

**THE  
IMPLOSION  
EFFECT**

**ASHISH “ASH” PAUL**

## PROLOGUE:

1972

HE WAS WAITING. HE WAS SILENT. HE WAS SCARED.

The young boy sat looking out at the dark, filthy and cold alley that led to the house. It was the middle of November and the weatherman on the News was predicting an upcoming thunderstorm in the New Jersey area. The television was an old black and white version, with a rabbit ear antenna on top. The boy's expectant eyes were transfixed on the road but were also cognizant of the fact that none of the neighbors was watching the drama or tragedy that was going to unfold soon. It was his cross and he would bear it.

His cold hands were still clutching the report card and the letter from the school principle. He glanced again at the two pieces of paper that would give him a new life. The report card was lined with A's and glowing remarks from all his 7<sup>th</sup> grade teachers. His eyes strayed to the comments from Ms. Julia Bancroft, his math teacher, which emphatically stated that she "had never seen such an astonishing grasp of concepts previously". He smiled remembering her soft face and blond hair, which reminded him of his dead mother.

The letter from the Head of the school mentioned the special program the school was introducing. A clinic to evaluate the intelligence and the brain "spatial" function of gifted children. This program was being sponsored by a famous Doctor, a neurosurgeon from New York, and he would pay a fee for this research as well as other expenses, including the boy's college fees, in the future. The boy was the only child who had been selected, from the entire school, by the Doctor

The Doctor had come to visit him in school today and explained that the idea behind the research was to enhance the power of the human brain by bridging the gap between the conscious and the sub-conscious. He had explained the concept to the boy as if to an equal. The boy had not understood much but the Doctor's Brown face and brown eyes were so calm and soothing that the boy had felt like touching him. They were so different from his father's weathered, angry and disillusioned features.

Suddenly, he saw the movement at the end of the street. The dark shadow stumbled once, fell down on the pavement and stood up again. The shadow weaved across the street towards the house. The boy's eyes brimmed with tears; there would be no talking tonight as usual. The boy knew his father had been drinking. The boy rushed to open the door just as his father staggered into the room. The tall man, with a once handsome face, looked at the boy through unseeing eyes and went straight for the bottle of "Ethyl Alcohol", hidden behind the sink. The boy could smell the cheap liquor on his father's breath but still tried to stop him from drinking the cheap poison. The push sent him skidding across the room. The boy's head hit the leg of the chair and tears rolled down his cheeks.

The boy had always been able to see things and hear things that others missed. He understood that he had to change his life on his own. He had to get out of this vicious cycle of despair. He went to the phone; extracted the card the Doctor had left with him at school. It had an Alpine address and a, 201 phone

number. It would take the Doctor around 40 minutes to reach the boy's house in Newark. The boy dialed the Doctor's number. As soon as he heard the calm "Hello" with the sound of light classical music in the back ground, the boy knew he had made the right choice.

"I am ready Sir." Is all that the boy said. The Doctor agreed to come and pick him up in an hour.

The boy heard his father moving around in the kitchen, so he crept up to his father's bedroom. He took the one photograph of his mother, his father and himself on the beach; smiling as if in another reality. The boy waited in his room quietly. He saw the long blue Mercedes Benz pull up near his house. He opened the front door and ran to the car only looking at the picture in his hand. He did not look back. There was nothing to see.

He got in the car and stared shyly at the Doctor. The Doctor smiled and patted the boy on the head. The car silently sped home. The Doctor's home was palatial; large windows faced the Hudson River and the lights of New York were twinkling in the horizon. The gleaming interior was filled with beautiful things so much so that the boy was afraid to touch anything. The Doctor showed him to his room and told the boy to take a bath. An ensemble of children's night clothes were lying on the bed. The Doctor pointed at the clothes. The boy understood that these were his new clothes.

The boy entered the bathroom. It appeared to be larger than his entire room at the old house. The boy smiled. He glimpsed his happy face in the huge mirror and laughed. The boy threw his old clothes away into the waste basket. After the shower he carefully stowed his photograph in the drawer of the bedside table and changed into the silk night suit lying on the bed. He left his room and went down to the basement. A huge laboratory was laid out in the basement. There were huge computers blinking with red and green lights. A large IBM mainframe connected to a weird "Head shaped" oblong contraption was visible to the boy.

In response to the boy's questioning glance the Doctor described the oblong device as a "cold laser" torch similar to an arc welding machine. The Doctor checked the boy's vital sign including his temperature and blood pressure. The Doctor then placed the helmet on the boy's head, adjusted it and switched on the software using a digital switch on the terminal. The image of the boy's brain in a blue shade with a multitude of red dots appeared on the screen. The boy felt a tingling behind his eyes and on his toes. The Doctor explained that the red dots were the key synapse points in the brain. The gaps among the red dots were the unabridged areas of the human brain. Slowly, the boy's temperature started to increase as the red dots started to change color to green. The tingling also reached a higher level and the boy's fingers started to tremble involuntarily. The Doctor injected a solution intravenously into his thin arm. The Boy soon fell asleep.

He awoke with a start when the Doctor's cool hand touched his forehead. He heard the Doctor's voice in his head "Son, How do you feel?". The Boy was surprised. The Doctor's lips had not moved when he had heard the question. The Boy thought to himself "I feel okay. Just a little warm." Before he could articulate his thoughts the Doctor nodded and responded

“Excellent. Let me check your temperature.” The boy realized that he was reading the Doctor’s thoughts telepathically.

The Doctor inserted the thermometer in the boy’s mouth and felt his pulse. The temperature had risen to 100° Fahrenheit and the pulse was an accelerated 98. The Doctor extracted an ice pack from the cooler in the basement and laid it on the boy’s head. A glass of chilled water was also offered to the boy which he gulped down. The Boy immediately felt cool, his heart slowed down and his fingers stopped tingling. He framed a simple question in his mind “What happened Doctor?”.

Before the Doctor could respond the information commenced flowing into the boy’s head. The jumble of data rushed through his head; joined synapses, new neurons, automatic updates of white cells to grey cells, conscious-subconscious bridging, right—left brain seamless connection, hard wired mental signals, overlap of new network of neuronal correlates; It was as if his mind was running a scan of the Doctor’s brain and retrieving information and knowledge that it needed. The crux of the matter was that his brain was functioning at a level that was higher than any other human on this planet. The information he was downloading was beyond his knowledge domain so the Doctor mentally ordered him to stop. The Doctor finally spoke to the boy in calm and measured tone “Your real education will start from tomorrow. You will understand all and more. You are the evo-devo of the Implosion. The Alpha and the nearest Omega. The trouble and the solution. You are YESU.”

Yesu felt no elation or sadness at these words. In fact he felt no emotion at all; as if all this was happening to another being; but a sense of peace and purpose prevailed as he closed his eyes and powered of his mental images and slept.

## Chapter 1

## NEW JERSEY

### April 9th

The 5 acre estate overlooking the Atlantic Ocean was covered on all sides. A massive stone wall that encircled the estate gave it the effect of a fortress. The latest in electronic security equipment and surveillance was installed around the estate. Some was visible and a lot of it was hidden. The house was contemporary in design but the aura was that of a Swiss Chalet that had merged with a Scottish Highland Castle. Four Turrets stood at the corners of the huge house. The roof was split into six different inclines that seemed to alter the shape of the structure when viewed from an alternate point. The whole area was covered with exotic trees and wild plants. A natural habitat built unnaturally but somehow fitting. The sum of the parts of the estate added up to a bigger whole, environmentally. The warm April sun was shining on the estate and the ocean beyond. The pool waters glistened as they tried to merge with the larger body of water surrounding it. The helipad, with its yellow marker, had two shiny Puma choppers standing there looking majestic. The five black stretch Limousines in the driveway completed the picture of wealth and unconditional power.

The east turret had a large conference room underneath. This was where the 14 sat around the large black marble table. The oval table reflected the mirrored faces of the men and one woman. The Doctor was sitting in the wheelchair next to Yesu. The room was chilled to a low 50 degree and the ice cold Red Bulls with droplets of water frozen on it were placed near each of beautiful, hand crafted leather chairs. The wealth in that room exceeded 500 Billion dollars in cash and assets alone. These were the some of the most powerful people in the world but surprisingly the average age was less than 35 years. The men were only known by their profession, not because of an exalted sense of superiority, but rather a humility that admitted replace ability. A sense of Déjà vu struck Yesu as he looked around the room. He remembered the mentors and the protege's. The Biologist, 2 Noble prizes to his name and the "father" of the DNA man-machine code. The creator of the vaccines that immunized the human population against most known and some unknown viruses. The founder of the OM gene.

The Physicist, he had received 1 Nobel prize and refused another. The inventor of the First Quantum Analyzer that created virtual scenarios, in both war and commerce, taking millions of diverse data points to predict parallel futures. The Department of Defense, Homeland Security and SEC used it not only to win the war against terrorism, by locating and destroying potential terror groups, but also to prevent war through commercial greed. The Physicist was also the youngest advisor to NATO on scientific affairs.

The Software Man, with over a billion lines of code to his credit, the creator of the DNA computers with Bio inputs and Object based methodology for business software. The Object Oriented technology had revolutionized the industry giving his company a 60% share of the global Information Technology markets. A man whose Digital IQ was only matched by his own technical civilization.

The Financier, controlled over 30% of the world's money supply through banks and hedge funds. His strongest ally, the Quantum Analyzer, could predict the future of any business or currency.

The Evangelist, at thirty years of age, was the icon of the world of Faith. His fan following had reached near hysterical levels that would be classified as cult status if not for the inherent peaceful and co-existential nature of his teachings. His theory of the Unification of Religions was becoming one of the most accepted religious doctrines of all times. It was estimated that when he fell ill with avian flu last year, nearly 30% of the global population fasted for two days to pray for his recovery.

The Musician, the only woman in the room, had not only created a storm in the classical world of music but had the three highest selling albums in the popular genre's of modern times. Her genius with melody had resulted in unsurpassed music sales.

The Artist, her twin, had painted such great works of Art that he was referred to as the modern "Michael Angelo". His last painting had sold for over 100 Million Dollars. He had combined both the genius of Human form with the advanced capabilities of technology to create brilliant masterpieces.

The Publisher, was the reigning king of the world of communication and information. It was rumored that in the last 10 years, 50% of the globe's leaders owed their careers or their downfall to him.

The Telecom Man, a leader in the field of carrying voice, data and image across the world, controlled over 40% of the global bandwidth. His company held the patent for devices that could send and receive thought signals from the brain to electronic DNA based digital accessories. He, alongside the Physicist, had created the DNA chip that had jumped the technology barrier of speed and power over hand held wireless devices.

The Agriculturist had modernized the world of food. His strategy of "Organic Genetic Modification" or OGM had trebled the world's food production. His humanitarian stance towards solving the hunger problem in less developed countries through environmental friendly local staple food had won him the Nobel prize as well.

The Politician was the tallest man sitting in the room. Not only had he excelled in Law and Economics but had applied his intellect to stop 2 major wars. His theory of Global Economics had become a synonym for the eradication of poverty. His propagation of the Unification of Religion had been a major factor in its acceptance across all leaders of Faith. His perceived integrity and knowledge was acknowledged as a major factor in his role as a global and local leader. He was the youngest Senator from California who had won the election as an independent. His plan was to run and win the United States Presidential race in 2012 as the first Independent and non-affiliated President of the country.

The last but in no way the least member of this august gathering was a short, stocky, barrel—chested and quite man known only as Mr. Energy. Nearly 50% of the world's Oil was shipped by his companies. He owned nearly 60% of the globe's refineries as well. He was responsible for the first cold-hydro nuclear power generator using Thorium. His invention that could transfer electricity wirelessly using the quantum electro-magnetic spectrum had changed the entire power transmission industry. He had refused the Nobel Prize twice as he was unwilling to share the basics of his technology but he sold power to homes, businesses and countries on a shared usage basis at highly economical rates. An evangelizer at heart but

emotionless.

Each of these 12 was a pioneer and a visionary. Yesu knew that as each arose to present his or her current project status the world would be transformed in a multitude of ways, mostly beneficial. It was his prime duty to ensure that the decisions of the group created positive evolutionary and developmental changes that would move humanity forward. He was the leader positivist. He had to balance the temptation of personal wealth with the urge of communal prosperity. Yesu understood the drivers that motivated excellence in the group. He could read their mental signals; each of them had a separate mental fingerprint as distinct as their visages. He could also hear the laughter of the children, the prodigies of these mentors; about 5 miles away at the school. They were going through advanced training in their respective fields to carry the flame of evo-devo as their mentors passed on to the next life. The children had been selected by each of the 12, based on their aptitude and attitude towards the various disciplines in consultation with MARY, the Mother Quantum Analyzer. The children had all undergone the Doctor's procedure and lived at the school to avoid any detection of the program.

The children and the 12 had the higher than normal 100° temperatures and the accelerated heart rates; a side effect of the procedure. The malady limited the life span of the group. The Biologist and his team were working on a solution to this problem as well but currently the only option was to replenish the talent cyclically hence the need for a continuous supply of a sustainable gene pool of children. Only he Yesu, had the telepathic ability which had granted him the advantage to be able to interact with multiple brains simultaneously. This ability was also responsible in some unknown way in extending his life span in relation to the others. The Doctor and he were the only two with more than 4 decades behind them

As he watched the group without emotion knowing that the Critical Mass had been achieved, Yesu felt a sense of calm. The capability to see a higher right and wrong demanded the suppression of the emotional world to consistently make the right decision for the right reasons. Unfortunately, this ability came at a price of emotional abandonment that came with the excessive brain functions. He looked around the table once again and closed his eyes. He knew the betrayer. He was needed for the Implosion Effect.

## The Clue - 9th April

Dr. Katherine Daly ran a nervous but exquisitely crafted hand through her long and wavy auburn mane. She was not pleased. Since the start of the day she had been experiencing technical problems with the new DNA computers that had been installed in all the Federal Offices across the country. The machine was faster and better than anything she had ever used earlier. You could perform all the functions on the computer using voice activation commands, Touch Screen and finally mental or thought based functional commands. It was this third level of complexity and artificial intelligence that was bugging her literally. The “bugs” that had resulted in the current mishap was related to the fact that while telepathically “typing” an important e-mail to her boss. Harry Game, she had allowed her thoughts to wander and the computer had gone into a “hang—up” mode. She had always been a free flowing thinker and that in combination with her PhD from Harvard in Psychology related to criminal behavior had brought her to the CPC or the Crime Prevention Cell under the Department of Homeland Security. She was the resident Criminal Psychologist for this new three letter acronym based anti-crime cell created in the aftermath of the 9/11 disaster.

The idea behind the CPC was to use the Psychological inputs from suspects both individual and corporates to predict future criminal or terrorist behavior. The use of Technology which included advanced DNA bio-computers linked to MARY, the DOHS Quantum Analyzer, in parallel with the psychological parameters was the key to the success of the CPC. MARY, the “Future” machine as she was known within the groups inner circle, had been the key to stopping various criminal and terrorist plans even before their execution.

In exasperation Dr Katherine Daly picked up the phone and dialed the number for IT support again. The gruff and harried voice at the other end said “Daniel IT Support”.

Listening to the tone Dr. Daly knew that she was not alone in facing problems with the new technology. She put on her nice voice that she used when she wanted something and replied “Daniel Hi, Kat here from CPC. My desktop has been in hang mode for the last three minutes and I cannot reboot since I do not want to lose the email I was writing or to be precise, the e-mail I was mentally dictating. Can you please help?”. Daniel responded coolly “Kat just think it to unhang.”

Kat thought Daniel was joking but he repeated his suggestion once again so she did exactly as advised. She sent a mental command to the computer to “unhang” and it worked. She thanked Daniel for his advise and went back to the report she had been composing for Mr. Harry Game, the Director “EL Supremo”, of the CPC before she had been so rudely interrupted by the infernal machine because she had let her thoughts slip to whether she had locked the door of her apartment in the morning when she left for work.

She finished her e-mail on the rising stock prices and profits of certain global commodity companies indicating a cartel controlling the commodity prices in line with the oil prices to create an artificial scarcity for further increases in prices. The excess profits of this global “scam” were funding certain terrorist groups as well. Kat had added the psychological profiles of some of the key players involved and had discovered similarities that had resulted in some interesting predictions. She forwarded the email to Harry

with a “cc” to the Secretary of Homeland Security.

A sudden “ping” alerted her to an incoming mail. It was a large file with a 20 MB .jpeg attachment. The incoming address line was blank and it had managed to clear all the firewalls with the attachment. She ran her anti-virus program on the attachment just to make sure and got an all clear from the computer. She opened the attachment, the file contained photographs of around a hundred children of varying ages with a heading “International Boarding School for Gifted Children” printed in bold.

Dr. Katherine Daly’s initial thought was that one of the girl’s in the office was playing a joke on her since she had mentioned to a few friend’s that she wanted to have a child soon as her biological clock was ticking. But this notion was dispelled when Katherine could not discern any incoming e-mail tag on it. She picked up the phone and called IT again since the sender had to be somebody who was familiar with the internal systems. As soon as she heard Daniel’s harried voice she quickly put down her phone. She printed the attachment and decided to carry it personally down to the basement to Daniel’s “Lion’s Den.”

Katherine walked quickly towards the elevators which were situated in the middle of the two wings of the building. She rode the elevator down to the lobby where she found Karen Hastings from Human Resources waiting to get in. Katherine waved to her as she moved towards the staircase leading to the IT Support Area.

“Hold On Kat.” said Karen “You are just the person I need to see. Harry wants us to create an employee profile for-the entire division. He wants you to develop and design an aptitude test.” she added smilingly.

“OK I will see you in the afternoon. I need IT to look at this suspicious e-mail I received in the morning.” replied Kat as she showed the attachment to Karen.

“Who are these children?” asked Karen looking intently at the pictures displayed on the page.

“I have no idea. This just landed on my computer with no incoming e-mail address.” added Kat.

“This one looks familiar.” Karen replied, pointing at the picture of a young girl with her hair tied in a braided pig-tail.

“Really, let’s talk more about it when we meet.” Kat answered as she moved towards the Network Management Center entrance which led to the stairs that allowed access to the IT support room.

She swiped her identity card and pushed the glass door to get inside the quiet anti-static corridor that led to the main server rooms. She passed the NMC where people were watching the screens monitoring the health of the network and any critical crisis points. Kat spotted Mary from IT support and waved to her. Mary waved back and moved towards Kat. “Kat, What are you doing in the dungeon?” she asked jokingly. Kat saw Mary’s small, petite figure and neat black hair tied in a bun on top of her head, “You look great!” she said to Mary.

“Thanks. Ok since you are being so nice you must need something from me.” Mary’s throaty laugh was both sexy and harsh since it came out of the constant chain of cigarettes she smoked in the garage. Mary

liked Kat and admired her professionalism. Kat handed her the attachment and said “I received this email attachment about 10 minutes ago with no incoming address.”

Mary raised one very neat eyebrow and started down the stairs to reach her cubicle in the basement. Kat followed her. As soon as they reached Mary’s work station she logged off and requested Kat to log in with her password. Kat’s email screen came up with about 10 unread messages but the particular e-mail with the children’s photos was nowhere to be seen. Kat opened her trash box to check if she had accidentally deleted the message but the box was empty. Mary asked her to draw up another chair and sit. Mary logged into her Administration System to check all the incoming e-mails in the last 1 hour received at the Headquarter e-mail server. She found no trace of the message that Kat had showed her.

Mary waved to Daniel Hawthorne, the supreme ruler of the IT domain, “Daniel, we need your help, great cyber lord.” she shouted, Daniel glared at her and quickly smiled at Kat, “Are you still having those “HANGUP Your phone on IT” problems?”

Kat blushed a nice deep red at Daniel’s obvious reference to her hanging up on him earlier.

“I am sorry. You sounded so irate that I decided to come and see you personally. I received this stupid e-mail that had an attachment with photos of nearly a 100 children. Now Mary and I cannot find this e-mail in my inbox. It disappeared as mysteriously as it came.” Kat explained ruefully.

Daniel accessed his Administrator program and carefully searched the multiple POP servers linked to the main servers. After a little while he shook his head in amazement and said, “There is no trace of this message anywhere in the system.”

Kat thanked both Mary and Daniel for their help as she picked up the copy of the e-mail.

“We will keep trying to find out the antecedents of this elusive e-mail.” Mary assured Kat.

Kat returned to her desk and started to go through her case files. In a few moments she had forgotten all about the mysterious message. The ring of the phone brought her back into the real world with a sharp beep. “Hello, Dr. Katherine Daly” she answered curtly.

“Hi, Kat. My you sound grouchy. It is 3 p.m. Are you free to come down and see me now?”. It was Karen Hastings from HR.

“Sure Karen. I would love a break after dealing with all these multiple scenarios that predict the doomsday scenario for us.” Kat answers.

“Great. I will see you in the Cyclops Room in 5 minutes.”

“Okay.” Kat responded quickly. “Do you need me to bring anything with me?” she added.

“Just your superior intelligence and magic wand. I have a feeling you will need both once you hear what Harry Game wants.” Karen joked.

Kat picked up her notepad and her eyes fell on the morning's elusive e-mail. She decided to carry the sheet with all the children's photographs on it and put the message in her purse.

Kat logged off, picked up her jacket and her new iPhone 5. She saw one missed call from her on and off lawyer "boy" friend Steve who worked in New York with the Department of Justice. He always acted like a little boy, jealous and envious, if she did not respond to his calls or text messages. She sent him a text message that she would see him at the Hoboken Station at 6 P.M. and left it to him to suggest a place for dinner. That would keep his male ego going, thought Kat.

The Cyclops Room was aptly named since it had a single large Oval Window that overlooked the parking lot. She walked in and sat down after grabbing a bottle of Evian water. She had just taken a long and cool drink when Karen walked in. She was holding a large stack of papers in her hand. Karen dropped these in front of Kat and said "These are the profiles of each of the employees including Harry "the Game". It includes their educational and professional data. Mr. Game wants you to develop a psychological and performance indication test to see if "we have the right people on the right bus." I have no idea which bus he is talking about but I know have to catch mine this evening so please do what he wants."

Kat laughed at Karen's impression of Harry Game and his ponderous tone, "He must have read the book Good to Great and decided he needed to become the level 5 Executive of CPC."

Karen raised one nicely trimmed eyebrow "Well he did mention something about level 5 but I thought he meant the roof since we only have four floors in this building. So can you do this asap?"

Kat smiled. "You make it sound so easy. The Key is to define the benchmark of the ideal employee for each position and that requires 1000's of data points. Then we need to measure the employees against this super "employee" that is based on the characteristic of the ideal anti-terrorist analyst or operative. A farmer or a hunter. It is going to take some doing Karen."

Karen looked at her in mocked amazement and replied "Harry was sure you would be able to find a quick answer to this simple problem." Kat laughed at her impish tone and added "Tell Harry I can also end the War on Terrorism by tomorrow as well."

Both had smiles on their faces as they got down to getting the profiles in order of various job functions and discussing the KPI's required. The Key Performance Indicators were being hotly debated as relating to the "undercover agents" when her iPhone beeped twice. The first message was a text from Steve confirming dinner at 6 p.m. at their favorite Malaysian Restaurant in Hoboken. The second message said "SAVE THE CHILDREN". There was no corresponding phone number or Multimedia address with the message. She showed the message to Karen. Kat took out the paper with all the children's photographs and explained to Karen about the disappearing e-mail she had received in the morning.

Karen, once again, pointed at the picture of a cute girl with light brown eyes and said "This one looks familiar, but I don't know why."

“Have you heard of this International Boarding School for Gifted Children?” asked Kat.

“No. But I have a list of all the schools in the USA that receive Federal Funding. I will look this up for you when I get back to my desk.” Kat thanked her and looked at her watch. it was 5.03 p.m. She gathered her papers. She bid farewell to Karen and rushed out.

Karen said to her disappearing back “Hope you have enough info to complete the Test. See you tomorrow. I have to catch the Right Bus as well.”

She reached the Restaurant around 6.15. Steve was waiting impatiently at the table nursing a tall glass of Chives Regal Scotch with Club Soda and ice. He smiled ruefully at Kat and said “Kat for once I thought you would be waiting for me.”

Kat gave him a quick peck on his cheek and replied “Keep on dreaming buddy, its not happening inthis lifetime. How was your day?”

“As usual. How was yours? In this paperless world you are carrying nearly half a tree.”

Kat made a face. “These are profiles of key personnel that I have to work on. Plus these new DNA computers are a big nuisance I even received a disappearing e-mail and an unknown SMS text message today.”

Steve laughed and said “I already ordered our favorite Roti Chinai and a glass of red wine for you. What do you mean by unknown short message service text?”

Kat took out her iphone to show the message to Steve. She could not find the message. The phone displayed the last message in the inbox as the one she had received from Steve. The SMS had disappeared. She was completely bewildered. She told Steve about the e-mail she received in the morning without any incoming address and how IT had tried unsuccessfully to trace the message. She took out the attachment from her purse and handed it to Steve. Steve glanced at it and said “Its these damned DNA computers. Technology, it gets you every time.” The food arrived and they both lost interest in the message as they gormandized.

Once finished they had the usual argument about the bill. Steve tried to pay it but she wanted to go dutch. Finally Steve paid with the caveat that she would pick up the tab next time. They walked back to their apartment buildings that were situated close to each other. As they neared the apartment Steve suggested to Kat if she would like to come up and have a coffee. Kat declined, as in her confused state with the strange happenings all she wanted to do was relax in her own controllable haven, her apartment, alone.

## THE BIOLOGIST

**The only thing he remembered about his parents was that they both had green eyes like him.**

Not that it bothered him that he could not recall their faces because after the Doctor's procedure he had found a lot more to remember. Also between the Doctor, Yesu and his school mates he had never felt alone. The days after the procedure the whole universe seemed brighter, clearer and more truthful. He had even seen his childhood photograph once on a milk carton with the title "Missing". He was not missing, he had been found.

He had always had a keen interest in the makeup and working of living things. He really wanted to improve the way living things worked. He wanted to make them well when they were sick or dying. He knew this pleasure after caring for the rabbit that had been shot in the leg by the pellets of an air gun. He had developed the first artificial leg for the rabbit for it to be able to hop again. The artificial leg could take direct signals from the brain using a DNA chip. He had developed the DNA chip for biomedical use but the Software Man had enhanced the technology to develop the personal computers based on the chip.

He had taken the rabbit to the Nobel Prize ceremony at the age of twenty-one. All those brilliant people seemed so genuine and so enamored by him. He remembered the beautiful and elegant Chinese woman, Kim, who followed him up to his hotel room in Sweden to talk more about the DNA man-machine language but ended up doing everything except talking. He had felt Yesu laughing in his head while he had crossed the boundary into adulthood. Now he had a huge factory in the Guangdong Province, in Shenzhen, producing artificial limbs and organs employing over 50,000 people. The DNA chips were all made in California, the Politician's State, as desired by the Financier. All these new man-made wars and terrorism had increased the use of the DNA chip based biomedical man-machine body parts.

His house on the Hill in Oahu, Hawaii was a tropical paradise. It was designed in an open plan architecture with separate tropical huts demarcating the various sections of the structure. The house was built to be symbiotic with the environment and synergistic in itself so that the whole came out larger than its parts. There were multiple balconies, ponds and beautiful gardens surrounding each structure. There were three bedrooms in the main hut and 9 bedrooms in separate "guest" huts. The Huge state of the art Laboratory was camouflaged amongst the vast tropical forest surrounding the estate. The Lab had costed over a billion dollars and contained nearly everything the biologist needed including its own zoo for research.

The Biologist's crowning glory was the discovery of the "death gene". The idea had somehow come to him in his dream (he had a doubt that Yesu might have planted it in his head). He had contacted The Physicist to run his "idea" through the "future" machine, MARY, for a probability of success analysis. The answer was a stunning 99.9% success rate and the suggestion that the location of the gene might be in the area behind the Thalamus. The theory that all humans (and other mammals) were born with a "fixed" life span governed by the "death" gene. The quality of life, diseases, food, climate and even medication "marked" the gene and thus gave each individual a "memetic" life span which was different from the genetic" life span. It took the Biologist nearly three years to finally locate the gene and isolate it from

behind the Hypothalamus.

The “death” gene was superimposed on a bunch of junk DNA in the form of an OM sign.  . The OM in the Hindu religion had a basic symbolism to life. The Biologist named the gene the OM gene. The markers on the OM gene included stress, depression, anxiety as well as drug abuse and dietary excesses. Meditation, prayer, exercise, love and good thoughts helped erase certain markers. The OM gene was a passive gene that basically compiled the markers in relation to the genetic life span and as soon as the sum neared zero it started to shut down key body functions for end of life.

**END OF EXCERPT**