

# A Bad Good Idea

“If only our workers didn't have a life,” Roman yelled out in frustration. The contractors had missed another deadline and Roman was mad enough to decapitate someone.

The meeting room had the blinds drawn to keep out the hot sun. The air conditioning was second rate, everything in this country was second rate. He hated the heat. He hated the lousy roads, the traffic, the bloody constant horn blowing.

“Don't I pay you enough?” Roman asked? “God damn it.” The only reason he was in India was low wages. He was getting five Bangalore managers, for the price of one manager back home in Novosibirsk.” The profit generator was the cheap factory workers. But, if Roman had to spend time in northern India, he wanted more out of them.

“If you can't produce more,” he stated, “I might as well go back home and hire Russians.” Scanning the room, with the exception of his stout comrade, the group of ten Indians avoided his eyes. “All I want is boring, family-less, friendless drones. Control, control, control, and productivity.”

One scientist took notice and wrote down Roman's words verbatim, *I want is boring, family-less, friendless*

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*drones*. Who could have guessed, that those words, said in anger, would lead to the destruction of the civilized world?

After the meeting, before leaving the room, the Indian scientist beside the Russian, said to the Russian, “Sir, I can make Roman's request for controlled workers.”

The scientist went on to propose an idea. He would develop a psychiatric drug to affect the neurotransmitters of the brain. The drug would modify the personality of the users, they would care only for work, they would be *friendless drones*.

“That's bullshit,” Ruskin said.

“Yes, yes sir,” the soft spoken Ragget responded while doing the Indian head bobbing, tilting left, right, left, right. “It is easy. With your money to support my project. My drug will modify the pleasure centers of the brain to only respond to the accomplishment of work.”

Ruskin scrutinized the tall dark skinny man. “Tell me more.”

“The factory worker feels pleasure when completing a repetitive routine task, a factory task. Other pleasures—family life, Cricket, the taking of women—become painful, terrible things to do.”

Ragget grinned and bobbed his head faster, then stopped. He concluded, “These these factory workers, would be family-less, friendless drones.”

The Russian investor's eyes lite up with rising stock prices. “We will support a small research team,” Ruskin stated. “But where? Such research must be kept secret.”

“In the Indian country side,” Ragget said. “There are lawless places where foreigners are afraid to go. The people are poor uneducated stupid countryside peasants. Life is cheap.”

## Z-Research

Ruskin created an international corporate structure, vainly named Corporation-R. This would give him business leverage over Roman. Ragget's team worked developing serums and testing. At first, most of the hapless souls, the test subjects as Ragget referred to them, went home dazed, uncertain of what was happening. Since they were well fed, and given a sippet of food to take home which was their incentive to return each day.

When the experiments went bad and subjects lost their minds, became comatose; they were disposed and buried. Ragget's accountant, removed the failures from the books. The workers were merely an item of cost, an erasable number. Anyway, Ragget said to the account, "In a country approaching two billion, no one would miss a few."

If anyone did miss the dead, bribes were paid to quiet the questioning families. However, one distraught father did not accept the bribe, he could not accept the mysterious disappearance of his eldest son. And so, the father, the mother, the younger son and daughter, forcibly became test subjects. After all, it was wiser, and cheaper, to have thugs on the payroll, than to have news going beyond the village borders.

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Progress was not quick enough for Ruskin, so he increased his incentive package, the Russian fists of motivation to push the scientists to achieve faster results. They of course became reckless. However, success followed. The subjects started to live for work. They would not leave the test factory. They slept only when passing out from exhaustion, or dying on the job.

This pleased Ruskin. He set up a production sweatshop factory. It was a dingy shithole of a place, mud floors, crappy tools, stale air. The drones were wildly enthusiastic to have their improved work environment. They produced weapons for distribution through the Russian mob in Moscow.

In the test factory, to measure output gains produced by the drug, the management had one line of workers using the drug named Serum-C, and a second line of non-drugged up workers. The test drones productivity far out reached their non-drugged counterparts.

However the drugs had a side effect which caused the done subjects to easily anger. Fights broke out. Drugged up workers banded together and beat their competitors with bare fists, knocking them down and putting the boots the poor slower non-drugged workers.

# Factories and Corporate Growth

Ragget's team wrote reports for the money man. Ruskin gave him more cash to build larger factories. During contract negotiations, Ragget received half the money he had asked from the Russians for the construction. Ragget, the greedy little bastard he was, used his family's construction companies to build the new factory. Part of the money was used to built Ragget a compound surrounded mansion in the countryside.

In the new factory, the drones were fully focused on their work, they would stop for nothing. They became skin and bones, eyes bulged from shrunken heads, and yet, they continued to work. Ragget was not worried that groups died off from continuous work and malnutrition, but the cost to quiet families was a big expense.

The Russian's push Ragget. Ragget pushed the scientists as they began development of the next generation drug. They first developed a counter drug to allow the drones to rest before dying or becoming uncontrollable. The drug was administered when a drone became sullen, shifty, agitated, and started fighting. The

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drone's life increased, and profits increased. The factory was enlarged, more bribes were paid.

More drones needed to be brought into the fold. Local tribal chiefs were brought into Corporation-R. The community leaders traded complete villages of men, women, and children, for money to build their own personal wealth.

Ruskin and Ragget were getting rich, and they still wanted more, a lot more. It was time to talk to Roman. Roman seen potential beyond what Ruskin and Ragget could accomplish. After reading the reports and viewing the factories for himself, Roman wanted in. He could make the huge investments needed to take it to the next level. He put together a team to redesign production lines, franchise the factories, and moved up the Indian political ladder to authorize further company growth. Workers were needed from towns, villages were no longer large enough. Roman wanted an empire to rival old Rome. Roman would take over Corporation-R from Ruskin and Ragget.

It would take a lot of money to reach the next level: genetic modification. Ragget had a dream of injections to modify a worker's genetic makeup, thereby changing them once and for all time. This meant reduced drug administration costs. He had a vision of bigger houses, more cars and boats for himself. This would require more from his scientists.

The breakthroughs were steady. Then the day came, the scientists did it, genetic human modification! Roman would have his worker army, his dream of boring, family-less, friendless drones.

The factories spread across the border into the back country of China. Corporation-R built new factories based

on the Chinese model of worker factory and dorms: cafeterias, in house doctors, everything contained in the factory complex that was required for a worker to live, no need to leave the factor grounds.

Anyway, they didn't want to leave, they wanted to stay. They were worker bees, a hive of killer factory worker bees. Ragget used the term killer bee because when a few became agitated and escaped, they ran crazy down the streets and in a frenzy, beat up anyone in their path.

## Next Stage of Insanity

In the new factory, the new drones, the genetically modified workers were again productive in teams. There were of course, bugs to be worked out of the new factories. When a machine broke down, a maintenance man was needed for the fix. The delay caused the drones to yell, scream, and fight with each other. The reason was, when idle, their genetically reconstructed brain issued pain sensations through out their body.

When the manager returned from break, one of the drones took a wrench and smashed his scull, swinging the steel instrument over and over. Drones, with ugly contorted faces of pain, tore the dead body apart. The ripping effort, tearing a body limb from limb, was hard work which caused pleasure in the drone's minds. There was a temporary calm.

Surrounded by guards with clubs and guns, a nervous maintenance man got the production line working again.

Security was beefed up. The next time the drones were enraged, the guards went in with trained attack dogs. But the drones were mindless with brain pain, they ignored the injuries the dogs inflicted. The attack dogs were torn to pieces. Then they went into a feeding frenzy. Only bits



of bone remained.

The scientist solution to the problem was to develop management and maintenance drones. Roman believed this a break though was key to the future. Drone genetics moved up the management chain and across the production job roles.

Roman was furious when the scientists got greedy, and asked for more money and more resources. He then came up with his most dangerous idea, drone scientists. What he had not considered was the side effect of obsessively driven, unstable personalities of genius.

The squad of mad scientist drones were productive. They worked faster and were more reckless and daring in their experimentation. As in the case of factory drones, the genius drones were intolerant of their non-drone counterparts.

A point came when the humans refused to share data with the drones because they were afraid the drones would take over the project—non-drone people would be obsolete. This new generation of scientist drones next showed a side as not yet seen on the factory floor; they went quiet, secretive, sneaky.

When Roman, the chairman of the board, supported the superior drone progress and had the human team members give their resources to the drones, and the humans were to support the drones.

Security was informed that the scientist drones where to be left alone and fully supported. The drones were enthused by their corporate leader. But the humans scientists had lied to the drones. The drones developed weapons to kill two security guards. They entered the human's lab at night where one poor man was working late. He was torn apart and devoured, organs and muscles,

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blood was splattered on the wall, it was a feeding frenzy.

After their feast, they took everything they needed back to their lab and continued work. Work was their life, to be idle was a torture. As if nothing unusual had happened, they continued working to achieve the corporate goal of genetic modification through out the production process, to produce drones for the factory floor, for maintenance, for shipping, inventory, and management. They also increased drone efficiency: they required less rest and food.

Roman was summoned, the human factory managers were concerned for their lives. Roman had been in India implementing a secret personal project with a separate squad of scientist drones. He came quickly and quieted the situation. He then made a fatal decision that would turn the tide of the human control over drones. He implemented his secret project, security drones.

The new drones captured the rest of the human scientists. The scientist drones turned them into drones. Those mean sons of bitches, killed and ate the human security team. Roman had given control of the hive to the killer bees.

# Corporation-Z Goes to Washington

Surveying his audience, Edgar concluded his story, “That my friends is how Corporation-Z got started.”

A teenager sitting at the back said, “The original name was Corporation-R.”

“That's right,” Edgar replied. “As the drones moved up the corporate ladder, the day finally came when Roman was slow to react, and the other board members, quartered him and ate him for lunch. The drones were in control. An outsider named it what it really was, a corporation of mindless, ruthless, zombies; Corporation-Z.”