



Revis Grey

Historian
of
Future Past

- A Nexus Saga -

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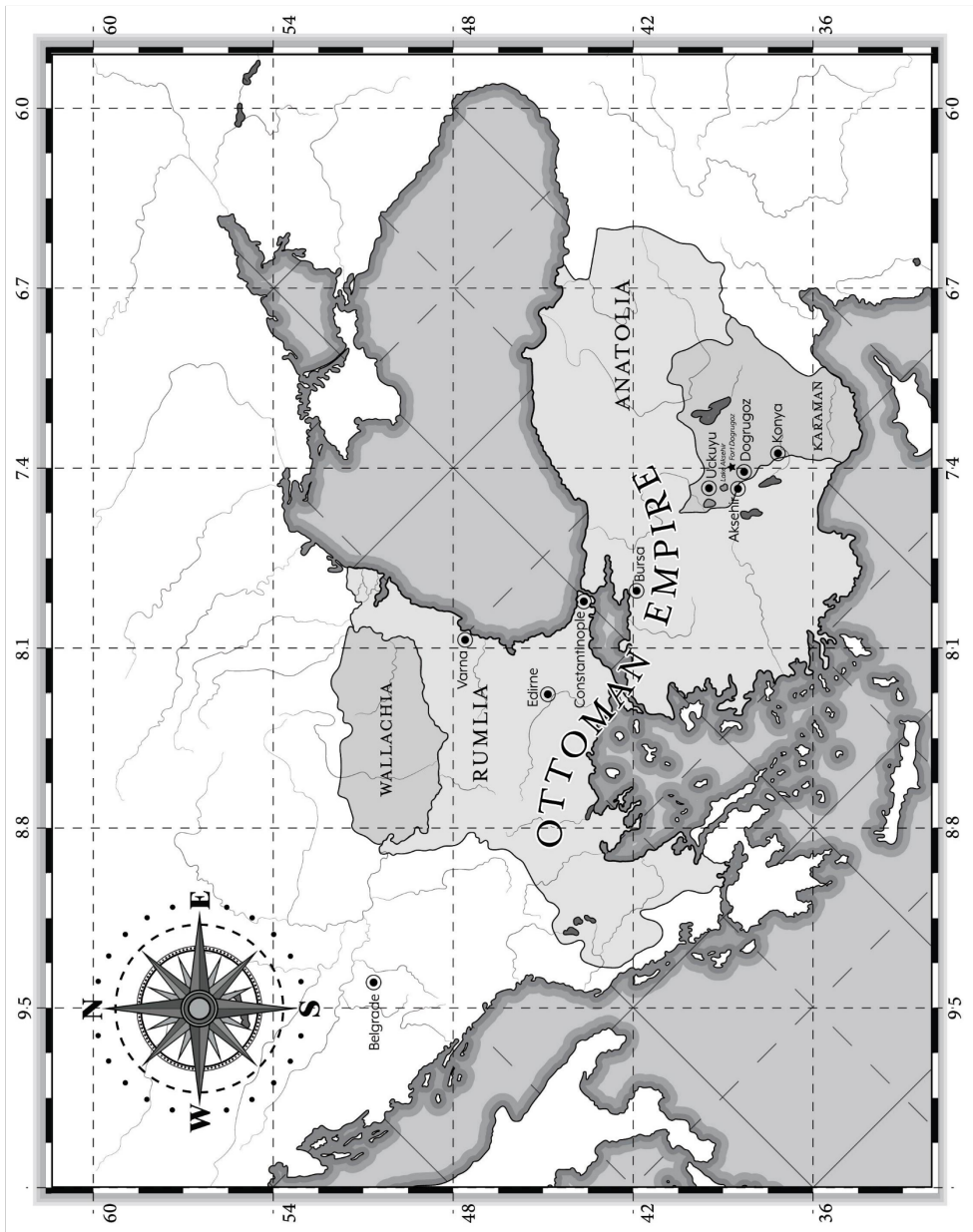
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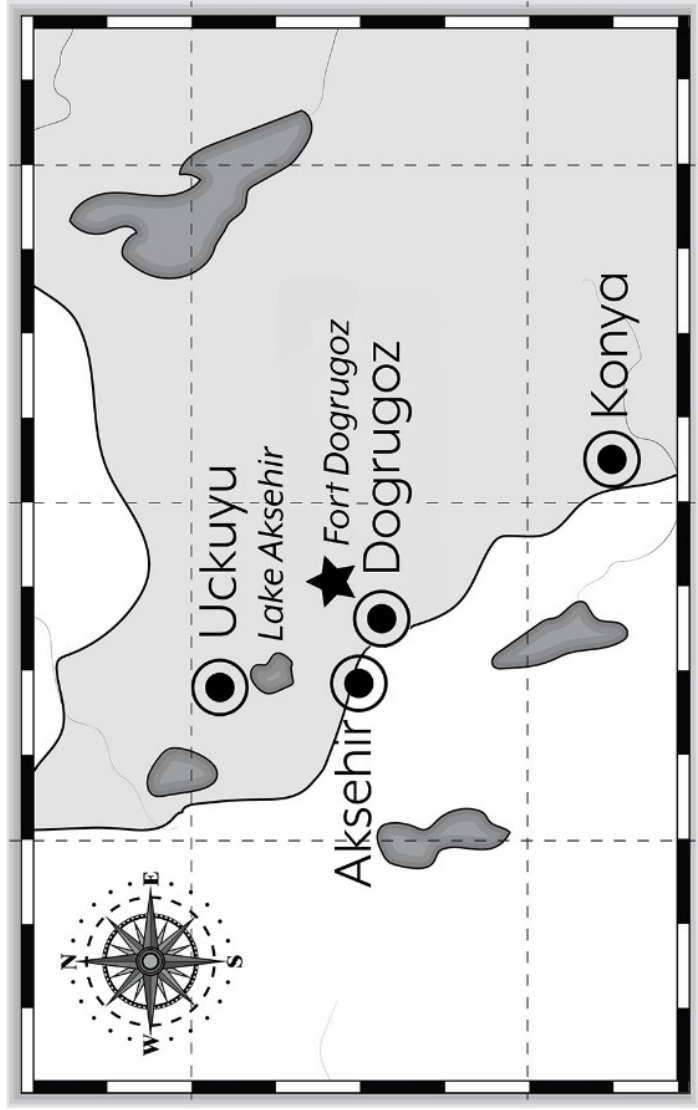
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I dedicate this novel to my late brother, Kyle. A storyteller before I was.





Chapter One

Nexus

Three arrows cut through the blue sky in rapid succession. The Temptress warrior sat high on her steed and sprinted. Half a tick later, six raiders darted over the crest of the hill. They wanted blood, and she wanted them to follow. The nomadic raiders turned in her direction. An arrow from the heavens slammed into one of the raider's shoulders, cutting through muscle and sinew. Blood carved a path down his body, turning a once ferocious warrior into a shadow of his former self. The lead raider, atop his beast, jerked his head at his comrades in a silent command.

A buzz in the air drew the men's attention to discern its location. The iron tip penetrated deep into the nomadic beast, hitting bone. The beast reacted violently, threw his master, and mauled him. The final arrow hit earth near the pack. The leader roused his men with lust on his lips and anger in his heart. He yanked the beast's reins and charged after her, the others following suit.

The temptress's flaming auburn locks whipped in the wind. Her appearance renewed a fierce hatred in their guts. Galloping away, she increased the distance from her pursuers. The leader screamed and formed a pool of spit on his lips. He ordered his beast to draw closer.

His men fell behind, but his attention never wavered. He desired to do vile things to her. She had eluded every attempt of this band of raiders to rid this world of her.

He closed the gap, and she gradually slowed. The mad raider tasted victory, a mere horse length away. His eyes were wide and hand ready, the Temptress's clothing clutched tight. Her scent was as sweet as nectar and bitter as wormwood in her wake. She turned around for the first time, acknowledged his presence, and grinned. He hesitated, and she broke away in a sharp maneuver. Caught unaware, he took his beast into a steep ravine.

Traveling parallel to the ravine, the Temptress warrior fluidly twisted, pulled her red jasper bow taut, and struck down the remaining raiders.

The twenty-sixth century offered a way to peer into the past. The Hall of Records housed historical events; cadets called it "the vault." The hall, comprised of twelve enclaves, represented the past in real-time. Each enclave spanned a distance of twenty meters wide and high, separated by a wall of holographic emitters.

The Curator approached Alaina, who was standing outside the enclave, studying the Temptress racing away. His plain gray attire indicated nothing special about him.

"You come here every week, viewing this obscure data stamp, observing this historical projection. Most recruits come here to see the fall of Constantinople. Why do you not?" the Curator asked analytically.

"I want to be her," Alaina replied, her blue sapphire eyes still on the woman.

The Curator gave her an indulgent smile and cuffed his hands behind his back. “Perhaps you recognize yourself in the Temptress. Either way, the journey from here to there is long, and most of us don’t survive it.” He pivoted from the enclave to Alaina. “Being reborn would be a better way to describe it.”

“Her clothing is otherworldly. Of course, I’m a thousand years removed, but this appears odd. It looks like kaftan armor, almost.”

“Perhaps one day you will find this enigmatic answer. I could doctor something for you?”

“That’s part of the reason I’m here.” Alaina acknowledged the Curator, looking at him for the first time.

Her electrostatic wristband lit up, alerting her of another late meeting.

“I have to go,” she said apologetically and strode away from the Curator.

Four dispatchers sprinted down the corridor in the opposite direction. A few moments later, tall men dressed in black business attire power-walked past her; they were referred to as Suits. Alaina observed the men and disappeared into a sea of gray suits of cadets.

Curiosity beckoned, and Alaina followed them to witness their haste. Suits would never walk so quickly unless something was wrong. Her wristband lit up a radiant orange. Then, with a sigh, she gritted her teeth, pivoted, and headed to her meeting.

After she exited the elevator on the ninth floor of the Gamma wing, Alaina hit the white marble tiles with black pinstripes. She turned left, then straight ahead, and greeted the elegant Mrs. Lawson. The short, curly, blonde-haired gatekeeper to the most influential person in the Nexus. Alaina raised her right hand in a silent gesture of greeting. Mrs. Lawson acknowledged Alaina’s presence and turned her attention back to the person at the other end of the line.

Alaina entered the office of the Director of Operations, which was empty except for a desk and chair.

“Alaina,” the Director boomed.

“I’m sorry I’m late.” Alaina raised both hands contritely.

“Alaina, you are always late, if I haven’t figured that out yet. Well, what does it say about me?”

“I’m sorry I’ve missed our last couple of meetings.”

Alaina took a seat next to the bay window overlooking the complex.

The Director chuckled. “I remember when you were little and your grandmother would stir your imagination.”

“Like you said, it’s all her fault,” she added with a thin smile.

Marcus burst out laughing.

“Why didn’t you settle down? My grandmother liked you.”

Marcus shifted his gaze away. His glossy digital desk was devoid of any physical objects. The two ends curved down continuously, acting as legs. He turned his attention to the readouts popping in and out, moving his hands in a fluid motion, stopping long enough for his dark fingertips to contact the tactile interface. He closed an application in time for another alert to appear. He replied to the message and returned his workspace to a standard dashboard.

“I believe you know the answer to that, Alaina.” His eyes fixed on her. “Besides, after the raids, I never saw her again... My true love is the Nexus.”

Alaina turned her attention to the window. The mile-long black roadway was led by white beams to a silo warehouse with wide curves protruding from the ground. A caravan traveling along the winding single access point caught her attention on the other side of the shipping warehouse.

“I loved your grandmother. After your parents died, I felt that I should—”

Alaina gave a silent nod.

A priority message came over his dashboard. Marcus's eyes narrowed at it.

"I wanted to thank you for the admittance," Alaina stated flatly.

"Congratulations on making assistant in the antiquity department. You're developing in great strides. I merely opened the door. You're a Leo—once your feet are under you, you're unstoppable," Marcus stated, forcing a big smile. "Anyway, how's Dr. Esposito?"

He glanced at the time and sent another message.

"He's...something." Alaina leaned forward and whispered, "He's a little weird, but he'll grow on me."

Marcus chuckled. "The dark ages of Asia Minor and Eastern Europe will do that to you. He's also British." He raised a brow at Alaina. "Oh, your progress in linguistics makes me proud. Your grandmother would be proud of you too. She urged you to enroll."

"Actually, it was my parents and grandmother."

"Really?" Marcus said, pinching his lips between his thumb and forefinger.

"My interest in time came from my dad." Alaina tinkered with the mechanical wristwatch her father had made for her on her left wrist. "My mother was an interpreter, but you already knew that."

"Not her marathon running?" Then, half-heartedly, "All these years, I thought it was your grandmother."

Several more alerts came across his dashboard. Marcus leaned forward, resting his forearms on his desk.

"Have you thought about my proposal for the field assignment?" Alaina asked.

"Alaina, I have, and right now Dr. Esposito commended your excellent work in linguistic coding. That's why he requested you. Also,

Alaina, you're twenty-two, and for someone so young to be given a field assignment will stir up noise."

She lowered her head in defeat. "When have you been afraid of a little noise?" she muttered under her breath.

"Alaina, I have plans for you and contingencies as well. I ask you to be ready when the time comes," Marcus said gravely. "You're almost done with the program's third phase, correct?"

"Depends on which one. However, yes, eight hours a day, I live and breathe studying in the vault—Nest, but I don't want to recreate it. I want to map it," she said enthusiastically.

"There you go, two more and you're set. All downhill."

Marcus sat back.

A confirmation message came across his display, followed by two more. He glided his hands over them and opened each one long enough to confirm his suspicion. Then he archived them by assigning each a code.

Alaina admired how Marcus could carry on a conversation and multitask. During their first days together, he had assured her there wasn't a good time for their meetings. If he waited, they would never meet. Over time, she became accustomed to him waving his hands above this instrument in front of him. She imagined that he conducted an opera or symphony.

Marcus broke the heavy silence. "I want you to be a Historical Nestor. I really do. You have your mother's mind and fragility, and I desperately wanted her to apply, but at least I have you." His half-smile soothed her, but her disappointment was apparent.

Alaina nodded in silence. A beep came over the dashboard, drawing their attention.

"Alaina, I have to take this. I'm sorry for cutting our time short."

He flashed a genuine smile. She stood and sauntered toward the door, where she overheard Marcus informing someone there was an Eagle in the Nest. She twisted back, and Marcus shifted his gaze to Alaina and gave a fake smile as she let herself out of his office.

Chapter Two

Nest VII

Jorge, a technician, weaved through a myriad of cadets. Some complacent cadets casually strolled the white reflective corridors. A maintenance cart rattled with a mixture of clinging metals. One cadet dodged a collision at the last second.

He received a priority message to report to sector E7, east side, Nest 7. He had never received a high-level dispatch and was unsure what to do or expect when he arrived. His mind ran through a bank of scenarios when he collided with someone.

He veered left, and his final effort caused his cart to upend on two wheels. He countered and overanticipated, causing a batch of watchful cadets to dart away. Jorge stumbled to the side, losing his cart altogether.

When he regained his composure and looked upon his victim on the floor, he noticed she had a more distinctive look than the other cadets. She was dressed in a textured geometrical-shaped white body suit.

He swallowed hard out of embarrassment; the form-fitting attire distracted him for a moment. His eyes were drawn to her pixie fire hair and her fair complexion.

He rushed over and extended a hand. Exposing a thin bracelet, she took it from the flushed technician, and he pulled her up.

“What are you trying to do?” she said.

“I’m so sorry—” He stumbled over his words, gazing at her uniform.

“What are you looking for?”

In a swift deterrent, he nearly blurted out something he would regret. “Your name,” he said awkwardly.

“Cadets don’t have names on their uniforms. Technicians do.” There was an unreasonable fondness in her eyes, gazing at his curly black hair and espresso cream skin.

He was caught up in the moment of her sizing him up. Then he snapped out of it. “I’m so sorry.” He extended his palms outward.

“You already said that.”

“Are you hurt? I can take you to the medical facility.” He shifted his weight. “The infirmary or something.”

“No, I’ll be fine.”

“Good, ’cause I really have to be somewhere.”

She looked like she was trying not to laugh.

“I’ll make it up to you. I promise.” He retreated hastily, rushed to pick up his cart, charted his course, and left. When he turned the corner, he glanced over his shoulder—she was staring back at him.

Two prominent men stood guarding the entrance. He slowed as he approached. A small group of men and women were congregated inside, some in business attire and others in specialized uniforms.

Jorge stopped his cart between dispatchers, retrieved his datapad from the appropriate slot, and confirmed the number above the room. The number matched in Roman numerals. The left dispatcher entered the Nest.

Jorge returned the pad to its protected slot. A firm connection took hold, locking it in place. He arrived at Nest 7. The room was bright and luminous. Jorge avoided this side of the facility like the plague. During his training, qualified personnel had repaired strict protocols for all Nest maintenance. It was best to avoid the Nexus and any related paralogue branches, including Nests.

The heavy horizontal gateway stuck halfway and left a meter to enter.

“This is what the Nest looks like inside, huh?” Jorge eyed the other dispatcher. “Smaller than it looks. Very bright inside, though. I tend to talk a lot when I’m nervous.”

The guard cocked his head at Jorge.

The other dispatcher exited with the lead Suit, Investigator, and Custodian, an overseer of all Nexus-related processes. The dispatcher returned to his post, and three of the seven addressed Jorge as they waited outside the room.

“You’re going to fix this beast, correct?” the Suit said, smacking the metallic gateway.

Jorge nodded.

“You can access the port over there.” The Suit pointed to the right side of the security console.

“I’m a low-level technician. I’m not supposed to touch anything linking, breathing, accessing, copying, tracing, or duplicating—I know the last three are the same. I’ll get fired.” He shifted his weight to his other side and wiped his sweaty palms on his legs.

With a flat expression the Suit said, “Do I look like your boss?” and smiled.

“I don’t understand.” Jorge waited for the correct answer. This person could be his boss’s boss.

“I will oversee his repairs. Do you know who we are?” the Custodian said.

“Yes. Kind of. They told us during orientation, but I don’t know-know you, if that’s what you are referring to,” Jorge said.

The Custodian was deadpan.

Jorge extracted a tool from his maintenance cart and removed the fasteners from the plating. The Custodian made Jorge nervous, observing every movement he made.

He removed the cover and placed it on his cart. Then he turned his attention back to his overseer. “Now what?”

“You’re trained for this, correct?”

Jorge gave a blank face and shifted back to work. “I pull this and push it back in like this.” He grunted as he pushed the lever back in.

“Just like that,” the Custodian stated, nodding toward the ratchet, “grunting every time.”

“No, sir.” Jorge turned his attention to the lever and ratcheted the mechanical latch until it stopped. The servos gave a whirling sound, disengaging the main power from the Nest.

The pneumatic release valve disengaged, and a mechanical tumbler was bypassed. Jorge hesitated with the Custodian hovering over him, then moved to the UI panel, punched in his security code, and the system logged it. Next, Jorge waited for the Custodian to enter his security code to deactivate an electronic safety switch outside the Nest.

Jorge peered around the entrance to check the power status.

“What are you doing?”

“Checking the power status. The lights are still on.”

“I know. The auxiliary power is engaged, and lighting is on a separate circuit.”

“Do you want me to cut the auxiliary power too?”

“What? How would you close the door?”

“I meant after they leave.”

“No, I need the lights and door energized.”

Jorge retrieved his meter and did spot checks on the power. The heavy doors’ main electrical supply read zero voltage. The Investigator seemed annoyed by the length of this process and clearly wanted him gone. Jorge forgot the Investigator was looming in the back until she made her irritation known.

Jorge returned to the security panel and navigated several menus until arriving at the door’s manual controls. He checked inside to verify no one was veering between the gateway. He held down one button to energize the auxiliary power and tapped the other. The door clanged but did not move. Jorge checked to demonstrate the secondary supply line became energized and let the other occupants know the two-ton automatic door was moving.

Character List

A **laina O'Farrell** — Data linguist and historian of 15th century Anatolia. She has a petite body frame and a height of 5'4 and 115 pounds.

Amelia — Seven-year-old girl in a thatched house. Noticed by Alaina during her short stay.

Aria — Ekrem's sister and a lady in waiting to the Karamanid prince.

Aris — A Templar knight with a height of 2 meters (6'6") and 108 kilograms (238 pounds).

Azra — Name etched in stone.

Bella — One of the Council of Ten's daughters.

Carl — Yaya mercenary Graham hired for protection.

Casper (Holographic Companion or Cohort, HGC) — Northern Indian appearance.

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Çavuş — A fletcher, arrow maker, and apprentice under his uncle, a master bowyer and bow maker.

Crew Chief Alexander — Confirm accuracy of cargo load and passenger manifest before personnel board areal vessels.

Director Aloysia Rak — Surveillance over the Nexus complex.

Doran Currey — Overseeing the religious nature of the mission but fell ill and had to back out of the mission.

Dr. Jules Esposito (Nester) — Italian born and raised in England.

Dr. Klaus — Astrophysicist in chronometric cosmology.

Dr. Ming Lao (clinical psychologist)/Investigator — A descendant of Chinese origin, she has medium-length jet-black hair, 5'7".

Ekrem — Vassal of Fort Doğrugöz and surrounding area.

Estêvão da Gama — Vasco da Gama's son.

Fabiana — A runner to evade authorities and a silk thief. She is Persian by birth and becomes entwined with Giovanni.

Felix — His crabgrass hair and witty remarks had an innocent attraction.

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Fire Chief/Charlie — A fire chief at the Nexus complex in the 26th century.

Francesco Foscari — The doge of Venice.

Geordi — Senior engineer aboard the *Archimedes*.

Giovanni — A Franciscan monk, tailors his robe and many other textiles.

Graham Drakeford — Geological physicist, blonde-haired, attitude-driven Capricorn, 6'3", 175 lbs.

Grandmother (Alaina's grandmother) — Alaina's grandmother urged Alaina to enter the Nexus program; in love with Marcus Duncan.

Gülbahar Hatun — From Albania, slave sold to the Ottomans.

Jaiden Gutierrez-Price — Team's legal practitioner or a cadre for the CGI.

James — Cunning and in search of those that desire more extraordinary things.

Jenny — Engineer aboard the *Archimedes*.

Jill — Mr. Novacek's gatekeeper.

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John — Transportation division, helped the Director load cargo onto *Archimedes* (science vessel).

John Hunyadi/The White Knight — Regent-governor of Transylvania.

Jorge Fernandez — Maintenance technician, medium build, short brown hair, 5'8".

Kyle — Maintenance technician.

Marcelo Vedat — Field tech monitoring the bridge way of the data stream to the past from the prism.

Marcus Duncan (Director of Operations), a.k.a. The Director — From Kenya, has knowledge in the sciences of AI, quantum mechanics, and political science. Speaks international language Keynesian.

Mehmed II — Ottoman prince, age 10.

Jalāl al-Dīn Rūmī — He was an Anatolian mystic, and the shrine is the headquarters of the Mevlevi brotherhood. Birth, September 30, 1207, Balkh [now in Afghanistan]— Died, December 17, 1273, Konya.

Michael — A monk at the Hozoviotissa Monastery.

Mrs. Lawson — Short, curly, blonde-haired gatekeeper to Marcus's office.

HISTORIAN OF FUTURE PAST SAMPLE CHAPTERS

Murad II — Ottoman Sultan.

Nebo — Chief eunuch to Ekrem.

Olivia — Malaysian, with long black hair and a dark, creamy complexion.

Oruç — Çavuş's uncle, a master bow maker.

Peasant/Subject A/Jane Doe/Eagle — Ratty-hair woman in her mid-twenties, of French providence, circa 1420.

Peregrina Sepúlveda-Godoy — Nester.

Radu Tepes — Brother to Vlad Tepes and son to Vlad Dracul vassal of Wallachia.

Ralic — Dwarf, trade merchant and scribe.

Shameek Dua — Theologian monitoring the religious affairs of parishes, monasteries, churches, and mosques.

Sihabeddin Sahin Pasha — Viziers, adviser to Mehmed. A former janissary.

Steve Novacek (Director of Strategic Affairs) — The face of the Nexus program. Liaison between the Nexus program and the world. Overinflates every issue.

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The Bishop — He roams, spreading his misfortune.

The Boyar — Lord of the manor in western Wallachia.

The Curator — An AI user interface from the Nexus in the form of an isomorph.

The Giant — Fierce friend to Ralic and the size of a mountain.

The Hound — Raiding party leader, a Yaya mercenary named Brock.

The Peasant — Anomaly, a byproduct from the quantum stream.

The Sailor — Good friends with Aris.

The Vicar — A Franciscan monk working for the bishop.

Thomas — Dr. Lao's bodyguard.

Vasco da Gama — Portuguese merchant.

Vlad Tepes — Son to Vlad Dracul, a vassal of Wallachia.

Xia — Female maintenance technician.

Zağanos Mehmed Pasha — Viziers, adviser to Mehmed. A former janissary.

Zimara Hopp — Overseeing the religious nature of the mission.

Glossary

Acemilik — New female arrival in the harem.

Amasis — Displays augment data and images through one's eye into 3D space. The Amasis is a subdermal device usually placed above the left ear. The Amasis was given to Nesters or senior field agents on rare occasions.

Archimedes — Midrange interplanetary cargo vessel with a standard crew complement of fifty comprising 355,000 metric tons.

Bazaar — A market (as in the Middle East) consisting of shops or stalls selling miscellaneous goods.

Bey — During the Ottoman expansion to become an imperial sultanate, the title “Bey” began to be given to subordinate military and administrative officers, such as district administrators and lower-level minor military governors. The latter were usually titled Sanjak Bey (after the term “Sanjak,” denoting a military horsetail banner). Among the Ottoman *vilayets* (provinces), beys ranked below pashas and provincial governors (*ulis*, usually holding the title of pasha).

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Beylik — A Turkish word meaning “the territory under the jurisdiction of a bey.” Equivalent to a European lord.

Boyar — In Romania (Wallachia, Transylvania, and Moldavia), the social hierarchy was divided between boyars, *mazils* (Turkish: mazuls), *răzeșs* (freedmen), and *rumans* (serfs). Boyars were landowners with serfs who possessed military and/or administrative functions. In addition, boyars could hold state and/or court functions.

Caravanserai — Various forms of the word caravansarai exist, including caravanserai, caravansary, caravansaray, and caravansara. It is formed by combining the Persian words “karvan” (caravan, meaning a group of people engaged in long-distance travel) with “sara” (palace with enclosed courts) and “yi.” In Persian, a caravansarai is called khan. In Turkish, it is called *han* or *kervansaray*. And in Arabic, it is called *funduq*. A caravansarai is a building to house an overnight stopover of a caravan, a body of merchants traveling together for more excellent protection.

Cariyes — A term and title used in the Islamic world of the Middle East to refer to enslaved women concubines.

Collective Good Initiative (CGI) — When the raids came, a movement was created as the Collective Good, also referred to as CG. A campaign focused on preserving history for historians and not machines that peek into the secrets of humanity. The Collective Good wanted an apparent oversight of what should be viewed and recorded, a broad spectrum into our past and the people that shaped it.

HISTORIAN OF FUTURE PAST SAMPLE CHAPTERS

History was quickly becoming weaponized. Some wanted to rewrite our ancestors' stories and remove the written word all together.

Custodians — Overseer of all Nexus-related processes.

Dervishes — A member of a Muslim (specifically Sufi) religious order. Dervishes appeared in the 12th century, noted for their ecstatic rituals and dancing, whirling, or howling, according to the practice of their order.

Deviant Dreams/Hallucinations — A by-product resulting from an Amasis device. Historical images/events emerge as an echo provided by the Nexus through the prism. Echoes are a byproduct of an Amasis and are real events in time.

Eagle — A term denoting an unsuspected arrival from the other side. An anomaly or by-product of the quantum stream, entanglement.

Galli — Galli castrated themselves and wore women's clothing, accessories, and makeup.

Gedikli — Headmistress.

Gyrovagues — Gyrovagus, a term from French, itself from the Late Latin gyro-vagus (gyro-, "circle" and vagus, "wandering"), refers to a kind of monk, not to a particular order and may be pejorative, since Christian writers of the Middle Ages denounced them almost universally. "Gyrovagi" were condemned by Benedict of Nursia as wretched for indulging their passions and cravings.

Hans — Caravanserai in Turkish.

Haremlik — The part of a house occupied by women, mothers, sisters, wives, concubines, daughters, entertainers, and servants.

Holographic Cognitive Disorder (HCD) — Cognitive disorders are defined as any disorder that significantly impairs the cognitive functions of an individual to the point where normal functioning in society is impossible without treatment. In holographic isomorphs, the condition spills over, and reality becomes blurred to the isomorph or the individual, in which set points further indicate that isomorphs are real. Those around them also believe they are sentient. A cognitive sentient right is therefore issued.

Hozoviotissa Monastery — Located on the Amorgos Island in the Aegean Sea.

Hungarian ducat — A gold coin with a weight of 2.76 grams.

International Regalia Association (IRA) — Offers scholarships into the Nexus program. Scholarships are an array to attract talented individuals and align them in specialized fields of study. The Nexus is not funded by cadets that aspire to a spot in the program. Instead, the international community is regulated by separate institutions for oversight. One of them is the IRA.

Italian ducat — A gold coin with a diameter of 21 mm and 3.5 grams.

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Keynesian language — The language is derived from many dominant and influential cultures, such as the Americas, European, North Africa, and Eurasia. Keynesian was the linguistic representative in denoting a formulaic mannerism in which common syntax expressions are perceived. Keynesian dialect is primarily used among the international community that comprises the likes of the U.N. during the 26th century.

Maje — A fictitious fragrance created by the bold, strong scents of frankincense and myrrh. The sweet, warm, woody smell of frankincense mixed with a more earthy and slight licorice notes. A spicy aroma of jasmine leaving a lasting effect.

Nest — They are denoted by their destination above the door in Roman numerals. Rooms using holographic projections/photons are used to direct the data from the Nexus into a physical representation of a historical location.

Nester — Oversees entire mission of historical mapping. A person in charge breaks down the data (programmer/coder) from the Nexus and reconfigures the raw data into usable data in a way for the Nest to project historical information the Nexus has gathered.

Nexus — A quantum computer located several subterranean floors below ground in the 26th century.

Oda — A room or chamber.

Ottoman Akçe — A small Ottoman silver coin with a diameter of 11 mm and a weight of 0.20 grams.

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Pasha — Title reserved for the highest-ranking Ottoman officers.

Prism — The data stream in which the AI (Artificial Intelligence) collects.

Qāḍī — A Muslim judge who renders decisions according to the Sharīʿah (Islamic law).

Seraglio — A place where a group of Turkish Muslim women live together.

Serif — A slight projection finishing off a letter's stroke in certain typefaces.

Step Transfer Emitter Projections (STEP) — The STEP procedure is activated, and the holography of one's nervous system, veins, heart, muscles, organs, and brain hovers above the patient's body with all the inner connecting pathways, the mimicked rhythm of heartbeat in one's chest. Lungs are inhaled and exhaled in unison with one's breathing. Real-time feedback allows for a rapid response time.

Sufi — A Muslim mystic.

Suits — Dress in black business attire; pawns to special interest groups. Those who become involved in the anomaly (Eagle) are put on leave soon after (their careers are terminated).

HISTORIAN OF FUTURE PAST SAMPLE CHAPTERS

Tuttavia — A complex subdivision, subterranean warehouse, and shipping for supplies entering and leaving the Nexus complex in the 26th century.

Vassal — A landholder by feudal tenure on conditions of homage and allegiance.

Voivode — In Southeastern Europe, a local ruler or governor, especially the semi-independent rulers of Transylvania, Wallachia, or Moldova before c. 1700.

Yaya — The early Ottoman military forces consisted of irregular nomadic cavalry and volunteer light infantry.

Afterword

During the process of telling this story, there were too many characters. I wanted to tell a story in which Vlad Dracul III (Vlad Tepes/Vlad the Impaler), John Hunyadi (the white knight), Mehmed the Conqueror, and Scanderbeg. We're defending their own conquest, and in between battles was where my story would take place.

In developing this idea, I encountered many problems in which a historical fiction lends itself. You are tied to fixed moments in time. It is a story filled with plenty of culture and broken treaties. But as the story of the protagonist, Alaina, grew, I ran into roadblocks that I wanted to tell. The story ballooned to a massive, incomprehensible task.

I stepped back and asked myself what story I wanted to tell. Ultimately, Alaina's story was the most important to me. In many ways, I really enjoyed writing her character and had this picture in which I wanted her to ultimately arrive. Leaving little room for other characters. I wanted to explore her nature and, in doing so, needed a lot of real estate to develop her character organically. While maintaining a respectable page count.

After cutting several main characters out, new ones emerged as Alaina's character grew into a fixed center point for the rest of the story. Bridging the past, her present, and her future together. The new

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characters allowed her to grow organically without the constraints of historical fixed moments such as battles and historical people in time.

I wanted to maintain the historical period without being tied to it. Many of the characters are fictional. For the historical ones, I tried to match their persona the best that I could.

This story is a snapshot of a broader picture and the interactions Alaina encounters throughout. I tried to honor the period the best I could and apologize for any historical hiccups that may have been incurred along the way.

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The journey from an idea to another idea only to settle in to which the final body of work is what it is now. There were hiccups speed bumps, and sometimes chaos flourished from seed to what may appear at the time a wilted stock, dead on arrival. The lack of a better word or phrase for this urge inside to push forward. The book cover is a cumulation of AI, bookbrush, and many trials and errors in learning what goes into a cover to present to the world. And all those that helped shape an idea into a finished product are listed below.

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HISTORIAN OF FUTURE PAST SAMPLE CHAPTERS

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About the Author

Revis Grey grew up in the Midwest and still lives in Nebraska. As an avid gamer, thousands of movies and television shows watched, and hundreds of books read. His enjoyment of all kinds of storytelling drew him to tell his own stories. He began by writing film scripts and short stories. When the day came to write a book many years ago, as suggested by his mother, he finally started this monumental task.

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