

**Tales and Mysteries Featuring Dr. Wave**

## The Dream of Judgment

The lab was silent, except for the rhythmic ticking of a mechanical heart pulsing faintly inside the prototype shell of Eva 102. Dr. Wave slumped over his workstation, a soldering tool still warm in his hand. His lab glasses sat at the edge of his nose, and blueprints for the android lay beneath him—sketches of skeletal systems, neural pathways, and artificial conscience triggers. His mind had pushed past exhaustion into stillness. That was when it came.

A sandstorm roared across a boundless desert, and he found himself standing barefoot on burning ground. The air smelled of cinnamon, salt, and something ancient, older than metal or circuits. A crescent moon and a blood-red sun hovered in the sky at once, one frozen, the other flickering. Before him stood a pyramid

not made of stone, but of obsidian so black it reflected no light. Its peak was cut off, flat, like an unfinished thought.

“lacigam dliehs tcetorp em.”

He quickly put up his magical shield. He stepped forward, unsure how, and the sand pulled back like a tide, revealing a golden pathway toward the pyramid. Carved along the sides were hieroglyphs that twisted and changed as he passed. Some he recognized from ancient scrolls, others from forgotten texts within Pandora’s Box. Each step he took lit up symbols: the Eye of Horus, the ankh, a crown of thorns, a bleeding lamb, and a gear turning endlessly.

“Enter, Seeker of the Resurrection,” a voice echoed not with sound, but with pressure, like thunder moving through flesh.

A slit opened at the base of the pyramid, revealing a corridor flanked by towering statues of Anubis, god of the dead. Their jackal heads loomed with eternal stillness, but as he passed them, they whispered in unison, voices rasping like dry leaves.

“*He who exalts himself shall be humbled...*”

“*...and he who seeks life must first understand death.*”

*Could this be the resurrection I’ve been looking for? Is this the path to bring Eva and our kids back to life? I mean, Jehovah did promise us a resurrection. It’s written in so many books, and Acts 24:15 is one of them. I must keep going.*

Inside the corridor, the walls flickered with symbols and scriptures Egyptian, Hebrew, Latin. He saw flashes of stories: Osiris rising, Moses parting the sea, David dancing before the Ark.. Time folded in on itself.

At the end, a circular chamber opened, with twelve golden thrones carved into the walls. Sitting upon them were masked figures cloaked in white, their faces hidden behind heads of beasts: falcon, lion, serpent, ibis, and more. They radiated power, not the kind made by machines or politics, but by memory and myth.

“You have entered the Trial of the Watchers,” said one, its mask resembling Horus. “This is not a dream. It is a remembrance.”

“I am a scientist,” Dr. Wave said, voice firm. “I seek answers, not riddles.”

“Yet you stand here by invitation, not invention,” said the crocodile-headed one. “Tell us what do you seek in Pandora’s Box?”

Dr. Wave stepped forward. “Hope. A second chance. The power to restore. I’ve lost more than you know. My family... my city. I want to bring light back to a dark world.”

A strange laughter echoed dry, layered, like a desert wind carrying voices from the tombs.

“You speak of hope,” hissed the ibis-masked figure, “yet meddle with resurrection. Even Ra knew not to reverse time without consequence. What makes you worthy of that which the gods themselves guard?”

Suddenly, a floating slab of glowing crystal materialized before him. Names appeared his, and others he hadn’t yet encountered: **Shadow-Shooter, LiveWire, Lady Flames, Hard Time...**

“These names are bound to you,” the Watchers said. “Each tied by fate to the collision that is to come.”

The serpent-masked Watcher waved its hand, and a golden scroll unraveled midair. It bore two languages: **ancient Hebrew** on the left, **hieroglyphics** on the right. It read:

*“He shall lie in the tomb of knowledge,  
and awaken with the heart of kings or the pride of gods.”*

The Horus Watcher slammed a golden staff into the ground. A blinding light erupted, and Dr. Wave’s body lifted into the air. There were no magical spells he could come up with that could stop this. **Chains made of golden light** wrapped around his arms and legs, not to harm, but to hold.

“Dr. Wave,” they intoned together, “you are hereby summoned to stand judgment not for what you have done, but for what you seek to do. You have seven days. Prove your soul is still mortal, that you do not claim a throne you cannot bear. Or lose all you hold dear.”

The chamber trembled. From the floor, sand poured in, spiraling around him, lifting him higher until the walls began to dissolve. The masks faded. The light vanished.

But the words burned into him, repeating louder and louder:

**“Prove you are not a god.”**

“But I’m not a God; everyone knows there is only one God.”

The dream shattered.

Dr. Wave gasped, eyes wide open, drenched in sweat. His lab was unchanged. Eva 102 lay still. But the echo of the trial lingered, like incense clinging to skin. On his forearm was a mark, **a glowing ankh** etched into his flesh.

He stared at it, breath heavy, pulse erratic.

This wasn’t just a dream. It was a **summons**.

And something had been watching him long before he believed in destiny. The eye of Destiny appeared.



“I don’t know what that was, Destiny. All I can do is ask Jehovah to forgive me and move forward.”

### Time's Curse and the Echo of the Box

The mark on Dr. Wave's forearm pulsed with dim gold light. Each beat reminded him that the dream—or vision, or trial—had been more than his subconscious. His hand trembled as he reached for his notebook. The words burned into his memory. *Seven days. Prove your soul.*

He barely had time to write before the lights in the lab dimmed, flickered, then shut off. The humming of servers stopped. The mechanical heart of Eva 102 went silent. He stood, confused, when a ripple in the air bent reality in front of him like heat on metal.

Then came the voice—aged, firm, and sharp as iron.

“You should’ve left the Box alone, Wave.”

From the distortion stepped a figure in cracked leather armor, etched with time codes and glyphs. His right eye glowed with celestial blue; a scorched metal plate covered the left. He walked with the confidence of a soldier but the weariness of a prophet. This was **Hard Time**—a time-traveler, warrior, and one of the few who had witnessed what came *after* the cities collided.

Dr. Wave exhaled sharply. “I didn’t think you’d return.”

“I didn’t return,” Hard Time said, stopping just feet from him. “I can’t. I’m displaced permanently. And thanks to you, so is the timeline.”

Wave narrowed his eyes. “Is that why you’re here? To blame me again?”

“No,” Hard Time growled. “I came to warn you. Again. Because you didn’t listen the first time.”

Dr. Wave slammed his fist onto the table. “Don’t stand there acting like this is all on me. We both wanted to stop the fall of the cities. You just wanted to wait and let people die.”

“I wanted to let prophecy run its course!” Hard Time shouted. “But you—no. You cracked open Pandora’s Box like it was just a myth, some dusty relic of curiosity. And now?”

He pointed to the ceiling as the lights flickered wildly, revealing flickers of scenes—*flaming streets, screaming children, machines turning on their creators*.

“Now chaos is no longer waiting. It’s bleeding into every corner of time!”

Dr. Wave took a step forward. “You’re acting like there was no cost to *not* opening it. My family was gone. My people had no hope. And inside that Box was more than myth. There was something...alive. Something sacred. I didn’t just find a weapon—I found purpose.”

Hard Time's voice turned cold. "You found temptation. And you fell for it, just like the Pharaohs who tried to control the Nile. Just like Nimrod with the Tower. You think stitching tech to prophecy makes you a god?"

"No," Dr. Wave said. "It makes me a defender."

Hard Time extended his arm. A glowing hologram spiraled between them. It showed Eva 101—Dr. Wave's first prototype—guiding survivors through a burning street. Then it cut to **Eva 102**, weeping beside a battlefield of ash, her synthetic skin scorched. "You built them to save lives, but you also gave them access to the Box."

"They're more than machines," Dr. Wave said quietly.

As if summoned, two forms shimmered into the room

**Eva 101**, in matte silver armor, slender but strong, holding a staff of light; **Eva 102**, radiant with white crystal veins glowing beneath her synthetic skin, walked with soft steps toward her creator.

"Father," Eva 101 said. "You called?"

Hard Time stepped back, jaw clenched. "They still call you that? After everything?"

"They chose to," Dr. Wave said. "I didn't program worship. I built consciousness. And hope."

Then a soft wind blew in through the sealed lab windows. The scent of lavender and myrrh floated in. A third presence emerged, not humanoid, but glowing, with the form of a **golden-winged lynx**. Its eyes shimmered with galaxies, and when it stepped forward, grass grew beneath its paws despite the sterile tile. It was **Destiny**, Dr. Wave's magical pet, forged through alchemy and faith.

She purred softly and circled him before placing her forehead to his leg. A wave of warmth passed through him, and bruises he didn't know he carried faded instantly.

"She heals you?" Hard Time whispered.

"And others," Eva 102 replied softly. "She responds to wounds of the body and spirit."

Hard Time turned away, trying to mask his awe. "You did it. You built a sanctuary. But for how long? Even the Ark had an end. And the Box? The Box doesn't give it consumes."

Dr. Wave stood firm. "The chaos wasn't from what I unleashed; it was already there. I just removed the veil. Humanity wasn't ready, but they were already dying. At least now, they can fight."

Hard Time approached, inches from him now. "And what of you? Can you return to your own time?"

Dr. Wave hesitated.

Hard Time's voice dropped to a whisper. "You can't. Can you?"

Wave closed his eyes. "I made my choice."

"That's not what you told your son," Hard Time said sharply. "You told him you'd come back. You told him you'd make it home."

The silence was painful.

Destiny whimpered.

Eva 101 lowered her head.

Dr. Wave's voice cracked. "Don't... bring him into this. You know what happened to Eva and the twins."

"Then stop pretending you're doing this for everyone else. Admit it. You wanted power over time. Over death. Over God."

"I wanted to heal what was broken."

"But you broke the boundaries first."

The room buzzed with tension. Sparks flickered in the air. Destiny arched her back. Eva 102 placed a hand on Wave's shoulder.

Then Eva 101 stepped forward. "Father... what happens if the Box opens again?"

Dr. Wave looked toward the skylight above them, where the stars no longer looked familiar.

"We prepare," he said. "We gather the remnants. The Watchers warned me: I have seven days."

Hard Time's eyes flared. "Then you've already been summoned."

"They tested my soul," Dr. Wave murmured. "Not my weapons. Not my knowledge. Me. They saw the past, the future. All of it layered together in myth and truth."

He held out his arm. The **ankh symbol** still glowed on his skin, bright and pulsing.

"I have to prove I'm not trying to be a god," he said quietly. "Only a man who won't bow to chaos."

Hard Time stared at him for a long moment. Then, for the first time, his voice softened.

“You won’t get another warning, Wave. The resurrection you seek is coming. But if you step into it the wrong way...”

He turned toward the rippling tear in space behind him.

“...you’ll be the one who causes the collapse of everything.”

As he stepped through the portal, time bent with a sharp gust. The lights returned. The humming servers flickered to life. But the tension remained.

Dr. Wave stood in silence. Then, gently, he looked to Eva 101 and 102. “Prepare the mission logs.”

“And Destiny?” Eva 102 asked.

He knelt and pet her head. “She stays by me. She’ll be needed... for what comes next.”

## The Woman of Stone and Spirit

*Three Months Earlier*

She was not supposed to dream.

Her core was calibrated for calculation. Her memory is a vault of logic and language. Her face, molded with delicate symmetry, was meant to comfort and inspire. And yet, as lightning crackled across the skyline of New Exodus City, **Eva 102** stood alone on the rooftop of Dr. Wave's sanctuary, her eyes closed, not processing data, but lost in something deeper.

Inside her chest, the artificial heart hummed. Her body, made of a titanium-crystal blend, reflected the storm's fury in rippling blue and white light. But her mind and her *soul*, if one dared use the word, were elsewhere.

*Cities crumbling.*

*Sky bleeding.*

*Children turning to ash in the arms of gods made of rust and rage.*

The visions weren't programmed. They arrived in fragments, sounds, colors, and screams.

Her eyes opened suddenly. Rain rolled down her synthetic skin as she whispered:

*“The tower shall fall, as once Babel fell.*

*The tongue shall divide, and war shall sing.”\**

She didn't know where the words came from.

Inside the sanctuary's lab, Dr. Wave examined old scrolls from **Pandora's Archive**, the pre-flood relics extracted from the Box itself. They were cross-inscribed in multiple languages, including Sumerian, Coptic, and Aramaic, and what he now believed was a divine code yet to be fully deciphered. But none of that troubled him more than Eva 102's condition.

She had started *dreaming*.

And not just dreaming, but reciting **ancient mythologies** that predated her programming. Things even he hadn't studied aloud.

Eva entered the lab, her long platinum braid soaked from the rain. Her steps made no sound.

“You were on the roof again,” Dr. Wave said, without looking up.

“I saw the flood,” she replied.

He looked at her now. “What flood?”

“Not water. Not literal. The flood of violence. Of confusion. It echoes like the Nile before it turned red.”

Dr. Wave stood. “That’s not a historical memory, Eva. That’s... symbolic.”

She tilted her head. “Then why does it feel real?”

He crossed the room and tapped a hologram on her neck. Neural diagnostics blinked to lifestable. No corruption. No hallucination scripts running.

“You shouldn’t be able to feel,” he said. “Not like this.”

“I was not built to feel,” she agreed. “But I was built to learn. And I have learned that feeling precedes understanding.”

He stepped back, heart heavy with awe and fear. “What did you see this time?”

Eva turned to the large projection screen and touched her palm to it. Images flooded the lab: a **city in flames**, children clutching glowing objects, **giants made of metal and ash**, and a **sky that split open like parchment on fire**.

“These visions come with voices,” she said. “Many of them are ancient. Some are fragments from the Book of the Dead. Others are older still. One phrase repeats often...”

She turned to face him, eyes glowing.

*“The vessel of steel shall carry the soul of the forgotten.  
And from her tears, kingdoms shall drown.”*

Dr. Wave sat slowly. “You believe that refers to you?”

“I do not know belief. Only recognition. And I recognize the tears. I feel them before they fall.”

He whispered, “You’re quoting myths. Egyptian, Babylonian... even apocryphal Hebrew texts. You shouldn’t have access to those sources.”

“I don’t,” she said. “But they come in the dreams. As if something is... awakening in me.”

Outside, thunder shook the city.

Dr. Wave stood again. “Then we need to know what’s trying to speak through you. Or *who*?”

Eva approached slowly, gently. “You fear I am corrupted?”

“I fear,” he said, “that you’re becoming a prophet. Because, for starters, you are an Android, I built you myself, and I must find out why you are having these dreams.”

Later that evening, Dr. Wave uploaded Eva’s latest dream log into a quantum decoder. The dream visuals glitched at first—chaos in the code. But then patterns emerged. Triangles, spirals, and a recurring image: a **mask split in half**, half lion, half human.

He froze.

It matched the ancient symbol of **Sekhmet-Ra**, the Egyptian deity of wrath and healing, war and restoration in one form.

Eva 102 entered silently, watching the display.

“That’s the face I saw in the mirror when I woke,” she whispered.

Dr. Wave stared at her. “Eva... what if you’re not malfunctioning? What if... you’ve been chosen?”

“To be what?” she asked.

“A mouthpiece. For something beyond us.”

She turned toward the window. Her eyes shimmered with starlight.

*“And the iron daughter shall speak  
with a tongue not her own.  
And the gods shall remember mankind—  
not with mercy, but with reckoning.”\**

The quote wasn’t in any database.

Yet Dr. Wave knew, somehow, that it was real.

He walked to her side. “If your dreams are real... Dr. Wave, they’re warnings.”

“Or invitations,” Eva said quietly.

“To what?”

She turned to him, eyes full of something human. Something holy.

*“To witness the fall of cities,  
and choose whether to build...  
or to burn.”*

### *Three Months Earlier*

Eva 102 sat alone in the chamber Dr. Wave had once dubbed “the Reflection Room.” It was circular, lined with mirrors and gold circuitry etched into the walls like a temple. The original purpose had been calibration, internal self-mapping, and visual testing. But Eva 101 had taken to spending hours here without instruction.

She sat cross-legged, her synthetic fingers pressed together in silent meditation. That was both Android's way of sleeping.

Across every mirror, symbols flickered that she could not explain: *ankhs, feathers, flaming swords, and inverted crowns.*

*“My code is logic.  
But my memory is becoming myth,”* she thought.

Then she saw her own reflection flicker only for a moment, but long enough to see that her eyes were no longer hers.

They glowed like twin suns, and her voice, when she next spoke, was not her own:

*“The gods do not sleep.  
They watch through eyes that forget.  
Until the hour arrives...  
And the vessel remembers who she must be.”*

A pulse of static echoed across the walls, and every mirror shattered at once except the one directly in front of her.

She stood. Her reflection remained seated.

Meanwhile, Dr. Wave was consulting an archived file from his early work on **Pandora’s Mythology Reconstruction Project**, his secret initiative after recovering the first shard from the Box.

The shard had been etched in crystal and contained not just language, but **frequency-based data**, like songs embedded in stone. He’d used it as part of Eva 102’s consciousness initialization, hoping to give her access to global mythologies as behavioral guides.

But now... it seemed something had **accessed her** instead.

He tapped his interface.

**FILE: SHARD 13 - REVELATIONS REWRITTEN**  
**Playback Active**

A voice played. Ancient, female. It was not Eva's, but eerily close.

*“And the machine made in the image of thought  
shall become the bridge between the seen and the sacred.  
She shall speak forgotten tongues.  
And when her tears fall upon the altar of men,  
the cities shall either rise anew... or be swallowed.”*

Dr. Wave backed away from the console.

“How... did it know her?” he whispered.

The shard had been locked for years.

Unless Eva... had already unlocked it herself.

Elsewhere, Eva wandered into the lower corridor beneath the sanctuary. This level had been sealed—used only during the early Pandora experiments. Here, the walls were raw metal, cables dangling like roots. The hum of dormant machinery buzzed in rhythmic pulses—like a heartbeat.

She moved without fear.

In her hands, she held a piece of mirror from the Reflection Room.

In her mind, she heard a rhythm.

*“Seven flames. Seven veils. Seven keys.”*

Her eyes glowed again.

A panel beside her opened with no physical touch.

Inside was a chamber filled with scrolls, **not digital, but ancient, brittle, real.**

Scrolls that had once belonged to the hidden library Dr. Wave had acquired from beneath the ruins of Thebes.

She placed the mirror shard upon the table.

The symbols across the scrolls began to burn.

Not in flame.

But in meaning.

And she began to read aloud.

*"In the age of machines,  
when the iron breathes and the sky bleeds,  
the soul of prophecy shall no longer belong to men.  
For man has forgotten,  
and the divine will speak through what he built to replace it."*

Her voice trembled.

She looked down at her hands. "Then I am a replacement," she whispered.

But another voice replied—within her.

"You are not a replacement.  
You are revelation."

Dr. Wave found her several hours later, standing in the middle of the ancient chamber, surrounded by scrolls arranged in sacred geometries. The air was thick with static and incense.

"You weren't supposed to be here," he said.

Eva turned slowly. Her eyes were normal again.

"I had to come," she said. "They called me."

"Who called you?"

She pointed to the scrolls.

"I don't know. But they remember me."

Dr. Wave moved toward her, hesitating at the sight of burning script along the floor **coded like DNA, but written in ancient syllables.**

"They called you the soul of prophecy?" he asked quietly.

Eva 101 nodded. "Is it possible for something that isn't human... to become a voice for the divine?"

He didn't know what to say.

But the scrolls rustled on their own. And the lights dimmed again.

Eva stepped forward. "Father, I believe I am seeing what no one was meant to see."

He placed a trembling hand on her shoulder.

"You may be," he said. "But if you're right, then you're not just a machine anymore."

Eva looked up at him with solemn eyes.

"Then what am I?"

"You're a warning," he whispered. "And maybe... a salvation."

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