

Augmented Destiny
Flawed



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HRAD

Flawed

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This story is strictly fictional; if the story seems to be based
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Augmented Destiny: Flawed

Chapter 2

Story Written by Theodis Houston III

I wouldn't see Ronda again until The Organizers Consultation. My parents were Organizers—the top social and economic rank in the land. The consultation was a yearly occurrence, but this time was different; Ronda Dorwin was being introduced. Everyone in Alexandria at the time wanted her mind on a project. Everyone important to the science of the world showed up, investors, organizers, scientists, Alexandrian board members, World Union liaisons, and Dean Boolean.

Of course, my parents wanted to meet her and so did I. Everyone wanted to witness the myth, because alone, she could change the world; all with her mind, and by the end of the night everyone got their shot at Ronda. Though before that happened she and a few other scientist participated in a panel. While listening I became mesmerized by her charisma. The way she spoke was assertive yet comforting. She was a true expert, she was a new face, the rainbow after the rain. If I had never met her, I would have been content, because I truly believed she could accomplish my Thesis of Life.

But I met her, and it was that night. Me, my mom, my dad, and my two six-year-old younger brothers waited our turn to consult. We stood in the exquisite banquet hall and mingled with others, almost everyone around was a familiar face. My parents socialized with other Organizers, my brothers ran around with the other young boys, and I talked to the other Intellects—with the children of other organizers. It was more of them talking and me prowling Ronda. I studied

her every move and waited for the time my Parents crossed her path.

The panel and main consultation had ended, this was the congregation, like the end of Sunday church. The atmosphere reeked of potential. The voices were jubilant, and the laughter was savoring. As my parents ended one conversation, so did Ronda. While my friends chattered, I daftly walked to my parents. I was like a robot; I could feel it in the air that the encounter I was longing for was before me. My parents and Ronda turned toward each other and spoke and like air we breathe I appeared.

“Hi, I’m Ronda,”

“Hello, we’re the Manhattan’s, we’ve heard so much about you, welcome to Alexandria,”

“Thank You. I see I’m in the presence of history. If I’m not mistaken you guys perfected the EMP,”

“Yes, that’s us,” my father whimsically said.

“Hi I’m Lilo. Nice to meet you,” I impatiently interrupted.

My mother scolded me for interrupting, but I told her I couldn’t help it. I was a huge fan of her work, of her courage, she was my idol, and then the unspeakable happened.

“Hey, I know you,”

“Me?” I questioned.

“Yeah, you’re the girl from the green house at the Philosophy Library,”

“Oh wow, you remembered me?”

“Yeah, you pointed me to the Blue Lotus and asked me three questions before I could give you one answer, who would have thought you came from a background like this,”

“You’re from the country Uni, right?” my father asked.

“Yes, I traveled around a bit and eventually found myself in Sibir, where I perfected my research on Comet Ice and my atmosphere genetics. You see I’ll tell you like I’ve been telling everyone else, I’m going to help us conquer space, that is why I am here,”

After she said those words everything else went in one ear and out the other, I was starstruck. The conversation extinguished but not before Ronda offered my parents the opportunity to invest in her next project, but alarmingly she was greeted quite inconspicuously, without acceptance. It was true Ronda was a genius that worked her way to Alexandria, but there were so many like her here, and a political world scared of innovation. The ones who held the money feared venturing too deep into science, especially to someone as precocious as Ronda. Everyone was excited to work with her but on their own accord, IcylicM was new

and with their Patent coming from outside of Alexandria most of the Organizers carried content, my parents were probably included in that as well.

Before she left, I blankly uttered out a question, “Do you think the world would benefit from new ideas?”

“What do you mean?”

“You’re a traveler, someone not from here. How much can Alexandria benefit the world; can we help humanity?”

She gave me a confident smirk and replied “Greatly,” and walked off. The ecstasy I felt soothed me to sleep that night. Ronda was everything I dreamed of being. She was my pinnacle, something I had to reach.

I still had much work to do, but meeting Ronda ignited my engine. My studies and research vastly intensified. My dedication to bringing the world knowledge and enhancing humanities capabilities was on the horizon. My research led me to many clues but one thing I knew for sure was that I was going to need computers to make my dream come true.

While I continued my studies it would be almost another three months until my next encounter with Ronda. Although I’m not a patient person. I continued to work and my studies eventually led to me to the history of the GoC. We were taught about the time period during my years at the Institution but the documents that were held in the Libraries had more enlightening and frightening information.

That time was horrific and devastating. The effects scared the world. I knew I had matured over those nine months, because I could empathize with my elders; I understood why some felt the need to idle by. They lived in anarchy; everyman fended for themselves. Unnatural natural disasters disrupted nature, and phenomenon’s the world has never seen occurred. The only hope that brewed was Philosophy, leaders who used words and ideology to change perspectives.

Before the World Union developed and The Librarians appeared, there were four philosophers who tried to lead man. Ty Trojan, Qi Pon, Mister Mina, and Heroine. My research led me to the two eras of the GoC. There was the Blackout era—the first ten years—where philosophy reigned. Then there was the Unification era, the era where the World Union formed and when Alexandria was created—the last ten years of the GoC.

During the Blackout era Mister Mina’s philosophy had a heavy influence. She followed Compassion Psychology. Even though she was kind at times she could be deadly. However her philosophy kept many people alive. As did other philosophies including Ty Trojan, a philosophy that garnered many opposers. Ty Trojan believed in the Trojan Mindset, a mindset, a peculiar philosophy, one that sparked my interest.

Ty Trojan believed that no matter where you are and no matter who you’re with you serve a purpose. His Creation at Sea allegory was considered demoralizing, but his philosophy lived on to the next era like all the others. His explanation

of being stranded at sea but still having a purpose provided hope to many. It also raised questions about what it meant to have an impact. It brought forward the harsh reality of their situation and a mentality to conquer the fear of having no purpose.

Learning about those philosophers and philosophies granted me a greater understanding of the unpredictable times our leaders lived through. Even during the Unification eras things were still volatile. The philosophers' voice eventually stopped stretching because people needed stability. With the jarring effects of the Gulf of Creation there was also the presence of manic individuals. The most blood was shed during the Unification era.

When the Librarians contained the hazardous Gulf that procured from the abundance of radiation on the ocean floor it helped pave the way for the world union to succeed and stability to build. Ever since that Gulf—that sits west of Grassier and East of Genesis—was secured the sanity of nature returned. The gulf still remained. It resided in the middle of the pacific ocean as close as possible to the Atlantic. It was approximately sixty-seven thousand square feet. There was some sort of ambiguity around the gulf, it was abnormal, but because of that and because of the story of the three Librarians I knew it held, not only secrets to our world, but secrets to the universe.

The theory stayed between me, until the night of my first Computer presentation. Me and my fifteen classmates were split into five groups of three. I was paired with my good friends Jack and Esta, and we reported on the potential of computing software and its ability to unite the world. That day we presented in front of Librarians, Organizers, and Ronda Dorwin.

Me and my team emphasized the possibility of using virtual reality to spread information, knowledge, and ideas throughout the world. Giving everyone access to what was in Alexandria libraries, giving the world access to the forgotten knowledge during the time of the GoC. We even recognized the new-found use of robotics and artificial intelligence—which had recently transformed life through automation. Our plan was to show the board a new future, one that involved using every mind possible to bring about something miraculous. I had even tied in the philosophy of Ty Trojan and how everyone deserved a purpose, and I compared the current situation to Heroine, who had a disdain for tech with his Fittest philosophy. The most radical philosopher worth mentioning from the Blackout Era.

When the presentation had ended it was evident we rubbed the Organizers, Board Members and Librarians the wrong way. We were ostracized in the networking event and since the presentation was my idea my partners—Jack and Esta—shunned me. They returned to their dormitories while I escaped to the greenhouse.

I felt morose and embarrassed since Ronda appeared. I thought about quitting my charade and becoming like the board members. Things weren't working out and I just wanted to be assiduous, because the longer I deterred our leaders

and elders the more transient my credibility would be denied. I sat in the greenhouse in rumination, attending to a row of potatoes—the greatest vegetable in the world.

Suddenly I heard a comforting, yet assertive voice speak out to me. “Can you point me to the Blue Lotus?”

I turned impetuously toward the vocals. In that instant I remembered where I heard that question, but I had to see it for myself. It was real. My idol stood there in front of me with the same condescending smirk she gave me when she walked away from me and my family at The Organizers Consultation.

“What are you doing here?” I asked.

Ronda didn’t answer, instead she asked me a question. “Do you know why I love the Blue Lotus?” she asked me. It was a rhetorical question, something she did quite often. “It’s because of its scarcity and what it represents to me. You see this flower has been around since the beginning of time, it can represent the soul of humanity. No matter how far we go we’re creatures of evolution,”

I didn’t really know what she was talking about. I knew about the Blue Lotus, but I had read that it represented wisdom and spirituality. Ronda picked two of the flowers from the pond they resided in and handed me one while she continued to admire the other.

“Lilo, you’re brilliant like your parents, but innovative like me. Being in Alexandria for four months now has shown me that the world lacks courage, no one wants to take a risk. And do you know why that is?”

“Because they’re scared of the Gulf of Creation?”

She smiled, genuinely from cheek to cheek her perfect teeth appeared. “Precisely!” she said.

“I enjoyed your presentation, unlike those primitive mere minded leaders of yours. The way you think is similar to me. You see the danger in fear; but you also see the potential in humanity. Your ideas are a bit precocious but you possess the spurt to innovate, and involving other countries is where it starts, because many already want to invest,”

I contemplated her words carefully in fear that if I spoke her impression of me would change instantly. She conversed with me like I was her equal but still from a point of expertise. The only other person who had ever treated me like that was Pal the Wise.

Ronda began to explain how life outside of Alexandria worked. People lived modest lives, there were two types of people she said, those who wanted to move to Alexandria and then the folks who served their country. Countries still needed humanitarians, military leaders, factory workers, teachers, and any other personnel to make a society run. Those people never cared or even thought about creating software, or developing a cure for a disease, or even innovating logistics.

They didn't think it was possible for them because that is what Alexandria was for.

Due to that Ronda believed that the world's creativity and intellectuality was becoming stale. There weren't many like her outside of Alexandria, but only because they don't know they exist themselves. The people in other countries have no idea about developing theories and potential science. They don't know the Organizations; they just receive the products and live conveniently. The people were like puppets, not in the fact that they obeyed the leaders—because conflict still arose and militaries still existed—but in the fact that the leaders controlled the science, they controlled what the world used and manufactured and what ideas became reality. The idea of independent projects and creative thinking died after the GoC.

She then spoke on her home country Uni, the country of philosophy and anthropology. The people in her homeland advocated for humanitarian issues, they were concerned with keeping peace and initiating the laws and morals of the world union. They specialized in espionage because of their culture, but even still Ronda insisted everyone there was like a stooge. It wasn't just her homeland either, even in Sibir she experienced the same thing. The world relied on Alexandria so much that civilians never cared about technology and innovation. Everyone was comfortable being immutable.

She continued telling me more about herself. Her resilience to be intelligent was instilled in her by her father and her brilliance came from her mothers' genetics. She worked her whole life to get to Alexandria so that she could get around the most brilliant, wealthiest, and the most powerful. However, she was dissatisfied with the leaders and influencers' perspective on the rest of the world. They walked with cold feet, and she wanted to blaze the trail.

Ronda also lacked political equity, no one in Alexandria was going to do anything for her until she did something for them, even if she was Ronda Dorwin and helped start the Space Initiative. There were times when the egos of the elite outweighed reason and this was one of those times. She was quietly furious about it, which is why she came to speak to me. My presentation, my thinking, my inquisitiveness had caught her attention.

It was no doubt that Ronda belonged amongst the most brilliant in the world, but her Icylic and IcylicM creations were never supposed to happen in our era. Her workings with the Sinai Group were the first to have ever happened. They were the first to get a patent outside of Alexandria and have the World Union stamp their approval. It was another reason why I admired her, she had done the impossible twice; and so I thought she could do it three times.

“Lilo? Right?”

“Yes,”

“Lilo why didn't you bring up the Gulf of Creation in your presentation,”

“You saw what happened. If I brought that up, I might have been pushed

out of the program,”

“Well tell me about your opinions on the Gulf of Creation,”

“I think it might have the keys, or information to bring about perfection,”

“Perfection? Do you think we can one day be perfect?”

“Science and Computers are so why not humans?”

Ronda’s face illuminated. Her skin glowed and her face relaxed. She took off her glasses and ploddingly smiled.

“Want to know a secret?” she asked me.

“Sure,”

“I’m telling you this Lilo because I want you to work under me and potentially work with me. You and I are very similar when it comes to our progressive nature.... But the secret is that I discovered how to use comet ice and create IcylicM from the Gulf of Creation,”

“Wait what!? It’s forbidden to travel there,”

“Oh, I know, but that never stopped a pioneer, and I must tell you it’s a beautiful place. Once you get over the eccentric weather and the wild radiation it can be compared to the Galapagos Islands, but fit with microorganisms and atomic elements, with phenomena you’d never thought could occur on our planet. It is truly a wondrous place,”

“No way. I knew it,” I said quietly; triumph graced my ego, but my face never changed.

From that day on me and Ronda worked together. At first, we had different objectives, Ronda wanted to transform space travel, and I wanted to pass the secrets of knowledge and the value of information onto the world. However, we both met in the middle when it came to our thoughts on computers and robotics. Despite the honeymoon of our new relationship, there was a lot that needed to be done; research was the first task to complete.

Ronda was already obsessed and well diverse in Robotics. She created a multitude of figurines in the past. They were developed for the intent to research; using them when she traveled to the Gulf of Creation. She was a renowned physicist and well respected in the world of academia. Her development of the element Icylic from comet ice and using a mineral from the element to create IcylicM had etched her amongst the elite minds of our generation.

IcylicM was an ingenious creation. When the mineral is heated it burns with the energy of a comet creating a greater and more containable source of energy. The world was able to become more resourceful and efficiently power the planet. It wasn’t the strongest source of energy in our Universe but it was the strongest we’d ever seen. Its effects on the world is everlasting. It allowed for

new scientific ventures, space travel, robotics, and simplicity.

I was just starting my journey and it felt like I had to walk the world to catch up. Even though I had a lot to learn I had an impeccable teacher. I was also a Manhattan; my parents were a part of the first few families to be initiated into Alexandria. When Alexandria was officially accepted by the World Union as the Scientific Hub of the World in 10WCWM—ten years after the world union was created—the remaining Librarians and the World Leaders reached out to many engineers throughout the world. These were the world's smartest people, the engineers, doctors, astrologists, biologists, mathematicians; they invited the brightest people from all branches of science. The population immediately increased from ten thousand people to two hundred thousand and it now sits at four hundred thousand. My lineage was considered to be ingenious, so I felt more than capable of studying under Ronda.

From my parents' organization I was adept in electromagnetics. I was also studying to be a Librarian—a career that had the lowest acceptance rate at half of one percent. However, compared to Ronda I was still mega behind.

For six months I rummaged through documents and assays. It was tough, Ronda's mind didn't work like everyone else's and with me being the student I had to find a way to keep up. She was impressed with my precipitate learning and my Electromagnetics sagacity. My erudition of computers and philosophy grew as well. In those six months alone I learned what most could learn within two years. My level of expertise went from being an associate at my parent's company to a supervisor—a lead on projects. If I wanted to at that point in time, I could have created an EMP myself.

During those six months of intense research, we both concluded to create a satellite that would be able to connect space and earth. We wanted it to function as its own system with receivers created through photonic cells that would pick up the frequencies emitted. This device would be able to offer some knowledge to everyone anywhere in the universe; its most impressive feature would allow the radiation emitted from the device to recreate elements on the quantum scale. We called it the fourth dimension, because the device could emit invisible radiation that could create salt, form silicon, influence hormones, or almost anything that involved the chemical elements.

Ronda petitioned for the satellite because she believed it could coexist well with Icylic. Having satellites throughout the universe that had the reliability to transmit information to others would be bountiful. There would be so much the world could learn and space travel would become much safer. Her most modest reason was to decrease the amount of Galactic Roamers in the world, because with Icylic the number of Galactic Roamers would increase.

Our minds were hooked on the project and we were excited to execute. Thought without funding, the research meant nothing; so, Ronda simultaneously funded for capital. What we were doing would not have been accepted by any investors in Alexandria, especially with Ronda and someone with my experience at

the time being the lead on the project. She used alternative methods, methods she kept hidden from me, but she produced the funding we needed. They were silent investors hidden amongst the elite of Alexandria; why did they take the risk? It was simple because Ronda Dorwins name was on the project; and once again I witnessed anything is possible.

When the funding came the pressure rose. It was my first time being a part of a funded project. Since we were doing this in secret, we had a small team of five. There was me and Ronda; Ronda invited two colleagues that worked with her during her tenure with the Sinai Group, and I had brought along Jack—my classmate. Jack was a coding genius and was eager to become renowned; I knew he'd play a valuable role.

Ronda's behavior transfigured, everything felt parlous, mistakes were critical and one of her biggest pet peeves. Things had to be done particularly. When things failed, she exploded. She wanted this project done expeditiously, like she had a hidden agenda. I just assumed we had a tight deadline; I thought maybe she promised the investors a lie to get the funding. Although she seemed aggressive, she was still the most brilliant and the only one of us to have done something of magnitude. I was still game as well as everyone else because we were certain we were going to change the world.

It had been three months, and the Satellite still wasn't running. All our tests failed. The fourth dimension was too toxic and had killed most of the test subjects. The receiver and the transmuter needed a stronger conductor to compute wirelessly and the coding for the systems network was still flawed—the algorithms were corrupt.

This was a learning experience for Jack and me, but we felt optimistic. However, Ronda hated it. We were behind schedule and still had nothing to show to the investors. She had even implemented her robots to accelerate the project, but they still couldn't help us progress; some even malfunctioned during the process from being overworked.

The final straw was when we created a satellite that functioned on the ground and used a new robot as the receiver; we hoped a device that could handle more power would resolve the issues with the receiver. We figured we'd use Icylic and Lead gas to decay the radiation frequencies. The performance was once again underwhelming; the robot short circuited and the fourth dimension was still incapable of working without harming a person's biology.

Ronda needed answers, so she left Alexandria. She took her colleagues with her while me and Jack stayed behind. We couldn't leave the library since we were still in our studies. Ronda insisted that we keep testing and researching. I was a bit skeptical because the virtual intelligence lacked morals, the robots ran the risk of running rogue or exploding, the fourth dimension was deadly, and the Satellites couldn't receive or emit any x-ray frequencies through light years. We were using live test subjects along with the robots and they kept dying; I felt partly to blame because that was my specialty, but we all held blame in some fashion.

Even though things seemed dismal I still did what my mentor asked of me.

Jack and I took this time as an opportunity to prove ourselves. Our laboratory was in the basement of the Tertiary Library, an abandoned room that was two hundred square meters and far away from our classmates. The facility was granted to us by Rosa, because her and Ronda had some sort of arrangement. We had access to the finest equipment, and we had a quarantined area to perform the assays. The rest of the lab was for conducting research and creating devices that did not need to perform radiated electromagnetics.

We spent days in the lab, working, all that time in a bleak room can derail your morale. Luckily the walls were painted with historical figures and quotes roamed the space. When I needed inspiration I would roam the walls, those figures gave me grace. On those walls were the four philosophers, the previous deans, infamous Librarians, Organizers and World Union leaders. Thanks to those figures and the time we spent, me and Jack developed something revolutionary.

During our research Jack and I discovered when IcylicM reached extreme temperatures electrons within the atom miraculously decayed. IcylicM when used properly was a great mineral for providing energy, but when it reached extreme temperatures; or sublimated the chemical structure turned into a conductor. That was neat, but it was not what we needed. We needed something to enable transient computations, we needed a semi-conductor. IcylicM potential watt power was astronomical, and now we needed something that could commute that power, instead of using the ancient Silicon. The transistors we were using were a problem, not only could they not handle to mass energy from IcylicM it also couldn't convert the X-Ray light into electricity for communication. Even though the risk of the Artificial Intelligence invading the robots code was still prevalent along with the toxic radiation for the fourth dimension we figured we'd test our luck on the simplest problem—creating a new semi-conductor.

We spent months searching for an answer, when we finally developed IcylicC a crystal-like mineral that held the capabilities of being a semiconductor for the deadliest levels of electricity. Using pressure and extreme heat we were able to reform Icylic into an isotope of itself.

To experiment with the newfound isotope we implemented the transistors into Robots. The transistors used from IcylicC had an abundance of capabilities, mainly because of its unique micro crystals which allowed for the reflection of energy, which resulted in less transference. The robots with the IcylicC transistors were much more proficient than the robots that were powered by IcylicM. They were more intelligent, durable, and could even perform physical tasks effortlessly—similar to humans. This procreation could have cemented us with the world's best engineers, but we had bigger aspirations, goals that outweighed the triumph of that accomplishment.

The newly developed semi-conductor mastered powering our power station. IcylicC allowed the satellite and robotic receiver to communicate effortlessly. One of the major problems had been fixed, but we still had a long way to travel.

The radiation leakage and artificial intelligence constantly dwelled on me. Jack and I had accomplished an extraordinary exploit while we were still studying to be Librarians. In class and lectures my mind would wander to our discovery and research. Often I had pretentious thoughts about my peers and professors, I felt prestige. I was sensible to my goal, my thesis of life, coming to fruition. We just needed to iron out the rest of our problems and wait for Ronda's return.

From studying philosophy and the history of computers, I fell in love with antiquity. I thought it would be shrewd to give the Intelligences features of ancient people from ancient and modern cultures. Since I was immutable when it came to my ideals on religion, I figured adding an historical feature would ease the tension between me and my past mentor.

I relayed the thought to Jack, and he loved it. Our excitement was telepathic, I sensed the burning of his spirit. He was just like Ronda and I; he also wanted to cement his face along those walls in the Laboratory. From his reaction, my determination flew.

Until Ronda returned Jack and I became great scientists, recognized by the board as Future Organizers. At the time I was only nineteen years old, and Jack was twenty-one. Even with our young age the Library and Alexandria knew we were sophisticated in regard to science. Our work was paying off in the lab and amongst our peers, we were the top two students in our class, possible because to us, compared to our independent essay's the classwork was sterile.

We were recognized by many, leading to many organizers yearning to meet me and Jack, they were convinced we were the future. I could only thank Ronda for this, I was like a baby the way I imitated her mannerisms, but I was a student when it came to studying her perfections. Ronda was just like me, but no one knew it, no one knew just how innovative she truly was; no one knew just how far she'd go to make an experiment reality, especially one she placed her faith in.

It was another three months until we would see Ronda again. Even though me and Jack were being celebrated and our sagacity in science grew, we still lacked the brilliance and experience to complete the project. We delegated to keep IcylicC quiet until Ronda returned; we didn't necessarily know how Alexandria would receive such news. We were still young and honestly, we were unethically conducting experiments—breaking the law.

IcylicC was indeed a transformative technology. Our lab became more capable than any lab in the library—maybe any lab in Alexandria at the time—thanks to the new semiconductor. We eventually created a mini power grid that fed off IcylicM and powered the lab through IcylicC transistors. This benefited faster computing and stronger algorithms. Thanks to our new lab tech Jack's computer science would become profound. The AIs he created were exceptional and they were programmed with historical references for the code's primary language and character.

We had come far but we were still far from completing the project. The

coding was next to improve; it became exceptional. The first Intelligence we created was Simon. He was an imitation of Ty Trojan one of the infamous Philosophers from the Blackout Era. Simon could explain, in detail, a lot on the history of the GoC, the World Union, Alexandria, and the World Leaders. The code was capable of elaborating on the Trojan Mindset, but unfortunately the Intelligence still ran amok. Simon brewed trouble; the Intelligence still wasn't manageable. We couldn't understand why since we were now using IcylicC. Simon's code kept trying to break into reality, we theorized that it might be using the ostentatious energy provided by IcylicM to constantly become stronger; but we never had a solid answer.

The malfunctioning of the Intelligences wasn't the only problem either. The fourth dimension was too deadly. The gamma radiation we were using couldn't decay fast enough before it reached the user. Due to this its capabilities would cause chilling reactions, effecting the physical body, the psyche, and even deep into the atomic structure of the elements around the area. For example we were working with fish using the fourth dimension and when we applied the gamma rays all the water in their tank evaporated. The fishes' biology transformed and they were doused with toxins killing plenty of the school.

Things weren't getting much better and my patience reverted to my adolescent ways. Waiting for Ronda to return was frustrating, mainly because we had no idea where she was. She never called or sent any data for all we knew she could have been dead. The emotion that poured from me mimicked abandonment, especially since it was going on six months since her departure. The doubts of her returning occasionally flared in my mind, but I'd often remember what she said about the blue lotus. Those words were my affirmation of her return.

I vividly remember the day of her return. She had missed the summer season, and the trees of the scholar district began to evolve, following their instincts the leaves fell. The breeze and chilling temperatures brought out heavier clothing, but what stood out the most was the delirium in the air. Jack and I were still in routine, that day was like any other, we had just left our Librarian programs and delved right into our research inside the lab. At the time I was lost for inspiration so I began to roam the walls and Jack queried about my obsession.

All that time we spent together we never really knew much about each other personally, we understood our brilliance and could complete an experiment without any tension; but we didn't know the true personality of the other. We were friends, good friends before we started our experiment but I was never a good friend. I was focused on my studies, my research, I never really had time to relax and get to know people, unless we were in a lab together. I knew some things about Jack, like his fear for public speaking, just like I did Esta, but I didn't know the things a friend would know. If you asked me to surprise him on his birthday I would have had to ask the day. Though on that day we became slightly more literate of the other.

He began to ask me why I always roamed the walls. He wanted to know why I was so obsessed with history and philosophy. I told him a wise man once

told me to study it. The reason I roamed the walls was because it gave me inspiration. The more my fingers touched the flattery of the past it gave me belief; that one that I could be like them. I elaborated more on my fascination with Philosophy and the Blackout Era and how that was a fundamental point in our history. No matter how frowned upon the Philosophers were they committed and risked their lives for the advancement of the human race.

I ensued with the conversation asking Jack what his reason was for wanting to change the world. In a world like ours many people feared change, many people feared science, so I was curious about what made him like me and Ronda. Jack simply stated it was because he wanted to show the Organizers, Doctors, Intellectuals, all of Alexandria, that they do not need to control everything. He was obligated to create tech that would challenge minds and challenge the elite. It was a God given gift he said.

As the conversation continued, I would learn that Jack was the son of a Librarian and that the Libraries held secrets about the GoC—from our conversation he alluded to the Three Founding Librarians being fathomable, but I still possessed doubts. He was fixated on the past of the Librarians and wanted answers on their history. He knew by gaining access to the Libraries catalogues and secrets he could answer an everlasting question of his, which was; why did the librarians want to hide their existence and what was it they were hiding. Jack cared about changing the world, but he was different from me and Ronda, because he didn't want to be a figure, he just wanted answers. He was inquisitory.

During our conversation the lab door's lock activated. It was the first time in six months another person was at our door. When the green light on the door handle illuminated the click that followed seemed like the end of the world. When my mentor walked in I sensed the first summer breeze; she eased in with only a laptop carrier. She didn't say hello and was muttering to herself. She seemed up-keep but appeared exhausted, she plodded to a computer and sat down and continued her studies.

She immediately noticed the new software. Computing skills, algorithms, and quantum data grasped her. She was perplexed. The new robots, the satellite, and its new receiver flaunted in her eyes. She enthusiastically conducted diagnostics and was evidently flabbergasted.

“What have you guys done!?” she screamed.

I told her about IcylicC and her face became exultant. She hugged and kissed me along with Jack. She was the proudest I'd ever seen her, but we didn't know why because the project wasn't done.

“You guys, you did it! You found the missing link,”

We were still confused. Ronda went to her bag and retrieved her laptop. She opened it and began to explain our new project, HRAD. She told us she visited the GoC, again, for inspiration and learned we were going about things wrong. She told us we needed to create an Augmented platform not virtual. She explained

that the radiation toxicity and fourth dimension failure came about from using the wrong spectrum. She found a new photonic spectrum, one invisible to the eyes and hidden from any current detection system; but the spectrum could be depicted through a device with a similar process to Bluetooth. It was on the atomic spectrum, a hidden form of radiation that roamed through the universe. This was the first time she had spoken of Alpha Radiation from the Alpha Spectrum.

She said once she acquired this information, she knew they still had to problem with the receiver and transmuting such power. Thanks to Jack and I, that problem was solved. We still had more to accomplish, but since Ronda was there that didn't matter, based on her emotions I knew it was finally time for us to mount our selves in history—along the walls of our laboratory.

While we leaned into quantum theories and the newfound Alpha Spectrum, I began to understand its capabilities fluently. The Alpha Spectrum essentially existed in the past. It was a trail of the actual electromagnetic scale and if contained properly it could be articulated through human perception. Ronda had found the key to the fourth dimension. The name, however, would soon phase out when we realized the title limited its capabilities.

We continued to travail, now with a novel passion from the newfound capabilities of the Alpha Spectrum. However, when we started Ronda's colleagues never returned, Jack and I figured they'd recur but as time went on, the chances of a reunion dwindled. Like the humans we are we questioned the phenomena, but Ronda was adamant they'd requite when the time was right, a vague answer—another one of her ticks.

Since it was just the three of us left, we had to work dilligently. We still used the robots who were now more capable thanks to IcylicC and Ronda was just as brilliant as she always was. At times she seemed distracted, but it never disrupted the flow.

After months of work, we realized we had to reconfigure the project. The Alpha Waves capabilities proved to be transformative. They engulfed a person's body and mind and could emulate reality; for example, the spectrum could potentially provide a back up organ for every person, only if the spectrum was controlled correctly. The requirement to use the Alpha Waves was through Augmented technology. The Alpha Waves also produced an exponential amount of energy, quadrupling that of the Electromagnetic spectrum. They had to be maintained by their own power station, and the IcylicC transistors and semiconductors fit the mold perfectly to transmute that excessive power.

The Spectrum could become radioactive but only if its aperture decreased. We divided the spectrum into fives, with one nano stop being the deadliest, ranging from one, two, four, eight, and sixteen nano stops. The transistors and the Alpha spectrum power station had to control this, so we decided to manufacture a private network. We developed the coding and implemented the Alpha Energy amongst the satellites. We planned to change the receivers into computers and use oculus and mask for the Augmentation. The coding needed to be managed for the

historical components and to handle the Alpha Waves. The biometrics and neurology had to be perfect for the interaction with the Alpha Waves, but we had no doubt that it could be done.

I figured our new idea would have to wait for the investors approval, but Ronda said the investors shifted gears to another project. She admitted that the investors were shady and said we should tell no one about our assay. She elaborated on how IcylicM was now causing rifts amongst the World Union. Countries now wanted to become more advanced through their military and artillery. Many weapons of mass destruction had already been created with IcylicM. Even with the worlds rift Alexandria still planned to develop a simpler world with Icylic.

The board members of Alexandria however were not content. The fact that Ronda wasn't from Alexandria and developed such technology stirred fright. Sibilar became financially powerful and stronger; something that bred discernment from the other leaders. Private and untrustworthy lenders among Alexandria were now funding many projects as hidden investors. Money and ego had found its way back into society and there were investors now who wanted to help create countries, develop leaders, and patent technology. She blatantly told us they'd kill us if we told anyone and that they knew who we were.

The landscape of the world had changed because of Ronda. I thought the change was good even though people could get hurt. Our system was flawed and the silent uproar that was brewing was needed. Now all countries wanted a Ronda, they questioned Alexandria and their Organizers; they just needed the technology to coexist with their curiosity.

I never expected to experience claustrophobia from a research project. Though I kind of expected it since we were working incognito. What we were doing was illegal, we didn't have a single board members approval or an official organization behind us. I understood we had to be furtive. I wasn't scared because I was living my dream and at that time, I'd do anything to develop the Historical Revolution Augmented Database.

After six months of dedication, we were prepared to do our first human test. The project was still being completed furtively so we had to use a team member. Even though that's frowned upon in our line of work all of our test on hamsters, monkeys, and fish worked well. We even completed tests on fungi and passed every requisite. We were confident that the human test would bear similar results especially since the Intelligence was updated and more manageable with the Alpha Spectrum and Jacks updated codes.

Since HRAD relied heavily on coding and artificial intelligence in a virtual world, Jack decided he should be the first test subject since he wrote the code and had a better understanding of the unforeseen world of the platform. We completed everything on our checklist twice. The Alpha Radiation power station had been completed; it was constructed on a minute scale but emulated—and was just as powerful—as the real thing. The power station was made with metals of steel and nickel and powered with IcylicM. The Alpha Radiation was extracted from Alpha

Lithography. This light from the Alpha Spectrum was traced from a trail of Gamma Rays. The thermal energy from this trail was used and reflected by a telescope. Essentially we used gamma rays past to extract Alpha Waves ten times more frequently and used a telescope to shoot that energy through the power station and transmit it to the HRAD device.

We built HRAD on an atomic scale that could be surreal through codes and neuronics sensation. With the help of electrodes and a solution that was potassium based we created foot incubation to prevent any harmful radiation. HRAD was developed as software embedded onto a computer like device, donut shaped and all white. Its only form of connectivity was through Alpha Radiation, and the only way to experience the platform was through an Oculus attached to the Alpha Electroretinogram (AER) and its electrodes. This allowed for the Oculus to connect to HRAD and the person's central nervous system, so that they could access the benefits of Alpha Radiation.

On the day of the assay, we were all nervous. Jack seemed the most confident. Ronda was the most neurotic and I was unusually quiet. I didn't want to say anything, I just wanted to complete the project. Our findings over the past two years were extraordinary and at the time I just wanted the world to finally know paradise.