

SINGULARITY

A SCI-FI ADVENTURE

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Near the centre of the universe, aboard a space station that resembles the handiwork of hyperactive squirrels, Zara's ordinary life takes a cosmic turn. Shocked by the appearance of her late father's hologram, she receives an unusual inheritance: a recipe for the perfect cosmic muffin and a mysterious device meant to save the universe from a ravenous black hole. With her tiny alien sidekicks, Zib and Zob, by her side, Zara must navigate intergalactic chaos, fend off a fanatical cult, and become the universe's most glamorous saviour. Will Zara's cosmic muffins and the enigmatic V.O.M.I.T device be enough to avert disaster? Join her on a glitter-filled, hilarious adventure to find out!

Singularity

Near the centre of the universe, in an overelaborate space station that looked like it was designed by a committee of hyperactive squirrels, we find Zara, our unassuming heroine. She stood in her living room, a bit shocked, staring at the hologram of her late father. The hologram flickered, and her father's voice echoed through the room: "Zara, my dear, I've left you something very important—a recipe for the perfect cosmic muffin. It's in the top drawer of the kitchen cabinet. Don't let the black hole swallow it!"

Zara adjusted her blonde curls, wondering how her life had taken this turn. She'd expected to inherit her father's collection of rare alien artefacts, not a cosmic muffin recipe.

Outside, the universe trembled as a colossal black hole considered its lunch options, whole galaxies or just a light snack? As Zara was about to find out, it was much more serious than that.

The hologram of her father extended an unusual-looking device toward her. "Here, take this, my child."

Zara examined the odd contraption, lifting an eyebrow. "What is it?"

"Think of it as an enema for the cosmos, just one giant butt plug for the universe."

"A what?" Zara exclaimed, almost dropping the device in shock.

"It's a matter generator designed to feed the black hole for a thousand years," he clarified, his tone shifting to one of seriousness.

"A black hole feeder?!" Zara's gasp echoed through the room.

"Precisely. A hundred thousand years ago, the universe was on the brink of a cosmic flush into a black hole back into a singularity. "Our ancestors crafted this singularity prevention device, called the Vortex Oscillation Mitigation Interface Technology—otherwise known as V.O.M.I.T. or VOMIT for short." But beware, there are fanatics who will stop at nothing to see the universe destroyed. So now, you must continue our family's quest to save existence and voyage to the universe's Centre to lob this into the heart of the dark beast and plug the hole."

Zib and Zob exchanged nervous glances, their tiny antennae twitching.

"And if I don't?" Zara challenged, her voice steady despite the weight of the responsibility.

"Then it's lights out for everything. Kaput. There are zealots who think the end is their ticket to a VIP lounge in the afterlife. Popycock, of course," her father's hologram scoffed.

"So, I'm a plumber for the universe?" Zara couldn't help but smirk.

"Smile sweetie. You'll be the most glamorous one. Take Zib and Zob. They're... handy."

The tiny aliens could barely contain their excitement, their tiny hands—or whatever passed for hands—waving in the air. They were clearly relieved to be part of something bigger than themselves, even if it was a mission to butt-plug the universe.

Zara looked down sceptically at her bug-eyed alien sidekicks, Zib and Zob who were fidgeting nervously. Zib whispered in Zob's ear. "Do you think the muffin has sprinkles?" Zob replied.

"Sprinkles?" Zib exclaimed, "It better be a full-on party in a pastry if we're risking our antennae for it!"

She looked back at her father and questioned, "Wait, what, these two? They're like three inches tall!" Zara protested.

“Ah, but remember, my dear, in the vastness of space, size is a relative concept. You too are only three inches tall to the universe. Now, off you go!”

And so began Zara’s quest: to bake the ultimate cosmic muffin, save the universe, maybe, and find a good hairstylist along the way. After all, when you’re dealing with black holes and intergalactic recipes, you’ve got to look your best!