

The Green Mist

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NASA Mission Control USA

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The Green Mist, an anomole, is detected on Mars. Some kind of green vortex in space interfering with terraforming progress on Mars.

The SS Renegade splashes down in Tampa Bay, Florida. 2 days after launch, it is still transmitting on route to Mars. The pilot is registered as asleep in stasis. The ship is in auto travel mode. Now there are two ships, and NASA does not know why, and no one is talking about it. A nightmare which resolves in a two weeks. The astronaut Sandoval comes to his senses in hospital and warns NASA not to go to Mars. End Archive.

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Dander Wilson, Quantum physics Professor of MIT opened the file on his desk sent to him by NASA in a qualified advisement and recruitment possibility of employment. Opening the file, he took a deep breath and read it slow and cooly.

“The Green Mist, some kind of time travel causing anomole, is interfering with colonization attempts on Mars. The last mission to Mars ended up in a nightmare, causing system shut down and a tow into the Green Mist, which shot the astronaut back in time in a direct teleport to Earth two days after departure. This is highly classified materials. We want to to take a scientific team to study the Green Mist and possibly make contact with it, to stop terraforming failure and resume our project on Mars. It may be a time travel wormhole, or sent by an enemy race, for better or for worse, possibly even a benign life form itself. We must intercept and determine a threat to national security.” NASA.

So Thompson Wilson, his son after a brief call, went to meet his father despite arguments from his girlfriend, who wanted all his time. Thompson lived in Boston proper metro area, and had arguments with his father. Sometimes they got along. So he went to his dad’s office and waited for his appointment.

“What seemed to be the trouble that you had to interrupt my job at Sprouts. Couldn’t it have waited?” asked Thompson.

“Things have changed son, and something has come to my attention that could change our lives. I did not mean to upstart your schedule. Its hard to get a hold of you .’ll write you a note to your boss. Listen.”

“Ok, Dad.”

“I got a message from NASA. I got the job to do government research....in space. I’m going to Mars...in a month.”

“That’s great news, I’m happy for you. How long will you be gone?” Thompson asked.

“About a year. They have decided, slightly against a community decision to send people out there instead of a satellite or research drone. There was eventually a full cooperation in the end and agreement to send family assistance if need be and civilians. We have a research team. I am allowed to bring a family member. We have not gotten along for a long time, and I would like to get things better. This could be a chance son. I’m asking you a serious question...do you want to join me on the NASA mission? Do you want to go into outer space?”

Thompson was asked to give his answer by the evening. He went to the park to figure it out. He didn’t want to think about it right away. He bought his sandwich at the pier deli and went to the park. Sitting down with a ham sandwich and a diet coke he pondered the choice.

An old man in a tattered flight suit that looked like Navy or Nasa went right up to him.

“Can I have some of your ham sandwich?” said the old man.

“No,” Thompson said, “Leave me alone.”

But the old man did not listen. He took the sandwich and began eating it.

“Hey wait a minute! That’s mine!” shouted Thompson.

“Don’t go to Mars kid. Don’t go to Mars! Dammit! It didn’t work!” He disappeared around a nearby tree....there was a green light, and he didn’t go round the other end. He was gone!

“What an asshole!” said Thompson, who had no idea who pulled the Houdini act.

Thompson became convinced it was a mean homeless ploy, and did not hear the message right away. He must have run out of sight. He decided not to heed the guy’s warning, whoever he was. He was going to Mars.

Thompson called up his father and said, "Ok Dad.... I'll go."

After a two month training, and launch the Renegade II arrived at Mars. The emergency beacon activated almost instantly at the northern end of Mars. The stasis chambers wouldn't open. The crew was dead! There were survivors though. Dander Wilson and his son Thompson Wilson. Both chambers opened at the same time, with limited oxygen.

Dander looked at the monitor facing the open screen, and saw the green mist, beckoning, twisting, ready to swallow them whole.

"What's going on Dad?"

"The Green mist interfered with systems operations. The crew is dead, and we're going to go into it, the same way Sandoval did."

"The other astronaut?"

"Yes. I knew this could happen, but I thought we could maintain safe distance. It intercepted us!"

"What now?"

"I'll try to alter course, but its impossible in this tow."

"Some kind of tractor beam or something, right?" asked Thompson.

"The technology is integrated into the anomole. Its doing it all itself!" cried the Professor.

"How long do we have to die or be sent back in time?"

"Only a few minutes!"

The SS Renegade II slowly became consumed by the Green Mist and disappeared in time forever. Or so they thought.

Trapped in the Unknown Past

The SS Renegade II systems were breaking up in the wormhole, and it would've been minutes before it all collapsed. The Green Mist rejected the escape pod, and they escaped inside hoping it would protect them, as the frequency could not enter through the hull deep inside.

Quick thinking of the Professor, the Renegade II vanished, and the wormhole Green Mist released the escape pod.

It was a duplicate of the Apollo thirteen module significantly, but without all the weaknesses the engineering team dealt with in that year.

Dander saw the Earth, much to dismay of Thompson who believed they were dying.

As thoughts interfered with him, Dander was scrambling to contact the NASA command. Would they even hear them?

NASA mission control! This is Renegade II, we have suffered casualties. Making emergency landing in Tampa Bay!"

"This is NASA. We have no registered name of Renegade II. Is this a communist vessel? Be honest! A prank or what?Who are you really?!"

Dander turned off the module volume. "We're on Earth but another year. We're on our own," said Dander.

"Push the landing protocols, button the left. We're going to splash down anyway." Thompson did not argue, hit the button, the ship did the rest. The flaming of the stratosphere hit the screen walls and windows went red, deeper and deeper flaming red.

The splash down happened in eight minutes. Thompson saw that his father got knocked out by an electrical shortage which dropped down and caused an electrical charge, frying him in his helmet. It happened so fast there was nothing left to do.

"Dad! Dad!" Thompson cried. Although he could see his face, though darker, it was undamaged not enough to make him unmistakable. He would be dead in minutes.

When the ship opened up its parachute, and settled in the water, The Professor was dead already. Thompson didn't know what to do, so he turned on the radio.

NASA! I am an American from a different time. My ship is from the future. Please advise. Renegade II. I am asking for asylum in the USA. Help please!"

"This is NASA. No need to explain. You are more than reasonable. We will pick you up at your coordinates. Tampa Bay right? Does your vessel have any tracking device signature similar to ours?"

"Negative. Taking on water. On a raft now."

"What does your vessel look like?"

"It's a duplicate model of Apollo 13."

"Roger that."

"What's your name son?"

"Thompson Wilson."

"You would have made a damn good NASA astronaut."

"Roger that. The Coast Guard is on its way to you now. Welcome to 1969."

There was a flash of green light, the tree in Boston Park, then nothing but darkness. He smiled. At last, success!

Thompson woke up from a dream. He must have dozed off at the Park. But he remembered the journey!
Time 8/16/2023 5pm. Ham sandwich: Stolen and eaten!

He called up his father with an answer: "Dad, don't go to Mars. Tell them to stop terraforming and analyze the anomole with a satellite from the southern end and transmit before it gets consumed. Stay home."

"Son, I – did you go on the mission. How do you know to know that?"

"Dad I went with you Mars. You did not make it. I must have jumped into myself, I'm not quite sure how!"

"I don't want to go, and I don't want you to either. I don't want to fight anymore. Ok?"

Pause: "I hear you Thompson. I'll tell them what you said too. Maybe they'll resume operations on Mars after problem is solved. I'll make my recommendations and tell them to abort mission for something satellite in idea."

Angela was on the couch, watching the football game, while Dander was contacted by NASA for an answer.

Thompson saw the swirling Green Mist outside in the center of the back yard.

It was apparently invisible. A man stepped out. It his him! It was a duplicate version of Thompson!

Thompson walked outside to have this noble conversation with himself.

"I knew you could do it," The duplicate said. "I had high hopes you would reject the mission. But I am lost in time, and I lived a full life in the sixties with NASA."

"I didn't know. You were a programmer on mission control?"

“Fully trained on your bridge. You can do anything if you have confidence to believe. The Mist thinks you will promote peace for man someday. Take my arm Thompson,” said the duplicate from the other reality that failed. “It’s the only way to preserve my life and memory. Know that it happened, but it didn’t have to. Because now I get to be...you.” To be one, at last.

“I know the mist is more interested in Earth. What’s happening there!” Dander Wilson cried out from inside the kitchen,.

“What do you mean you think its interested in Earth?” He shouted back. “I don’t know what you mean. Then you can send a probe with my full approval.” He hung up.

Thompson looked at his father and smiled a bit, reaffirming something from deep past.

Angela watched him go outside. He saw the green mist swirling in his backyard, and someone stepping outside. Both invisible. The person was him!

“I knew you could do it,” said the duplicate. “You’re me. We landed in 1969. I was on mission control during the Apollo 13 mission, and that’s why the escape pod looked like it.”

“You knew?” Thompson asked.

“Someone had to. I’ve been trying to superimpose with you at the proper time to resume my life. It has failed. But now we must join in memory. Nothing will be lost.”

“I know, you’re the astronaut who stole my sandwich and disappeared behind the tree!” Thompson.

“Yeh, I did that didn’t I. But it got your attention. Take my arm.”

They held each other’s arms, out reached, and there was a transference. Then Thompson I vanished into Thompson present, and all was repaired without a bridge. All was realigned.

The mist was gone, and so was the previous bridge.

Angela said as she caught up with him. “Your father said, “the green anomole vanished in Mars.What was he talking about?”

“Its nothing. The problem is over. It’s gone.”

Thompson's eyes flashed green for a moment, and then it settled. "Im better too."

"You look better, Thompson, better than ever."

They kissed, and went back inside as the sunset descended into a cosmic night of stars.

Meanwhile, in NASA, deep underground. The Renegade II started up, a scarred duplicate of Apollo 13 emitting a signal, all by itself; A signal of sign-off for the Green Mist. NASA knew all along, but had unravel the mystery in time.

THE END.

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