

Frameworks II: Into the Fire

FRAMEWORKS II

Into The Fire



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At the base of Israel's Northern Mountains in a flat and sandy desert plain, sat the General decked out on his physical horse along with his officers who were with him scanning the battlefield. They knew this was to be the place where they would enter through to get to Israel. It was just before dawn where the sun glistened in the background but the sand had an orangish look to it as the sun rose.

As the sun progressed, the General wired in via his chip that he was ready to proceed. He received no answer as of yet. So he waited. The sun was now beginning to go from a reddish orange to a brighter display of yellow. As dawn progressed the General noticed just what he was up against.

What he saw was a giant 30 foot tall, brilliantly white, angel who was girded for battle displaying great might. His face was stern and strict expressing his determination, as he slowly unsheathed his sword. He then took the very bright sword, that seemed to be literally on fire at the sword's tip, and pointed it to the ground and then looked straight at the General and his officers. The angel paused.

He basically was saying nonverbally through his facial expression, "**Do not** cross this line. And **I mean it!**" To emphasize these nonverbal expressions, he then dragged the flaming sword across the sand, drawing a line. The fire was so hot that the flaming sword crackled and popped, spitting fire and sparks in all directions, while the sand itself melted, as he drew his line upon it. This converted the affected sand into a hot molten glass. As the sword moved further, the finished molten glass, line left behind the moving sword, began to cool. The molten glass suddenly crystallized into all kinds of wondrous diamond like multicolored crystals, chips and flakes. You could hear rapid but melodious dancing clinking sounds that sounded somewhere between a electronic harp set on fantasy mode and clinking chains. There was a metallic smell that also accompanied the transformation. This was due to the sand being

heated to the incredible, intensified, focused heat that it was being subjected to.

As he finished drawing his line he stood back and then resheathed his sword. He stood there like a rock, still staring at the army, with a frightening and bold countenance. As he finished resheathing his sword, other angels appeared in the air. Some with swords drawn, still more in vehicles that seemed like air chariots. A white funnel cloud also appeared which transformed into a moving pillar cloud. It stood behind and amongst the myriads of angels.

There was only silence in the air that was occasionally broken by wind, the movements of the pillar cloud oscillating slightly back and forth, and flags popping, when the wind got strong enough. The silence and tension arose as did the Sun. It was like being part of a Super-OK Corral-Standoff, awaiting who was going to make the first move.

After playing Chicken for 10 minutes of staring and tension the General buckled. He got afraid. He originally thought it was going to be an easy battle showing little resistance. The last thing he expected was this. He spoke quietly amongst his officers indicating that they would retreat and not challenge the dare that had been made by the daunting angel.

He said to his officers, "There is no way I see us winning this battle, there are too many of them."

A few of his officers responded, "They have too much power. I can feel it even from here." Other's nodded in agreement.

Another said, "Yeah, I didn't sign up for this."

Another said, "I'm out of here."

The General and the other officers agreed.

The General began to turn his horse and the officers followed. He was about to signal his whole army to turn around to retreat but something new happened.

It was now 2:14 a.m. and the quiet ticking sounds of a grandfather clock were accompanied by an occasional snore. There was no other thing that confronted the darkness. Dr. Decker then abruptly rolled on his side. His faced twitched a few times, as if he was unconsciously trying to remove something. His eyes, all of a sudden, opened wide and he sat right up.

Something had disturbed him, as he was trying to ascertain his whereabouts. It was like he had just been somewhere else, and it was right on the tip of his tongue of his memory, but he could not put his finger on it. He tried to remember where he just had been again, but it was to no avail. That was when he noticed the quiet ticking sounds, and he knew he was in his Medical Office. He thought, "It must have just been a dream."

His sense of disquiet still had not abated, even though he knew where he was. He felt as if he was in some kind of danger, but what? He moved around some and turned on a small lamp near his foldaway couch bed that he had been sleeping on. He was still quite groggy and when he lit the dim lamp he noticed he had been sweating too.

As he scanned around the room nothing seemed to be out of the ordinary. The clock still softly ticked. "Yet, why did he feel so unsettled?" he thought again. The windows to his medical office were shut and would open out into a small courtyard. His office had two toned wall color that was complimented by a nice cherry wood desk, across from where he was.

As he began to get up to check the windows, a strong screeching, sliding, cracking sound bellowed from the far side of the room. Dr. Decker froze for the moment, as he thought, "This must be what I was nervous about." Oddly enough, there was no real prior reason to be nervous about this, as this was all new.

The far wall near his desk sounded off again, but this time came with more wood cracking sounds. "Obviously, the wall must be moving," thought Dr. Decker.

He went to inspect it more closely and then the wall suddenly *lurched at him, and his desk chair was now about to be pushed by the wall*, if it moved any more.

The wall exhibited a slight angle, as if one side was being pushed more than than the other side was.

Regardless, Dr. Decker went into the flight or fight mode towards this emerging problem. He urgently checked the windows, like he had begun to, and discovered that they were shut up tight. Since the courtyard did not go anywhere, he would have to break the windows to get out. He decided he would instead try going out via the front office door.

Unfortunately, it was locked too, and the inside lock did not open it. This really began to make him nervous, as the wall lurched again, this time, pushing the chair and the desk slightly out of the way. He had to think quick because if the wall got past the window and the outside door he would be stuck there to be flattened by the wall's incessant actions.

He twisted, tugged, pulled, pushed, to loosen the knob. This did not work either. The wall pushed another time and almost twisted the desk around by its movement. Dr. Decker began to pound the door loudly and yell for someone to let him out. Twas to no avail. Nada. Nothing. He pounded the door once again and came to the conclusion, he was going to get out either by breaking the door down or busting the window. He elected the door, and began to slam himself against it. Again and again he slammed himself. Something had to give soon.

He began to hear the crunching sounds again and lunged mightily against the wooden door. It cracked under his weight. He slammed himself one more time, and this time, he broke through. A whole section of the door went with him as it tore out the hinges, at the frame, as well. Like a football player who had just been tackled, he went down into the adjacent hallway.

Some dust and smoke arose as he slowly tried to gather himself. He squinted some from the overhead florescent light and heard drilling sounds way down the hall to his right. He yelled for help, "Hello!!! Anybody there?!!!" There was no

answer. He looked up and back at the gaping hole in his office door and saw that the wall had just gotten past the opening. He was glad that he missed that.

Yet, he was still groggy, still trying to get his bearings. The room had a weird bending about it like he was on some kind of hallucinogenic. The florescent lights overhead began to blink. He heard the drilling noise again but it was far off, again to his right. When he looked to his left he saw something very strange.

Amidst the hallway bending, shifting, and blinking between white, green and yellowish colors he saw this huge animal. It was NOT supposed to be there. He got up slowly and steadied himself. The white animal turned around and noticed him. That is when it belted off down the hallway. Well that pushed Dr. Decker's weird button just a little too much. Even though he kind of staggered forward he began to go into a full run. It's not everyday you see a giant sized white unicorn in your place of work.

The unicorn turned left along the bending hallways that visually were still bending for Dr. Decker. He picked up his pace but so did the unicorn. He then pushed himself a little harder and began to gain some ground. The unicorn horse kept moving and bending left. Dr. Decker bent left with him. The unicorn turned around, while he ran and seemed to say with his smiling eyes, "You're not going to catch me, you simply won't."

This made Doctor Decker even more determined because of its taunting look. He kept pushing as the Unicorn took a right down a separate hallway. Dr. Decker followed suit but couldn't stop himself until it was too late.

For some reason the hallway suddenly stretched and transitioned itself into a large open cavern, into which the white unicorn promptly jumped and expanded its wings. The unicorn was about a third of the way across the cavern by the time Dr. Decker fell over the edge himself due to his momentum. He began to fall. His fall was fast at first but then it slowed down and he was brought to what seemed to be the inside of a small city sized mall. The stores seemed to go on forever there, at least visually, and in the center of this mall was a giant escalator.

The escalator had a pyramidal shape and the moving steps went up to an apex and then went back down again to the mall. At the top there was a small landing, that one could stand on, if they wanted to jump across to another landing which had a doorway high up, and appeared to be the way out.

The flying unicorn soon found the doorway and went through, leaving the door open. Dr. Decker seemed to float down the last few feet and came to rest near the base of the escalator. He looked around a bit and there was store after store after store, but nobody seemed to be there but him. Since the unicorn had chosen to go that way up above, Dr. Decker decided he would give the escalator a go and see if he could still catch it.

He started to think to himself, this can't be for real. This is got to be some kind of virtual reality thing. He began to rise up by the moving steps of the escalator. He soon found himself at the apex and had to make a decision to jump off the platform to the other side, or be whisked back down the escalator going the other way. He chose the platform. And in his semi groggy state he jumped toward the other platform.

He missed. He began to go into another freefall, but this time it didn't look like he was going to slow down. As he took that in, his arms began to try to steady himself. That was the last thing he remembered as his eyes rolled up and he began to drool from the mouth and mumble. That's when it went dark.

When he came too he saw he was still in the dark, unhurt, but he was visibly shaken. He opened his eyes wide and sat right up. He was trying to see where he was, but the only thing that cut through the darkness were the ticking sounds. "Where am I?" he thought. It seemed as if he was somewhere else but no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't put his finger on it. He felt however, he was in danger, and as he turned on the dim light in his office, next to his foldaway couch, he noticed that he had also been sweating.

Even though everything looked okay in his office at 2:14 a.m. he still felt uneasy, a feeling he could not shake. He wished he could remember where he just had been for it might give a clue as to why he was feeling this way. He tried to

remember one more time. It was of no use.

More drilling sounds were heard as Dr. Fields attempted to explore Dr. Decker's old style chip gadgetry. The chip in its earlier days during the times of the medical identification chipping had both internal and external components. This chip however was more advanced since the Joshua Lab had modified it. It was modified so that the handler had more external control when he needed it. These of course were replaced by Osiris' chip which the KayLab had previously put together, prior to General Corsica making the business deal with Mr. Gibraltar, which was Osiris' cover name.

The sounds, sounded only like drilling but they were just electronic test pings so that the external chip could be calibrated against the internal. These are the drilling sounds that Dr. Decker heard that seemed far away. The pings were meant for chip calibration but the sounds penetrated Dr. Decker's present virtual reality chamber experience that he was in.

When General Corsica told Dr. Decker that he was going to give him another taste of the Joshua Lab he wasn't kidding. He wanted Dr. Decker so messed up that there was no way that he could ever get out by himself. So he had the earlier medical chip modified and rectified. His other Virtual Reality supervisors who had worked with Dr. Decker but were now themselves chipped, fixed it so that Dr. Decker would be placed in a rotating 24 chambered video reality device.

What that meant is that Dr. Decker would be forced to traverse and spend time in each and every virtual reality scenario. Some virtual chambers he would spend more time in than others, and some had obstacles to overcome that were more difficult than others. Some of them were fairly easy to get through, but the fact that they would dose him with a memory drug would temporarily disengage his short term memory so he could rarely remember where he had been.

Each time Dr. Decker entered a chamber, to him, it was a new experience. Each time he moved from one chamber to the next the program would have to reboot and download the next chamber. Thus, he would drool and momentarily awaken