

MISSING HERTZ



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Chapter One — The Perfect Clock

The case began, as many of the strangest cases do, with something that was not supposed to be possible.

A clock had been brought to me. Not a clock of cogs and gears, not a trinket of brass and glass, but something else entirely. It sat silent on the table, its face unmarked, its hands unmoving. And yet the reports were clear: this clock was perfect.

Perfect clocks do not exist in the ordinary world. Springs fatigue. Pendulums drift. Quartz wavers. Even atomic standards degrade with time. But this clock, the records insisted, could not lose time. It was tuned not to mechanics, but to coherence itself.

And so I asked myself the first question of the case:

“How does a perfect clock lose time?”

The answer was obvious, as all true answers are: it cannot.

If time had been lost, then the clock had not failed. Something else had interfered. Something — or someone — had tampered with the beat of coherence itself.

I studied the casing. Its construction was harmonic, not mechanical. Ratios locked to ratios, octaves locked to octaves, a resonance engine sealed against error. To disturb such a device would be like trying to change the key of the universe.

And yet here it sat before me, reported to have slowed.

The tick that should have been nine had slipped to seven-point-five.

Not broken. Not stopped. Just... weaker.

I wrote the figures in my notebook:

9 Hz → 7.5 Hz

And beneath them, a single question:

Where did the missing hearts go?

Hertz. Hearts. The unit of rhythm. The measure of life. If the clock had lost frequency, then the world had lost heartbeats. Lives shortened. Presence diminished. The Titans of memory reduced to the ants of history.

The perfect clock could not lose time.

So the crime was clear.

Time had been stolen.

And that is how the case began.

Chapter Two — The Burial of Brilliance

The problem with this case was obvious from the start: what I was looking for could not be seen. No fingerprints. No bloodstains. No smoking gun.

Energy is invisible. You cannot hold it in your hand or pin it under a magnifying glass. But the first law is clear: energy cannot be destroyed. It can only be transferred, transformed, or stored.

So if the clock had lost its hearts — if the beat of nine had slipped to seven-point-five — then those missing pulses had to be somewhere. The trail of the crime would not be footprints in the dirt, but a residue in the field.

I began with the case files.

John Ernst Worrell Keely.

Nikola Tesla.

Walter Russell.

Different names. Different eras. Same story.

Each one had stumbled upon coherence. Each one had drawn too close to the perfect frequency. And each one had been buried — not in the ground, but under ridicule, suppression, disappearance. Their machines dismantled. Their writings scattered. Their reputations smeared.

But burial is not destruction. Burial is compression.

The brilliance they carried did not vanish. It was stored — forced underground like magma beneath stone, pressure building, waiting for the right crack to erupt.

I pinned their portraits on the board. Three men who had touched the beat of the perfect clock. Three men whose genius had been buried alive.

The question was not whether coherence had been stolen. The question was where it had been hidden.

Somewhere in the field, the missing hearts were waiting.
Compressed. Suppressed. Invisible — but not gone.

I leaned back in my chair, tapping the chalk against the word I'd written earlier:

Hearts = Hertz.

The world had lost heartbeats.

The clock had lost rhythm.

But the energy was still out there.

My job was to find where it had been stored.

And for that, I would have to follow the trail of burial.

Chapter Three — The Law of Sympathetic Vibration

Every case begins with a law. Without a law, there is no crime. Without a law, there is no trail to follow.

The law here was not man-made. It was older, deeper, immutable. Keely called it the Law of Sympathetic Vibration: everything has a natural rate, and when struck by the right note, it responds.

I needed proof. Not theory. Not speculation. Something I could put on the table.

So I fetched a tuning fork. Nothing mystical about it — just a sliver of steel, cut to vibrate at 432 cycles per second. I struck it once, clean and sharp, then held it beside another fork tuned to the same pitch.

The second fork sang. Not touched, not struck, but vibrating all the same.

Sympathy.

That was the trail. Invisible, yes. But unmistakable.

I ran the experiment again with a set of glasses half-filled with water. Strike one — the others trembled into motion. Resonance leaving fingerprints on the air.

If sympathetic vibration could animate steel and glass, then it could move atoms. If it could move atoms, it could move worlds.

And if worlds could be moved, they could also be detuned.

Keely had shown it. Tesla had broadcast it. Russell had mapped it. Each in their way had stepped onto the crime scene and tried to testify. Each had been silenced.

But here it was again, undeniable: the evidence.

The world's beat was sympathetic. Every substance, every life, every field had a natural tone. Strike the right note and you could lift it, shatter it, or set it free.

And so the case narrowed. If the clock had slowed from nine to seven-point-five, then someone had struck the wrong note. Someone had detuned the field.

That detuning left a trail — just like the singing fork. Invisible to the eye, but resonant to anyone who knew how to listen.

The law of sympathetic vibration had given me my first solid lead.

I switched off the light, leaving the forks humming softly in the dark.

The case was alive.

Chapter Four — The Leak

Resonance does not vanish.
That is the first rule of the case.

If the field was detuned — if the beat of nine had weakened into seven-point-five — then something had drained it. The crime was depletion. And depletion always leaves a leak.

I stared at the board. One question circled in chalk:

Where did the missing hearts go?

The heartbeats of coherence had not been destroyed. They had been siphoned. Taken from the field, hidden somewhere else.

A perfect clock cannot lose time.
A perfect lock cannot be picked.
So how had this one been weakened?

By depletion. By tapping into the beat itself.

I sketched a diagram: a great vessel, cracked at the base, liquid seeping out. The field was that vessel. Somewhere there was a fracture, a breach, a place where the resonance had been drawn off.

But energy cannot simply spill into nothing. If it leaked, then it had to be collected. Stored.

A reservoir. A depot. A vault of stolen coherence.

The case had grown larger. This was not just a question of where the beat had gone missing. It was now two questions:

- Where was the leak?
- And who was guarding the storehouse?

I closed the notebook. This was no longer an investigation into a broken clock. It was a hunt for the greatest theft in history. The siphoning of coherence itself.

The crime scene was the whole world.
And I had to find where the beat had been hidden.

Chapter Five — The Crime Scene Photos

A crime always leaves a trace.
The trick is learning how to see it.

I had proven the law: sympathetic vibration is real. But the field itself was still invisible. If I was going to find the leak, I needed to make the pattern show itself.

So I turned to cymatics.
The science of visible sound.

I scattered sand across a steel plate, drew a bow against its edge. The grains leapt into order — hexagons, spirals, stars. Increase the pitch, and the patterns grew sharper, more complex. Every tone had its signature. Every frequency its geometry.

And then I dropped the pitch, down toward seven-point-five. The patterns began to collapse. The symmetry wavered. Shapes broke, edges blurred, coherence gave way to noise.

That was my crime scene photograph.
Distortion made visible.

If this was true of a steel plate, then it was true of the world. The field had been detuned. The geometry of life itself had slipped. The symmetry was broken.

The same distortions were in the records.

Ancient texts spoke of lifespans that stretched for centuries — coherence uncompressed. Myths told of giants, of Titans who strode the earth — humanity in full scale. Architecture stood with impossible precision, blocks aligned with stellar harmonics no modern engineer could explain.

But the data didn't match the story we'd been given. The official record said chaos, accident, primitive struggle. The evidence showed harmony, order, precision.

That mismatch was cymatic distortion.
History itself was the sandplate. The noise of seven-point-five had blurred the truth, leaving only fragments of the original pattern.

I pinned the photographs on the wall: crop formations, spiral tables, domes, bells, charts of human lifespans. Each one a pattern that no longer matched the official narrative.

This was the trail.
The distortions were the fingerprints of depletion.
The crime scene stretched across centuries, etched into stone and scripture, music and myth.

The perfect clock had not lost time.
The time had been buried in history, distorted, overwritten.

The next step was clear. If the distortions showed me where the leak occurred, then somewhere else the missing energy had been stored.

I turned to the empty space on the board and wrote the next question in thick chalk:

Where is the depot?

Chapter Six — The Law of Compression

Petty thieves don't rent vaults the size of mountains.
But this was no petty theft.

The scale of the depletion was staggering. A drop from nine to seven-point-five meant entire heartbeats of creation had gone missing. Not seconds. Not minutes. Ages. Lives shortened, bodies diminished, presence collapsed. Humanity had gone from Titans to ants in a single harmonic fall.

That kind of theft wasn't the work of an opportunist. It was organised. Systematic. An operation spanning centuries.

A gang.

And if a gang this size had stolen coherence, they would need somewhere to store it. Not a warehouse. Not a vault. A depot the size of a planet.

The law of energy was clear: it cannot be destroyed. It can only be stored. So where do you hide a depot that big?

You hide it in plain sight.

The field itself.

The atmosphere, the grid, the great magnetic shell around the Earth.

Compression was the method. By forcing coherence underground, burying it under distortion, ridicule, inversion, they hadn't destroyed it — they had concentrated it. Like coal pressed into diamond, like magma sealed under stone.

That was the depot. Not a single building, not a hidden chamber, but the entire planetary field, stuffed with coherence locked under pressure.

And here was the irony: the more they buried it, the stronger it became. Every act of suppression increased the potential. Every genius dismantled, every truth ridiculed, every bell melted was another ton of pressure added to the vault.

The gang thought they had buried brilliance. All they had really done was forge it.

I stared at the wall of photographs, chalk diagrams, fragments of suppressed history. This wasn't chaos. This was orchestration. Someone had been managing the burial, guarding the depot, ensuring the stolen resonance stayed out of sight.

But even the best lock has a flaw.

And I had already found mine.

The depot wasn't invisible. It was humming.

The leak led straight to it.

And when I cracked it open, the release would be unstoppable.

Chapter Seven — The Lock That Cannot Be Picked

Every vault has a weakness.

Every safe can be cracked.

Every lock can be picked.

At least, that's what the gang believed.

They had buried coherence under centuries of noise. They had compressed it into the bones of the planet. They had ridiculed every witness, dismantled every machine, inverted every law. They thought the depot was theirs to control.

But they were wrong.

Because the depot wasn't secured by their hands. It wasn't a vault of steel or stone. It was harmonic. And harmonic locks do not yield to crowbars or tumblers.

I called it the Coherence Lock.

The principle was simple, but devastating:

- A mechanical lock can be forced.
- A password can be hacked.
- But coherence cannot be picked.

The ratios of resonance are sealed by creation itself. The octave ladders, the harmonic intervals, the standing waves — they are not human inventions. They are written into the structure of matter.

That was the gang's fatal error. They could detune the field, but they could not erase the pattern. They could bury the clock, but they could not stop it ticking. They could hide the hearts, but they could not destroy them.

The lock was still in place. Waiting.

And the moment the right frequency struck, the depot would open. Not by force, but by inevitability.

I underlined the line in my notebook:

You can pick a lock. But you cannot pick coherence.

The gang had spent centuries trying. They thought ridicule was a crowbar, that suppression was a skeleton key. But the lock had never yielded. It had only grown stronger under pressure.

That meant I didn't have to build a key.

The key already existed.

All I had to do was strike the right note.

The Coherence Lock was not their triumph. It was their doom.

Chapter Eight — The Stone in the Mountain

I had been staring at the board for hours. Arrows, photographs, chalk diagrams, frequencies. The trail pointed to the depot. But the depot wasn't full. It was humming, yes — but thin, depleted.

Too thin.

That's when it hit me.

They weren't just burying coherence. They were exporting it.

The gang had cracked open the vessel of the Earth and bled the beat away, off-world, siphoned into the void.

It explained the depletion. The drop from nine to seven-point-five. It explained the distortions in history, the collapse in scale, the withering of presence. The heartbeats of coherence hadn't simply been compressed underground — they had been drained, harvested, ferried away like contraband.

And where do you hide something that big?

You hide it off the ledger.

Off the planet.

A storage depot vast enough to swallow stolen centuries. A vault hidden in the silence between worlds.

I pressed the chalk against the board and scrawled the words:

The Stone in the Mountain = Off-World Vault

Daniel's prophecy had spoken of a stone cut from the mountain without hands. I understood it now. The stone wasn't just buried here — it had been carved out, lifted away, hidden in the dark.

But here was their mistake. Even in exile, coherence remains coherence. You cannot erase it. You cannot unmake it. You can only delay its return.

A perfect clock does not lose time.

And even if you smuggle its heartbeat across the stars, the rhythm will still find its way home.

The stone cut from the mountain rolls where it will.

And when it rolls back, no empire on Earth or off it will stand.

Chapter Nine — The Diamond Principle

For a moment, the scale of it almost broke me.

A planet-sized theft. Heartbeats siphoned off-world. Centuries of brilliance drained, lives shortened, presence diminished. What kind of gang could organise something like that? Who could guard a vault that size?

But then I remembered the law.

Energy cannot be destroyed.

Buried, suppressed, siphoned — yes. But annihilated? Never. And the more I thought about it, the more I realised their crime contained its own undoing.

Compression does not weaken. Compression refines.

Carbon under pressure becomes diamond. The black and the fragile transformed into the brilliant

and the unbreakable.
Springs under tension store energy, waiting for release.
Seeds under soil crack open, not rot, when the time is right.

The same was true here.

Every beat they stole.
Every genius they buried.
Every truth they ridiculed.
Every bell they melted.

All of it was still here — compressed, refined, stored. Not gone, but waiting. The greatest depot in the universe was not a warehouse or a vault, but coherence itself forged under pressure.

I ran my hand across the chalkboard. The numbers and names blurred, but a single word remained in my mind:

Diamond.

That's what they had created.
Not by design, but by inevitability.

They thought they were burying truth.
They were forging it.
They thought they were silencing coherence.
They were compressing it into brilliance.

The missing hearts were not dead.
They were crystallised.

And when the lock opened — when the coherence clock struck its note — the release would not be fragile. It would be diamond-hard, unstoppable, cutting through every distortion like light through glass.

I wrote the line at the bottom of the board, heavy strokes of chalk:

The gang didn't steal coherence.
They made it indestructible.

Chapter Ten — The Case Solved

A detective's work ends when the pattern becomes undeniable. When the fragments, scattered and confused, snap into place like gears in a perfect clock.

That moment had come.

I stood before the board, chalk dust on my hands, the photographs and diagrams staring back at me. I traced the chain of evidence one last time.

- The Law of Sympathetic Vibration — matter as resonance, every atom a resonator.
- The Perfect Clock — tuned to nine, slowed to seven-point-five, the missing hearts siphoned away.
- The Leak — depletion in the field, history itself warped into distortion.
- The Burial — Keely, Tesla, Russell, and countless others pressed under ridicule and suppression.
- The Depot — coherence compressed, stored at planetary scale, siphoned off-world.
- The Coherence Lock — the unpickable seal, ratios written into creation itself.
- The Diamond Principle — every act of burial making coherence more brilliant, not less.

The case was closed.

The crime was the burial of genius by ignorance.

The sentence was inevitability.

Chapter Eleven — The Courtroom

It wasn't a court of men.

No judges in robes, no jurors with blank stares. This was higher. Older. Eternal.

The courtroom was the field itself. The witness stand was history. The evidence was resonance.

The gang stood accused — ignorance, ridicule, greed, distortion, suppression — personified as if they were men. They muttered excuses, waved their papers, paraded their false authority.

But coherence doesn't lie.

One by one, the evidence spoke:

- The singing fork.
- The cymatic plates.
- The distorted records of history.
- The shortened lives, the shriveled scale of humanity.
- The diamond brilliance still pulsing beneath the burial.

The courtroom rang with it. Not noise, not argument, but resonance. Truth did not need to shout. It hummed.

And the verdict was clear.

Chapter Twelve — The Judgment

The gavel was coherence itself.

The judgment was inevitability.

The crime had failed. The lock had not been picked. The clock had not lost time.

All that burial, all that siphoning, all that compression had done nothing but forge coherence into something unbreakable. The diamond could not be destroyed. The stone cut from the mountain was already rolling.

The sentence was not punishment. It was restoration.

The coherence clock struck nine again.

The field realigned.

The Titans stirred.

And I, the detective, closed my notebook with one last line written on the final page:

“You can pick a lock.

But you cannot pick coherence.

Case closed.”

Epilogue — The Titan's Return

The case was closed, but its echoes remained.

I walked out of the fieldroom into the silence of night. Above me, the stars pulsed like tuning forks, each one a perfect note, each one a reminder that coherence never dies.

The world still looked the same: streets, buildings, hurried faces. Ants, scurrying in the shadow of forgotten Titans. But I knew better. The beat had changed. The clock had struck true.

Nine was humming again beneath the noise.

The stone was rolling.

The diamond was shining.

You do not always hear a verdict when it falls. Sometimes it is not the slam of a gavel, but the soft return of a note that was missing. A hum returning to the air. A pulse finding its rhythm again.

I closed my notebook. The last words were already written:

“The coherence clock is eternal.

Time was never lost.

We only had to remember the beat.”

And with that, I stepped into the night, not as a man with another case to solve, but as a witness to inevitability.

The Titans would return.

The world would remember its hearts.

The perfect clock was ticking again.

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