

The Love Particle

John Wegener

Written by John Wegener.

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John Wegener asserts his moral right to be identified as the author of this book

Contact: [John Wegener](#)

The Love Particle

“Love isn't a particle.”

“Why not?”

“Because.”

“Because what?”

“Because you can't treat love like a proton or an electron.”

“Why can't we? Just because we don't understand how, doesn't mean it's not true. Nobody believed in atoms or protons or electrons until we worked out how.”

“But emotions aren't solid things. They are feelings.”

“Gravity isn't solid but gravitons are real. They detected them three hundred years ago.”

“That's different. We all know that gravity is a force. We all stick to a planet. We don't just fly off when we feel like it.”

“True. So why isn't love a force that is produced by a fundamental particle.”

“Cause it's not.”

“We could go around in circles all night with this argument.”

“No we don't. You just have to admit that you are wrong.”

“Well, I'm going to research it anyway.”

“You're wasting your time. You're wasting our money. I can't think of a more ridiculous idea.”

The argument had gone back and forth for days without resolution. Rorkon and Scythia just could not agree on Rorkon's obsession with trying to find Emoton particles.

“But what if they were real and could be controlled? What would that mean?”

Scythia had had enough. She had lived with this obsession for too long, although she had to admit that he was dedicated to his conviction. She looked at her partner. She could see the pleading in his face. He was going to be the one to discover a new particle. How could she deny him this endeavor? This could not be happening. She was going to let him do his research. How did he get her to agree? She was too gullible.

“Ok then. You can do your research but don't be surprised when it fails and I tell you ‘I told you so.’”

“Yes!” Rorkon jumped with excitement, “I'll show you. I'll make you so proud of me I'll make the discovery of the century.”

“Well, you had better be right.”

Rorkon put all of his energy into finding Emoton particles. He used up all of their life savings and was starting to feel guilty. He wasn't getting anywhere. What if Scythia was right and they didn't exist? He was right, he was sure. He just hadn't found the right sub-particle combination.

Rorkon looked over his notes for the millionth time, he thought, and for the first time saw an anomaly in his logic. He was looking for particles in the physical four-

dimensional universe. He needed to look in another dimension. Why hadn't he seen that before?

It was seven in the evening and Scythia was expecting him home for dinner but he had to work through this now. He knew that she would just roll her eyes and say 'see you when I see you then' with that look of disappointment that she always gave. It broke his heart sometimes, as he knew that she was suffering from his obsession. He placed the call, "Hello Sweetie."

"Don't Sweetie me. Where are you?"

"I'm still at work. I just have to do a couple more things and I'll be home."

"Again! You don't even live at home anymore."

"You're exaggerating now. I always come home, some days later than others."

Scythia sighed in resignation. "Ok then, I'll see you when I see you."

The screen went blank. Rorkon sat back. He didn't deserve her. She had stood by him watching their savings disappear while he became more and more obsessed and distant. He hardly spent any time with her. He resolved to take a big break when this was over and spend it solely with Scythia. Rorkon snapped out of his reverie and turned his concentration back to the problem at hand.

He looked at his quantum calculations again and adjusted the matrix algebra to allow five dimensions instead of four. He adjusted a couple more of the dimensions and ran the calculation solver once more. He mentally crossed his fingers but he was sure he had the answer.

The results page refreshed after about six minutes and Rorkon frowned at the answers presented as he interpreted what they meant. His face then lit up with excitement and anticipation. This was it. He was sure of it. He looked at the time. It was getting close to eight now but he had to try his theory on the particle accelerator before he left. It wouldn't take long.

He hurried to the accelerator control room and entered the required control parameters into the sequencer. He quickly looked over the other parameters to check that they were correct. He was satisfied. He clicked the *Start Sequence* button and the accelerator started up. He could hear the power ramping up as the sequence progressed until there was a steady hum. The *Run Trial* light appeared on the screen and Rorkon pressed *Proceed*. The circulating particles in the accelerator smashed into the target, not that one would notice looking at it. Rorkon's nerves were tenser than a tuned guitar string in anticipation.

Rorkon's face darkened in disappointment as he saw the results in the measurement profile. Another failure. All his energy left him, replaced with depression as he rose from his chair and prepared to go home at last.

Rorkon opened the front door of his home and entered. Scythia came out of the media viewing room to greet him with a smile that quickly changed to concern.

"What's wrong, Hon?"

"It's useless, Sweetie. It's just plain useless. You're right. It is a waste of time."

"Honey...come here and let me give you a hug."

Rorkon moved into Scythia's embrace. She gently directed his head to nestle in her bosom and started stroking his hair as she always did when he was in one of his moods.

"Don't just give up, Honey. You need to have a bit of a rest. Let me pamper you so you can relax. Want a beer? What about I make you your favourite omelet?"

Rorkon could feel the tension leave him as he felt Scythia's love soak in, like the heat from the water in a steaming hot bath as one submerged one's body into it. He gradually regained some sense of purpose, realizing the great love that he had for her.

“You always know what to say to cheer me up, Sweetie,” he said as a contented smile appeared on his face. He lifted his face and gave Scythia a long tender kiss. “I’ll take you up on that omelet and beer.”

“Don’t think you can get me doing this every night,” Scythia said with a laugh.

Rorkon laughed too, “wouldn’t dream of it.”

“Go sit in the media room and I’ll bring your beer.”

“Thanks.”

“Where are my keys, Sweetie?”

“On the bench, where you always put them.”

“That’s where I’m looking and they aren’t there.”

“Well I didn’t take them.”

“This is ridiculous.”

“Where else would you find them, Honey?”

Rorkon jerked awake, fully alert. “That’s it. Of course, it’s so obvious.” He looked at the time. It was only three-thirty in the morning. What was he going to do now? He was sure he wouldn’t be able to go back to sleep again.

Scythia stirred, “Stop moving. You’re waking me up.”

“Sorry.”

Rorkon got out of bed and went downstairs. He made a hot chocolate drink and sat on the lounge thinking. How was he going to modify the accelerator to do what he intended? He got his data tablet from his bag and brought up the machine design drawings for the accelerator. He brought up the details of the target area closest to the control room and studied the design. The target plate was sandwiched between two flanges. He needed to remove the plate. The end of the tube that the plate was in had a clear glass lens to look into the accelerator when the plate was removed. ‘Perfect.’ The beam, being in a different dimension would pass right through the glass. He went over it all again in his head to satisfy himself that he had everything planned. He sat back content. Scythia was right. He just needed to sleep on it.

Rorkon slowly woke feeling cold. He had fallen asleep on the lounge. He stood and stretched to get the kinks out of his muscles and bones. He looked at the time and it was six-thirty; time to get ready and on his way to carry out his plans. He had breakfast, showered and kissed Scythia as she slept. “See you, Sweetie.”

“See you.”

He drove to the office and went straight to the accelerator room. He removed the metal plate from the target tube and made modifications to the sequencing program, placing a timer module in it at the stage in the sequence where he needed it. He stood and took a deep breath. He was ready. This was it. This would work. He would finally find the elusive Emotons for which he had been searching for so long. He started the accelerator and stepped through the start up sequence until it was humming on *Ready*. He took another deep breath and pressed the *Proceed* button on the screen. The timer started its countdown. He moved quickly to the observation window in the targeting tube where he had removed the plate and faced it with his head directly in line with the tube axis, waiting for the timer to finish. He tensed in anticipation, his palms sweaty, his heart racing. The timer chimed its completion. A flash of light momentarily appeared as the accelerator particles passed through Rorkon’s head, colliding with his Emotons and...he felt nothing. His palms dried, his heart rate returned to normal and he felt nothing.

Rorkon robotically walked back to the control room and looked at the screen. He replayed the recorded file and saw the Emotons appear on the screen and then disappear again as they were destroyed by the accelerated particles. He noted that he had done it but felt no exhilaration, no satisfaction. He should have been jumping up and down, congratulating himself but he felt no emotion at all. He had discovered Emotons and destroyed the ones that resided in him, the ones that produced his emotions, in the process. His face was completely blank. His being was completely devoid of any emotion at all. He shut down the accelerator, collected his possessions and went home.

He entered the front door to be greeted by Scythia, “Hi Honey, you’re home early. Did something happen?” She kissed him.

Rorkon made the mechanical moves to kiss but had no emotion to place any meaning or love into it. They parted and Rorkon mechanically said, “I just discovered Emoton particles. I’m going to lie down now.”

Scythia looked after him as he walked lethargically to the bedroom. She was puzzled...and frantically worried.

Rorkon died a month later. He didn't have emotions anymore. He had destroyed one of the quintessential elements of what a human being is and just lost the will to live. Rorkon died. His research died also; Scythia made sure of that.

About the Author

John Wegener grew up in the Adelaide Hills of South Australia. He has decided to express his imaginative dreams and start engaging in writing after a 34-year career as a Chemical Engineer in the steel industry, which has taken him to many countries and allowed him to experience many cultures. John currently lives in Wollongong, Australia with his wife and children.

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