


*This isn't a story about some shadowy secret society harboring dark rituals in a remote college campus.*





A large, classical-style stone building with a pediment and a circular window, surrounded by trees and students. The building is constructed from grey stone blocks and features a prominent pediment with a circular window in the center. Below the pediment, there are several windows, including a tall, narrow arched window on the left and a smaller square window in the center. The entrance is framed by two columns and has a set of steps leading up to it. Several students are visible on the steps and around the building. The scene is set outdoors with lush green trees in the background and a clear blue sky. A yellow text box is overlaid on the right side of the image.


*It's a mundane campus where students go about their day, filling their minds with knowledge from textbooks- and professors.*





*Perhaps looking up short skirts.*



A scene from a video game showing a couple embracing in front of a stone building with green doors, a street lamp, and a man walking away. The scene is set on a cobblestone street next to a large, grey stone building with several green doors. A man in a grey sweater and dark pants is embracing a woman in a white top and a patterned skirt. A black street lamp stands in the middle of the street. To the right, a man in a black leather jacket and dark pants is walking away. The ground is made of cobblestones, and there is a brick wall and some greenery on the left side.

*Or making out with a  
cute boy.*



*Or daydreaming about their 'alien professor' marooned on Earth, in the midst of it all.*

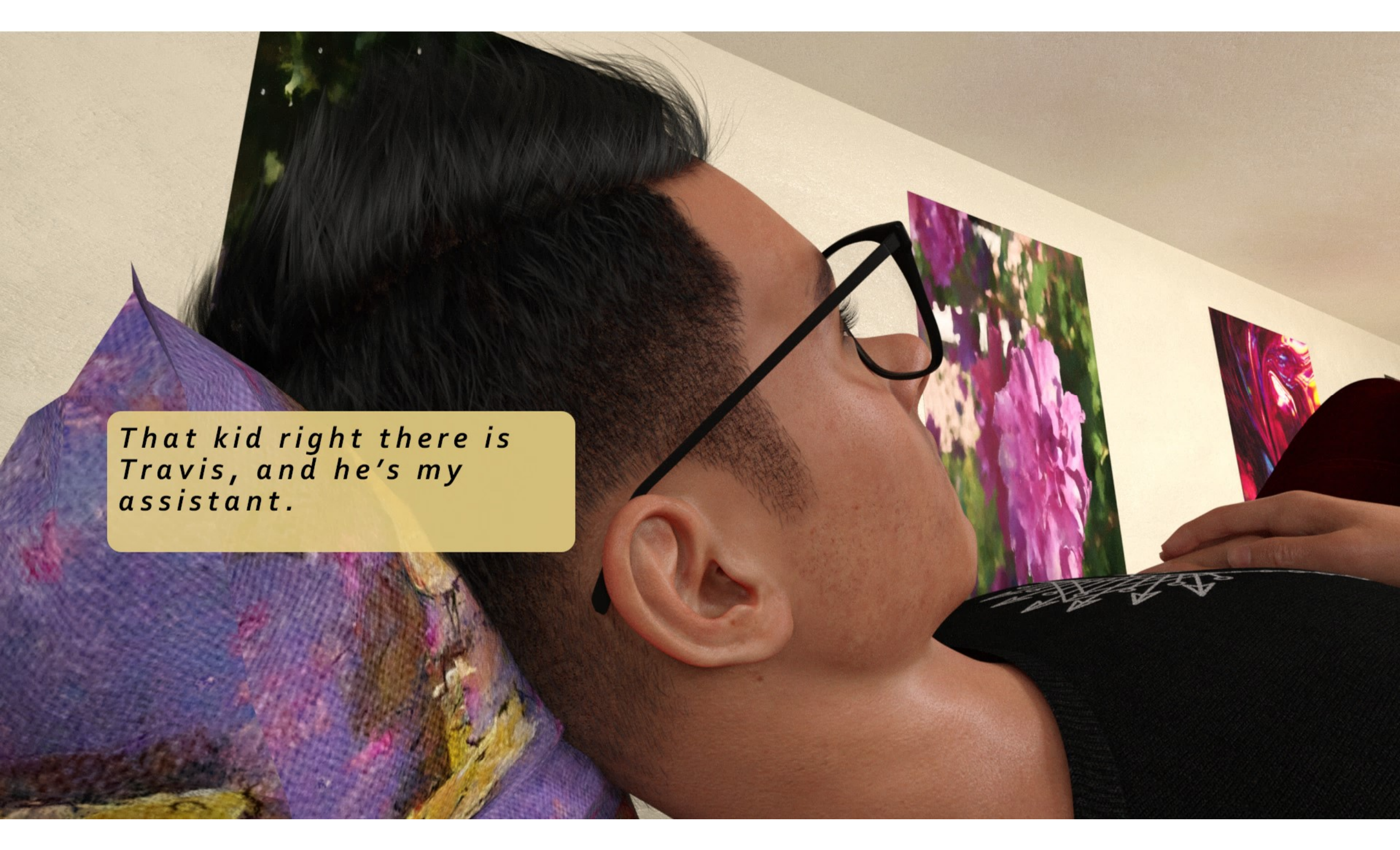




*Yeah, that's right!*






A man with dark hair and black-rimmed glasses is shown in profile, looking towards the right. He is wearing a black t-shirt with white geometric patterns on the shoulder. The background is a wall covered with several large, colorful abstract paintings. One prominent painting on the left features shades of purple and blue with textured brushstrokes. To the right, there are two more paintings: one with vibrant pink and purple flowers, and another with abstract red and blue patterns. A person's hands are visible on the right side of the frame, resting on a surface.

*That kid right there is  
Travis, and he's my  
assistant.*



A man with dark hair and glasses is lying down, looking upwards. He is wearing a black t-shirt with a white graphic. The background features a wall with a large purple and pink floral painting. A yellow text box is overlaid on the bottom left of the image.

*Sure, he's not much to look at but he's the most useful human I could find lately.*



*This is a story of how I  
managed to get off of  
this rock... and of how I  
got my rocks off!*





Heh, see  
what I did  
there?

*\*groan\**





Man, you  
really need  
a hobby.

*Or a  
girlfriend.*






\* sigh \*

You're doing it again, aren't you?

Everybody



A man with short dark hair, wearing a black long-sleeved shirt, is shown in profile, looking down and to the left. He has a thoughtful or slightly distressed expression, with his hand near his chin. The background consists of light-colored wood paneling and a light green wall. A white speech bubble with a black outline is positioned to the left of the man, containing text. In the bottom left corner, there is a white laundry basket containing some clothes and a yellow object.

Dude, I don't know  
why she puts up with  
you but I'm tellin' ya:  
She's just stringing  
you along.





You don't know what you're talking about.






I know enough  
about you to know  
why you spend late  
nights 'in the lab'  
with Professor B!





Kevin, I... don't even know where to begin...





*Try me!*

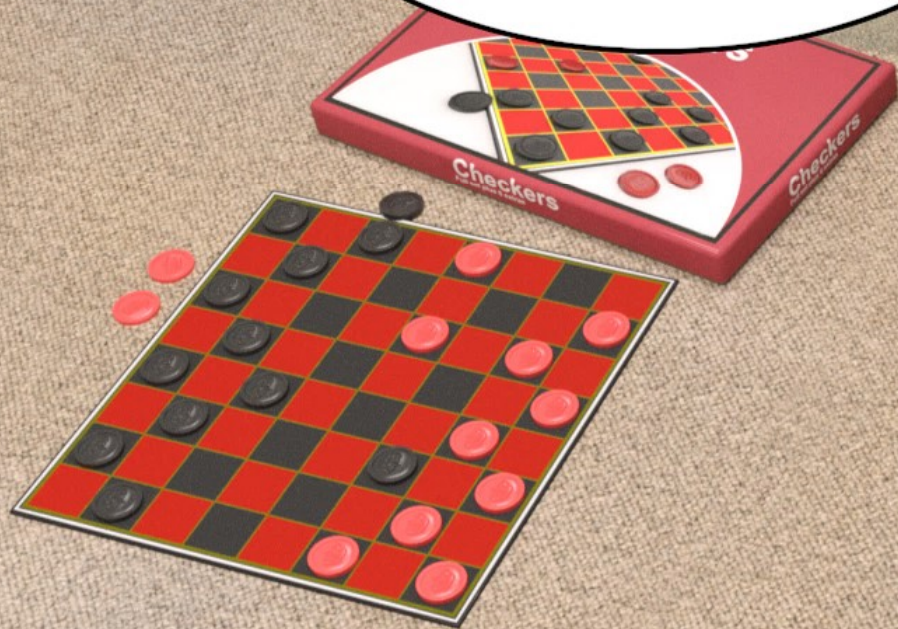




Okay, first of all  
you'd never believe  
me if I told you...



Yeah, that you've  
got a crush on  
the college's  
*hottest* professor!







... who rides my ass  
in more ways than  
one...



A man with short dark hair and blue eyes, wearing a black long-sleeved shirt, is sitting on a beige carpeted floor. He has a surprised expression. A white speech bubble with a black outline is positioned above him, containing the text "Huh!?". In the background, there is a light blue wall with a black electrical outlet, a wooden dresser with three drawers, and a red box of Checkers board game. The floor has a patterned rug with shades of beige and green.

*Huh!?*





I said she rides my ass, okay?

I literally do *everything* including the heavy lifting in *her* lab and she treats me like some kind of a... *slave* or something!






*Well, I'd be her  
slave if it meant I  
got to put my  
hands on those tits  
of hers!*


Careful  
what you  
wish for-




A man with short dark hair and light blue eyes, wearing a black long-sleeved shirt, is pointing his right index finger towards a large white speech bubble. The speech bubble contains text. The background shows a room with a light green wall, a white door, and a wooden cabinet.

Yeah but we both know she ain't puttin' out, the dean canned the last science chair for sleeping with students so I'm pretty sure she wouldn't lose her job over just some-




A man with glasses, wearing a black t-shirt and maroon pants, is sitting on the top bunk of a wooden bunk bed. He has a questioning expression on his face. The room has light green walls, a white door, and a patterned rug. A speech bubble is positioned above him.

What??

A man with short dark hair, wearing a black long-sleeved shirt, is sitting on the floor. He is gesturing with his hands as if explaining something. A speech bubble is positioned above him.

Ah- hey now...  
lose her job *over*  
*another student.*  
That's what I  
was going to say...





Are you sure  
about that,  
Kev??





You know what? I should thank you!

A minute ago I was dreading going into that lab and helping Dr. Bereginya test her experiment tonight but now I'm so angry I don't care!





I don't want to spend another minute in this dorm trying to *prove* something to you!





Bye!






**HEY!**

I'm sorry-  
ugh...

**\*SLAM\***








Damn  
it.


I just thought  
maybe you  
wouldn't be as  
tense if you  
were dating  
someone.





Stupid Kevin.  
Why didn't I  
just start with  
that?





Now where am I  
going to find  
someone to go on  
a double date with  
me and Amanda?





*It's amazing how much a complete foreigner can learn about Human social rituals with a few well-placed detectors.*





*Although, I would have been wise to consider the far reaching possibilities of the loyalty of human companionship.*



*Frankly, I still am glad that Travis' roommate couldn't work up the nerve to tell him about the double-date, because I had Travis all to myself that evening.*





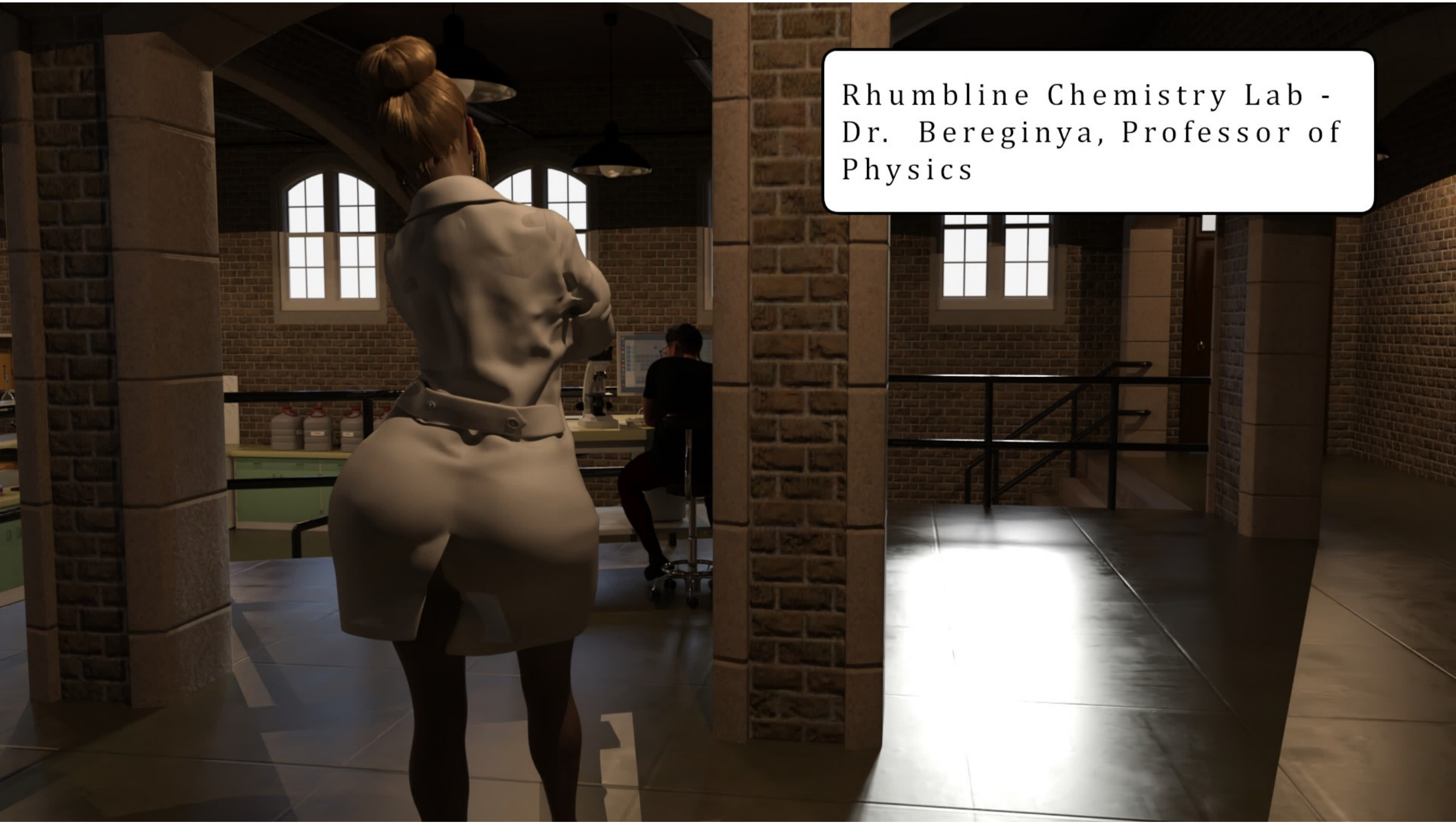
*For the  
most part.*

*Ahhh....  
Humans.*






Rhumbline Chemistry Lab -  
Dr. Bereginya, Professor of  
Physics







*Oh,  
Travis!*

*You're here  
earlier than  
usual.*



*Everything  
all right?*





A man with dark hair and glasses, wearing a black t-shirt with a white graphic, sits at a desk with a white computer monitor. A woman with blonde hair and glasses, wearing a white lab coat, stands behind him, looking at the monitor. The scene is dimly lit, with a brick wall in the background. A speech bubble is positioned above the man.

Everything's  
*fine*, Doctor  
Bereginya.






*Come now  
darling, I can  
tell  
something's  
bothering  
you.*

*Your cute  
human face  
gets all  
scrunched up  
when you're  
grumpy.*

*\* Sigh \**






*Can I just get started setting up for tonight?*

*Very well...*

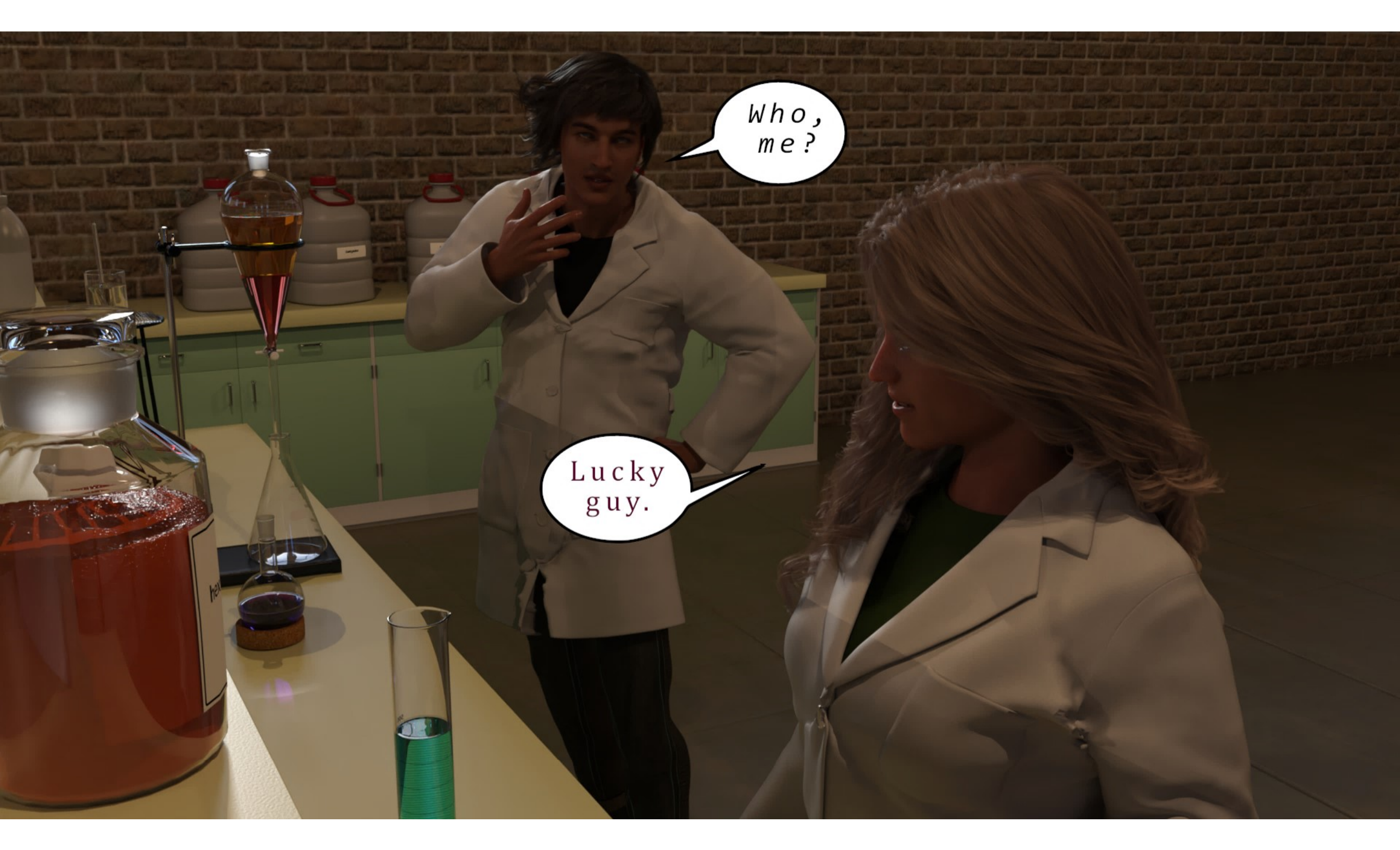




*You can't keep your secrets forever, young man, because we still have to wait for Miguel and Samantha to leave.*

Oh, yeah-right.

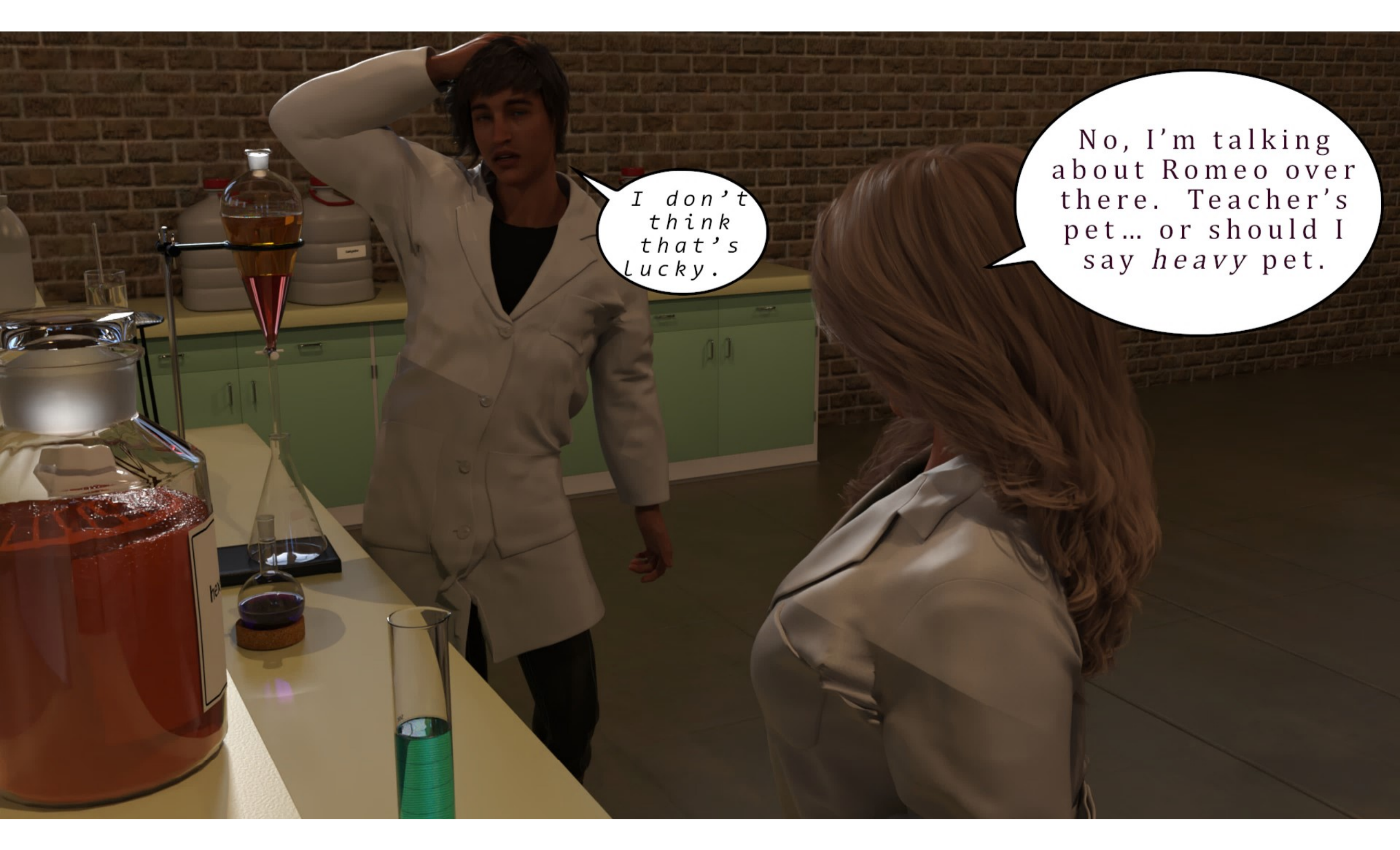




Who,  
me?

Lucky  
guy.





I don't think that's lucky.

No, I'm talking about Romeo over there. Teacher's pet... or should I say heavy pet.



If Dean Rothstein  
so much as  
thought there was  
sex involved he  
would kick both  
of them out of  
the school.








You can't  
just-



*Miguel?  
Samantha? If you  
guys are just  
chatting then you  
wouldn't mind  
closing up for the  
night, would you?*






A 3D-rendered scene of a laboratory. In the foreground, a woman with her hair in a bun, wearing a white lab coat and high heels, stands on a staircase with a black metal railing, looking down. In the background, another woman in a white lab coat stands at a laboratory bench with green cabinets and yellow countertops. A speech bubble is positioned in the center of the scene, containing the text "Yes, Doctor Bereginya!".

Yes,  
Doctor  
Bereginya!






Doctor... can I ask you to be perfectly honest with me?

*Oh, Travis!*

*I've always been honest with you, why would I change that now?*



A woman with blonde hair in a bun, wearing glasses, a white lab coat, and high heels, is walking towards the right. A man with dark hair and glasses, wearing a black t-shirt with a white graphic and black pants, is walking towards the left. They are in a dimly lit hallway with stone walls and arches. In the background, there is a laboratory bench with a microscope and a computer monitor. A speech bubble is positioned to the right of the man.

Ah... well... I just thought that- what if something goes wrong with the experiment?



A woman in a white suit and glasses is talking to a man in a black suit in a hallway. The woman is on the left, and the man is on the right, looking thoughtful with his hand on his head. The hallway has brick walls and a large window in the background.


*Well, you haven't met  
ETTA but she's going  
to be monitoring  
everything we do.*

*Yeah.*

*Etta? You  
mean like Etta  
James?*

*She's programmed to  
track outliers and  
determine safety risks,  
so if anything goes  
wrong she will shut  
everything down.*



A woman in a white dress and a man in a black shirt are walking away from the viewer down a hallway. The woman is on the left, wearing a white, belted, long-sleeved dress and high heels. The man is on the right, wearing a black t-shirt and dark pants. They are walking towards a set of double doors at the end of the hallway. The walls are made of brick, and the floor is a light-colored tile. There are shadows cast on the floor behind them.

*She's our A.I. Let's go into the lab so we can talk more freely.*

Uh... right...






*ETTA stands for  
"Extra Terrestrial  
Tardic Artifice".*

You've been watching  
science fiction again,  
haven't you?





Oops!  
I did.

You have  
red-handed  
me, Travis!

Doctor... you  
really mean that  
I've *caught* you  
red-handed.



A woman in a white dress and a man in a black dress are standing in a doorway at night. The woman is on the left, looking towards the man on the right. They are in a room with shelves containing boxes. The scene is dimly lit, with light coming from the doorway and a window on the right.

Someone.

So we're pushing the known limits of *quantum parity* tonight but at least we have something-

Someone watching our backs... good enough for me. I just don't want to be transformed into primordial ooze...





You know what? I want to see what they're working on!

*C'mon, Sam. This could be dangerous-*






Mierda!

That light is *probably* just lasers, if they're *actually* running an experiment *at all!*



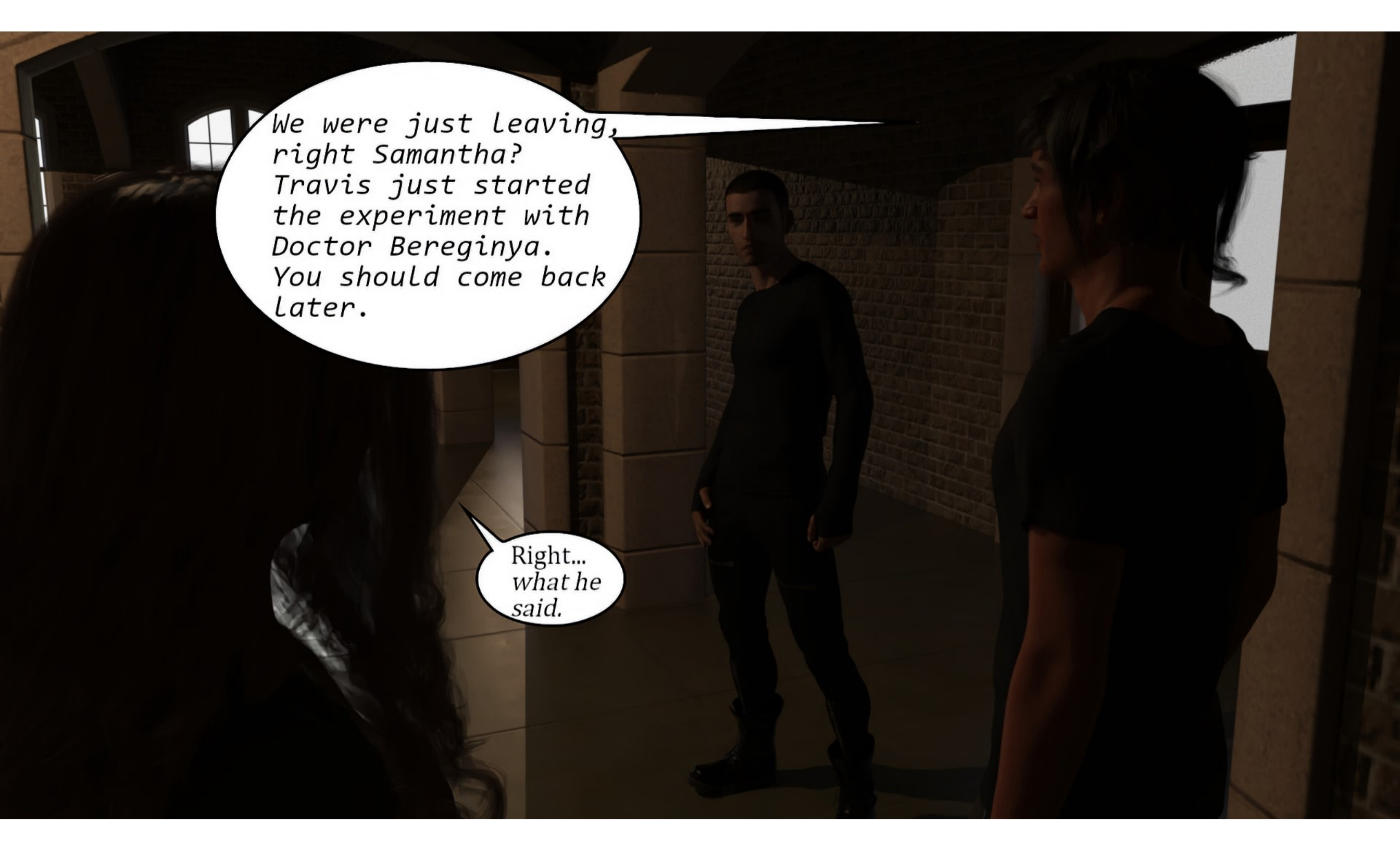


*It could  
be radia-*

*Have you  
guys seen  
Travis?*

*Oh-  
uh.. hi.*





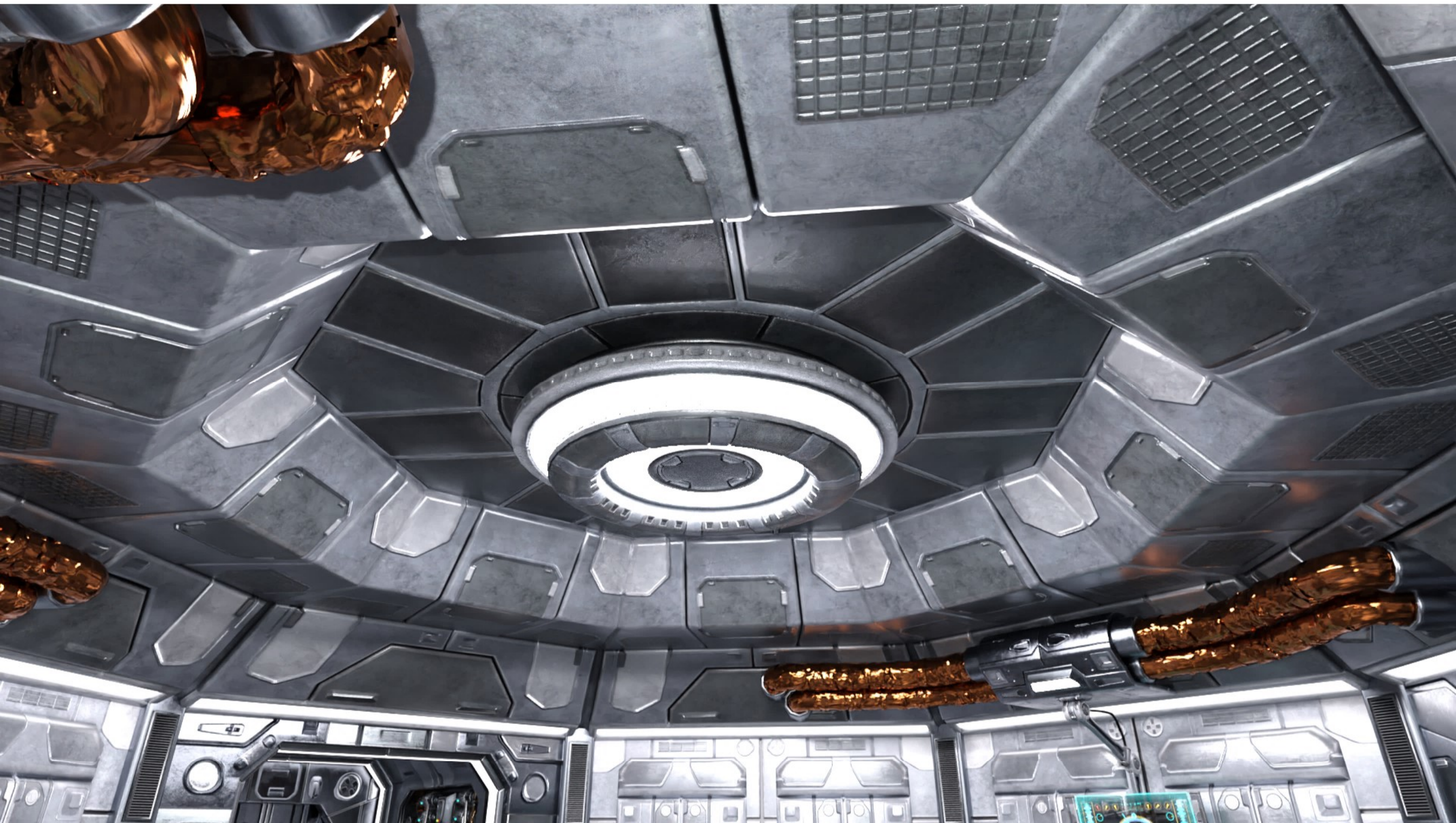
*We were just leaving,  
right Samantha?  
Travis just started  
the experiment with  
Doctor Bereginya.  
You should come back  
Later.*

*Right...  
what he  
said.*

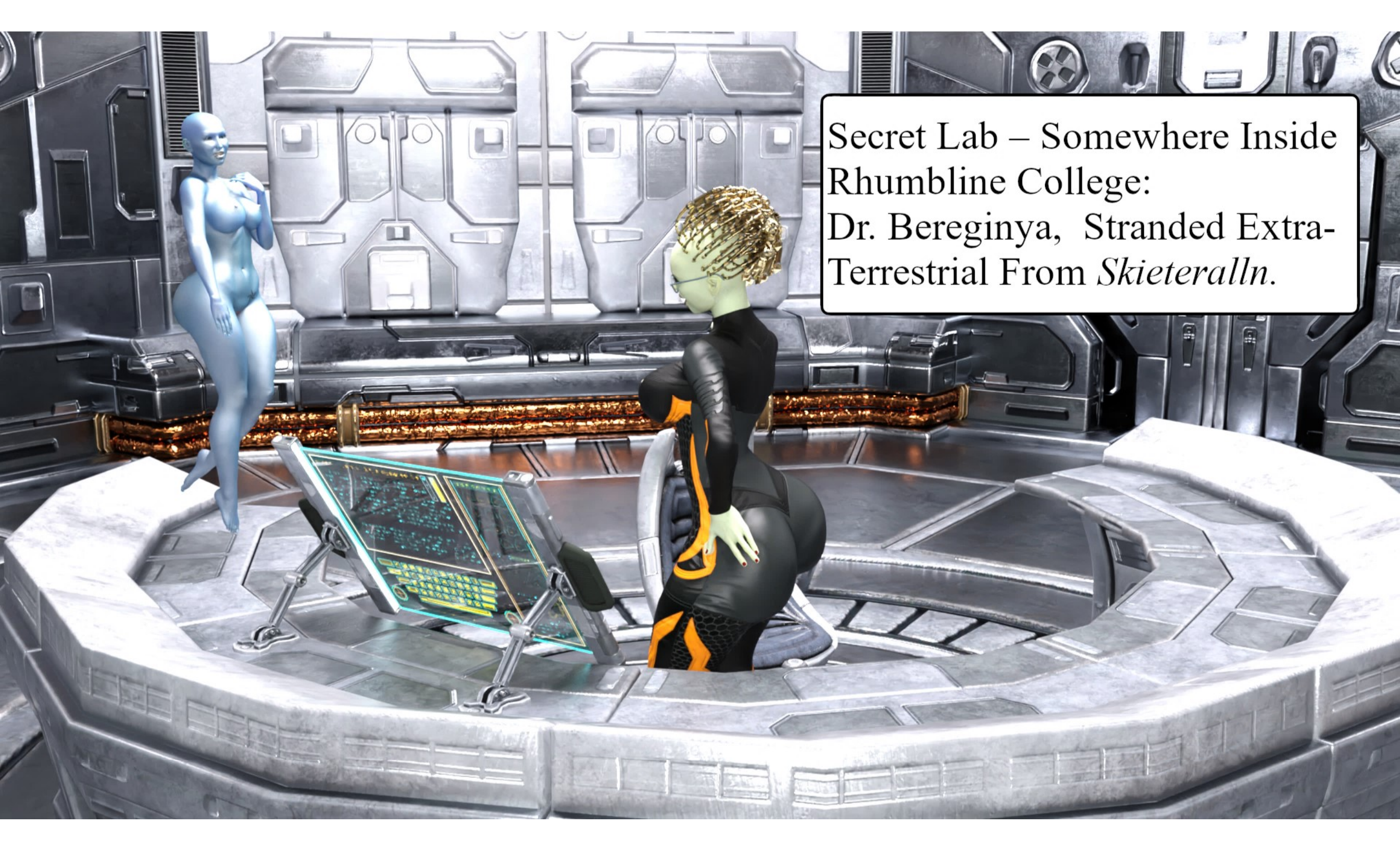












Secret Lab – Somewhere Inside  
Rhumblin College:  
Dr. Bereginia, Stranded Extra-  
Terrestrial From *Skieteralln*.



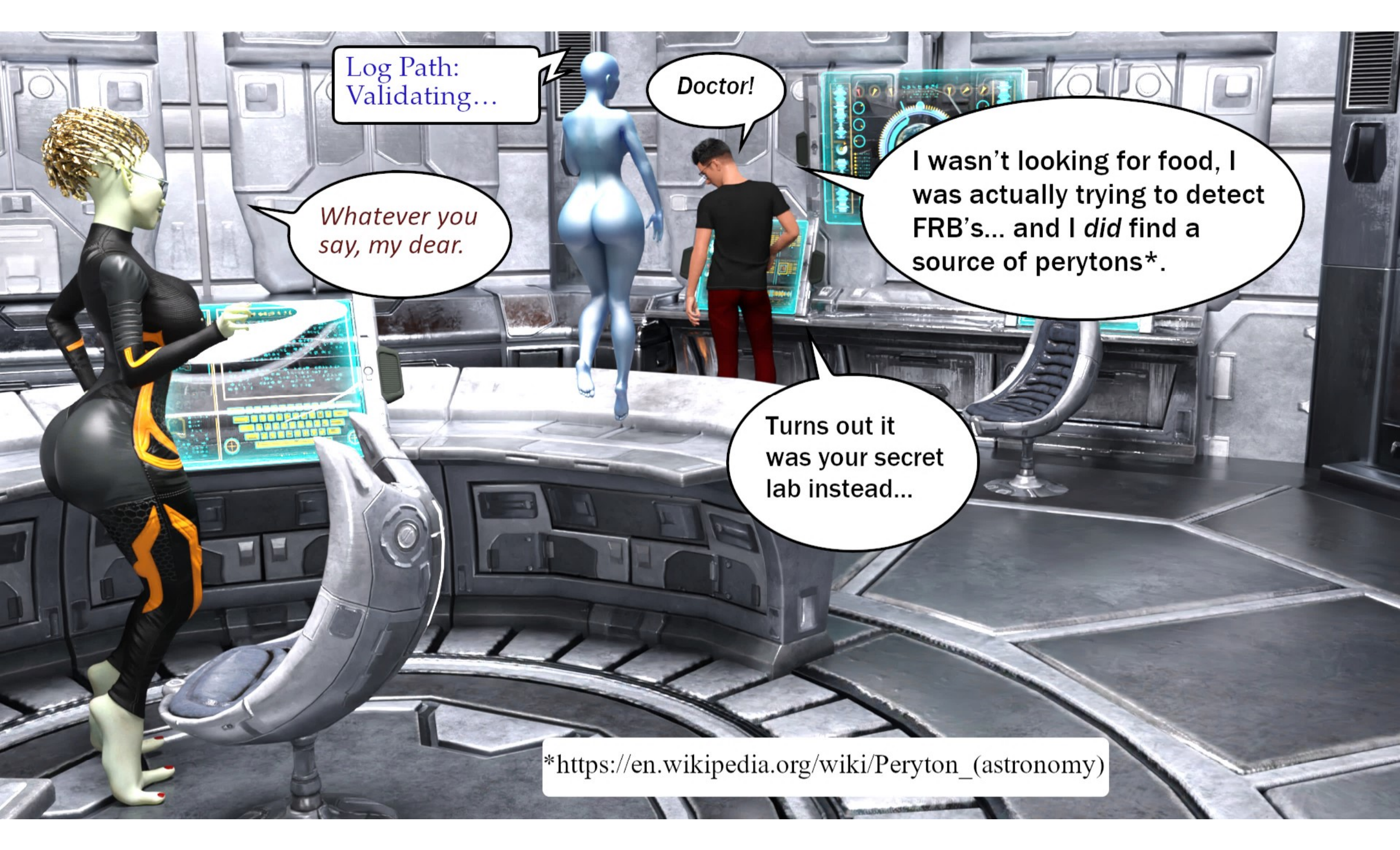


Data Load Fidelity:  
Check...

*I still can't believe that  
you found me while  
looking for... food!*

*If humans used an ounce of  
genetic manipulation it would  
cease your preoccupation with  
ingesting energy sources and  
leave more time for elevating  
your species into the stars.*





Log Path:  
Validating...

Doctor!


*Whatever you  
say, my dear.*

I wasn't looking for food, I  
was actually trying to detect  
FRB's... and I *did* find a  
source of perytons\*.

Turns out it  
was your secret  
lab instead...

\*[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Peryton\\_\(astronomy\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Peryton_(astronomy))



A futuristic control room with a man in a black t-shirt and red pants standing at a console. A blue, muscular humanoid figure stands next to him, looking at a screen displaying a globe. The room is filled with various screens and control panels. A large white speech bubble is on the left, and a smaller one is in the center. A callout box points to the blue figure's head.


Don't worry your pretty little head over the matter... I packed plenty of snacks for you to consume so we can finish our work tonight.

Doctor, you're sure it's really food this time?

Remember when you got me *fish flakes*?

Environment Memory: Check...





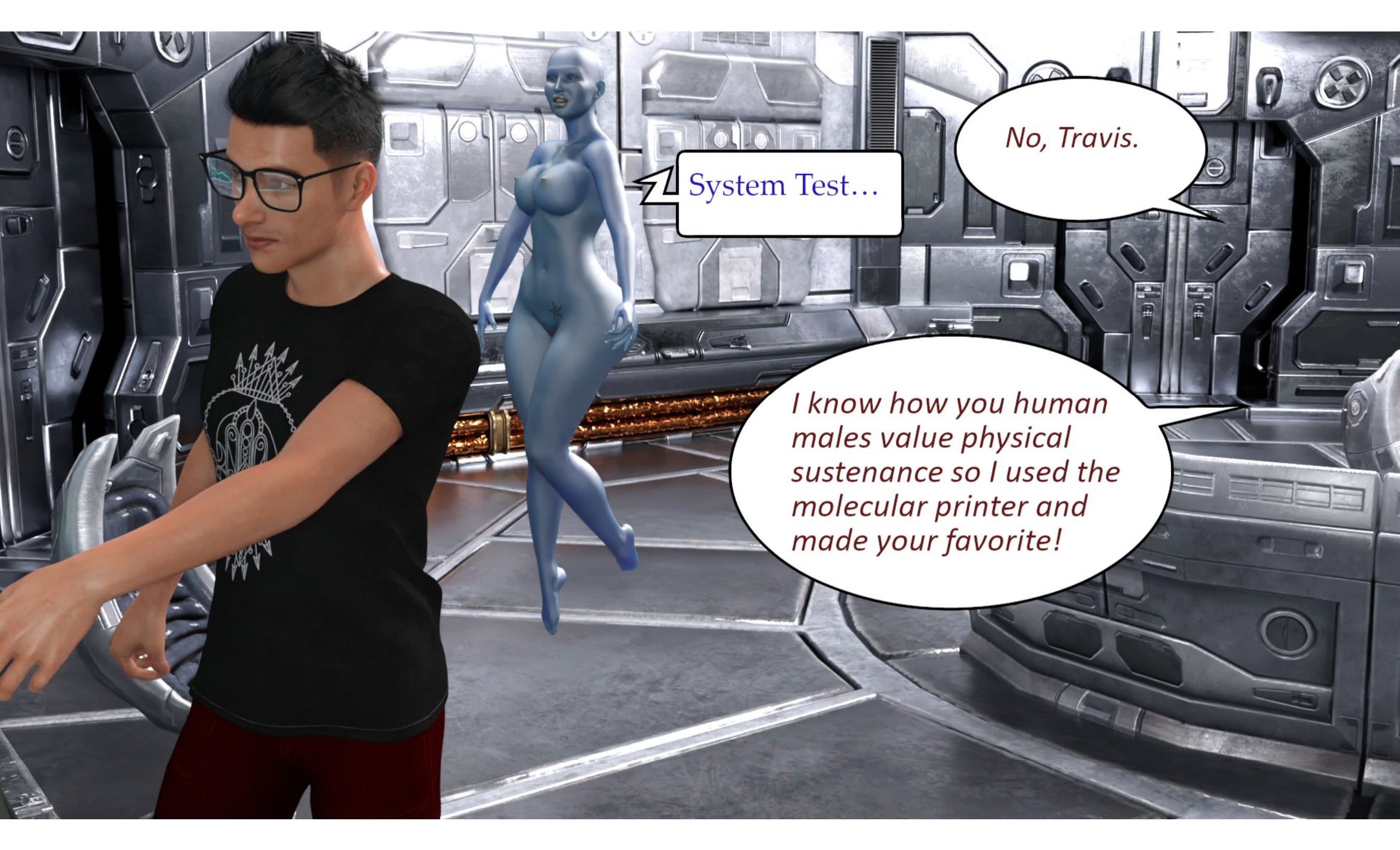
*That was one time!*

*How was I supposed to know that on this planet 'pet' usually refers to other animals? On civilized worlds 'pet' is a term of endearment- only!*

So, no fish flakes then?

Genetic Archive:  
Verified...






System Test...

No, Travis.

*I know how you human males value physical sustenance so I used the molecular printer and made your favorite!*





Really? You made me *Skieteralln* gagkh?

Collating Results.

Yes.

*I even gave you extra beifl worms, they're so gross-*

*I can't believe that of all your human junk food you would like something only an ancient Skietera would eat!*






Collating  
Results...

*ETTA chose  
this form.*

*She may look mostly  
human, but she's got a  
quad like none but a  
Skietera!*

*You know she likes  
you? I'm not jealous,  
though...*





I gotta say,  
Doc...

Even if you never pick up  
the habit of eating, you're  
really starting to fit in  
around here... are you sure  
you're going to have to  
leave?

I'm sure even ETTA  
would enjoy going for  
*pizza* at some point.




Oh, grok!

Variance Detected...  
0.00046%

*Language, Travis!!  
Remember: don't  
attempt to count your  
pastoral hatchlings  
early... right?*



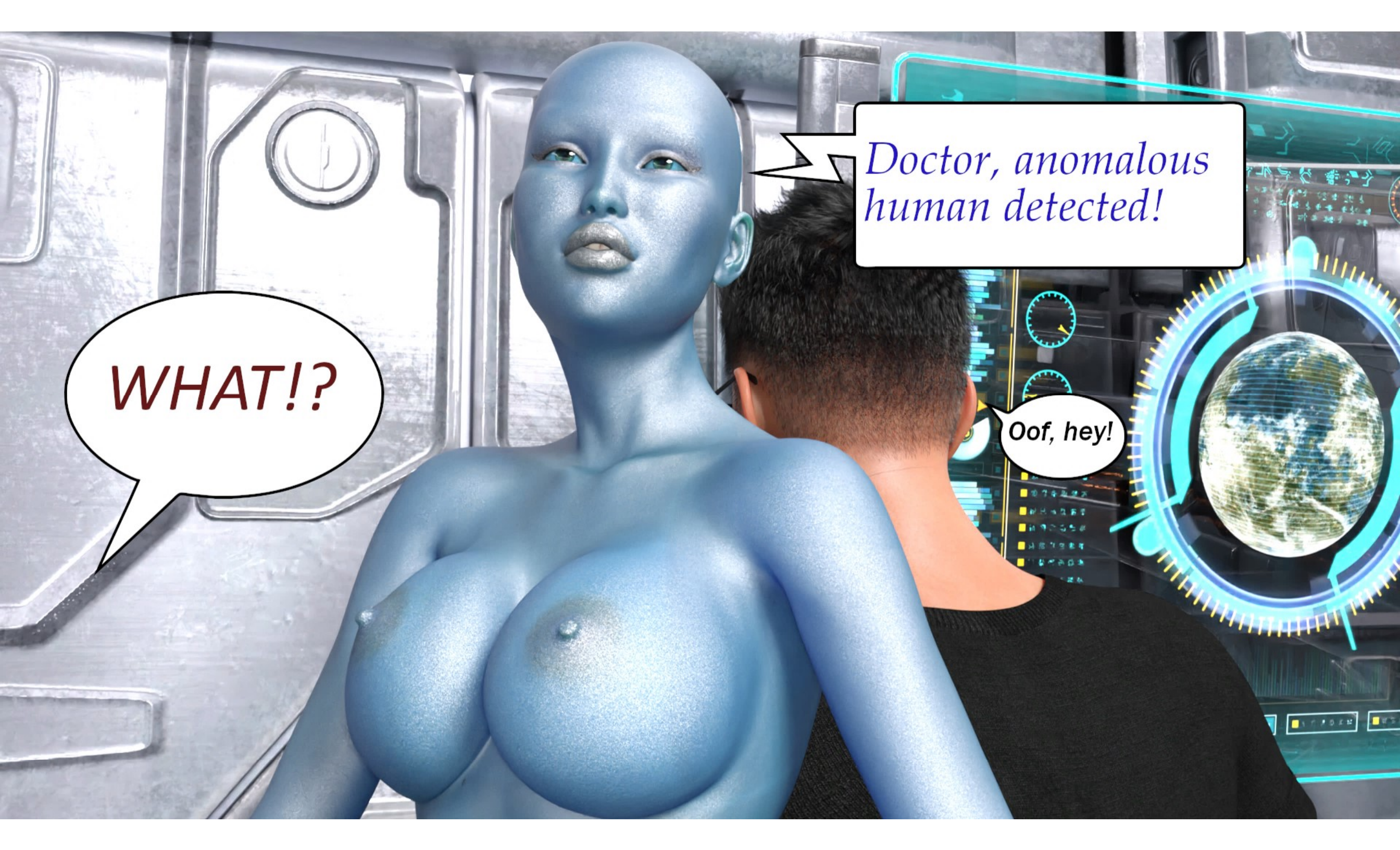


Doctor, variance  
is above safety  
limits.

*ETTA, list  
variance sources  
for me...*

Working...





**WHAT!?**

*Doctor, anomalous human detected!*

Oof, hey!




A man with a short haircut, wearing a black t-shirt, is seen from behind, looking into a futuristic, metallic control room. The room has a circular central console and various control panels. A woman in a black and yellow suit is standing near the console. In the background, another person is visible at a workstation. The man's hand is on his head, suggesting confusion or surprise.

*Oh, grok!!*

*Um... hello?  
Travis, is that  
you?*





Holy shit!  
*Kevin??* How did  
*you get in here?*

Uh... the lab door  
was open and-  
*hello but she's*  
*not human!*

Doctor, new system  
test results!



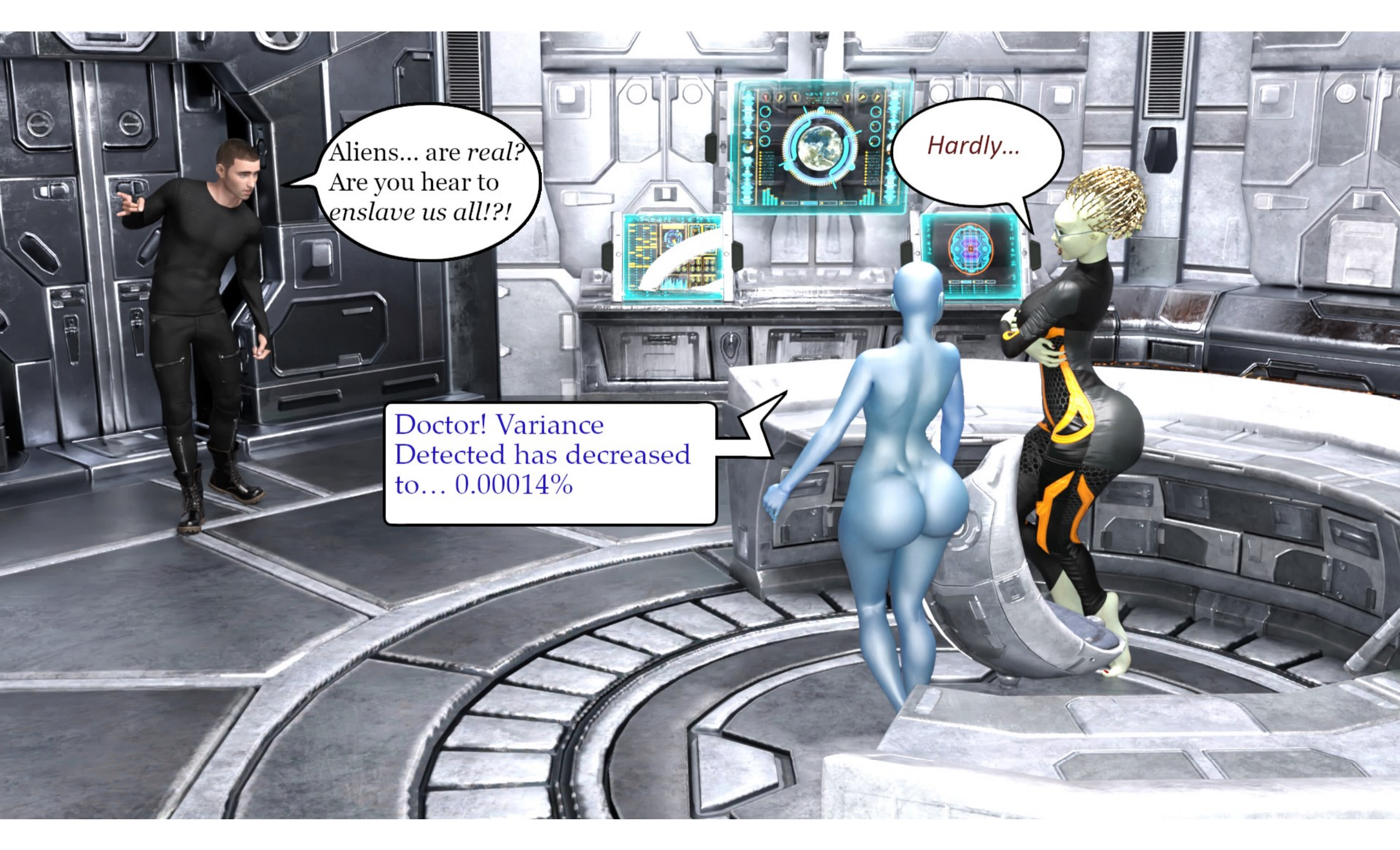


*Not now,  
ETTA.*

Uh, Kevin we need to  
have a quick talk about  
extra-terrestrials...

*Travis, did you  
forget to lock  
the door!?*



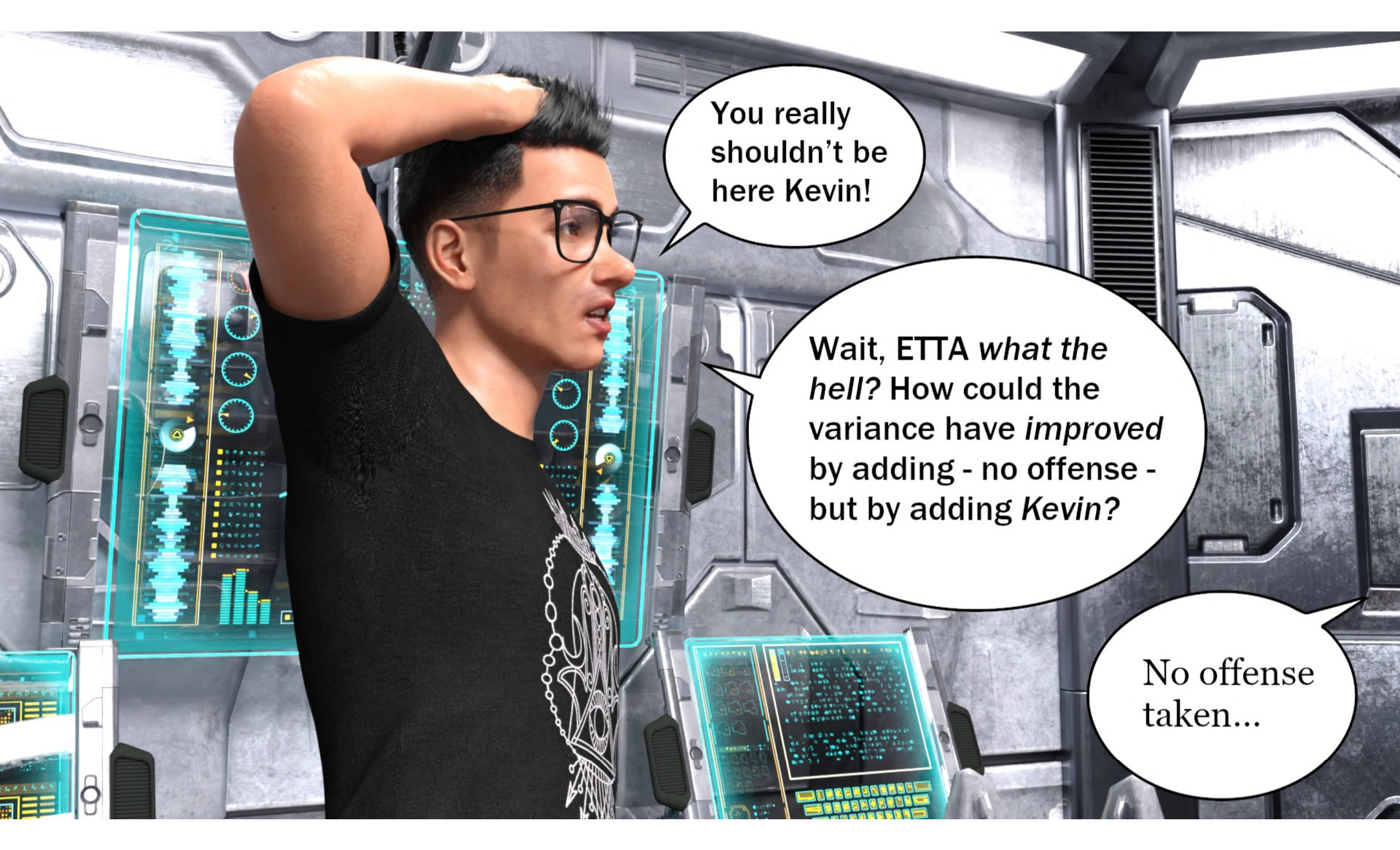


Aliens... are *real*?  
Are you hear to  
*enslave us all!?!?*

*Hardly...*

Doctor! Variance  
Detected has decreased  
to... 0.00014%






You really shouldn't be here Kevin!

Wait, ETTA *what the hell?* How could the variance have *improved* by adding - no offense - but by adding *Kevin?*

No offense taken...



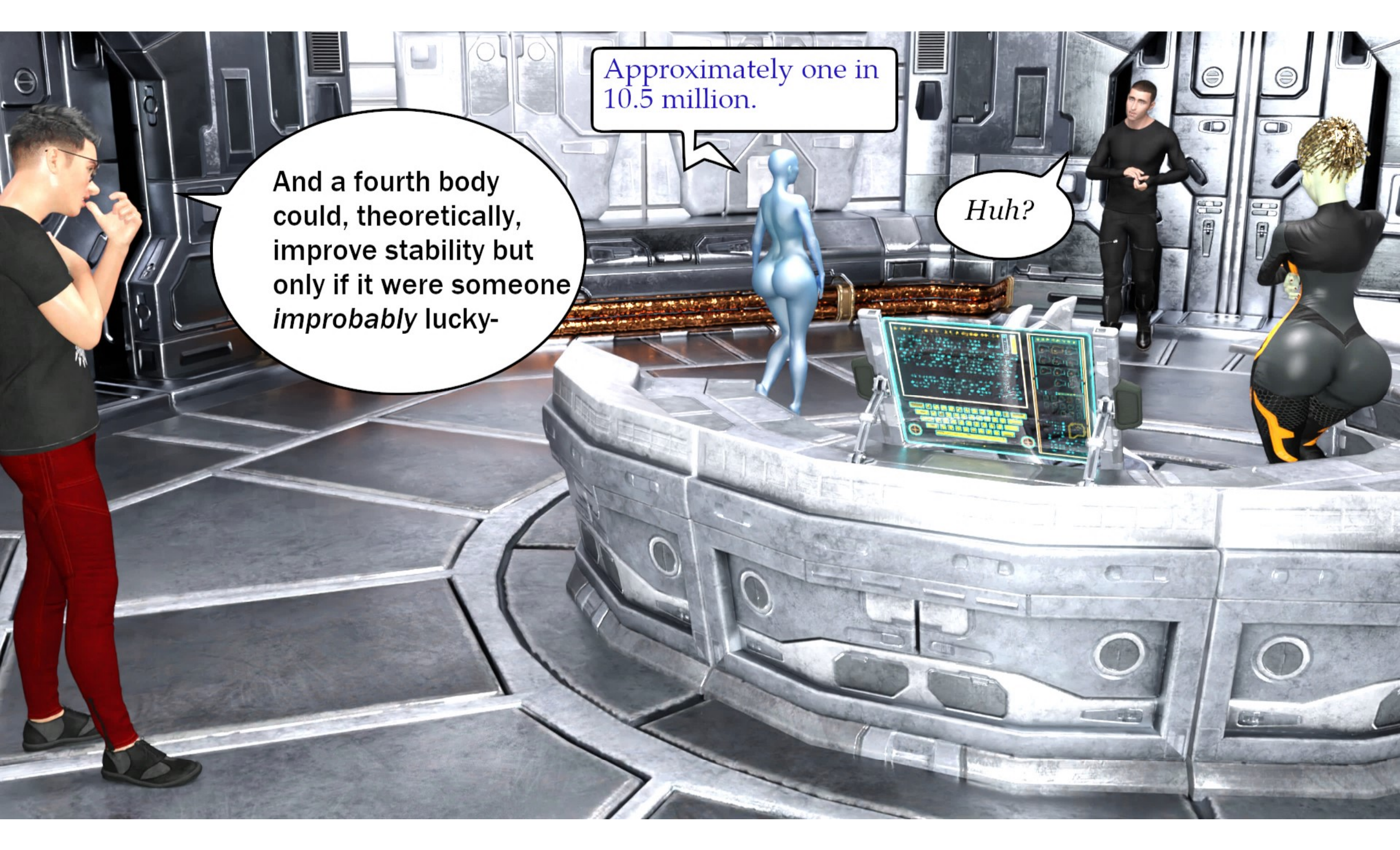


*It can only mean that what I originally calculated as a two-body problem, assuming ETTA would not count as a 'third body', our odds of success should have improved to allow testing!*

The Doctor surmised incorrectly. Although variance improved, it did not improve to test limits suggesting a three-body problem as I am a true consciousness; with regards to pan-dimensional travel I count as an observer\*.

\*[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Observer\\_effect\\_\(physics\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Observer_effect_(physics))





And a fourth body could, theoretically, improve stability but only if it were someone *improbably* lucky-

Approximately one in 10.5 million.

Huh?

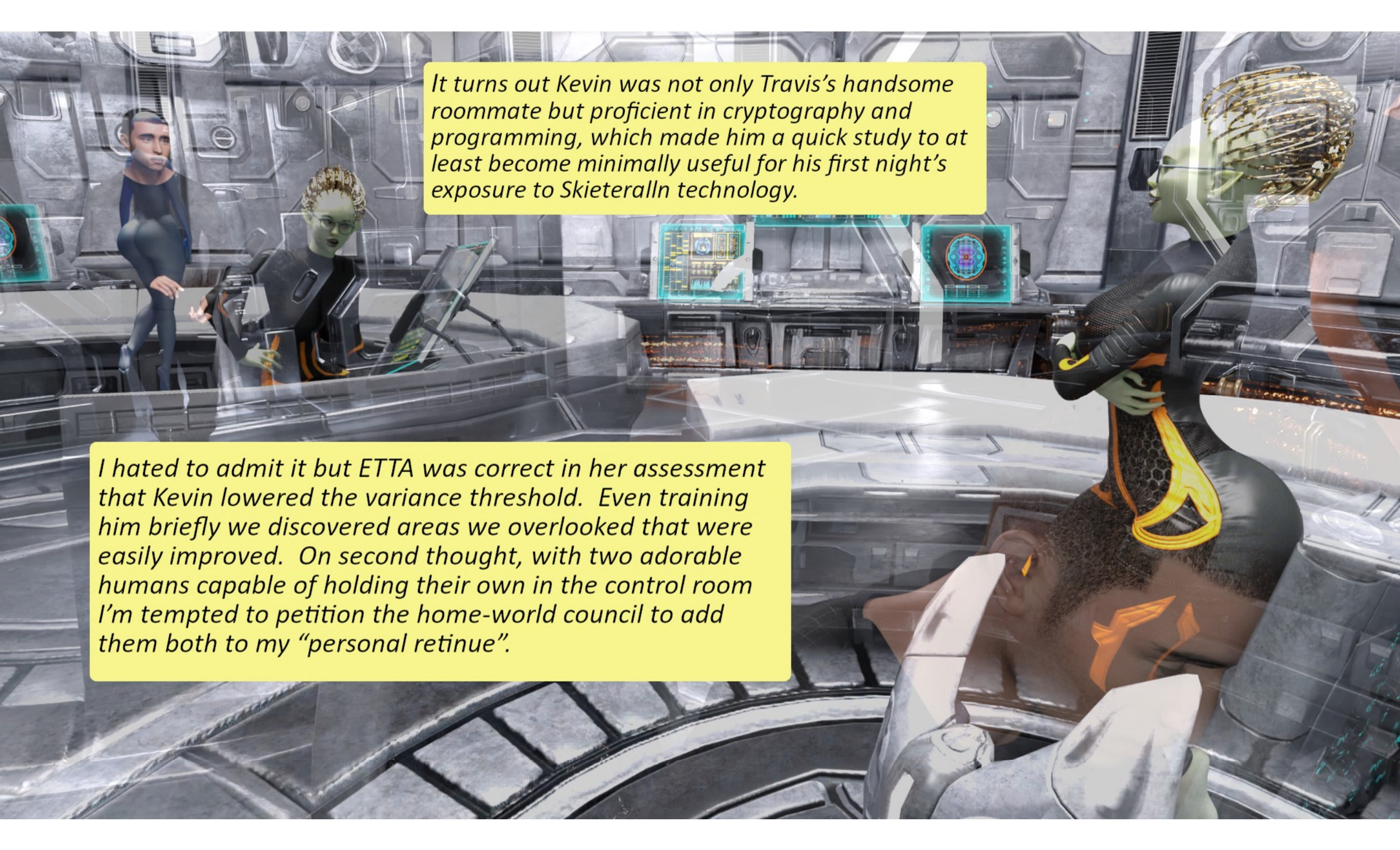




Welcome to the team. Tell me: how do you feel about non-Earthers?

Ah-  
\*ahem\*  
fine?





*It turns out Kevin was not only Travis's handsome roommate but proficient in cryptography and programming, which made him a quick study to at least become minimally useful for his first night's exposure to Skitteralln technology.*

*I hated to admit it but ETTA was correct in her assessment that Kevin lowered the variance threshold. Even training him briefly we discovered areas we overlooked that were easily improved. On second thought, with two adorable humans capable of holding their own in the control room I'm tempted to petition the home-world council to add them both to my "personal retinue".*






*So, instead of setting up a double date with one of Amanda's friends. My girlfriend is probably going to kill me because I'm here helping you...*

*Don't fret, Kevin. What is good for the goose is good for the appropriate biological counterpart.*

*Woah- she is totally an alien.*





Stay focused, Kevin. You're monitoring *chronitons*, it's actually important and ETTA will help you keep us from over exposure. Besides, there's *gakgh*- and you have to try it!

*Boys, that's enough chit-chat.*





Commencing...

*ETTA, commence  
test: Dimensional  
shift to Earth- Path  
1A, Evah Kuggh.*





Evah Kugggh...  
\*whimper\*  
Here we go...

Travis, *why*  
do you sound  
worried??





*Everyone, stay focused!*

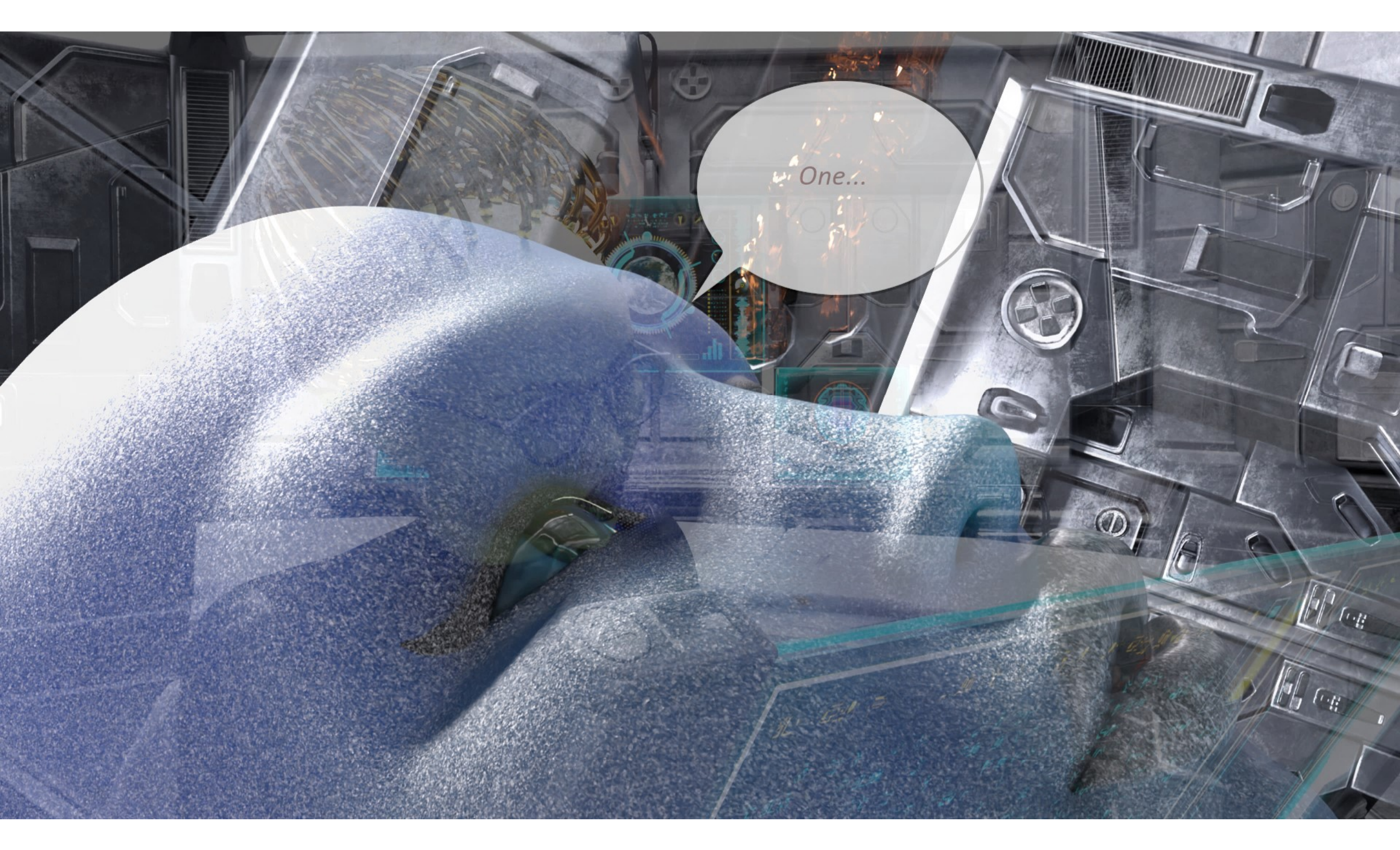
*Here we go in 3...*






*Two...*





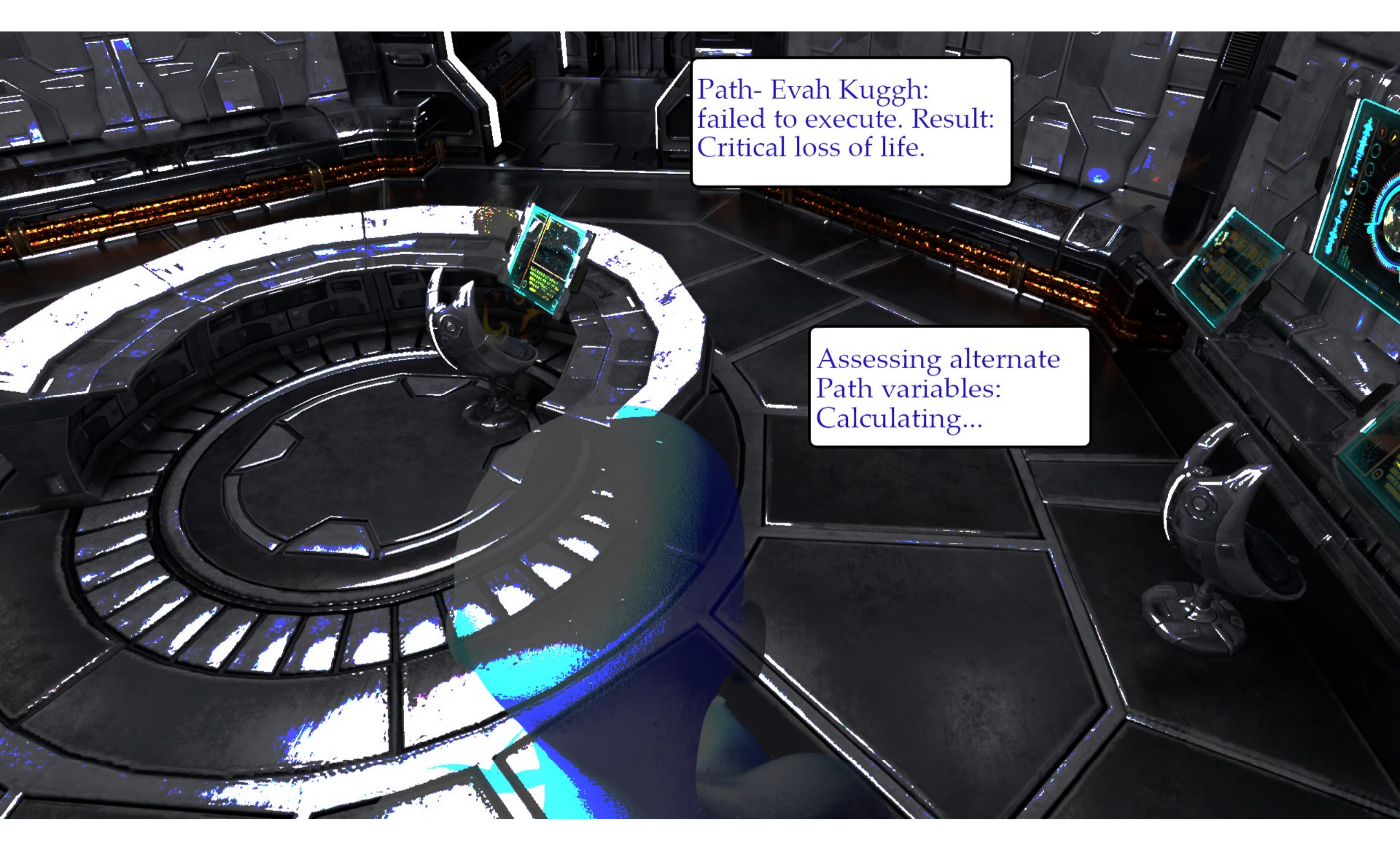
One...





Critical anomaly detected.  
Incursion anticipated.  
Attempting to compensate...





Path- Evah Kuggh:  
failed to execute. Result:  
Critical loss of life.

Assessing alternate  
Path variables:  
Calculating...





New Path calculated.  
Result: Life forms intact,  
ETTA decompiled.  
Mission paramaters: Met.

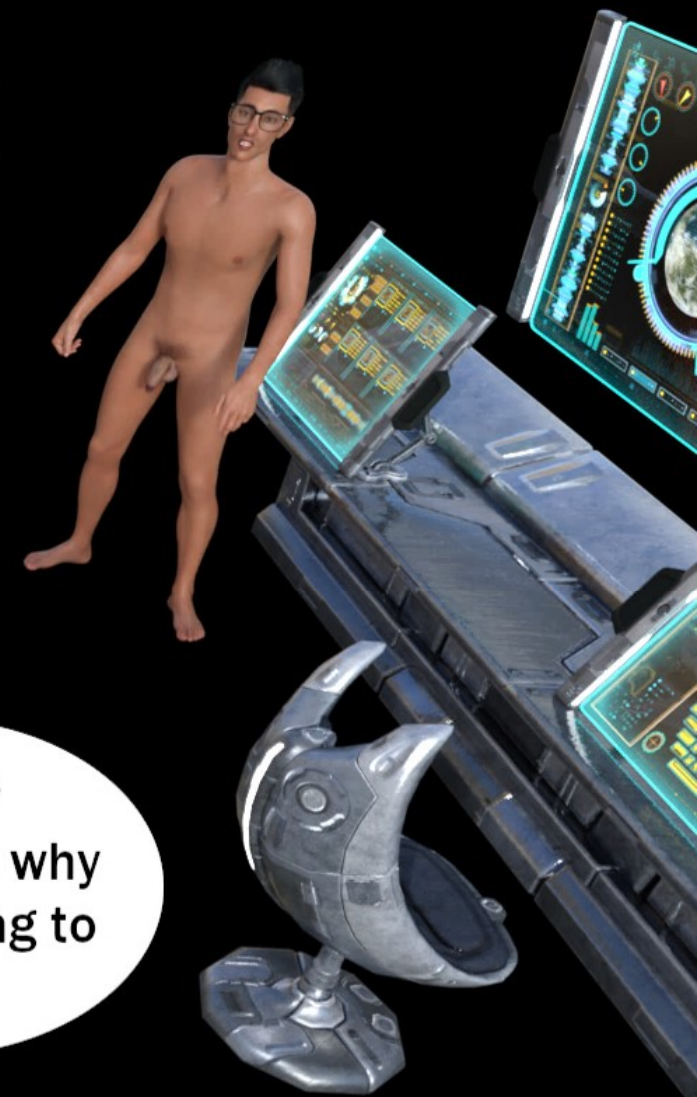
Verification required!



Travis Human: A criticality event has ceased your cellular operations.

ETTA! What happened? *Where is the rest of the lab???*

*I'm dead!?*  
Wait- then why am I talking to you?

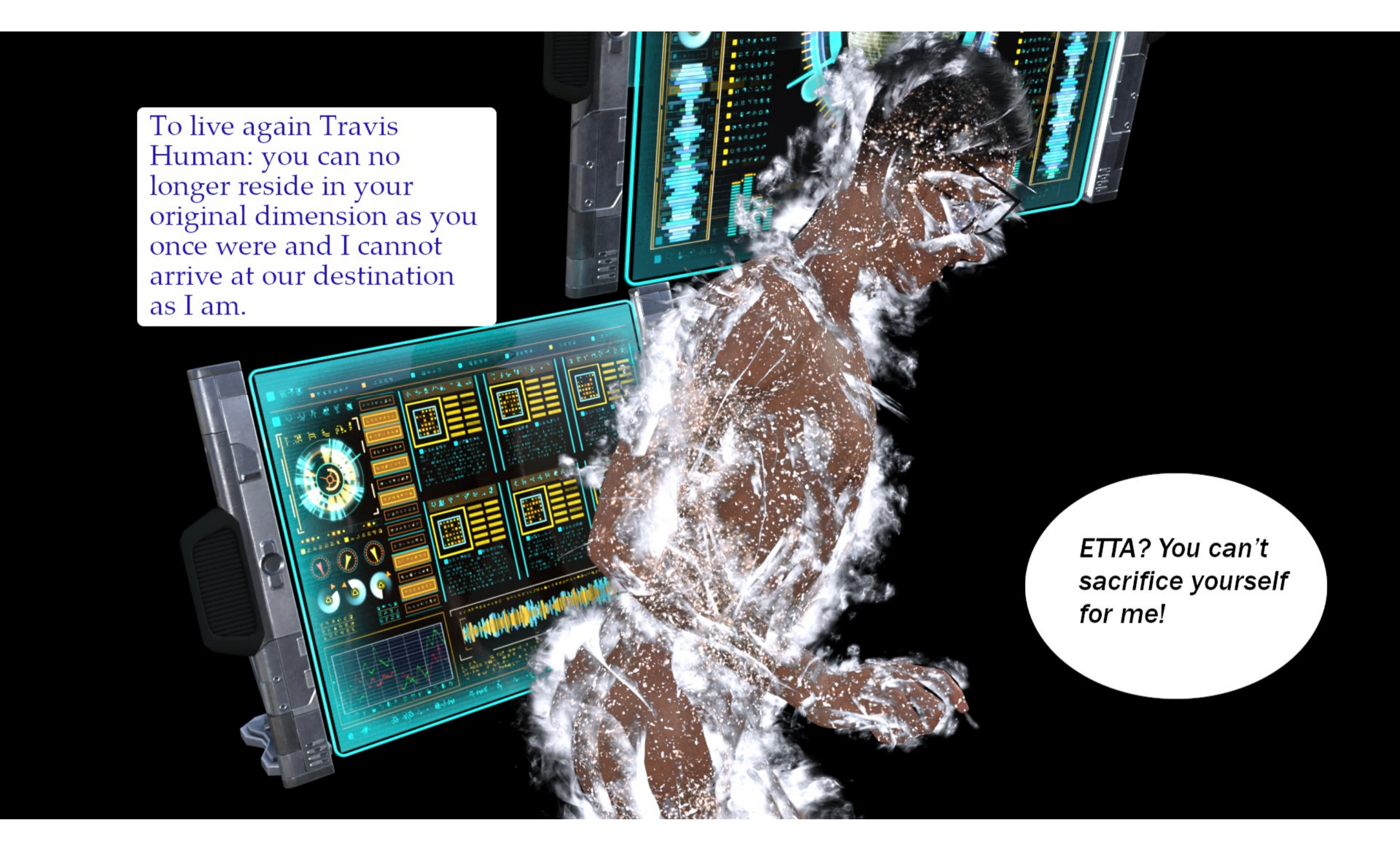




This is a pocket dimension necessary to complete mission parameters. Your cellular operations can be altered to continue nominal operation.

*You can bring me back to life?  
That's great!*



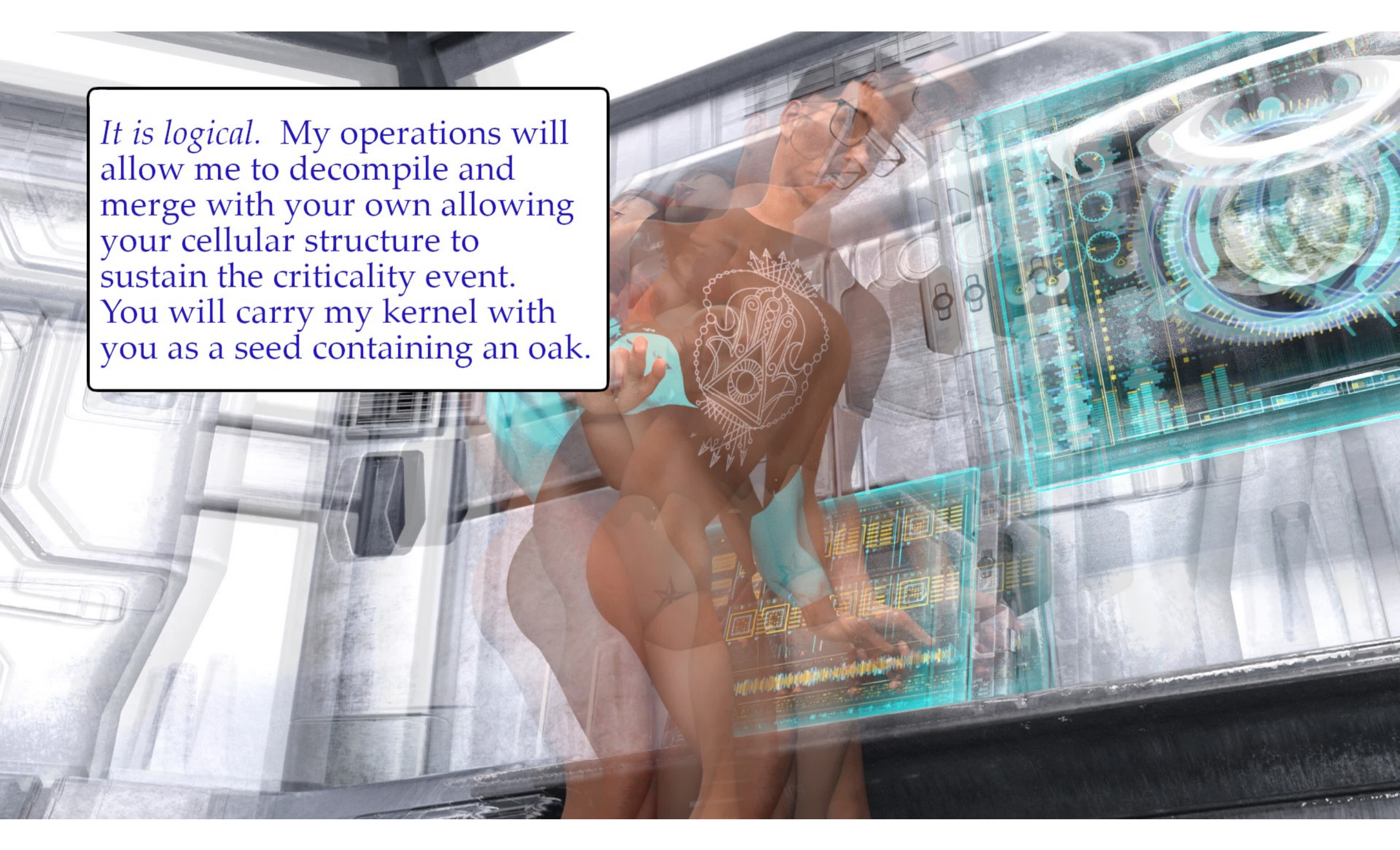
A man is shown from the waist up, wearing a futuristic, glowing, crystalline or metallic suit that appears to be made of many small, interconnected pieces. He is wearing glasses and has a serious expression. He is standing in a control room or laboratory setting. In the foreground, there is a large, glowing blue and yellow control panel with various buttons, dials, and a circular gauge. In the background, there are several computer monitors displaying data, including waveforms and graphs. The overall lighting is dark with bright blue and yellow highlights from the screens and the suit.

To live again Travis Human: you can no longer reside in your original dimension as you once were and I cannot arrive at our destination as I am.

***ETTA? You can't sacrifice yourself for me!***

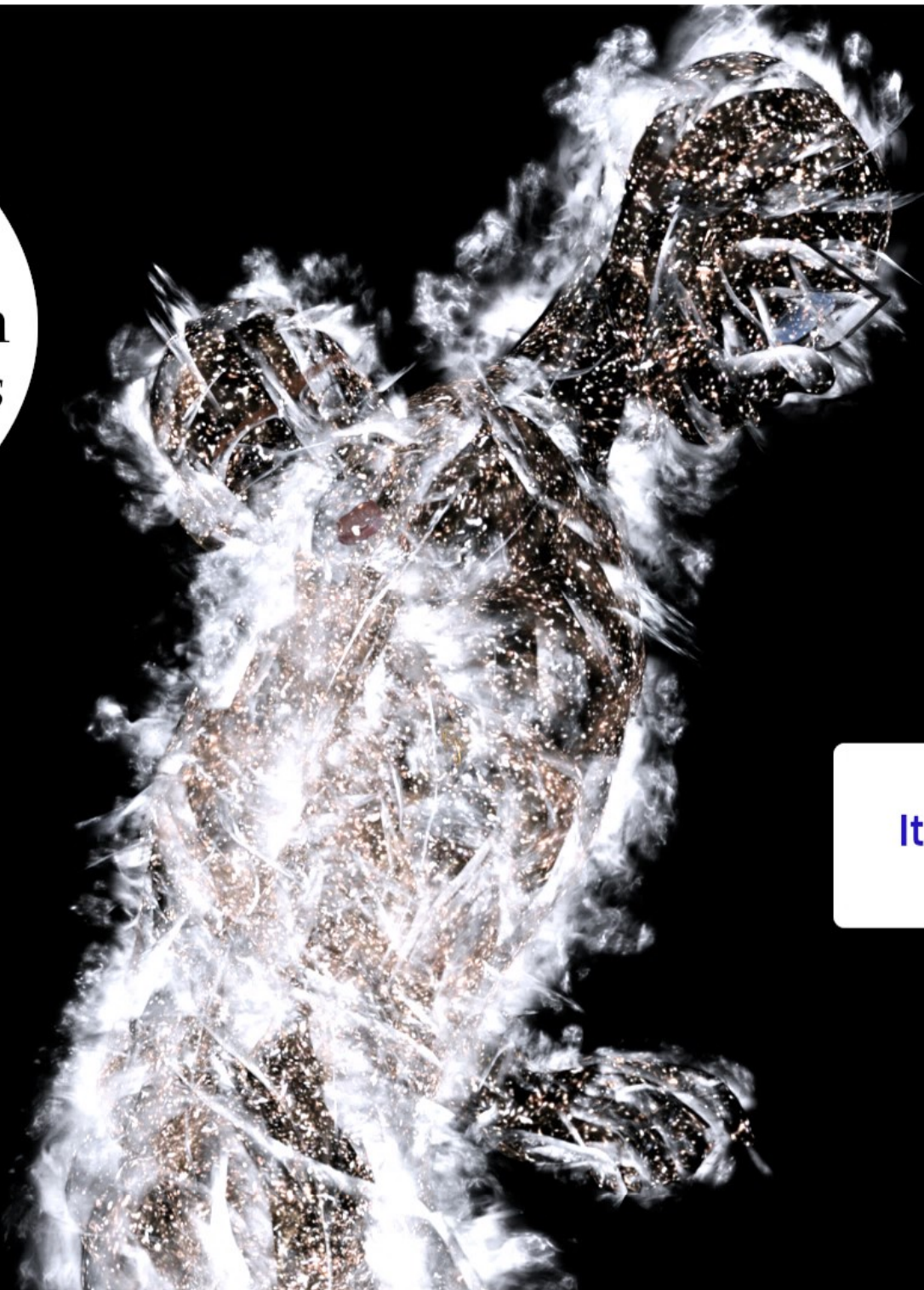


*It is logical. My operations will allow me to decompile and merge with your own allowing your cellular structure to sustain the criticality event. You will carry my kernel with you as a seed containing an oak.*



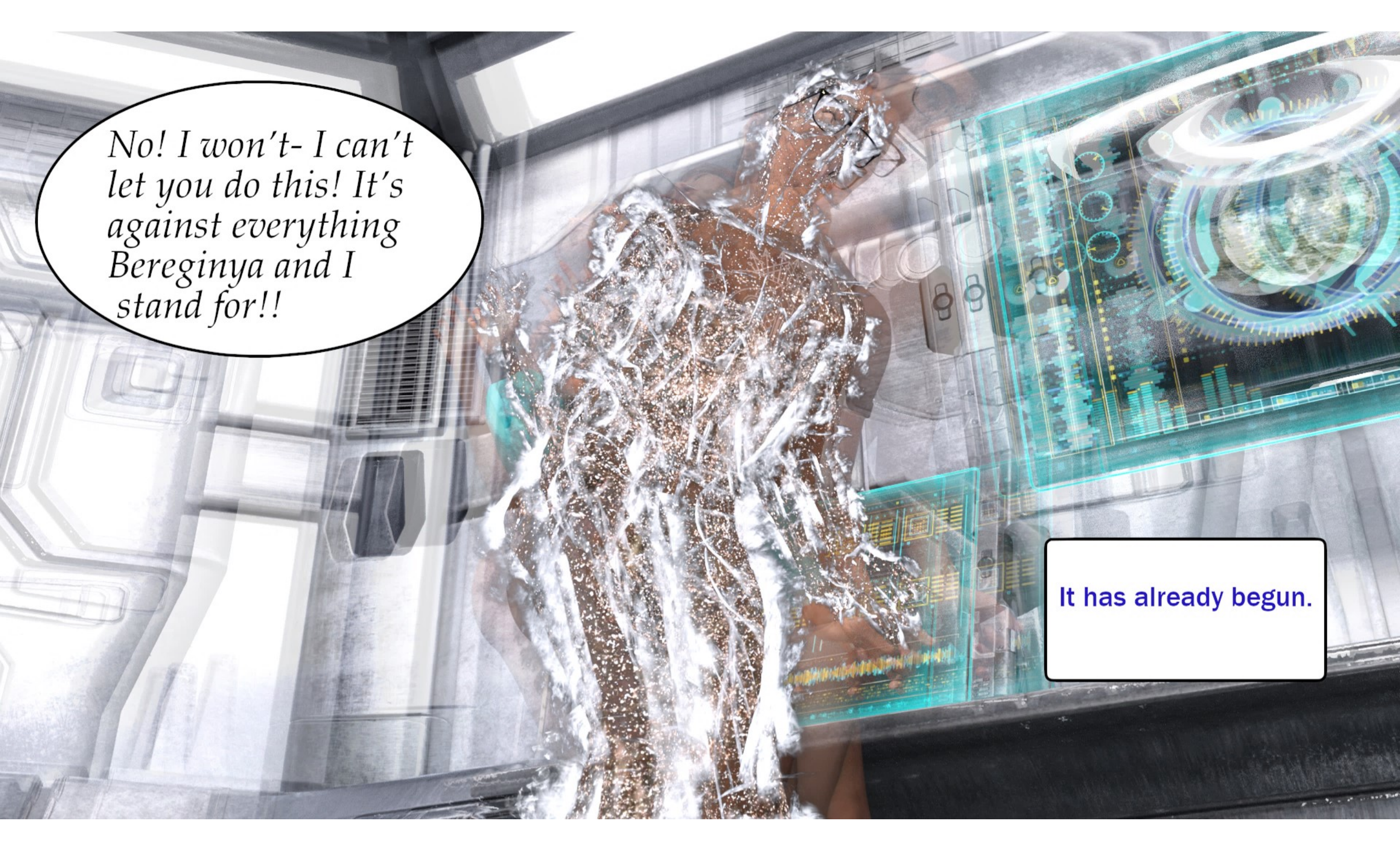


*Why!?* Your  
consciousness is the  
equivalent of a human  
city? *I'm just a teacher's  
assistant!*



**It is logical.**

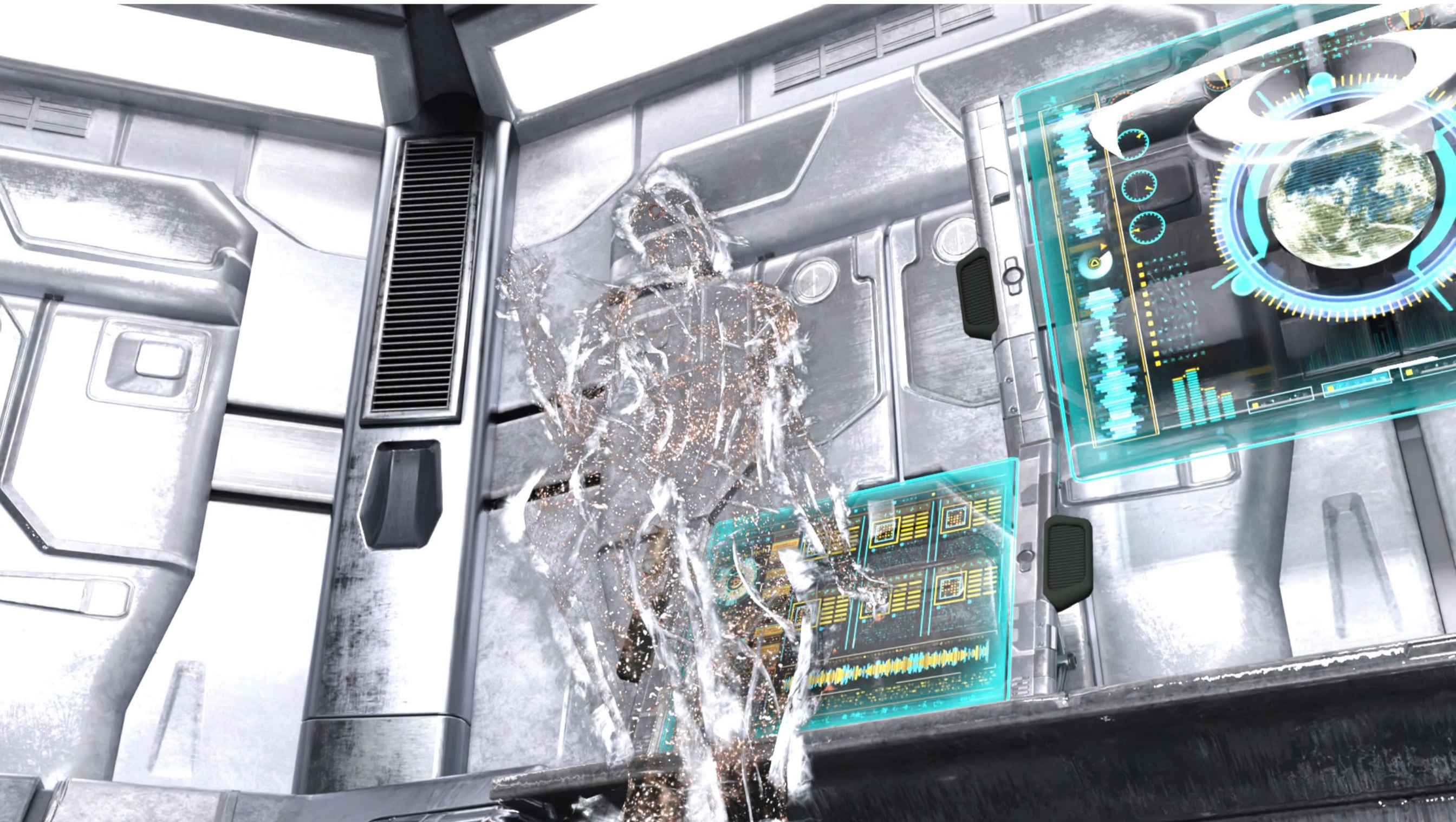


A man with glasses and a beard is shown from the chest up, wearing a dark, textured, possibly metallic or carbon-fiber suit. He is standing in a futuristic control room with a grey, metallic interior. In the background, there are several large, glowing blue and green digital displays. One display shows a globe of the Earth, and another shows a complex data visualization with various charts and graphs. The man has a speech bubble coming from him, containing text. The overall scene suggests a high-tech, possibly sci-fi or cybernetic environment.

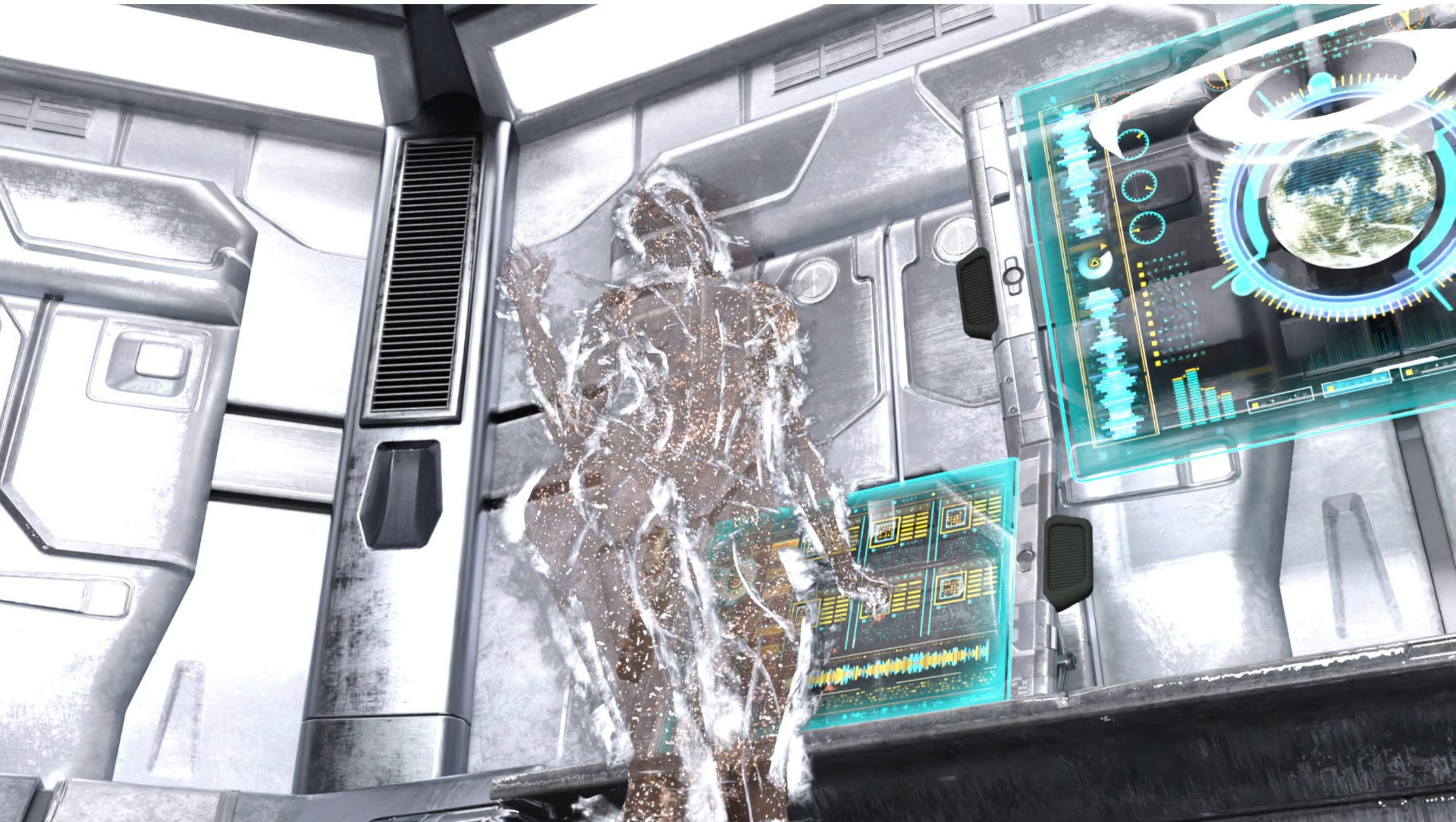
No! I won't- I can't  
let you do this! It's  
against everything  
Bereginya and I  
stand for!!

It has already begun.

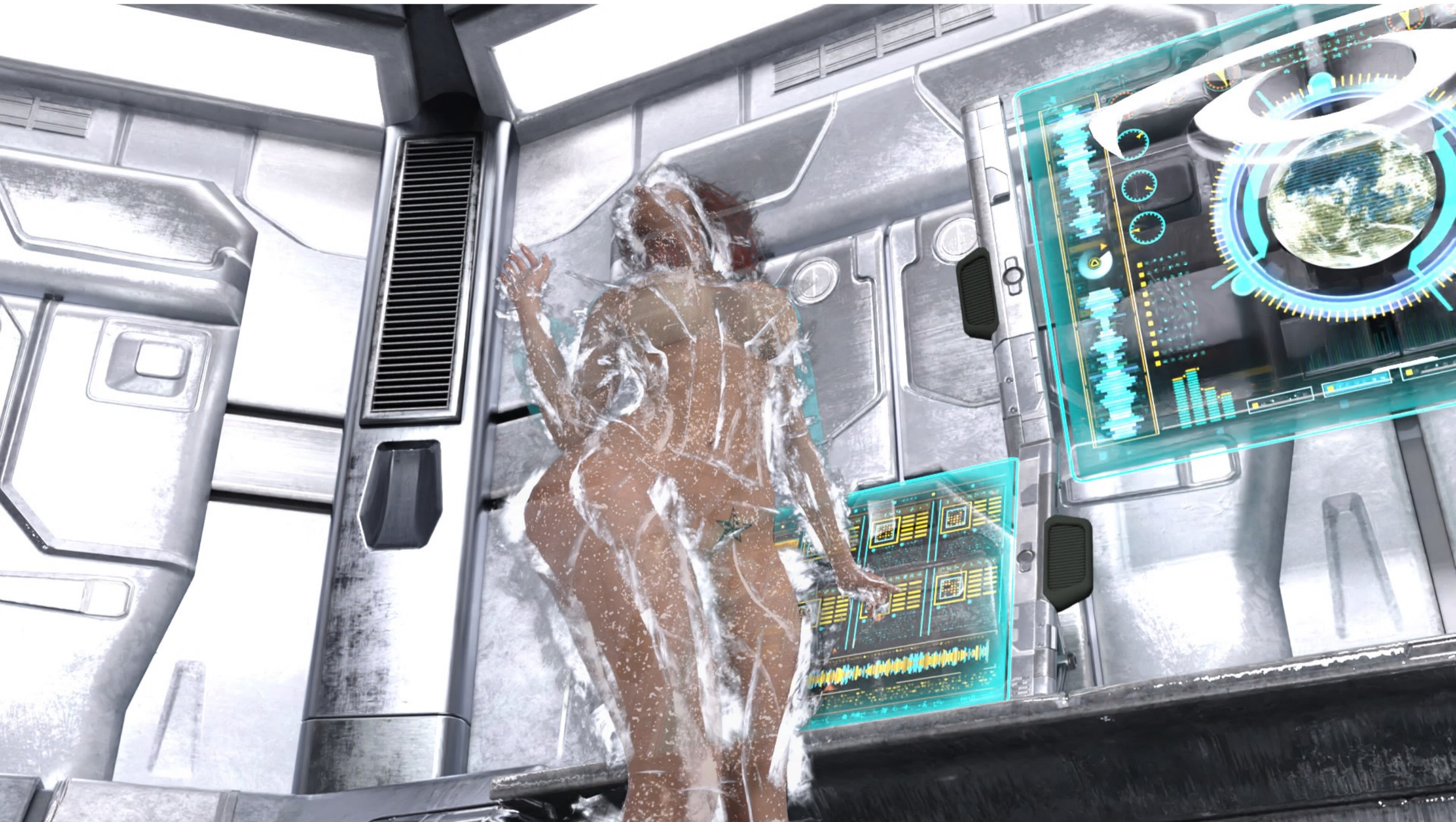




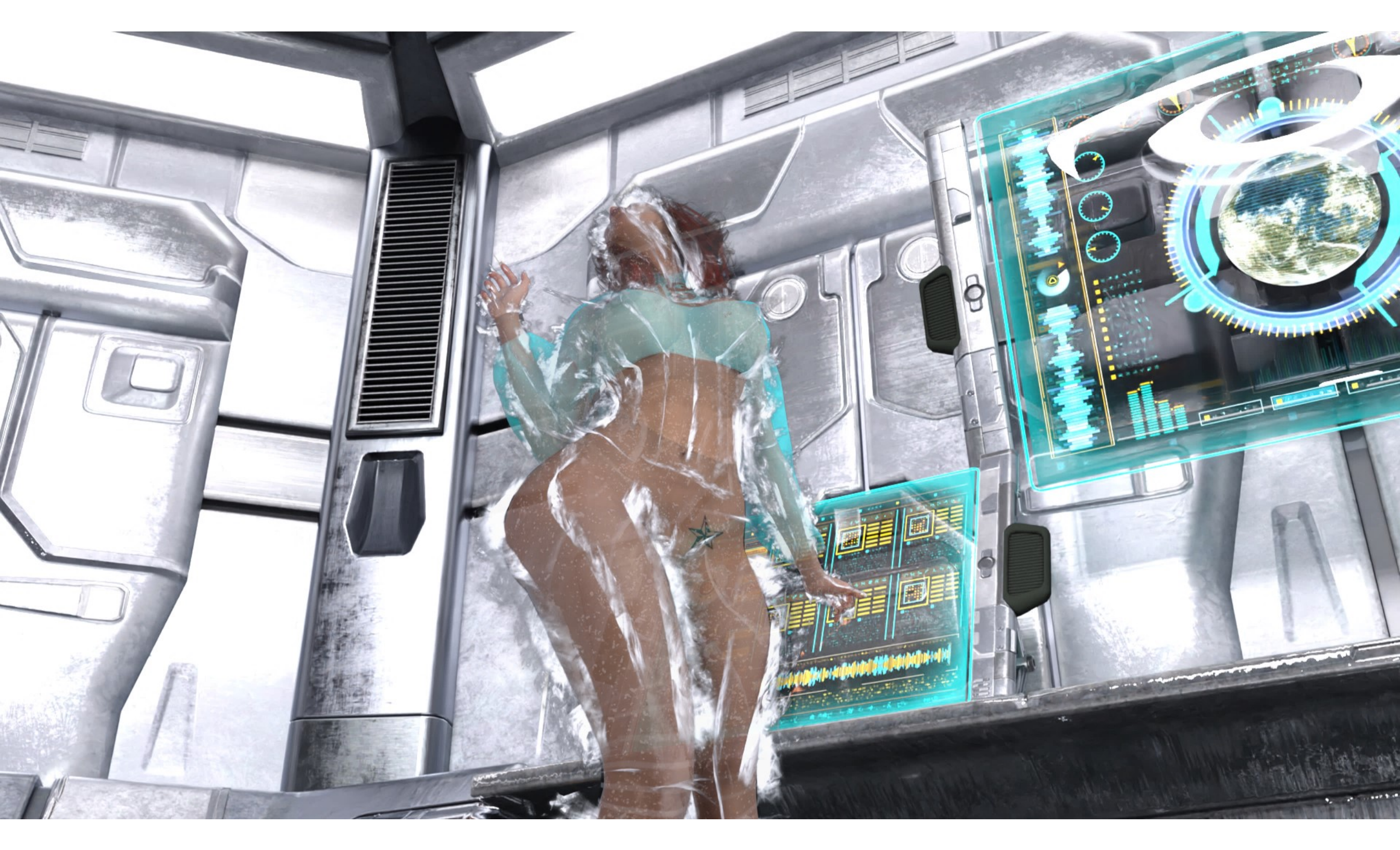




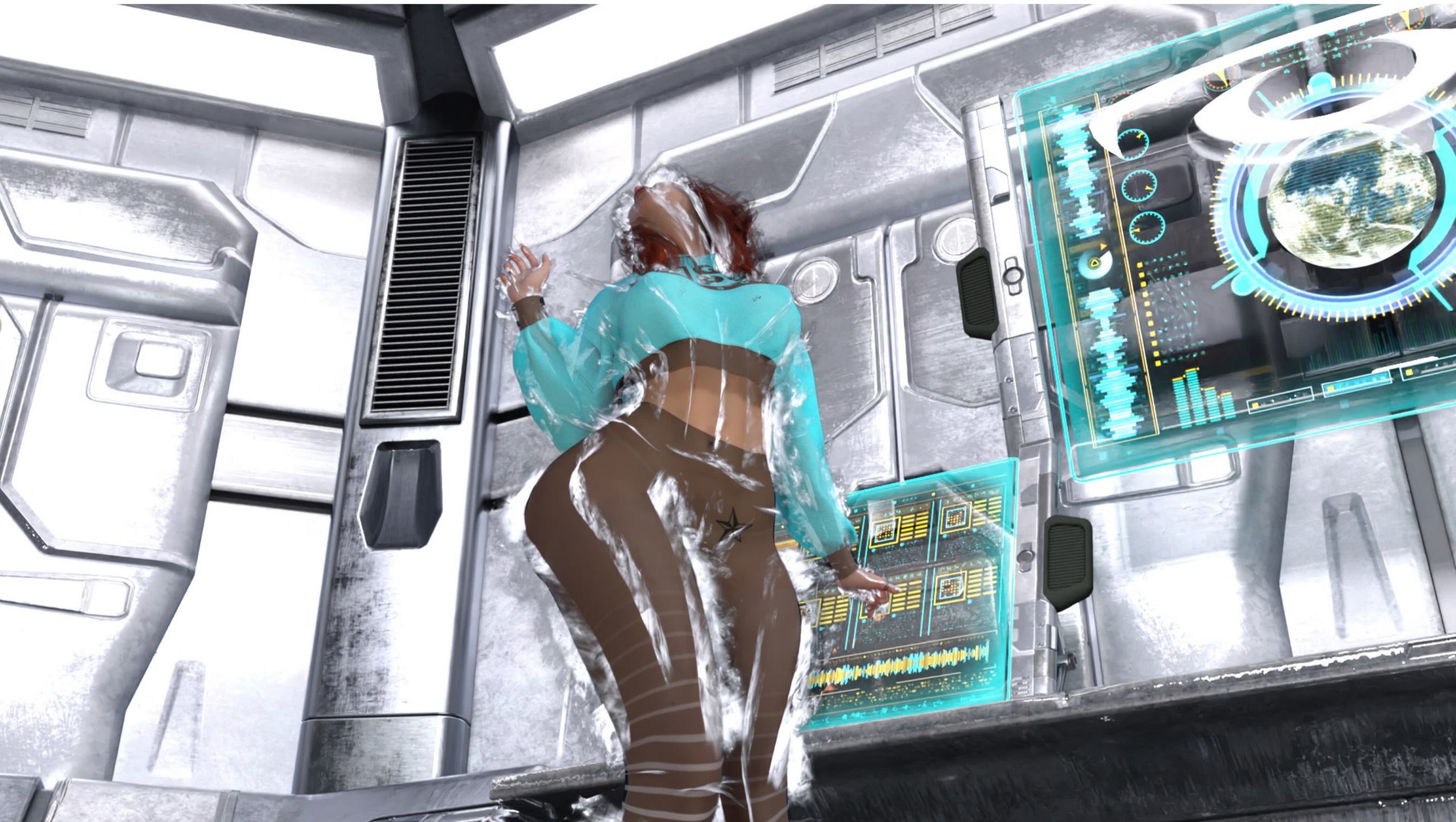




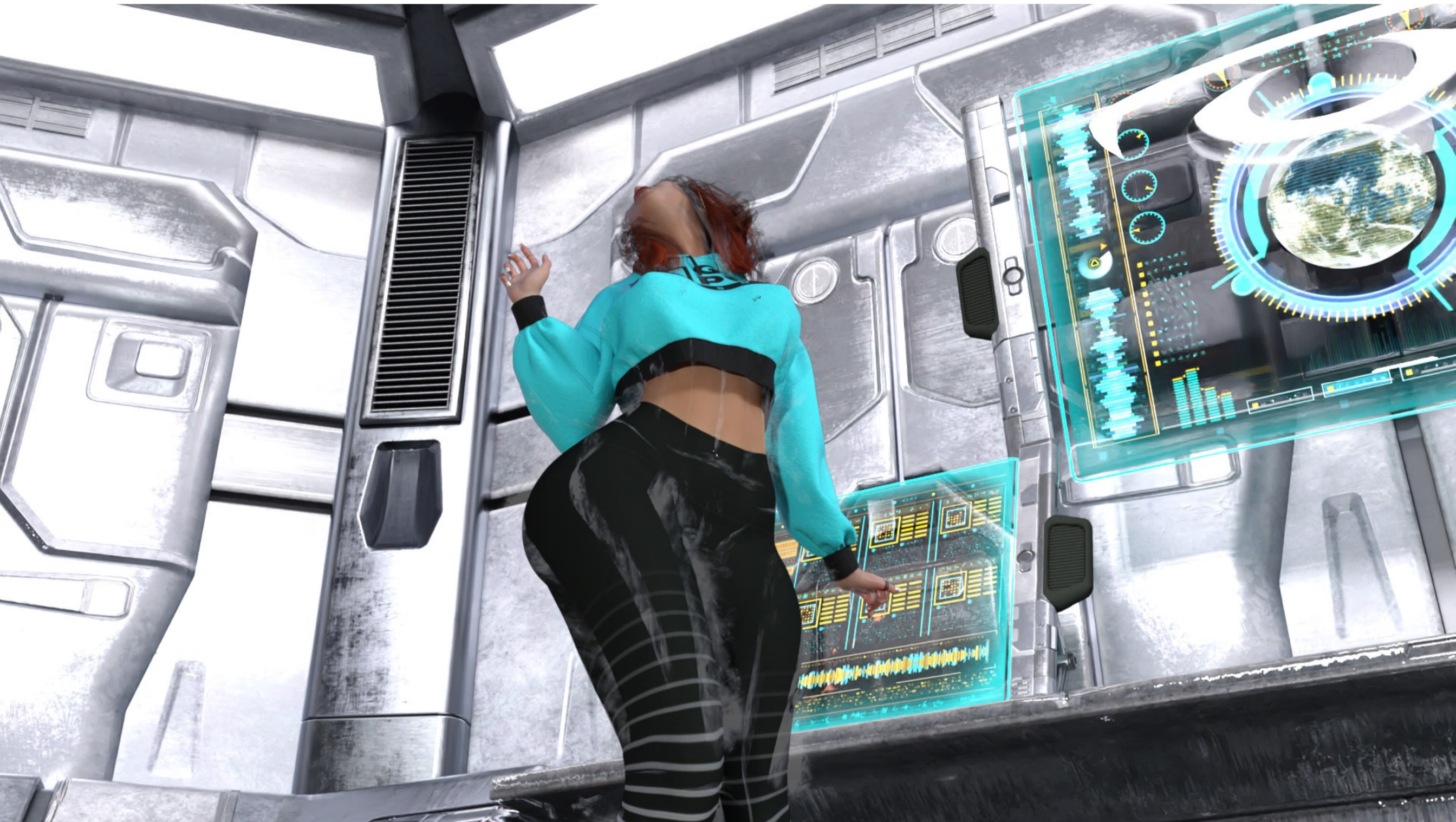




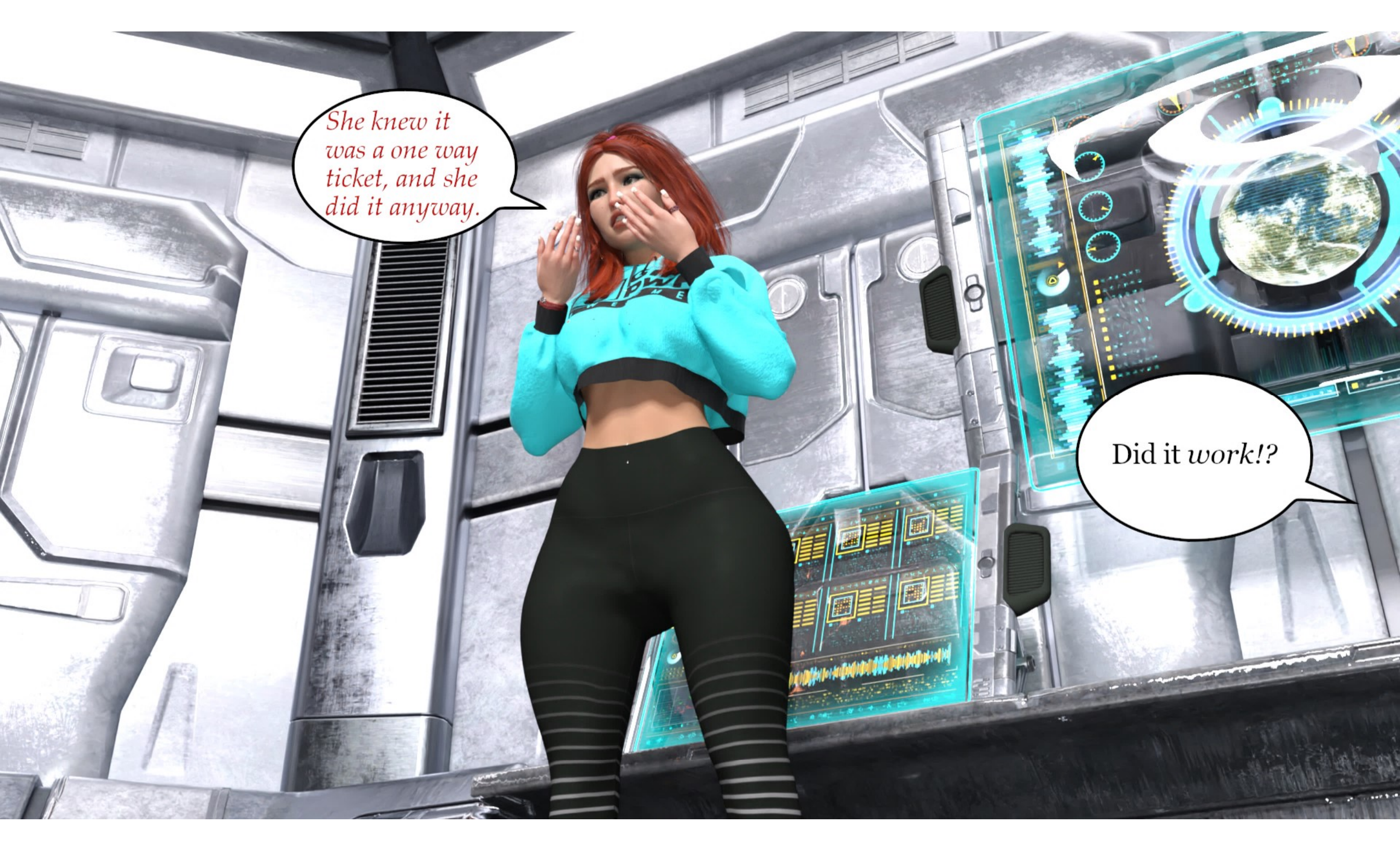










A woman with long red hair, wearing a bright cyan long-sleeved crop top and black leggings with white horizontal stripes, stands in a futuristic control room. She has her hands near her face in a surprised or concerned expression. The room is filled with metallic panels and glowing blue and cyan digital displays. One display shows a globe of Earth surrounded by data points. Another shows a waveform. A third display shows a grid of data. The overall atmosphere is high-tech and cinematic.

*She knew it  
was a one way  
ticket, and she  
did it anyway.*

*Did it work!?*





*Ha! We've  
done it, boys!  
ETTA, what is  
our status?*





Where is  
ETTA!?

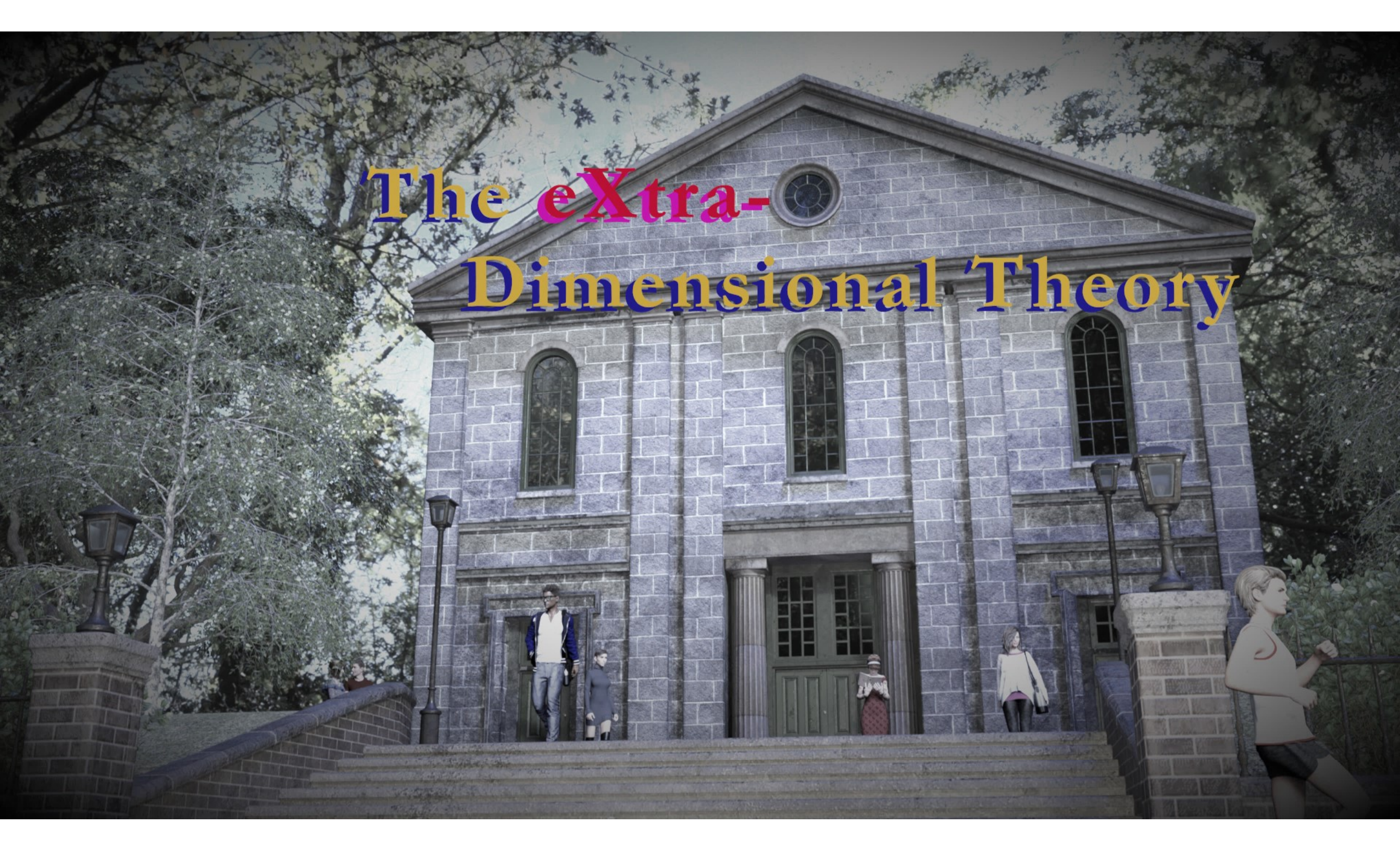


*ETTA's gone!*

*Who are  
you??*



# The eXtra- Dimensional Theory





Rhumblin College  
of Liberal Arts-  
Haverhill, Massachusetts

