

Eden.  
By Brian Kilby.

Journal Entry. March 19, 1993. Earth Time.

Eden.

I don't think that its inhabitants have an official name... but I call it Eden. I've lived here for a few years, in hiding, watching, studying. I've grown to love this world and its people. I've watched the way they live. I've watched the way they handle death. I know them as intimately as I know myself. I know their dreams, their songs. They sing songs to their gods, thanking them for life. Their gods, conceived in love and grace, are incapable of hate and destruction, incapable of wrath or vengeance. A peoples' gods are a reflection of their dreams, their fears and even their flaws. I know of no other place in the Universe that has a more deserving claim to perfection. The human concept of Heaven is a sullen filth in comparison. But these people are humble, they don't claim perfection, they don't even know the meaning of the word. Perfection is all around them, in the air that they breathe, in the waters they drink, in their very existence. To define that is an abstract akin to quantifying the sum total of life itself.

Tiny, blue, living in houses made of the abundant silicate found in their soil. These people are something from a children's story. But they're real. In my many travels across the Universe, I've conquered, destroyed; I've killed and plundered without the slightest care. How beautiful it is, for once, to stop and smell the roses.

Exotherms, I suppose, is the term for these people. They're cold-blooded; their warmth comes from the planet's year-round semi-tropical climate. It never gets too hot, it never gets too cold. The world is an endless resource of energy. It defies explanation. It's a beautiful conundrum, a glorious question without an answer.

The people of Eden live only for a short time, twenty Earth years or so but they live rich, full lives. Three years after birth, they're mature adults. Living off the fertile land, starvation is a trivial matter...there's always food to go around. There are no homeless, there is no crime. There is no need or want that isn't supplied. One of their homesteads may house as many as seven generations of one family. They treat young and old alike, there is no preferential treatment, and there is only mutual respect.

They have no need of science, of math. Their knowledge is minute; meaningless, by our standards. They, however, have a greater understanding of life than I ever will. They love each other unconditionally in perfect harmony. They are truly a race of noble savages.

It's understandable as to how these people could believe that their world was the creation of divine providence. From the twin moons to the deep blue sky, life itself is exalted in the majesty of nature. At every turn there is a new sight, a new experience. Each day is a veritable feast for the senses. New sights to see, new sounds to hear, new flavors to taste...to them there is no sweeter promise than that of a new day.

Journal Entry. April 4, 1993. Earth Time.

A trip to the southern continent proved fruitful. An anti-matter anomaly was discovered. A cave in grid 14-HR had an anti-electron well. There were numerous pockets of anti-electrons, encapsulated subspace pockets, strewn throughout the cave. Why the pockets were localized in the cave is unknown--I feel slightly insane for saying it...but I'd almost say that it was magic. Wonders never cease on this world.

Journal Entry. May 10, 1993.

I thought I had seen it all. I believed that I had seen everything this planet had to offer.

I should've known better.

The planet's twin moons are quite close to Eden...the first is only fifty-seven thousand miles away from the planet's surface. The other moon has a similar, yet perpendicular orbit...an orbit that crosses the orbit of the other moon. Earlier today, the two moons collided.

At that moment, the most elaborate pyrotechnic displays in the universe achieved obsolescence. It was a living canvas of fire, flowing, changing as it crossed the sky. Never had any sight been seen...or so I thought. The constituent chemicals burned as the debris rained down into the atmosphere. Copper, Magnesium, Sulfur...a chemist's fantasy.

I did the math and, apparently, the moons collide once every twenty-two years; once in a lifetime.

Each Edenite is almost guaranteed to see this in his lifetime. Guaranteed! It's like gazing into God's own face without having to go through the pains of dying. It's like a glimpse of heaven itself. To try to describe it is to do it an injustice.

Journal Entry. December, 4 1998. Earth Time.

This is my last journal entry. My job is complete.

End Journal.

The Sun is warm above Eden. The birds sing, and the winds blow. Picturesque, as ever.

Below the deep blue sky, a large ship rests upon a large outcropping of stone, nestled against a lush forest. A large, imposing figure exits and walks towards another figure that is resting on the ground below, taking notes.

The imposing figure says, "Report."

He stands up and answers, "As you command, Megatron: This planet is unlike any other that I have ever seen. There is an almost limitless supply of energy. A supply that makes Earth a pointless pursuit."

Megatron smiles. "Excellent. Expand on that, please."

"Geothermal energy, naturally occurring anti-matter, crude oil, energy even exudes from the soil! This land is ripe with energy. It's a world without equal."

"What about the native life forms?"

"Of no threat, Megatron. Those that aren't destroyed in the siphoning off of the world's resources will freeze to death after we're through with the planet."

"Perfect. You've done well. Now, board Astrotrain. You're going home."

"Thank you, Megatron."

He pauses, looks around one last time and smiles. He makes his way towards Astrotrain, boards and sits down beside of Starscream.

Starscream asks, "What's got you in such a good mood?"

Thundercracker sits there, smiling. He turns towards Starscream and begins to speak. "Sometimes, Starscream," he answers, "Sometimes it's worthwhile to stop and smell the roses."

End.