

# THIRD EVACUATION

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**Time is running out. We must do something.**

Francisco Villate

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Cover design: Diego Alcalá

English editors: Cheryl Lim,  
Brianna Reisenwitz,  
Sara Sykora

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*To Billy.*

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# PROLOGUE

As an amateur astronomer, who has been studying the sky for many years and researching the UFO phenomenon, the subject of intelligent extraterrestrial life has always fascinated me. In particular, I have been interested in understanding how a group of aliens would evacuate an entire planet in case of need. Is it something they can do? Is it something they want to do?

I started writing this book over forty years ago when I was a teenager. It was my second attempt at writing science fiction. Recently, and because of the growing crisis humanity is going through, I was motivated to revisit this subject again. I made the initial unpublished version with my mother's typewriter, and I remember its keys were so hard that my little fingers almost broke trying to use it. For that reason, I never used those two fingers. Today, I still do the same, using only eight fingers, even if it's the soft keyboard of my laptop.

I have to mature, not just as a writer, but as an engineer and as a person. Over time, I learned to make a three-dimensional computer model to locate myself inside a large Space Colony; the large cylindrical structure rotates in space by making one revolution in two minutes, and because of its centrifugal force, it can simulate gravity on someone standing on its inner surface. As an engineer with an interest in physics, I did several calculations of a basic design. It was very interesting to use the model to observe the Colony from the inside, with its mountains, rivers, valleys and lakes, as an inhabitant of this space complex would observe them. I also imagined what it might feel like for someone living in that place. I calculated the trajectory a cannonball

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would follow when fired from one end to the other. It has been an interesting, creative process.

But more than the technical evolution in the design of the Colony, in order to enrich this book with scientific-based information, I advanced my own beliefs. When I was young, I thought that in case of serious problems on Earth, such as a nuclear war or great natural disasters, Angels or magical beings would come from Heaven to rescue the few who deserve it. As I matured, I came to think that our problems would move extraterrestrial beings, who would help get us out of a collapsing world. Over time, I discovered both approaches are dangerous to our own survival on Earth, keeping us in a passive position, waiting for someone powerful to solve our problems without seeking the solution ourselves.

It shocks me a lot to see the planet we live on today, which scientists say we are extinguishing, and we are not doing enough to prevent it. They project that in fifty years marine life will slowly go extinct; the sea level will rise and affect many coastal cities, while global warming will continue without limit at dangerous levels. We see daily news about powerful and destructive hurricanes and typhoons, apocalyptic-scale forest fires, earthquakes, volcanoes, and internal conflicts.

We are dying out and we are not reacting. I know many people ignore it and do not want to think about this; others hope that a spiritual being will come to take us to a paradise, and some wish to be evacuated by extraterrestrial beings. Again, all these positions are very dangerous for our planet, and they lead us to be silent victims, who suffer the consequences and do nothing, as I represent with the vegetables in this science fiction book.

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Many people feel they have done nothing wrong to deserve living in a troubled world. Some would like to get off this natural cosmic ship and go to another more harmonic place. As I show in this book, unpleasant consequences are not only the fruit of what we do, but also of what we do not do. And so what can we do? What have we stopped doing to improve the situation? The characters in this novel understand and decide to take action, even though it may be too late.

In this novel I speak of a first evacuation of the Laxorians. The “Guardians” must conduct it to prevent this race from becoming extinct. Then, the second evacuation that was also planned differs from the first one, but it doesn’t happen as expected. The third evacuation is the one that allows us to see ourselves reflected, as I show at the end of the book.

Faced with a current world in great trouble, living a large-scale extinction, time is running out, and we must do something, as happens to the wonderful characters described in this novel.

Francisco Villate

August 2019



# PART ONE

# HOPELESS

The refreshing scent of morning dew is absent in the morning air today. The dense mist swallows everything in sight, obscuring the majestic landscape made up of mountains, rivers, and lakes. Vegetables are no longer seen marching about slowly and joyfully, in search of fresh sources of water and areas rich in minerals. The gentle breeze no longer brings the fragrant aroma of vitality, lifting the spirits to start the journey, but instead carries the scent of slow death. Dense, smoldering smoke fogged up the air, creeping its way down throats and leaving behind a lingering bitter aftertaste. The discomfort is hard to ignore.

Sarom gazes in anguish at the disastrous outcome of the war. Several vegetables are lying near the bank of the stream that borders his property, motionless and grayish. The stream is cloudy and polluted; he can no longer see the beautiful crystals at the bottom of the fresh stream twinkling their reflections of various colors. Only destruction remains around him.

He knows with certainty that there is a landscape even more sinister and depressing than the one presented before his eyes today; he has lost all hope in his soul. The Guardians have warned him that they will do nothing for them,

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nor will they prevent the destruction of the colony. Are they destined to die as a result of their ignorance and actions that led them to disrupt the ecosystem? The Guardians can help them, but they won't. Why?

Sarom is a monk, and many consider him to be a venerable person. He is someone of great importance to the Colony, even if they do not recognize him. The monk has lived for several decades and has had many experiences that caused him to grow. He has befriended the Guardians, which is something no one else has achieved. He is a prophet. Instead of viewing it as a gift, it seems to him now, more than ever, to be a curse. What is the use of seeing the future if no one believes him? What is the point of some recognizing him as a great prophet who has foreseen destruction, when his purpose is to prevent it? And no one is doing anything to prevent it. Why?

Sarom is exhausted. No one asked if he wanted to be a prophet. He did not choose to have the ability to anticipate what his life would be or the harshness he would bring to see beyond the obvious. He no longer wants to know anything about the Guardians, the ignorant settlers of the plains, or the stupid followers of the King.

He is furious. The monk has the right to be, and he has set out to embrace his anger as his undesirable companion today.

Many years have passed since the evacuation. The vast majority of the current inhabitants do not know or remember Laxor, his original world. Only the older people of his generation keep the memories of that beautiful place fresh, before having to skirt it.

Sarom closes his eyes, recalling the horizon of Laxor, its two Suns, different but majestic, rising each morning and

filling the place with life. How pleasant those first rays of light felt, as if the day began in that magical moment that not everyone could perceive, bringing a sense of freshness and joy. The thought comforts him and from within him, he feels a small spark of hope, a fragile light that will fill his entire being with its radiation of wisdom and love. But that will be later, because today he only wants to live in his hopelessness and grief.

Many years have passed, but the memory never fades. These were days filled with activities, experiencing his youthful emotions, discovering the world, and learning something new every day. Sarom remembers Laxor well, though it no longer exists after the great explosion. It will never fade from the memories etched in the mind of Creation, though they may sometimes hide in the forgotten corners of the human mind.