

The Round

1.

Jackson was late, he meant to be late...this meeting was not going to be pleasant. How could he do it, how could he hold his tongue? He had no choice. Jackson twists the knob and enters the room. The general is annoyed: "Oh, so our resident geneticist has decided to grace us with his presence...how fortunate for us. Sit, you have not missed the show." The general was terse, and Jackson was getting sick. Jackson could not let on. He understood it all, every bit of it, and he was the only one. He felt like he was about to burst from the strain.

The general began. "Gentlemen, here is footage we captured with a drone. If you ever doubted the worth of our goal, take a look. This is what we are fighting. A genetic weapon is the only choice. Clean and targeted. We are close, and I want to show you why we must persist...why we must work quickly, and find out how to isolate the genes which identify these savages, so we can right this situation, and be rid of them. Take a look."

Jackson braced himself, he knew what was coming, and up until he found out, hell, even two months ago, this would have affected him just as it is sure to affect the others in the project. The scientists needed constant reason to violate every ethical standard which existed, and the military was always ready to step up to the plate, and hand out more.

The drone was probably a mechanical insect, and hovered over the scene, unseen in plain sight. A mechanical voice translated the foreign languages in a eerie flat contrast to the activities being presented:

A man drags them into the room, a woman and a child. "Spy and rat! Kneel, bitch!" The men circle her, and a wry chuckle fills the air. A large man places his rifle carefully down and approaches her, in a poised and graceful way he approaches her. She is standing. He looks into her eyes, and smiles. A ruse, for the silence is soon broken. He hammers down into her —A sudden kick folds her delicate leg against the knee, and she crumples. The child begins to cry. "Shut up rat! This little disobedient scrap of turd is mine now, isn't it, isn't it, you worthless whore...look at me!" And he takes the child, holding it out by the hand, it tugs and jerks against gravity... and fear. "Look woman, and see who owns what." And the knife is unsheathed, and pressed against the small wrist. A sudden whipping jerk, and the body is freed from the hand, dropping to earth, spurting blood in time with a stuttering rapid heart. The child is picked up by the small foot, and its head whipped into a desk, shattered and dripping, pink and grey tissue leaking from crushed bone. The woman is going into shock. The men chuckle, share a warm smirk and inhale as one mind, circle closer, and he speaks: "Yes, we have earned this. Let us take time, and slowly enjoy, what is ours. How we have struggled, and under the eye of God...this is ours." Two men take her frail arms, three more gather to control both the sound and broken lower limbs, and in a groan of collective wonder and anticipation, her coverings are torn free, and all stare. He approaches her, to touch, and

heighten his need...so he may begin.

Jackson watches the other scientists. It is working, their reactions are turned on as keys struck on a piano. Whatever guilt, higher ethical analysis or intelligence they possessed upon entering the room, was gone, and sure hard eyes filled with hatred replace all doubt. The team was again a team, doubt burned away and replaced with unthinking conviction. It worked. Jackson was alone, for he was the only one who knew: why.

Jackson had done it. He had unriddled the knot, untied the hidden joke, the dark essence was no longer dark anymore, of humanity, Jackson knew: why. In this...he was alone. Now it all made sense.

He was in the lab, attempting to isolate a specific genetic marker to which a gene drive containing instructions to activate the process of cellular apostasy would be attached, giving instructions to every cell in the body to simply stop living...when he spotted it. Proof. Proof of what he suspected for years: All of humanity was insane, mad, and now, he understood it—exactly. He knew why.

He had always been different. Medication his mother was prescribed during his gestation had altered him, and all his life he could see them, the scenes, so hideous and disturbing, scenes of unbelievable violence and mad hatred. He soon learned to keep the knowledge to himself, but always knew, as he observed the other children and adults, that they too were under the sway of these same hideous images...but were completely unaware. In college, he learned the basics, that these ideas should be unconscious, but somehow for him, they were not. Jackson had learned: These hideous scenes were memories. Memories from human history. Now, he had uncovered their source. They were encoded into DNA itself. All of humanity was mad, crazed and filled with fear and reaction, insane and foolish beyond measure, for the tortured memories encoded into their very genes. These scenes of fear and hatred, mutilation, grotesque violence and sexuality, consumed nearly all the energy in the mind, and to keep them from view consumed the rest. The remaining trickle of human potential, was dim... all but extinguished. This is why, humankind is so very dull, mindless and obedient, so deeply mad, reflexive in its submission, killing itself with wars, competition and hatred, violence and blissful dreams of self-extermination. History is within us, and history...is mad. So are we, but blots of error, brought to fruition in each torn moment. The roots of human achievement are bound fast, nourished in a timeless sea of fear and blood: memory. Jackson knew a forbidden truth: All his patriotic compatriots are exactly as sick as those they wished to eliminate. Humanity is quite entirely...insane.

2.

Now he was sure. Sure of why, and doubly sure...something had to be done about it. He could not allow it, could not participate in a plan to wipe out an entire race of humans, after all, one could not distinguish the race cleanly from any other, and genetically all shared the same root. Victory of the right hand over the left is victory as an imbecile understands it, and all of mankind was imbecilic. Patriotism. Nationalism. Idiocy.

Historical retardation if you will. He could fix it. Yes he could!

He turned on the television. Starvation in one corner of the globe, food dumped into landfills in another, money withheld from the needy and worthy, and given to gain stupid luxury, as millions suffered for want of pennies—Science used to design weapons—Heads placed upon spikes in the Middle East, threats of death from Russia toward its neighbors—Israel killing its neighbors, its neighbors killing Israel, US policy supporting governments which should be placed in prison, and he watched, and wept. Not one human...was sane. The race of man...was mad. Jackson, would repair this thing. He would fix it.

The idea came to him over breakfast. He would use the government research facility and distributional launch system, to save the world. He would use the very system designed to kill ... to heal.

Over the next weeks, Jackson worked, and prepared the genetic sequences for a new gene drive which would affect all humans. Only humans. This was a specific genetic assessment, a target most sure. There is after all, only one race of humans, the race of man. How sick are all who believe otherwise. This...he could cure. He would encode the beam to match DNA's resonant frequency, and produce the vortices which would transfer the information, and reshape the human encoding. But instead of giving instructions to sicken and kill an enemy, he would send into each and every human living, a set of genetic instructions, which would suppress the awakening of the ancient memories.

Jackson spent the night preparing the equations and information...the genetic mathematical matrices were encoded with the new instructions. He would harm no one. He would simply place the memories of pain and violence, submission, reflexive worship and crazed hatred, in a quiet place, and allow them to remain dormant. He would put the tortured pain and sickness of human history...to sleep.

No one questioned him. He was the foremost expert, and all simply let him do his job. Soon, the instructions were encoded, and Jackson...pressed the button...and changed the world.

3.

Of course, as is plainly known, the governments of the world are all, without exception, deeply covert criminal organizations, and have drones spying on all citizens...both within their borders and abroad. We have intercepted all surveillance. Jackson could watch it all. The beam bounced off the ionosphere, and using the government's highly illegal technology, was spread across the entire globe, its effects visible in but hours. Jackson, had done it. He had saved the world.

Lunatic idiots, blustering nationalist fools and crazed killers, rude, stupid politicians and worthless diseased souls from all corners of the globe were frozen, confused. Machetes

were dropped into the sand, guns were tossed into the dirt, and for the first time in all of human history...this stupid hollow race, displayed its very first sign of worth, the very first signal that humanity may, possibly, have what was previously an unthinkable quality... intelligence. The idiot race, had finally opened its eyes. Mankind, for the first time in all of history, showed a new trait: value. Caring. This...was entirely new. Jackson had done it.

Mothers cared for their children rather than letting them suffer in indifference. Fathers became kind. Killers looked into the eyes of their victims, and felt. Politicians, contemplated...helping. This... was new. The rich...began...to care. To care! For the first time in human history...human kind, was not worthless and ill. Humanity, was no longer sub-imbecilic, stupid and mad.

Mankind, was no longer insane.

Jackson, would now collect the pieces, and build a new world...a world of value, caring, health, trust and worth. Nothing, was the same. Nothing. The situation was entirely new: Humankind, had value.

3.

Rather than pry pennies from the eyes of the dead, rather than leaving its children to be beaten and raped for money, rather than allowing the hungry to suffer, rather than enjoying the exploitation of others in sadistic pleasure, rather than placing greed and money before human profit, rather than behaving as rabid animals undeserving of life...mankind had worth. Docile, worthy, calm and hungry for learning, all people behaved in no way as people, but instead, behaved as intelligent beings. People demonstrated: Caring. Nothing was the same. All covert, government criminal agencies withered. Even the most uneducated and humble soul was revealed as hyper-intelligent, once the ugly cancer of human history was wiped away. Now...all things were possible.

Jackson began to tend the innocent child race of man. As sweet flowers as yet uncut were they, so warm and loving. People heard his words, and knew the wisdom in them. "For we may care and nurture each other and this world. Each leaf and blade of grass is sacred as are you. Let us hold each other and this world in tender hands, and care for all things. In love we may provide for all, for there is bounty enough for each mouth. Let us plan and procreate wisely, and find, each breath of silver air, is pure, and all the world is cleansed and right in this new day. For in caring we may be full, and reborn, under a new sun are we. At last, our pure star has risen."

4.

And the age of gold and light was born. In each human heart, a new music formed, words sounding out as sparkling liquid, bright and pure as the clear waters of cool hope, life's singing stream did nourish and sustain our race. So quiet and soft is the sound, of tender hope, once whispered into a new horizon...to awaken the sun. And as one race we

did flourish, hands pressed together, in hope and sweet caring, did we step upon new earth, and find at last: hope. For hope was never cast out, but is found, lurking always within. Cruelty and bluster, dominance and greed, obscured this thing, and now, the most subtle and bashful tones did caress the shores of time, and reveal the true voice of mankind, in deed and song...for each act of warmth, is but a song, sweet sound purring and warm, drawn as golden butter melts, held sweetly spooned in the cup of time's palm. Each second is precious and warm, full and sweet, pressed from the heart of caring is Hope, sweet, made real as light and warmth, so smooth and full is the heart which beats together with its kin, and holds in its breast, the world. And in hope, we gaze, upon a sight, at last...real, full and right. So is the promise of man, a cool shadow hidden under heat and shattered stain. So sweet and cool, is hope, before all old broken worlds.

No longer raped and beaten, no longer enraptured with bluster and power, no longer sickened to stupid madness by the poison of its own history; in kindness and inner strength, in intelligence and caring: Mankind was saved.

5.

The day was bright and sunny, and all the world was at peace, or so it appeared. A year had passed, and the world was a better place. Although the memories from the ugly broken history of mankind were still there within the genes of each living human, they were dormant. Human history, would never again, destroy, stupefy and disgrace, the human present.

Jane Norcom was a mother, not that she noticed. She was retarded. Raped some three years past by a deeply stupid hospital worker, her son meant nothing to her. His suffering, did not even register. "Hey Reggie, be quiet. Shut up!" Reggie was always complaining about her new boyfriend, who did not care a bit for him, and she was sick of hearing it. She had taken to locking Reggie in his room to shut him up. For the third week straight, he was shut in for the entire day, so Jane could enjoy herself, and would not have to hear. Reggie, was not pleased. He wept, and wept. Jane shut the door, and forgot him...again. Better. No more crying. Frank arrived, and began to paw her breasts. She loved Frank, it felt so good when he touched her. Reggie could wait...who cares. Frank's here! She could still hear Reggie crying from the other room. "Reggie, shut up!" Jane wanted sex, she wanted to feel good, and Reggie could go to hell. Jane, was retarded.

As Reggie wept, he became more and more upset. Week after week of being ignored, had created a strange effect within him, a sort of cascade built up, his tears became more and more intense, his cries ever greater and greater, his chest pumping in trapped anguish, unrelenting was his pain...for he was alone. Suddenly, his anguish and tears grew beyond his ability to even express, as a sort of river bursting its very banks was his pain, pain coursing through him, pounding, relentless and unbearable...so afraid and alone was he. He began to choke upon his own tears, and his frustration built to madness. Suddenly, the tears stopped. Reggie, was no longer alone, he had awoken something most ancient, a memory to keep him company...Reggie had awoken...the past.

Now, his tears... stopped. He felt the power of the ages driving through his veins, the rage of countless generations coursed through his tattered soul, and filled him with power and potency. All of human sickness and vile hatred, did strengthen him, and fill him. Reggie looked around himself, thought of his worthless idiot mother, his weak placid classmates in school, the weak kindly teachers, and all the other passive fools he knew, and understood, he was above them, twice potent was he. Reggie, was a God. The strength and madness of a thousand, thousand years was his!

He kicked the bedroom lock open, walked out the front door, and headed for the playground. His classmates were there. The potent hatred of all eternity, scenes of cutting and brutal death, filled his young mind, and he...was affirmed. His eyes shown and sparkled in potent stupidity, and he approached the playground, glands pumping, now possessed of the physical strength of ten ordinary happy young boys, so unbalanced and ill was he. Reggie, was a god.

"Stuart!" And Stuart did look up, to behold...a god. Reggie gleamed with hatred and power, so stupid and sick was he, his tears dry, his eyes ready to see, and kill, in pleasure. "Stuart, give me that!" Reggie pointed to his lunch, and his toy car. "No Reggie, those are mine." And Reggie took his hard fist, and struck his friend straight and true, hitting his squirming mouth, splitting the tongue and snapping the jaw closed. A hand reaches out, and closes around the soft throat, to crush it, and kill. Reggie felt more pleasure, than he had in all of life! It is good to hurt, oh...so good! Stuart was choking, funny and weak was he! Reggie released the pitiful weak thing, so he could enjoy hurting it. "Stuart, your pockets, turn them inside out and give me what is in them! NOW! Do it!" And Stuart did obey. Reggie, was a god. Now privy to the foul nourishment and potency in history's broken coffers, he was the most stupid, and the most potent being living...Reggie, was a man.

6.

But few years did pass. All were as sheep before him. Reggie, had found his place on Earth. There was no doubt...Reggie was to rule this ugly place, cut it open, drink its blood, and crush it. Soon, he had crafted the speeches and as the twenty year old bastard of a retarded fool, he was well equipped to believe himself a god, for he was that...a god of the most potent disgrace. Reggie, was a man. He walks up to the microphone, eyes sparkling in madness and hatred, the teeming sight drunk in to fill them, the crowd spread before him, seduced and thirsty for him, this soul of spittle drunk deeply down, into the hollow places, to poison them. His body vibrating in hatred and foolish pride, his words as slick spittle to be swallowed down into dumb mouths, and allowed to settle into the heart, and corrupt it. Bluster and insignificance rise up, and aggrandize all horrid appetites, to capture them and breathe light and hope into sickness...so he may control...all things.

"Look! Look and know, we are not fools! We will not swallow down this disgrace! Who has taken happiness from us? They have! What have the poor from this distant

shore given us but burden? They disgrace and hate us...they are too cowardly to admit it, but we are not too blind to see! They restrict us, and do not respect us! Disrespect! We deserve more! We are better! Why do we have too little? Because they do not respect us...it is them, clearly enough...they have too much! Feel the power in our numbers, feel the righteous cause under our wings! We are eagles, with talons, and they had best not continue on! Feel the power in your breasts! Rise up with me and let us take what is ours...let us snatch it from weak undeserving hands, for they have stolen from us...they have no right to what is ours!...we deserve more, we are more worthy...we are different, better, stronger, are we not? Are you not?...Are you weak, this thief has taken, stolen from us, taken, life taken from the better by the weaker, will you permit it??" The crowd bellows, for he has awoken the past in their hearts, and now, they glow with power and potent hatred, alive and vibrating, the ugliest note shrieks and shatters the air, the deepest ancient heart of the human equation sounds out, and as a god...he might know, and expect but one thing: worship. History is filled with gods. It is his due.

For he has brought them power, and knighted them, under the lowest sign of seduction and human tradition...united now and again under our black flag: under the history of man.

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