed to save and protect Susan.

To be able to use SeeMore's advanced technology then was very useful in pursuing our current goal. We had dedicated ourselves then to saving the planet and ensuring the future that SeeMore had travelled from would not be our fate in this reality. Saving the planet though was a lot harder than we had imagined. It seemed humanity (inhabitants of Earth) were dead set on a course of destruction, dancing to the dance of capitalism gone mad. Profit was everything, and if they had to rape and pillage the rain forests and the oceans to do that, then they would do. I don't know what it's like in your world, but in ours we were as a race, chronically irresponsible. Firstly, in order to make a difference, the goal was simply to accrue money. We needed to make huge amounts of money, because to make any difference at all, it would take enormous sums to achieve anything like our aims. To achieve this, SeeMore had used its knowledge about the future; albeit just its own to invest very wisely and expeditiously in all the right areas, being plastics, computers, mobile applications, land and Latin American shares and investments. The sums now showed a huge 7 trillion-dollar amount now secreted in bank accounts around the world; in spite of what we had already spent so far to begin the process of making a difference.

Over the years, the money had been used to grab land at first in areas completely out of the way and help humanity in terms of turning back the damage it was inflicting on the Earth. This was achieved by creating rain forest plant projects, biosphere colonies, eco systems, experimental stations and genetic banks; each protected from aerial observation and government interference by SeeMore and the technology it installed. We were now facing our most daring plan of all. Our strategy had been to develop our own technological drive using the knowledge we had from SeeMore, meaning the technology available to us was far in advanced to the current technology humanity had developed. We had terraformed an acquisition from twelve years ago, a remote group of volcanic islands in the South Atlantic Ocean to house a base, an airstrip, and a spaceport able to launch anything within reason to any one of the planets in the solar system. Sadly, SeeMore had not been able to fathom yet faster than light speed, so the solar system was the limit at this time.

On 14 October 2018 then, the launch of three biospheres to the dark side of the Moon was planned which would provide a sustainable eco system for any future visitors was planned, but it was time to collect on promises made a long time ago. Back in 1972, once the Hand developed an overall plan and had some funds behind it, we had made secret visits to all the major countries of the world. We introduced ourselves and the powers that we had, which were basically the ability to heal and be healed, the power to rematerialize to other places and the ability to destroy or move anything using the power of the Thousand. After the initial shock, it was agreed that each country would agree to save 2% of its GDP towards a fund which, when it was required by the Hand, would provide money

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for any project deemed important enough for this venture. Having terraformed Tristan da Cunha into a spaceport and airport, once the ecospheres were in place a much larger project was planned to completely terraform Mars, with plans to defrost the residual water table which was completely frozen and use thermal atomisers to restore a climate to Mars which could support and sustain life. This would take a huge amount of money, yet it was estimated that \$20 trillion or the equivalent should by now be available from the countries visited in 1972, which would be sufficient along with the Hand's funds to achieve our aims. Although SeeMore couldn't see any money set up for this, we had no idea what clandestine funds had been arranged to meet our needs. We presumed amongst the myriad of government schemes set up, our money would be found.

So, after decades of planning and lying low; except for our initial visits across the world in 1972, we were now actually in position to put our plans in place and become more of a force to be reckoned with; happy in the knowledge that if we weren't saving planet Earth, then at least we were making it possible to move to Mars and start again. This would not only be in terms of a fresh and sustainable eco system, but also hopefully with a new socio-political system which placed at its centre the protection of the planet. My story begins now dear readers. As I tell it, this will generally be from my perspective as the narrator, but this may change at times as I immerse myself in others' roles. At the end of this epic journey, I will talk to you again, but for now, enjoy, as I promise you everything described here really did happen!