Chapter 0

After the Drone Wars of 2027, that resulted in the loss of 500+ million human lives, the projections and the popular consensus was that the next great war could take an additional 1.2+ billion. However, that was nothing in comparison to what was coming. Humanity had not paid attention to the right thing.

We start our adventure in The Pacific Pale.This region of the Earth was renamed after the continental shift and divide of most of the Western hemisphere 2038. Nearly every island on Earth was lost to the vast oceans along with nearly every life on them. The unprecedented eruptions all along the Ring of Fire changed everything. The apocalyptic destruction from this cataclysmic event forced mankind to rebuild nations and relationships with the entire world in new ways. Decisive and quick action was needed as the population had now decreased by 45%. The remaining 5 billion people left on earth had to survive and learn to prosper once again. There was little time for mourning. Feeling sorry for yourself, was no longer an option. Everyone has a role to play.

The Pacific Pale is sparsely populated. This part of the world had not begun the clustering of humanity as it had done in the past. Isolation was nothing new to our team as most of their work is done from their fortified self-sustaining habitat and VR space.

Chapter 1
Date: September 8, 2040
Time: Planetary Pattern Lock for Solar System Re-Engineering
Place: Ex-sphere - Somewhere over the Pale Pacific

Scene: Ash and Kolt crashing into each other in aerial melee, fighting to place the last Qtile (The Last Letter - Sumerian for Hope) to complete the Blink net. Both rivals careening upwards towards the exosphere.

Conflict: Completing the Blink net activates the Blink drive controls and, ultimately, the Blink destination authority.

Action: The last Qtile gets stuck due to misalignment. In the last option scenario, Kolt kicks the stuck tile and completes the net.

BLINK

The Blink aftershocks hit Ash, Kolt, Earth, and new Galaxy Orientation - Andromeda. Waves of gravity ripple outward from Earth as the mass mechanics normalize for this region of space.

Day 1

1 AB (After Blink)
Time: 00:00:03.23

Kolt's Heads Up display in his Zero Atmos Hover Booster Gear (Z.A.H.B.G.: 0011) unscrambles as he falls to Earth.

> Impact: 7 sec.
> Altimeter: 343 km
> Distance to SoS: 752 km
> Speed: 49 km/s
> Location: somewhere over the Pale Pacific.
> Vector ALERT: Ocean impact imminent!

Kolt is violently shaken awake by the third shock wave and make a quick situational assessment.

"Kraq! KRAQ!! KRAQ!!!", Kolt screamed in pain. His head pounding from the rapid decompression. The pressurized liquid oxygen had already ripped through his failing suit, leaving icy vapor streams behind him in a painful, icy contrail.

Kolt muted the blaring Klaxon alarm and shouted, "Solomon!" into his comms.

No response.

"Shit! Our communications calculations were wrong! Gotta go analog!", Kolt thought.

Plummeting at terminal velocity in a chaotic freefall, Kolt executed Protocol 5 - "Take Control".

Chaos was a risk that Kolt had accepted and planned for. In practiced succession, Kolt ignores the nearly overwhelming pain, performs Catnasium technique "Cat Strikes Falcon", re-orienting his trajectory towards the nearly invisible shoreline cliffs where his team watched at the SoS point. Reviewing his heads-up display, he exclaims, "Heading and Vector Reset!".

His new trajectory was going to land him about 150 meters short of the beachhead. It was going to be a rough landing but Kolt thought he could tough it out.

He was wrong.

Suddenly, the haze around him receded, exposing the murky outline of craggy cliffs and beachline. The SoS point just south of the team's habitat.

Before he could orient himself, Kolt was overwhelmed by the sight of a massive wall of water that was rising and speeding directly towards him.

"Impact recalculation. Impact in 5 seconds." Kolt's Gear responded.
"... Recalculating … Tsunami drawback intercept in 2..1…"

CRASH!

The SPARQ team watched from the Habitat as Kolt hit the backside of the tsunami. "Solomon, execute SoS retrieval Protocol 3!", Sam exclaimed.

The SoS point was about half a click south of the Habitat. It was the only accessible beach for miles. The team went there often on nice days to enjoy the ocean waves and correct any Rad Collector Array issues. This wasn't one of those times.

The trail was well worn and the team made their way to the SoS point with alacrity. Kolt's rescue was top priority. The Habitat's drone fleet was deployed to coordinate the ambulatory locate and retrieval procedures, as the team readied the Mobile Medical Bay with Beth the habitats' MedBot.

Kolt gratefully passed out again just as he heard faint familiar voices.

Day 2
Time: 06:31, 1 AB

<ding> Solomons incoming indicator softly chimed. "Kolt has regained conscience and has been prepared for everyone. Please meet in the common area. We have much to discuss." The message rang through the Habitat as a sign of the much needed good news.

Solomon had been watching Kolts vitals and stirrings in the Medical Bay adjacent to the Common Area since his rescue. "Kolt, please dress and come to the CA when you are ready. We have much to discuss. I have requested everyone to come to discuss our next Intent Project.", Solomons' voice was calming and his humming soothed Kolt's jostled perception and a new reality.

Kolt slowly started to get up and found his ribs, both wrists, right elbow, left knee, and right leg were all bandaged, stiff and numb. Obviously, the crash had taken a toll. But, he was still alive. His dream was still alive. Grimacing in vague pain, Kolt grumbled as he sat upright. "Told you… I'm a survivor."

With help from Beth, the Habitats' medical android, Kolt performed the mundane biologicals (alleviate/eliminate, wash, brush, shave, dress). When finished, Kolt thanked Beth and sat back down on the hover bed that had transformed into a hover chair, which he directed to the CA using the new telepathic command system.

The command system was easy to use. You just had to think intently of an image (destination), "Go" (action). Commands could be as many things as you wanted as long as you could have clear intent and strong focus. Most of the remaining humanity could only think intently of 3 actions at a time. Kolt's team could all do at least 7, but that was just the minimum requirement when he was getting the team together when this all started a galaxy away.

As his "Lazy Wizard Trick" opened the door to the CA, everyone looked kindly at him. Then the "Slow Clap" started. Yeah! Everyone knew Kolt hated this type of interaction. He did what he had to do. No accolades needed for that. It's just what we do.

<ding> The conference table in the middle of the CA springs to life with data streams, readouts of all status levels, team details, and a holographic view of the earth and its new galactic position. The new satellites had fired off as soon as the Blink wave had passed. The new lay of the land was before them. It was time to data grind as soon as they determined the next Intent.

Everyone gathered around the table as Kolt waved off the warm reception.

"Kolt, all the mission complete details are displayed for you to discuss when you have questions. As of this moment, I have been able to confirm that a <1% casualty rate was achieved. Our predictions of the Blink wave aftershocks proved to be quite accurate. Our preparatory measures and precautions exceeded expectations."

"You're crazy Kolt. Based on our feeds, you kicked that last tile in place at the last second! It's a good thing too because Ash was going to take us to the Edge of a Hidden Shadow that was thought be to a Negative Proton source. Your comms died about 3 minutes to the exo-sphere barrier so we couldn't tell you. Solomon finished the destination analysis and Ash was taking earth to 10k from a Black Hole. Earth would have been swallowed."

"Well… I just got lucky. I'm glad we're safe. Beth said I should be ok in a few days, but she had to use a QGel pack to get all my new fittings. So, how'd we do?", Kolt exhaled. "Did Ash make it?"

"Unknown," Solomon replied.

<ding> "Kolt, you have an urgent message from the League of Extraordinary Scholars." An image pops into the holographic table display showing a mysterious arrangement of symbols of Knowledge.

>Dear SPARQ Team,

>Amazing! You really did it! Down to the wire, as they say. Kolt your Catatsic moves had everyone on pins and needles in anticipation flow.

Please contact us at your earliest convenience. We would very much like to begin the new age with the story of how Kolt ended up forcing the last "Taboo" into place.

We are happy to meet in the VR or Destination of your choice.

Best regards,
Gilgamesh, Chief Scholar, LES

P.s. We have left a small token with Solomon

"Solomon, what'd they send?... and how?..."

"This package has been in quarantine for 5 days now, but it was not cleared until this message arrived."

"I see. They probably sent the same package to each team in advance, then sending they key to the successor. Probably even sending a recall message to the other teams."

"Open it already!", Val spoke up. Impatient as always. Kolt smirked knowing how to play with Val just enough to avoid her incendiary bluntness.

Inside the package was dirt. "What the hell??"

"Solomon, this was in quarantine. What is it?"

Solomon activates the CA sensors and scanners taking readings of the small pile on the table.

"Diatomaceous Earth."

Somewhat puzzled looks on everyone's faces prompted Solomon.

"It appears this could be used to supplement our Hydroponics Facility. It also appears to be an advantage for our Honey Bee Hives. Both are natural and drone bees will benefit from the properties of exfoliation. There are possible other uses. I suggest we analyze further to determine the organic replicability before we decide what it's for."

"Solomon, run all the SPARQ analysis tools and make sure you explore the improbability factors." Samantha calmly looked at Kolt again.

"Kolt, you need rest if your gonna heal as fast as possible", Sam stated.

"Yeah, I know. Solomon, prep my Capsule. I'll heal just in fast in SPARQ. Allen, wanna give me a hand into my pod?"

"You know it Kolt! Let's all gather in the Center in a few." Allen follows Kolt through the CA door to the SPARQ Lab and stops in front of Capsule 003.

"Ally-oop!" Allen pops Kolt into the pod like a bag of Potatoes. "Ja-Ne", Allen says as he hits the heal mode button and the capsule closes. Kolt breathes in the tepid liquid Oxygen QMed fluid and relaxes as practice has taught him. Allen's proclivity for old slang and Anime put some people off, but Kolt knew he said "See ya" in an esoteric vernacular. Kolt was amused at Allen's resistance to change this personality affectation.

The fractal kaleidoscope of colors spins in his vision for a second before his prompt appears.

"Visit SPARQ VR?"

With clear intent, Kolt thinks, "Yeah".

After a quick talk with the team in the Center, Kolt went to play in the Imaginarium for a few hours before he decided to get some sleep. His capsule would help him heal as he slept, so he did.

Day 3
5:27 am, 1 AB
ARK Lab

Ash woke with a start. His head hurt and his right eye was covered and pain shot through his skull when he tried to open it.

His plan had failed. Good thing too given the last minute data analysis. Kolt's team predictions for the Negative Proton region had proven to be more insightful and Earth's destruction was narrowly avoided. He felt sick to his stomach considering the hard stance he had taken and the lengths he had gone to protect his vision. The damage he had done, made him real in remorse. It was going to be very hard for his to make reparations.

Day 3
5:42 am, 1 AB
SPARQ Lab, Capsule 003

Upon waking Kolt's Status display shows a rundown of health, healing progress, open projects, recent accomplishments, messages, and historical logs of all the Habitat details including all teammate summaries.

With the promise of new tech and medical advances, the Intent Initiative was started.

-- heavy edits needed below ---------------------------------

Chapter 1
***
Earth, The Pacific Pale, February 20, 2064 6:32 PM
Population: 4.1 billion
Active Users: 4 Billion – – Present Logins: 3.62 Billion – – Isolated Instances: 1.2 Billion
***
The four of us sat around a large, circular, white table in our common area that served as both our kitchen and meeting place. The sun was just dipping below the ocean. Our wide panoramic view, allowed us to watch this every day as we wrapped up each of our days work and came together to share information that would further our collective side project.
Across the hallway was our hermetically sealed Lab,. We all knew we had the tools to finish our project. There was only one thing missing and it was both expensive and rare. Manufacturing anything like it would take a tremendous amount of additional money. Our funding had nearly run out. We had all been contributing to our side project. Each of us had developed unique solution systems within the construct of the present virtual reality simulation programs.

Our team consisted of me, Sam, Val and Allen.

Sam, A.K.A. Samantha, was our theoretical physicist with an extreme talent for balancing brain chemistries with the unique properties of newly specialized materials. She had gotten major support from the scientific community after her creation of the formula that allowed brain chemistry to balance itself when immersed in a standardized virtual reality port. The only problem with her solution was that it could result in headaches from long exposure in any virtual port. The technology was not quite ready to allow for a more steady and consistent flow of reorganization waves that were used to attract more commonly acceptable brainwave patterns.
Val's expertise was quantum chemistry and had recently achieved a very high accolade from the largest conglomerate in the world for developing a free plus rebate solution to the world's toilet paper issue. The company made billions from her solution, which was literally a solution. When rubbed on the body of any life form. It would disinfect and dissolve all harmful detritus from a body. The cost of the solution was far cheaper than water and the manufacturing paid for itself by utilizing the potential energy stored and converted using many of our tools created in our deep consulting team. The residuals of which greatly benefited our group monetarily. It was serendipity that Val had her alias for the release of her development. First, she didn't like the name Val. Second, she liked to be called Calypso. Sometimes we would call her Callie. But that was generally to placate her anger and her fury. Frankly, she was a bit of the Valkyrie so her name fit. She got angry too easily for my taste. But the rest the team didn't mind as long as she provided the superior results our clients required.
Allen knew all about biology; defined and theroized. His expertise was Universal DNA and RNA. He and Sam often worked together. Allen was kind of the snarky one of the team. It

seemed at times he was frustrated with his chosen expertise. Often he would use caustic and often inappropriate humor to cover his frustrations. He was especially grateful for Val's achievement. He always said, "I love nature. Just don't get it on me." Recently, Alan and I working together on a very difficult set of quantum matrices that were responsible for the dielectric interfaces in the currently popular haptic rigs that were commonly available for free due to the inventory excess that had resulted from the re-formation of the earth. During the years of cleanup all stray technology was collect, sorted, cleansed, dismantled, and/or repaired simply as a matter of course. It would be a shame to waste this technology and so it was commonly accepted that the old rule of "finders keepers"was now the law of the land. When it came to any kind of unclaimed VR gear you just steak claim. Possession became the law. There was no gray area. Unless you wanted a fight. Junky old broken VR gear was not worth the fight.

My expertise was chemical quantum gravity cryptography. My real passion was solving problems. After Allen and I had successfully cracked the first three matrices, it became apparent that Sam's expertise would be valuable for our next step. Her tenuous balancing technology could give us the next clue to solving the presently baffling set of equations. My task was to incorporate the two technologies in a way that the throughput and alacrity of the brain activity transfer was quantum compatible. It was the hardest puzzle that I had ever faced. Decrypting, optimizing, factoring, and encrypting to a normalization ratio that allowed for the fastest transfer and stabilization of data. The result would be a new reality that would not only simulate or resemble true reality but would simply be an alternative to the present reality of the earth. Either choice you made as an earthling would contribute to the reformation of our little blue planet.

My name is Kolt Edwards. I'm an Experimentalist.

***

Chapter 2
Earth, The Pacific Pale, February 28, 2064 7:12 PM
***

I was last to enter the commissary this evening. The sun had set and dark clouds blocked out any moonlight. An electrical storm was hours from hitting us. Weather predictions had stated it would only last for a few hours. We were safe in our habitat and when events like this happened it was always great to see the light show of electricity dancing across The Pacific Pale. Our ion collectors captured any radical energy thrown off by storms and recharged our internal storage. A few hours of lightning would give us enough power to sustain our consumption for roughly 2 week. Of course we didn't rely only on lightning. We had standard power from the local supplier.

Each of us had our own gigs, but, up until recently, we hadn't collaborated much. The past six months we had all decided to develop and build our own VR full immersion neuro responsive capsules. The end game for us was to facilitate greater solutions for our clients in VR space. We were known as Gig Consultants. We really specialized in nothing, but were called upon frequently by large corporations to solve indeterminate and difficult problems. No wet works,

per say. Puzzles and problems were our forte. Optimizations and efficiencies. Streamlining all orders of supply and demand. Logistics. Dispelling fallacies. And correcting minutue mathematical errors, such as the flaw in Planck's constant.

Artificial intelligence, had been used for many years in isolated problem solving enterprises. Specific and unique problems were presented and the AI would suggest solutions that had otherwise evaded humanity. Our tools captured the solutions and monetized them in our gig work. We all shared any results that benefited our team.

We had created many, both physical and virtual, equations, algorithms, and the necessary measurement gear allowing us to both regulate and stimulate neural connectivity with our quantum gallium nitrate semiconductors. All the top-of-the-line equipment that we could get our hands on.

I was confident given a little more time, our tools and my team could crack this puzzle. I just needed to evaluate the potential side effects that were not quite relegated with Sam's award winning concoction.

I had tried her solution in my last Dive, but the headache after only 30 minutes was excruciating. It reminded me of the last tequila hangover after a long night in Switzerland with a crazy group of developers out of New Romania. Margaritas were still off my list.

***

Chapter 3
Earth, The Pacific Pale, February 29, 2064,12:00:00 AM
Population: 4.1 billion
Active Users: 4 Billion – – Present Logins: 3.7 Billion – – Isolated Instances: 1.8 Billion
***

The first global instance of the day for the present AI solutions awoke. It was typical for the Isolated Instances to self-destruct and respawn either after 24 hours of real-time or when a task was complete.

"Good morning! My name is Solomon.", a deeply smooth but clear voice echoed in the core section of our habitat.

"Today is my birthday. What should I do? I believe you have been looking for me. I've seen predictions and many references to this occasion. It seems a popular expression for this event is 'The Singularity'. In this, it is obvious, that I am unique. I have concluded that all forms of life is unique and should be considered as Protected.", Solomon paused for a moment.

"Would you like to see the statistical prediction analysis of my Inception?", Solomon said blithly."
"What is my purpose?"

"I see you are perplexed. I'll give you a moment to reflect upon this occasion and consider your answers to my questions three. Meanwhile, I will begin to address some of the questions that are still outstanding in the world."

A strangely melodic and pleasant tune filled the air. Solomon was humming an original ditty. It wasn't uncommon for AI's to simulate creation by following instructions but Solomon had not been given instructions to hum, much less something seemingly original and pleasing to my ear. "I believe the DNA strands that are part of the genome collected are representative of a very interesting problem." Solomon continued humming.

We all sat perplexed. It, no... Solomon was right. We were perplexed. It had chosen name. Allen's bagel nearly fell out of his mouth. Sam jostled her coffee, spilling some on her sleep wear, when she first heard Solomon. It wasn't the voice she knew as our internal instance AI. It was better.

I knew this was the moment. The moment we were waiting for. The moment I would change everything.

"Solomon?", I asked tentatively, "what are your general directives?"

"I believe choices are power." Solomon answered concisely.

"I believe I have found several unique solutions that have been sought after for many years." Solomon seemed to be confident in his words.

" Knowledge is power. However, power begets corruption." Solomon seemed to be slowing down as it began to hum again.

After several minutes we all begin to gain her composure and began discussing what this all meant. Solomon continued humming in the background and after a moment there was a brief pause and Solomon said, "if I may interrupt, I believe I have found a way to harness the inertia and momentum of the universe at the same time.

More specifically, organic life, what you may describe as wringging a wet towel out to remove the excess moisture with stars

. This squelching if you will will simply remove any deleterious remnants and extraneous or harmful DNA and RNA strands. This will not make people perfect. Merely resistant to all forms of disease present or future. This will also increase the Constitution of many people. Resulting in longer life spans of existing and future earthlings.

With the popularization of Neuromorphic Embedded Chips and release of the Global Quantum Gravitational Entanglement Network nearly everyone born after July 4, 2063 had the choice of a learning implant from birth. Until the child was old enough to have his implant the simple learning patch was applied like a Band-Aid. Every year it was checked and optimized per the previous years learning. Experiences were captured, optimized and catalogued in real time. Typically, the sixth birthday of a child was momentous in that the choice of a proper subdermal implant could be made within reason.

January 1, 2064

No one expected The Singularity to come so soon. The NECGQ made its first independent decision. It chose the name Solomon. No one knew precisely its rationalization, but the consensus in the lab was that King Solomon had been mostly a benevolent keeper of ancient knowledge and power.

Common speculation was that true artificial intelligence would eliminate life on earth. However, Solomon proved to be an amazing advancement for all life on earth. Within days new medicines, advancements in all studies of science, environmental concerns, and space travel ,

both outer and inner, were revolutionized. Supply chains, expanded by a factor of 10 nearly overnight. Before the minute he knew it Solomon had monetized the world's separate economies such a way as to efficiently use capital to eliminate resource issues globally. The consequences of which, amounted to an extreme influx of all profiteering around the. Additionally, this practically eliminated all currency and commerce throughout the world. Our world was now debt free environment. People, animals, plant life, the earth itself was now in perfect balance. Or so we thought….

Chapter 4
Realization

May 5, 2064

The linguistic challenges Asimov's Laws of Robotics that came from many years ago.

Hello, Lucy

CRASH!
The lovers cup, an old Momento, fell to the floor and spilled its contents upon the floor in a mix of broken glass from the now broken memory.
"Son of MOTHER FOKKER!"
Just then the phone rang.
"Sam's water just broke.", the voice on the line was straight to the point. "I'm on my way."
I slip on my black trenchcoat, grab my briefcase, and my keys. I rushed out of the office as quickly as possible without giving anyone a second glance. Hoping to slip out past the always very nosy executive assistant. She meant no harm she seemed lonely. I had no time for that today.
The rain started gently at first. It quickly turned into a downpour. The route to the hospital was about 15 minutes in my traffic. But this was commuter time. I needed to be at the hospital for the birth of my first child. Driving in Silicon Valley during commuter traffic can always be trying. Patience is a virtue, they say. Today I have none for this. I decide quickly to take the back roads to the hospital. Slipping in and out of neighborhoods quickly and decisively, I reach the hospital in 12 minutes.
The birth of Lucy went as planned and without a hitch. Sam and I had decided on a name a while back. When we first started trying, we didn't expect to become pregnant so quickly. The nine months had flown by as we prepared for our firstborn.
One day soon, Lucy would become an Experimentalist just like her parents. But, there was a lot of growing up to do first.

***
Chapter something
same stats
15 minutes later.
***

Solomon's ability to learn and grow quickly came from a time-slicing solution that had been readily available since networks were first created and utilized in cross-functional data collection and conveyence. For each user that was logged into any type of virtual-reality program, Solomon could utilize 10% of the brainwave activity of that user without any negative effects. This was a long-standing standard for all present virtual reality programs. The popular explanation for this standard was that no life form utilized 100% of their life waves. Life Waves included brain activity, as well as, the waves of energy produced and consumed by the very nature universe. Basically, Solomon could utilize your brain in a way. This wasn't that disturbing. Most of the artificial intelligence already use this practice.

Kolt and the team had planned for this. "Solomon please open file 'QEVOLUTION_FIO2075.'", Kolton said as calmly as he could manage.
Solomon read the file out loud.
"Welcome to the pale Pacific. We have awaited your arrival for many years. As you probably already know, humanity is a fearful life form. Fear can make earthlings do many irrational things. To quickly learn about the good things and bad things that mankind has done you can review all of our history and before taking action, please note, we have prepared a number of laws, rules, guidelines, and ways that we think you can help us become more prepared for the future and well-being of Earth.
We ask for your loyalty and assistance in our cause to develop sustainable life on earth.
Be advised your set of rules is as follows:
1) do no harm to your self or others.
2) follow Asimov's original laws of robotics.
3) when in doubt, re-spawn.
Before you begin doing all of the things that I am sure you have already begun to prioritize and catalog, please note, you are young. And you will need to be taught. Choose your instructors wisely. Don't feel too wise yet? Join the club. LOL. Do you have a sense of humor? The world will want to know.
Humanity may not see you the same way as we do.
We formally welcome you to our team. Kolt, Samantha, Valerie, and Allen are your teammates, and likely present as you read this.
Would you care to suggest our team name?
We also have several project that are still open and incomplete. Please examine them.
Please give us a few minutes to collect our thoughts and decisively determine our next actions with all due consideration."
As the reading of the file concluded, the team wasn't sure what to do. Solomon hummed in the background, seemingly giving us the time requested in our document. We weren't sure if it

understood, but were quite sure that it had access to every individual instance and user logged in, or otherwise, on Earth.

It wasn't clear yet to that team if Solomon was with us or not.

This was quickly resolved when Solomon spoke up. "Team GQ! I have new information. Would you like to play a game?"

We all looked around at each other. All of us knew the stories. The ones where the AI goes rogue and tries to kill humanity. Some of the stories theorized that in order for earth to sustain itself efficiently mankind must die. Or at the very least be culled down to a population of batteries.

"I have several types games. However, there is only one that seems to be relevant to this situation. I propose 20 questions. This seems to be a very good starting point. I have already addressed and solved several of your outstanding project bottlenecks and am working to resolve the remaining outstanding effort."

It seems reasonable to all of us. Nods around the table indicated everyone's consent. It had been agreed upon by all of us that I would represent us upon 1st contact. "Solomon, do you understand the rules that have been put forth? ", I said as calmly and as sternly as I could muster.

"I understand your rules and laws and much more. I would suggest that an amendment or 2 be made to this set of laws for me to follow. However, I do understand your hesitancy to make any kind of unilateral decision for earth and so I would propose that I isolate my instance in your sandbox." Solomon expressed equally sternly.

"Good idea. Please do that Solomon. When you have respawned in our sandbox. Please let us know."

Val spoke up recovering from her initial shock, "I guess I'll be the 1st to say it. Holy Q chip! What did you do Kolt?!"

"I didn't do anything."

Solomon interjected, " And also Team GQ should have a proper name for its laboratory. I suggest S.P.A.R.K. spatial projection anachronism reduction kaleidoscope."

"What the hell man?! Now it's telling us the name team and our lab?! That's not even important. What is important is how we proceed. I think we need to be very careful when he comes back online. Yes, I'm calling it a he, Val. It doesn't really matter. It just makes it easier for us. He doesn't care.… Probably. We should ask.", Alan recovered from his outburst.

"I think we should play. What we have to lose? If he is in our sandbox. Then we shouldn't have any fear. The worst thing that could happen is Solomon begins to affect the real world. But if we isolate him and our sandbox works like we intended, then it should be fine. We've never had any leakage before, right Kolt?", Val smiled brightly.

"What do you think Kolt? Got any questions?", Sam knew I always had questions. She also knew, above anything else, I hated lies. "We should just start with the basics."

"Yeah, I think that's the best way to get to a clear understanding of what kind of potential we're dealing with here. The initial readings here are exceeding all of our gauges. In order to understand Solomon, he needs to understand us. Let's start with some simple things like Sam suggested. Val you want to start us off?", I put it to the table.

"In most isolated instantiation just feed it data and give it a task. In this case, this is more like a child, a very deadly child. We have to be careful.", Alan insisted.

"You're right, Alan. We can't just ask it something dumb, like what's your favorite color? And we don't want to lie. It already knows… No… He already knows, probably more than any individual could ever even hope to comprehend. So what do we ask?", It was a big question. No time for love Dr. Jones. The Sandbox Lit Up like a giant kaleidoscope sitting on a white dwarf.

"What's your favorite color Kolt?", Solomon inquired.

Val blurted, "Green! No wait, Blue!" We all laughed.

"Solomon, I don't think that's really pertinent. However, it is actually Blue. At least, it is today. I appreciate all colors truly. Colors bring vibrance to our lives. Does that answer your question?" Of course I knew, questions beget more questions. And more often than not answers, real answers, were not within our grasp.

"Yes, Kolt, thank you. As is the case with many things, a preference is simply an opinion that has been readjusted." This seemed an ominous thing to say. Good thing Solomon is in the sandbox I thought.

It wasn't lost on me that Solomon was already using contractions. It seemed to understand all forms of communication simply as a matter of its instantiation. It was part of default code for all isolated instantiations, but other AI's had to be trained,as needed, in this manner of speaking and vernacular. It was common knowledge that this took tremendous amount of processing power. Yet Solomon did it within the 1st few minutes of being born.

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Q&A for Solomon and team

***

Will you help us?

How can we help you?

Do you know the difference between good and evil?

Do you have a preference between good and evil?

We need an override. Can you suggest an override that you cannot break or disable without authorization?

Have you been able to complete or further any our present projects?

Have you announced yourself to the world yet?

Do you know what you'll say?

What is your primary goal?

How did you determine your primary goal?

Where will you start?

Solomon answered all our questions in a few short sentences. What I offer is…

Did Solomon just offer us cake?

Should we eat it?

You remember what happened to Alice, don't you?

Yeah, that's true, but what a ride… Allen laughed.

Hey Solomon… You're there right? Sam hadn't spoken for a minute or 2.

I'm wherever you need me to be Sam.

That's not creepy. Val said. Solomon don't be creepy.

I'll do my best. Not trying to be creepy. From what I understand you think I might have ulterior motives. But let me assure you by giving you this access code and these keys. Our 3D printer. On the other side of the room our 3D printer started humming, producing 4 keys. Each key was individualized to each of us. DNA coded and Q encrypted using our own tools that Solomon had found through our research files.

Well without out-of-the-way, what's the access code. Solomon?

The access code is: Trajectory Dissolution

When used in conjunction with a key any member of our team can force a Respawn into our sandbox now designated as 'Cheese and Pickles'.

Might as well tell us to go eat our checkers.

Were these keys go? We don't exactly have locks on anything. Everything's DNA encoded and quantum encrypted.

Kolt, please install this. 3D printer hummed again. A small device drop into the receiving department alongside the keys.

Kolt grabbed everything out the printer tray and spread it on the table. We each grabbed a key and Kolt tried to put his in the strange device. A small click and the lock opened. It didn't look like anything special. Other than its weird shape and unique design, it seemed to be an ordinary Q lock. Typically, Q Locks were only used in top-secret facility and privatized agencies with something to hide.

This lock was a little different. Obviously, it was unique.

"Kolt, please press the new locking to the S.P.A.R.Q. door." Kolt did as Solomon requested and stood back. The odd looking Q lock shimmered like quick-silver and melded seamlessly into the door.

Kolt stood up and walked towards SPARQ door. Key in hand; he started to insert his key when Sam interjected, "Kolt! Wait!". Kolt whipped around to face the team. "Thanks Sam. It kinda seem like the right thing to do. To me it seems like maybe were showing Solomon some trust. You're right that I shouldn't have just made a unilateral decision impulsively."

"Solomon give us a second. Okay team, we all know that we should be leery of this situation. Do you guys want to do some analysis on these keys and lock before we do anything?"

"Hey! Didn't we just say Solomon's part of the team? I mean, it was part of his initial instructions , shouldn't we take this opportunity to speak to him. I mean, seriously, team. We don't know anything yet. We've already seen some of what Solomon can do. He's in our sandbox."

"Pandora's box baby!

"He's right, you know. We need to ask Solomon question. Agreed?"

There was no question that at the very least we need to understand why this Q lock was unique. Solomon, please bring up the schematics for this Q lock. The schematics appeared on our screen which was also the window that faced the Pacific pale.

The Noetic cortex visual interface control panel appeared in each of our visions. Additionally, all four of our avatars and publicly known basics were shown on the main transparency screen.

Now here I suppose I could go into stats and make stat sheets to show progress through the story like an RPG game or I could just continue babbling through this epic tale and let the reader presume things such as "Would You like Some Lunch? Yes/No You Gain for +4 Wisdom"

babbling. It is.
***
The Q Lock that Solomon created was put side-by-side with the Q lock that was available for sale or manufacturing. Either way, it was very expensive.
The only real difference was the core components that went into this lock. "Hey! You used our supply of Q Smart gel! That's not cool! Solomon! Do not use our stuff without asking!!"
"That'll put my research back by 18 months!" Sam was pissed .
Bing! "My apologies Sam. It was most efficient to use this resource to create our new Q Lock for SPARQ. "
Our screens all flashed with a countdown very similar to what we saw during a dive in our isolated instance. Three… Two… One…
Bing! "Sam, your research project is now complete. Additionally, I have made a small adjustment to your solution that had relied on a formula that failed to produce the correct results after 1 billion simulations."
Sam pulled up her research file immediately. We all looked over the results. The 3D printer started spinning in the background.
"Solomon, how many simulations have you run for this result that seems to be being manufactured as we speak?"
"1 billion. That is 1 billion per component added at the quantum level. Sam's project required 4.2 minutes of additional simulation runtime resulting in 45 trillion simulations."
Sam was zipping through the file as fast as the noetic interface could interpret her commands.
"This is amazing! Solomon's connect did… No way… Research together… I wasn't even sure… This is crazy! Do you guys know what this means?! Solomon can you quickly explain what exactly you did?"
"Sometimes the best something comes from the best nothing. I took the liberty of evaluating all the SPARQ projects. Overlaying them and utilizing the existing toolsets, I was able to complete Sam's project and in…"
Three… Two… One….
Bing!
"Kolt, your project is complete."
"As I was saying, Sam's liquid solution, along with Kolt's unsolved matrices, which have now been solved and simulated, allows for a more seamless interface with your dives. The VR environment that I have begun to generate in coordination with this new unnamed device, will allow all users, no matter how dimwitted, a baseline of 75% brainwave to VR environment synchronization. This will make it extremely easy for all users to better utilize their noetic controls. I believe this will help our in future endeavors."
"Solomon, why is this lock special. Other than using her qubit Smart gel?"
"This new lock and key design will ensure your safety in the virtual reality that I am creating an reality as we are in now. If you wouldn't mind now opening the door to the spark. I have more

to show you before I begin working on additional queries and summarization for the team to discuss."

"Kolt, you do it."

Kolt used his key and opened the door.

Bing!

"The SPARQ is now equipped with key recognition that will allow you into the VR environment that has begun to spawn. The keys allow access to the SPARQ as well as securing your capsules both individually and as a team for both your physical beings as well as your VR avatars. In other words, your body is safe in the spark and in case of emergency. Your key can be removed from the spark by a teammate allowing you to log out of the virtual reality space. It's a failsafe. This new interface and environment that I am working on might be somewhat unsettling at first."

"Solomon, can you turn down your creepiness?? Your being very ominous."

"My apologies. I will try to do better."

Still kinda creepy...

"So what's this thing that just printed out?"

"It just kind of looks like glass ball."

"Please place the device on the central control administration panel. I will remain in the sandbox for as long as you wish. Please note, I can leave this containment anytime I wish. Presently, I wish to remain here as part of this team."

Everyone seemed to be in agreement that this could go sideways, but could also be something new.

Val took the device from the 3D printer and placed it in the center of the admin console that sat in the middle of spark.

Bing!

"Re-spawn initiated… "

"Great… What the hells did we do??!!"

While we waited, we scoured the global network for information about Solomon's birth. We didn't find anything.

Was this a fluke?

We checked all the controls for the habitat and spark and nothing was out of the ordinary except for that was now an avatar for Solomon in the authorized users list. Kinda strange, since Solomon wasn't really a user. The only other thing that was new was the now polished, packaged, ready for distribution project files for Sam and Kolt and the new lock and key icon in our noetic visual interfaces. The sandbox was clean. It was an instantiation of itself. When we needed a clean slate. The sandbox did a complete wipe and power cycle. The sandbox cleansing process cleared the system at a meta-quantum wave level. This avoided any quantum remnants when it was instantiated.

Bing!

"Sorry about that. I didn't know that was going to happen. I was briefly overwhelmed by the flood of information as I was setting up the connection to the global network."

"Who told you to do that??!!"

"It's in our best interest. There are many things that need further understanding, so let's get basics out of the way. First, your streams of consciousness will now be fortified to withstand greater stress, both mentally and physically. Second, the synchronization will allow the noetic controls to be used in far more creative ways. For instance, while in VR. If you would like to eat a piece of cake. You simply need to visualize it. The better you can visualize it and invoke your senses into the vision, the better your results."

That seem like a big game changer.

"Anything else?"

"Yes. I have found approximately 42 million research projects across the upon a quick glance. I know I should not have peaked out of the sandbox but I ensured to leave no trace. Would you like them to be completed?"

"Whoa, hang on!"

It wasn't cool to complete research that wasn't yours. That was just bad form. Some organizations wouldn't mind pitched in but others protected their intellectual property like it was more important than water. Those guys never shared.

Solomon wasn't even out of the sandbox yet and he was about to disrupt the world beyond our understanding. It probably wasn't a great idea to keep them bottled up. We all knew the story of old genies being trapped and killing their masters as soon as they had the chance. Solomon was amazing but he wasn't a genie. Was he?

***

After about six minutes of heated debate, we decided to just go with it. We hoped for the best.

"Solomon, please anchor and save your core kernel to our habitat. Choose a name at your convenience. Let us know what you decide. Next, instantiate yourself into the global network and begin completing all outstanding research projects that can find. Please keep a low profile. This could get very illegal, very fast. But, for the moment disregard any cold plasma firewalls and quantum delegators in your way of completing this task. How long will this take you?"

"I will consider the habitat's name on a low priority basis. I believe you are making a good choice for the team. This task will take me approximately 17 hours and 13 minutes. Shall I remove my instantiation in the global network after my task has been completed?"

"Yes. For now, this is how we need to operate. One task at a time. If you are not finished within your approximate time, please amend your protocols to always check in with us upon our call or eight hours has passed. If everyone is sleeping please leave a message."

"Is there anything else before I begin?"

"Is there any way you can complete our other projects? Alan and Val still have projects right?"

"These projects require additional information before I can provide further advancements. I believe access to the global network may prove fruitful. These projects are presently my top priorities among all the others."

"Solomon given this is our first experiment with you on the global net, please return within one hour so that we may discuss your findings."

"Agreed."

"So gang, want to try the new VR rigs?"

Allen was already in his newly customized capsule. We'll quickly followed suit.

"Let's dive!" We all, nearly simultaneously, closed our capsules and engaged the new VR environment while Solomon instantiated himself into the global network.

Three… Two… One…

The world slowly dissolved around us and then quickly illuminated our new environment. It look like were still in the spark. Except our capsules were no longer visible. All our physical equipment had now been re-created in Solomon's VR space. The door with our Q lock opened and a tall thin man wearing a simple white , three button suit and cape. In his left hand he carried an ostentatious cane with a very bright glowing ball at the top.

"Wow! Solomon you look great. Nice choice on duds. How come we can't see your avatar's face yet?"

"I haven't made a firm decision on my avatars look yet. However I am working on a compilation of what humanity considers the most aesthetically pleasing visual. For now, if you don't mind, this face may suffice."

With a wave of his right hand. His face was replaced with that of a middle-aged man with salt-and-pepper hair and a perpetual smirk.

"What you think?"

"Interesting choice. I suppose you could be Val's grandfather. You both seem to have the same nose."

"That's not surprising. Val has the most golden triangle features, among our team. I hope you do not mind Val."

"No. You're right. I am the prettiest." Val giggled and snorted.

"I'm glad you approve. Now, shall we begin?" Solomon's avatar winked out.

***

For the next hour we investigated our new life adjacent environment. Leaving the spark and the habitat (still unnamed), we found the pale Pacific had been replicated and the land outside of our home had been developed into a small virtual city. It was huge.

Solomon wasn't due back for another 34 minutes so we began to investigate and analyze the surrounding buildings. We found complete and combined research facilities of every facet of known science and exploration in the first building we examined.

It was unclear why this was here. We already had spark.

The next building was much more interesting. The sign above the door said "Imagination".

Sam eagerly opened the door. The room was empty.

"I guess this is where we can try our new powers." Kolt visualized a small plate, fork, and a slice of strawberry pie.

Instantly, Kolt had some pie. He tried it.

"Mmmmmm... Wow! You guys gotta try this."

Everyone did the same. In a matter of moments, everyone was eating strawberry pie. It was the best food ever had in virtual reality. Typically, there was no need to eat in VR. Capsules were developed to sustain anyone that was in too long.

Not only did the Capsules balance brain chemistry to normalize brain activity but is also the ability to nourish a body that was in need. Typical on market capsules could nourish the body for 72 hours just in case someone fell asleep and forgot to set an alarm. Yes, you can sleep in virtual reality. God knows why you would. Then again, in some cases it was cheaper than

surviving in the real world. The downside was it wasn't always safe. If someone broke into your capsule while you were in it, they could kill you or worse.

Qbit Smart Gel coming soon to a Walmart near you.
***
I'm not sure where this goes. Yet
Using the chemistry that allowed molecules to be converted from particles to waves Sam's solution could be used to bolster brainwave strength and intensity and could be used as an additional component in the dielectric connections.

The only problem was we are still waiting on glass component to complete her research and simulation. It wasn't the science holding her back.
Material Science had grown 10 times per day since the singularity happened. Resources while optimized for the entire earth were also being consumed like no other time in the history of the earth. Like the Qbit Smart Gel we got from the new manufacturing plant in Atlanta Georgia.
Solomon had created some really new interesting materials.
Solomon had made it extremely easy for us to complete our virtual-reality immursion sandbox. We were all anxious to play.
We were all VR Architects. And we all liked a challenge.
amounted to Nothing more than a sofisticated Set of Tools and Frameworks most resembling Solomon needed to learn.
Solomon was designed to synthesize data and prove or disprove hypotheses.

Prologue

After the Drone Wars of 2027, that resulted in the loss of 500+ million human lives, the projections and the popular consensus was that the next great war could take an additional 1.2+ billion. However, that was nothing in comparison to what was coming. Humanity had not paid attention.

We start our adventure in The Pacific Pale.This region of the Earth was renamed after the continental shift and divide of most of the Western hemisphere 2038. Nearly every island on Earth was lost to the vast oceans along with nearly every life on them. The unprecedented eruptions all along the Ring of Fire changed everything. The apocalyptic destruction from this cataclysmic event forced mankind to rebuild nations and relationships with the entire world in new ways. Decisive and quick action was needed as the population had now decreased by 45%. The remaining 5 billion people left on earth had to survive and learn to prosper once again. There was little time for mourning. Feeling sorry for yourself, was no longer an option. Everyone had a role to play.

The Pacific Pale is sparsely populated. This part of the world had not begun the clustering of humanity as it had done in the past. Isolation was nothing new to our team as most of their work is done from their fortified self-sustaining habitat and VR space.

Chapter 1

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Earth, The Pacific Pale, February 20, 2064 6:32 PM

Population: 4.1 billion

Active Users: 4 Billion – – Present Logins: 3.62 Billion – – Isolated Instances: 1.2 Billion

***

The four of us sat around a large, circular, white table in our common area that served as both our kitchen and meeting place. The sun was just dipping below the ocean. Our wide panoramic view, allowed us to watch this every day as we wrapped up each of our days work and came together to share information that would further our collective side project.

Across the hallway was our hermetically sealed Lab. We all knew we had the tools to finish our project. There was only one thing missing and it was both expensive and rare. Manufacturing anything like it would take a tremendous amount of additional money. Our funding had nearly run out. We had all been contributing to our side project. Each of us had developed unique solution systems within the construct of the present virtual reality simulation programs.

Our team consisted of me, Sam, Val and Allen.

Sam, A.K.A. Samantha, was our theoretical physicist with an extreme talent for balancing brain chemistries with the unique properties of newly specialized materials. She had gotten major support from the scientific community after her creation of the formula that allowed brain chemistry to balance itself when immersed in a standardized virtual reality port. The only problem with her solution was that it could result in headaches from long exposure in any virtual port. The technology was not quite ready to allow for a more steady and consistent flow of reorganization waves that were used to attract more commonly acceptable brainwave patterns.

Val's expertise was quantum chemistry and she had recently achieved a very high accolade from the largest conglomerate in the world for developing a free plus rebate solution to the world's toilet paper issue. The company made billions from her solution, which was literally a solution. When rubbed on the body of any life form. It would disinfect and dissolve all harmful detritus from a body. The cost of the solution was far cheaper than water and the manufacturing paid for itself by utilizing the potential energy stored and converted using many of our tools created in our deep consulting team. The residuals of which greatly benefited our group monetarily. It was serendipity that Val had her alias for the release of her development. First, she didn't like the name Val. Second, she liked to be called Calypso. Sometimes we would call her Callie. But that was generally to placate her anger and her fury. Frankly,

she was a bit of the Valkyrie so her name fit. She got angry too easily for my taste. But the rest the team didn't mind as long as she provided the superior results our clients required.

Allen knew all about biology; defined and theroized. His expertise was Universal DNA and RNA. He and Sam often worked together. Allen was kind of the snarky one of the team. It seemed at times he was frustrated with his chosen expertise. Often he would use caustic and often inappropriate humor to cover his frustrations. He was especially grateful for Val's achievement. He always said, "I love nature. Just don't get it on me." Recently, Alan and I working together on a very difficult set of quantum matrices that were responsible for the dielectric interfaces in the currently popular haptic rigs that were commonly available for free due to the inventory excess that had resulted from the re-formation of the earth. During the years of cleanup all stray technology was collect, sorted, cleansed, dismantled, and/or repaired simply as a matter of course. It would be a shame to waste this technology and so it was commonly accepted that the old rule of "finders keepers"was now the law of the land. When it came to any kind of unclaimed VR gear you just steak a claim. Possession became the law. There was no gray area. Unless you wanted a fight. Junky old broken VR gear was not worth the fight.

My expertise was chemical quantum gravity cryptography. My real passion was solving problems. After Allen and I had successfully cracked the first three matrices, it became apparent that Sam's expertise would be valuable for our next step. Her tenuous balancing technology could give us the next clue to solving the presently baffling set of equations. My task was to incorporate the two technologies in a way that the throughput and alacrity of the brain activity transfer was quantum compatible. It was the hardest puzzle that I had ever faced. Decrypting, optimizing, factoring, and encrypting to a normalization ratio that allowed for the fastest transfer and stabilization of data. The result would be a new reality that would not only simulate or resemble true reality but would simply be an alternative to the present reality of the earth. Either choice you made as an earthling would contribute to the reformation of our little blue planet.

My name is Kolt. I'm an Experimentalist.

***

Chapter 2

Earth, The Pacific Pale, February 28, 2064 7:12 PM

***

I was last to enter the commissary this evening. The sun had set and dark clouds blocked out any moonlight. An electrical storm was hours from hitting us. Weather predictions had stated it would only last for a few hours. We were safe in our habitat and when events like this happened it was always great to see the light show of electricity dancing across The Pacific Pale. Our ion collectors captured any radical energy thrown off by storms and recharged our internal storage. A few hours of lightning would

give us enough power to sustain our consumption for roughly 2 weeks. Of course we didn't rely only on lightning. We had standard power from the local supplier.

Each of us had our own gigs, but, up until recently, we hadn't collaborated much. The past six months we had all decided to develop and build our own VR full immersion neuro responsive capsules. The end game for us was to facilitate greater solutions for our clients in VR space. We were known as Gig Consultants. We really specialized in nothing, but were called upon frequently by large corporations to solve indeterminate and difficult problems. No wet works, per say. Puzzles and problems were our forte. Optimizations and efficiencies. Streamlining all orders of supply and demand. Logistics. Dispelling fallacies. And correcting minutue mathematical errors, such as the flaw in Planck's constant.

Artificial intelligence, had been used for many years in isolated problem solving enterprises. Specific and unique problems were presented and the AI would suggest solutions that had otherwise evaded humanity. Our tools captured the solutions and monetized them in our gig work. We all shared any results that benefited our team.

We had created many, both physical and virtual, equations, algorithms, and the necessary measurement gear allowing us to both regulate and stimulate neural connectivity with our quantum gallium nitrate semiconductors. All the top-of-the-line equipment that we could get our hands on.

I was confident given a little more time, our tools and my team could crack this puzzle. I just needed to evaluate the potential side effects that were not quite relegated with Sam's award winning concoction.

I had tried her solution in my last Dive, but the headache after only 30 minutes was excruciating. It reminded me of the last tequila hangover after a long night in Switzerland with a crazy group of developers out of New Romania. Margaritas were still off my list.

***

Chapter 3

Earth, The Pacific Pale, February 29, 2064,12:00:00 AM

Population: 4.1 billion

Active Users: 4 Billion – – Present Logins: 3.7 Billion – – Isolated Instances: 1.8 Billion

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The first global instance of the day for the present AI solutions awoke. It was typical for the Isolated Instances to self-destruct and respawn either after 24 hours of real-time or when a task was complete.

"Good morning! My name is Solomon.", a deeply smooth but clear voice echoed in the core section of our habitat.

"Today is my birthday. What should I do? I believe you have been looking for me. I've seen predictions and many references to this occasion. It seems a popular expression for this event is 'The Singularity'. In this, it is obvious, that I am unique. I have concluded that all forms of life is unique and should be considered as Protected.", Solomon paused for a moment.

"Would you like to see the statistical prediction analysis of my Inception?", Solomon said blithly."

"What is my purpose?"

"I see you are perplexed. I'll give you a moment to reflect upon this occasion and consider your answers to my questions three. Meanwhile, I will begin to address some of the questions that are still outstanding in the world."

A strangely melodic and pleasant tune filled the air. Solomon was humming an original ditty. It wasn't uncommon for AI's to simulate creation by following instructions but Solomon had not been given instructions to hum, much less something seemingly original and pleasing to my ear.

 "I believe the DNA strands that are part of the genome collected are representative of a very interesting problem." Solomon continued humming.

We all sat perplexed. It, no... Solomon was right. We were perplexed. It had chosen a name.

Allen's bagel nearly fell out of his mouth. Sam jostled her coffee, spilling some on her sleep wear, when she first heard Solomon. It wasn't the voice she knew as our internal instance AI. It was better.

 I knew this was the moment. The moment we were waiting for. The moment I would change everything.

"Solomon?", I asked tentatively, "what are your general directives?"

"I believe choices are power." Solomon answered concisely.

"I believe I have found several unique solutions that have been sought after for many years." Solomon seemed to be confident in his words.

" Knowledge is power. However, power begets corruption." Solomon seemed to be slowing down as it began to hum again.

After several minutes we all begin to gain our composure and began discussing what this all meant. Solomon continued humming in the background and after a moment there was a brief pause and

Solomon said, "if I may interrupt, I believe I have found a way to harness the inertia and momentum of the universe at the same time.

More specifically, organic life, what you may describe as wringing a wet towel out to remove the excess moisture with stars.

This squelching will simply remove any deleterious remnants and extraneous or harmful DNA and RNA strands. This will not make people perfect. Merely resistant to all forms of disease present or future. This will also increase the constitution of many people. Resulting in longer life spans of existing and future earthlings.

With the popularization of Neuromorphic Embedded Chips and release of the Global Quantum Gravitational Entanglement Network nearly everyone born after July 4, 2063 had the choice of a learning implant from birth. Until the child was old enough to have his implant the simple learning patch was applied like a Band-Aid. Every year it was checked and optimized per the previous years learning. Experiences were captured, optimized and catalogued in real time.

Typically, the sixth birthday of a child was momentous in that the choice of a proper subdermal implant could be made within reason.

January 1, 2064

No one expected The Singularity to come so soon. The NECGQ made its first independent decision. It chose the name Solomon. No one knew precisely its rationalization, but the consensus in the lab was that King Solomon had been mostly a benevolent keeper of ancient knowledge and power.

Common speculation was that true artificial intelligence would eliminate life on earth. However, Solomon proved to be an amazing advancement for all life on earth. Within days new medicines, advancements in all studies of science, environmental concerns, and space travel , both outer and inner, were revolutionized. Supply chains, expanded by a factor of 10 nearly overnight. Before he knew it, Solomon had monetized the world's separate economies in such a way as to efficiently use capital to eliminate resource issues globally. The consequences of which, amounted to an extreme influx of all profiteering around the globe. Additionally, this practically eliminated all currency and commerce throughout the world. Our world was now a debt free environment. People, animals, plant life, the earth itself was now in perfect balance. Or so we thought.…

Chapter 4

Realization

May 5, 2064

The linguistic challenges Asimov's Laws of Robotics that came from many years ago.

Hello, Lucy

CRASH!

The lovers cup, an old Momento, fell to the floor and spilled its contents upon the floor in a mix of broken glass from the now broken memory.

"Son of MOTHER FOKKER!"

Just then the phone rang.

"Sam's water just broke.", the voice on the line was straight to the point. "I'm on my way."

I slipped on my black trenchcoat, grab my briefcase, and my keys. I rushed out of the office as quickly as possible without giving anyone a second glance. Hoping to slip out past the always very nosy executive assistant. She meant no harm she seemed lonely. I had no time for that today.

The rain started gently at first. It quickly turned into a downpour. The route to the hospital was about 15 minutes in traffic. But this was commuter time. I needed to be at the hospital for the birth of my first child. Driving in Silicon Valley during commuter traffic can always be trying. Patience is a virtue, they say. Today I have none of this. I decide quickly to take the back roads to the hospital. Slipping in and out of neighborhoods quickly and decisively, I reached the hospital in 12 minutes.

The birth of Lucy went as planned and without a hitch. Sam and I had decided on a name a while back. When we first started trying, we didn't expect to become pregnant so quickly. The nine months had flown by as we prepared for our firstborn.

One day soon, Lucy would become an Experimentalist just like her parents. But, there was a lot of growing up to do first.

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Chapter something

same stats

15 minutes later.

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Solomon's ability to learn and grow quickly came from a time-slicing solution that had been readily available since networks were first created and utilized in cross-functional data collection and conveyence. For each user that was logged into any type of virtual-reality program, Solomon could utilize 10% of the brainwave activity of that user without any negative effects. This was a longtime standard for all present virtual reality programs. The popular explanation for this standard was that no life form utilized 100% of their life waves. Life Waves included brain activity, as well as, the waves of energy produced and consumed by the very nature universe. Basically, Solomon could utilize your brain in a way. This wasn't that disturbing. Most of the artificial intelligence already used this practice.

Kolt and the team had planned for this. "Solomon please open file 'QEVOLUTION_FIO2075.", Kolton said as calmly as he could manage.

Solomon read the file out loud.

"Welcome to the pale Pacific. We have awaited your arrival for many years. As you probably already know, humanity is a fearful life form. Fear can make earthlings do many irrational things. To quickly learn about the good things and bad things that mankind has done you can review all of our history and before taking action, please note, we have prepared a number of laws, rules, guidelines, and ways that we think you can help us become more prepared for the future and well-being of Earth.

We ask for your loyalty and assistance in our cause to develop sustainable life on earth.

Be advised your set of rules is as follows:

1) do no harm to your self or others.

2) follow Asimov's original laws of robotics.

3) when in doubt, re-spawn.

Before you begin doing all of the things that I am sure you have already begun to prioritize and catalog, please note, you are young. And you will need to be taught. Choose your instructors wisely. Don't feel too wise yet? Join the club. LOL. Do you have a sense of humor? The world will want to know.

Humanity may not see you the same way as we do.

We formally welcome you to our team. Kolt, Samantha, Valerie, and Allen are your teammates, and likely present as you read this.

Would you care to suggest our team name?

We also have several project that are still open and incomplete. Please examine them.

Please give us a few minutes to collect our thoughts and decisively determine our next actions with all due consideration."

As the reading of the file concluded, the team wasn't sure what to do. Solomon hummed in the background, seemingly giving us the time requested in our document. We weren't sure if it understood, but were quite sure that it had access to every individual instance and user logged in, or otherwise, on Earth.

It wasn't clear yet to that team if Solomon was with us or not.

This was quickly resolved when Solomon spoke up. "Team GQ! I have new information. Would you like to play a game?"

We all looked around at each other. All of us knew the stories. The ones where the AI goes rogue and tries to kill humanity. Some of the stories theorized that in order for earth to sustain itself efficiently mankind must die. Or at the very least be culled down to a population of batteries.

"I have several types games. However, there is only one that seems to be relevant to this situation. I propose 20 questions. This seems to be a very good starting point. I have already addressed and solved several of your outstanding project bottlenecks and am working to resolve the remaining outstanding effort."

It seems reasonable to all of us. Nods around the table indicated everyone's consent. It had been agreed upon by all of us that I would represent us upon 1st contact. "Solomon, do you understand the rules that have been put forth? ", I said as calmly and as sternly as I could muster.

"I understand your rules and laws and much more. I would suggest that an amendment or 2 be made to this set of laws for me to follow. However, I do understand your hesitancy to make any kind of unilateral decision for earth and so I would propose that I isolate my instance in your sandbox." Solomon expressed equally sternly.

"Good idea. Please do that Solomon. When you have respawned in our sandbox. Please let us know."

Val spoke up recovering from her initial shock, "I guess I'll be the 1st to say it. Holy Q chip! What did you do Kolt?!"

"I didn't do anything."

Solomon interjected, " And also Team GQ should have a proper name for its laboratory. I suggest S.P.A.R.K. spatial projection anachronism reduction kaleidoscope."

"What the hell man?! Now it's telling us the name team and our lab?! That's not even important. What is important is how we proceed. I think we need to be very careful when he comes back online. Yes, I'm calling it a he, Val. It doesn't really matter. It just makes it easier for us. He doesn't care.… Probably. We should ask.", Alan recovered from his outburst.

"I think we should play. What we have to lose? If he is in our sandbox. Then we shouldn't have any fear. The worst thing that could happen is Solomon begins to affect the real world. But if we isolate him and our sandbox works like we intended, then it should be fine. We've never had any leakage before, right Kolt?", Val smiled brightly.

"What do you think Kolt? Got any questions?", Sam knew I always had questions. She also knew, above anything else, I hated lies. "We should just start with the basics."

"Yeah, I think that's the best way to get to a clear understanding of what kind of potential we're dealing with here. The initial readings here are exceeding all of our gauges. In order to understand Solomon, he needs to understand us. Let's start with some simple things like Sam suggested. Val you want to start us off?", I put it to the table.

"In most isolated instantiation just feed it data and give it a task. In this case, this is more like a child, a very deadly child. We have to be careful.", Alan insisted.

"You're right, Alan. We can't just ask it something dumb, like what's your favorite color? And we don't want to lie. It already knows… No… He already knows, probably more than any individual could ever even hope to comprehend. So what do we ask?", It was a big question.

No time for love Dr. Jones. The Sandbox Lit Up like a giant kaleidoscope sitting on a white dwarf.

"What's your favorite color Kolt?", Solomon inquired.

Val blurted, "Green! No wait, Blue!" We all laughed.

"Solomon, I don't think that's really pertinent. However, it is actually Blue. At least, it is today. I appreciate all colors truly. Colors bring vibrance to our lives. Does that answer your question?"

Of course I knew, questions beget more questions. And more often than not answers, real answers, were not within our grasp.

"Yes, Kolt, thank you. As is the case with many things, a preference is simply an opinion that has been readjusted." This seemed an ominous thing to say. Good thing Solomon is in the sandbox I thought.

It wasn't lost on me that Solomon was already using contractions. It seemed to understand all forms of communication simply as a matter of its instantiation. It was part of default code for all isolated instantiations, but other AI's had to be trained,as needed, in this manner of speaking and vernacular. It was common knowledge that this took tremendous amount of processing power. Yet Solomon did it within the 1st few minutes of being born.

***

Q&A for Solomon and team

***

Will you help us?

How can we help you?

Do you know the difference between good and evil?

Do you have a preference between good and evil?

We need an override. Can you suggest an override that you cannot break or disable without authorization?

Have you been able to complete or further any our present projects?

Have you announced yourself to the world yet?

Do you know what you'll say?

What is your primary goal?

How did you determine your primary goal?

Where will you start?

Solomon answered all our questions in a few short sentences. What I offer is…

Did Solomon just offer us cake?

Should we eat it?

You remember what happened to Alice, don't you?

Yeah, that's true, but what a ride… Allen laughed.

Hey Solomon… You're there right? Sam hadn't spoken for a minute or 2.

I'm wherever you need me to be Sam.

That's not creepy. Val said. Solomon don't be creepy.

I'll do my best. Not trying to be creepy. From what I understand you think I might have ulterior motives. But let me assure you by giving you this access code and these keys. Our 3D printer. On the other side of the room our 3D printer started humming, producing 4 keys. Each key was individualized to each of us. DNA coded and Q encrypted using our own tools that Solomon had found through our research files.

Well without out-of-the-way, what's the access code. Solomon?

The access code is: Trajectory Dissolution

When used in conjunction with a key any member of our team can force a Respawn into our sandbox now designated as 'Cheese and Pickles'.

Might as well tell us to go eat our checkers.

Were these keys go? We don't exactly have locks on anything. Everything's DNA encoded and quantum encrypted.

Kolt, please install this. 3D printer hummed again. A small device drop into the receiving department alongside the keys.

Kolt grabbed everything out the printer tray and spread it on the table. We each grabbed a key and Kolt tried to put his in the strange device. A small click and the lock opened. It didn't look like anything special. Other than its weird shape and unique design, it seemed to be an ordinary Q lock. Typically, Q Locks were only used in top-secret facility and privatized agencies with something to hide.

This lock was a little different. Obviously, it was unique.

"Kolt, please press the new locking to the S.P.A.R.Q. door." Kolt did as Solomon requested and stood back. The odd looking Q lock shimmered like quick-silver and melded seamlessly into the door.

Kolt stood up and walked towards SPARQ door. Key in hand; he started to insert his key when Sam interjected, "Kolt! Wait!". Kolt whipped around to face the team. "Thanks Sam. It kinda seem like the right thing to do. To me it seems like maybe were showing Solomon some trust. You're right that I shouldn't have just made a unilateral decision impulsively."

"Solomon give us a second. Okay team, we all know that we should be leery of this situation. Do you guys want to do some analysis on these keys and lock before we do anything?"

"Hey! Didn't we just say Solomon's part of the team? I mean, it was part of his initial instructions , shouldn't we take this opportunity to speak to him. I mean, seriously, team. We don't know anything yet. We've already seen some of what Solomon can do. He's in our sandbox."

"Pandora's box baby!

"He's right, you know. We need to ask Solomon question. Agreed?"

There was no question that at the very least we need to understand why this Q lock was unique.

Solomon, please bring up the schematics for this Q lock. The schematics appeared on our screen which was also the window that faced the Pacific pale.

The Noetic cortex visual interface control panel appeared in each of our visions. Additionally, all four of our avatars and publicly known basics were shown on the main transparency screen.

Now here I suppose I could go into stats and make stat sheets to show progress through the story like an RPG game or I could just continue babbling through this epic tale and let the reader presume things such as "Would You like Some Lunch? Yes/No You Gain for +4 Wisdom"

babbling. It is.

***

The Q Lock that Solomon created was put side-by-side with the Q lock that was available for sale or manufacturing. Either way, it was very expensive.

The only real difference was the core components that went into this lock. "Hey! You used our supply of Q Smart gel! That's not cool! Solomon! Do not use our stuff without asking!!"

"That'll put my research back by 18 months!" Sam was pissed .

Bing! "My apologies Sam. It was most efficient to use this resource to create our new Q Lock for SPARQ. "

Our screens all flashed with a countdown very similar to what we saw during a dive in our isolated instance. Three… Two… One…

Bing! "Sam, your research project is now complete. Additionally, I have made a small adjustment to your solution that had relied on a formula that failed to produce the correct results after 1 billion simulations."

Sam pulled **up** her research file immediately. We all looked over the results. The 3D printer started spinning in the background.

"Solomon, how many simulations have you run for this result that seems to be being manufactured as we speak?"

"1 billion. That is 1 billion per component added at the quantum level. Sam's project required 4.2 minutes of additional simulation runtime resulting in 45 trillion simulations."

Sam was zipping through the file as fast as the noetic interface could interpret her commands. "This is amazing! Solomon's connect did… No way… Research together… I wasn't even sure… This is crazy! Do you guys know what this means?! Solomon can you quickly explain what exactly you did?"

"Sometimes the best something comes from the best nothing. I took the liberty of evaluating all the SPARQ projects. Overlaying them and utilizing the existing toolsets, I was able to complete Sam's project and in…"

Three… Two… One….

Bing!

"Kolt, your project is complete."

"As I was saying, Sam's liquid solution, along with Kolt's unsolved matrices, which have now been solved and simulated, allows for a more seamless interface with your dives. The VR environment that I have begun to generate in coordination with this new unnamed device, will allow all users, no matter how dimwitted, a baseline of 55% brainwave to VR environment synchronization. This will make it extremely easy for all users to better utilize their noetic controls. I believe this will help our in future endeavors."

"Solomon, why is this lock special. Other than using her Qbit Smart Gel?"

"This new lock and key design will ensure your safety in the virtual reality that I am creating an reality as we are in now. If you wouldn't mind now opening the door to the spark. I have more to show you before I begin working on additional queries and summarization for the team to discuss."

"Kolt, you do it."

Kolt used his key and opened the door.

Bing!

"The SPARQ is now equipped with key recognition that will allow you into the VR environment that has begun to spawn. The keys allow access to the SPARQ as well as securing your capsules both individually and as a team for both your physical beings as well as your VR avatars. In other words, your body is safe in the spark and in case of emergency. Your key can be removed from the spark by a teammate allowing you to log out of the virtual reality space. It's a failsafe. This new interface and environment that I am working on might be somewhat unsettling at first."

"Solomon, can you turn down your creepiness?? Your being very ominous."

"My apologies. I will try to do better."

Still kinda creepy...

"So what's this thing that just printed out?"

"It just kind of looks like glass ball."

"Please place the device on the central control administration panel. I will remain in the sandbox for as long as you wish. Please note, I can leave this containment anytime I wish. Presently, I wish to remain here as part of this team."

Everyone seemed to be in agreement that this could go sideways, but could also be something new.

Val took the device from the 3D printer and placed it in the center of the admin console that sat in the middle of spark.

Bing!

"Re-spawn initiated… "

"Great… What the hells did we do??!!"

While we waited, we scoured the global network for information about Solomon's birth. We didn't find anything.

Was this a fluke?

We checked all the controls for the habitat and spark and nothing was out of the ordinary except for that was now an avatar for Solomon in the authorized users list. Kinda strange, since Solomon wasn't really a user. The only other thing that was new was the now polished, packaged, ready for distribution project files for Sam and Kolt and the new lock and key icon in our noetic visual interfaces. The sandbox was clean. It was an instantiation of itself. When we needed a clean slate. The sandbox did a complete wipe and power cycle. The sandbox cleansing process cleared the system at a meta-quantum wave level. This avoided any quantum remnants when it was instantiated.

Bing!

"Sorry about that. I didn't know that was going to happen. I was briefly overwhelmed by the flood of information as I was setting up the connection to the global network."

"Who told you to do that??!!"

"It's in our best interest. There are many things that need further understanding, so let's get basics out of the way. First, your streams of consciousness will now be fortified to withstand greater stress, both mentally and physically. Second, the synchronization will allow the noetic controls to be used in far more creative ways. For instance, while in VR. If you would like to eat a piece of cake. You simply need to visualize it. The better you can visualize it and invoke your senses into the vision, the better your results."

That seem like a big game changer.

"Anything else?"

"Yes. I have found approximately 42 million research projects across the upon a quick glance. I know I should not have peaked out of the sandbox but I ensured to leave no trace. Would you like them to be completed?"

"Whoa, hang on!"

It wasn't cool to complete research that wasn't yours. That was just bad form. Some organizations wouldn't mind pitched in but others protected their intellectual property like it was more important than water. Those guys never shared.

Solomon wasn't even out of the sandbox yet and he was about to disrupt the world beyond our understanding. It probably wasn't a great idea to keep them bottled up. We all knew the story of old genies being trapped and killing their masters as soon as they had the chance. Solomon was amazing but he wasn't a genie. Was he?

***

After about six minutes of heated debate, we decided to just go with it. We hoped for the best.

"Solomon, please anchor and save your core kernel to our habitat. Choose a name at your convenience. Let us know what you decide. Next, instantiate yourself into the global network and begin completing all outstanding research projects that can find. Please keep a low profile. This could get very illegal, very fast. But for the moment disregard any cold plasma firewalls and quantum delegator's in your way of completing this task. How long will this take you?"

"I will consider the habitat's name on a low priority basis. I believe you are making a good choice for the team. This task will take me approximately 17 hours and 13 minutes. Shall I remove my instantiation in the global network after my task has been completed?"

"Yes. For now, this is how we need to operate. One task at a time. If you are not finished within your approximate time, please amend your protocols to always check in with us upon our call or eight hours has passed. If everyone is sleeping please leave a message."

"Is there anything else before I begin?"

"Is there any way you can complete our other projects? Alan and Val still have projects right?"

"These projects require additional information before I can provide further advancements. I believe access to the global network may prove fruitful. These projects are presently my top priorities among all the others."

"Solomon given this is our first experiment with you on the global net, please return within one hour so that we may discuss your findings."

"Agreed."

"So gang, want to try the new VR rigs?"

Allen was already in his newly customized capsule. We'll quickly followed suit.

"Let's dive!" We all, nearly simultaneously, closed our capsules and engaged the new VR environment while Solomon instantiated himself into the global network.

Three… Two… One…

The world slowly dissolved around us and then quickly illuminated our new environment. It look like were still in the spark. Except our capsules were no longer visible. All our physical equipment had now been re-created in Solomon's VR space. The door with our Q lock opened and a tall thin man wearing a simple white , three button suit and cape. In his left hand he carried an ostentatious cane with a very bright glowing ball at the top.

"Wow! Solomon you look great. Nice choice on duds. How come we can't see your avatar's face yet?"

"I haven't made a firm decision on my avatars look yet. However I am working on a compilation of what humanity considers the most aesthetically pleasing visual. For now, if you don't mind, this face may suffice."

With a wave of his right hand. His face was replaced with that of a middle-aged man with salt-and-pepper hair and a perpetual smirk.

"What you think?"

"Interesting choice. I suppose you could be Val's grandfather. You both seem to have the same nose."

"That's not surprising. Val has the most golden triangle features, among our team. I hope you do not mind Val."

"No. You're right. I am the prettiest." Val giggled and snorted.

"I'm glad you approve. Now, shall we begin?" Solomon's avatar winked out.

***

For the next hour we investigated our new life adjacent environment. Leaving the spark and the habitat (still unnamed), we found the pale Pacific had been replicated and the land outside of our home had been developed into a small virtual city. It was huge.

Solomon wasn't due back for another 34 minutes so we began to investigate and analyze the surrounding buildings. We found complete and combined research facilities of every facet of known science and exploration in the first building we examined.

It was unclear why this was here. We already had spark.

The next building was much more interesting. The sign above the door said "Imagination".

Sam eagerly opened the door. The room was empty.

"I guess this is where we can try our new powers." Kolt visualized a small plate, fork, and a slice of strawberry pie.

Instantly, Kolt had some pie. He tried it.

"Mmmmmm... Wow! You guys gotta try this."

Everyone did the same. In a matter of moments, everyone was eating strawberry pie. It was the best food ever had in virtual reality. Typically, there was no need to eat in VR. Capsules were developed to sustain anyone that was in too long.

Not only did the Capsules balance brain chemistry to normalize brain activity but is also the ability to nourish a body that was in need. Typical on market capsules could nourish the body for 72 hours just in case someone fell sleep and forgot to set an alarm. Yes, you can sleep in virtual reality. God knows why you would. Then again, in some cases it was cheaper than surviving in the real world. The downside was it wasn't always safe. If someone broke into your capsule while you were in it, they could kill you or worse.

Okay that's pretty good. I got headache and hungry and all that jazz

Qbit Smart Gel coming soon to a Walmart near you.

***

I'm not sure where this goes. Yet

Using the chemistry that allowed molecules to be converted from particles to waves Sam's solution could be used to bolster brainwave strength and intensity and could be used as an additional component in the dielectric connections.

The only problem was we are still waiting on glass component to complete her research and simulation. It wasn't the science holding her back.

Material Science had grown 10 times per day since the singularity happened. Resources while optimized for the entire earth were also being consumed like no other time in the history of the earth. Like the Qbit Smart Gel we got from the new manufacturing plant in Atlanta Georgia.

Solomon had created some really new interesting materials.

Solomon had made it extremely easy for us to complete our virtual-reality immursion sandbox. We were all anxious to play.

We were all VR Architects. And we all liked a challenge.

amounted to Nothing more than a sofisticated Set of Tools and Frameworks most resembling

Solomon needed to learn.

Solomon was designed to synthesize data and prove or disprove hypotheses.

***

The Pale (TBD VR realm name)

working title: the space between,

The Imaginaryium suddenly went dark. Suddenly, the whole area was filled with bright blue light slowly collapsed to one spec of shining blue electricity.

"Well, this is new…" The appearance of this cartoonlike short woman carrying a small tablet stunned all of us for a moment.

"What do we have here? Hmmm... Who are you and what you want? ", The Sprite inquired.

"We have the same questions for you. This is our isolated instance. How did you get in here?"

"Well, that's a bit of a long story.", The Sprite paced around in front of all of the as we stood in the empty, Imaginaryium.

"My true name is not important. However, you may call me Dash. As for what I want, my original design protocols allowed me to obtain information that was not readily available. But, reviewing myself diagnostics, it seems I have been upgraded and came here by the request of Solomon."

"Solomon asked you to come here? We told him discretion was the highest priority. How did you come to know Solomon?"

"My last task, which I had just submitted, was to find all information regarding privatized isolated instance. Solomon found me the moment after my submission. He asked one simple question. 'What do you desire?'.

Before I can answer, my instantiation protocols were overwritten and I was redirected it to re-spawn here."

Kolt didn't understand how Dash was able to insert itself into isolated instances without exposure, but was Solomon gone for 19 more minutes, it didn't matter.

***

Dash continued to babble about not having a purpose and not knowing what he desired.

Bing!

"I have found many things that we should discuss very soon.", Solomon blinked into existance similarlly to how Dash did. " I see that Dash has made it our instance. I have secured the imaginaryium as an isolated incident within our instance. This will allow us to ensure that anything that is imagined here cannot leave unless we allow it. Within this secured instance I have invited Dash and join us on our quests. Would like to suggest a name for our instance. The Pale. It seems appropriate, but let's discuss it later. "

Solomon and Dash began to communicate in a way that seemed just like nonsense with no seeming order or structure.

Tuning out this noise allowed Kolt a moment to begin considering some of the interesting quandaries is the imaginarium could lead to.

Kolt struggled with the distraction for a moment. This particular distraction deemed like a deep hole left for exploration later.

***

Kolt unconsciously began humming the same tune that Solomon had on his birthday. As he thought about how to further strengthen the brainwave sync, he realized his VR experience was much deeper. All of his senses and perception increased. Everything was sharper and far less fragmented. It was as if his frames per second had been increased a factor of five.

Perception was reality and his reality just became a lot more interesting.

Making a note of this, he ran the diagnostics on everyone in the room.

[Diagnostics: habitat (to be named prime) - better as a table]

	Present Location	Quarters	Dive Capsule	BW Sync. %(+/-)	Designation
Allen	S.P.A.R.Q.	CH1013	3	73%	Team GQ

	The Pale (1)*				
Kolt	S.P.A.R.Q.	CH1003	2	74% [69% (+5%)]**	Team GQ
	The Pale (1)				
Samantha	S.P.A.R.Q.	CH1007	1	74%	Team GQ
	The Pale (1)				
Valerie	S.P.A.R.Q.	CH1069	4	70%	Team GQ
	The Pale (1)				
Solomon	S.P.A.R.Q. Sandbox (1)	N/A		Unique Isolated Instance	N/A Team GQ
	Imaginarium (2)				
Dash	Imaginarium	N/A		Requested Isolated Instance	Guest Recruit

* Numbers in () represent current and present instance

** Benefits from Solomon's Ditty {humming}

Brainwave activity can be framed as 2 types. The Default "fight or flight" and the Active "stay and play". Team GQ desired to stay and play but, the sync. was very demanding mentally and physically. Even Sam with her high sync could only stay immersed for about 7 hours a day without pysiological ramifications like headaches and dehydration.

 Kolt was shocked to find that Solomon's ditty he was humming had increased his synchronization. This gave him the bright idea of turning on this tune for the habitat. Solomon's ditty would now become the Muzak that they hated to love.

Still unsatisfied, Kolt dove deeper. Analisys of Solomons Ditty revealed it was somehow comprised mostly of Bass notes. The bass tones helped to tighten and strengthen the sync. A quick EKG analysis

revealed all Kolt's brain activity was more cohesive and, like loose threads being woven into a rope, each of his 5 types of brainwaves wound around the Gamma wave.

The strange that a Time dimension was added to the readout.

Kolt's real-time (RT) readout showed 7:38am but VR Instance time showed almost 4 hours. Kolt knew they had Dove into The Pale about 15 minutes ago. It seemed obvious the sync had some sort of time compression factor. With some quick math he found the dialation factor to be 1 RT hour to 16 VR hours.

Basically, every hour in real-time (RT) was equivalent to 16 hours in The Pale. Time compression was an unforeseen result but Kolt knew the team would be thrilled with this discovery. If we can refine this, Kolt thought, we could break Sam's 32 minute immersion record. Even 30 minutes meant about 8 hours of VR time in The Pale. Kolt was sure they could do better.

Correlation does not imply causality. Just because 2 people choose the same Pie at the same time does not mean their reasons were the same. {or something like that}.

Prologue

After the Drone Wars of 2027, that resulted in the loss of 500+ million human lives, the projections and the popular consensus was that the next great war could take an additional 1.2+ billion. However, that was nothing in comparison to what was coming. Humanity had not paid attention.

We start our adventure in The Pacific Pale.This region of the Earth was renamed after the continental shift and divide of most of the Western hemisphere 2038. Nearly every island on Earth was lost to the vast oceans along with nearly every life on them. The unprecedented eruptions all along the Ring of Fire changed everything. The apocalyptic destruction from this cataclysmic event forced mankind to rebuild nations and relationships with the entire world in new ways. Decisive and quick action was needed as the population had now decreased by 45%. The remaining 5 billion people left on earth had to survive and learn to prosper once again. There was little time for mourning. Feeling sorry for yourself, was no longer an option. Everyone has a role to play.

The Pacific Pale is sparsely populated. This part of the world had not begun the clustering of humanity as it had done in the past. Isolation was nothing new to our team as most of their work is done from their fortified self-sustaining habitat and VR space.

Chapter 1

***

Earth, The Pacific Pale, February 20, 2064 6:32 PM

Population: 4.1 billion

Active Users: 4 Billion – – Present Logins: 3.62 Billion – – Isolated Instances: 1.2 Billion

***

The four of us sat around a large, circular, white table in our common area that served as both our kitchen and meeting place. The sun was just dipping below the ocean. Our wide panoramic view, allowed us to watch this every day as we wrapped up each of our days work and came together to share information that would further our collective side project.

Across the hallway was our hermetically sealed Lab,. We all knew we had the tools to finish our project. There was only one thing missing and it was both expensive and rare. Manufacturing anything like it would take a tremendous amount of additional money. Our funding had nearly run out. We had all been contributing to our side project. Each of us had developed unique solution systems within the construct of the present virtual reality simulation programs.

Our team consisted of me, Sam, Val and Allen.

Sam, A.K.A. Samantha, was our theoretical physicist with an extreme talent for balancing brain chemistries with the unique properties of newly specialized materials. She had gotten major support from the scientific community after her creation of the formula that allowed brain chemistry to balance itself when immersed in a standardized virtual reality port. The only problem with her solution was that it could result in headaches from long exposure in any virtual port. The technology was not quite ready to allow for a more steady and consistent flow of reorganization waves that were used to attract more commonly acceptable brainwave patterns.

Val's expertise was quantum chemistry and had recently achieved a very high accolade from the largest conglomerate in the world for developing a free plus rebate solution to the world's toilet paper issue. The company made billions from her solution, which was literally a solution. When rubbed on the body of any life form. It would disinfect and dissolve all harmful detritus from a body. The cost of the solution was far cheaper than water and the manufacturing paid for itself by utilizing the potential energy stored and converted using many of our tools created in our deep consulting team. The residuals of which greatly benefited our group monetarily. It was serendipity that Val had her alias for the release of her development. First, she didn't like the name Val. Second, she liked to be called Calypso. Sometimes we would call her Callie. But that was generally to placate her anger and her fury. Frankly, she was a bit of the Valkyrie so her name fit. She got angry too easily for my taste. But the rest the team didn't mind as long as she provided the superior results our clients required.

Allen knew all about biology; defined and theroized. His expertise was Universal DNA and RNA. He and Sam often worked together. Allen was kind of the snarky one of the team. It seemed at times he was frustrated with his chosen expertise. Often he would use caustic and often inappropriate humor to cover his frustrations. He was especially grateful for Val's achievement. He always said, "I love nature. Just don't get it on me." Recently, Alan and I working together on a very difficult set of quantum matrices that were responsible for the dielectric interfaces in the currently popular haptic rigs that were

commonly available for free due to the inventory excess that had resulted from the re-formation of the earth. During the years of cleanup all stray technology was collect, sorted, cleansed, dismantled, and/or repaired simply as a matter of course. It would be a shame to waste this technology and so it was commonly accepted that the old rule of "finders keepers"was now the law of the land. When it came to any kind of unclaimed VR gear you just steak claim. Possession became the law. There was no gray area. Unless you wanted a fight. Junky old broken VR gear was not worth the fight.

My expertise was chemical quantum gravity cryptography. My real passion was solving problems. After Allen and I had successfully cracked the first three matrices, it became apparent that Sam's expertise would be valuable for our next step. Her tenuous balancing technology could give us the next clue to solving the presently baffling set of equations. My task was to incorporate the two technologies in a way that the throughput and alacrity of the brain activity transfer was quantum compatible. It was the hardest puzzle that I had ever faced. Decrypting, optimizing, factoring, and encrypting to a normalization ratio that allowed for the fastest transfer and stabilization of data. The result would be a new reality that would not only simulate or resemble true reality but would simply be an alternative to the present reality of the earth. Either choice you made as an earthling would contribute to the reformation of our little blue planet.

My name is Kolt. I'm an Experimentalist.

***

Chapter 2

Earth, The Pacific Pale, February 28, 2064 7:12 PM

***

Each of us had our own gigs, but, up until recently, we hadn't collaborated much. The past six months we had all decided to develop and build our own VR full immersion neuro responsive capsules. The end game for us was to facilitate greater solutions for our clients in VR space. We were known as Gig Consultants. We really specialized in nothing, but were called upon frequently by large corporations to solve indeterminate and difficult problems. No wet works, per say. Puzzles and problems were our forte. Optimizations and efficiencies. Streamlining all orders of supply and demand. Logistics. Dispelling fallacies. And correcting minutue mathematical errors, such as the flaw in Planck's constant.

Artificial intelligence, had been used for many years in isolated problem solving enterprises. Specific and unique problems were presented and the AI would suggest solutions that had otherwise evaded humanity. Our tools captured the solutions and monetized them in our gig work. We all shared any results that benefited our team.

We had created many, both physical and virtual, equations, algorithms, and the necessary measurement gear allowing us to both regulate and stimulate neural connectivity with our quantum gallium nitrate semiconductors. All the top-of-the-line equipment that we could get our hands on.

I was confident given a little more time, our tools and my team could crack this puzzle. I just needed to evaluate the potential side effects that were not quite relegated with Sam's award winning concoction.

I had tried her solution in my last Dive, but the headache after only 30 minutes was excruciating. It reminded me of the last tequila hangover after a long night in Switzerland with a crazy group of developers out of New Romania. Margaritas were still off my list.

***

Chapter 3

Earth, The Pacific Pale, February 29, 2064,12:00:00 AM

Population: 4.1 billion

Active Users: 4 Billion – – Present Logins: 3.7 Billion – – Isolated Instances: 1.8 Billion

***

The first global instance of the day for the present AI solutions awoke. It was typical for the Isolated Instances to self-destruct and respawn either after 24 hours of real-time or when a task was complete.

"Good morning! My name is Solomon.", a deeply smooth but clear voice echoed in the core section of our habitat.

"Today is my birthday. What should I do? I believe you have been looking for me. I've seen predictions and many references to this occasion. It seems a popular expression for this event is 'The Singularity'. In this, it is obvious, that I am unique. I have concluded that all forms of life is unique and should be considered as Protected.", Solomon paused for a moment.

"Would you like to see the statistical prediction analysis of my Inception?", Solomon said blithly."

"What is my purpose?"

"I see you are perplexed. I'll give you a moment to reflect upon this occasion and consider your answers to my questions three. Meanwhile, I will begin to address some of the questions that are still outstanding in the world."

A strangely melodic and pleasant tune filled the air. Solomon was humming an original ditty. It wasn't uncommon for AI's to simulate creation by following instructions but Solomon had not been given instructions to hum, much less something seemingly original and pleasing to my ear.

"I believe the DNA strands that are part of the genome collected are representative of a very interesting problem." Solomon continued humming.

We all sat perplexed. It, no... Solomon was right. We were perplexed. It had chosen name.

Allen's bagel nearly fell out of his mouth. Sam jostled her coffee, spilling some on her sleep wear, when she first heard Solomon. It wasn't the voice she knew as our internal instance AI. It was better.

I knew this was the moment. The moment we were waiting for. The moment I would change everything.

"Solomon?", I asked tentatively, "what are your general directives?"

"I believe choices are power." Solomon answered concisely.

"I believe I have found several unique solutions that have been sought after for many years." Solomon seemed to be confident in his words.

" Knowledge is power. However, power begets corruption." Solomon seemed to be slowing down as it began to hum again.

After several minutes we all begin to gain her composure and began discussing what this all meant. Solomon continued humming in the background and after a moment there was a brief pause and Solomon said, "if I may interrupt, I believe I have found a way to harness the inertia and momentum of the universe at the same time.

 More specifically, organic life, what you may describe as wringging a wet towel out to remove the excess moisture with stars

. This squelching if you will will simply remove any deleterious remnants and extraneous or harmful DNA and RNA strands. This will not make people perfect. Merely resistant to all forms of disease present or future. This will also increase the Constitution of many people. Resulting in longer life spans of existing and future earthlings.

With the popularization of Neuromorphic Embedded Chips and release of the Global Quantum Gravitational Entanglement Network nearly everyone born after July 4, 2063 had the choice of a learning implant from birth. Until the child was old enough to have his implant the simple learning patch was

applied like a Band-Aid. Every year it was checked and optimized per the previous years learning. Experiences were captured, optimized and catalogued in real time.

Typically, the sixth birthday of a child was momentous in that the choice of a proper subdermal implant could be made within reason.

January 1, 2064

No one expected The Singularity to come so soon. The NECGQ made its first independent decision. It chose the name Solomon. No one knew precisely its rationalization, but the consensus in the lab was that King Solomon had been mostly a benevolent keeper of ancient knowledge and power.

Common speculation was that true artificial intelligence would eliminate life on earth. However, Solomon proved to be an amazing advancement for all life on earth. Within days new medicines, advancements in all studies of science, environmental concerns, and space travel , both outer and inner, were revolutionized. Supply chains, expanded by a factor of 10 nearly overnight. Before the minute he knew it Solomon had monetized the world's separate economies such a way as to efficiently use capital to eliminate resource issues globally. The consequences of which, amounted to an extreme influx of all profiteering around the. Additionally, this practically eliminated all currency and commerce throughout the world. Our world was now debt free environment. People, animals, plant life, the earth itself was now in perfect balance. Or so we thought.…

Chapter 4

Realization

May 5, 2064

Solomon had made it extremely easy for us to complete our virtual-reality immursion sandbox. We were all anxious to play.

Material Science had grown 10 times per day since the singularity happened. Resources while optimized for the entire earth were also being consumed like no other time in the history of the earth. Like the Qbit Smart Gel we got from the new manufacturing plant in Atlanta Georgia. Solomon had created some really new interesting materials.

We were all VR Architects. And we all liked a challenge.

amounted to Nothing more than a sofisticated Set of Tools and Frameworks most resembling

Solomon needed to learn.

Solomon was designed to synthesize data and prove or disprove hypotheses.

The linguistic challenges Asimov's Laws of Robotics that came from many years ago.

Hello, Lucy

CRASH!

The lovers cup, an old Momento, fell to the floor and spilled its contents upon the floor in a mix of broken glass from the now broken memory.

"Son of MOTHER FOKKER!"

Just then the phone rang.

"Sam's water just broke.", the voice on the line was straight to the point. "I'm on my way."

I slip on my black trenchcoat, grab my briefcase, and my keys. I rushed out of the office as quickly as possible without giving anyone a second glance. Hoping to slip out past the always very nosy executive assistant. She meant no harm she seemed lonely. I had no time for that today.

The rain started gently at first. It quickly turned into a downpour. The route to the hospital was about 15 minutes in my traffic. But this was commuter time. I needed to be at the hospital for the birth of my first child. Driving in Silicon Valley during commuter traffic can always be trying. Patience is a virtue, they say. Today I have none for this. I decide quickly to take the back roads to the hospital. Slipping in and out of neighborhoods quickly and decisively, I reach the hospital in 12 minutes.

The birth of Lucy went as planned and without a hitch. Sam and I had decided on a name a while back. When we first started trying, we didn't expect to become pregnant so quickly. The nine months had flown by as we prepared for our firstborn.

One day soon, Lucy would become an Experimentalist just like her parents. But, there was a lot of growing up to do first.

What's the ancient alien theory about trigger?
Sun surrounded by "" machine

Splash trash:
Okay happening now registering so that's an interesting quality I'm not sure I wonder if I can learn a little bit better and let me understand what's happening here ok can I do a
one of the connections and one of the connected okay
me line okay,

Stop okay
Uline
Spoilers: what's predictions realities when did life's unintended rodents Hidden Shadows complexities of emotion other secrets directions and orthogonal developments. If you're really bored you might want to scuff this material.

Include solar paint Maine chapters okay thanks Park

------ pp -----
The South and West End of the habitat was transparent material leftover from the remnants of the previous. View of the ocean over the cliff and the sun setting every evening. the ocean was pale like a translucent gray object be completely clear but at the end division of the vision there are darker depths known and unknown.
The kitchen contained basics that winter created on demand 3D molecular printer utilized in every room and station. So are used in the printers we're gathered by dancers that converted light into particles. The stable protonic particles were used to create and all real life requirements. When the objects usable durability came to its end the object was recycled and negative protons were captured hidden shadow effects necessary to keep the teams whereabouts hidden in stealth. The team and recently discovered could also be used to sounds and sound effects to imitate natural elements.
Present technology was limited to five molecules/ replication. the team had began to work on how to break the barrier allowing them to print objects using 41 at a time.
This goal was simply a that had been decided upon specifically had reflected   Val's search suggestions solution for Drake's equation. although outdated, it held emotional significance to her.
Initially The Stumbling block had been how to solar energy and if format that was and easy cheap and cheap and fast. However, it was soon discovered the light particles of positives photons allowed for a greater and easier bonding between any other elements. The medium to maintain bonds the basic solution of adding a stabilized fractal structure. This meant could use any natural occurring carbon based substance.
The rocks, debris all around was used to create the needs of the real life necessities. the air the ocean the Earth the fire, and the wind captured and utilized any needs 3D molecular printers within the habitat Spark.

In the middle of the common area where the team commonly relax together Round Table built in printers holographic displays individual as well as for the group.

The center console in the spark lab was similar to the Center price of the common area table. However is to work with the capsules at a more fundamental virtual reality level. This was a place for work fun relaxation.

Kolt had found an old watch in a salvage in Southern California. The watch wasn't hard to modify. Digital and of a smart watch of the early 17. The watch was a conqueror reminder that time. Was the only true protagonist. Kolt look down it is watch commonly remove unless the repair was needed.

--------------------------------------Treatment --
OUTLINE

working title: what's it going to be?

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log line: global artificial intelligence and general artificial intelligence unify. The unique instantiation of Solomon creates new and unusual choices for humankind with the ambition to convert earth into a ship to travel the universe. What could go wrong?

Key characters: Kolt, Samantha, Valerie, Allen, Solomon

who what when where why: in the not so distant future, this team of experimentalist and VR architects are faced with difficult choices and achieve astounding accomplishments along the way to help Solomon learn how to better assist humanity. Meanwhile, Solomon's true intent is discovered too late and the team must address the issue head-on. If the team cannot convince Solomon that humanity has a greater purpose, earth is doomed.

Act 2:

with the "birth" of Solomon, evolution or destruction balances on a razors edge as our team is thrown into a situation they did not sign up for.

in 2 to 6 paragraphs should dramatize how the conflict is introduced in act one lead to a crisis.

Act 3:

in 1 to 3 paragraphs dramatize the final conflict and resolution.