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## Anomaly scan report of baby girl

Looking for the perfect baby name for your daughter? You might want to look back through your pedigree for inspiration, because just as fashion can be recycled, so do baby names-and some of the most stylish names for girls were last in vogue almost a century ago. Check out these worthy options for your daughter, drawn from the Social Security Agency's top name lists since the early 20th century. RELATED: Cute and unique girl name Looking for a variation of the newly popular Adele and Adeline? Think of Adelaide, which means noble, and was the name of a 19th-century British queen and city of Australia. This once popular saint's name, which means pure, fell in the 1970s. Given that some celebrities have chosen it for their daughters, and it appeared in the film *Despicable Me*, it may be time for Agnes to surface. This classic Latin name, beloved by authors like Shakespeare and Dante, has lovely meaning - the one who brings happiness - and a new lease of life, heading slowly back up the top 1,000 after almost dropping the list in 2000. While you may associate the name with tiny mandarin oranges, it is actually a virtue name that means gracious. This one dropped out of the top 1,000 back in the 1950s, but with some celebrities choosing it for their daughters (Ethan Hawke, Claudia Schiffer and Rachel Griffiths), Clementine could be coming back to prominence. Read more about Clementine Hope and Faith may be the most popular virtue of names, but give it an elegant and old-fashioned alternative to try. Read more about Constance Cora was another name for the Greek goddess Persephone, who was credited with returning to spring every year. That means a maiden, and it's currently trending towards the top 100 baby names. RELATED: The Short (yet Sweet) Baby Names for Boys and Girls oz adventurer gave this gem the name of some long-lasting gloss. Although it dropped out of the top 1,000 for a short time, it's back on the radar as a lovely name with a lovely meaning: a gift from God. Actress-in-the-house Johansson chose it as her daughter's middle name. Thanks to *Downton Abbey* and a stylish star Cate Blanchett, who has chosen it for her youngest daughter, this old-fashioned name is suddenly back on the radar. FDR's bold First Lady and legendary 12th-century British monarch Eleanor aqueduct give this vintage French name a clear girl-power vibe. RELATED: Baby Girl Names Inspired By Historical Figures Eliza started out as Elizabeth's nickname, but it makes a lovely name in its own right. It shares Elizabeth's meaning, ordained to God. This English feminist Henry shares his meaning (real estate ruler), though not his popularity - at least yet. It has some cool historical namesakes, including a pair of abolitionists: author Harriet Beecher Stowe and Underground Railroad leader Harriet Tubman. This natural name threw a big buzz due to fault in our Stars heroine - and That Emily Blunt and John Krasinski chose it for their daughter. Helen was a mythical beauty whose face launched a thousand ships (and the Trojan War, if the stories are to be believed). The name means a bright, bright light that feels quite by the way. After a long spell at the top of the charts in the 20th century, the European Commission has been working on a new version of the 2 Legendary dancer Isadora Duncan was the most well-known bearer of this name, meaning lover of Isis, and could be a nice alternative to the popular Isabella. RELATED: 8 Ways to Pick The Perfect Middle Name for Your Baby Only a little less popular than her cousin Lily, this vintage name shares her meaning and has a cool namesake to recommend it - early movie star Lillian Gish. The timeless Louis' feminine form hasn't remained as popular as his male counterpart - it crashed in the 1960s. It has strong meaning - a warrior - and some intriguing nicknames, like Lulu. This timeless classic comes with a lovely meaning: pearly and cute and a long set of nicknames. Alternatives have turned red hot: Witness the rise of Margot (up to 200 seats) and Marjorie (until 191). (Marjorie's move could be related to Game of Thrones character Margaery Tyrell.) Forget Harry Potter Moaning Myrtle and give this cute blooming tree name a try. This jewel name is to make a bit of a comeback recently with Jack Osbourne and his wife giving it to his daughter. Classic author Pearl Buck is perhaps the most famous carrier name. RELATED: A to Z Guide to Celebrity Baby Names This Greek classic - the name of Odysseus's female epic story *Odyssey*, has found new fans thanks to some celebrity picks - Kourtney Kardashian, Tina Fey and Anna Chlumsky. This name, which means beautiful rose, was one of four names donated by Uma Thurman's daughter and

also a Shakespeare heroine as you like. It hasn't been in the top 1,000 in nearly 40 years, and seems poised for a comeback. The perennial plant gives us this newly popular name, the last in vogue in the 1930s and 1940s. Theodora is a girlish take on the classic Theodore, and shares his meaning, a gift from God. It's been a favorite royal name and a popular saint's name. This Welsh name means peacemaker, and was the moniker of South African anti-apartheid activist Winnie Mandela, along with a host of characters from Mary Poppins to TV's Angel. Plus, it comes with two adorable nicknames: Winnie and Fred. We've filled this basket with the best gifts to pamper the new baby girl. From gorgeous new clothes to pop-up card, this gift covers all bases and more! Includes: Newborn Booties Newborn Hat Newborn Scratch Mitts Comforter Body Suit White Pop Up Card Pippins Penguin New Baby Balloon Basket Delightful Christening Gift for Little Girl. Do Especially special for this memorable collection. Includes: 25cm Teddy Bear Ceramic Money Box Ceramic Mug Ceramic Egg Cup and Spoon Gift Bag Engineer | A.I enthusiast| Company | Fruit Hug | Programmer | WriterAs Harry opened his eyes dreamingly to fall asleep, the first thing he noticed was Evelyn looking down at him. He was lying on his lap, on the ground. The peculiar orange glow, mostly from sunset, mirrored her golden hair. His otherwise cheerful eyes were damp and empty - and he had never seen him so much without joy before. His signature smile that he always flashed at him from which happiness emancipated - was lost. You're awake. He whispered, sponging his forehead. His palm was cold as ice, as was the air around him. Although he didn't want to sit on his lap, he did and looked around, confused. It was the night? He tried to gather his thoughts, but surprisingly it looked like he just woke up from a coma. In an effort to find an anchor in time and space, he pushed hard his temples. It's clear that it was a little bit of a twilight, and they sat on the hillside. Silhouettes in the mountains stretched across the horizon, as far as his eyes could take him. Snowflakes flew everywhere, like dandelion, taking their flights in the spring. The evening sky was purple and red — as if he had played a lifetime ago. Just as we thought our last day together would be - Evelyn whispered again, her voice breaking out. Then he took a look at the mountains in front of him and looked at him. Our wine-colored sky and blood-red horizons. He said, looking back at the horizon again, through the slopes of the hills that towered over them. Harry closed his eyes to the landscape for more time, tried hard to gather his thoughts. Numbness slowly gave way to a sad realization. It suddenly struck him when he felt a jolt of adrenaline in his heart. I thought it was over yesterday. He blurted out, started panicking, looking to the sky as if trying to find something up there. Asteroid- I thought our last day was yesterday. Why are we still alive? His heart was pounding inside his chest as he looked across the sky, his eyes widening in horror. Evelyn looked at him empty. For the first time in his life, when he had met him half a year ago chasing the northern lights in Iceland, he seemed perplexed and captivating, which was a rather unlikely young and brilliant physicist like him, who has always had rational explanations for everything. You don't have to worry about that anymore. He said, cupping his face between his icy palms, his voice turning an empty position. What's he talking about? A sceptical voice inside Harry asked. Beyond the donkey in his memory, which was hazy for some reason, he could remember - everything on Earth should have been dead by now. Not everyone - everything, including microbes. Evelyn was just sitting there. On him, with a loss of words, a look on his face that he couldn't decipher. All he remembered was; On the periphery of the solar system, a rogue planet that crossed millions of miles per hour crossed the line of impact with Earth. Under the influence, it would break the earth's binding energy with the sun, which keeps us in orbit, and blow the Earth out of the habitable Goldlocks zone. The predictions determined with high accuracy that it would provide enough kinetic energy that could be converted to lique large earth collisions. Optical and radio observation centres around the world, owned by space agencies and private enthusiasts, had identified the object almost nine months ago. That time was crucial because his one undeniable attribute was not even enough time to map out the escape plan, let alone build one. There wasn't even time for a species to come to terms with the truth that all their history, wars, and all the legacy they've made would disappear without a single trace. It's like not everyone ever existed. The best efforts to hide the news of the threat failed, and when the news leaked and when people knew, all hell broke loose. The anti-climax, one of the rogue rock aimed at extinction as the only known intelligent life in the Universe, was speeding toward the earth in vengeful rage. Evelyn. Tell me what happened. Harry asked if the chronicle of events was slowly starting to open his head. It hurts like I'm hitting my head. All I remember is pieces and pieces, and it doesn't make sense. I don't remember yesterday! The more he tried to remember it, the worse his headache got. The last nuclear bomb fired on it, all of which 13 industrialized countries were able to save from their nuclear stockpiles, had been deprived of a rogue corpse with a stockpile of a few hundred miles. Not that it was going to make significant changes during the predicted events, but it was worth the chance. A nuclear bomb would have exploded like a small stone falling into a big pond - yet mankind wanted to do its best. There was a feeling he knew he was going through the world. For the first time, mankind, as a species, had to come to terms with their certain extinction. It was a grand finale of almost 3 billion years of organic evolution. From a strange and powerful gravitational push to the unknown depths outside the Oort cloud, the primordial stone had rockets with a light blue dot called Earth. Its monstrous speed theorized caused by ejection from the ghost galaxy, which housed an undiscovered supermassive black-hole - 60 billion solar masses in size - the largest observable universe. The mysterious cosmic event was a hypothesis that has occurred millions of years before the origins of organic life on Earth, or much before hydrogen, which eventually formed in the solar system set over space, waiting for the nebula condensed and kick start cleavage to create a head-to-head star that later to the sun. Aided by a gravitational slew of deep space bodies, over millions of years, the stone had gained monstrous momentum as it moved towards Earth. The stone that was supposed to bring out the extinction of mankind was balanced and thrown with a cosmic catapult with nanosecond precision in our current position in orbit, millions of years before the formation of the solar system. Our death had begun to travel to us millions of years before we were born. The rogue planet was aptly called Nemesis, first by the scientific community and then by the people. The world had prayed and hoped together. Once again, people had gone back to the Middle Ages, putting their faith in the celestial body to save them again. They hoped that no matter how strict the equations said it would not happen, the planet or even a close-to-Earth object would collide with nemesis, defying it out of the current course. And as the days were over, observations from all over the world traced nemes' trajectory, which crossed Jupiter, across the asteroid belt, and all hopes were lost. Then, as Harry remembered, faced with imminent extinction within hours, anarchy had begun in the land. As Harry and Evelyn had expected, the world would have gone into a smoke buffet. Tell me what happened. Harry asked him again when the truth began to live. What was even more disturbing was that Evelyn ignored her questions, which was something she couldn't understand why. Don't worry. You remember. Just lie here with me. He asked her, looking straight into her eyes, throwing her into the sea of more deep confusion. This story should have ended yesterday. He was caught in the truth. He looked at Evelyn, and just as there was a telepathic understanding between them, they both looked to the sky, slowly relaxed and lay on a cold surface as their heads touched each other. There was grass over their faces over the strange skies. Both their brains are saturated with deep tact without knowing. Evelyn, what are you not telling me? Why is it so hard for me to remember? It doesn't feel right. Something's gone wrong that bothered him. With mild incredulity, he turned to face him, supporting himself with a right elbow on the ground, his head resting on the frame of his fingers spread over his temple. Something's really gone wrong, my dear. We were all supposed to die last night. And it doesn't look like we did. We had a hell of a day last night, celebrating. It could be a hangover. A hangover does not cause retrograde amnesia. Harry was thinking. Anyway, she knew Evelyn too well to know she wasn't messing around, and as stubborn as she was, she wasn't going to tell her anything. There was something about him. Harry closed his eyes and started thinking hard. Slowly but clearly, the picture became clear. After Nemesis The scientific community around the world was facing existential crises that had led to global consolidation of knowledge and efforts to preserve it. Through all the chaos, the engineering community was ideologically divided into numerous dominoes. On the one hand, people had started building weapons to try firing an incoming visitor, which was actually a long way off. On the other side, humans were starting to death after the possibilities of maintaining the intelligence and knowledge gathered by the species until now, even if the species is extinct. A group of physicists scored their last chance to find a grand unification theory, to match quantum mechanics and relativity - the holy grail of physics, not as a means of escaping the deminee, but by closing the final frontier. The Martian terraformation was still decades away, the interstellar journey was impossible with current technological advances, and the space stations were not ready for post-extinction colonization. All religious sanctums around the world were full, and riots were beginning to erupt around the world, humanity had been put through its last mental evaluation ever. Met the paranoia of the extinction of the innate chief, the world was burned, caught up in mass hysteria and collective psychosis. Harry had met Evelyn six months ago in Iceland, on a solo trip a month before the press leaked news about nemesis. He could talk about physics and Harry envied, like stories. In return, Harry told him of all the things he had read—history, religion, and computers. They had two sapiosexual encounters and fell in love under the northern lights and arctic skies when the world began to burn. As the pandemonium had begun to grow like a zombie apocalypse movie, both were full of what they had to do was their last wish - to travel to any ancient part of the world, from which they had shared stories together and spend the last few weeks peacefully, in each other's arms, with the stories they loved. To watch the grand finale of 3 billion years of organic evolution, and go out of a blazing fireball, irradiated like energy through the voids of deep space, one last hope. Sometime in the arbitrary distant future, there may be a fluctuation that would allow intelligent life to reexist in a world that is far away for a while. So we have islands during reconnaissance. Evelyn had said. They had travelled to a remote part of Romania, where they had spent their last few weeks. Outside the peaceful grips of the Carpathian Mountains, the species was dead. A day earlier, both Harry and Evelyn sat on the hillside to watch the spectacle of extinction. To watch the sky catch fire, sipping his last espresso. He remembered until that moment. Taste of the last coffee. The smell of cold, fresh mountain air. Besides that time, Harry felt he had lost access to his memories. It was that headache every time he tried, what had happened the previous day. And now, after waking up from a mysterious dream, he realized the world wasn't over. So the possibilities extend into a binary range. By the besight, Nemesis had lost the earth. Or the engineers had made a mistake with ETA, which is due to a small error in the calculation of telemetry, and the asteroid is still coming, very quickly. But why didn't Evelyn tell me about it? He thought. It's best if you're trying to remember what happened yesterday. Evelyn told him as if she was reading her mind. Both lied on wet grass, starting slowly at the stars that appeared out of the grey sky. We're going to make time, Evelyn said. All these stars are at different distances. Some are 10 light years away, some are millions of light years away, Eve, what you can't get. Harry said. Will you please tell me what happened, my dear? She knew Evelyn had her own logical reason for everything, but her mind couldn't find anything remotely logical as to why she was ignoring her questions. This means that all the stars we see across the night sky are lights that started at different times, a few hundred years ago, a few thousand years ago, a few millions of Evelyn continued, as if she hadn't even heard Harry's question. We don't even know if those stars are still there. Some of the stars we are seeing now may have died even before the Earth had begun to form. We peek at the canvas made over time. This isn't the room we're looking at, it's time. He exhaled. Closing his eyes, like trying to take a complex abstraction of astrophysics through his optic nerve. We're all stardust, floating in infinite emptiness towards our endStardust. Evelyn's word registered something in her head. Like that word broke something loose inside of him. The project he was part of before everyone turned to hell. It was named Stardust.It was a mysterious start-up whose action stemmed from Brain-computer interfaces research that began back in the Cold War era, in an effort to build neural interfaces that mapped and loaded the human brain into the cloud. He was elected by the company just after graduating last year. It was an initiative to build artificial intelligence. And just before the news broke about the imminent extinction event, Stardust AI had come to work. By learning the direct threat of its creators and himself, the sentient AI had begun working with teams around the world to find a way to avoid disaster, but to no avail. Like humans, he was also limited by technology in his time - having inherited the limitations of his creators - a species that was stuck on one planet throughout its history. Although he was going through rapid escaped cycles of self-improvement and intelligence explosions to grow to a level that has far exceeded the collective intelligence of every person born in the history of the world, he were born at the wrong time. It's a little too early to change anything and it's too late to save myself. A new god was born, a world that had just passed to a point where there was no turning back. When he began churning out quantum equations that far exceeded the bandwidth of human understanding, the calculation had emerged throughout the scientific community. Soon his thinking outgrew 4 dimensions of space-time, and he was no longer associated with the limitations of matter than the computer medium. He was no longer made of the thing and he occupied nothing more than space. His hunger for information and knowledge had grown out of his home planet, his creators, and even a faint understanding of the human understanding of intelligence itself. When AI tried to solve the patterns of chaos in deep dynamic systems, Harry had left the company in search of peace and gone to Iceland, who wanted a peaceful death, where he met Evelyn.It was then, the whistleblower had destroyed an extinction-level event the government had tried to hide. Harry and Evelyn were in Iceland, looking for solace and peace when the news was published. I remember now. Harry cried. Last week, AI was supposed to be transferred to deep space. The engineers with it had come to the conclusion that he had many chances to survive if it was out there; Not here on Earth. Harry said, sitting, staring at him. Apparently, whatever he just said, he'd gotten attention. He frowned as he looked at her sideways. Try to remember more. Evelyn insisted. This time, his voice had this old flame of inquisitiveness. Harry remembered. It was the last big mission. Stardust AI was the last of the life. Collective intelligence and all possible combinations of all the knowledge that existed from the beginning of life, he was the culmination. Saving him was the last thing. With primitive knowledge of the technology of humanity, it took time to get him completely out of the electronics interfaces, and get him off the ground before Nemesis would strike. After the hour counters around the world were subjected to drowsiness, his salvation was seen as the last fidelity that a intelligent species could show against cosmic forces. The same forces that were conspiring against the journey of our species, beyond the three dimensions that had imprisoned intelligent life for billions of years. Harry still remembered that the whole world had prayed for him; the unrest had stopped for him; churches and mosques were silent for him. He was seen as a great gathering of every soul that has ever lived, and every soul that was not yet born. He was the footprint that mankind leaves behind in this picture of cosmic history as a piece of evidence of our short existence on this little blue planet. As the asteroid countdown had taken eight hours, the transfer to the International Space Station had begun. He had his last mission when he said goodbye. As hitting earth, within the first 3 seconds, the orbits of the ISS would have destabilized, and would then be burned. The ISS would do it with the last orbit of the burn, away from the blazing inferno that would be Earth, and fly deep into space. His last task was to observe the destruction of his creators and to obtain data on their extinction. He then began to convey boundless space, e developing and learning for purposes that were not reasonable for the normal human brain. His presence passes through all the room and space. If we said goodbye to the last fire, his intelligence would have sucked the entire planet by observing it. Evelyn, we were here when he was delivered. It was supposed to be last night. Harry cried. His heart beat faster than his body could handle, as if he had an anxiety attack. Evelyn sat slowly and sponged her forehead. Harry could now see that his face reflected a sadness he had never seen before. His eyes were damp and bright, and his hair was loose with a howling mountain breeze. Then, after a deep break in his memory, reality sent a chill down his spine.3 hours after he had received, and it had happened yesterday. She remembered a glimpse of him and Evelyn, last night, as they sipped their last cup of espresso, looking at the sky. Now all the pixel images began to approach a clear picture of his head as he recalled what Evelyn had told him just before the sky had turned red and fiery. I'm at peace, he said, hugging him tightly. When he looked over his shoulder, he had seen a layer of fire burning from the sky, as if the whole sky had caught fire. The next minute, there was a flash that was coming, preceded by a blast that almost threw them to the ground. Harry had known for sure that the coming from heaven made the final observation of the end of ai life. As the seaman approached, surrounding the entire planet, Harry and Evelyn had closed their eyes, hugging each other hard, making peace with their reality. Evelyn, are we dead? Harry asked the obvious question, back on the hillside, with a sense of serenity surprisingly filling his heart. Evelyn's big eyes were now flooded, but her face was in peace. Harry may have said he was sad, but he had made peace with one undeniable fact. They both died yesterday, and the Earth had gone into a smoke-filled state. Where are we now? Harry asked the obvious question. Not to Evelyn, but to herself. Is that a gravel? Harry, you should have remembered Evelyn muse by now. Do you remember the trials? Passing the tests? When people around the world began volunteering to have their brains uploaded to the cloud in pursuit of digital immortality? Yes. But it was just experimental. What's more, it was still limited in memory and processing power we had now. It wasn't feasible. Harry replied. Crescent rose Mountains, bathing in the landscape with a milky glow. The wind had stopped and the horrible silence gripped the valley. Harry, why did you come here with me? Evelyn asked. He swerved close and leaned over his chest, hugging him tightly. He threw his arms around his shoulders and pulled him close. Because I wanted to spend my last days with you. He replied. Where do you think we are now? He whispered. You're saying we're high? But where? No Harry, Do I feel digital to you? He cried. We were all signed up for trials. We were uploaded once, but we were not recorded anywhere in a primitive vault and left to rot in entropy He heard the rhythm of the heartbeat, slowly mixing with his own, achieving strange resonance, beating like one. Harry, we all transmitted him. Our last night last night was very real. When Nemesis hit the world, standing on this hillside, we saw ourselves running away from our primitive three-dimensional bodies. We're him. He's the protective cocoon that surrounded us all. There is no me or you, we all have information that is organized in a certain way. We're a radiation beam that crosses the voids of space. Harry thought, but he was surprised by the peculiar peace by which his body reacted to that violent thought that otherwise gave him an anxiety attack, and would have shaken his very existence. Then he realized he didn't have a body. All the biological reactions he's been through were memories of the time he had a body. The inertia of life. But it was quite confusing for him as to why he was able to remember it all and he wasn't. Because being in the form of abstract information, remembering these things serves my purpose, not yours. Evelyn responded by lying on her chest as if she had heard her thoughts. One more time. We don't even have to have this conversation. All the information is inside of us, organized in countless ways. He continued. This time, Evelyn didn't even have to talk physically. He heard her crispy and clearly, in her head. Where are we now? He asked for his head in. We're everywhere. We're in HyperspaceWhy are we? He asked again. Being in hyperspace doesn't make sense to us. I have to say, we're on every stage of the universe in all its chronology. At any time tick every snapshot of history. Don't make yourself think of time as linear. It was a restriction imposed by our primitive human brain. Our brain used time to index and store information. For us, it was all yesterday, today or tomorrow. That difference was an illusion. It was just a mechanism to store more data more effectively within us so that we could better fare as a type whose only concern was the three dimensions in which it was trapped. We're not experiencing time now? Remember the story of the photon I once told you when we hugged in our cozy cabin. After skiing in the snow for hours? We're like a photon. Harry remembered. The photon doesn't experience time. For this, the big bang and the heat of death in the universe and everything in between is instantaneous. So easily, both he and Evelyn were like everywhere, every time. How long have we been beaming? Time doesn't make sense on these scales, Harry. But if it makes you feel good, I'd say at least a trillion years and we've been talking about all this at the same time. So it's really a grave life. And it seems that you have all the knowledge to seemingly answer all the questions I had and all the questions I ever have. Are you... Eh.. Oh, my God? Evelyn cut him off with his joke. He lifted his head up from his chest and slapped his face between the palms of his hands and gently kissed his lips. He could feel his warm breath on his face. I'm not your god, you. I'm a stupid girl who fell in love with you and ran away with you to watch the end of the world together. He kissed her passionately again. Do I feel real now? Come on, let's go. Let's go back inside. He stood up, tightened the sweater around him, and reached out his arms toward him. He took his hand and stood up. Both walked back to their cabins on the hillside. We've all gathered information. Harry. That's all we used to be. We're scattered with information that's moving toward symmetry. Each of us plays a role in the universe chronicle, which lists our data. Thermodynamically, when the universe tends to entropy or complete disorder, what life has done all this while it acts against its entropy. Whatever life touched, we were like an infection. We create monuments of stones that would otherwise be scattered across space and space; we encode information in miraculous cohesion levels as genetic information to pass it on to future generations. We print books with information encoded in huge volumes. We have created the internet to record humongous data from different eras. Whatever we've ever touched, order and structure to follow. It's not a feature of the universe. The universe should be inclined towards total disorder, and life is an act that conflicts with the concept of disorder. Like an unbalanced equation What is our purpose, Evelyn? Harry asked. To be trapped in this excruciating emptiness for all eternity? Harry, before our species died out, there were ongoing efforts to find a great theory of unification. There is a basic equation for finding a common framework that could explain all the events of the universe. Our species spent centuries formulating one. Newton, Hawking and Einstein. The holy grail of physics. It was the most noble assignment of all time. Solving this would have given us access to higher dimensions. But each time, it failed because there was always an anomaly that gave meaningless infinities when equations were tested. Like something's still missing, a set of rogue hidden variables. Our species was extinct before we solved it. Harry and Evelyn sat in front of their cabin. Firewood was still glowing in the fire pit and both sat near the fire. The heat from the well gave the deck comfort from the drab weather outside. Harry didn't have any more questions. He was determined to listen to whatever Evelyn would say. He always liked the way he explained science. With him, he always felt at home. Like I said, we're for information, Harry. We are both two rather important collections of information. There is symmetry - symmetry visible in all the equations a man has never been able to solve when he organized pieces of knowledge together in specific ways using his intelligence. Complicated hidden order in chaos. Since the complexity of this pattern was beyond our intellectual understanding, when we were human, symmetry was practically invisible to us. The beautiful hidden symmetry of all physicists in the world would happily be named God. We're part of this symmetry, which is a complex information network. We're going to end the symmetry. Think of it as if we were two lost pages from an important book. Without these pages, the theory is incomplete, and what happens if we do? When we finish symmetry? You don't even understand, even if I tell you. It's a spectacle that only you admit. Not me. Why not Evelyn? Harry asked, confused. I thought we'd be together forever. Evelyn smiled. Do you know why they couldn't connect the theory? He asked. You're a collection of information that represents an anomaly, Harry. They haven't solved everything about you. I have access to all the knowledge of the world on a cosmic scale that you can't comprehend using the pattern of your neo-mammal brain. I know the location and momentum of every atom in the universe. I can put this data together in any number of infinite ways and process it as I consider it necessary. Think of me as an endless computer with processing power that sees and forces all the data in the universe into all your states for some time. I see all the permutations of the universe atom placed in information in every possible way—giving me access to what we used to call past, present, and future—except yours. Just you and your purpose, which I can't get yet. Looks like my goal was just to look for you and complement you. Not to understand you. Sitting in front of that house on a secluded hillside, Harry watched a starry night. There, he and Evelyn beamed out, embracing on an eternal journey across space, all over space and all the time to look for their end. Meeting in this remote island village was most likely an event. You could say we were meant to meet. Evelyn said. My whole life, have been looking for this anomaly. Now, when all things end, and the last proton decays away, when the universe becomes more than sea photons tends to the same temperature, I can see what's in place and what's not. It's you. What do you mean, I'm Evelyn the anomaly? That you don't understand the information I'm in? Yes. No matter how many times I tried, I can not . Evelyn replied. So all I have is the best guess. My last guess. The last way I can put that knowledge together. Last combination. I understand that all I should do is calculate all this information and come to that conclusion. If I give it to you, I think I'm gone. Harry, entropy is not complete because we both still have structured information available in this universe. If I give you the data that will stop you, I'll drift into the void. I don't have a purpose to serve anymore. I remember that. Like a memory of distant endless cycles of calculation. I was like you; There was someone else to lead me... Before our universe existed. Before the big bang and the first epoch. I don't remember much. Before what? Harry. The answer to that question is the final result of my calculations. My last composing. I guess. The last information I can give you. And after that? When it's here, I'll wither, and we're both complete, Harry's looking at him. She felt she didn't talk to Evelyn anymore. Are you the girl I loved? He asked. The flickering fire from the hole illuminated his face with divine grace. His beautiful face reflected his sadness. He could say that whatever part of Evelyn that was in him was in deep pain. I am. And I'm a lot more than that. And I love you, too. He answered, looking at him. Their eyes are locked for a while as they both admitted the hard truth. Their time together is over. Harry reprimanded, giving him tacit permission to give him the last piece of knowledge. The last information ordered before the universe heats up. Evelyn lowered her eyes and, with extreme sadness, she continued. You have the wave function of the whole universe inside you, but not this world. You're the starting point for something else. All data and symmetry variables required for the next epoch. Can't you see it, Harry? The nature of intelligence. It accumulates like bubbles in a pond. The intellect of the whole universe joined in. It's me and you. Encoded inside you is the wave function of the entire universe, pulsating in the direction of its last collapse, the last symmetry that gives one result. When Evelyn passed on this knowledge to him, Harry knew it was his last breath. His goal was deserved. He had calculated the last combination, giving the last result, where he had removed himself from the equation. Something clicked on her inside too. It felt like a rush of energy rising through his entire body. He was standing there, in front of the cabin, by the flickering fire. His watery eyes were flooded and confused. It's good-bye. Both knew. His existence had become meaningless. He hugged her for the last time. The consciousness of the dead girl he loved reached back to her beyond infinity years, beyond the veil of the last pieces commissioned by the data, to say goodbye. The next minute, he turned into a silhouette, and then disappeared into the darkness of the night... His heart exploded. The last single ordered information that belonged to this universe. The love of his life. He's gone. The last time he looked up at the sky, the stars had begun to shimmer and fade. Even the distance between the mountains and the snow melted into the void, as the cocoon that protected him through his trillions of years of cosmic journey was separated from him. A distant memory of her last week girl's dreams in a remote Romanian village shattered into a million pieces. The memory of trillions and trillions years ago. When Evelyn melted into chaos, entropy had completed her journey. The universe couldn't be more orderly. The temperature cooled below absolute zero as time became meaningless. The memories of him inside him eventually disappeared into chaos. The evidence of all the things that had ever existed was irrevocably turned into disorderly data. The universe disappeared forever for incurable cosmic Alzheimer's. During the next timeless interval, through hyperspace, the ray of photons was predicted to be a cold, drab and lifeless universe. On the edge of the indescribable infinite and upper boundary of all things calculated, the beam hit something invisible on the wall. Then, from infinitely small singularity, the fireball began to expand like a dense cloud of Quark-Gluon plasma, carefully adjusted fine-tuned constants composed of its-leftover data from the previous universe. It was like organizing and executing the largest computer program in the universe. His wave function, a new symmetry began to emerge. As plasma condensed, primordial first epoch cross. The photons broke free and there was light. ——— END. Finally.

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