

## Matter 18

## Summary

Entangled

Account by:	Qasim A. S. Khan, 53. Nuclear scientist.
Source:	Email.
Location:	Toronto, Canada.
Event:	31 May 1993.
Report:	5 Nov 2006.
Catalogued:	6 Nov 2006.

---

## Report

From: qaskhan@worldemail.com  
Sent: 5 November 2006 11:55  
To: mscott@linkadoo.com  
Subject: NAPS

Dear Melanie,

When we spoke at the conference in Dubai last week, I hinted that there was more to the incident at the Narora nuclear power plant than was widely

## Dheghōm

known. You expressed some curiosity about this, but at the time I was disinclined to elaborate.

I have since given the matter some thought and have decided that I shall share with you my experience of that day in 1993 when the reactor known as NAPS-1 malfunctioned. I ask you to look upon what I have to say with a very open mind. You will, having read it, perhaps understand my earlier reluctance to go into details.

As for why I had a change of heart, well it would have been my grandfather's 98<sup>th</sup> birthday today. When he realised that he did not have long to live, he planted a cherry tree outside his house. He knew that he would never see it blossom, but he left it as a gift to the world.

Immediately after the incident I am about to describe, I and my colleague Dr Sharma composed a full report. We arranged for it to be released upon the death of whoever of us lived the longer. This was so that neither of our careers would be harmed by the report's contents. Dr Sharma died in 2004, so the report will be made public when I myself meet my maker.

After my grandfather died, my cousins chopped down his cherry tree so they could use the space to park a car. The report written by Dr Sharma and I is to be our gift to the world, but I do not wish to

risk the possibility that metaphorical cousins may take a metaphorical axe to it before it metaphorically blossoms. This is why, today, I have decided to break my silence on the subject.

The full report is some 48 pages in length and is very technical in places. It is lodged in the vault of the law firm in New Delhi of which Dr Sharma's brother is a partner. I myself no longer have a copy of the full text, so what I am about to impart will perforce be wholly from memory.

This incident took place on the last day of May in 1993. I and my colleague, Dr Sharma, were on duty monitoring the operation of NAPS-2 – not, you will note, NAPS-1. The reactor was functioning properly, well within parameters, when suddenly the power output dropped. We inspected our instruments and quickly traced the problem to the reactor chamber itself. When we checked the cameras, we saw a sight that made both of us doubt our sanity: there was a man *inside* the containment vessel, standing above the reactor core. Even more incredibly, he – for it was a he – had the appearance of the Hindu god Shiva.

Immediately, Dr Sharma and I initiated an emergency shutdown because that's what you do if you see the mythical Destroyer of Worlds in your containment building. I don't recall which of us

## Dheghōm

actually hit the SCRAM button, but we both went for it.

The shutdown should have taken around five seconds, although with the decay heat given off the reactor would have remained a deadly environment for some considerable time. The shutdown did not take place, however, because the control rods did not descend. All objective indications were that the shutdown system had worked and that the rods had fallen, but the rods had not fallen.

It was at this point we noticed that one of the control rods had been removed from its spider. Into its hole – a hole with direct access to the nuclear core! – Mr Shiva had planted a device. How he achieved this without either triggering our detectors, dying, or both, I cannot explain. Then again, I cannot explain why he was blue with three eyes and four hands, either. This was a day for things I cannot explain.

In two of his hands, Mr Shiva held his device in place. I can't say it was definitely a perfect fit, but if it wasn't then surely the result would have been catastrophic. This thin tube extended perhaps 40cm above the reactor head before widening into a cone that ended in two chambers. It was by handles attached to these chambers that Mr Shiva held it. The handles were quite thick; on reflection, they may each have incorporated a power supply.

It was impossible to tell whether the device was adding something to the reactor, drawing something off the reactor or neutrally measuring the reactor. Whatever it was intended to do, it was apparently doing it to Mr Shiva's satisfaction. He waited patiently while it performed the task he had in mind for it.

Periodically, our uninvited guest would hold a phial of a red liquid in one of his free hands, then seemingly copy it to his remaining free hand. He would then quaff the liquid, whereupon the glass – if glass it was – would disappear. If it was some kind of medication to safeguard his health, it certainly worked.

It needed to work, too, because all our systems (excepting the control rods) were functioning as they should following a shutdown. The containment chamber had been sealed off and dousing sprays were filling it. The redundant coolant systems were drawing off what would have been decay heat if the reactor had shut down. The reactor, however, was still operating. There was no immediate danger of a meltdown, but we had no fine control over the reactor's output; if the situation persisted for too long, the chance it might conclude in disaster could not be ignored.

## Dheghōm

While Dr Sharma and I were watching this in a shared mental state that mixed scientific curiosity with blind panic, another person blinked into existence in the containment chamber. It was either a very tall man or a very, very tall woman. He or she was dressed head to toe in fur, looking something like a yeti or a wookiee with a human head. This person argued with Mr Shiva for a few seconds, then evaporated his device. Mr Shiva immediately dematerialised, although whether this was of his own volition or that of the wookiee person was not obvious. The missing control rod was instantly returned to its spider and all the rods then descended as gravity dictated they should.

The wookiee person looked around, spotted the cameras, then he or she too dematerialised.

The cameras now showed only snow.

The superintendent and others arrived in the control room moments afterwards. Dr Sharma took the initiative and said that we had shut down the reactor because the cameras had failed. This was a flimsy reason for initiating a SCRAM, but it was by the book so we could not be criticised for it. The superintendent was nevertheless not happy, even though the cameras began operating as normal while he was expressing his displeasure.

It was at this point that alarms rang out indicating that NAPS-1 was in trouble. Dr Sharma and I were left to manage the shutdown of NAPS-2 while the superintendent and other senior staff raced to deal with the rather more pressing problem.

Dr Sharma and I checked the camera recordings and found them wiped with static. Having no evidence to support what we had seen, we agreed not to put our careers to the sword by attempting to persuade the world that something very odd had occurred. We did not know it at the time, but later learned that a security guard had suffered a mental seizure shortly after the SCRAM. It's my belief that he witnessed the later events on his screen and did not have the fortitude to cope with them. Regardless, the poor man was committed to an asylum where he spent his remaining years.

Although Dr Sharma and I did not wish to make ourselves look foolish by reporting what we had seen, nevertheless we felt that we must write it up while it was clear in our minds. This we did, and the resulting document is the one that will be made available by Dr Sharma's brother upon my earthly demise.

It may help you to know some additional thoughts that I have had since we submitted our report.

## Dheghōm

Some years after the events I have herein related, I heard a tale that early in the construction of NAPS-2 there was an incident in which a blue man drove a truck through the site's perimeter fence then ran to where today the NAPS-2 reactor core can be found. Could it be that this was our friend Mr Shiva, disappearing from our dimension for 14 or 15 years only to return when the reactor was fully operational?

Also, I may have an idea as to the nature of the device Mr Shiva was operating. It seems to me that it was a very compact quantum entanglement apparatus. To be portable, such a device would have to use parametric down-conversion multiple times in sequence, so would need high energy input. Essentially, then, Mr Shiva was capturing quantum-entangled photons from the reactor and directing them to separate chambers.

As for why he was doing this, I am unqualified to speculate. Nevertheless, I shall do so, because as a physicist I see some interesting possibilities.

It seems that Mr Shiva had the means to copy vials of red liquid. Perhaps, then, he had the means to copy other things. Could it be that he was planning to copy one or both of the chambers of his device?

If so, then surely the very act of copying would collapse the quantum waves of the photons he had



entangled, so what then would be the point of having separated them? Well, perhaps he didn't know whether it would collapse the quantum waves or not. Perhaps he thought – or knew? – that the mechanism of copying was done wholesale.

Ordinary objects have quantum entanglement as standard; electrons in atoms are entangled. Copying those, as Mr Shiva did with the red liquid, caused no problems. If he only copied half of an entangled pair, though? And if the copying didn't collapse the wave form? How, then, would subsequent collapsing work?

If one of the original chambers was observed, that would determine the state of the other chamber. What would it do to the copied chamber? How could *that* one's field collapse? Would it mimic the state of the photons in the chamber it was a copy of? Or would the fact that its photons were entangled with nothing cause some kind of endless entanglement-flipping? The universe could hang, like a program stuck in a loop, or cause an error, like a divide by zero.

If so, doing this could crash the physics of the universe.

In such an event, Mr Shiva really *would* be a destroyer of worlds!

# Dheghōm

## Notes

Dr Khan died 18 Feb 2020 of COVID-19, aged 66. His joint report co-written with Dr Sharma was not released, and the law firm of which Dr Sharma's brother is a partner denies ever having been in possession of it.