

CaliX woke up in bewilderment. It was quarter to three in the morning and he had never felt such an urge to review his dreams. He hastily turned on his holographic computer to stream the latest few gigs of what was already close to a googolplex bytes of data. The connection with his synthetic neural network was a bit iffy tonight, but after he adjusted the port, it smoothed out. As his body was shivering from excitement, he started reviewing the file. What he saw would change his life. And lives of everyone else on Enceladus.

“Tahonts appeared to be very large, on the scale of galaxies,” begins CaliX. “You know, I was literally starring at my own work I would only publish ten years later when working with Prof. Stevens.” He recalls: “They were like cells, building blocks of the Universe. I didn’t fully understand. How could I? It was only a dream, a bit vague and incomplete. I was looking at this paper, my paper, how crazy that is; and equations appeared, pretty simple actually. And tahonts were breathing, contracting and expanding, filling our space-time.” The Nobel Prize winner halted for a brief moment and whispered: “I simply knew I need to follow my dream.”