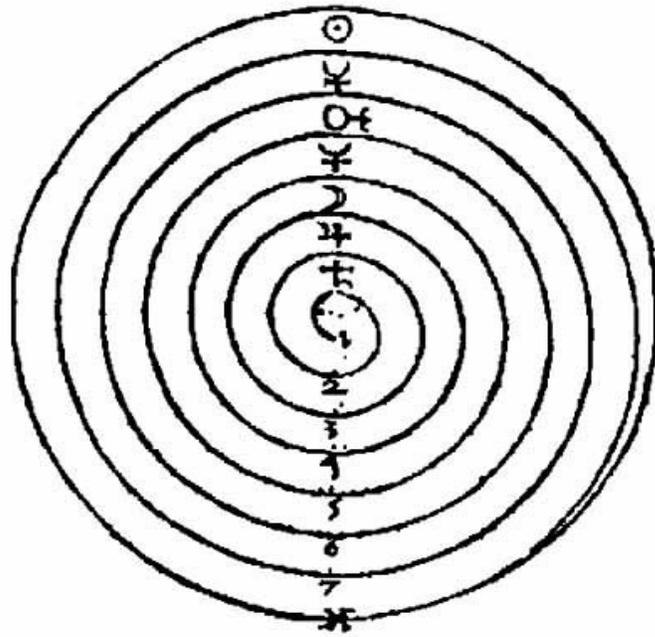


The Cortex of Tycho Brahe

by

Razvan Anton



Time is decompressing. Tycho inhales deep and comes back to the conscious world through his prolonged exhale. The psyche sensed the approach of reality and coiled around his ego like a worm. Thoughts became heavy and warm, then came out to the surface changed as words. Slowly aware of the space around him, he could clearly distinguish the shapes of the things around and rediscover reality. His eyes gazed at the metallic walls, hungry for the feeling of the tangible. It took him a few moments until he realized that he came back from the other worlds through this incredible apparatus he had created. Tycho's dry mouth and injected eyes didn't care at all because now, he could fold space, and travel through time into his own head.

Since The Cortex was built, he liked to spend most of his time inside the belly of this monstrous machine. Not that he didn't trust his own emotions, but he was now aware of the alternate realities and understood perfectly well how time charts space into a monad. The Cortex is a place that opens the void within the human, and Tycho Brahe loved the visions of his own hell. Like Ahab, whose only purpose in life was to hunt the white whale, Tycho's sole meaning in life is to memory. Thinking that memory could be not being aware that Tycho went too far by machine. Every time he realities would pulsate at perpetually changing his identity. His reality time slows down to him in his desperate

I am Tycho and I often feel alone, and that is the reason why I built The Cortex. I believe that the apparatus would give me an understanding of the world which eventually will end my loneliness. I would have wanted to feel the world, not just through science but my work means everything to me, and gives me little room for social life. Thus, I would often refuse to go out, wanting to stay inside and work on THE CORTEX. In my early years, at school, I was the only boy who would often stay after class and study, until I would be deprived of sleep. "Read until my eyes would burn" as I often thought. In time, books would become my best friends. This eventually led me to being alone, but I didn't mind. Because I know everything in everyone. I know all now.

unfold the persistence of by discovering its secrets, controlled and manipulated, but everything comes with a price, staying long hours inside the goes into time trance, the infinite high frequencies inside his brain, own concept of spacial temporal started to curb, and the sense of inactivity and nothing can stop search for the absolute truth.

From outside it looks inside it has seven spinning at a different

like a giant cube of metal, but concentric spheres, each frequency from the other. The

apparatus is vibrating at the seven and seventy eight hertz like a good Platonic solid and is in concordance with the celestial bodies. The psychonaut would then sit inside the square, at center of the smallest of the spheres. The only thing that one must realize when entering the whale of time was to be aware of the fact that realities contain realities within them like a perpetual fractal bursting with a myriad of emotions and that one would not come back to the plane of reality unchanged.

Tycho was aware of the risk of permanent brain damage the first time he entered The Cortex. He slowly opened the heavy metallic door and stepped out, when his perception of the machine started to warp and morph into a gigantic vermin. He realized the machine started to bleed and he immediately stopped its gyration by deactivating the main source of power fused in his own body through numerous fleshy tubes. A symbiotic relationship between flesh and cybernetic excellence was he, Tycho Brahe.

The Cortex has spewed its last word with a loud thud, then fell quiet and rested in silence. It needed immediate repair, and Tycho knew this, because the machine was his child. They knew each other. They shared the same mind and now they will have the same body. Forever.