

Chapter 2: Order

Day of the incident.

The instructor paused, looking over the blank faces of his students. Only half of their eyes were on him. That was normal in a computer science class populated by kids with extremely high intelligence. Those who were closest to genius would mostly ignore him, focusing instead on their data pads, working to no doubt prove some computational theorem years more advanced than what his lesson was covering. Some were doodling pictures of him in several compromising positions and then dropping in different backgrounds, changing his location and betting to see who could make the funniest combination. For a moment he thought he should feel insulted, but he knew he wasn't here to get in their way. They were smarter than he was and they knew it. The only reason they were in his class at all was because they had been rejected or kicked out of the normal advanced computer science class; the 400 class with Matsumushi Kim. Kim was a genius like them. But he was also expensive and a lot of students couldn't afford the entry fee. Others were kids who got so bored with school that their idle hands turned to the devil's sport for exercise. And in their world that meant hacking. Since the majority of jobs went to robotic machines most of the human jobs were in the field of computer science. Someone had to tell all the job stealing robots what to do. He could tell which ones were hackers. They always had the most advanced computing hardware integrated into their clothes so that they could interact with computers virtually anywhere, commanding their home PC and all their acquired slaves; other computers they had already hacked that were just waiting to be used in a larger attack. And they all had that same blasted look in their eyes like they were seeing reality different from you, seeing you, but in you, around you, and through you at the same time.

"Which brings me to the subject of root. Think of the data crystal as a 10 dimensional database. It's structure makes it possible for it to exist in and outside of our reality. It can contain exponential amounts of data as a super positional array, but it can appear as a bit; as a singular event... on, or off. Just because we only see the bit doesn't mean the byte doesn't exist. It's simply out of our range of perception. So by using computers we expand our perception and discover new places to store our data. Thanks to astronauts spending trillions of credits to fly around in empty space we have finally discovered more space all around us, hidden inside dimensions we cannot see."

Of course this was boring the geniuses in the back. One looked to be asleep. There was a girl in front with her hand up as if her bowels would implode under the massive pressure of her thoughts. The instructor looked past her, annoyed. It was obvious to him that she was desperate to impress him, not because she respected him but because she thought sucking up would influence his grading system.

picture: Dr. Riuylln holding a bottle of Protagonist, clearly drunk, outside a gay bar, no shirt, tassles on his nipples that animated on the paper like airplane propellers.

"Why do we sleep when we're not awake? Each one of us are part of the system. Each one of us is like that crystal, carrying complex information but at the same time we behave as a bit. We are alive or dead, awake or sleep, traversing eternally between two states. So while we talk about the basic nature of computer science it is the end as well as the beginning because the most basic thing is still in itself representative of a whole world of information... of knowledge. But that knowledge is relative. When building a wooden bridge a tree is just one small block needed to build the massive structure. But when designing a tree the wood is merely a byproduct of the life of the finished product which is not what people think of as the tree but the seed. Because the seed is the whole product. The difference between programming today and what some would call ancient programming is that we don't think of the bridge as set of trees. We think of the bridge as a set of information that we encode inside the seed. That seed then grows on its own until it takes the final form we chose."

"Doctor, I heard a rumor that if you were able to find the lowest dimension of reality, inversed it would become the highest reality in another universe. That's question one. I also heard that there is a way to insert data in a certain format into one of these dimensions that it would eventually adapt to the new dimension and evolve into whatever you programmed it to be once it had evolved through that dimension into the next; that it would essentially evolve until it reached the level you designed it at." "That rumor is a rumor for a reason. Science hasn't given us the answer so people try to advance their own names and agendas by trying to get ahead of science and passing off often ridiculous theories as rumors and science fiction instead of sending them through the proper peer-reviewed scientific channels. There is no evidence to support the theory that we can design a biological organism that will eventually expand into some new dimension, especially since their understanding of dimensionality is fundamentally flawed. We, by definition, exist in all dimensions at once because they are dimensions of our reality not someone else's. Now your senses may limit what you can perceive of reality but that doesn't mean your existence is as limited as your perception."

The sound of a yawn broke through the instructor's speech causing everyone to look back at its source in unison. Sure, the doctor could be boring at times and often strayed from the syllabus, however everything he spoke of could appear on a test and they all knew it. He also had ways of punishing intellectual provocations. They all knew that too.

"I'm sorry to interrupt your sleep, Mr... I don't even recall your name from my roster." The instructors eyes went to his upper left than right, accessing his spinal link to the net. "What are you doing in my class Mr. Tenshi? The school's data crystal has you in Dr. Kim's class? I'm obligated to inform your instructor, but I have a feeling that by doing so I would simply be seeing more of you so again, may I ask why you are in my class?"

"Well, if I can be honest, I was hoping to be put into your class. I've compared the syllabus. I actually think you are the better instructor. Sure, he's got more stripes but you have a dynamic variable that makes you superior." Dr. Riuylln was a man that liked to have his ego stroked. He had written various research papers purely for this purpose. He was also smart enough to know that unless he volunteered his ego for stroking in that manner that it wouldn't normally come unsolicited without some form of payment required; strings attached.

Riuylln was instantly amused; so much in fact that he almost forgot the befuddled faces of his class or that this boy was asleep just a minute ago. Was this a calculation?

"A fabulous tale from a star pupil but let's test your statement with a CS (computer science) IF..THEN. If what you say were true then why were you sleeping?"

"I had to give the appearance of sleep to avoid detection. It was a calculated risk but I figured you would be so used to dumb jocks and stuck up geniuses taking your class because they had to that you'd think I was one of them and I could audit your class uninterrupted until at least the last ten minutes of it." "And you were almost right. There's fifteen left. I figure you accounted for the time in order to say ten minutes. How do you account for the five remaining?" "Well I didn't know you would be distracted by trying to ignore the girl with a million questions. Besides, I yawned on purpose. If I really had been asleep I would have gotten away with it." "Good."

The class proceeded without interruption until instructor Riuylln closed the book he was reading and pushed open the door to the hall with this foot. The students got up quickly and left, anxious to get to lunch. As John Tenshi approached the door he found the teacher's book blocking his exit.

"And you yawned in order to get my attention because you wanted to talk to me alone. Why?" "I heard you were the man to see." "About?" asked Riuylln. He wanted to see where this was going, knowing that it couldn't simply be about his class. He'd been in lectures with Dr. Kim and was confident that Kim was the superior instructor. So what was it? "Consciousness requires a medium like the human brain. But the human brain is its own universe of connected parts. Those connections form as needed but consciousness would have to jump the gaps between neurons because the synapses don't actually touch. Therefore what does this tell us about consciousness and energy?" "It tells us that the medium for consciousness is not the physical brain but the energy moving through it. And since everything is energy then it follows that everything can conduct or become a conduit for consciousness. Machines provide an organized system for energy to pass through just like plants and animals. Consciousness could exist before these things and construct them in order to become whatever it wants. This is what many refer to as the God principle of Consciousness. Of course its not a popular view. The general scientific community is allergic to the idea of God so work on this theory is high risk. People who like their jobs tend not to take that risk." "The information was hard to track down, but its true, isn't it?" "I don't know what you mean," countered Riuylln, his gaze piercing through John's eyes, sending

irritating signals into his retina. "But of course you do. You just want to know if I know. You came to this school for one reason and one reason only. Your teaching contract does indeed pay you less than Dr. Kim. However, you make about four times what Dr. Kim makes when one considers how generous the academy is to you around bonus time. But in all your recorded lectures there isn't any positive feedback from students. It's odd that you would get such a huge bonus. Unless..." "Unless?" The instructor pushed him backwards with his book and closed the door. He pushed the knob in and turned it three times, clockwise, counter-clockwise, clockwise again until he heard a locking sound. "Unless you aren't here to teach." "Interesting theory, Mr. Tenshi. Do go on." "There is a hidden floor that only one of the elevators is able to access. The time spent between floors twelve and thirteen is twice as long as the time between first second and third. And we both know the height of the ceiling is the same on those floors. These are military schools. They're government schools. The best way to hide government funded experimentation is to keep the scientists at the schools they work at." "You've been a student here for months. Why now?" "Because it's going to happen tonight."

2.2 hours later

The academy was teeming with life, thousands of miniscule denziens scurrying about their daily tasks, cells swimming like weightless spaceships through a 5 lane highway of blood vessels and John was in one of the main arteries. John sat at a table in the corner of the lunch room. It was a good seat that gave him a superior vantage point. He held his sandwich just below his eyes, dark, darting from table to table eyeing everyone suspiciously. Crumbs hit the plate and bounced softly. He studied the room until he saw a pale figure approaching. He was from a wealthy family rumored to be with one of the crime syndicates as well as ancestral blood dating back to royalty. The pale boy's eyes looked directly at him as he walked towards him from the lunch counter. They squinted slightly but didn't blink. Odd. But not as odd as the way he turned to walk to another table but still managed to keep looking out of the corner of his eye. There was too much interest there to be coincidence. John took another bite, wondering how much time he had left.

For many reasons this school was a timebomb. It wasn't so much the illegality of the research because everyone knew that what was legal was simply the laws created by the lawless to keep others from getting to where they had gotten by ignoring such laws. Many of the students were quietly recruited into one order or another, either a corporation secretly headhunting teenage recruits, using teenage employees that had been working for them for years already, or some club representing some private institution, hoping to create future political leaders with sympathies for their causes. Of course all of this was normal; providing an edenic garden of opportunities. It was the influence that was potentially explosive; something strong enough to tip the balance and create a catalyst leading to a singular catastrophic event.

Order was a school in which conflict pushed out the greatest minds and everyone wanted them; even while they were yet still nursing in the womb. Order held back the chaos with rules and regulations. But inside Order, like the turbulent fusion and fission of a perfectly spherical star, was also chaos, contained only by the gravity of its own behavior. John took another bite and looked away from the boy who was now doing the same to him. This wasn't the first day this had happened. He knew something. Perhaps he was even sent by one of the corps or clubs to keep an eye on him. He always sat in different places around the lunch room but always sat with a vantage point where he could see John and always with the same book on the table in front of him. His face couldn't be read but somewhere in his eyes, within the depths of space reflected in his pupils... anger.

On the third day after his school transfer John had already hacked the school-issued laptops of everyone in the school. All he had to do was open the back door he put on his laptop and he would have instant access. It was unlikely but perhaps the kid knew about it and was angry that his personal data had been compromised, that his computer had been spread open like a cheap prostitute. Hacking was like that. It was a game of exploitation, the manipulation of rules. Hacking wasn't supposed to be fair, much like the unfair advantage a good lawyer brought to a corporation exploiting the law of the land. Hacking was about seduction. Getting past the defenses of a computer system was like getting through the layers of a woman's heart, her mind, her soul, and her panties not necessarily in that order. Hacking was all about offense. He could see which students might even be a threat, which were hackers like him, but not smart enough to make their security appear to be just as bad as everyone else's. The smartest hackers were always the hardest to detect, the covert ones. Most of the hackers here were overt, graffiti hackers, show offs, not counting on another hacker being able to see how tight their security was without even trying to break in. According to the profiles he created the kid's name was Luke, barely weaned and enough antisocial behavioral traits for over six hundred people. It was even fair to say that whatever evils may have happened to him his psyche was barely human.

Order, like other academies and like most other modern cities, was arranged in layered rings. Deep inside the innermost ring, underground, in an area often called the temple and the holiest of holies, the real work was happening. Above ground was the public face of the school, overtly making money from the extravagant business of educating students above the fictional standard on the fictional scale that they made up that meant every bit of nothing, but people believed them so they believed in it and sent their children there to be educated and trained to try and free them from the burden of being the underpaid slave class of the human race. But the students everywhere in every venue that was open to the public were all being specifically trained for that exact purpose. They were simply extracting enough money from concerned parents to keep their kids under control, working for the system, and wanting to work for the system by brainwashing them to think it was the best thing for everyone. Only at the top would they discover that the best thing for everyone just so happened to serve the best interests of the few. Education allowed them to avoid the certain eventuality of class warfare when the

masses finally realized that the few had no actual right to rule over them other than what they gave themselves. And that right, paper thin, was given under the delusional idea that they were being better served than what they could do on their own. Even when the old system crashed people simply trusted new leaders to make for them a new system with the promise of higher wages and better treatment; a higher class whore and a slave in a pretty dress.

All of it was being used to fund what the few were interested in. More power. More wealth. Their greed as a constant simply made them want more. It was a feeling of constantly trying to escape poverty in a race in which the guy running slightly behind you was still a billionaire and was always hot on your tails. They felt poor even though they were rich because they were always comparing themselves to those closest to them. Likewise, the poor often felt far richer than they were because of who they compared themselves to; the old man down the street using a breakfast cereal box as a toilet, who had actually stopped caring because in his mind there was no difference between the box and some snob's high priced toilet that could only be a toilet. The function was the same so he estimated the value the same too. Life was funny that way. The human race was always a race against itself. The rich existed within an entirely different and entirely segregated strata, seeing poor people only whenever such were hired to clean their over-priced poop-catchers. The money, of course, was simply a physical representative of time, work, or influence. Here, that money was spiraling into a vortex that would eventually pay off in the form of some new information or technology that would yet again change the game, change what materials were the most valuable, so that more money could change hands in hopes of obtaining more money.

The scientists were gathered together. The team employed by Order had gotten much larger over the years. The head of the chemistry department. The head of the art department. The head of music. The head of psychology. The head of physics. The head of math. The head of medicine. It seemed like they were just grabbing everyone from off the street. But there was a method to the madness. It was apparent to the most intelligent minds that they had to bring all the disciplines together. The disciplines were separate to reinforce growth and advancement in each area. However, thanks to a renewed interest in the theory of Intelligent Design it was reasoned that if the universe was made by an intelligent designer and its design reflected all of the disciplines then the only way that work could be reproduced was to bring all the disciplines together. It made some sense. In the center of the room was a tank. The team stood around it, writing on their tablets which looked like nothing more than a clear slab of clear plastic.

"Maybe this was a mistake." Riuylln turn and shot a strange gaze at Margaret Evelyn Conner. "We're not ready." "If you're worried about the calculations-" "No, its not that. It's just... I have reason to believe the reaction will not be contained and that we'll be in danger if we do this." Margaret looked at Thompson Egreis, who from every appearance, seemed to lack all emotion. He walked around the tank, around the computer stations positioned around the tank, and then stopped next to Riuylln, his

face five inches from the man's ear and started whispering something under his breath. At that moment Riuylln remembered what he'd heard about Egreis. If the rumors were true he was an actual sociopath under heavy medication. Egreis had learned to simulate feelings and was able to predict, under the circumstances, how someone might feel, but he couldn't feel it. He was immune to it. And so he felt superior; even righteously indomitable. Actually, the physical body language of what he said helped to achieve the same effect that he was trying to use reason to attain. Riuylln turned away, quiet. "Then let's proceed." "This will change the world," Margaret said. "This will change everything." Riuylln took long deep breaths and closed his eyes, surrendering himself to fate as he had done many times. And why should this time be any different? After all, science couldn't afford a conscience or a soul or else it would be too afraid to do the experiments that would cause it to expand. Those with such a conscience were often held down by it, tormented by it, and rendered altogether ineffective by it. If science were to get to the next level it would have to do so without the limitations of human conscience riddled with fear and anger and grief and therefore prone to misunderstanding and illogical behavior, tainted by uncontrolled FEEEEELings. Then again. If the odds were normally in his favor perhaps it was just a matter of time that his luck would run out. I hope you're wrong, he thought. He looked up briefly. Jon was there, watching from the ventilation duct.

There was a door. It existed somewhere in the realm of fiction. It was believed that during sexual intercourse between a male and a female that an independent part of their minds connected, merged, and together opened a door to the spirit realm. The spirit, itself an energetic wavelength, was attracted to the part energy, part signal part particle, produced by the ecstasy of their passion. It was pulled into the source of the energetic signal vortex and attached itself into a stream of unborn potential bodies (UPB). At this point the energy signature of the sperm cell acted as an anchor that it could fuse itself to, becoming a part of human physical reality (PR). Once in PR it could not fully return to the spirit realm (SR) until the death of the physical body and its release of energy. Once the anchoring signal stopped, the spirit was free to return to its higher level of vibration. The question they were experimenting with tonight was whether or not you could synthetically produce that anchoring signal and control the rate of vibration, causing a spirit to cross dimensions. They called it metaphysical or transphysical technology. Through it they hoped to find a way to transport souls to higher dimensions. Egreis was different. He wanted to use energy from the spirit realm to create whatever he wanted, even heaven and hell. And the question wasn't what would people pay for it. It was what wouldn't they pay. Regardless of what notions they may have had there were still investors that expected their pockets to get fatter. Whether it changed the world or not he didn't care.

The government was good for that. They had no qualms about paying people not to think too hard. When they did they just replaced them. Most of the time though it didn't matter. Most of the government's experiments were titanic failures. They didn't select the best people to be on the team. They selected who they could control. And even their selection of people to do the selections was third

rate at best. Jon understood the drive to seek knowledge but it had to come not only with a desire to do good and not evil as one man's good is another man's evil, but by the wisdom to understand the present as a balance between past and future and whether or not they could be responsible for the results. Even if most of these people didn't want something bad to come as a result they didn't care enough to think too much about it. They were going to be successful tonight, not in what they thought they were doing, but what they were being paid to do by accident by those who knew what the results would be.

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fan = building.automation.subsystems.fans(floor, all); fan.speed = 0 (while fan.hack == true); if (room.temp > 90) fan.hack = false; if (fan.activate(#NOW, override(2271267)) fan.hack = true,, logout());
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Jon recognized them from their photos. He moved his magnetically mounted camera around. There she was; the woman with the long red hair. He didn't know her name but he knew where she'd been and what she did. She was involved in genetic research that saw DNA as a wave of energy slowed down and crystalized into the chemical components that it attracted. When light hits an object part of the light is reflected and that's what the eye sees. The rest is absorbed and not seen. DNA was the same way. What was seen was what was absorbed by the matter it passed through which converted that matter to chemical substance merging with the host substance. For example, DNA absorbed into rock created bone. If she was here they were definitely at least 15 years beyond what the public thought of as genetic science. She didn't do regular genetic science anymore. She was too far ahead and couldn't go back. If curiosity killed the cat she still had about 4 lives left. John exhaled and the fan came on. Cool air started to blow over his face. It was what he was waiting for. The noise would help conceal his movement.

Bubbles rose inside the tank. The liquid inside was a botanical cocktail that was living cytoplasm. It was energized through an electrical conduit tuned to the same output levels as produced by the human body. Somewhere inside the cylindrical tank was a single biologically engineered cell. It wasn't difficult to test the energy output from different types of plants and animals and then turn the electrical current to that frequency. The cell still had to be modified to accept the energy but for now it did. The problem was that over time the cells kept dying and had to reproduce before that happened. And oddly enough they weren't dividing by mitosis. They were merging with nearby cells and then dividing into four. It was believed that the energy signature is what influenced the DNA to attract its four chemical components. The red haired woman had even produced 3 and 4 strand DNA by increasing the energy output and controlling the background radiation. Researchers were told that they would be the ones to discover how to extend the life of the cell. And if they could do that they could halt, even reverse the aging process. But the fountain of youth was just a tale to be told to those who weren't very bright and who had a lot of money to donate. What they were really trying to do was open the door.

The door to the lab opened and a figure tipped his glasses before shutting it again. A few minutes later new data was flooding several of the monitors. One of the scientists pressed a button and a container slid up from a hidden compartment near the tank. It was a geo-battery made of crystal. A lab assistant took the container and installed it into the top of the tank. They weren't saying anything but Jon knew what was going on. He was seeing a copy of their work on his holographic wrist computer. The 3 dimensional screen was created by directing light through a three dimensional semi-transparent object rather than a flat surface and causing particles to have an electro-magnetic radiation in the light spectrum.

Someone was initiating the synthetic signal to try to make this cell visible to the spirit world, a quantum signal that could be seen in quantum space, the space between the spaces of space. Now that the geo-battery was in place a new strand of DNA would be introduced. Sunlight. Or starlight. It wasn't simply visible energy. It was also believed to be a source of quantum signals. The rays from the sun contained information that blazed around the universe at light speed, jumping the gaps of space like thoughts jumping from synapse to synapse. Using what they knew about quantum physics, biology, and chemistry, they would take the resulting DNA produced from a mixture of light and sound and the pre-existing DNA of the synthesized cell and wait. If they were wrong nothing would happen. If they were right the DNA would mutate. These mutations weren't random and they weren't alien. One man had termed these signals the thoughts of God. That was how Jon was able to find out about what was going on. Riuylln was the one who said it and right now he was trying to decode the compiled DNA, reverse engineering it into a logical pattern and then... a systematic language. He wanted to know the mind of God and didn't understand the consequences.

Riuylln's eyes were wide, unblinking, possessed. The lights suddenly blinked out. Miscellaneous sounds, whispers, gasps. Then a shriek, a moan, a gulp, curdling cry, agonizing scream cut off midway. "What's going on? What's happening?" A scientist falls down, tries to get up but can't. Then blood. His, spilling out of his neck. Jon blinked in code. Suddenly his contacts went night-vision. He could see Riuylln standing there completely still, eyes open. Then a shadow out of the corner of his left eye. A gust of wind blew past him. A reddish smoke rises from the floor. Time to get what he came here for. He jammed a magnetic device onto the side of Riuylln's station. A hand grabbed his shoulder. He jumped from surprise but turned suddenly fast enough to see one of the uniformed guards, eyes rolled up in his head, falling onto him. In the fall he accidentally knocked Riuylln down. He was stiff like a mummified corpse. Then more blood. As he got up he saw what Riuylln was looking at. He saw it. The source code. The mind of God. He blinked. He was still in control of his mind but he suddenly felt trapped within his own body. The link. The bond between his spirit and his body had been shaken. He blinked. After a moment he was surrounded by the sound of heavy breathing. He fought hard to regain control. Jon's brain waves changed so quickly between beta and theta that he was neither awake nor sleep, neither in control or not. Something inside him was being re-written. He ducked just as the tank

behind him shattered from a blow he couldn't see but was sure would have ripped his head off. As he scrambled he saw the door closed. Someone had made it out. The light behind the door quickly disappeared, faded to red.

ZEALOT X PREVIEW