The beginning

This diary belongs to Dr. Phillip James

**March 23, 2035**

**Friday,3:27 am**

Another sleepless night spent in the lab. Making entries in this diary is the only way I can keep in touch with the passage of time. It’s just me and my work. Nothing else matters… I don’t stop, I don’t go out, I don’t talk to people. I eat and sleep just enough to keep me at optimal performance. I cannot afford to lose any time when this much is at stake.

**March 28, 2035**

**Wednesday, 1:35 am**

I’m growing progressively more and more tired. I miss my kids. Not that it matters… Rebecca would never let me near them. I don’t blame her of course. Any normal parent would do that. But I am not normal…

**April 3, 2035**

**Tuesday, 2:51 am**

It’s always just out of reach. I’m so close to cracking to code, yet I’m always missing something. I wish I had better equipment or some fellow scientists to help me with the research. I still don’t understand why the pharma companies refuse to invest in my research… Their help would be invaluable and if I succeed we’ll rid the world of all diseases and sicknesses once and for all.

**April 12, 2035**

**Thursday, 4:23 am**

Looking through old records of this type of research, I’ve discovered that I’m not the first one to try this approach. There have been countless other scientists who have attempted to employ the use of these chemicals, the earliest ones dating all the way back to ancient China. And all of them failed. I’m starting to think that it might be impossible.

**April 23, 2035**

**Monday, 1:29 am**

Getting closer. The records have helped advance the speed of the research but I’m still missing something. I feel like it’s close though. Soon…

**April 28, 2035**

**Saturday, 11:48 pm**

I did it! I cracked the code! The chemical has reacted perfectly in all the tests I’ve done so far. Time to test it on a real human. Somehow, for all its millennia of practicing medicine, humanity has never found a cure for the common cold. This is it… Tomorrow I’ll wake up either completely healthy or poisoned and dying…

**April 29, 2035**

**Sunday, 10:33 am**

It works! The cure actually got rid of my cold! This is quite possibly the breakthrough of the century! I’ll write to the pharma companies right away to let them know.

**May 2, 2035**

**Wednesday, 2:16 pm**

Those bastards! I should have known! That’s why none of them wanted to sponsor me – they didn’t want me to create the cure because it would put them out of business forever. But now that it’s been done, it’s a race against time who’ll get to me and subsequently the cure first and put the others out of business forever. The pigs want to put a disgustingly high price on my cure, instead of supplying the public for free. This is not how I imagined these would unfold.

**May 3, 2035**

**Thursday, 9:13 pm**

They have them! These damned vermin from Pharmicus have my family! They want to trade the cure for their safety. But they made one fatal mistake. They gave me an approximate location where the trade would take place. I am not much of a fighter but I still remember those shooting lessons Father gave me when I was a child. Never thought I would have a need for them. I’ll pack my things and head out into the woods where they said they’re keeping my family. I’ll make them pay…