

The Portal in the Pyramid

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This is a work of fiction. Similarities to real people, places, or events are entirely coincidental.

THE PORTAL IN THE PYRAMID

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Written by Martin Lundqvist.

*The Portal in the Pyramid – A short
story by Martin Lundqvist*

Introduction.

I was recovering from a long bilious flight and checked in to a cheap and dingy 3-star hotel room, located on a small block nestled into the busy and crowded city of Cairo. The noise from the heavy and polluting traffic, combined with the non-stop humming from the old and dirty air-condition, destroyed any chance of me recovering from my 17-hour flight from Sydney and getting a nice, plentiful sleep. The night was young, so I decided that I should explore this magical city of Cairo on my own, as the guided tours were to begin tomorrow morning and I had no plans for the remainder of today. I was always a firm believer in walking around in a new city on my own is the best way to experience it, stirring myself away from the typical tourist traps and the heavily-time constricted trips, one can truly see the genuine hustle and bustle and the everyday life of a city's inhabitants and beauty of the culture.

I took the remote control and switched off the old wooden-framed 1960's style vintage television and was about to leave the stinky and old hotel room, complete with the heavy stench of a decade-old dirty Mediterranean carpet and all when I began to feel a sudden rush of hesitation and anxiety overwhelming my entire body. Humans tend to overestimate certain dangers, I am, for instance, often afraid of shark attacks when swimming in Australian waters, although it is statistically scarce to be killed by one. Although excited that I was in Cairo, I was also gripped by a fear of being targeted in a terrorist attack as such things occur sporadically in Egypt, according to the media that continuously influence the population.

The fear was amplified by the fact that my loving partner of many years, sweet, gentle Elaine, I call her my dear Laney, had refused to travel with me to Cairo, citing the risk of a terrorist attack as the main reason why. Eventually, I brushed off my negative thoughts and managed to calm myself down, reminding myself that the choices I make in everyday occurrences of my life, such as my diet and exercise, probably has a more significant impact on my life expectancy than terrorist attacks statistically will ever have.

I walked around aimlessly, absorbing all there is to offer of the magical and lustrous city, smelling all the fragrance and delicious aroma, looking at the old and archaic Egyptian buildings while taking photographs until I came across a

sizeable Egyptian Bazaar. I am not a big fan of shopping, but I remembered that Elaine had asked for a tin of Egyptian perfume, and I wanted to have something to eat, as the food there seemed affordable and smelled delightful.

The Blue Crystal.

After eating an authentic Egyptian meal, I felt a bit fazed by the noise and the massive commotion at the bazaar. Whenever I travel overseas, especially in the Middle East, I always stand out as an obvious tourist, as I am very tall, and I look very North European. It's the price that I must pay for being 190 centimetres (6'3") tall man with a North European Swedish bloodline. My looks attracted a myriad of salesmen in the bazaar, and they were all trying to peddle me different trinkets and riff-raff as souvenirs. I felt the stress and discomfort coming upon me, as I dislike crowds and people pushing things upon me. After saying no repetitively and ignoring dozens of street peddlers, I finally came across something I really wanted, a shimmering blue crystal sold from a healing crystal market stand, located just at the far end of the dingy old flea market.

I studied the mysterious blue crystal for a while trying to contact the presumed seller, an old Egyptian woman, who was squatting behind an old wooden table, smirking and showing off her yellow teeth and a wart on her big nose. But, why did I suddenly want a crystal? I pondered the question, and I couldn't come up with any sensible explanation. I have never had any interests in gemstones or healing crystals my entire life, but somehow this enchanting crystal was shining with a bright and wondrous blue light. It was so beautiful that it looked as if the crystal was talking to me in a way I hadn't experienced since I ingested LSD and magic mushrooms in my rebellious youth. I took it up with my two fingers, laid it in my hand and stared at it for a long time, completely mesmerised by its beauty for what felt like an eternity.

"Can I help you, Good Old Sir?", the rasping sound of the lady seller was suddenly interrupted by a young Egyptian man that appeared from the back end of the squalid shop.

I was brought back to my senses when the store clerk approached me. How long had it been? The other street peddlers had swarmed to me like bees, but this Egyptian man had taken his time and given me the chance to study his products first. I examined the man, he looked different. While the others were wearing everyday Middle-Eastern garments or the typical robes and headscarves due to the sizzling heat, this Egyptian man looked like he had been transported through time, or at least was participating in some sort of a Renaissance fair.

“How much is this crystal...?”, I stuttered with a confused voice.

“For you sir, this beautiful Zeto crystal is only 1500 pounds!”, Said the salesman confidently.

1500 Egyptian pounds. How much is that in Australian Dollars? I thought to myself. Shortly after I calculated the figures in my head and figured out the answer, it was over A\$100 Australian Dollars. I was confused, and I studied both the Egyptian salesman and the enchanting crystal for a while. I must have misheard him.

“Excuse me, did you say 1500 Egyptian Pound for this piece of glass?” I asked.

“I did, but the price has just gone up. It is now 2,000 Egyptian Pounds!” answered the angry and impatient peddler.

Now I was bewildered. The street peddlers always lowered their prices at any sign of haggling, but this Egyptian man had increased the price instead. How could this be? I was going to put the crystal away, but I couldn't, I felt extremely drawn in and compelled to buy it.

“Okay, 2000 Egyptian pounds. That's a deal.” I said sheepishly, as I paid for the mysteriously glowing blue crystal and put it in my pocket. After paying for the enchanting gem, I took a cab back to my dingy hotel. My brain was apparently not working properly, I was exhausted, and I desperately needed some good sleep and rest.

A bumpy bus-ride.

The following day, I woke up feeling a stabbing pain in my stomach, after a minimal amount of sleep. Clearly, my choice of food the day before hadn't been a smart one, and I had spent the entire night throwing up in the bathroom. I was considering not showing up for the bus ride to the pyramids, but I decided against it and got myself ready to go. I was only spending a few days in Cairo, before flying to Sweden to my dear old parents, and spending it by being sick and self-pitying in this cheap hotel room was not my version of an ideal holiday.

I passed up on the hotel breakfast and instead bought some refreshing mints and other snacks in the corner shop outside of the hotel, to cover up the stench of my vomit from the night before. I didn't want to risk throwing up on the bus, bringing some mints and a bag of nuts would be handy if I got hungry later. I got on the tour bus, and the guide was happily chirping and sharing some interesting facts about Cairo, or at least I believe he did, but my attention was foggy after the rough night. I slowly slipped into a dreamy abyss and fell asleep on the bus.

After what felt like a short time, we reached the pyramids, and I woke up from a nap feeling a bit better.

Not That Grand.

A problem that I have, and I daresay many humans share with me, is that the actual world that we live in is usually less grand than the idealistic world that we all hope it should be. The pyramids are the best example I can come up with to exemplify this. In the idealistic sense, the pyramids are wonderful and majestic, built by thousands of workers for many years, these incredibly precise and accurate historical artefacts were created and measured in such extent that they could follow the astronomical movement of the sky with almost better accuracy than we can with modern technology.

In my perceived world of reality, however, I was in the middle of a barren desert watching a pile of crumbling rocks, stacked on top of each other. Not really that interesting.

The smiling tour guide approached me and gently tapped on my shoulder. Apparently, for an optional fee of 1,000 Egyptian pounds, I could follow a guided tour inside one of the pyramids. If not, I could sit at the coffee shop and enjoy the scenery for the next few hours. Now, spending additional money to crouch around in a dark cramped tunnel doesn't sound like the most fun way to spend money, but on the other hand, I was on site, and maybe the pyramid would look better on the inside? I angrily paid the hefty fee, and the tour guide smirked slyly and stuffed the money in his pocket, as if worried that people could see it, indicating that this was not an official part of the tour. I was hesitant to go with the guide and wanted my money back, but I had already paid for it and could not go back.

Inside the pyramid

A short while later, I entered the pyramid together with the English-speaking tour guide and a few of the more adventurous tour participants. As expected, I didn't enjoy being inside the pyramid, as it was dark, packed with stale air and it was too cramped for a big guy like me. Besides, the food poisoning I had the night before hadn't adequately prepared me for this spelunking adventure.

Suddenly, I felt like I was going to vomit again. Being the last person in the group, I snuck off into a side passage to avoid embarrassment. Suddenly, I sensed a glowing blue light from my khaki pants, and the blue crystal that I bought at the bazaar, which I had forgotten to take out of pocket the night before, suddenly felt hot and started shining with an eerie blue light, sparkling so brightly that it almost lit up the entire room and hurt my eyes. I picked up the crystal from my pocket and studied it when suddenly a trap door opened just below where I was standing, and I slid down a secret passage. I slid down for several seconds until I hit the floor with high speed and heard a loud cracking noise and felt a surge of extreme pain through my body. I had landed badly on my right foot and broken it. I looked around and felt panic take its hold over my body. I was injured and alone in a very dark tunnel with no way to get up. I was going to scream for help when something caught my eyes: The blue crystal. In the dark and dingy tunnel, it shone stronger than ever before, and I felt compelled to crawl over to where it dropped when I fell and picked it up.

Going Through the Portal to Another Dimension

Once I picked up the glimmering crystal, I heard a noise of an opened compartment, and suddenly the whole wall had lit up, and it was full of illuminated lines of hieroglyphs that I couldn't comprehend the meaning of. The hieroglyphs struck me with feelings of complete awe and surprise. I noticed that there was a slot in the wall where my blue crystal would fit in perfectly. I inserted the crystal into the slot and was amazed when the entire wall made a loud cracking noise, and suddenly shifted in anti-clockwise motion, as the wall blocks began to rotate and filled up its crevices with more blocks that appeared from inside the wall, like an amazing game of Jenga. A luminous and oddly calming bright blue light then emerged from the wall crevices. I tried to touch the light, but it seemed like it didn't have a surface as my hand sunk straight through it. I pulled out my hand from the blue light, and it was still okay. I felt scared and amazed at the same time, and just felt compelled to know what was on the other side of the shining wall crevice. Relying on my good leg, I decided to jump into the light and find out what happened next.

I saw a bright flash, and my body drifting through space, travelling faster than the speed of light. Suddenly, I landed, and I had ended up in a beautiful courtyard, that looked both ancient and futuristic at the same time. I have never seen anything so beautiful in my whole life, but at the same time, I was scared. Where was I, and was this the afterlife?

Meeting the Zetans.

I looked around, and I saw a group of strange-looking humanoid creatures approaching me. One of them spoke to me.

"Greetings human. I am Ra, and the Zetans next to me are Zeus, Brahma, and Odin."

"I don't understand!", I stammered and continued speaking, *"Am I dead?"*

"Certainly not, as a matter of fact, you'll never be more alive than today," Zeus answered.

"Enough of the pleasantries", Odin scoffed. *"Did you bring us any offerings?"*

I was surprised at the request, but I didn't dare to argue with the deities. I remembered that I had some mints and nuts in my pockets, so I took them out and handed them to Odin. He tasted the food and gave me a disapproving look. *"What kind of food are you humans eating these days?! This food is laced with chemicals and rubbish",* Odin sneered. *"I am sorry, I didn't expect to meet deities today, and I didn't expect you to ask for offerings",* I said apologetically. *"Is that so?",* Zeus asked rhetorically. *"Then how come all the ancient scriptures contain the sacrifice of animals, to the gods?"*

I was dumbfounded by Zeus' question, but fortunately, Brahma came to my aid. *"Don't be too harsh on the human for his poor offerings, gentlemen. How could he possibly foresee that he would stumble upon an interdimensional portal? Humans don't have foresight like we do."*

Brahma turned towards me and spoke softly. *"Thank you for your offerings today, please tell me your name, human."*

"I am Martin", I answered.

"Nice to meet you, Martin," Brahma said before he continued speaking. *"Martin, unfortunately, your time here today will be short, so please ask anything you'd like to know before you have to go back."*

"Can you fix my broken foot? It's so painful." I moaned.

"You are in luck, we still have healing supplies", Brahma answered. He turned to Ra and spoke *"Ra, can you please inject our guest with a Zetan Healing Serum into his right calf?"* Ra approached me and injected the serum. Initially, it caused immense insufferable pain, but it receded shortly after and in no time the pain was gone, and the foot seemed to be massively healed.

“What happened?” I asked in amazement. *“The serum accelerated your body’s own healing factor by the equivalent of a month’s healing time. Hence you feel the initial immense pain, and then quick healing proceeds.”* Ra replied. *“So, this is science and not magic?”* I asked. *“Yes, Advanced science too complicated for you to understand,”* Ra replied.

A Quick Tour of the Divine Palace.

Brahma looked at me and spoke, *“Our time is short but let me show you around”*. I got up on my feet, and to my great relief, I could walk, albeit with a bit of a limp, as you would, one month after breaking your foot. I followed Brahma to a beautiful pond, located next to a blooming Lotus Tree. In the pond, I could see a lot of things happening on Earth.

“Master Brahma, if everything on Earth that is still unknown is science and not magic, how can you see all these things from Earth?” I asked.

“When we first came across Earth on our travel across the Milky Way eons ago, we dropped millions of nanotechnology drones so we could see everything on the planet. These drones were powered with advanced fission batteries that have almost unlimited battery time. Thus, some of these drones are still sending images to us.” Brahma replied.

“Wow!”, I replied.

“Yes, when we Zetans told your ancestors that we were all-seeing, we were not lying, just explaining to your level of intelligence”, Brahma said.

“But are you really gods, and did you create mankind?” I asked curiously.

“No. We didn’t create mankind, but we made you what you are. When we came across Homo-Sapiens 70,000 years ago, your species was just lower-tiered animals, close to extinction. My Zetan ancestors altered your genome, and raised your intelligence, making you what you have become since then.” Brahma replied.

“So then, because your Zetan species is much more advanced compared to our human species, you become Gods to us?” I asked.

“Yes. The only real god, The True Maker, works on a cosmological scale. For such an omnipotent being, the daily prayers and actions of individuals become insignificant.” Brahma replied.

Brahma looked at his wristwatch and seemed keen to move on. *“Come, there are more things that I have to show you, and time is short”*.

Brahma hurried ahead and opened a door. Together we entered a very advanced computerised archive with lifelike hologram generators and other amazing divine technology in ancient scrolls. *“This is the Zetan archives, if you choose to stay here you can have access to all the knowledge and science of the Universe,”* Brahma said. *“Even the age-old question regarding the meaning of life?”* I pondered.

“Good one, but no. You see, there is no universal answer to that question, the individual simply has to make up their own answer.” Brahma answered.

I studied the room and all the amazing objects in there for a while and then my eyes fell back on Brahma. Brahma seemed restless and a bit reluctant, but eventually, he spoke. *“So, Martin it is time for you to make a choice,”* Brahma said. *“What choice?”* I replied. *“You can either stay here, spend time with us Zetans and learn everything there is about the universe, or you can go back to humanity on Earth and live in ignorance,”* Brahma said. *“Why can’t I have both?”* I replied curiously. *“Because the portal will soon be closing, and once it’s closed, we have no means of opening it from here. If you choose to stay you will have God-like knowledge, but you’ll also suffer from constant hunger and loneliness, and you’ll see everyone you care about slowly die from age through the magical pond.”*

Ignorance is Bliss.

I pondered the options for a while. Eventually, I realised that the choices didn't only have consequences for me but for everyone else. If I disappeared without a trace, the people I cared about would never get closure, always wondering what happened to me. I told Brahma about my decision. He replied: *"I see, you choose the easy path of ignorance."* *"No, I choose to do what is best for the people I love. For-saking everyone I care for and who cares for me in the pursuit of knowledge is selfish and cruel!"*, I replied.

Brahma studied me for a while. Then Zeus entered the room and spoke: *"What did the human choose?"*, Zeus asked.

"Ignorance," Brahma replied.

"They all do. Only one more thing to do." Zeus said. After saying this, Zeus pulled me towards him, while Brahma branded my right arm with a luminous and glowing tattoo. Zeus then injected me with Zetan Healing Serum while Zeus carried me back to the portal. The last thing I remember was Brahma repeatedly shouting: *"Find Keila Eisenstein, show her the tattoo on your arm, warn her of trusting Rangda the Deceiver!"*, before I fell into the glowing abyss and blacked out blissfully.

Epilogue.

I woke up a few days later in an Egyptian hospital. I was told that I had a psychotic outbreak caused by a rare form of a food-borne parasite, driving me temporarily insane. I asked the doctor, *“Okay, but can you explain how my broken foot had miraculously healed and a freshly inked tattoo on my arm appeared suddenly overnight?”*. He responded with *“Both of those wounds are fully healed, and it must have happened over a month ago.”* The doctor answered plainly and then left the room.

I decided to keep quiet and not say anything. There was nothing to gain from trying to convince this doctor of an extra-terrestrial encounter, and besides, I wasn't too sure myself any more what had really happened.

A few days later I was released from the hospital, and as I am writing this story while on a plane back to Europe, I only have two questions:

- What really happened to me, and how did I get this strange glowing tattoo with a map of the world filled with strange alien symbols?
- Who the hell is Keila Eisenstein...?!

The End

Also by Martin Lundqvist

The Divine Zetan Trilogy

The Divine Dissimulation

The Divine Sedition

Standalone

Matt's Amazing Week

James Locker The Duality of Fate

Divine Space Gods: Abraham's Follies

The Portal in the Pyramid

Watch for more at martinlundqvist.com.



About the Author

I am a Swedish male born in 1985. I have been in Australia since 2012, and I have been with my partner Elaine Hidayat since 2013.

When I was younger, I used to write blogs for the joy of writing and attention.

In 2013 an acquaintance suggested that I wrote fiction instead of blogs. With a fair bit of enthusiasm, I wrote my first book, a psychological crime thriller James Locker: The Duality of Fate back in 2013. In retrospect, it didn't turn out that good, but it was a good experience.

I then had a break from book writing for a couple of years as I was busy working and pursuing other hobbies.

In late 2016, I decided to take up book writing again as it is a hobby with more upside than playing video games. I finished my Science Fiction novel The Divine Dissimulation over a year later, as I write as a hobby and not as a profession.

I haven't had much financial success with my books this far, but hopefully that will change as I improve my trade.

In spite of my lack of financial progress, I recently finished my third book, The Divine Sedition. which constitutes the second book in The Divine Zetan trilogy.

I haven't started on the last book in the trilogy yet, but presumably it will be out sometime in 2019

My style

My approach to writing is that I write what I feel like writing with limited regards to what others want to read. As my works are work of fiction, I tend to include controversial topics, as I am not bound to politically correct self-censorship.

My independence in book writing is not because I inherently want to rebel against what people want to read, but just because I have no idea what people do want to read, hence I might as well write what I want to write and hope for the best.

The writing style is slightly different in my three novels. While James Locker is mostly character and dialogue driven, *The Divine Dissimulation* is mainly driven by concept and world building. I aim to make *The Divine Sediton* a hybrid between the two.

Read more at martinlundqvist.com.

