### **Classies Chronicles – Season 1 (2000) – Chapter 1**

12:38 a.m. – Blue Crown Academy, Mashonaland

Winter Term | Part 1 | Act 1 | Scene 1– Early Term

#### **Journal Log Entries by Cupid "Cu" Enka**

Mashonaland's winter session began today at Blue Crown. Same old rush, same old nerves for exams pending from last term. The 9 AM bell rang, and we shuffled into our classes, the usual college buzz mixing with the fainter sounds of high schoolers and street traffic. Just another exam day.

The lights flickered a few minutes before the exam. There was this low hum from the fluorescents, almost like a tune—something low-band, if I had to guess. RF interference? Static?

There was no sound of a generator. The power stabilized, but the hum stayed, a quiet new background noise. Didn't think much of it then, just worried about the papers. Mr. Rashama started the clock at 9:15 AM, 2 hours, ending at 11:15 AM.

The exam questions were... easy. Too easy. I don't remember studying half of it, but the answers seemed so obvious.

The humming sound from the fluorescents became so obvious at the end of the exam. Made me wonder if it was doing that the whole time or just as we finished the exam 🤔

**Part 2 – Act 1 – Scene 2** *June 2000 – Mid-Term*

My memory has been so clear recently. I usually just go over my notes once and it sticks. Dreams have been getting so vivid and lucid recently. I dreamed we were having an exam in the old west wing classrooms and the date on the paper was June 2006. Rumors are going around among students too. Some kids are saying they "just knew" what was going to be on the test, like they dreamed it. A rapture could be induced at the rate this is going coz the dreams felt so real. Christian believers like myself are on our toes though coz I believe the Lord would show up at any time.

Back at the consulate house, I tried to replicate the feeling. I took apart the radio receiver, built a crude scanner. Got some faint peaks around the west wing corridor yesterday. VLF pulses. Patterns too rhythmic for coincidence.

EduBeam? I only heard whispers. Some folks said it was a hoax. I say it's a satellite dream masquerading as higher learning. But the tech sounds eerily like those DARPA neuro-wave studies my brother ranted about at CSUN.

**Part 3 – Act 1 – Scene 3** *July 2000 – Mid-Term*

Outside of classes, Blue Crown Academy is still the main hangout spot. Been working on performing "Countdown" for the 'Miss Vibez' variety show. Delia, my old high school crush, is on the planning team for the event. That song brings back memories with Timmy and J Dawgg from '99, ushering in the millennium.

The squad still hung tight after highschool graduation; but slowly started drifting as university acceptance letters came in. Some travelled to the USA, some to other cities in South Africa, Some to the UK, Canada and who knows where else. There has to be a way we can all keep in touch. We might not have everyone's number and not everyone has a mobile phone but everyone does have an email address. Maybe some kind of online alumni school forum or something.

I've set up a website for my startup business. Maybe I could integrate some kind of forum to it like the worldgroups.com site. The organizational structure needs more work and I need a strategy to start with one or two employees first. Maybe 3 or 4, depending on the available cash flow. The company needs to be productive within the community and beneficial. Probably not here in Mashonaland coz registering a business here has some ridiculous requirements for foreigners. Like Z$150’000’000 to register a business. That is like US$100’000; at least that's what I heard. I'd need to do more research on it.

**Part 4 – Act 2 – Scene 1** *July 2000 – Late Term*

Routine's been simple: mornings at Blue Crown, then off to hangout at the mall or catch a movie. We even perfected the art of sneaking into the next movie by hiding in the washroom for half an hour.

Saw Karen with her ex Simon at the mall. She ran to hug me, happy to see me. But I got so annoyed, pulled away, and yelled at them in public. She's been mad since, and honestly, I don't think this relationship is going to last. She told me she would be starting uni in the UK in August so she would be traveling soon. I've been looking in Delia's direction more but the rumors still linger about how she's ‘’been around” with other guys. Makes me that bitmore curious to date her to find out the truth. Karen's starting to suspect something because I'm spending more time with Delia but who cares. I asked her about Simon then she said she would call me back. She called back after 5 minutes then told me she had broken up with him. Goodness, it means for the last 3 months we had been seeing each other she was still dating him? Was she cheating on me or him?

**Part 5 – Act 2 – Scene 2** *July 2000 – Late Term*

Tonight was the 'Miss Vibez' variety show. "Countdown" started playing, static guitars filling the room. We began our performance, but the microphones gave off feedback, distorting everything. Boos from the crowd. I wanted the DJ to stop, but he gave us a thumbs up to go on. We gave it all we could and at least got some applause at the end.

After the show, in the parking lot, I got into a fight with Karen's boyfriend or her ex because of that mall incident. His friends jumped in. I managed to grab one of his friends, who then got mistaken for me. I pulled out of the brawl and my friends joined in. The fight moved out of the parking lot, and we just watched. Left with Brian, TC, and Gerry to the Synergy club. The ex showed up with his friends, so I left. Brian and them called next morning wondering where I had disappeared to. Reminds me, I need to get my phone from Brennan, I shouldn't have loAned it out to him to start with..

Karen heard about the fight and was furious. She's leaving for the UK in a few days. We both know this might be the last time we see each other.

**Part 6 – Act 2 – Scene 3** *July 2000 – Late Term*

Around midnight, I headed to the airport to see Karen off, but stopped by Synergy nightclub first. The place was quiet, everyone just sitting around. They started playing HotStepper by Inikamozi and I started dancing, and soon others joined in, livening up the club. Left as dawn approached to make it to the airport in time.

When I got to the airport at almost 7am, Karen's whole family was there, and her ex and his friends too to see her off and say their last goodbyes. I gave Karen a cassette tape to remember me by. It had songs I had carefully selected. Her family offered me a ride home from the airport. Figured I had nothing to lose, and it was a chance to squash the beef.

#### **Season 1 (2000) – Chapter 1 – Episode 4 (Mid August–Mid October)**

**Spring Term | Part 1 – Act 1 – Scene 1** *August 2000 – Early Term*

College is back in from break. Exam results are also in, and some students are doing surprisingly well, almost like they knew the answers without studying, or they were cheating. It's a buzz around campus.

My results are erratic, especially for the first paper—it's missing, and the admin says I skipped it and have to rewrite. I sat through all three papers—I’m sure of it. But the admin says I missed Part 1 of Digital Tech. Mr. Rashama doesn’t remember seeing me. No one does. Not even Gerry, and we sit next to each other. I asked them to check the exam register and they said I should come back next week. This is either a serious glitch or I dreamed I took the exam.

Karen called me from the UK, she was sniffing and I couldn't tell if she had a cold or if she'd been crying. She said she had been listening to the cassette tape I made for her. I had selected songs to say all the things I had said and wanted to say to her whilst she was here. It seems like it was making sense to her now coz she said it's like she can hear me singing and rapping all the songs to her.

**Part 2 – Act 2 – Scene 1** *September 2000 – Mid-Term*

This "mental fog" has really settled in. It's not just the heat anymore. Some students feel sharper, others can't concentrate at all.

Hazel has been visiting unusually more often, always "checking her email" on the computer in the lounge. We talked late into the night last night, we talked more than either of us would admit. Karen's in the UK and getting even more distant. When she calls, she always asks if someone else is here. Sometimes, Hazel is.

Timmy and J Dawgg laugh it off. “Bruh, Hazel’s using you to internet,” Timmy joked. “Think about it cuz, she could use an internet cafe near her place but she comes to your place to relax, watch tv, get free lunch and free internet”. They might be right. But I don't wanna admit it. I'd have to find a way to confront her.

Rumors of secret experiments being initiated at Blue Crown headquarters in London. Science students are whispering about magnetic resonance waves and behavior modification, pointing to those new towers behind the west wing. The tech at the top of those poles look like huge speakers. They say it's for the internet.

**Part 3 – Act 2 – Scene 2** *September 2000 – Late Term*

Late one Friday night, I snuck behind the auditorium with my homemade RF scanner. It went crazy near the tower, beeping erratically. Frequencies I couldn't identify, way beyond Wi-Fi. Low-band VLF signals, pulsing like the sound a cell phone makes just before it rings. But no phones ringing.

Lecturers are getting stricter. Mr. Maphosa, the highschool history teacher, shut down a discussion students were having on mind control experiments. "Facts, not fantasies," he snapped. But for me, it's not fantasy anymore. I keep a journal on an encrypted flash drive, logging every strange thing: sudden recall of textbook diagrams, vivid lucid dreams about the future, missing time.

Hazel's sending mixed signals, I could have sworn she rubbed my leg with her leg when we were sitting in the college courtyard. Delia's back too, modeling in Avondale, inviting me to a party. "You always said you wanted something real," she said. I'm torn between them, and between love, ambition, or escape. I should ask Hazel's singer friend Misspo for some advice. Misspo is part of the girl group Ini with their hit track Bopela. Would be cool if we collaborated on a new track.

The acceptance letter and scholarship offer came from Cal State Northridge a week ago. A chance to start over, a new signal to follow.

**Part 4 – Act 3 – Scene 1** *October 2, 2000 – Monday*

I was in the common room when I overheard it.

“Yo, I swear I aced that exam. Didn’t even study.”

Same old whispers. Same tune. Same fog.

This time, it was different.

I sat by the vending machine, eavesdropping on TC and Brian. They were joking about the Times article—“Mind Control at British Colleges?”

Brian laughed. “If that beam’s real, I want one at my desk during every test.”

I didn’t laugh. I just stared at the newsprint. The diagram. The orbit trajectory. Mashonaland was right in the path.

“Do you guys know that there is a part 3 to our course?” Brennan smirked like he was the informant.

The other classmates looked so surprised.

Joyce was a mom looking to further her secretarial skills and mistakenly registered for the Digital Technology course getting more than she bargained for.

Roger was a middle aged Caucasian guy who was looking to start a computer repairs workshop.

Bulani was a vehicle technician who would often come to class in his oiled overalls after work.

Milicent had just completed secondary school and was looking to get more knowledge in the computer field. Brennan had a lustful crush on her.

This news of a Part 3 created some interference with my plans for CSUN. It seemed like I really had to come back to finish the Course. Either that or I turn down the acceptance letter and stay till the course is completed. Probably not, things seem to be moving fast so I think it's best I move with the flow then come back to complete Part 1, 2 and 3 when I get the chance to.

Later that night, I opened my encrypted folder.

Logs. Frequencies. My own notes.

Something isn’t just off.

It’s engineered.

**Part 5 – Act 3 – Scene 2** *October 10, 2000 – Tuesday*

Delia messaged me.

“I’m in Avondale. Modelling gig. You should come to this party.”

I stared at the screen for a full minute before replying. “Might pull up.”

I didn’t go.

Instead, I worked on the circuit board. I need to catch something real, tangible, non-invisible.

Hazel came over with Misspo around 1 p.m. Timmy and JDawgg were already here when they arrived.

Hazel asked to use the net. Of course she did. I said fine.

An hour passed. Then two.

I asked her to come to my room for a private conversation. I asked her to get on the bed.

She looked up, startled. “What?”

“You know what I mean.”

She said she's said it before that we're just friends. I felt stupid. Then I felt free. It was enough closure for me to ask Delia on a date.

**Part 6 – Act 4 – Scene 1** *October 14, 2000 – Saturday*

There was this strange aura around the science block tonight after class. Like the blur that can be seen on a hot surface or a mirage but there was also a light shimmer with it. Almost invisible but noticeable if you really looked. There was also a light hum in the area but it could have been anything, faulty fluorescent lights, fans, that old refrigerator in the canteen.

I checked my RF reader again. Spikes.

I took a picture.

No glow in the photo.

But I saw it. With my own eyes.

I wrote in the log:

Oct 14 – 7:13 PM – Blue corona effect noted on east wing windows. RF peaked +12 dBm. Fluorescents dimmed. Felt a light headache a few minutes after.

#### **Season 1 (2000) – Chapter 1 – Episode 5 (Mid October–Mid December)**

**Part 1 – Act 1 – Scene 1** *November 2000 – Early Term*

The dreams are getting more vivid. Some days I can't even tell if I've actually read a chapter or read it in a dream.

Karen's stopped returning my calls. She must be kicking back into reality of life in the UK.

Delia sent me an invitation to a photoshoot then I invited Hazel to the photoshoot. Whilst Hazel posed, the photographer asked me to join in. I was really reluctant coz I hadn't prepared to get my photos taken. As we had our photos taken, the photographer told me to smile. I was not in the mood to be told what to do right then. He said she couldn’t get the gig unless I also had some good photos with smiles. I continued to pose, no smiles. Hazel then yelled at me to smile. I put on a really fake smile. She sighed 🥴

**Part 2 – Act 1 – Scene 2** *December 2000 – Mid-Term*

Then, the blackout. Two days before my final paper, the power went out across campus for about an hour. No generators kicked in. When the power came back, there was a strange scent on campus and the air was a light brown color. Students were nauseous, one boy collapsed. Administration said one of the Science students spilled a chemical that caused the color in the air. They blamed Zesa for the power cut. Why didn't the generators kick in?? No fuel…. really 🥺

This time, they collected our phones before the exam because apparently some students have been putting answers on their phones. I think it was actually a good idea so that there are no network signals around us whilst we write. It would level the playing field in the examination rooms.

I wrote my last paper really carefree. I know I would probably have to rewrite it again after I got back from CSUN. I went home to relax and start planning for Christmas and New Year.

**Part 3 – Act 2 – Scene 1** *December 2000 – Late Term*

I told Snip, Tim and J the day before I left. The week before Christmas was a blur of suitcases, visas, and awkward family dinners. Harare was tense with fuel shortages and internet clampdown rumors, but all I could think about was my data. I had to secure it so I could pick up from where I was leaving off.

Maybe I should inform Blue Crown admin about my acceptance at CSUN so that they. Can process a transfer. Hmm, it might be a bit too late for that now, besides, I'll be back to sort out the incomplete assignments and missing exam papers. The CSUN semester ends in May then the Blue Crown exam is in June. I could be back in time for it.

Since the blackout at Blue Crown, I've been digging. My RF logs, dream fragments, strange behavior patterns in classmates—Some students have disappeared from the semester-end registry, "medical leave" or quiet transfers. No proof, but I have instinct. Come to think of it, some students didn't come back for the second term.

**Part 4 – Act 2 – Scene 2** *December 2000 – Final Night in Harare*.

I pushed some confidential books with my startup plans and a mini-disc into a space in the room of my cupboard, a very hard to find spot. I labeled it 'S6-Logs-Enka-2000'. In case anything happened to me, I wrote a note to share the data with Chikore at the Post. He’s the only journalist I trust.

**Part 5 – Act 3 – Scene 1** *January 3, 2001 – California*

California smells different. Drier than I expected. Northridge isn't glamorous, but it's buzzing with purpose. Students everywhere, tech labs humming. My dorm room feels like a movie scene, wide desk, clean sheets, ethernet plugged into a Dell tower I built myself.

I opened my encrypted backup folder and plugged in a borrowed modem. Searched "EduBeam Global" on AltaVista. Nothing. Then "subharmonic frequency learning," "low-band RF + behavior," and "Blue Crown Institute + neural priming." Still nothing. But someone *was* watching.

That night, my dorm connection crawled, then crashed, then came back faster than before. Checked my system logs: a remote access ping from a San Jose IP with a military proxy. Shut down the machine. Outside, a siren wailed. Los Angeles pulsed like a living motherboard.

I'm not afraid. I'm curious. I made a vow tonight, alone in Room 407: I will figure out who's pulling the strings. Whether it's EduBeam, the Zimbabwean Ministry of Education, or something transnational. This vow, I know, will shape the next five years of my life. It might even destroy it. But that's a story for another chapter.

**Season 1 (2000) – Chapter 1 – Episode 6 (December-January)**

**Part 1: Genesis of the Beam**

**Act 1 – Scene 1 (Dec 2000 – Jan 2001)**

In a concealed laboratory beneath the historic halls of Blue Crown Academy’s London headquarters, a quiet revolution was taking shape. The year was 1996. A time when most of the world was just beginning to grasp the potential of the internet, a small group of scientists, engineers, and educators were already envisioning the next frontier: learning beyond the screen—beyond the classroom—beyond memory itself.

At the center of it all was Dr. Elara Hayford.

A neurotechnology prodigy, Dr. Hayford had grown disillusioned with the traditional education system. “We are forcing analog methods on a digital mind,” she often said. Her vision was to redefine the very process of learning—not by simplifying content, but by enhancing the brain’s ability to receive and retain it.

She called her vision EduBeam.

Phase I: The Blueprint

EduBeam began as a theory—an audacious one. It posited that if light and sound could be encoded with structured information, and if those signals could be targeted at specific regions of the brain, learning could be instantaneous. Not artificial intelligence, but augmented intelligence—human minds enhanced by precision neurostimulation.

The first year was spent mapping neural pathways associated with memory, language, and sensory absorption. The team conducted hundreds of fMRI scans, paired with electroencephalography (EEG) and magnetoencephalography (MEG), to identify consistent activation patterns during learning.

From this data, they developed a neural model—called CORTEX-9—capable of interpreting information as patterns of electromagnetic pulses.

Phase II: The Substance

To carry the signal, they needed a medium.

Through a series of accidents and breakthroughs in material physics, the team developed a jelly-like substance that could contain compressed packets of light and sound. Dubbed luma-gel, the substance remained inert in a vacuum but became active when exposed to air, glowing faintly before sublimating into a glitter-like vapor with a melodic hum.

This wasn’t just for effect—the gel amplified signal integrity, absorbed ambient data from the environment, and helped synchronize the EduBeam pulses with local frequencies. It was an artificial echo chamber for learning.

Phase III: The Beam

Harnessing advanced quantum circuits and optical transducers, the team designed a core transmission device they nicknamed The Resonant Gate.

The Gate emitted pulses in sequenced bands—each embedded with micro-instructions coded using the CORTEX-9 model. The pulses were tuned to align with human alpha and theta brainwaves, subtly encouraging the brain to enter a learning-optimized state.

Early trials with lab mice showed strange results: subjects exposed to EduBeam sequences navigated mazes faster, mimicked observed behavior, and even showed signs of associative memory not previously trained.

Phase IV: Human Trials

With strict ethics protocols, the team moved to human volunteers. The first phase involved memory recall and language comprehension. Subjects exposed to EduBeam modules retained new vocabulary at 95% accuracy after a single exposure and reported vivid conceptual understanding without traditional study.

Then came the more daring trials—transmitting procedural knowledge.

Test subjects learned how to assemble basic circuits, solve mathematical equations, and perform martial arts stances after mere moments in the Resonant Gate chamber. One volunteer, a retired factory worker, wept after completing a Bach prelude on a piano she had never played before.

The implications were staggering.

Phase V: The Launch

In 1999, with funding secured from private partners and an international scientific grant under the Global Education Access Initiative, Blue Crown Academy launched Project Elevate: the satellite deployment of the EduBeam network.

The satellite—BCA-E1—would transmit tailored EduBeam sequences to pre-approved educational nodes: classrooms, labs, and institutions subscribed under the Blue Crown curriculum. Each transmission would adapt in real time, collecting neuro-feedback from participants using non-invasive biosensors embedded in classroom lighting and smart boards.

In theory, EduBeam could reduce a four-year technical degree into months of focused exposure.

In practice, they were just beginning to discover what such technology could awaken.

Part 2: Birth of the Beam

The story of EduBeam began not in a classroom, but in a lab—one that straddled the boundary between speculative innovation and academic rigor. Long before Blue Crown Academy envisioned broadcasting knowledge across continents, the seeds of EduBeam were quietly planted in the minds of neurologists, physicists, and futurists—some of whom never lived to see their theories reimagined.

It was the late 20th century, and the scientific community was undergoing a silent revolution. At MIT, Professor Eric Drexler was pioneering molecular nanotechnology, theorizing how matter could be manipulated at atomic levels. Across the Atlantic, Sir Roger Penrose dabbled in the intersection of consciousness and quantum mechanics. Meanwhile, at the University of Sheffield, a young Kevin Warwick inserted the first RFID chip into his body, earning the moniker "Captain Cyborg" and laying early groundwork for brain-computer integration.

Amid this flurry of advancement, a more grounded yet powerful idea took root: What if learning could bypass traditional input methods—books, lectures, even screens—and be delivered straight to the brain?

The question was simple. The implications? Limitless.

The Neural Frontier

In 1985, neurologist Anthony Barker introduced Transcranial Magnetic Stimulation (TMS)—a tool that used magnetic fields to stimulate brain regions non-invasively. Though designed for diagnostic use, its side effects sparked unexpected excitement: patients reported improved mood, better focus, and in some cases, heightened clarity.

Simultaneously, the U.S. military’s DARPA division quietly funded experiments in EEG-based learning acceleration. Researchers like Dr. James Giordano explored neuroethics, asking not just if the brain could be altered externally, but whether it should be.

By the 1990s, breakthroughs in quantum computing and light-based data transmission hinted at a convergence. Optical fibers, first tested in the 1960s, were now capable of transmitting data at unprecedented speeds using coherent light. Could a similar principle apply to brain communication?

It was here that Dr. Elara Hayford entered the stage.

Dr. Hayford’s Vision

A neurotechnologist with dual PhDs in neural engineering and quantum physics, Dr. Elara Hayford wasn’t satisfied with simply observing brain activity. She wanted to interact with it. In 1998, she formed a covert team of researchers in London—including physicists from CERN and neuroscientists from the Wellcome Trust—under a project codenamed EduBeam.

The core idea was bold: develop a non-invasive technology that transmits learning modules into the brain via electromagnetic frequencies, synchronized to the brain’s own oscillatory patterns.

Hayford’s team studied theta and gamma waves, linked to memory formation and cognitive processing. Using modified TMS coils and functional near-infrared spectroscopy (fNIRS), they mapped cortical responses to light and sound patterns encoded with specific information structures—much like how Morse code translates pulses into language.

Over several trials with mice and later volunteers, the team tested a light-and-sound “plasma composite”—a jelly-like substance capable of retaining encoded data in frequency form. When exposed to air, it would evaporate in a shimmer of fine dust, creating a harmonic resonance. It wasn’t magic. It was a combination of phonons (sound quanta), photons, and biomagnetic modulation.

The results were shocking. Subjects exposed to the plasma field began to recall information—foreign alphabets, math principles, even historical timelines—without prior exposure.

Into Orbit: The Satellite Leap

Parallel to EduBeam’s neurotechnological journey, the late 1990s witnessed an explosion in satellite communications. Following the success of Iridium Communications, low-earth orbit satellites began enabling real-time data transfer across the globe.

Hayford saw an opportunity.

In collaboration with the European Space Agency (ESA) and private partners from the UK’s Goonhilly Satellite Earth Station, a plan was born: launch a small-scale EduBeam transmission satellite, codenamed Aurum-1. Its mission was to stream beam-formatted lessons into partner classrooms across the globe—initially in Europe and Africa—where specialized receivers would decode the signals and interface with local EduBeam “resonance pods.”

These pods, no bigger than a ceiling light panel, would emit silent pulses of light and sound, creating a localized learning field that aligned with students’ neural rhythms. Unlike conventional e-learning, EduBeam didn’t just show you information—it helped your brain structure itself to absorb it.

Ethical Dilemmas and Global Eyes

When word leaked of the trials in early 2000, controversy followed. Could such technology be weaponized? Would it violate autonomy? International neuroethicists demanded oversight. Dr. Thomas Metzinger, known for his work on consciousness, argued: “Even beneficial neurotech, if applied improperly, can become cognitive imperialism.”

But at Blue Crown Academy, optimism reigned. The Academy’s progressive board envisioned EduBeam not as a tool of domination, but liberation—making quality education as accessible as radio signals.

To this day, few know just how many classrooms across Africa and Europe participated in early beta trials. But in Mashonaland, where students studied under power-fluctuating bulbs and chalk-streaked blackboards, the first silent beams had already arrived.

Closing Reflections

EduBeam’s early years weren’t just a tale of invention—they were a mirror held up to humanity’s eternal question: Can we learn faster, better, deeper—without losing what makes us human?

As the 21st century dawned, Blue Crown Academy wasn’t just watching the stars.

They were beaming into them.