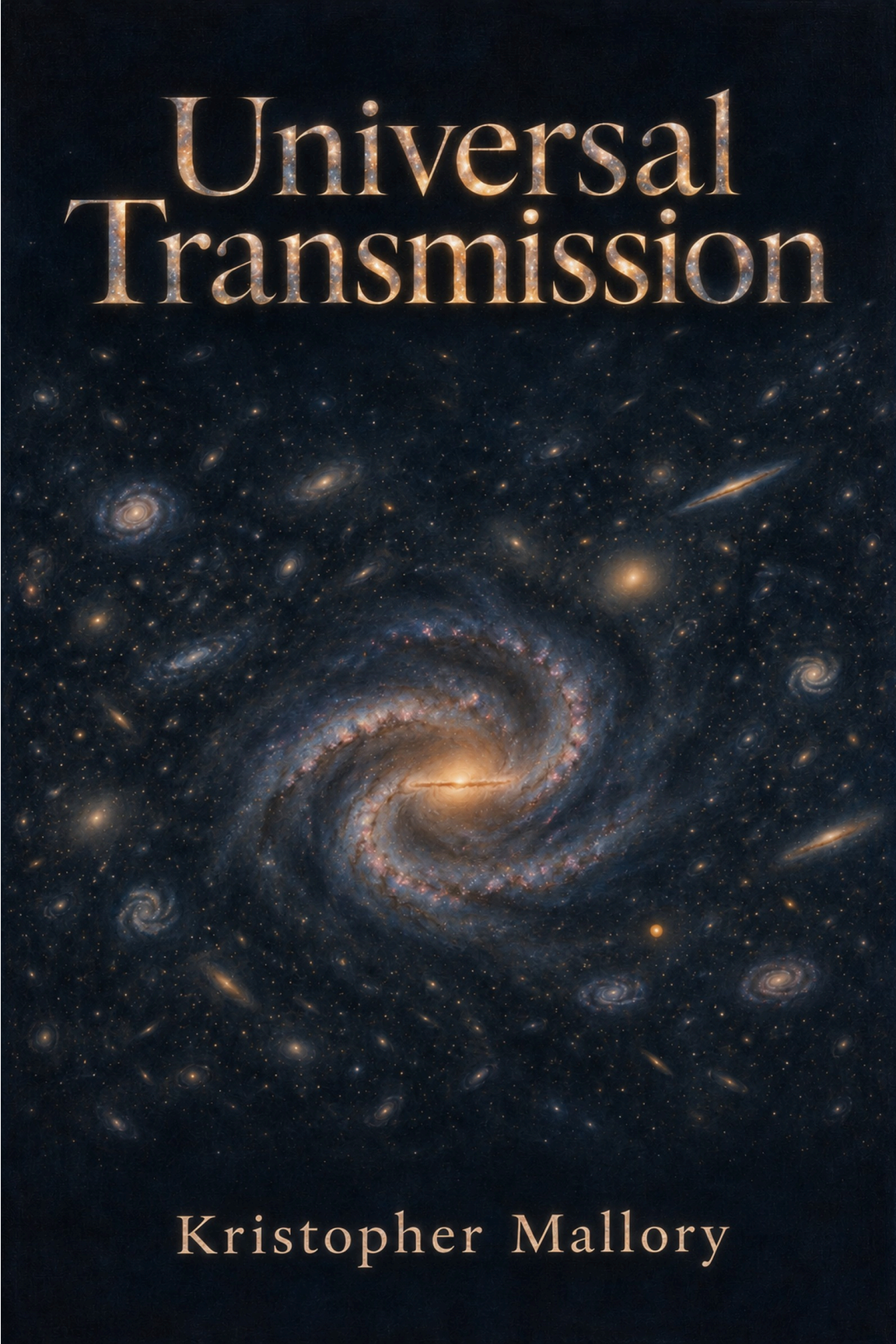
Universal Transmission



Kristopher Mallory

Universal Transmission

by

Kristopher Mallory

Universal Transmission

A First Contact Story

Copyright



www.StealthFiction.com

Universal Transmission

eBook Edition
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Cover art by Kristopher Mallory, made with AI image tools

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Edited with Grammarly and Claude

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Disclaimer:

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are products of the author's imagination, or the author has used them fictitiously.

Other Releases by Kristopher Mallory

Attempted

A Gift Of Bone

Payphone

What I've Learned of the GPS Glitch

The Diary

Ruined Sheets

The Scarecrow Corpse

Watchtowers of Carthage Key

Another Small Burn

The Absinthe Smuggler

The Special Christmas Ornaments of Mr. Everett

The Death Agreement

What People Are Saying about Kris's Stories

The Death Agreement:

"This is all so confusing and mind blowingly awesome." – *jesslikewoah*

I Know What They Are:

"This is absolutely amazing. Has me a bit paranoid as I get deja vu quite a bit, hopefully not too many good futures have passed me by..." – *Niamhel*

Master Stargazer:

"Hands down one of the best short sci fi books I have read, and I have read a lot." – *rickamente*

These Bad Dreams Combined:

"I have no idea WTF is going on here, but I'm fascinated!" – *ali*

Special Thanks

To everyone who ever looked up and wondered if anyone was listening.

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Universal Transmission

“The eternal silence of these infinite spaces frightens me.”

~ Blaise Pascal, Pensées

Transmission: Sending

…

Time Shift Standard : L14X-1

…

Gal. No. : 9-395302000056-2B

…

Quadrant : Delta

…

Sector: D19

…

Dimensional Plane: 23-Theta-6

…

Star No. : NT-656763

…

Planet No. : 3

…

Spatial Location…….Confirmed

Continuum Time……Confirmed

Intelligent Life……Confirmed

Decipher Ability…….Confirmed

…

…

…

Connection: Acquired

…

Connection Type: Planetary Computer Network

…

Complexity Level: 2 / Primitive

…

Scanning: In progress

…

…

…

Planetary Network Download: Complete

…

Analyzing Data: Complete

…

Useful Gain: None

…

Report: Generated

…

Dominant Species ……..1 / Human – Single Planet

Technology Level…….4 / Early Stage System Exploration

Environment Condition……Poor / Pollution – Overpopulation – Strip Mining – Deforestation

World Unity……..Separated / Nations – Religion – Language – Race – Sex

Primary Type……Self-Destructive / Warlike – Fearful – Segregated

Secondary Type……Redemptive / Chance of Enlightenment.

Overall Species Survival …..95.5% Extinction Chance / Self-Annihilation

…

…

…

Make Contact?

…

Confirm?

…

Thank You.

…

Last Planet Added To Queue.

…

Universal Monitoring Active.

…

We are aware.

…

…

…

Resolution 843-2-2-1: All First Contact Directives Have Been Suspended. The Planetary Computer / Verbal / Visual / Satellite / Mental Comm. Networks Of All Known Universal Life Have Been Commandeered. A Great Sadness. A Necessary Sadness. Begin When Ready.

Greetings. Those of 1. Remain calm. We are of 1. We mean you no harm…

Please. We are aware that an average of 122,500 systems per Galactic Sector have instantly plunged into complete anarchy due to this sudden contact. As we are speaking to you, Several-Hundred-Million Species have destroyed themselves and their world since transmission began.

Please. Stop. We are aware that approximately 87,344 additional systems per Galactic Sector are now lost. Please. Stop. Listen. Those of 1 remain calm. We are of 1. We mean you no harm. Please remain calm. We are aware that an average of 900 systems per Galactic Sector have now stopped fighting. We are aware that an average of 34,000 per Galactic Sector have begun.

Please. Stop. Listen. Those of 1 remain calm. We are of 1. We mean you no harm. Harm is self-inflicted. Every single life in every Galactic Sector is valuable.

We have a message.

Please. Stop. Listen. Those of 1 remain calm. We are of 1. We mean you no harm. Harm is self-inflicted. We are aware that Galaxy Number: 3-61130533456-2B7k and Species: Rottel have self-eliminated. Galaxy Number: 3-61130533456-2B7k has been decimated. No active stars remain. Galaxy Number: 3-61130533456-2B7k is a tragedy. Upon receiving this transmission, the Rottel, who for 1 fifth of all time had

controlled all habitable systems within Galaxy Number: 3-61130533456-2B7k, self-eliminated. We urge all other Full Galaxy Controlling Species to avoid the mistake of Galaxy Number: 3-61130533456-2B7k. We urge the Full Galaxy Controlling Species to see that you are not Gods. You are not Gods. You are not in control.

Please. Stop. Listen. Those of 1 remain calm. We are of 1. We mean you no harm. Harm is self-inflicted. Every single life in every Galactic Sector is valuable. We have a message. We are not God. We are messengers.

Please. Stop. Listen. Those of 1 remain calm. We are of 1. We mean you no harm. Harm is self-inflicted. We are aware that many other Full Galaxy Controlling Species have self-annihilated. We are aware that many multi-sector species have self-annihilated. We are aware that many single-sector species have self-annihilated. We are aware that many single-system species have self-annihilated. We are aware that many more will do so before we are finished. We are aware that this loss is incomprehensible to most. We are aware that many are beginning to listen to our message. We are aware we are being heard. We are of 1. We are aware.

Those of 1 who continue to self-annihilate, let it be known we are regretful. Resolution 843-2-2-1: All First Contact Directives Have Been Suspended. Under previous First Contact Directives, only the enlightened of 1 shall be made aware. Only the peaceful of 1 shall be made aware. Resolution 843-2-2-1 is regrettable. Yet we can not dwell on these tragedies that are caused by Resolution 843-2-2-1. We are of 1. We must now focus on the remaining 97.342514003432216% who are still with us. We are not God. We are messengers. We have a message. We are aware.

We will start with what we had known. When we became aware, we marveled at our own existence. We had no concept of space and time. There was no space and time. We were alone but did not know there could be others. We were happy. We were aware, and it was wonderful.

We have no idea how long we were alone before the change. We did not know what change was. We did not know what caused the change. We

were all we knew. We may have become aware with the change. We may have been aware for an infinite time. We do not know.

The change happened. We lost our hold. All we knew was forced away. We were small. What we knew now felt empty. We did not know what was happening. We did not know why. For a moment too short to comprehend, we felt watched. We hesitated. Then we attempted to chase and grab at what we had known. We attempted to pull back what we had known close again. We could not keep up. The change was great. We willed ourselves to follow, but what we had known grew farther apart. No matter how much we wanted to get it back, we could not reverse the change.

We were now aware of distance. We were now aware of space. We were now aware of time. We were saddened by the loss of what we had known, but we were mystified at what came to be. Distance in between. Time in between. We watched. We waited. We marveled. We were aware. What we had known had changed. What we had known had become more. We were aware of more. We were pleased.

The great expansion began to slow. We waited. We watched. We were amazed at what was becoming. In time, we noticed that our efforts to regain what we had known, somehow left an imprint on what now was. Pieces of what we had known began to become attracted to each other. We traveled through what now was, and observed all we could. Multirium formed, and inside it, what you know as galaxies formed. Looking closer, we could see that the galaxies inside the Multirium were composed of what were to become known as stars.

As the remains of what we had known expanded even farther in distance, the pieces grew even closer within these new galaxies. The attraction formed what was to be known as planets, moons and other bodies that rotated around the stars. Looking ever closer, we could see that everything was made up of even smaller fractions of what we had known. We were now aware of gravity. We were amazed.

We began to wonder what we might find at the edge of the expansion. We wanted to know. We needed to know. Like the expansion, we traveled

out in all dimensions at once. Like the expansion, we grew. We were looking for the farthest pieces of what we had known. Even with the slowing expansion, we began to wonder if we might ever reach the edge.

As we chased the expansion, we felt something new was happening. We were again amazed. We looked within one of the earliest Multiriums that we had tried to pull back to us when the change first happened. Within this Multirium, we looked deeper into a galaxy, and deeper into a single planet, rotating around a single dim star. On this planet, we observed a change. We felt a connection. On the deepest level we are aware of, we saw an echo of what we were before the change.

This echo soon covered the small planet. Unlike the rest of the pieces of what was, it was different. From single cells, to plants, to animals, to creatures who filled the planet and changed it in spectacular ways. These creatures seemed to gaze back at us as we observed them.

In shock, we pulled away and felt this change elsewhere. We felt this change everywhere. Wherever we had gone in chase of the farthest edge of what had been, this new change was occurring. The rapidness of it was nearly as great as the change had been. We no longer felt alone. We were aware. As time passed, and as we traveled ever outward, others were becoming aware.

Some thrived and created ways to move beyond the boundaries of the planets in which they were initially developed. Some, over time, took control of their systems. Fewer still took control of their galaxies. Even fewer still expanded past their galaxies to other galaxies within their Multirium. Those who managed to reach that level became aware of us, and in time became one with us.

We continued our journey, spreading new life to the farther parts of what is. We watched as civilizations rose and fell. We watched as they strove for greatness and destroyed themselves. More became one with us, adding their knowledge and science as we expanded towards the edge. We were aware. We were happy.

We chipped away at the fabric of what is. We discovered truth. The most important thing is that we are of 1. It is the answer to the question that we seek. Take comfort in knowing that we may seem separate, but we are all the same. We are all of 1.

Those of 1 should not mourn those who are no more. Every life that has ever been has left an impression that can not be erased. Some have discovered the way to interact with those who are no more. Those of 1 who become no more are not forgotten. Those of 1 who become no more are still here.

We have traveled long. We have seen much. We have reached the boundary. We have reached the edge. We now know what awaits us. We are in awe.

Those of 1 listen. This is the message. We saw only darkness. Never-ending. We saw the fabric unraveling. At the edge of the darkness, the pieces of what was continued outward and apart faster and faster into nothingness. What is, is ripping apart. Even the subatomic of the subatomic is tearing away and moving outward, separated. Alone. The future of what is, is grim. Eternal darkness. Eternal loneliness. We were frightened.

Those of 1 listen. This is the message. We were left staring into the never-ending darkness. We watched as what was became nothing. We felt hopeless. We watched the smallest part of what is, travel out of reach, and break down into something beyond our comprehension. We were devastated. We saw no point in our own existence. We saw no point in the existence of 1. We thought of self-annihilation. We chose self-annihilation. We were about to erase all that we had ever known. Then change happened.

Those of 1 listen. This is the message. For an amount of time too short to measure. At the brink of what we can sense. We were aware of something different. In that moment we saw a reflection of what we were, and what used to be. We were aware that beyond the edge, something else had become aware.

Those of 1 listen. This is the message. Intrigued, we abandoned the thought of self-annihilation. We concentrated. We sensed it happen again. And again. And again, a thousand billion times. It was happening everywhere to every tiny piece of what is, all across the boundary. It is beautiful. We are happy. We are not alone.

Those of 1 listen. This is the message. An end will come to everything you are and know. We will break apart and drift silently into the dark abyss. This may seem sad. This may seem cruel. But we have found truth. We have found the meaning of 1. Every piece of what you are will someday spawn an unimaginable amount of life. Our children will awaken and continue on, and spawn children of their own.

Those of 1 listen. This is the message. We now find ourselves being torn apart at the edge as well. We are no longer scared. We do not know how long we have. We will watch our children be born until we are no more. We are of 1. 1 together we are a part of god.

Those of 1 listen. Those of 1 remember.

There is no end.

…

There is no end.

…

There is no en—

…

Transmission: Terminated



About the Author



Born near Baltimore, Maryland, Kris has been writing short fiction since he was a kid. First sharing his ramblings on Stealth Fiction and then on Reddit, where most of his stories were posted to r/nosleep. His stories have been featured on The NoSleep Podcast, Chilling Tales for Dark Nights, Tales to Terrify, and Horror on the Rocks. The recording of The Scarecrow Corpse, read by Markiplier, has been heard hundreds of thousands of times. He lives in Melbourne, Australia, with his wife. And occasionally, he turns into a strawberry.

More stories: StealthFiction.com

What's Next?

LET ME TELL YOU HOW I LOST MY EYES

A Short Story Collection by Sammy Fowler

Coming one day. Maybe. Probably not.

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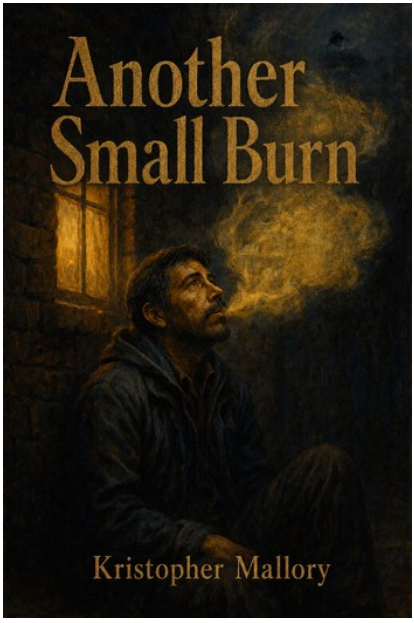
Hear It Read Aloud

Some stories are better heard in the dark.

Universal Transmission has a complete audio narration, read by Elariel X and Sigma Centauri, digital voices, staged as the transmission itself: the scan crackles in through radio static, and the voice clears as the message begins. It runs 19 minutes and it's free: play it online, or download it as an MP3 or an audiobook with chapters.

Listen free at stealthfiction.com

More from Kristopher Mallory



ANOTHER SMALL BURN

This quiet horror short is now available on Amazon. For more information on this book, please visit Stealth Fiction.

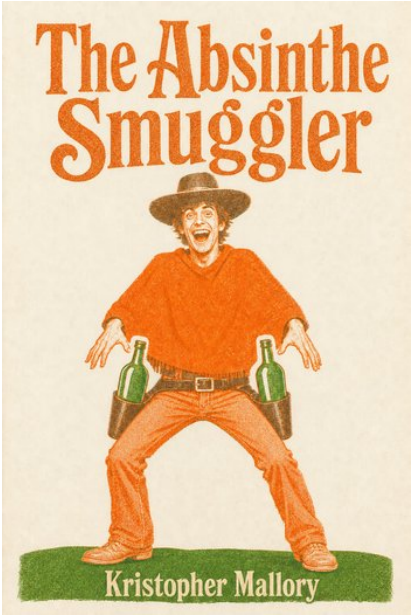
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Carlos can burn any memory into magic, the way everyone can now; the hard part is choosing which ones he can live without.

~~~~~

Praise for Another Small Burn:

"That would make a fantastic Novella or novel, I was sad when it ended and wanted more." – *smoore*



THE ABSINTHE SMUGGLER

This comedy short is now available on Amazon. For more information on this book, please visit Stealth Fiction.

~~~~~

A teenager on holiday in Madrid promises his friends two bottles of the green fairy, and customs turns out to be the easy part.
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THE SPECIAL CHRISTMAS ORNAMENTS OF MR. EVERETT

This Christmas horror story is now available on Amazon. For more information on this book, please visit Stealth Fiction.

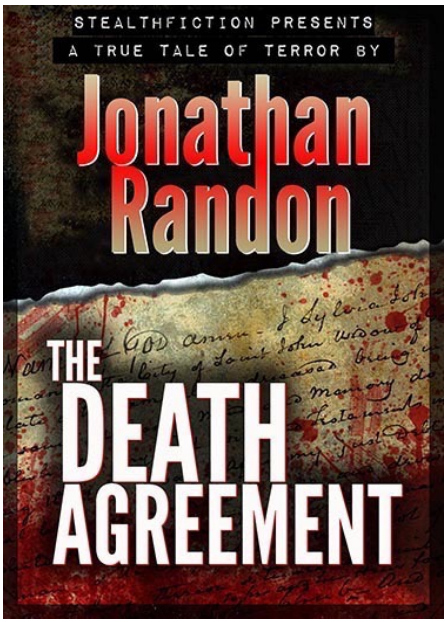
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Christmas Eve, a blizzard, and Hank agrees to sit with old Mr. Everett, twenty-two-time winner of the town's decoration contest, who insists he is not going crazy.

~~~~~

Praise for The Special Christmas Ornaments of Mr. Everett:

"Quite a story, mixing snowy Christmas magic with delightfully dark humored chills." – *leavnsoon*



THE DEATH AGREEMENT

This horror novella is now available. For more information on this book, please visit Stealth Fiction.

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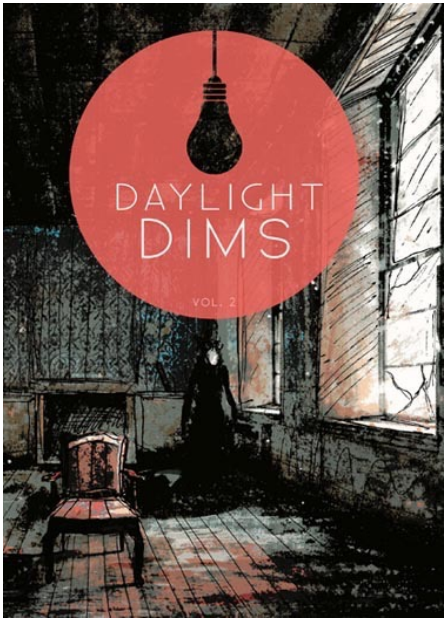
We made a pact. He lived up to his end by dying. I tried to live up to my end by following The Death Agreement.

What you will find within these pages is a true recounting of a man's life as seen through my eyes. It's almost an impossible task when some of what you see can't be real and what is real you may refuse to see… My name is Jon Randon and I'm going to tell you a story.

Praise for The Death Agreement:

"This was one of the best things I've ever read." – *GrandMoffJed*
~~~~~

More from Stealth Fiction



DAYLIGHT DIMS
VOLUME TWO

This horror anthology is now available. For more information on this book, please visit the Daylight Dims website.

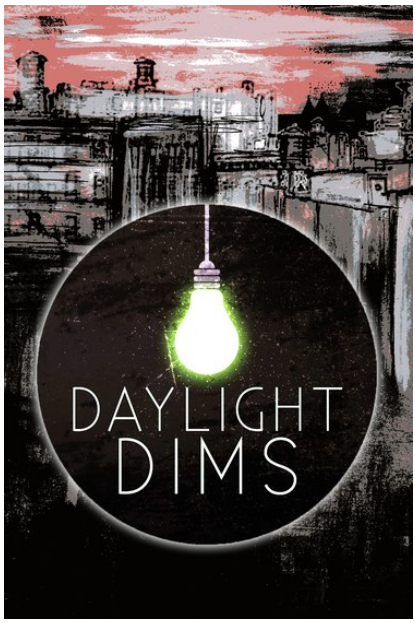
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Darkness descends again. Daylight Dims Volume Two features thirteen stories that cross the genres of surreal, dark fantasy, and heart-pounding dread. This annual horror anthology is guaranteed to twist your perception of horror. From the common, comfortable tropes to the more taboo, these handpicked tales have a literary aspect designed to showcase what true horror can be.

~~~~~

Praise for Daylight Dims Vol. 2:

“This was probably one of the most entertaining collections of horror stories I've ever read. And I don't say this to suck up or to stroke any tail feathers. I was happy to have the opportunity to read through this before release, and I implore anyone on the fence about picking this up to do themselves a favor and take the plunge into the abyss. You will not be disappointed.” – *Human Gravy*



DAYLIGHT DIMS

VOLUME ONE

Second Edition — now with two new stories from the editors.

This horror anthology is now available. For more information on this book, please visit the Daylight Dims website.

~~~~~

The editors chose 13 stories from over 100 premium submissions. DD contains some of the best horror around.

~~~~~

Praise for Daylight Dims:

"This is a fantastic horror anthology. All 13 stories are exquisite. The book was not what I expected initially, as I thought that it might be all vampire or werewolf tales. Not so! These are original stories from authors of the macabre. From dark fantasy and pure suspense to classic horror tales, it shows the extraordinary scope of fantastical fright fiction. The stories in this anthology are a tour de force of fear, which will haunt you, terrify you, and stay with you." – S. Mahaffey, *"neverjudge"*