

ANGELITE

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Mellorick stood proudly on the transparent mono-platform which spanned the vast industrial territory, and pushed out his enormous chest, like a weight lifter who had vanquished the last block of iron. With his index finger, he guided the knowledge beam towards the head of the tall man standing to his right. “Protector, please listen carefully to my presentation. Our construct ratios exceed all other units in the galaxy.”

After less than a minute, the Protector motioned to him that he had heard enough. As Mellorick snapped shut the beam, he stole a glance at his impressive master, hoping for some indication of approval. Instead, in his striped grey silver uniform, the leading bureaucrat in the solar system looked down sullenly at his short portly industrieller. “Despite your so called knowledge and statistics, back in the Chrome Zone we hear rumblings about your operation. Is it true that the Molybdenum feeder plant was dysfunctional for a week and that clones died of kidney failure soon after leaving ‘Heaven’?”

Mellorick paced back and forward. “My Protector, you must understand what a complex operation I run here. In order to maintain our weekly output of one million humanoids, we have to supply 132 feeder plants, one for every element of the human body. We have many operational constraints. You might not have heard but we have to import oxygen and nitrogen because we can no longer strip it from the air because of the pollution.”

The protector pointed his right hand towards Mellorick and spread out his four fingers. The industrieller screamed in pain. “This is a sample of what you will feel in a month if you do not improve our output. Times of war call for special efforts and I don’t see you sharing our pain - until now.”

The industrieller fell to his knees. “Master, we have been focusing on a new development which will give the humanoids the power of self-reliance. Think what a difference that will make at the front. You could push the droid to human ratio from fifty to over one thousand to one.”

The tall man relaxed his hand. “I hope that this not just more of your vapour-speak. You had better explain this.”

Mellorick rose to his feet. “As you know, our multi-dimensional cloning technology is based on building up molecular layers from a human cloning subject. Up until now, the finished clone has a fully functioning body but none of the emotions and reasoning of its human subject.”

The Protector appeared impatient and started rolling his fingers. "I know all of this. Why do you continue to waste my time?"

Fearing another beam lashing, Mellorick's vocal pace speeded up. "We have invented a technique which also transfers emotions and reasoning to the clone. We discovered the building blocks of emotion, clusters of what we call Angelite, substances which are one million times smaller than a Hydrogen atom and undetectable until now. After months of work, we have built a special bio printer which can construct a clone from sub molecular units, in other words incorporate the power of thought within their molecules."

On hearing this, the Protector's sneer disappeared. "If I understand you properly, you are telling me that you can produce humans, not humanoids and that they can engage in war without continual intervention. When can I see the evidence?"

"Follow me, sir." said Mellorick, guiding his master to the transit mirror. They stepped through and found themselves in a vast banqueting hall where a large wooden table and chairs broke up the monotony of the stainless steel canyon. From nowhere, two servants appeared and guided them to their chairs before starting to fill the table with bottles of wine, grapes, various meats and other banquet delicacies.

The Protector appeared satisfied as he tasted the wine. "Mellorick, I hope that this is authentic fayre and not the results from another cloning experiment."

Sensing a change of mood, Mellorick sounded more relaxed. "Protector, all you see on this table came from our own Antiquity Agri bio units."

The Protector laughed. "I thought that perhaps you were going to serve me cloned food which had emotions and reasoning, as evidence of your claims."

Wanting to avoid another mood swing from his superior, Mellorick laughed nervously and placed his hands in the air, describing a circle. At once, they could hear noises emanating from the other end of the hall, around a kilometre away. In less than five seconds, the noise ceased and a hover matrix stopped within ten yards. Four figures emerged - one middle aged short fat man, two identical tall blonde strong men and a beautiful young woman with long dark hair and olive skin. Mellorick and the Protector stood up from the table. The four people bowed. "Sir, let me introduce Lampor Reiss, inventor of the Angelite printer. "

The short man walked forward. Lampor began speaking hurriedly. "You see before you the results of my latest experiments. They were angelised less than one week ago. Let me demonstrate how they react to emotions. In particular, please observe the expressions of the two men."

Lampor grabbed the girl and slapped her roughly across the face. The two blonde men stood expressionless, oblivious to the scream and pain of their female companion. In contrast, the grimace on the face of the Protector caused panic in Mellorick. "Lampor, are we supposed to be impressed by this?"

Without answering, Lampor drew immediately a long knife from under his plastic tunic and drew a thin line of blood from the face of the woman. Her fear and screams evoked anger in the two blonde men and as Lampor turned to smile at his masters, they sprang simultaneously to protect her. Lampor directed a clenched fist towards them and they stopped, covering their ears as though they were in great pain. Whilst they writhed on the ground, the Protector began clapping and shook Lampor's hand.

“Join us at the table, Lampor. What you have shown us may change the course of the war in the Ursas. “

As they began eating, the girl tended to the two men. She gently massaged their ears and their expressions changed to one of serenity. They rose to their feet and the three of them engaged in what seem liked a deep conversation. Their superiors continued to debate how best the new bio weapons could be deployed, leaving the clones to wait around without offer of food or water. It was only when the girl asked the two men to hold her hands did Lampor become interested again in them. “What strange game are you playing?”

Staring intently at him, whilst maintaining their daisy chain, the girl answered. “We want our freedom. We want to see our homeland. We want to see again the blue oceans of Terra Firma.”

The Protector laughed. “Lampor. I see that you have cloned thoughts of freedom. How interesting that they would want to return to a world which we de-populated three millennia ago.”

Not one to accept anything resembling criticism, Lampor raised his hand, motioning in the direction of the girl. One of the men jumped in front of her and he yelled as Lampor's ray hit him. The girl maintained her stare and a bright light emanated from her eyes, wresting a scream from Lampor's lips. Immediately, the Protector and Mellorick ran to Lampor's now still form. However, before they could touch him, more beams appeared from the woman's eyes, leaving them both limp and lifeless.

“Quick,” shouted the woman to the remaining man. “We cannot do anything thing else for your brother. Jump through the transit mirror. I have programmed it to Oceania mode.”

They jumped into the mirror just as the mobilisation units entered the west wing of the hall, too late to stop the clones initiating their odyssey.

The two found themselves in a clearing in a primeval forest where creepers and plantains touched the mossy floor. The female immediately focused her gaze on the transit mirror causing it to explode. This in turn caused winged screeching creatures to leave the canopies far above their head.

She then turned and kissed her companion before looking into his eyes. “Adam, We have returned home at last.”

The man grasped Eve's hand. “Eve, I have waited eternities for this moment.”