

# A DANGEROUS AMBITION

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## Entry 1

The new engineers have arrived today. I've sent some of them to work in the lab under Dr. Singleton. I only had a brief chance to scan the field but already I find myself discontent. Perhaps I am too harsh on the new recruits in the face of last month's incident with the robotic arms. I find myself increasingly frustrated with the limitations and of the human form which, while malleable, possesses a distinct inefficiency to its operations. Unfortunately until this project yields results, it is a limitation that I and by extension the rest of humanity will have to live with. Despite this, I am still optimistic regarding next week's test. To think that the dawn of a new age could begin next week with a set mice!

## Entry 2

Today I find myself, once again, frustrated by failure. The test results of our experiments were mixed at best and down-right horrific at worst. More than half of the subjects are reported to have rejected the implants outright and have died as a result. In truth I believe them to be the lucky ones. At least they have gone quickly.

It is at times like this when I ask myself whether this is right. To see the remainder of the mice being healthy the one moment, only for their new limbs to fail them the next, on account of our miscalculations is disheartening and reaches a part of me that I did not believe existed. It is true that all creatures feel fear and pain. It is also true that all creatures feel empathy. Perhaps that is what I feel for these vermin as they struggle to drag themselves from one end of our test chambers to another using the only organic limb that we have left them? Perhaps that is the emotion courses through me as I see the agony on the face of each one of them from the experiments we have conducted? Regardless, I must face the facts that I do this not for mice or rats but for humanity. I do this better us as a species, so that we can be not men but more than men. For the greater good I must continue.

I recall a conversation that I once had with my mentor, Dr. Trainor, during the first week when I arrived here. When I called into question the ethics of what we were doing, she sat me down and told me what I now hold to be truth. We are humans and we can do anything. While man was built in this form, he was not meant to die in it. We, at this facility, can be the ones to help the blind to see. To help the deaf to hear. To help create a new world of people. We will go beyond humanity. And we will let nothing stop us. It is her words that I come back to in these times of failure. Her words that give me strength.

I wonder whether or not I should give the order to euthanize the mice and begin again? I certainly hope for no more errors or I fear that we will be the cause of more pain to these pests.

### Entry 3

Dr. Singleton assures me the recruits are doing well. I should hope that their next round of tests will prove far more productive than the last two. I find myself caring very little for either the subjects or the administrators. In truth, my only area interest is the data that they both produce. As I sit in my office to pen this journal, I wonder what secrets the numbers will help me unlock. It is only through analysis and understanding that we will push this project further.

### Entry 4

I must apologize to whomever finds this journal for my rampant inactivity. It has been many months since the last entry and much has changed. We have had a breakthrough! We have been able to isolate the source of the rejection and have begun to manufacture a medicinal treatment for it. The drug being produced has dramatically reduced the number of subjects who reject our artificial body parts down to 2%. Of course this means that the project will be able to graduate to higher forms of life and research for phase two must start in the parallel but this success has catapulted Berlitz-and-Murchison Science further down the path towards transhumanism.

### Entry 5

I find myself apologizing more frequently and not just to you, dear reader. Human trials began nearly a year ago and while we have succeeded in part by making the blind see and the deaf hear. I ask myself: what kind of climate we have created for the people this planet by introducing this technology? What will the people of Earth do with this power? Trials continue to run smoothly thanks in no small part to Professor Cortez and her team's efforts on managing the body's natural rejection process, yet I find myself apologizing to the families of the subjects lost to science. Now as I sit in my office and ponder how to make this process work for 100% of the time, I find myself thinking of the rats. Pardon me, they were mice.

Once I thought that we were cruel to experiment on them but now I realize that we have uplifted them. We have created a new species of super-vermin who are stronger, faster and better than Mother Nature intended, as we will for humans. And yet another debate starts in my mind. When we created the new mice with new biomechanical limbs and augmented organs, we didn't stop to think about what that would do for the rest of them. We never stopped to think about how their ecosystem and population would be affected. Would the augmented overthrow the natural? Would a war ensue? I raise these questions because I realize that they will shortly become relevant for us as people. I was so focused on creating the superman that I never stopped to ask myself: 'what happens when he is real?'

### Entry 6

Dr. Jansen, the owner of this journal, is dead. Assassinated during the war. My name is Becky Holloman and I worked under him and Dr. Singleton to create the transhumans (or augies) that exist today. I'm writing here to tell you two things (both of which Jansen was right about).

- 1) As you read, the experiments succeeded. As I write this, years after he first started, humanity as a species can transcend our natural bodies and become something more. All because a group of insane scientists thought that man could do anything.
- 2) And this the important one: The experiments introduced a whole new kind of human. A new human instantly rejected by those who couldn't or wouldn't understand them. It began with fear, turned into hatred, went through protests, into riots and ended with war.

Jansen, Singleton, Cortez and rest all had an ambition to make the humanity better. It was and still is an incredibly dangerous goal. One that not all of them could foresee the side-effects of. Yet they pulled it off. I'm not writing this to put you off dreaming. I've completed Jansen's diary to send you message that the good doctor caught onto at the end. A warning that I hope will help you when that you decide that you can do anything.

Our capability extends beyond our understanding of how it will affect us as a species and, worse still, beyond what we are able to deal with. So while we can make anything, we're still not gods (not yet anyway – not unless someone decides to try and change that.)

**Paul Cupido**