

The Garden of Eden Gone Mad



The rain returned, but not in time to save many in the Bison clan. Their sister clan, the Elk clan, had perished entirely when the two people groups divided five years ago. Mona had lost everything except for her three children and her younger brother. Her husband died along with

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his Mammoth Clan a few years before the clans split. Mona's mother and father perished in their attempt to take the Elk Clan back to their original hunting ground.



With the rain the wildfires had stopped devouring the vegetation and new growth was returning along with some small game species on which her once proud and capable hunters were now exploiting.



Gone are the massive elk, bison, and mammoth herds. Gone are the seven-foot-tall terror birds they once used as mounts on which the hunters could ride with ease thirty miles in one day.

Mona was still the uncontested clan leader, but she survived only because she wouldn't give up. The one hundred or so left in the tribe were a shadow of their former numbers and physical condition. The elderly, youngest and weak had perished years and months ago. No child born had survived in the last three cycles. Would they recover? She did not know but she could not fail. The future had to be secured once more. As she looked down at the necklace containing a small turquoise stone, wet now from her falling tears; she knew this in the deepest corners of her soul.

Millions of miles away and centuries into the future a meeting was being held, a meeting that was critical to the survival of this tiny remnant of humanity.

The surface of earth in the tearful Mona's present primitive timeline was more of a graveyard than a Garden of Eden. The technically advanced meeting participants were fully aware of the conditions on early Earth. They were perplexed about this small band of peoples' potential for survival, without assistance and a larger breeding population, humanity would cease to exist.

But obviously their annihilation did not occur, why? Because in the meeting participant's timeline, Mona's mitochondrial DNA was shown to be present in one hundred percent of the trillions upon trillions of humans found throughout three galaxies thousands of generations later.

Captain Mona Ann Lisa holds a similar position in her timeline that the ancient progenitor Mona did in her timeline. Captain Lisa is the military, scientific and moral leader of sentient life in the far reaches of three major galaxies. Like her beloved Mona, in the distant past, she did not seek her position, it was thrust upon her.

Now the Captain's action or inaction could send a shock wave across the known universe and over thousands of centuries. The wrong decision might result in the erasure of the human species. Her choice could result in nonexistence. She better get it right! One ironic consequence was if she was wrong no human would be around to say I told you so!

The good Captain had already interfered three times before and her present timeline did not fundamentally change, so why should she stop meddling? Have they just been very lucky or were their actions just ingredients cooked into the cake. Meaning, they are either unable to significantly change the outcome of the past and thereby the future, or their actions were always a part of the greater plan that results in the reality they now occupy.

Mona's scientific team believes changes in their present timeline did occur, based on their interference. These changes were rather minor and almost undetectable. However, because they exist it suggests catastrophic changes were possible.

Mona's normal course was to act, but with as much knowledge and preparation as humanly possible. So, this meeting included the best minds in the known universe. No resource would be withheld, or any rock not looked under.

They had been in discussion for three days and most were exhausted. Computer modeling had indicated that ninety eight percent of the time humans should have ceased to exist on the surface of Earth. This outcome was confirmed with 99.991 percent confidence. So, what changed the

inevitability of extinction? The answer was presently unknown, but Mona's suspicion was interference from the future was most likely the proximate cause.

As the distraught clan leader emerged from her lodge she saw her brother, Journey, returning from hunting and scavenging. He was carrying a leather bag stuffed with a few rabbits and some small birds. He smiled at her and pointed to Mona's youngest son who was carrying a large pouch containing some edible roots. She went to her son and asked to see his collection. On examination she praised him for his success. To her relief she now knew they would have a good meal. They would not only be able to feed themselves but their extended family as well. This included Journey, her daughter and her mate, her older son, and his spouse, as well as her youngest son. This was a good day. While every day was not so successful, today's experience was getting more common. She thanked the Creator for their good fortune.



While tonight they would have full stomachs, tomorrow was always a new adventure. There were a handful of pregnant women within the encampment. As the only midwife she knew the progress of the expectant mothers. She prayed that all the children would make it to full term and live. It had been at least three cycles since a child had lived to be born, and if born, survived long enough to walk.

Captain Lisa was both grateful and relieved. The decision was made, the Time Travel Management Council authorized the Tri-Galactic Federation to actively observe, and if deemed necessary, to send a person or small team to improve the human remnant's survival on surface Earth. Anything needed beyond this strictly defined mission had to be reevaluated and reapproved.

Captain Lisa collected her team and started preparations. She estimated the project would take months to prepare and several more months to execute. She had already amassed an amazing amount of data and surveillance recordings. You see the tiny blue gemstone the Bison Clan Chief

had in her necklace was a quantum transmitter. Also, two drones had surveilled the clan continuously for the last 10 ? years.

Journey was now in his late twenties and Mona was worried her younger brother would not marry. He was too dedicated to hunting and defending the Clan. He had little time or energy to worry about finding a suitable woman to start a family. He was the best hunter, warrior and healer in the Clan and was unquestionably the future Chief. Mona was now in her mid-forties and was hoping to turn her duties over to him. She had suffered the responsibilities of clan chief since she was in her mid-teens. She had slowly shifted more and more responsibilities to him without him recognizing her doing so.

Mona often dreamed of the wonderful days of her youth. She was the only daughter of Eva and Toby, the uncontested rulers of the Boneyard. Her playground was a territory the size of a country. Her Nannies were Jewel and Raven the Queen and King of the Terror Bird Clan. Her father declared she was more bird than human. She grew up on the backs of two seven-foot-tall apex predators. Her people numbered in the thousands, food was abundant, and the people were happy and content. Her heart ached because all was gone, only memories remained. Mother Nature had turned deadly, and all but a handful survived.



For several months now the rain had returned to historical levels. Could she dare to hope again, might they plan for a future? Should they search for better hunting grounds? In her youth she had visions that told her of future events. Unfortunately, this gift had disappeared like all the game they hunted. She fell to her knees and prayed for everything to improve. She knew, even with adequate food, one small bout with disease, violent weather like an unusual blizzard or food poisoning could end them all.

The Plan

Captain Mona Ann Lisa was presently surrounded by her two Sisters Moonbeam and Levie, antiquity experts (Toby, Eva, Rain Cloud, and xxxx). Her sisters had developed the science behind time travel and the experts assembled were the most highly qualified in the Federation. If expertise could guarantee success, then they would be highly successful.

Unknown to the Federation, a group that wanted to control the Eighth Space Quadrant (the entire eighth space sector) with knowledge in timeline manipulation, was also planning an incursion into ancient Earth. This group despised humankind and all the sentient species that cooperated with them in the Federation. They knew if they could destroy all the humans when they were at their lowest number, they could remove them as a threat to their evil domination of the sector.

Moonbeam briefed the planning team. "It is important we review the rules of time travel. Observation through the shadowland process places no limitation on the observer. Remember in shadowland only your consciousness travels, not your body. You can observe but you cannot interact with the physical environment. Nothing there can harm you, you are free to come and go if you have the correct 4D coordinates for both your target and your home. Most of our most difficult work is done because we have the two surveillance drones there observing and have for many years."

"Physical timeline insertion is a totally different story. The physical human body must go through time dilation. This causes the following limitations. One can only travel in time nude, no clothes, no technology, the only weapons can be organic, wood or stone. Refined metals or synthetics will not dilate or will be useless if transferred. We also have ethical reasons not to transmit any advanced technology to the past."

"The drones presently there are marvelous inventions that take enormous energy to: transmit shield and operate in a pocket reality. The energy expenditure is equal to that needed to maintain the function and shielding of a planet sized mother ship like our Dragonfly."

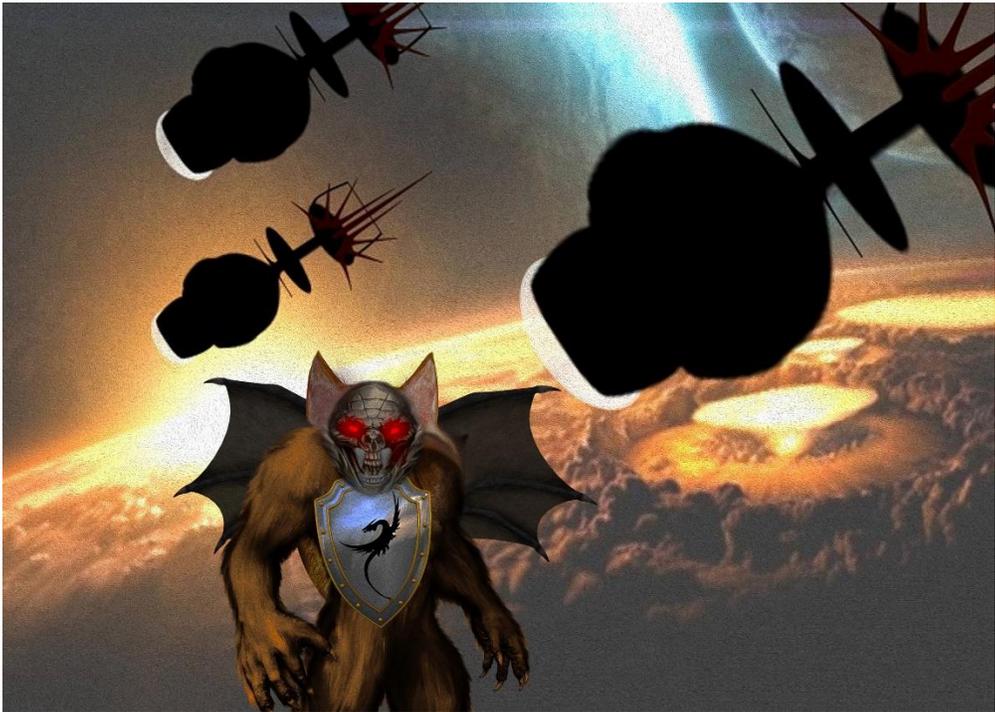
"Another limitation is the threat of time dilation decompression. When one is inserted into a 4D coordinate, unless you return within three minutes, you must stay for several weeks, or your DNA will denature with fatal and excruciating pain and suffering. And the most important limitation is one we know but don't have a scientific explanation for. Once a sentient being or beings are inserted into a 4D coordinate, no other extra-timeline beings can return to the same 4D coordinates forever. Basically, this blocks the specific window for the duration of the entire visitation. So, we have only one shot at any targeted 4D coordinate. If we fail to accomplish our mission, that time window is forever lost. There are no do overs! Understood?"



The clan chief was restless despite her full stomach. Her lodge was warm and comfortable, but she could not relax, her mind was racing. Could she have done anything to have saved more clansmen? Could she have saved any of the newborns, should she have moved to another hunting ground? Her head was spinning, and she was getting nauseated. Then it happened, she saw a vision as she did as a teenager. She saw her parents, Toby and Eva in their youth, and they were with a woman she did not recognize. They were laughing and talking like old friends. It was so real she cried so loud Journey burst into her lodge thinking his mother was being attacked. Journey startled her but she quickly gained her composure and told him it was just a nightmare. She was fine and he could return to his lodge. She was shaken but thankful the visions had returned.

The Chupacabras







The Supreme Cave Master Bloodthirst of the Chupacabras stormed into the war council where all his top Generals were planning the invasion and subjugation of the Tri-Galactic Federation territories. He had long awaited the opportunity for the ultimate payback. Captain Lisa and her Federation had annihilated his ancestors, a two trillion-man armada and left them to certain extinction. However, his ancestors had stumbled upon time travel technology in one of the advanced civilizations they destroyed. They back engineered it and brought forward enough females from their past to begin repopulation. It took several hundred years but now their warrior class and weaponry were equal to the task of destroying the Federation. It was delicious to him that Captain Lisa would never see them coming because the Federation assumed they were extinct.

He had secretly placed paid spies within the Federation and was monitoring their news, social media, and recorded history. He had been briefed about the existence of Earth, the Human Species' origin, and their battle with extinction in a few time windows. His scientists speculated that they could target these pinch points in minimal population density, kill the human remnant and be rid of humanity all together. He could not wait to return the favor. He placed all his best scientists on the project.



They returned with a jackpot. They had lost many of their investigators to the vagrancies of the time dilation effects but they were able to identify three pinch points in human survival. They were about to launch three teams of their best assassins to assault all three-time windows and coordinates. The orders were to kill without mercy any humans encountered. The expectation was that with three chances they would succeed and eliminate the species at one of the coordinates. Once the assault team was on site, no other time travelers could interfere. His assassination teams were small in number but with just their claws, teeth and strength could dispatch humans if they were able to ambush them without warning. The teams were all expendable and were not expected to return alive.

Bloodthirst had no respect for his soldiers and told his technicians to abandon any surviving assassins. He did not want to expend the energy it took to bring them back; he would know they succeeded if humans disappeared from existence or were greatly reduced in number, influence or technical capability.

The vengeful Chupacabras' plan was logical but somewhat flawed. Only one pinch point was vulnerable enough to result in extinction. However, that time window was the one involving the Bison Clan.

The Vision

Captain Mona Ann Lisa and her ancient namesake had the same vision, millions of miles, and thousands of years apart. The Captain immediately knew the perpetrators in the vision while Mona of the clan did not. They witnessed two beasts resembling enormous bats attacking a hunting party of the Bison Clan. Journey was leading a party of five individuals and killed one of the assassins. One clansman was killed and two more injured in the attack.

Captain Lisa was stunned and speechless at first, then angry at herself for not anticipating the possibility and vulnerability of her ancestors. Seems an old enemy had risen from the dead and threatened the very existence of humanity. She had to act and act quickly; any delay could result in disaster.



This enemy felt no mercy, they were the ultimate destroyers. No galaxy, planet or solar system conquered by them survived. There was no negotiation or coexistence, it was fight or die. Their evil was absolute, even those that temporarily cooperated with them in the hopes of profit or survival were soon dispatched with joy by the Chupacabra.



They fed on the blood of their victims. They kept blood cows as they called them until they were used up and then those were tortured to death for sport.



Mona had never encountered an enemy so unredeemable. While the elimination of any life form was ethically and morally repugnant to the Federation, this species was the exception. If Mona's vision was accurate, the mercy the Federation showed the Chupacabra has now been shown to have been ill advised.



Mona woke up in a cold sweat, she was in her lodge but felt she had been attacked by these evil beings. They looked like the bats found in the caverns within the mountains. Their massive colonies would emerge from their roost at dusk like a cloud of demons. She simply had not paid attention to them; they were never a food source. That was now not the case. These animals were half the size of a human male but moved with such speed, tactic, and viciousness it was amazing. They slashed with their claws and teeth. If a warrior was not quick to cover their vital parts, they were quickly mortally wounded or incapacitated.

Mona yelled for Journey, and he quickly responded. She gave him every detail and asked him to respond. He took every observation to heart. He understood his mother's capabilities and powers of observation. The powerful warrior suspected the threat was real and would manifest itself soon.

He thought with the temperatures presently low caused by the abundant rainstorms, wearing leather and hides with fur around the head, neck, and torsos (when not secure within their lodges) was possible and advisable. He would ask all hunters and foragers to move in groups of no less than five or more.

These groups would have one warrior with a shield and weapons at the ready. Everyone including women would carry obsidian knives and hatchets. Obsidian was extremely sharp, though easily chipped they would cut through anything. Bow and arrow or slings would not be effective in close combat, but short knives and spears would.

He would personally train all the guards in close combat tactics and the proper use of a leather covered wooden shield. Helmets would be worn by all warriors when outside from this point until the danger had past. Burning torches (if available) would be used through the day by all clansmen when outside. All lodges would be reinforced with extra seasoned wooden ribbing and additional

layers of hides. All women would sleep in the dugouts below ground level. No clansman would ever be alone or without weapons for any reason.

The Day

Bloodthirst reviewed his shock troops; they were a total of thirty. This was the maximum their technology and energy resources could insert at one time. Even this number exceeded the safety parameters needed to guarantee successful transmissions. His advisors had determined the optimal number needed to hunt down and kill their targets within the three different 4D coordinates. He insisted on attacking all three timelines and locations simultaneously. Staggering the attacks might allow the Federation time to detect and stop the next attack.

Bloodthirst had apportioned thirteen assassins to one coordinate, twelve to another and only five to target the smallest remanent location. They were to first observe, identify and kill the leaders, then slaughter the rest at their leisure.

Ironically, this was the inverse of proper logic. The highest number of attackers or all the assassins should have gone to the smallest group, thus guaranteeing the total annihilation of a timeline which was all that was needed. His approach gave his enemies the best odds of surviving. However, he was arrogant like his ancestors, as they too lost battles and wars by such errors in reasoning.

On insertion, the largest group lost all their contingent, except one and he died soon after arrival. The group of twelve lost all but five; however, the five were left blinded and deaf on arrival. The smallest group had the best luck and inserted three of the five.

The three landed roughly about three miles from the Bison Clan's compound. They were well trained but were disoriented by the effects of time dilation. They found the smoldering remains of their two companions nearby. Once they regained their senses and covered the remains of their comrades. They separated to identify the number, location, and routine of the humans. They hoped to identify the leaders and coordinate a plan for their elimination.

Mona sensed their presence and alerted the village. Journey warned everyone to act as normal as possible. However, he had all the women to arm themselves and remain under cover. Journey hoped to orchestrate an ambush once he determined the number and intent of the alien visitors.

The Federation's Response

Mona went to the shadowland lab with two antiquity experts and laid down in the recliners. Moonbeam and Levie placed the headphones on the three travelers, and they lost consciousness. Within seconds their disembodied avatars were hovering over the location of the blue gemstone in Mona's necklace. The encampment was almost without movement. So, Captain Lisa signed for the two experts to remain over the village while she circled the camp in broader and broader circles. She detected movement in the brush about three hundred yards from the clan's central fire pit. She had requested the two drones to be positioned three thousand feet above the camp just prior to their mission. She located both drones and turned her attention to the movement.

She swooped down to the location previously identified and found one of the assailants. She was shocked! Because the enemy had established physical presence, the Federation was not able to send assets to defeat these intruders. They could only wait, hope, and pray everything would work out. Until they were killed or left, she could do nothing in this 4D coordinate except observe.

The two drones had the power to record and transmit visual and environmental data, uncloak, become visible, flash a few lights; however, their weight, size and slow speeds made them all but useless as a weapon.

She went to one of the antiquity experts and sent them back to place a handful of their best hand to hand combat personnel on standby to insert the moment a window of opportunity presented itself. Mona feared the Chupacabra would send additional forces once these operatives left or were known to be killed. She intended to beat them to the punch. Once the Federation gained presence, they would maintain a body or bodies here no matter how long it took to defeat their enemy.

Unknown to them but Lucky for the Federation, Bloodthirst's technology was not reliable and could not activate except once every few weeks. They always had to replace components after every insertion and especially after a mission as massive as this one. It would probably take a couple of months to repair.

Captain had no doubt about this mission, she knew that if the Chupacabra lived they would be trying to eliminate humans from existence. She not only had to protect the Bison Clan, but any other remnant survival pinch point known or discovered later. She had to warn the Federation as soon as possible and devise a foolproof plan to foil their efforts.

The Captain's strategy

Captain Lisa knew the clan was not defenseless and if they knew these assailants were present could neutralize them. She left the last expert to observe and returned to the Dragonfly. Upon awakening Mona immediately requested an emergency meeting with her sisters and her top military staff. She first gave instructions to have the two drones shadow the intruders and to de-cloak and flash their colored lights above anyone that neared the Clan. While it would shock her ancestors, it would also bring attention to the danger of approaching assassins.

Mona asked for a complete analysis and computer modeling of their situation. The Federation needed to find the Chupacabra and end this once and for all time. Since the Federation was an open society, it was easy for an enemy to get intelligence information, so she knew secrecy now was paramount. She thought someone was feeding critical information to their enemies. Therefore, the Captain knew a well-orchestrated misinformation campaign could expose them and lead to their destruction.

Journey

Near dusk the future Chief of the Bison Clan stood guard atop a platform halfway up a large tree overlooking the village. He had two of his best archers with him. All three were scanning the surrounding approaches to their settlement. Suddenly he saw flashing red lights below him about one hundred yards to his right. Startled, he had seen this before once in his youth. It always meant something important according to his mother. So, he concentrated on anything near the sporadic light source. He detected movement and ordered his men to let their arrows fly. He heard the thud of the arrows finding their mark and they immediately heard an ear-splitting screech. Then absolute silence.

The red blinking lights ceased. Journey was curious beyond measure but denied his impulse to investigate. The lights then appeared in two different locations, one directly in front and one to his

left. He picked up his bow and signed for all three to wait for movement in front of them. They heard something and saw a shadow move. All three let fly at the same second. The shadow lurched forward and was flopping and screeching on the ground. Two of the three arrows found their mark.

Journey turned to see the remaining light blink faster and move away from their position on their right. The future Chief signaled to have their hunting dogs released. Three eighty-pound dogs raced after the fleeing beast. Journey left the tree to the archers and met five other warriors at the tree base. From there they approach the downed intruders. Both monsters were run through from their expert marksmen; however, they decapitated their bodies before proceeding after the red lights. The dogs kept a symphony of barks and howls as they pursued the enemy. From the sounds of the dogs and the blinking lights they knew the creature was cornered.

Moonbeam and Levie burst into Mona's wardroom frantically telling her about the visual and other data coming from the surveillance drones on Earth. They transferred the feed to a 3D display console in the middle of Mona's private conference room. From every angle they were witnessing the action. The remaining assassin was about to breathe the last few times in his miserable life. He was on a rock ledge about ten feet above the chasing canines. His eyes were blood red, and his fangs and claws were exposed and extended to their maximum. He was hissing and his foul-smelling spittle was projected forward several feet. The torches carried by the warriors clearly illuminated the vile display. The assembled clansmen had their spears raised and the archers had their arrows ready for release. The bat creature's atrophied wings fluttered making a loud rattle. He then suddenly launched himself off his perch directly for Journey.



Spears, arrows, and knives impaled the vermin before he reached the ground. His final resting place was three feet from Journey. It flopped and screeched for a few seconds and then complete stillness. The warriors decapitated the thing with a hatchet, threw it on a drag and drug it to the central fire pit. There they put more wood and pitch on the fire. When the flames were hot enough, they but the three carcasses on long poles. And two men suspended them over the flames. Though hungry, they did not even consider eating the vile things. This was a cremation and disposal of a nightmare.

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