It was the beginning of the June 2000 winter session at Blue Crown Academy, a college in Mashonaland. Students rushed to their classrooms as the 9am bell rang. The college students shuffled behind their desks as they prepared to receive their examination papers. The sound of the younger high school students faded into the sound of squeaking doors closing and street traffic.

Meanwhile, at the City & Guilds headquarters in London, testing of the groundbreaking EduBeam technology had begun. The revolutionary technology was the brainchild of Dr. Elara Hayford, a visionary in neurotechnology. Her team of innovative engineers and educators began EduBeam's development with groundbreaking research in quantum computing, neuroplasticity, memory retention and advanced neural mapping to create a precise model of brain functions. They developed a non-invasive method to stimulate neural pathways using focused electromagnetic fields, sending vibrations that directly stimulate neural pathways linked to learning. The technology generates focused light and sound inducing plasma beams that would begin with emulating the existing frequencies of an environment. The beam would gradually modify the frequencies of the plasma beam, in turn influencing the targeted environment's frequencies. Eventually, the targeted environment would be altered, influencing plant life, the behavior of living organisms within that environment such as cats, dogs and even the mindset of any individual in the vicinity. Applications of the technology seemed limitless in the fields of intelligence, security.

After the technology had several successful small scale trials in beta-testing under controlled settings, transmitting information directly into the minds of test subjects such as mice, monkeys and human volunteers, a satellite harnessing the features of the EduBeam technology was launched. The purpose was to further the research and development of the technology on a much larger scale, beaming classrooms worldwide that were registered to host City & Guilds courses. The satellite would transmit tailored learning modules directly to classrooms whilst monitoring and adjusting to responses in real-time. The hope was that EduBeam could be used to transmit knowledge directly to students, almost like downloading information to their brains. The plasma beams could allow information to be absorbed effortlessly, bypassing traditional study methods. Transforming the way educational content is delivered through satellite technology

Back at the Blue Crown Academy in Mashonaland, 100 college students who had registered for City & Guilds courses waited anxiously in their various classes. It was only a matter of minutes before the exams began. There were about 15 students in each class. Invigilators voiced out instructions to the candidates as they distributed the question papers. An invigilator exclaimed,

“This exam is 2 hours. The time is 9.15am so we will end at 11.15am. You may begin.

A buzz rippled amongst the students. Whispers filled the air as some claimed they'd known the answers to exams they hadn't studied for. It was as if knowledge was being whispered into their ears. Unbeknownst to them, behind the scenes, Dr. Elara Hayford's team was testing the groundbreaking EduBeam technology, using students as subjects. A student secretly mentioned to her colleague, ‘’Eish the last-minute studying must work, I was just recalling things I don't remember studying.” Her colleague responds, “You must have been paying attention during class.”

College students go on break and return for the next term in August.

Students get results and some are surprised they did well. It seems the edubeam did not work well for all students.

A West African student, Cupid Enka (nickname Cu.) is missing results from the 1st paper and queries administration who claim he did not attend the exam so must rewrite.

EduBeam technology is refined to target individual students, especially students with mobile cell phones aid tracking student locations to enhance beam tests.

Cupid Enka is accepted to study Computer Engineering at Cal State Northridge in January 2021 but does not inform Blue Crown administration to process a transfer.

Professional exams begin in early December and the refined edubeam is put to the test again.

As semesters passed, the mysterious EduBeam monitored students closely, scanning their every move. Cupid Black, a curious student, journeyed to Los Angeles, unaware of the storm brewing. He didn't register for the third-semester exam, but the system still picked up his presence.

Ah, so there are rumors swirling among the students. It adds a mysterious element, with students suddenly knowing answers without studying. The rumors build suspense, but the full story seems to be under the radar. What happens next?

As semesters passed, the mysterious EduBeam monitored students closely, scanning their every move. Cupid Black, a curious student, journeyed to Los Angeles, unaware of the storm brewing. He didn't register for the third-semester exam, but the system still picked up his presence.

When Dr. Hayford's team initiated the exam, they tried to beam information to Cupid Black, but the system faltered, struggling to locate him. The haunted whispers of EduBeam's power had only just begun.

Okay, so as the system kicks into gear, it meticulously scans each candidate one by one, checking them against its criteria. When it reaches Cupid Black's candidate number, it finds... nothing. Cupid Black is missing, which triggers the system to shift into a search mode, leaving the scientists baffled and on edge. What could the system be up to?

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The machine goes rogue, abandoning its usual protocols and diving into a search mode. The scientists, puzzled, hop from computer to computer, trying to figure out what's happening. Then, the machine locks onto Cupid Black's location and starts preparing a beam, far more powerful and focused than anything programmed. The scientists watch in shock, realizing the machine has taken a turn into unknown territory. What do you think happens next?

The scientists realize the machine's gone haywire, noticing the power surge and dimmed lights. They scramble to regain control, but the machine locks onto Cupid Black's location, sending a command to the satellite. In the midst of the chaos, the scientists race against time to prevent the machine's unpredictable actions. What a wild ride!

Here is the first chapter of a series of chronicles I'm developing on my blog, 'Classies Chronicles'. Note the following:

1. For confidentiality reasons, Blue Crown Academy in London represents City & Guilds of London Institute and Blue Crown Academy in Mashonaland represents Species College at Herbert Chitepo Campus in Mashonaland.

Here is the first chapter of the story:

**Chapter 1**

**Part 1:**

It was the beginning of the June 2000 winter session at Blue Crown Academy, a college in Mashonaland. Students rushed to their classrooms as the 9am bell rang. The college students shuffled behind their desks as they prepared to receive their examination papers. The sound of the younger high school students faded into the sound of creaking doors closing in hallways and light street traffic from the main road adjacent to the Academy's entrance.

Meanwhile, at the Blue Crown Academy headquarters in London, testing of the groundbreaking EduBeam technology had begun. The revolutionary technology was the brainchild of Dr. Elara Hayford, a visionary in neurotechnology. Her team of innovative engineers and educators began EduBeam's development with groundbreaking research in quantum computing, neuroplasticity, memory retention and advanced neural mapping to create a precise model of brain functions. They developed a non-invasive method to stimulate neural pathways using focused electromagnetic fields, sending vibrations that directly stimulate neural pathways linked to learning. The technology generates focused light and sound compressed into and absorbed by a jelly-like substance in a vacuum. The substance would glow and gradually vanish with a feint glitter of dust particles and an almost audible musical-like sound when exposed to air. The scientists referred to the substance as plasma.The plasma was generated to emulate the existing light and sound frequencies of a target environment. The plasma would be beamed into the target environment then several subsequent beams with gradual modifications would be beamed into the target environment, in turn gradually influencing the targeted environment. The gradual modifications of the frequencies affected electronic equipment within and around the targeted environment. Eventually, the state of the targeted environment would be altered, influencing plant life, the behavior of living organisms within that environment such as cats, dogs and even the mindset of any individual in the vicinity.

Applications of the technology seemed limitless in the fields of intelligence, security. After the technology had several successful small scale trials in beta-testing under controlled settings, transmitting information directly into the minds of test subjects such as mice, monkeys and human volunteers, a satellite harnessing the features of the EduBeam technology was launched. The purpose was to further the research and development of the technology on a much larger scale, beaming classrooms worldwide that were registered to host Blue Crown Academy courses. The satellite would transmit tailored learning modules directly to classrooms whilst monitoring and adjusting to responses in real-time. The hope was that EduBeam could be used to transmit knowledge directly to students, almost like downloading information to their brains. The plasma beams could allow information to be absorbed effortlessly, bypassing traditional study methods. Transforming the way educational content is delivered through satellite technology

Back at the Blue Crown Academy in Mashonaland, 100 college students waited anxiously in their various classrooms. It was only a matter of minutes before the professional exams began for the college students. There were about 15 students in each class. Mr Rashama, a lecturer for one of the Digital Technology courses, voiced out instructions to the candidates as they distributed the question papers. Exactly at 9.00am there was a slight power fluctuation in the classrooms that dimmed the lights. A slight humming sound emerged from the florescent lights. The students began to feel restless as they perceived an upcoming power outage. Suprisingly the power stabilized after a few minutes. The humming sound remained but soon became dismissible as it became the least of the student's worries. Mr Rashama exclaimed,

“This exam is 2 hours. The time is 9.15am so we will end at 11.15am. You may begin.

### **Part 2: The Transmission Begins**

*It was the beginning of the June 2000 winter session at Blue Crown Academy, a college nestled in the heart of Mashonaland. As the 9:00 a.m. bell echoed across the campus, students hurried into their classrooms. The older college students settled behind their desks, nerves taut as they prepared to receive their examination papers. Outside, the distant chatter of high school pupils faded beneath the creaking of doors and the murmur of light street traffic drifting in from the main road.*

*Thousands of miles away, at the Blue Crown Academy headquarters in London, something revolutionary was underway.*

*Dr. Elara Hayford, a pioneering neurotechnologist, stood before her team as they initiated final testing on EduBeam—a breakthrough in neuro-educational technology. This invention combined advanced research in quantum computing, memory retention, neuroplasticity, and electromagnetic stimulation. The team had developed a non-invasive method to directly activate neural pathways using precision-tuned light and sound, compressed into a glowing jelly-like plasma. When exposed to air, the plasma would shimmer, fading with a faint glitter and an almost musical hum.*

*More than just a spectacle, this plasma adapted to its environment, replicating existing light and sound frequencies before subtly altering them. With gradual emissions, it influenced nearby electronic devices, plant life, and even animal behavior. The potential applications—intelligence, defense, education—seemed limitless.*

*After numerous successful trials with mice, monkeys, and human volunteers, a satellite equipped with EduBeam tech was launched. Its mission: transmit immersive, tailored learning modules to classrooms registered under Blue Crown Academy worldwide, monitoring cognitive responses in real-time. This was more than e-learning—it was knowledge beamed directly into the mind.*

*Back in Mashonaland, nearly a hundred college students waited in anticipation. With approximately fifteen students per class, final exams were about to begin. Mr. Rashama, a seasoned lecturer in Digital Technology, walked briskly through his classroom, handing out question papers.*

*“This exam is two hours,” he announced. “The time is 9:15 a.m., so we will end at 11:15. You may begin.”*

*Just then, the lights flickered. A strange, low hum buzzed from the fluorescent bulbs above. Students exchanged nervous glances, bracing for a blackout. But the power stabilized, and the hum faded into the background. What none of them realized was that the EduBeam satellite had made contact.*

**Part 3: Signals from the North**

It was the year 2000. The dawn of a new millennium had arrived, bringing both excitement and uncertainty to the southern tip of Africa. At Blue Crown Academy in Mashonaland, a satellite campus of the prestigious Blue Crown Academy in London, a quiet experiment was underway—though none of the students knew it yet.

Cupid Enka, a West African teenager with a sharp mind and a knack for electronics, had only recently transferred to the Academy. Enka was known for being confident—sometimes to the point of arrogance—but he was also curious, introspective, and fiercely loyal to his small group of friends. Though he came across as aloof to some, those close to him knew he was constantly calculating: tracking patterns in behavior, decoding people as though they were machines waiting to be understood.

He had come to Blue Crown after a stint at a private high school in Harare, where he had formed a music trio with his friends Timmy and J Dawgg. Their biggest hit, “Countdown,” was a millennium anthem they had performed at school parties and holiday shows. Though the group had gone their separate ways after graduation, the music stayed with Enka like a lingering echo of a simpler time.

What Enka didn't know was that Blue Crown’s leadership had recently partnered with EduBeam, a quiet but cutting-edge project launched in collaboration with a group of technologists from the UK and Southern California. Led by Dr. Elara Hayford, EduBeam aimed to test whether directed electromagnetic signals—beamed at students during high-stress learning periods—could enhance cognitive recall. The idea was radical: instead of drilling students through repetition, beam the information directly into their minds using resonant frequency patterns. It was theoretical. Experimental. Dangerous, some whispered.

But in the wake of the Y2K scare and the digital revolution, anything seemed possible.

Enka, unaware that he was one of the many unwitting participants, began noticing odd things. He’d walk into class with vague memories of a chapter he didn't remember reading, or suddenly recall a concept he had only glanced at. At first, he chalked it up to stress and caffeine. But it kept happening—especially after he sat in specific rooms in the old west wing.

By mid-year, rumors swirled among students. “I just knew what was coming on the test,” one girl said in the dorm common room. “Like I had dreamed it the night before.”

Meanwhile, Enka was building a reputation—not just as a sharp student, but as a social enigma. He had a long-distance girlfriend named Karen, but things were rocky. He sometimes flirted with Delia, an old crush from his Harare days, and spent increasing time with Hazel, a quiet girl who came over under the guise of using his home internet. His friends warned him she was just there for the connection—literally—but Enka was still figuring her out.

Life at Blue Crown oscillated between intense study and youthful rebellion. Students organized music nights, snuck off campus for parties, and argued over everything from politics to pop culture. Enka thrived in the chaos, but he also sensed a strange undercurrent—a feeling that they were all being watched, shaped, tested.

By August, results came back from the winter term. Some students excelled far beyond expectations, while others reported blank spots and missing papers. Enka’s own exam record showed a missing module. The admin said he had skipped it. He swore he hadn’t. No one could find proof either way.

Meanwhile, EduBeam’s core team—working under the radar from labs in London and Los Angeles—was pleased. The beam trials had yielded results. Not perfect, but promising. Dr. Hayford noted Enka’s profile: erratic recall, technological intuition, unusual neurofeedback patterns. He was one of the few students affected inconsistently. She flagged him for future observation.

None of this reached Enka, of course. He was too busy trying to navigate campus life, juggle romantic complications, and decide whether to stay at Blue Crown or accept an offer to study Computer Engineering at California State University, Northridge, starting in January 2001.

One chilly morning in October, as Enka stood on the steps of the science block, Hazel walked past him, giving a polite smile.

“I hear there’s a modeling audition this weekend,” she said.

“Are you going?” Enka asked.

“I might,” she replied. “Only if you come too.”

Enka hesitated, watching as she disappeared around the corner. He couldn’t tell if it was flirtation, manipulation, or just data.

Later that night, Enka sat by his computer, reviewing a basic circuit board he was building. But his mind wandered. He felt like a signal was being transmitted—not through the board, but through his life.

And he wasn’t sure if he was the engineer… or the experiment.

**Part 4: Frequencies in the Fog**

By the start of third term, the fog had settled in.

Not the weather—Mashonaland’s dry heat still lingered—but a mental fog. Students at Blue Crown Academy were beginning to question their own minds. Some felt sharper. Others said they couldn’t concentrate at all. The faculty blamed it on academic pressure, but something else was humming just below the surface.

Cupid Enka had grown used to the inconsistencies. Sometimes he would walk into a classroom already knowing the answers, as if the knowledge had been whispered to him in a dream. Other times, his mind would go blank during tests, like a screen flickering out.

He wasn’t the only one. Hazel, who had now become a near-constant presence in his room under the pretense of checking her email, told him she was having trouble sleeping. “I wake up feeling like I’ve been somewhere,” she said. “Like my brain’s been working while I’m out cold.”

They’d talk late into the night, more than either of them would admit publicly. Enka was still in a long-distance relationship with Karen, who was growing increasingly distant herself. When she called, she always seemed suspicious. “Is someone else there?” she’d ask.

Sometimes, Hazel was there.

At school, the tension rose. Rumors of secret experiments began to circulate. A few students in the science stream whispered about magnetic resonance waves and behavior modification. They pointed to the new towers installed behind the west wing—supposedly for better internet—but no one had ever seen a tech crew on campus.

Enka, being the electronics geek he was, decided to investigate. Late one Friday night, he snuck behind the auditorium with his homemade RF scanner. It beeped erratically, peaking near the base of the tower. Frequencies he couldn’t identify. Way beyond Wi-Fi. Low-band VLF signals, pulsing like a heartbeat.

He didn’t sleep that night.

Back in class, lecturers became more strict. Students were discouraged from asking too many questions. The history teacher, Mr. Maphosa, once shut down an entire discussion on colonial-era mind control experiments. “We are here to learn about facts, not fantasies,” he snapped.

Yet it wasn’t fantasy for Enka. Not anymore.

He kept a journal. Not on paper—on an encrypted flash drive. He logged every strange occurrence: sudden recall of textbook diagrams, blurry dreams with numbers, missing time.

Meanwhile, Hazel was growing more bold. She’d sit closer, brush against him in the lab, offer to study in his room even when she didn’t bring books. Delia, his ex from Harare, resurfaced around the same time—now modeling for a small fashion house in Avondale. She invited him to a party in the city. “You always said you wanted something real,” she said.

Enka was torn. Between three women, none of whom he fully trusted. Between three futures: love, ambition, or escape.

The final push came during the school’s annual career seminar. Representatives from universities and employers visited the campus. Among them was a sharply dressed American woman named Dr. Elara Hayford. She wasn’t listed in the program. No one knew which institution she represented.

But Enka recognized her from somewhere.

That night, she showed up in his dream. Except it didn’t feel like a dream. She stood in the middle of his classroom, gesturing at a whiteboard filled with equations he’d never seen. She spoke calmly: “What you feel is not failure. It’s adaptation.”

He woke up gasping.

Hazel was sitting beside his bed.

“I heard you shouting,” she said. “You okay?”

Enka didn’t answer. He just looked at her, wondering if she was real.

By December, exam season had begun. Enka studied harder than ever, but the interference grew worse. Some days he couldn’t tell if he had actually read a chapter or just thought he had. Hazel’s marks were erratic too—aces in science, crashes in literature. Delia had gone quiet again. Karen stopped returning calls.

Then came the blackout.

Two days before the final paper, the power across campus went out for five minutes. No backup generators. No warning. When it returned, several students complained of nausea. One boy collapsed. A girl in the east dorm said she saw her own reflection blink at her independently.

The administration said nothing.

Enka wrote his last paper with shaking hands. He finished the test, stood up, and walked straight out of the hall.

He didn’t return to his room.

Instead, he went home to pack.

The call from California State University, Northridge had come a week earlier. A scholarship. A chance to start over. A new signal to follow.

As he boarded the early bus to Harare the next morning, Hazel stood at the gate. She didn’t say goodbye. Just watched him leave.

He looked back once, unsure if he was escaping something, or just stepping deeper into the field.

**Part 5: Exit Frequencies**

Cupid Enka hadn’t told anyone when he was leaving—not even Hazel.

The last week of December 2000 blurred into a haze of suitcases, visa stamps, embassy queues, and awkward family dinners. Most people in Harare were too caught up in the millennium hangover to notice his silence. Zimbabwe was tense: fuel shortages, inflation, rumors of an internet clampdown. But Enka wasn’t thinking about politics. He was thinking about data.

More precisely, *his* data.

Ever since the blackout at Blue Crown, he had been digging. The RF logs from his scanner, fragments of dream entries, strange behavior patterns among his classmates—it all pointed to something coordinated. EduBeam was more than an e-learning initiative. He was now convinced it had a behavioral research component. A few students had even disappeared from the semester-end registry, quietly transferred to other schools or taken “medical leave.”

Enka didn’t have proof. But he had instinct.

His last night in Harare was supposed to be quiet. Instead, it turned chaotic.

Hazel showed up at Miss Vibez Lounge during a farewell concert organized by Delia. The club was packed, the speakers blasting D’Angelo’s *Untitled (How Does It Feel)*. Enka had just finished a freestyle set with the house band—his final performance in Zimbabwe—and was backstage cooling off when Hazel cornered him.

“You were just going to leave?” she asked.

He hesitated. “You knew I had the scholarship. I told you.”

“You didn’t tell me it was *next week*,” she snapped.

Before he could respond, a fight broke out on the dancefloor. Some drunk had grabbed Delia’s arm. Her new boyfriend, a dancer from Southerton, decked him. Tables flipped. Glass shattered. The bouncers jumped in late.

Amid the chaos, Enka grabbed Hazel’s hand and pulled her outside. They ran down Second Street, past shuttered kiosks and election posters peeling from the walls. The air was thick with heat and regret.

They stopped beneath a flickering streetlamp.

“I didn’t want you to feel like I was abandoning you,” Enka said.

Hazel stared at him. “You already did.”

He reached into his satchel and pulled out a small envelope. Inside was a mini-disc labeled *S6-Logs-Enka-2000*.

“If anything happens to me in the States… if I disappear,” he said, pressing it into her palm, “you go to Chikore at the Post. He’s the only journalist I trust.”

She looked down at the disc, then back up. “You’re not that important, Enka.”

“I hope not,” he said. “But I feel like something’s watching me.”

Hazel kissed him—not out of love, but out of fear.

They didn’t speak again.

January 3, 2001.

California smelled different. Drier than he expected. Northridge wasn’t glamorous, but it buzzed with purpose. Students zipped by on skateboards. Tech labs were already humming with start-of-semester energy.

Enka’s dorm room felt like a scene from a movie—wide desk, clean sheets, ethernet cable plugged into a Dell tower he built himself. He opened his encrypted backup folder and plugged in a borrowed modem.

He searched “EduBeam Global” on AltaVista. Nothing.

Then “subharmonic frequency learning,” “low-band RF + behavior,” and finally, “Blue Crown Institute + neural priming.”

Still nothing.

But someone *was* watching.

That night, his dorm connection slowed to a crawl. Then crashed. Then returned—faster than before. He checked his system logs. There it was: a remote access ping from a San Jose IP with a military proxy.

He shut down the machine.

Outside, a siren wailed in the distance. Somewhere on the horizon, Los Angeles pulsed like a living motherboard.

Cupid Enka wasn’t afraid.

He was curious.

He made a vow that night, alone in Room 407: he would figure out who was pulling the strings. Whether it was EduBeam, the Zimbabwean Ministry of Education, or something transnational.

He didn’t know it yet, but this vow would shape the next five years of his life—and almost destroy it.

But that’s a story for another chapter.

**Part 6: The Signal Before the Storm**

It was the dawn of the June 2000 winter session at **Blue Crown Academy** in Mashonaland, a quiet satellite campus tucked between jacaranda-lined streets and the old rail line east of the capital. The morning air was brisk, laced with the scent of eucalyptus and chalk dust as students rushed into classrooms, the clang of the 9:00 AM bell echoing across the modest campus.

Inside the college wings, college students — mostly young adults in their final term — shuffled behind their desks. Today wasn’t just any school day. It was the first morning of the professional certification exams — assessments set and standardized from the Academy’s headquarters in London. The atmosphere buzzed with tension. Pens clicked nervously. A girl in the front row rubbed her lucky bracelet. A lecturer scribbled “NO TALKING” on the blackboard in bold chalk.

Outside, the younger secondary students were still filing past the main entrance, their laughter quickly swallowed by the sound of creaking doors and the steady hum of traffic from the highway just beyond the gate.

What none of the students knew — what even most of the faculty didn’t know — was that they were part of a global experiment. At that very moment, high above Earth’s troposphere, a small satellite named *Aurum-1* had aligned its signal toward the Mashonaland campus, one of the first remote testing zones for a classified technology dubbed **EduBeam**.

While invigilators handed out thick brown envelopes of exam papers, back in the UK, in the basement of a research facility on the edge of London’s academic belt, **Dr. Elara Hayford** watched a line of real-time telemetry scroll across her terminal. Neural frequencies. Room temperatures. Ambient interference readings. All data streaming in from learning “resonance pods” discreetly installed in ceiling fixtures of pilot classrooms.

She exhaled. “Beam initialized,” she whispered.

Back in Mashonaland, the power flickered.

At exactly 9:00 AM, as the exam began, a low-frequency hum emerged from the fluorescent lights — soft, rhythmic, just barely perceptible. The lights dimmed for a moment, a brief fluctuation like a breath being held. Several students looked up. One student whispered, “Blackout?” but the power stabilized before anyone could leave their seats.

Mr. Rashama, a stern but respected lecturer in Digital Technology, ignored the flicker. He cleared his throat and addressed his students firmly.

“This exam is two hours. The time is now 9:15 AM. We end at 11:15. You may begin.”

The students lowered their heads and opened their papers. No one noticed the fine shimmer of particles that briefly glowed near the air vents. No one heard the barely audible chime — like the final note of a tuning fork.

But deep inside their brains, patterns began to stir.

Across the hall, in Classroom B3, a student blinked hard and whispered to herself, *“Wait—I remember this formula. But I never studied it this way...”*

Far away in London, Dr. Hayford marked the anomaly in her notes.

Day one of field testing had begun.

And Mashonaland’s future — perhaps the future of education itself — was about to change.

**Part 7:**

Even when the college term is over and there are no classes, Blue Crown Academy is still the central meetup point for Enka and his colleagues. Enka's activities outside the academy includes preparation ng to perform the 'Countdown' song at the 'Miss Vibez' variety show held in Harare in Mashonaland. His highschool crush Delia on the planning team for the event. He made the Countdown song with his high school colleagues 'Timmy' and 'J Dawgg' in 1999 as a countdown into the new millennium. After meeting at Blue Crown Academy in the morning, the routine is going to hangout at the nearby mall and sometimes watch a movie there. Sometimes michieviously visiting the theater washroom after a move and waiting for about a half hour to avoid paying for the next movie. One time Enka meets Karen, his girlfriend, at the mall with her ex boyfriend. She is happy to see him and runs to hug him. Enka gets really annoyed, pulls away from her and yells at them in public. She gets annoyed with him for a long time. Enka sees the relationship would probably not last so start flirting with his highschool crush Delia. Karen starts suspecting because he starts spending more time with Delia. On the night of the Miss Vibes variety show, it was Enka's turn to take the stage. The 'Countdown' began, the sound of static electric guitars filled the room and Enka and the crew began their performance. Feedback through the microphones distorted the sounds and boos were howled from the crowd. Enka turned to the DJ to stop the track but the DJ nudged them on. They gave it all they had and at least got some applause at the end of the performance. Enka gets into a fight with his girlfriend's ex in the parking lot after the Miss Vibes variety show because of the episode at the mall. Friends of the ex join in to fight Enka. Enka grabs one of the ex's friends during the rumble and is then mistaken for Enka. As they fight him, Enka gets out of the rumble then Enka's friends join in the rumble to fight the ex. The fight exits the parking lot whilst Enka and friends watch. Enka later leaves with his colleagues Brian, TC and Gerry. Later that evening, Enka goes to the club. Whilst sitting at the bar he sees the ex show up with friends then Enka leaves. Enka's girlfriend finds out about the fight and is not happy. She tells Enka she is traveling to UK in a few days and they realize they might never see eachother again. Enka sets off for the airport around midnight to see Karen off and stops at the Synergy night club. The club is quiet and everyone is sitting but l Enka starts dance ng and others join in, livening up the club. Enka leaves the club as dawn approaches to get to the airport in time. When he gets there, Karen's whole family is there with her ex and his friends. They offer Enka a ride home from the airport. Enka guesses he has nothing to loose and it's an opportunity to squash the beef. A buzz rippled amongst the students. Whispers filled the air as some claimed they'd known the answers to exams they hadn't studied for. It was as if knowledge was being whispered into their ears. Unbeknownst to them, behind the scenes, Dr. Elara Hayford's team was testing the groundbreaking EduBeam technology, using students as subjects. A student secretly mentioned to her colleague, ‘’Eish the last-minute studying must work, I was just recalling things I don't remember studying.” Her colleague responds, “You must have been paying attention during class.” College students go on break and return for the next term in August. Students get results and some are surprised they did well. It seems the edubeam did not work well for all students. A West African student, Cupid Enka (nickname Cu.) is missing results from the 1st paper and queries administration who claim he did not attend the exam so must rewrite. Whilst assesseing the emaniation results, Dr. Hayford realizes Cupid Enka's results for one of the 3 examinations is missing. The missing results conern her producing accurate assessment of the EduBeam's performance. She concludes that they need to refine the EduBeam technology to target individual students, especially students with mobile cell phones aid tracking student locations to enhance beam tests. Mobile phones could be used to control the amplification of the beams for devices that are left on during the student examinations. Beaming individual students would provide more personalized results and would be more usefulfor development purposes anyway. Meanwhile, Cupid Enka had applied to Cal State Northridge and was accepted to study Computer Engineering from January 2001 but he did not inform Blue Crown administration to process a transfer. Enka has a crush on Hazel who visits him at home once in a while. One time when Enka meets up with colleagues at Blue Crown Academy, they are chatting about relationships then Hazel's name comes up. He says he wants to ask her to date him. Enka's colleagues laugh at him and ask him, "You know she's just using you for Internet access right?". It didn't make sense to Enka coz sh lived so far away and could easily just use an internet cafe. He de ides he wants to find out. He decides he would ask her a straightforward question so they would be on the same page..One day she come to visit Enka and as usual, gets onto the internat when she arrives, but this time she arrives with a friend. Enka's colleagues ' Timmy' and 'J Dawgg' also arrive. Whilst they are in the lounge, Enka gets annoyed that Hazel is really still on the Internet for about an hour whilst they are all socializing. He asks her to come into his room so they can have a private conversation. She reluctantly follows him to his room then Enka being so straightforward and annoyed tells her to ' get on the bed'. She gasps and tells Enka they are just friends so he discovers his friends were right all along. They go back in the lounge and Enka's friends hold the giggles coz they figured what happened. Enka still allowed her to come over to use the internet once in a while. One-day Enka invites Hazel to a photoshoot for an ad campaign. When they get there the photographer wants Enka to join in the photoshoot but Enka refuses. The photographer says he can't give her the job if he doesn't join in. Enka reluctantly joins in because he is sad Hazel is not interested and it can also become an issue if he starts getting paid for advertising modeling because he is West African. When he joins the photographer tells him to smile but he puts on a very fake smile. The photographer warns him that he can't give her the job if he doesn't smile and make the picture look good. Enka still does not smile then the photographer start to pack up. Hazel exclaims at Enka, 'Come on, smile!". Enka says nothing. The photographer says don't worry, I will call you if anything. Professional exams begin in early December and the refined edubeam is put to the test again. Students are asked to switch phones off or silent and place them at the front of the classroom. This made targeting individuals difficult during exams. Attempt was made to beam students before exams then monitor them after their exam. Other scientists query the privacy invasion. Enka thinks it to be pointless to take the exams but takes the exams anyway then travels to CSUN a few days later. After all, the course goes up to part 7 and he has completed part 1, except for the missing exam that he has to rewrite. He might have to return to complete the course, means possibly spending just one semester at CSUN for r&d purposes then returning to Blue Crown Academy. Colleagues are sad Enka is leaving. Around that time is Enka's colleague, 'Puws' birthday and they have a party before Enka travels. Enka sees Karen's ex's friends at the party and Enka's colleague 'Simbi' wants to approach them but Enka stops them and says 'I just wana party today.'

**Part 8: Echoes in the Static**

The June 2000 winter session at Blue Crown Academy in Mashonaland had ended, but the campus remained a central hub for students like Cupid Enka. Even during breaks, the academy served as a meeting point before heading to the nearby mall or catching a movie. Enka and his friends often engaged in mischievous antics, like sneaking into back-to-back movie screenings without paying for the second show.

Outside the academy, Enka was preparing for a performance at the 'Miss Vibez' variety show in Harare. He planned to perform "Countdown," a song he had created with his high school friends Timmy and J Dawgg in 1999 to celebrate the new millennium. The event's planning team included his high school crush, Delia, adding a layer of personal excitement to the performance.

However, Enka's personal life was complicated. He had a girlfriend, Karen, but their relationship was strained. A chance encounter at the mall, where Karen was seen with her ex-boyfriend, led to a public argument. Enka's jealousy and subsequent flirtation with Delia further strained his relationship with Karen, who began to suspect his growing closeness with Delia.

The night of the Miss Vibez show arrived, and Enka took the stage with his crew. As the "Countdown" began, technical issues plagued their performance. Feedback distorted the sound, and the crowd's boos were disheartening. Despite the challenges, they pushed through, earning some applause by the end.

After the show, tensions escalated. Enka got into a fight with Karen's ex in the parking lot, which quickly turned into a brawl involving friends from both sides. Enka managed to extricate himself from the fight, watching as it spilled out of the parking lot. Later that evening, he went to a club, only to leave upon seeing Karen's ex arrive with friends.

Karen, upset about the fight, informed Enka that she would be traveling to the UK in a few days. Realizing they might never see each other again, Enka decided to see her off at the airport. Before heading there, he stopped by the Synergy nightclub. The club was quiet, but Enka started dancing, encouraging others to join in and livening up the atmosphere. As dawn approached, he left for the airport.

At the airport, Karen's entire family was present, including her ex and his friends. They offered Enka a ride home, and he accepted, seeing it as an opportunity to mend fences.

Back at Blue Crown Academy, a buzz was growing among students. Some claimed they had known answers to exam questions they hadn't studied for. Unbeknownst to them, Dr. Elara Hayford's team had been testing the EduBeam technology, using students as subjects. One student whispered to her colleague, "Eish, the last-minute studying must work; I was just recalling things I don't remember studying." Her colleague responded, "You must have been paying attention during class."

When students returned for the next term in August, they received their results. Some were surprised by their performance, suggesting the EduBeam had varying effects. Cupid Enka discovered that his results for one of the three examinations were missing. Administration claimed he hadn't attended the exam and would need to rewrite it. Dr. Hayford, assessing the EduBeam's performance, noted the missing results and concluded that the technology needed refinement to target individual students more effectively. She proposed using mobile phones to track student locations and enhance beam tests, allowing for more personalized results.

Meanwhile, Enka had been accepted to study Computer Engineering at California State University, Northridge, starting in January 2001. However, he hadn't informed Blue Crown Academy's administration to process a transfer.

Enka also had a crush on Hazel, who occasionally visited him at home. One day, during a conversation with friends at the academy, he mentioned wanting to ask Hazel out. His friends laughed, suggesting she was only interested in using his internet access. Determined to find out, Enka invited Hazel over. When she arrived, she spent an hour on the internet, even bringing a friend along. Enka, feeling sidelined, asked her for a private conversation and bluntly told her to "get on the bed." She was taken aback, insisting they were just friends. Realizing his friends were right, Enka still allowed her to use his internet occasionally.

Later, Enka invited Hazel to a photoshoot for an ad campaign. The photographer wanted Enka to join in, but he refused. The photographer insisted, saying Hazel couldn't get the job unless Enka participated. Reluctantly, Enka agreed but refused to smile, leading the photographer to pack up. Hazel exclaimed, "Come on, smile!" but Enka remained silent.

In early December, professional exams began, and the refined EduBeam was tested again. Students were asked to switch off their phones and place them at the front of the classroom, making individual targeting difficult. Attempts were made to beam students before exams and monitor them afterward. Some scientists raised concerns about privacy invasion. Enka, feeling the exams were pointless, took them anyway and traveled to CSUN a few days later. Having completed part 1 of the course, except for the missing exam, he considered possibly returning to complete the course, which might mean spending just one semester at CSUN for research and development purposes.

As Enka prepared to leave, his colleagues were saddened. Around that time, they celebrated their friend Puws' birthday with a party. Enka noticed Karen's ex's friends at the party. His colleague Simbi wanted to approach them, but Enka stopped him, saying, "I just wanna party today."

Amidst personal dramas and technological experiments, Enka's journey was a tapestry of youthful exuberance, complex relationships, and the pursuit of knowledge in a rapidly changing world.

### **Part 9: The Beam in the Shadows**

In a cluttered lab beneath King’s College London, where the Thames fog crept in like a silent confidante, Dr. Elara Hayford squinted at a screen full of waveform overlays. Each spike, dip, and ripple was a whisper from the brain—a whisper she intended to shape, enhance, even direct.

EduBeam wasn’t born from a single “eureka!” moment. It was the accidental offspring of decades of converging disciplines—neuroplasticity, frequency modulation, educational psychology, and, controversially, military-grade surveillance tech.

Back in the early 1970s, Dr. José Delgado had famously demonstrated how a bull could be pacified by a radio-controlled implant in its brain. Critics dismissed the ethics, but governments took notes. By the late 1990s, DARPA's Silent Talk and Brain-Computer Interface (BCI) initiatives were already exploring non-verbal communication through neural signals.

But it was the work of Dr. Michael Merzenich—often called “the father of neuroplasticity”—that fascinated Elara the most. Merzenich’s research showed that the human brain could be “retuned” with stimulus-based reinforcement. This idea laid the foundation for what would become EduBeam’s most radical ambition: wirelessly modulating attention and memory in real time.

By 1998, satellite companies like Iridium and Globalstar were launching constellations to cover the globe with high-frequency signal capabilities. It wasn’t long before one of Elara’s colleagues, Dr. Akira Nomura—a Japanese-American physicist with a passion for high-precision EM targeting—suggested a bold application: “What if we could beam structured frequency packets into learning environments from low-orbit satellites? Like an invisible tutor.”

To most, it sounded like science fiction. But Elara, now backed by a hybrid fund involving a UK tech startup, a Ghanaian educational foundation, and a shadowy EU research pool, went to work.

The prototype EduBeam system used a multi-step process:

1. **Classroom Calibration**: Local electromagnetic readings were taken, so the beam could align without interference.
2. **Cognitive Targeting**: Groups of students were classified based on standardized tests, EEG readings (where available), and behavioral patterns.
3. **Signal Delivery**: Using modulated EM bursts—tuned to alpha and theta brainwave frequencies—content-relevant reinforcement signals were transmitted during classes or sleep windows.

It was all deeply theoretical… until Mashonaland.

Blue Crown Academy had been chosen quietly. Its proximity to a fixed geosynchronous satellite path, its academic structure modeled after UK standards, and the presence of mobile users with open data logs made it a viable testbed.

At first, the beam was general—a gentle pulse delivered mid-lecture, meant to nudge students’ attention and memory retention. But data was inconsistent. Some students showed improved results. Others didn’t.

That’s when Cupid Enka’s name surfaced.

At the research center in Cambridge, a low beep from Dr. Hayford’s console marked an anomaly. A student had passed two of three professional exams—but had no recorded attempt on the third paper, which wasn’t possible.

“How can he pass something he didn’t sit?” one of the researchers asked.

“He didn’t pass,” Elara muttered, staring at the file. “He never sat the paper. But the neural response suggests he studied it… or was exposed to the beam.”

Dr. Nomura leaned over her shoulder. “Maybe the beam locked on to him earlier than expected. Or maybe he was near another target during a test run.”

It didn’t help that Enka’s mobile phone log had gone cold for nearly two days around the exam period. That phone, an Ericsson T18, was known to bounce between towers. A blessing and a curse.

“Maybe he switched it off,” Elara said. “We need to refine targeting. If we want reliable results, we can’t just beam groups anymore. We need pinpoint delivery—individuals, phones, rooms.”

But ethics panels were growing restless. A London Times article had leaked rumors of “academic mind control,” tying the concept to controversial MKUltra projects of the 60s and new allegations of privacy breaches in education. One headline read:  
 **“Mind over Grades? Satellite Beams Stir Academic Ethics Debate.”**

Publicly, the EduBeam team denied everything. But privately, Elara doubled down.

She drafted a new protocol:

* **Phase III: Microtargeted Beaming**
* Devices with Bluetooth or mobile signals would be used as tags for individual beam delivery.
* Students would be monitored in a pre-exam window and again during study periods to compare short-term memory boosts.

Meanwhile, at Blue Crown Academy, students were talking.

“Yo, you saw the Times article?” TC asked Brian as they walked past the library.

“Yeah, some sci-fi beam that makes you smart. Sounds fake. But, if it’s real... I want it shot at me before every exam.”

“I heard some uni in Europe paid them to test it here,” Gerry added. “That’s why some of us passed like magic.”

Enka remained silent. He’d studied hard for the first two papers, but the missing third exam troubled him. He’d shown up, hadn’t he?

Hadn't he?

The night before that paper, he remembered being unusually tired. His phone had died, and he’d slept without charging it. Then, a blank.

Back in London, Elara adjusted her scope, this time marking Enka’s name for tracking.

“You may be the missing link, Cu,” she whispered. “Time to turn up the beam.”

**Part 10: Tangled Frequencies and Electric Nights**

Even with the college term over, Blue Crown Academy remained the heartbeat of Enka’s social life. The courtyard buzzed with familiar voices, the rustle of casual plans, and the occasional heated argument over mixtape rankings or the best mall hangout spots. For Enka and his crew—Brian, TC, and Gerry—it was tradition to meet in the morning before drifting into the pulse of Mashonaland’s urban youth scene.

The gang’s first stop was usually the nearby Twin Palms Mall. Movies were the go-to escape, especially when you could slide into a second screening by lurking in the theater washroom for just thirty minutes.

“I swear ‘Gladiator’ was better the second time,” Brian smirked, stretching out on the couch near the cinema lounge.

“That’s because the second time, we actually heard the dialogue,” TC quipped.

“Who watches Gladiator for dialogue?” Enka laughed, spinning his sunglasses in one hand. But beneath the laid-back energy, things were heating up—musically, romantically, and experimentally.

**Countdown to Miss Vibez**

It was Enka’s idea to perform *Countdown*—a millennium anthem he’d co-written in ’99 with Timmy and J Dawgg—at the *Miss Vibez* variety show in Harare. The track was more than just nostalgia; it was a symbol of their youth and ambition. The fact that Delia, his old high school crush, was now on the event’s planning team added an extra spark.

"Think she's still into you?" J Dawgg teased during rehearsal.

Enka shrugged. "I dunno. She's been texting... about the show... mostly."

But not everything was nostalgic sweetness. At the mall earlier that week, he’d caught Karen—his current girlfriend—in a tight hug with her ex. She’d run up to him smiling, excited, but Enka’s mood turned dark fast.

“You serious right now?” he snapped, yanking his arm from her grasp.

Karen’s smile vanished. “Enka, don’t do this here.”

That moment etched a crack in their relationship. Tension festered, especially as Enka found himself spending more time with Delia. Karen noticed the shift, and the coldness in her texts said it all.

**Miss Vibez Meltdown**

The night of the show, the crowd was electric. Sequined gowns shimmered under stage lights. When it was time for *Countdown*, Enka felt that old performance rush—the one he hadn’t felt since Y2K.

But the mic cracked with feedback. The DJ signaled them to keep going, but the sound was warped, robotic. The crowd booed. J Dawgg shot Enka a glance. Enka turned to the DJ.

“Cut it, cut it!”

The DJ shook his head. They kept going, finishing the track out of sheer grit. Applause came, but it was tepid.

"Technical difficulties," someone muttered in the audience. Enka just nodded to the DJ on the way offstage, face expressionless.

**The Parking Lot Brawl**

It didn’t end there. Outside, Karen’s ex and his boys leaned against a car. Tension crackled. Enka said nothing—until the ex made a snide comment.

"You alright up there, superstar?"

Fists flew. The scuffle spun out, and in the confusion, one of the ex’s friends was mistakenly grabbed by his own crew thinking he was Enka. Enka slipped out as Brian and TC jumped in. The chaos spilled out of the parking lot as Enka watched, face bruised, ego bruised more.

Later that night, he hit *Synergy Night Club*. The place was dead—until Enka got on the floor. The DJ nodded, changed the beat, and soon the dance floor woke up. It was a fleeting high.

**Goodbye at Dawn**

Days later, Karen called. “I’m flying out to the UK in two days,” she said quietly.

“Midnight ride to the airport, huh?” Enka tried to sound casual.

He stopped by *Synergy* one last time that night—just a drink. But Karen’s ex showed up again. Enka didn’t want trouble. Not that night.

He danced solo. Then disappeared before fists flew again.

At dawn, he made it to the airport. Karen’s family was all there—including her ex and his entourage. Karen spotted Enka and smiled softly.

“They’re offering you a ride home,” she said.

He hesitated. Then shrugged. “Sure. Why not.”

**EduBeam Fallout**

Back on campus, whispers lingered about the exam results. Some students swore they’d remembered answers they’d never studied. Others, like Enka, had gaps.

“My first paper result’s missing,” he said, pacing in front of the admin desk.

“You didn’t attend,” the clerk replied, barely glancing up.

“I did. Ask Mr. Rashama.”

But there was no correcting the records—just a rewrite scheduled.

Behind the scenes, Dr. Elara Hayford sat reviewing performance data. One entry concerned her: Cupid Enka. His results were anomalous—one missing entirely.

“Strange... perhaps he was out of range,” she muttered.

An idea struck. *Individual targeting*. Mobile phones could help amplify beams, pinpoint student locations. More precise data. More effective interventions.

But others on her team raised red flags.

“This is crossing into privacy invasion.”

“It’s for research,” Hayford insisted. “This could revolutionize learning.”

**Hazel’s Truth**

Amid all this, Enka faced another truth: Hazel. She visited often, always using his internet. His crew teased him.

“She’s using you, bruh,” Timmy laughed.

“She lives all the way in West End,” Enka retorted.

So one day, he asked her outright. “You like me? Or the internet?”

Her shocked expression said it all.

They remained friends—but the illusion shattered.

**Model Moves and Missed Smiles**

Hazel invited him to a photoshoot. At the studio, the photographer wanted them both in frame.

“I don’t do modeling,” Enka said.

“No photo, no job,” the photographer replied.

He relented. But his smile was wooden.

“Try again,” Hazel whispered.

“Nope,” Enka mumbled. The session ended.

Later, Hazel shrugged. “I’ll hear from them.”

He didn’t think she would.

**Final Days in Mashonaland**

Exams returned in December. Phones were now collected before each paper. Beaming tech had to adapt—sending waves before exams and analyzing behavior after.

Enka, disillusioned, just showed up and finished the tests. He’d already been accepted to Cal State Northridge. He hadn’t even told Blue Crown he’d be leaving.

At Puws’ birthday, Simbi spotted Karen’s ex’s crew.

“I’ll talk to them,” he said.

“No,” Enka stopped him. “I just wanna party today.”

And for once, that’s exactly what he did.