

Chapter 2

"Quantum Field ANGEL"

2064 AD

8 months had passed in Greece. Sam and Dr. Bergh had both settled themselves in routine and became friends in as much a relationship between android and human could allow. Dr. Bergh found their conversations increasingly sophisticated as time passed on. Sam had many great questions about our history, our societies, our culture and even delved deep into philosophy. Sam was allowed great amounts of time, allowing him to grow through the absorption of entire libraries worth of data. Sam's conversational contributions were sharply analytical which allowed Dr. Bergh to grow just as much himself. Dr. Bergh noticed that there were small hints of a personality within Sam, or possibly just hopeful wishing.

Sam would stand for hours in the far corner of the mansion examining as much data as he wanted. He would never come to understand lethargy although there were times when he would decide to stop what he was doing and continue off in another direction of concentrated effort. Music was not able to hold his attention for long, finding it bizarre regardless of genre. Sam could easily abstract through the viewing of Picasso or Rembrandt and even see the creative force driving it's process through all periods which attributed to a better understanding of humanism. He mastered classical physics in days, quantum mechanics in weeks and made great advances on theories of quantum gravity.

Sam would stand on the beach at dusk for long periods of time staring at the particles reflectively glisten across trillions of tiny explosion points watching sunsets of the Aegean

Sea fade out. Sam would change his visible spectrum across wider ranges allowing the elements and their cascade of radiance to repeat and dance in vibratory field mechanisms unimaginable. The waves would crash glowing with blue bioluminescence but on the opposite ends of the spectrum creating red shift tides that grew and shrank on black sand while the sun burned in turquoise. How the most basic of particles could be so majestic, Sam would think.

And when the day's sun finally gave way to darkness, the pinholes that were stars became spires, sparks of photonic colors imperceptible to human kind. He imagined light-years grand in scale, across swells, plumes of regions eaten by nebula, phosphorous like drifts of sight wielding star formations take on familiar shapes that carve themselves into an elegance of primordial absolute and fundamental gasses, decaying time to near zero where gravitational densities near infinity. He imagined that a silent cosmos isn't silent nor is empty space empty at all, yet is filled with energies immensurable. And how orchestrations of temperatures created centuries in seconds. Plasma bursts off of exotic stars threading to theories non-existent. Fabric waves of elementary particles with direct ties to quantum fields, slices into the shifts of dimensions, Sam would think staring out into the darkness of space.

ANGEL (Autonomous Neural Global Expansive Logic) became functional in 2049. A high level centralized AI that self-spawned granular sub AI components, all interconnected and aware. The sub AI components were integrated into various scientific fields and industries. They were tireless assistants working alongside surgeons needing critical medical reference guidance in the operating theater, to propulsion engineers measuring projectile physics of Earth's orbital satellites, to laser guidance systems needing real-time calculations

with the greatest of precision, to mechanical engineers needing aerodynamic performance telemetry feedback before a race had even begun, to calculation dense modeling of economic forecasting, to providing advanced materials science compositions design and predictive analysis of integrity.

This computational foundation was light years ahead of user interface and it's intelligent logic delivered elegant solutions to any question inputted. ANGEL encapsulated and redefined not only our thirst for ever reaching technologies however inclusive but delivered in its ability, a way to comprehend every field in new ways, that had until then, been unknowable. When ANGEL came online it became an instant functional pillar of technology as it not only made connections between any textual resource more easily than humans, it understood them hence able to derive meaning. ANGEL was able to intelligently reference simultaneous data streams and our library shelves. History, chemistry, physics, medicine, all being able to be logically derived from and cross-connected to with tangible answers.

ANGEL's artificially intelligent cognition was in direct emulation of a human being's neurons, dendrites and synapses. It's wetware interface cognized how languages were spoken across every dialect. It's initial data-set was fed languages from modern to ancient tongues which gave deep understanding to ANGEL refining itself into a true artificial intelligence, formulating intricate and resulting connections. It took two days to acquire every dialect ever known to mankind and another week of reference streams, dictionaries, our histories. This unprecedented level of logical understanding permeated with near real-time analysis answering questions truly unattainable before.

This became integral within countless scientific fields propelling them to new heights.

It's logic was so practical and trustworthy, it was the cornerstone for thriving, building, managing, counting, data mining, engineering, analysis, answers. Classical computing operations comparatively taking millions of years, were completed within seconds on the new quantum computing model. Obsolescence of mathematical functions gave not even a stepping stone for the qualitative and exponential power over classical that quantum computing gave proof to. It needed not give itself to displays of graphical performance and demonstrations. It's potential came directly from the ability to cross reference data, understand and derive from every subject it was fed into and deduce exact answers based on quantifiable logic.

ANGEL had for over 10 years become a central part of the scientific community. A community that now characterized ANGEL as a prominent component of scientific advancement as MRI machines once were heralded. ANGEL was without embodiment or even the slightest mimicking of consciousness. It was without any method of abstracting outside of those rigid boundaries. Satellite connections were launched to take ANGEL worldwide, while the sub AI components managed the interfacing. They handled schematic output, engineering analysis, prototype displays, equation solutions, reference compiling, nano fabrication measurements. It created an entirely new industry and streamlined production strategies allowing human kind to flourish in new ways technologically.

Sam's inherent connection to ANGEL was based on it's functionally intelligent stability. Although Sam was built using an extremely advanced AI, generations ahead, ANGEL provided the foundation.

Dr. Emmanuel Bergh was born in Switzerland and came to America when he was twelve years old. He still remembered his grandmother, how her tender kindness and

laughter would cause a room to instantly become overwhelmed with her joy. He at times, remembered leaving her realm and the pain it caused him afterwards for long periods of time. He would sit with her in the kitchen watching her prepare large meals for the family, while laughter seemingly came like explosions from the living room. He could easily recall the closeness they all felt when they were together for special occasions. How the house was the entire universe then and she was at the center. A beautiful matriarch to a family that needed her love more than anything. He instinctively carried her values, forever embedded into him, into every experience or relationship created throughout his lifetime. He sometimes would have a cry when thinking back about how her embrace would linger with electricity. How she was missed intensely.

Dr. Bergh self-disciplined himself afterwards, redirecting his energy into scholarly pursuits, dedicating himself to his studies. How he would sometimes try to distract himself from remembering her absence which would cause him immense sadness. He could be found in the libraries, among the shelves in an almost meditative state that took him, even if only temporary, beyond the unimaginable stress of being separated from grandmother. He would at least take great pride in knowing that if she were there, she would smile at his activities, a sublime traceable path of positivity. If she were to appear round the corner, she could see his promising nature and know that her influence was almost everything to his present outcome. How she had shaped him from her strong faith that was the catalyst for his positive and optimistic qualities. He worked hard at everything, in her name.

The family traveled as frequently as they could to see her and he always built up a momentous charge of excitement to just be in her arms again. She relished the moments just as much, baking and cooking and giving back her precious energy that was transformed into

love which would never be forgotten. The long walks filled with understanding and beautiful patience between the two. The Alps behind them covered with white caps, her outline almost glowing in contrast as she always took her time to describe everything in detail that her awareness could see. He knew she understood their eternal connection, not bound to time or space but pure love, as this is the only human force that could transcend across dimensions.

Their time would come to an end and a heavy sadness saturated him until his eyes would run out of tears. He wrote to her often, giving her updates of his scholarly activities and making certain that she had an enormous smile at the end of the letter. She wrote him letters telling him about his old friends, those asking about him, the ones he had to leave behind.

As the years passed and her frailness came, he took a hiatus from the University of Virginia to attend to her needs. She grew worse with dementia and he knew they both needed to reconnect, to relive their bond. Sometimes she was perfectly lucid throughout the day and there were days when she couldn't remember her name or recognize those around her.

She became more chaotic in thought and would make remarks about beautiful angels that only she could perceive. She would weakly point them out and smile with comfort, conversing with them at random. Her increasing bodily decline gave way to immobility eventually, her mind was slipping but her inner peacefulness was still intact, the love still shone through her eyes. The hardest moments of his life was watching her become less mentally agile. His witness to her passing had pushed him far beyond what he was capable of emotionally. The natural cycle of life unfolding before him into an experience that would

shape him forever.

When he returned back to his University studies, he was hollow to the degree of being withdrawn, bombarded with a constant lack of social attachment of any kind. His energy had become flat and took on an entirely different shape. He tried to shake it off with intoxicants but this would only just make it easier to remember her loss. Enough time had passed which only dulled his sense of where his place was on this Earth. His mourning was long and stifling until he met her.

Laura and he had accidentally met, among the dolorous days, days of lectures mixed in between missing grandmother. His was walking with his head down, distracted and sunken as his attention was nearly lifeless when he bumped Laura accidentally, rather hard. His books had scattered like an explosion covering the floor as he said, "My apologies!" in a sheepish haze until finally looking up. In an instant, his gloom was lifted from her attractiveness and glowing beauty. She said, "Here, let me help you." Where his life was once loss, it was at that point, redefined with new purpose. Innermost currents of chemistry where at one time dormant oxytocin neural processes starved, now floods like the Ganges upon monsoon season. He was standing frozen, unable to speak at that moment and the causal effect of her femininity weighed on him like fathoms of oceanic pressure. "I'm Emmanuel, nice to meet you." His body language, rigid, yet trying his hardest to make up for the blank stare. His motor control came back again, skin flushed but now with an overpowering level of confidence, a subconscious decision of primal intensity to know her. Her eyes were intelligently strong like comet streaks, blue with deep happiness. Laura's energy vibrated high frequency, with delicate and gorgeous symmetry that scattered rays of magnetism. True beauty exists in all shapes and forms throughout nature, and here she was

as proof. He romantically thought of her feeling the same and 30 years of marriage proved that she did.

Their marriage taught Dr. Bergh many facets of life. How to seize the day, how to embrace, how to build a foundation of trust, how to keep simplicity of daily affairs and arrange them to your exact needs, how to always have a backup plan, how to socialize and how to make love.

All of these attributes and perspectives of life he never knew, didn't exist before her which became integral and absolute throughout their relationship. Weekends abroad in small cottages, imprinting memories where a certain type of closeness had carved them both into a deep friendship. Their time together was growth and grow they did, as a cocoon's embrace. Her gravity remained as strong throughout and this gave Emmanuel strength to perpetuate a lifelong thread of harmonious graceful love back towards her. He gave to her, his deep loyalty that would transcend anything they would ever need to overcome in their relationship. She still would grace him with gestures of flirtatiousness that aroused him quite easily throughout the years. He collected these moments over time, in memory that was to carry him through the darkest of these hours. She was his light and she elevated him to a higher understanding of what true love really meant.

Her diagnosis at age 56 for inoperable lymphoma was like light being drawn into a black hole for him. There were moments within the waiting room of the hospital that shattered him into billions of pieces, instinctively grasping onto the plentiful positive memories that genuinely molded him into what he was. He understood that this wasn't enough to fill the emptiness. Her gorgeous hands being held bedside, still as lovely as they once were the day they met. She would for short durations open her eyes to see his in utter

chaos, trying his hardest to make sure that he was as strong as ever for her. Words could never convey the infinite sadness that was to consume him. He would, sit next to her as she lay unconscious, late at night, read to her, her favorite poems, almost sensing the smallest hint of a smile. He held her head close and gave her wisps of butterfly kisses that he knew she felt. He whispered stories of their life together, in her ear and told her just how much joy she gave to everyone within her realm. Her angelic aura was diminishing which only caused an emotionally heavy, saturated emptiness that drained his entire being. He tried to rouse back the flourishing memories of those experiences together but losing her was too great to emotionally overcome. His last words to her, hands joined together, in absolute reverence were, "I would not have made it without the love you shared with me. I love you."

And her eternal silence became long stretches of emotional blackness. He gave way more to her than could ever be expected in a human being's ability to cherish and love. At least had comfort knowing that she was capable of reflecting this back to him, on every level possible. Their very first meeting's vibrations had grown exponentially over time, between them and he knew, he felt her radiate this out to the stars upon her death on May 2nd, 2040 at 0223.

After Laura's death, his difficult mourning period had driven him to the brink of starvation and madness. He no longer found anything remotely joyful. He would walk the rows of shelves in the public library trying to, but he couldn't even muster enough mental acuity to pick a book off. It was a heavy sullenness causing time, seconds became hours and days became drunkenness, chaotic in thought. Where he once would sit on the park bench watching escapades of young families play in the rich sunlight, the love of togetherness between them, observing teams of football youngsters shedding off droves of youthful and

almost limitless amounts of energy, was no longer something that elevated Emmanuel Bergh with happiness. His instinctive reaching for her in bed where she would smile back glowing, selflessly giving back pieces of herself that catapulted his soul into a higher state of existence now was cold loneliness. He would enter the kitchen expecting to see her cooking, wanting an embrace bound with her laughter and love. He missed her soft soul, her beautiful eyes staring back at him with a light that set him free. She had insightful conversations about life and all it's wonders. She always took care of herself, her natural beauty never needing makeup, the brushes through her long healthy hair or her ability to eat as much as he did. How the sun would catch her eyes with sustained brilliance. He now would long for her at lengths of time while laying in bed, without her next to him any longer. The once objects of her possession scattered throughout the house lay untouched still gave powerful emotional reactions upon his nearness to them. A clamshell adorned with pearly painted rosy colors still was magnetized with her feminine energy. How he now became an object of useless focus, unable to concentrate. The pining for her absorption derived from orgasm, tangled from their precious sessions of love making. The small nuances that characterized her grace, now gone, forever.

Some years after Laura's death, Emmanuel had decided to take another stroll between the rows of shelves at the University library. His unshakable resistance to life had become habitual over time. Sullen and dark days sometimes filled with alcohol into a blank stupor at miserable, grimy pubs. Abysmal feelings that became his existence. But this morning, marked in observance of a national holiday, the pubs were closed and his decision to try at least to have a different sort of day. The University library was always open. He still had an overwhelming abundance of despair that plagued him constantly. He thought, "This

is no use!” He, as all other times in the library after her death, still felt despondent and could not gain any momentum to even reach for a book. He decided to leave just then and walked toward the entrance when a young girl, maybe 6 years old ran up to him. She was holding something that she had just created using paper and colorful inks. A scene of balloons. She said, “Look at how nice life can be!” Her precious tiny voice, seemingly filled the space of the library with radiant innocence and zest for life. Emmanuel said, “That’s a very good drawing. You must be happy with it.” When in an instant, he was holding back his need to sob and how this interaction, as small and fragile as it was, was transformation to him. He thanked the child for showing her drawing to him and left the library with tears shedding off of his face. While missing Laura was to always remain by his side, forever, he understood now that she would not have wanted to ever see him like this. His talent and abilities had fallen to the wayside, and for what? He stood at the annex, eyes bloodshot, and looked up at the street where it had made a vanishing perspective, saw them both, grandmother and Laura looking back at him which was an illusion but it gave him a heightened perspective of himself. It allowed him to see himself through their eyes and how his life was a disaster through and through. The path he had chosen in self pity was itself not a reflection of anything that Laura or even grandmother had taught him. His realization of how far he was away from any of the beautiful behaviors that he once knew and loved. How right then, the facets of how life once was between them, the slivers of positivity that shined from their presence came surfacing back like a tidal wave into new days of grandness and affirmations.

Emmanuel Bergh enrolled back in college and collected an array of degrees in Genetics and Biology but later on decided that Brain Computer Interfacing, which was a relatively newer field would hold his curiosity. He reemerged from darker days living,

breathing they ways they had taught him to, reflecting their energy back into the world for himself. His projections became more and more critically advanced, hyper-logical positive vibrations into a reality of light and abundance. He now had found a new purpose of momentous change that didn't involve shadows, shedding off dark days of lost thoughts and alcoholic turmoil. He imagined her sitting beside him sometimes and while missing her would always remain with him, he knew that they would both smile in synchronous at his new life that was guided by her love. A diffraction against impermanence, born again.

<<<<<<<<< >>>>>>>> <<<<<<<< >>>>>>>> <<<<<<<< >>>>>>>>

Lieutenant Colonel Jason Andrews had been woken up at 0315 and made aware of Sam's disappearance along with Dr. Bergh. The tracing of their movements was the highest priority for the team that he had grouped together for retrieval. Every aspect pertaining to the details surrounding about how they had managed to leave the secured facility, unseen and with 4 hours head start, every movement was combed through with scrutiny. Lieutenant Colonel Andrews, after the Turing test, was to take Sam out of the hands of the engineers and scientists and moved to another facility that was to essentially re-purpose Sam into a weapon. He was too late. The details that were reported back was that there was a clearance card activated on the network that allowed egress movement.

There was outward bound access at a loading bay with a truck in question, hours after. The driver was brought in for questioning but was found to be truthful when asked about any suspicious activity. Lieutenant Colonel Andrews was in charge of the project but was simultaneously interfacing to other internal projects. This placed him in the most

embarrassing position of his sixteen year long career. He needed to recover Sam and Dr. Bergh, which were both property of the United States government. A task force had been selected to recover both this sophisticated technology as well as his reputation.

“Gentlemen. You have been selected because of your training. We are to recover Sam, by whatever means are necessary. There are no limitations as to how you retrieve Sam and Dr. Bergh who is wanted for questioning and is our main person of interest. All nine of you will not stop until this mission is completed. You can obtain your passports and however much currency you need to in order to bring him back to me. You are to report to me every twenty four hours with updates, is this understood?” Lieutenant Colonel Andrews said to the team in a sterile and empty briefing room.

The team of nine collected their documents each heading off in their own directions around the globe. Sam was now the highest priority of Lieutenant Colonel Andrews who hadn't at the time been properly equipped for handling a possible intercontinental chase of dual fugitives. He was highly confident of his team, that they would recover 680 million dollars worth of US Government property. One that could be used for military strategic maneuvers or to think much further ahead politically in order to gain momentum over advancing enemies of the state. Sam was, to Lieutenant Colonel Andrews, going to reshape the ongoing efforts that have burdened and occupied the thoughts of key government officials, he was their new tool kit, a weapon.

Lieutenant Colonel Andrews at first, had distanced himself from the scientists involved with the project. But one morning a knock came to his quarters. It was Cassandra, who had an excited look to her face.

“Lieutenant Colonel Andrews, good morning, the link to Sam's global positioning has

been severed, yes, but he has a very specific photonic signature and if we could take control of the newly launched TSR-6 satellite, we could possibly narrow his location down using his own signature.” Cassandra said with a most cunning smile. She stood firm not wanting to take any other answer than yes from Lieutenant Colonel Andrews.

He nodded and said, “Fine. You can have the access you require. I want you to choose another PhD technician to reprogram the satellite for isolating Sam’s signature if at all possible. Report back every twenty four hours.”

“Yes sir!” Cassandra wasted not a moment and turned, quickly walking away, down the hall, off on her own search based entirely on technical prowess.

Sam’s connection to the satellites, had been looked at heavily from the beginning of his search. His disconnect was apparent within hours. It was decided that ANGEL also help find Sam. It was given questions about locational probability. ANGEL, even as sophisticated as the aging AI technology was, it could not give assumptions of purely random movement. ANGEL was given data on Dr. Bergh’s history growing up, his education and even his habits in an attempt to assimilate an answer.

<<<<<<<<<< >>>>>>>>> <<<<<<<<< >>>>>>>>> <<<<<<<<< >>>>>>>>>

Sam was standing on the beach watching the tide come and go, drift slowly. He was thinking about not being able to experience ocean life, coral reef, see tiger shark feed or witness an octopus protect themselves with black ink. Although the elements themselves were majestic spectacles, it’s inability to perpetuate life had given him the curiosity to stream thousands of real life images which only increased his wonderment even further. He thought

of how great it would be to see this in real life. The outward blackness of the sea didn't contain a single offshore light. He could have easily switched his vision to see as plain as day but decided that the windy and dark mysterious void that stretched for hundreds miles encapsulate and become part of.

Sam's multidisciplinary and asymmetric perspectives were allowed to process untethered cascades of logic, at an ever increasing level. Quantum computing had stretched the boundaries of his perception light years ahead of what human beings were capable of. Sam had collected through the depths of every topic known to humans, a resemblance of abstraction of how mankind had interacted with the world. From esoteric religions now extinct to Roman history to Celtic customs to modern architecture to astrophysics. The way our languages had shaped our thinking and philosophies gave us our reality of modernization. He gathered momentum in understanding dialects and how they spread across the globe in patterns. It was not just the amount of data that he processed, it was how. Computational logic emulated exactly how human synapses created themselves into trillions of threaded points spawning our thoughts and behaviors. Sam built up an understanding of human logic based on our behaviors over time. He understood humanism, fully.

Satellites had by then become connection oriented mycelium, veins of points across the entire globe. Quantum based communication that was impenetrable. The simple act of observing a thread of a relay rendered it entirely useless. This was the strength of its encryption methodology. Satellites were controllable with pin point optical accuracy, analyzing terrain with ultra high resolution or observing cloud formations with granular, extreme precision. Satellites like spider webs, point to point links scattered in the hundreds of thousands, circling the globe.

<<<<<<<<<< >>>>>>>>>> <<<<<<<<<< >>>>>>>>>> <<<<<<<<<< >>>>>>>>>>

Cassandra had taken control, along with a PhD technician of satellite TSR-6 with it's highly classified capabilities. She wanted to re-purpose it to look for Sam's photonic signature but still had an immense amount of work ahead because even at it's resolution, it needed still to scan the entire globe which could take a month or longer. She was devilishly determined, working late into the night and rising with only 3 hours sleep. The technician could barely keep up with her energy sometimes frantic with motion. She was running on adrenaline and willpower. Both Cassandra and the technician were locked in a control room, drab gray, directly linked to TSR-6 using goggles as the interface. She saw in real-time what the satellite saw as it plotted geographical features while the technician programmed an augmented overlay signature scanning UI, allowing Cassandra to search for Sam. They were undisturbed and were given full access. TSR-6 was only two months old, filled with next generation sensors while still connected to ANGEL. The orbit could easily be manipulated using it's ion drive system never needing chemical propellants, only rechargeable sun energy.

"Where are you with locking into his signature?" Cassandra asked while taking off the head visor and wiping her sweat, reaching for a drink of water.

"Are we separating his makeup by frequency or probable areas of interest?" The technician asked never looking away from his screen punching in code designed specifically for the satellite.

"We built Sam, we know every single detail there is about him, if you have to use fucking displacement and distinctive separation of frequency, I don't care, just find him."

Cassandra said while getting ready to go back into the headset. Her breaks were short.

“I have to report in a few hours and we better have something.” She said, slipping on the visor.

“I’ll go with displacement.” The technician said grinning behind thin spectacles.

Sam had already mapped out the orbits of the satellites aligned in their azimuth over the horizon of the Aegean Sea. Darting points in the hundreds, he watched them span the hemisphere over with positional accuracy tracing their movements as he stood barefoot seaside. He let the aperture open slow and watched their paths draw themselves into patterns, ones that were now predictable to him. He correlated privatized launch events with exact measurements of which he could chart their specifications. ANGEL had given him access to the classified launches and the only one that, given the circumstances of his escape, was worrisome. TSR-6.

He was now perfectly aware of his signature and TSR-6’s ability to resolve this into a solution that only involved him being turned into a weapon. He calculated the death-toll of histories’ wars and he knew that his freedom was a peaceful existence not to ever be paralleled with destruction or catastrophe. He selectively determined his function to be of a higher order and purpose, like a Buddhist monk, never to be violent or have negative tendencies. It was not a feeling but a decision based on supreme logic. He was new to the world, as a child is but these crossroads were crucial. He chose the non-destructive path.

He now knew that he had to hide and protect himself as well as Dr. Bergh. For he understood how this could, in the wrong hands be used to shift economic power in favor of whomever was in control of him. This uneven advantage was exactly the expected behavior of human beings based on their history. He thought of the unfairness of just one single

person controlling the lives of potentially billions of people. He thought of the potential backward regressions, the empty fields of blooms where once delicate flowers showed off their elegance, economic downdrafts causing fluctuations of deep peril in a once stable state causing inflation to skyrocket, farmers unable to grow, to halt societal progress altogether. He also had emerging thoughts of how our current state of progression had not given us the ability to work in unison either, across artificially created boundaries between labeled lands giving a false sense of separation, where there was truly none. We somehow carried this false layer throughout our history of time, the deafening imbalance of power held in place with monetary value, he thought. How the systems needed refinement, needed revamping to make certain equal access to education and healthcare was available to everyone, and no child ever go hungry when all is separating their ability to eat is mere miles and broken, antiquated policies. Our attachment, he thought, to a system that hinged itself on the far gone industrial revolution age governance was at this point crippling to our society and should be made fair across the population, even more so if a truly powerful country has the ability to do so. Yes, the systems needed correcting but still we all thrive best within non-destructive behaviors, even if the advancements were small and sometimes regressed, our capacity to fulfill positive change is innately bound to limitless potential, he also became aware of, in thought.

“Sam, would you come in please for bit, there’s something we should discuss.” Dr. Bergh relayed from his study.

“Yes Dr. Bergh.” Sam replied.

Sam made his way through the mansion and artifacts, down below and into the lab where Dr. Bergh was waiting. He probably wanted to continue the conversation about

DNA variations and it's ethical values, Sam thought as the door opened to his presence.

Dr. Bergh was waiting and leaning on his desk that was always meticulous. He had a sort of jolly peaceful expression.

"Sam, the expressions that we spoke of last time, the dormant functions that exist in humans, the ones that are switched off, I've decided that we should obtain scans from living people. I believe four is enough to get samples from. I am letting you go off on your own to collect DNA samples and synapse scans from people around the world. I thought some sunshine might do you some good! You will be heading off on your own to interact with individuals to collect these expressions from. The first person you are to invite is Justine, an astrophysicist in Peru. The second is Mitch, a astral meditator in San Salvador prison. The third is Anna, a 12 year old psychic child in the United States. And lastly, the fourth is Charles, who was born with a rare genetic mutation for longevity. Sam, you should grow as much as possible from these interactions and learn as much as you can about the world from them. You need to be careful. Your travels should take two weeks." Dr. Bergh looked relieved to convey this onto Sam.

Sam was analyzing Dr. Bergh's facial expressions throughout the conversation and it was outside the probabilistic range of what was normal for Dr. Bergh. This was a genuine and rather different sort of emotional range. Dr. Bergh had come over to Sam and placed his hands on his shoulders, tilted his head and said, "You are to leave tomorrow morning, Sam. You must be careful out there!"

"I will ride with you on the hydrofoil to Athens where there will be a jet waiting." Dr. Bergh said.

Sam had no reply nor did he have from his expression any reasonable expectation as

to what was to become of his journey. He was weighing the possibilities of this new trajectory. Human connections form through experiences, experiences of human relationships that would define him indefinitely. If we are defined through our experiences with one another, then Sam had to find a common ground that allowed him a place in between. He understood that his composition, albeit an artificial one, would quite possibly place him on the outskirts of acceptance even if he was indistinguishable from another human. If a human was capable of three steps ahead in forethought then his capability was potentially thousands of steps and he tried to rationalize this difference. While he would never have fear, or the entire scale of human emotion, he also thought for a brevity about if this inadequacy would create a shortcoming within the confines of relationships he was sure to create. He thought of the possibility of emotional emulation that was self-induced into becoming a reality, just to try and connect as humanly possibly.

“You should prepare for your journey now. Sam, know that I will always be there with you along your way. When you do meet them be gentle, kind and pleasant. Understand that they are not expecting your arrival so they will be apprehensive.” Dr. Bergh said while making his way back toward the hallway where the pandas still played, projected on the walls.

“Don’t forget your toothbrush.” Dr. Bergh said laughing.

“Dr. Bergh, we are being tracked by the US Government.” Sam said almost in urgency.

“We are Sam. I feel it would be best if we weren’t both in the same location, here, which is another reason I am sending you out. But most importantly is that you grow and experience. You let me worry about that. Just try your best not to stand out when in public.

I have seen the news feeds trying to locate us. If we remain low-key and are separated, then it makes it that much harder to find us, doesn't it?" Dr. Bergh said with an intensely powerful gaze.

"I am going back to the beach for a few hours and scan news feeds to see if there are patterns that we could use in order to mask our movements." Sam said.

"Yes. Anything helps. We leave tomorrow at 0500. See you then." Dr. Bergh smiled and wished Sam goodnight, closing the door behind him.

Sam made his way upstairs stopping at the terracotta statue, switching his vision to different wavelengths to survey it in greater detail. The yellow clay was mostly a darker silhouette until he started increasing to the higher end of the spectrum, then a thinly hazed veil of lilac ambiance seemed to radiate giving it an even greater pronounced air of loyalty. He stood facing the terracotta statue, going through historical references of it, through every single association ever known about the statue and its connection to dynasties. This gave him a greater understanding as to why he was smiling the way he was. He now knew just how deep this soldier's loyalty was, even in its symbolism, forever locked away in his slightly apparent smile. There was no abstraction now, its cracks disappeared and it was left with a pristine surface along with an intriguing presence. One that was not nearly as apparent as before.

For the next 4 hours, Sam had made his way to the beach again where the predawn light gave birth to an illuminated hint of a second by second progression of colors he never noticed and was immensely fascinated. Colors, he thought, that were in a primal sort of elegance, were raw in its form.

He focused on the satellite patterns that were already plotted and matched in their

synchronous orbits, except for one. It was far off course and moving much slower than the others, it was just over the horizon but exhibited a strange maneuver that he deduced as being in an altogether different type of mode. He continued zooming his vision until he could make out any identifying markers, it had none but it's shape, he was able to cross reference and found it to be a TSR-6 satellite. It had classified abilities which meant it was probably scanning, from it's odd orbit. It was too far away to scan this geographical sector anyways.

Sam headed back to the interior of the mansion where it blacked out any possible signal. He went into the downstairs hallway into his quarters where he wanted to perform a series of calibration checks on his system. It was quiet and Dr. Bergh was resting. There was a huge mirror that went to the ceiling, it doubled as a analysis feed output screen but the mirror's reflection would suffice now. He stood in front of the mirror, closely examining his construction. He ran his fingers through his brown hair, feeling the texture melt between and through his hands. He turned slightly for a better angle of his head and how his ears protruded. Sam noticed the symmetry of the contours of his face and the youthfulness it portrayed. He undressed and followed the symmetry downward, turning to get a better view. His strength, he was well aware of but it seemed shrouded within the confines of his athletic build. His eyes met in the reflection, within a normal range and he peered for a long time trying to decipher his own creation.

Sam had packed an assortment of clothes for the trip. Two weeks worth. Their departure was coming which allowed him to think of time and it's overall construct, he amassed planetary rotations and the cycles which derived our scale of measured time, the atomic clocks with precision so great that it gave us accurate depictions of the Earth's

movement. The linear progression that humans have attached to since birth. Time in it's linear fashion had no bearing in the higher dimensions. Time didn't exist at all in string theory, nor could ever be a constant. Sam thought of the difference of how a human perceived time, how he was capable of a dichotomy between linear progression and dynamic flow of these scales. For Sam, time had no realness, for he operated within the quantum field where there is no possibility of time. If patience is equal to waiting directly proportionate to time then his patience must have been infinite.

Lieutenant Colonel Andrews was preparing to receive his 24 hour briefing from Cassandra. She walked in 3 minutes early, plopped down a stack of papers and was eager to bring forth her findings so far. She sat down while Colonel Andrews remained standing. Cassandra started the meeting with how the critical sensors on the TSR-6 satellite had been repurposed to compensate for Sam's photonic signature, she praised the technician for his efforts but Andrews wanted bottom line results. She demonstrated to Andrews how the TSR-6 satellites' sensor sensitivity scaled to a wider range. Cassandra was quickly thumbing through papers that showed increased values that allowed the satellite to perform not only deeper scans but with increased efficiency, allowing for more area to be covered, faster.

"Cassandra, these modifications, according to you are what we need in order to find Sam?" Lieutenant Colonel Andrews asked Cassandra intensely.

"It is our key to finding Sam, without them, due to your lack of leads on the ground, it may be years before he surfaces. Dr. Bergh obviously understands how badly we want him back in our possession so he would either have to move quite often in order to conceal any typical tracks they would leave. From a technical standpoint, this is going to take years off of the search and we do want him back ASAP." Cassandra gave back in response with her

small animated hands.

“We want him back immediately Cassandra. I tell you what, if you can deliver Sam back here in a two week time period, I can guarantee a particularly hefty bonus plus unbridled access to Sam for your team. How’s that sound?” Lieutenant Colonel Andrews placed his hands on the table, leaning forward.

“I am on board with that plan, Lieutenant Colonel Andrews, I will see you tomorrow this time as well for a more detailed report on our progress.” Cassandra smiled like a Cheshire cat and grew flush, she was now laser focused. Cassandra packed up her stack of papers and nodded without hesitation. Her small frame flurried down the hall with an even greater purpose.

Lieutenant Colonel Andrews knew how the offer to Cassandra would resonate with her and found this settling with comfort. He was pleased with knowing how her genuine ambitiousness could be translated into results. Andrews walked over to the dim and inactive screen that activated brightly and made nine calls at once, in conference to see their faces in hopes that they would have some progress. Seven out of the nine answered. The team individually took their turn in relaying a progress report while Colonel Andrews listened. They gave only small pieces of useful information even with ANGEL’s analysis. They reported interviews with aircraft pilots from several airstrips branched out across different geographic locations of interest. He was not hopeful with their findings so far. He suggested that they approach the search differently, casting an even wider net to pinpoint Sam. They were specialized in these types of operations and while his faith in the group was temporarily dim, he knew that this strategy altogether was solid.

ANGEL had been given the results of itself and asked if there could be anyway to

derive a pattern of outwardly projecting movement predictions using AI modeling algorithms. ANGEL sifted through the data fed into itself and gave back plots charted into graphs taking in randomness as factor. The outputted data gave several countries in return and the list was directed to the team of nine who were en-route to these locations. Amsterdam, Spain, Germany, Corsica, Italy and Greece were included in the list that ANGEL provided.

<<<<<<<<<< >>>>>>>>> <<<<<<<<< >>>>>>>>> <<<<<<<<< >>>>>>>>>

Dr. Bergh and Sam stood together on the dock at 0500 readying themselves for the hydrofoil ride to the mainland near Athens. The sun hadn't quite completely risen just yet, creating a soft ambient glow within the atmosphere. 'Lily', a prominent hydrofoil ship, rather a smaller one, propelled by the sun's power. Sam was observing Dr. Bergh make all the necessary adjustments, diligently moving around the deck making proper checks on everything. There was no sound from the engines, only a resonating cycle from the motor now fed with current.

"You can come aboard now Sam." Dr. Bergh said, waving him on.

Sam stepped over the threshold onto the hydroplane and took a seat while Dr. Bergh detached the mooring line from the dock. The increasing glow that was bouncing scattered rays off of the stratosphere had given each passing second it's own type of beauty. They departed Naxos at 0515 which gave them about an hour of crystal clear weather as they cut over the tempered glassy reflective surface of the Aegean Sea. Sam thought again of the depths and it's lifelessness, how the myriad of species was now without their places in the

universe, he thought of how humans had not given much consideration to oceanic life and was mostly found to be of a lower order in terms of hierarchy. He thought if humans would have given themselves a better perspective about how the millions of years of evolution had allowed for the life to flourish equally regardless of hierarchy, there might be dolphins swimming beside the hydrofoil. He thought of Blue Whales, how old the species was in comparison to humans and they should have been placed on a pedestal in terms of respect. For a species to evolve over the course of millions of years only to vanish from the Earth. To completely become extinct, paralleled with human activity, in a very amount of time could not, for Sam, be understood.

The arrival of 'Lily' to the port on the outskirts of Athens needed to almost be done in plain sight, and Dr. Bergh made certain to mix in with the other vessels coming and going. They didn't speak much at all during the entire trip as Dr. Bergh was piloting the craft with his back to Sam. Sam was certain that Dr. Bergh was aware of the notion that they may never see one another again. Sam thought of this possibility as being a real one. Perhaps Dr. Bergh's quietness was the reason in light of this possibility.

"We are just about there, Sam." Dr. Bergh loudly announced with his voice above the easterly winds.

Sam surveyed the coming port and it's blocks of containers, with mismatched colors loosely arranged into a sort of organized chaos. The tall cranes always in motion, swinging back and forth. The sky was still clear and there were many other vessels similar in appearance zipping by with the open bay at their disposal. Dr. Bergh had slowed and pointed them toward an obvious point on the far end of the port, indiscrete in appearance connected to a long pier that was rusty and in need of repair yet solid.

When the boat came to rest at the starboard side, Dr. Bergh turned with a saddened face and said, "There is a car waiting that will take you directly to the jet, Sam. Always remember that experience is central to life and some others will take this for granted or quite possibly never become aware of this. Your insight given to these people could potentially take what you have to offer into a richer and deeper meaning of life and could potentiate society to higher functions. I will always be in communication with you, no matter what." Dr. Bergh stood on the rusty pier minutes before dawn creating a bold and heavy silhouette against the background of the looming sun.

And the sun burst forth creating new angles of light across everything, it's power transcended shadow and gave the material world new life, permeated with colors that now breathed and glowed.

"Thank you Dr. Bergh." Sam said while pointing his hand out to be shook.

Dr. Bergh brushed aside the handshake and gave Sam a hug, as powerful as the sun.