



Her earliest memory, floating  
naked in space. Past planets, stars,  
galaxies. Past the empty spaces in between.

Timeless.  
It becomes a  
recurring dream.

A premonition?  
Things to come  
or what was?

She begins to melt! No not melt... something else...

# RUBR

**BOOK  
ONE**  
CHAPTER 1

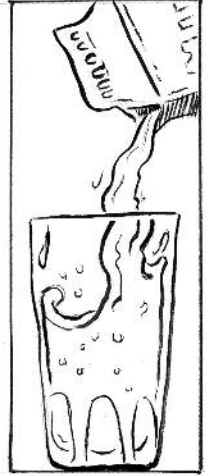
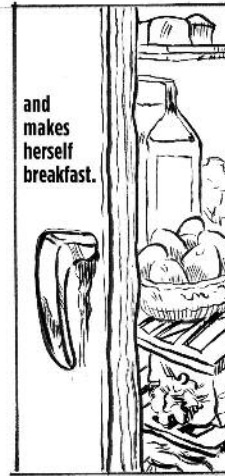
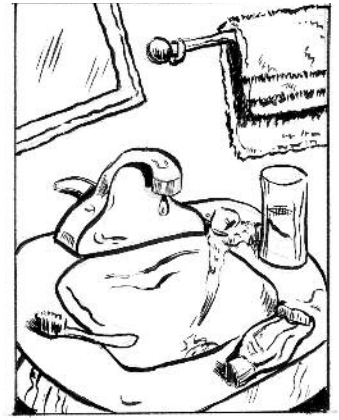




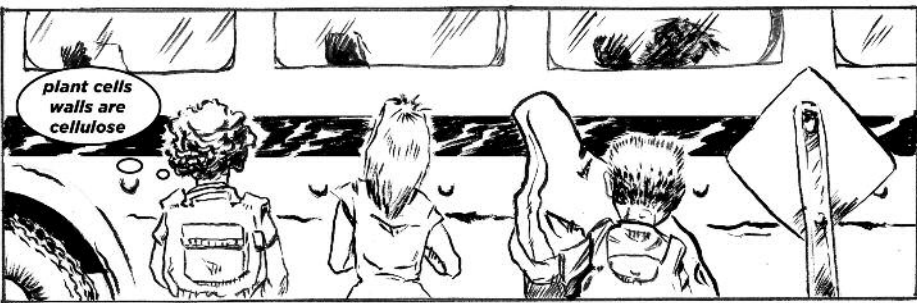
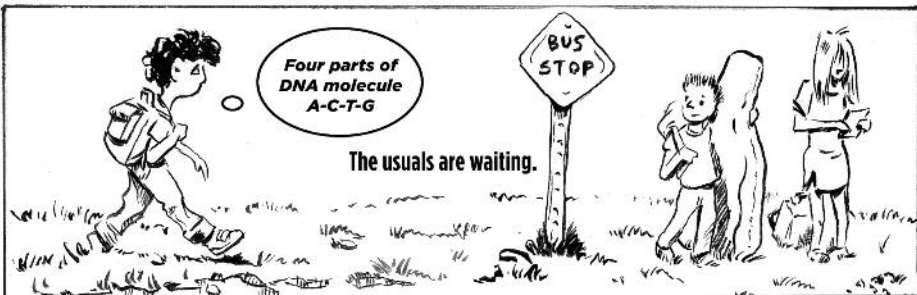
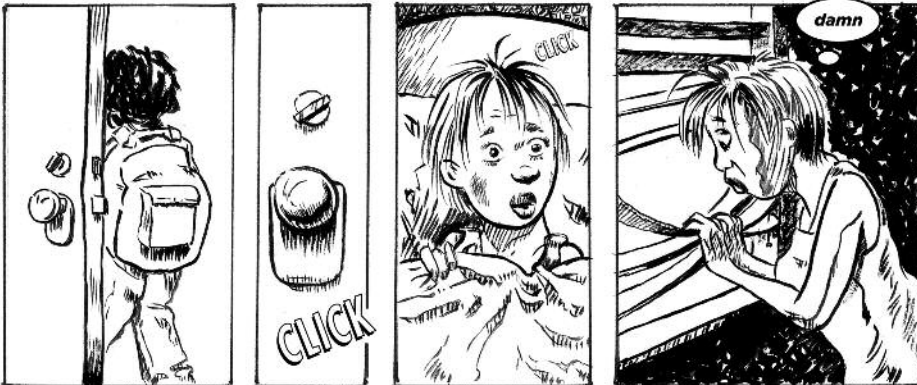
The dream leaves as quietly as it arrives. Slowly waking, her eyes take on a new focus.



Anne Wallace starts her day like any other ordinary school kid. Reluctantly.



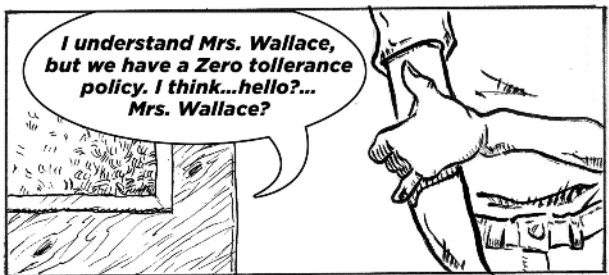
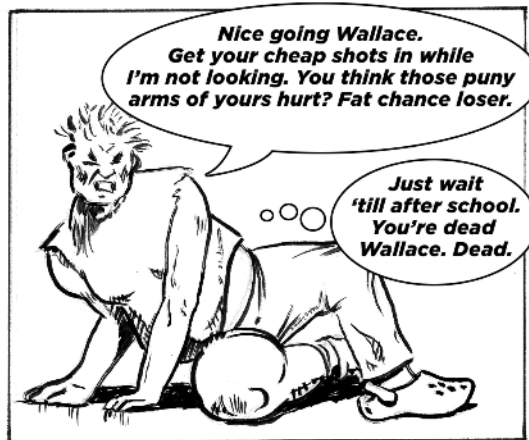




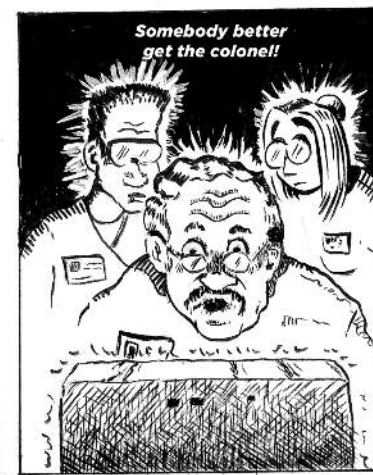
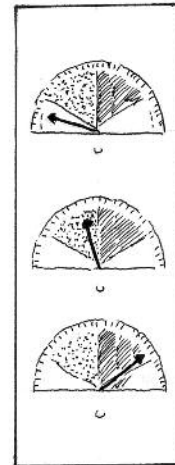
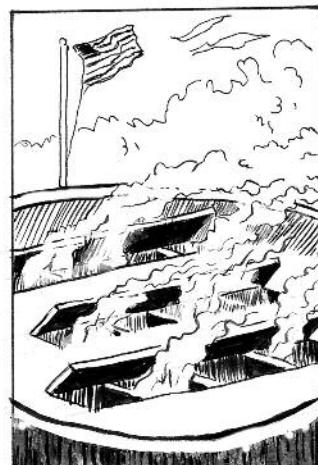
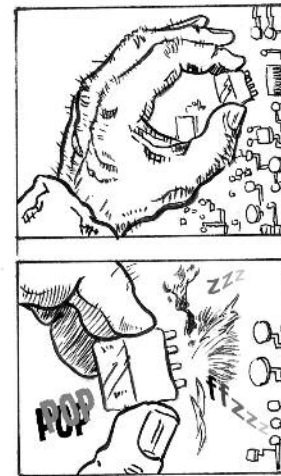
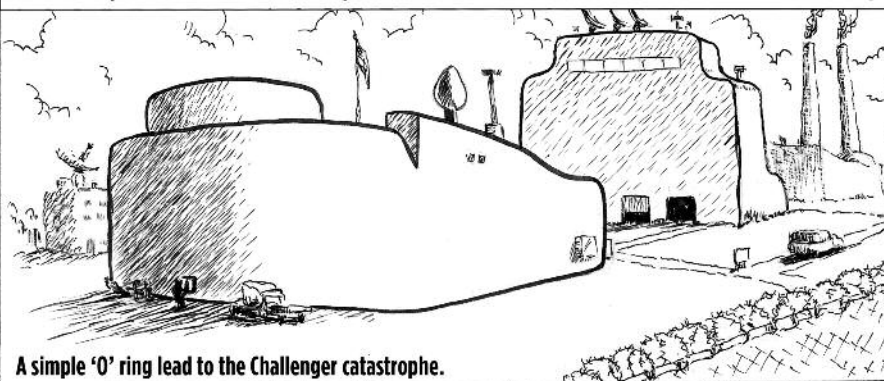




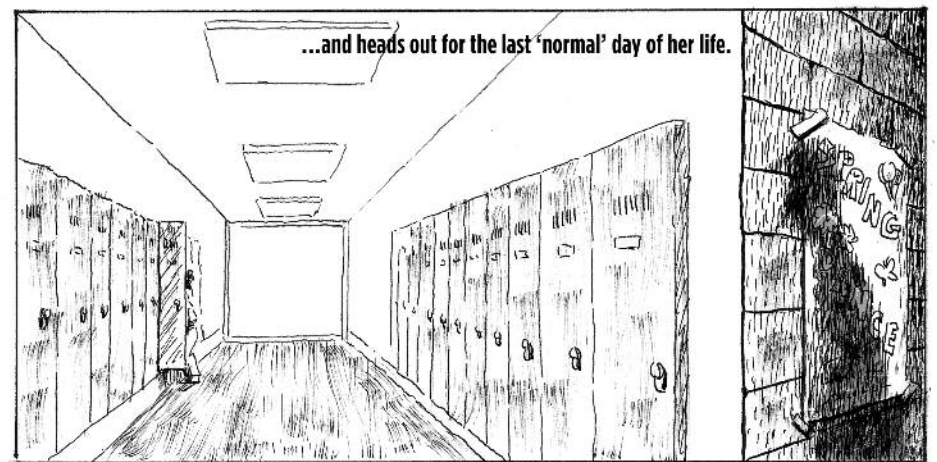
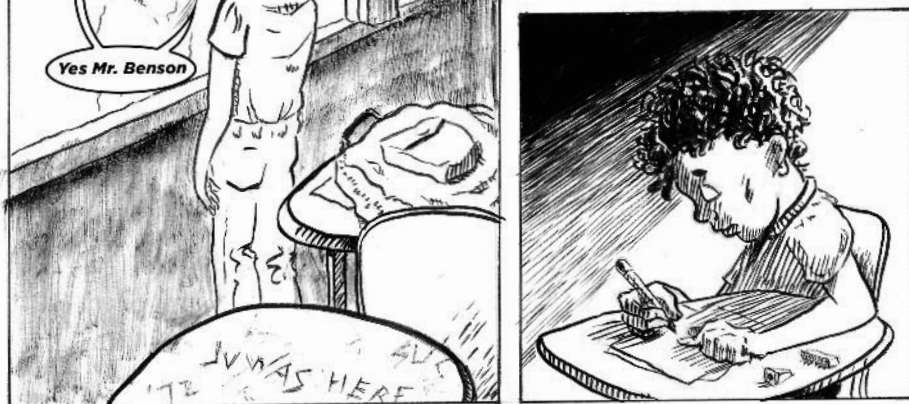
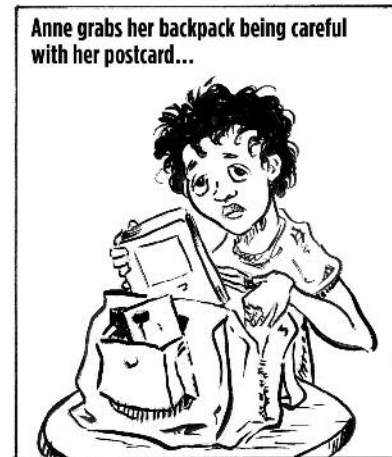
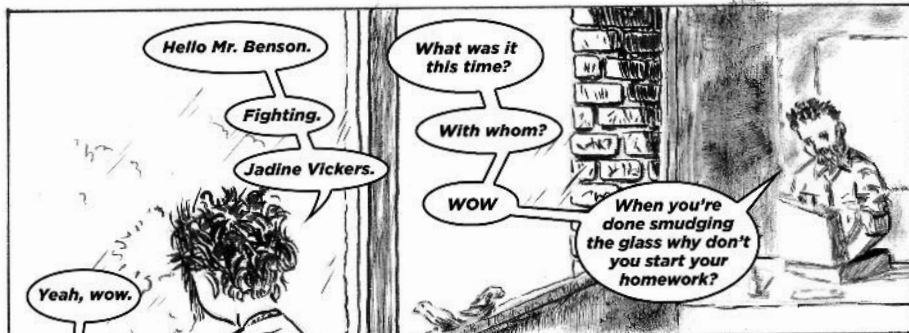




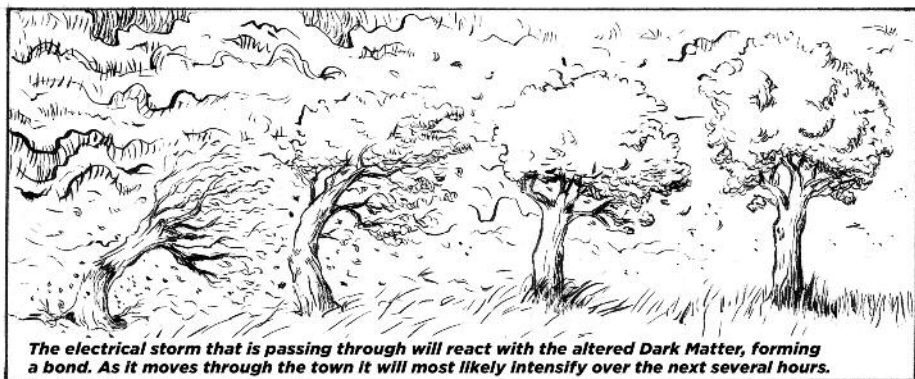
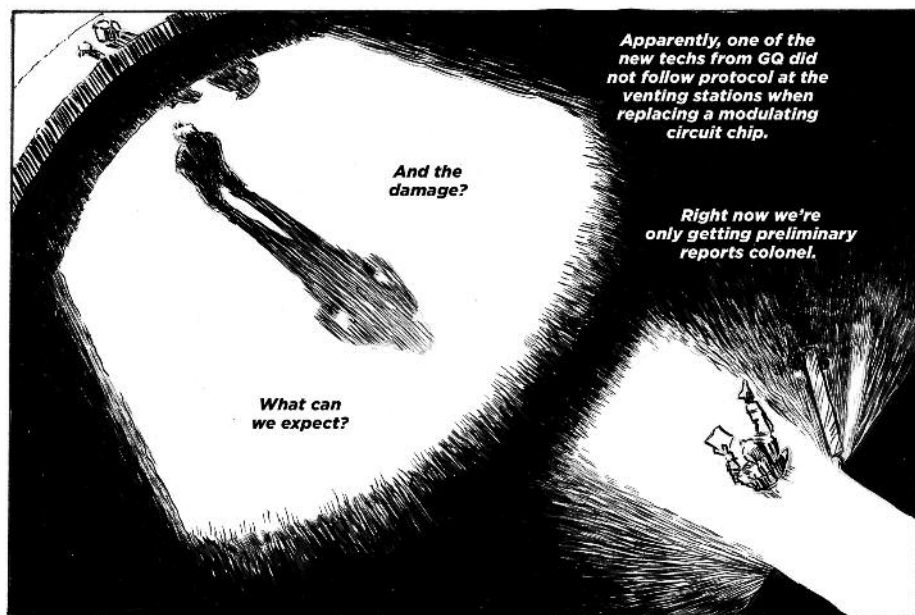
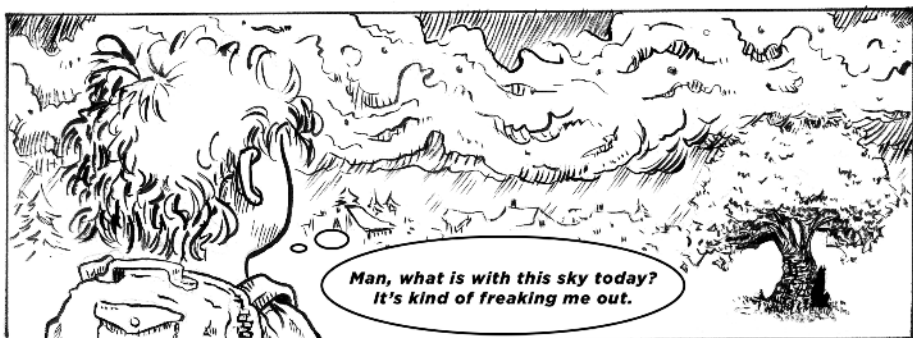
But Anne's problems were dwarfed compared to that at the Center for Dark Matter Research that morning.



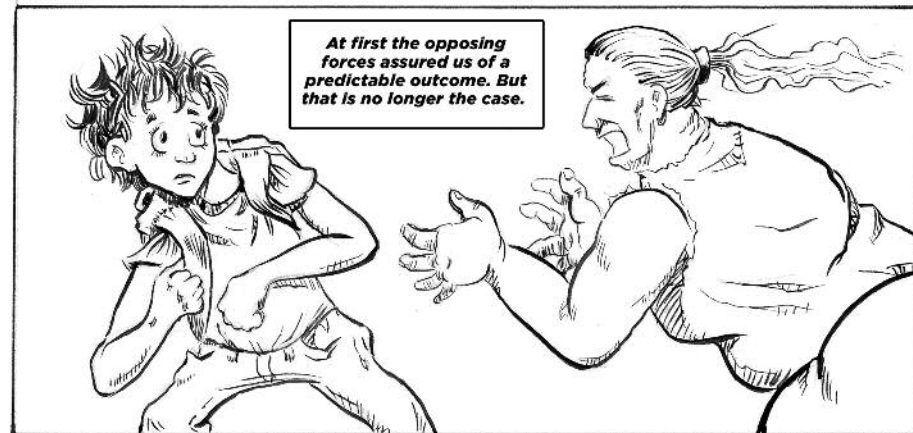
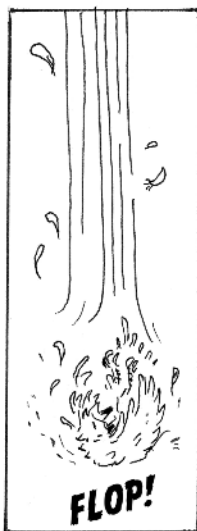
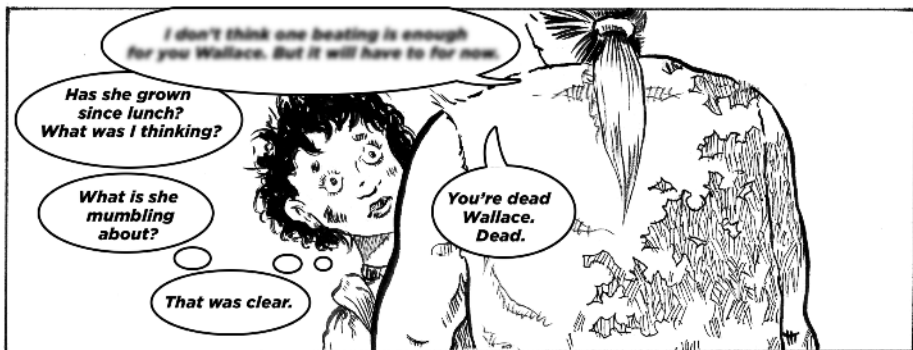














Let me get this straight. With all our highly qualified people, and all our sophisticated equipment,

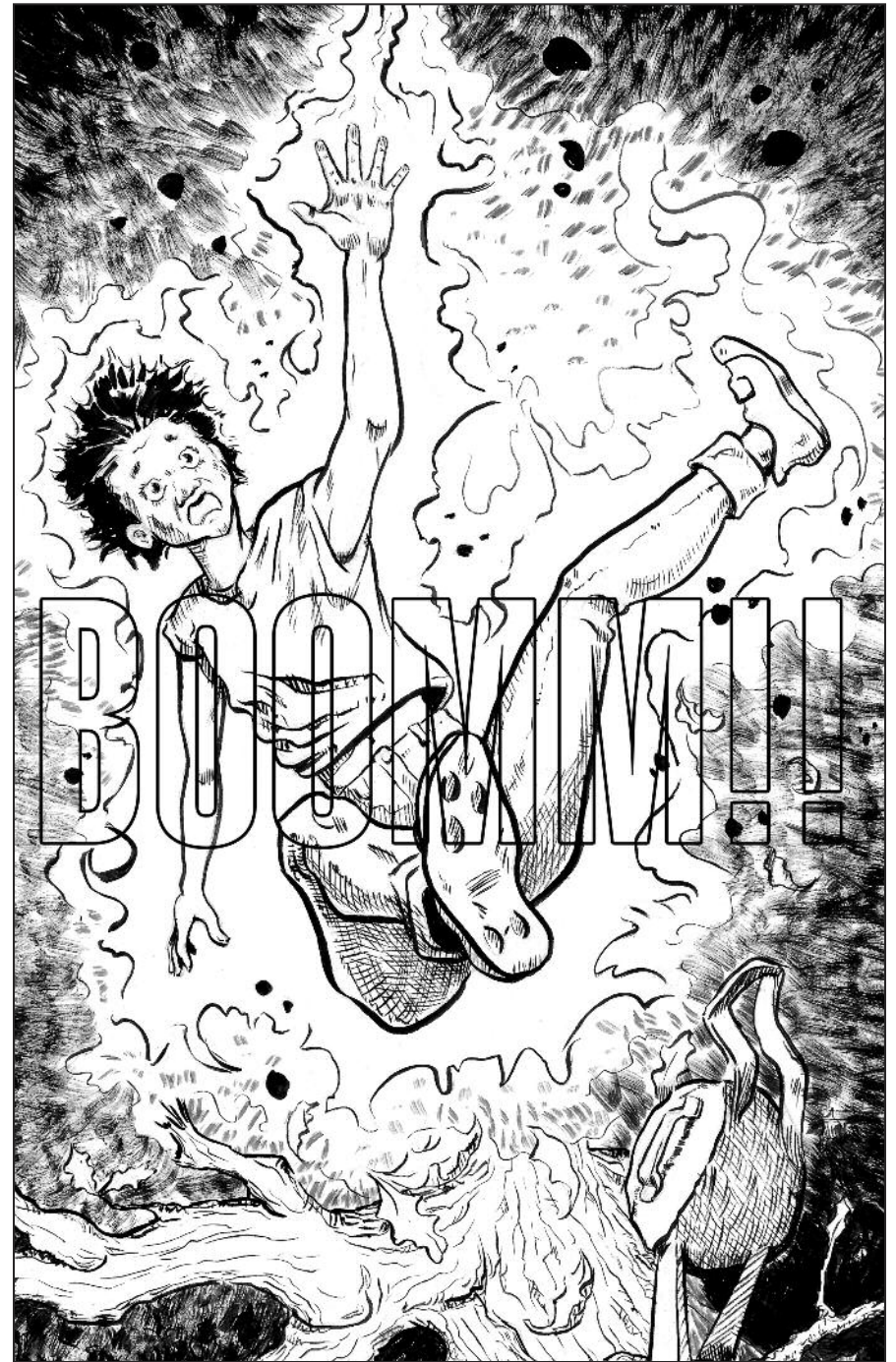
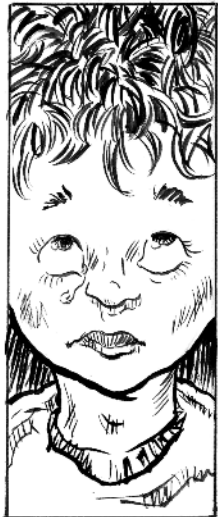


costing the taxpayers millions, what it boils down to doctor is simply...



That won't do, doctor. Now, if you haven't done so already I want this whole complex shut down. No more testing until we find out what effect this is having. All leave is cancelled until further notice and I want every available person working on finding the exact location of Ground Zero and possible damage. All other personnel are confined to base. And not one word to the press or public until we have answers. Do I make myself clear?

Yes, ma'am.







END OF CHAPTER 1