



Part of the tender-winning sci-fi short novel of the Arte Tenebrarum Publishing:

Vortex effect

Prologue

In the soft light of the setting galaxy cluster, a large, peaceful *legged-mermaid* swam at a leisurely pace in the silent interface-sea of the multiverses. Beneath its arms strokes were symmetrically swirling tiny but powerful eddies created, reminiscent of the doughnut-shaped cake of a never-been tale, flowing in twenty-six independent directions. They followed the mermaid in an elongated "V", slowly moving away from her, like the plume of flying cranes in the sky of a distant, imaginary planet's never-could-be gas cloud.

Most of the eddies have expanded with dignity. As their interval diameters increased in spacetime, they sucked and flowed the ten-dimensional foams that had been swept up on their surface with ever decreasing force along their perpendicular axis of non-existence - rapidly in the middle and slowly back out – over and over again. Gradually dampening further, they quietened down completely in few billion *spineons*.

The mermaid was already far away, somewhere beyond the Great Wall of Sloan.

The sea of *manyworlds* was largely smooth and calm again.

But there were few stray eddies that met a different fate.

The ones that have been circling for a long time have grown quite large and sometimes caught a lost-his way piece of litter. Like smaller clusters, black holes, or just tiny galaxies. They had spun them, like dry twigs of water in the imaginary rivers of mythic tales. But as they lost their power, they did slight damage to the sparse debris.

The smaller, initial, still powerful eddies could have more thoroughly dragged even larger pieces, perhaps even clusters – if their size had allowed. But they were so small then and there, that the solid matter of the dust grains of galaxies was a shadow of a veil to them - they flowed through the galaxies without even flinching.

Except for the one, that, on the very last hump of the probability wave, crashed yet into an even more pimple-sized planet of a pimple-sized star, hiding in one of the veil-like back-shreds of a milky white galaxy.

Perhaps to the Land of Fairy Tales.

The still small, but nevertheless muscular vortex is stuck for a blink of an eye. For a few *spiniffy*, barely a few thousand planetary spins, it remained vibrating curled up until it was able to break free again. Meanwhile, this twenty-six-dimensional crumb of the whirlpool-doughnut continued to siphon into the mid, what it had reached across the surface, and slowly refluxed the same around its periphery, rearranging time-space around itself somewhat.

The tiny planet of the milky white galaxy, along with the even smaller entities breeding on it – according to their taxonomic type: *hunter manipulator*, or briefly *human* creatures – knew nothing of this.

„Robot/ember Antológia”, ARTE TENEMBRARUM PUBLISHING, 2020

<https://www.artetenebrarum.hu/termek/robot-ember-antologia>