

ZYCLO - Excerpt
Burt Goldman

I will tell you exactly the way that it happened. I met the man through an accident. He was perfect for my needs. The fact that he was of a different race was exactly what I wanted for my plan. He told me he was a physician, that meant he was intelligent. Much more so than ninety percent of the New Yorkers of the time.

But before I decided on him I must confess I was going to put a different plan into motion; thinking back, that plan would have failed miserably. Remember please that at that time a black man in America was not thought of as capable of any responsibility much less in the field of medicine.

We met quite by chance. It surely would have had serious consequences except for my exceptional quickness and strength. I mentioned something to him about it being strange that a Negro would be driving a cabriolet. And he responded with, "I am a Negro, and it may be just twenty years since the Civil War, but I am a doctor of medicine, a physician, and an expert in my field. I think I've earned the right to ride in Central Park without stares or comment."

I recall my response. "You're a black doctor from Africa. You don't exactly qualify as an expert in anything."

"I'm from Pennsylvania, and trust me sir I am an expert in my specialty."

"Oh, and what is it you specialize in, bandaging cuts and bruises?"

"No, although I do bandage cuts and soothe a bruised body on occasion. However my specialty is thoracic surgery, heart surgery to you."

"So you're a heart surgeon. Have you operated on any hearts lately?"

My question was facetious. At that time in 1884 there was no one who could operate on the open heart so it was with surprise that I heard his response,

"As a matter of fact I have. Only last week a young man, who had been stabbed in the chest, was brought to the Hospital where I practice. I along with five other physicians who were there to assist did the surgery. It was successful and the man is now out of danger and recovering."

My surprise was considerable to say the least. I remember my next words clearly, "Do you mean to tell me that you performed a successful open heart procedure? You, a black man performed the first, the only open heart surgery ever done?"

The head nodded, we shook hands, and my respect for the man grew as my thoughts whirled around the fact that barely twenty years before, Africans were looked on as semi-human. When this man was born there was slavery in the United States. And now, contrary to all I've heard, I was being told that not only were Africans intelligent, but apparently bold and creative as well. He introduced himself as Dr. Daniel Williams, the first open heart surgeon, a black man. A man who's blood flowed with the heritage of Africa through his veins.

"Well, there must be quite a story behind that." I said.

"Yes there is. And one day it will be told. But for now, I would really prefer to hear something of your story. You are the strangest looking white man I have ever seen.

My decisions are instant. Fate had thrown us together and my race is not noted for hesitation. I had looked for someone to tell my story to for some time. No one came close to qualifying until now. Here was a man of a different race, like myself, who had persevered, who had been taunted, laughed at, demeaned, but who had struggled mightily against all odds to achieve the unachievable. He was worthy of hearing my tale. And perhaps, just perhaps, he might be able to understand, but I doubted that he could possibly help me. Still, I wanted to tell my story to someone who could appreciate the experiences of...someone different, and so I decided to tell it all. In addition to that, an idea had popped into my mind that perhaps this was the person who could help us out of our dilemma. But first, I would tell him about myself. For him to help, the information had to be in his memory bank. I was about to put it there.

I told the doctor to sit and I would tell him, and show him things beyond his imagination. That information, as you may be aware, had to be in his mind. And the story that I told him was the one that I'm telling you now. He interrupted me from time to time so that I could clarify a point or two but as much of the tale was beyond his comprehension he, for the most part just let me speak. Eventually of course his incredulity turned to a modicum of acceptance. But let me continue.

I said, relax Dr. Williams, and I will spin you a tale never before heard by any human being. I will tell you the story of... me—myself, Zyclotone Ryketoo. You may have heard of me through a name I adopted some time ago, John Marlin, or perhaps Jeronimo Aguilar. But as my narrative will begin prior to my Marlin identity I will refer to myself as Zyclo. Also as the science of physics is only now being popularized I will have to support this document with what scientists would call a theory, but what I would call, having utilized the process, a fact.

Forgive me please when I use words that you have never heard. For some of them there are no words in your language, no definitions, but the strangeness of the names, and the words, will take nothing from the story, I promise.

The accepted theory of some scientists is that of an infinite number of universes, a Multiverse, parallel to this one, that you would call, reality. But in reality, your reality, this reality is only one of a vast number that exceeds a trecentillion. That number is the largest I know of. It would be expressed by a 10 with 903 zeros after it. That number becomes more meaningful when you realize that every third zero represents a thousand times more that which preceded it; there are 301 times that the number increases a thousand fold. Trecentillion grains of sand would be more sand than is on a hundred worlds of the size of Earth. The human mind cannot conceive of such a number, much less the concept of infinity. To define the indefinable, a definition of infinity, would be, 'one more'. Whatever the number, one more, and again after that, and on ad infinitum.

There are more universes in the Multiverse than even the greatest scientists could possibly imagine. I, Zyclo, was bred in one of those. My reality was, is, and will be. I long to return to it, but alas—that has proved to be impossible. I have tried everything. For more than seven hundred years I have tried, without success. I have only one process left to me and I hesitate to use that one because if it fails, I will have to accept the fact I can never return to Clanzith—my world.

Clanzith is a six dimensional world—a world far beyond your own poor four dimensions. A Clanzithan such as I, as example, can merge with your earth and gain energy from it; I also have the ability to travel at speeds you could not even imagine when I am within the earth. As you cannot possibly envision a world with six fixed dimensions, set your mind to thinking about a two dimensional world. A world of length and breadth, but without height or time. A world a caterpillar would inhabit. Nothing higher than itself. A caterpillar that travels in a two dimensional, flat, three hundred and sixty degree plane. Were you to be transported to that caterpillar's view of reality, you would have an idea of how I feel in your reality. Think of the

power you would possess in a world of two dimensions if you were the only four dimensional creature. You would have the advantage of knowing about time, and space. You would have height and vertical movement available to you—how powerful you would be, and how unhappy you would be in a world such as that. Consider that for a moment and you would have a clue as to the powers that I possess, as a six dimensional creature, in a four dimensional world.

The simile is not that far off as the caterpillar transforms itself from the two dimensional sphere to the four when it breaks through its chrysalis and turns into a butterfly. I am a butterfly in a world of caterpillars with two extra dimensions available to me.

What are those two extra dimensions? Ah, all in good time, I did refer to one of them when I said I have the ability to merge and travel within the earth. But first, before I begin the final process to return to Clanzith, I will leave you with this chronicle. My testament to the good people I've met here on Earth that I have come to know and in some cases, to love.