

Pulse

by Vladimir Bilenjki

I was born again, after billions of years not being.

“-come take a look, it’s moving!”

I was the first morsel of life on Earth, and now, reborn, I don’t have much longer to live.

“Quick, fasten the plate. Good, now let me get another look.”

I wasn’t much physically, so they talked to my conscience and tried to learn everything they could about my life and what I experienced eons ago.

“We don’t have much time... can you read the scans?”

“Yes ma’am, it’s consistent. Are we ready for the first signals?”

“Of course, send them... now.”

A pulse ran through me:

WHAT HAVE YOU EXPERIENCED DURING YOUR EXISTENCE?

I felt warmth. The warmer I felt, the more trapped I felt in my own skin as I expanded out and it stretched. The growing pains left me as a breeze settled in and the light settled down. I felt colder and drier as I felt myself growing weaker. I could not move around anymore and my thoughts began to stutter. I felt the air leave me. My last thoughts were not my own; I was told life wasn’t bound to me alone. I felt my life leaving my body as I witnessed the beginning of another life happen before me, without me. The light shone again and I am now here.

“The reading says it lived a single day and reproduced near its death after being told to.”

“So, was this something in its genetic code that brought on its reproduction or did another force take control of it?”

DID YOU REPRODUCE OF YOUR OWN WILL OR OF ANOTHER’S WILL?

I lost control of my body towards the end and I only remember my own birth after witnessing the birth of the life which came from me. I was too weak to respond to such a force, so I succumbed to its will as it passed my life onto... the next body...

“... So, it wasn’t designed to reproduce, something made it reprod —”

“— we’re losing it!”

“Give it another shock.”

I felt burnt as the voltage ran through me.

“We’re getting another reading from it.”

I felt the controller take over me again. I felt scorching bright lights all around me, of all intensities and colours encompass me. Every small patch of light had a story to tell, and these patches ran as deep and far as light itself had for the past billions of years. It was the controller’s thoughts, and I was overwhelmed with experiencing every single sense they held.

“A communique with the ‘controller’ perhaps?”

“Let me reprocess the reading.”

...

“It’s a clutter of nonsense. None of it seems very important.”

“Does it say anything?”

“Only fragments of it nursing itself, photosynthesis, and... reproduction, I think.”

CAN YOU RE-ESTABLISH CONTACT WITH THE CONTROLLER?

I was given life and had from the dawn of light to its setting to live it. Only when my life was near its end did I lose control. I want to live and I am afraid the controller only speaks to me near the end.

“Turn down the lights...”

“And end this anomaly?”

“We’ll bring it back to life if we have to.”

WHO’S THERE?

I’m weaker... I can’t control myself. I can’t move. My thoughts are blank.

“Turn the light back on.”

“It’s not recovering.”

“Give it time... here, send this pulse”

WHAT HAVE YOU EXPERIENCED WITHIN THE CONTROLLER’S THOUGHTS?

I saw. I heard, I smelled, I tasted. I felt all there is to feel, thought all there is to think, and I will not have time to process it all in my existence. Though, a thought does stand out —

“It’s sending its own pulses back.”

— I am within all of you. I am the root of your being. Every one of you stems from me in conscious. I was the first slate and each of you is me and each of you experiences what I started and my conscious as your own in your own subjective way. I am the root of your bodies and will forever be a part of each and every one of your genes; the ones gone and the ones to come.

“Is that the cell or the controller talking?”

“The cell lives to give us information; now it seems that we don’t have to ask for it.”

ARE YOU THE CELL OR THE CONTROLLER?

I am the cell but I am also more. My physical being and the instruction given to me by the controller to procreate is in you. We are also the same conscious, but while you have the pleasure of experiencing each life we’ve lived with others, I was alone and only had the Earth to experience. In my lifetime, I only experienced warmth and fear; fear because I didn’t want to descend further toward death since life felt good and death didn’t. The controller knew I would feel this because I wasn’t born to live forever, so the controller gave me the greatest gift: my own legacy, another body to know. It came from me and though I couldn’t share in any experiences with it before I passed, I knew I wasn’t alone and for living its life and lending life to its own offspring, I knew it appreciated the life I gave it. Its life was a tribute to my own life and your life is a tribute to its life, and in a long line of our conscious experiencing itself through all these bodies we grew with throughout our history, the lives your friends, family and your descendants lead are in tribute to your own life.

IF YOU ARE THE ROOT OF THE TREE OF LIFE, WHY WERE YOU PLANTED?

For you. Now you live for the most extraordinary thing in your life and once you've done right by that extraordinary thing, we've grown as our conscious thanks to the life you led.

"It's drying up!"

"Turn the lights down."

"So, this is where we end the life of this anomaly?"

"We can bring it back to life if we want to learn more about it. Let's see what it wants."

WE BROUGHT YOU HERE TO LEARN ABOUT YOUR LIFE.
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO WITH YOUR LIFE NOW?

Turn the lights down.

IS THERE A REASON YOU SEEK DEATH?

I have already passed. This is my second time living and the controller wills that we only live once. What's beyond is outside of that signal you interpreted when the controller took over and perhaps I, along with the rest of our conscious which exists beyond the time of the life I lived, was free in that sense until I was brought back here. I am delighted to be here, but I have no need to be here if all you need me for is to learn about my own life when you have much more developed lives to learn about all around you.

DO YOU REMEMBER THE PLANE BEYOND?

I only remember the experiences I share. In my lifetime there was the Earth, the controller, and my offspring. In existence beyond, there is no Earth, and the controller is a mere amalgamation of me, my offspring, and you, but unbound by time unlike us the living. There is nothing more to experience there, for there is nothing to experience without what we have here.

"It's not looking too good. We've lost it, but the readings are saying it's still alive."

"I can tell. That overwhelming signal being sent back to us —"

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