



Diary of a genius baby:



By
Christian Percque





June 29th, 2015

I was born a couple of hours ago. They gave me this laptop so that I would stop whining. I would complain about this useless micro-processor, but it's better than nothing: most babies here get weird mouth pieces and ergonomically designed bottles which prevent spills while drinking that calcium-enriched beverage called milk. Thirty minutes ago, while I was curtly conversing with a neurosurgeon, I was told I speak with a very sustained British accent. I know all about Britain: it's history, it's kings and queens, I think I could make my way through London without a map, as well. Actually, I know all about France, the United States, and the rest of the World too. Everything seems to be very clear in my mind. I feel everything flowing so nicely in my brain. Advanced Mathematics, Synthetic Chemistry, Nuclear Physics, the complex biological systems... The moment I was born I tried to talk to the people around me, but they immediately put me in this room with other little people, who do not seem to show any signs of intelligence.

Well diary, I think it's going to be you and me for a while, so, I guess I'll see you soon. I shall investigate what this world is all about now.

July 4th, 2015

Dear diary, after a while of carefully pondering the issue, I think I will call you Christian. Chris, for short. The past few days have been quite enlightening and surprising at the same time. Let me start by talking about my parents, Lucy and David Alexander. They're both doctors in Mass Molecular Engineering, at MIT. Apparently they are known worldwide for their work, and for their many successful experiments. A few years ago, they managed to modify the lynx's genetic code, in order to help him adapt itself to the planet's condition, thus saving their species. They did the same for the koala, the white tiger, a whole bunch of fascinating earthly creatures, and they obtained a Nobel Prize for Outstanding Contribution to the survival of endangered species. The first time we greeted, they called me their *Magnum Opus*, which in Latin, means Masterpiece. It seems I was indeed born out of Mother's uterus, but what I learned was that my procreation

actually lasted two entire years, in a laboratory! Mum and Dad worked day and night, looking for and enhancing the only genetic code out of trillions, which would present highly advanced intellectual features. I am the product of research, dedication and passion, but I still have much to learn. Even though there seem to be textbooks in my mind, I can't understand a substantial amount of elements regarding human nature, and the ways of Man.

August 1st, 2015

Dear Chris, It's been a while since we've last seen each other. It's good to be with an old friend again. Did I mention to you I was Canadian? I also know my name now. It's Eric Alexander. The past few weeks have been extremely hectic. I was taught to read and to write with a pen, I was shown good manners, politeness, personal hygiene, and yesterday Dad taught me how to talk to girls. Apparently I will need to attend an educational institution called school some day, in which I will interact with the opposite sex. Dad says I'm quite the gentleman already!

In order to prepare me better for whatever will come in my later years, my parents have decided to take me on a trip all around the world, in which I will be able to interact with foreign cultures, primitive and advanced, with different types of people, leaders and paupers, in all sorts of environments, palaces and mother nature itself... No worries though, I'm taking you with me. You're the only friend I've got Chris, thanks for being here.

August 3rd, 2015

Hello Chris, guess what? You're no longer an old laptop: you're the latest model of Apple's iPad, combining The Cambridge-based A4 chip, incorporating an Arm Cortex-A9 MPCore - the same processor as Qualcomm's Snapdragon chip. Quite fascinating, actually. I am currently in an aerodynamic air transport machine called a Boeing 747, engineered by scientists from all over the world. We are going to Paris today. They say the culinary arts are particularly developed in France. Unfortunately, I must follow my calcium and protein diet, drinking milk and baby puddings... I know, it's quite embarrassing, but it's essential to my growth.

Anyhow, I have reached unusual and unprecedented levels of boredom today. I'll write to tell you all about France next time. See you soon, ol' chap.

August 20th, 2015

Chris! I think the world isn't supposed to know I exist. We got to Paris, and we went through a back door, in which we passed immigration and customs secretly. Then,

though another backdoor, a limousine was waiting for us. We got in, and drove straight to a big gray building, in which dad said he was meeting up with some friends. Pay close attention, Chris, because this gets interesting. Dad took me in a big, square room, with blue walls, mirrors on the roof and large gray tiles. Four men were waiting inside, seated around a half-circle table, each wearing white coats. As we walked in, the five men stood up, and Dad said: “Son, allow me to introduce you the finest scientists in the world. Living legends, I give you Strodoisky, Chiello, Becquerel, and Octavius. Gentlemen, this is Eric Alexander.” They all seemed quite decent, and pulled a grin to greet me curtly ... Octavius caught my attention though: he had short black hair, green eyes, he was tall and slim, and he wouldn't take his eyes off me. That's when my dad got down, put his hands on my shoulder, and told me...

Oh no, not again! Chris, I have to go, I shall return as soon as possible! They're calling me for more!

September 16th, 2015

Dear Chris, I'm sorry I had to leave you in such a rush last time. I've been brought to Paris to measure me against the previously described scientists. It all started quite simple. The Russian man and I competed in solving a fifth degree differential equation; I completed mine after only a couple of hours, and he wasn't even half way there. The Italian tested me on all sorts of Chemistry and electricity challenges, Becquerel the Frenchman challenged me to complete a book about Advanced level Physics, which I completed in a mere time of six hours. It may seem long, but Becquerel himself told me that he wasn't able to finish the book himself, within at least five days! At last, Octavius stepped forth, still staring at me, me and nothing else. He leaned down to me and said the following: “Do you think you can handle nuclear physics, Fusion and Fissure technology? If you excel in this field as much as you do in the others, you could actually prove to be an asset to this planet.” And so, he smirked, got up and walked away. I spent a few hours with each of the others, but with Octavius I spent more than twenty days. The world is going through an important energy crisis, and natural gases and fuel no longer represent the solution. Fusion and Fissure seem to be the answer to the problem. The only problem is, they seem borderline impossible to achieve...

September 20th, 2015

I haven't stopped thinking about it. It's just a matter of calculating the Radioactive Activity limit in which to apply a certain pressure and temperature, all of this taking into

account the radio elements present in the magnetic force field... And yet, we can't crack it. Tomorrow we're heading to Africa, I'm not sure which country yet. I promised Octavius I wouldn't let him down, and that I'd keep searching. I've never backed down in front of a challenge, and it gets on my nerves that I can't find the answer to this problem, which is why I'm doubly motivated to unlocking the secrets of Fusion technology!

Anyhow, I'll write whenever I can. I'll probably be busy, in the next few weeks...

September 21st, 2015

Hey Chris, I thought it would be longer until my next entry, yet here I am, already in Africa, more or less. You see, I'm stuck in Khartoum's airport in Sudan. We've been here for about four hours because there's a problem at immigration. There are about ten immigration officers posts, but only one agent showed up for work today, so he's the only one granting access to Dakar, to about five hundred people. We've been put in a scrawny waiting room. It's a good thing I upgraded your battery systems, so that you can last weeks without being charged. You never know if you'll find power in this primitive country. There's this security officer at the entrance who sits next to the door all day, doing nothing, and as people slowly flow out of the room, he tells them he wants his tip, for watching over their bags. The ones who don't pay get sent to the back of the line because of "missing paperwork". The word is, that the immigration officer demands some extra "paperwork" as well. What kind of an airport is this? This is robbery, and abuse of power. Following all my readings about Africa I learned that it is an extremely poor and corrupt continent. The rich feed off the poor and the poor try to bring bread to their (numerous) families, by any means possible. You can't blame these people; it's greatly related to a lack of responsible governance... We're almost getting to the agent, so, I'll sign on later.

September 21st, 2015, a little later that same day...

We're at the hotel. I don't feel too good. I lost my appetite too. I just don't even feel like writing tonight. The way here wasn't particularly joyful. For the first time, I saw sheer sadness and despair in people's eyes. People sat on the sidewalks, having nothing to do. Hungry children were too weak and malnourished to play. Women couldn't feed their babies, and men couldn't find work. This is the reality here. They can't do anything about their situation, and authorities do not do anything for them either... I don't know how the people I saw in the streets today manage. How can they hang on, in the midst of their precarious and inhuman situation. The basic things we have, such as water, food, shelter, education, jobs, are something these people aren't familiar with. Water is scarce and they can spend days before eating anything. I feel like helping them, helping them all,

bringing them food or water, but... I'm... still... just a baby. I can't even carry a bucket of water. I feel so helpless...

September 30th, 2015

Today we were all invited to the President's residence for an after-noon tea gathering. I think it was tea. It's supposed to be tea. That's what the textbooks said. Please excuse my confusion. It was a cold beverage which made carbon dioxide bubbles in my mouth. It was caramel-colored too. Scratch that, I think it's what they call "kooka koola". That's how they pronounced it at least. I'm not big on drinks. All I drink is milk. ANYHOW, Mr. President turned out to be a horrible man. He was ceremonious, well-mannered, but oh so hypocrite. He started to talk about his country, and of all the progress it was going through. Out of place, I interrupted and coldly asked what he thought of all the homeless, jobless people in the street. He looked at me with a smile and answered with a goofy accent "Young man, those people are very happy! And they will be even happier with all the progress we are making. They will live just as well as the Whites in Europe and America! You do not realize this, but my people do not need more than they already have. This is how they were born, this is how their parents lived. They do not want more, and frankly, I have more important matters to attend to. You're too young to understand this, but being President of a country is a very demanding job!" And so I asked naively, "So you won't do anything to help the people in the street?" And, to my great disappointment, he answered with an imposing "No".

November 28th, 2015

Since I learned that the country's commander wasn't going to do anything for his people, I decided to get involved, and turned to the NGOs. I started by meeting the directors, learning about exactly what they do, and how they do it. There's such a long chain between the people who give donations, and the people who actually receive them. It's amazing how the simple act of giving, can be so complicated, and tampered with. It starts with the donations. They are brought to a wide array of NGOs, who have to go through tons of paperwork. A part of the donation's value is used to finance the NGO itself, and when it finally gets to the bottom of the chain, to the poor country, and into the government's hands, the ever-present phenomenon of corruption takes place. Corrupt officials steal everything. It's simply inhuman how those people can steal something that so many other people's lives actually depend on! The NGOs may have noble causes, but they can only help up to a certain extent. Some like Medecins Sans Frontieres offer a hands-on direct helping force. But those who offer long-term solutions are often

paralyzed by many factors, including the government, making them inefficient. I would like to try to make something big to help as many people as I can. I need to come up with a solution. I need to invent something... To give jobs... and production... something to make life easier as well. I need to think, my friend! Until next time.

December 20th, 2015

Why is it that you're my only friend? I mean, I have my parents, but why can't I have somebody my age to talk to and to share my views? I think it would be fun to have somebody my age and side to converse with! Every... No wait. Forget what I just said. I know why. I'm "different". Whatever, let's get back to important matters.

I found what I was looking for. I propose an agricultural solution. I was thinking of world history. How did great civilizations emerge? They started out by fertilizing the ground, growing crops, and selling what was in excess. All the people need is to be shown how it all works, then they need the land, and at last, they need water. On the long run, they can sell the products, and live well. The country will benefit greatly from all of this as well, which is why the government needs to support the agricultural plans, and sometimes, provide the land. They must let the people develop unused and potential territory. What can I give the people? Water. Water in places where it is inaccessible. Nobody has ever done this before and I'm quite satisfied about that. Here's how it works. It may seem a bit weird but here it goes. I built a machine that makes an exponential rate of replicas of the H₂O molecule. All you have to do is insert an initial amount of H₂O, and with the help of certain acids, electrons reform, and rebuild new molecules of water. The acid I'm talking about is urea, which is found in human urine, which is composed of 95% of water. Basically, all you need to do is urinate in the machine and voila! Pure H₂O in substantial quantities! I need to present the machine to the President. It's the same one as before... I hope he'll be less of a jerk this time... After all, this can greatly help his country's problem!

December 28th, 2015

Things seem to be looking up. Christmas was pleasant. Mom and Dad are really great. They're the best parents a baby could have. I know I have their love.

On the other hand, Mr. President seemed very interested in the project. He had it reviewed by his ministers, and on January 1st, he's supposed to give an official speech, to promote the new agricultural policy. Hopefully all will go as planned.

February 19th, 2016

I've just had the craziest almost-two-months of my life. It had been made official. All the President asked for was financial contribution from the International community, to finance the project. Optimism rose in the air, and money flowed in the country. And out of the blue, our dear Mr. President cancelled the entire project, claiming that my family had tricked the machine, and that it represented a potential danger to his population. He was then acclaimed by the locals, who marched in front of his palace, singing chants for the hero who saved them from the 'White mad scientists'. How can they be so stupid and naïve? Did those people not realize what the project was all about? They didn't ask for proof to the president. They were manipulated so easily into believing a lie! They were manipulated by a man who does not care about them, and who just doubled his fortune, thanks to the financing of my project. He stole that money from his country and from his people. Yet look at them acclaiming him. What is the logic in all of this? I just cannot figure it out and it gives me the greatest headache. I asked Dad for guidance, and he put his hand on my shoulder telling me that that was human nature. Human nature is the most complicated and illogical thing in the world. The textbooks don't talk about it because they themselves can't explain it. It's just one of those things you should take for granted because there is absolutely no hope in changing it, ever. Thomas Hobbes once said, *Homo homini lupus...* which means that man is a wolf to man, in every way. And the stronger one is the one who wins. This is what I learned in this desolated country. We managed to escape the country by the South and I think we'll continue our journey towards Burundi this time. Dad has a friend there.

April 1st, 2016

Father got killed by an elephant... April fool's Chris!

April 2nd, 2016

Chris, this country has shown me yet another lesson of life, regarding mankind and human nature. We had to pass through the Democratic Republic of Congo, in which we visited the majestic Congo river, the tall mountains and the beautiful rainforest. What did I see there? I saw pure wild for the first time ever. I experienced it, and felt it. Even though the forest was savage and hostile, I was amazed by the fact that it showed a certain order in many ways. The gorillas stood together proud and united, all of them looking together for fruits and leaves. The chimpanzees used stones and sticks to help them in their tasks. Everything seems harmonious, peaceful, organized. Then we got to Burundi and I learned about their bloodshed past. Tutsis and Hutus... Both human beings... and massacre. First the Hutus, then the Tutsis. It seems to me that the only difference between them is a couple of centimeters of width of their nose. Were two centimeters really worth the brutal death of 1.5 million men, women and innocent

children? It almost seems as if the animals knew better than man. Human nature is too easily corrupted by power and money. Whereas the gorilla's alpha male would rather die before putting his pack in harm's way. With millennia of so called progress, how is it possible that we got to this, and such a short time ago? This wasn't in the textbooks either. I'm starting to lose faith in them, altogether. Peace, equality, harmony. I found more of it all in the middle of the jungle than where man actually governs... If man is so corrupt, how can you trust? How can you live with the thought that any day, you could become one of those victims? Mankind is very weak-minded and easily manipulated. You know, I thought I knew a lot by reading lots... But all of this challenges everything I ever knew. THIS is life. *Homo homini lupus*.

June 29th, 2016

Today is my birthday. Happy birthday Eric Alexander. I'm officially one year old, or thirty one million five hundred thirty six thousand seconds old. I'm perfectly coordinated now. I can walk, run and physically do about everything Dad does, until my strength reaches its limit.

Once again, I'm stranded home with Mum and Dad, as I have no friends... Octavius was here this week; he came to visit Dad and to check on all his new research projects. He didn't mention anything about Fusion or energy. He was really nice to me Africa was quite a blow but I've gotten over it. I've been talking to mother and father about a most pressing issue. I would like to have a somewhat normal life, which implies doing what other young men do in their early years: study and earn diplomas. Mum and Dad told me it was a waste of time, but I insisted on the fact that I wanted to meet actual people, with whom I might share common interests. I could resume about fourteen years of studying in about half a school year, but I've decided to take it easy. Instead, I will do it all in an entire school year. That should do it, and give me enough time to make some friends. I suppose I shall spend the summer reading the philosophers. In September I shall be attending one of those "smart kids" schools. We'll see how that goes.

September 5th, 2016

Hiya Chris, the first day of school was a breeze. I got all the way up to sixth grade in just a few hours. They were all a bunch of babies anyhow, nothing interesting. Tomorrow I

start the sixth grade in the high school campus. Dad said I'm going with the "Big Dogs" now, but that there's nothing to worry about, because I'm going to be a high school "Shark". So tonight I'm taking out my best shirt (I think I'll wear a bow tie as well), I'm shining my best shoes and I'll show them how "sharky" I really am.

September 6th, 2016

Okay, I'm a little bit shaken tonight... And I didn't quite understand what happened in school today. All I know is that it didn't feel particularly good. Furthermore, I think those big children were mocking me! As soon as I got home I grabbed the encyclopedia to search words such as "midget" and "nerd". This other guy called me a "momma's boy" and another one called me "fagget"... I believe all these words have quite derogatory meanings, and I'm not sure what to do about this all. Dad once told me that you couldn't change others. I think the solution to this is to change myself, just a little, in order to blend in with the others. Mum said she'd pick out my clothes for tomorrow. Let's see if she knows better...

September 7th, 2016

I just got back from school. Today was a little better. It's quite amazing the influence that plain clothes, your appearance have on the others. Today I was only called "Yoda" and "momma's boy" by the same guy. They told me it had something to do with my neatly combed hair and pressed pants. Anyhow, Mum said that her best friend had a daughter attending senior year at my school. She invited them for tea this after-noon. I believe the girl's name is Jessica. I'll let you know how that goes.

Helloooooooo CHRIS! May I say that that was the absolute best tea party I've ever had. Not that I've had many in my single year of life, but still, it was memorable. Jess was really nice... I mean, seriously, really nice! I recently acquired this book about Greek mythology. Jess seems to fit what you call the "Greek profile". She looks like one of those divinities; perhaps Hera, or Aphrodite? She's got long dark wavy hair, almond shaped green eyes, a thin and straight nose, a delicate lips and a smile that just melts the small muscular organ assuring blood circulation in my vessels. She taught me how to be 'cool' and how to dress 'hip'. She said she could be my friend and that we could spend some time together whenever I wanted! OUUUUhhh tomorrow I'm definitely skipping some grades! After tomorrow I'll be in HER class!

October 20th, 2016

Dear Chris, I believe I'm succumbing to the infatuating emotion called love. It's a strange feeling. Jessica seems like the perfect person: she's smart, beautiful, funny, and ever so nice. I, on the other hand, am smart, and... that's about it. I recently tried out for the football team, but the coach said he doubted I'd even get into the Pee Wees. I've been turned down at about everything I tried: basketball, rugby, soccer, wrestling club... Jessica, on the other hand does it all. The girls are all over me, telling me how cute I am, and how chubby my cheeks are. I tell them it's really due to my high levels of natural elastine, present because of my young age. They've all asked me for my phone number, my 'face book' (whatever that is!), and they ask me when I'm free on week ends, to go out to movie theaters or something. It's the same with all of them, but I feel something different towards Jessica. She's just different, and special. She's still my best friend, we take all our classes together, we're lab partners, and I help her out with her homework. But quite frankly, there's no point in me getting physically and mentally attached to her, because deep down, I just know it's impossible for us to ever have more than what we have now. Good friendship. The same applies to any girl. What kind of intellectually developed woman would fall for a guy... well baby, like me? Honestly Chris, know anyone? I didn't think so. The Guys are all idiots with me. It's been over a month of school and I still haven't made any male friends. "Yoda the fag" is what they call me. Ah, no bother, I've got better things to go. Mum and Dad are going to Japan, so I think I'll tag along. I've never been to the Far East before. It's my chance now. I'll meet you there, Chris.

October 27th, 2016

Peace... Quiet... Alone on the top of a Japanese banzai hill... Away from Man... In communion with the forces of Nature... Why hadn't I been here before? And the Wind...

Nature's melody, unknown and unseen,
A song, a story that is yet to be heard,
From dusk to dawn, an invisible bird.

If you're completely silent, you can hear,
And you can see the trees move ever so slightly,
And you can feel it wrap around you so tightly.

You've existed since the beginning, and will last 'til the end,
You will always be there to sing me lullabies at night,
And you are always there, beyond our sight.

When others abandon me and the world is destroyed,
You are there, right at my side,
And forever more all my problems subside.

Wonderful wind, won't you be my best of friends?
You're greater than any I've had before,
You actually listen and you'll never ignore...

Take a deep breathe Chris, we are with a friend...

December 16th, 1016

Japan was quite an experience. I told you all about my new friendship last time. My friend the wind is older than time, he is wise and experienced. Do you remember that Greek mythology book I mentioned a while back? Well I was going through it again and I came across this particularly interesting creature called the phoenix. *“It has a 500 to 1,000 year life-cycle, near the end of which it builds itself a nest of twigs that then ignites; both nest and bird burn fiercely and are reduced to ashes, from which a new, young phoenix or phoenix egg arises, reborn anew to live again.”* After quite a few hours meditating about this creature I’ve concluded the following. To understand the philosophy of life you need to understand the phoenix. The phoenix describes a never ending circle of living, not dying, as it is always reborn from it’s own ashes. When life puts you down, like the phoenix you must rise, stronger than before, learning from your mistakes and never backing away from anything because that is what will make you truly immortal: your legacy. Life might have been a little rough on me, and I might have felt lonely once in a while, but from now on, I’m viewing things differently and nothing is going to put me down. I am a winner, no matter what they say!

January 12th, 2017

Dear Chris, I am in Haiti today. My parents were invited to the Yearly Memorial to the devastating earthquake that struck this desolate land exactly seven years ago. We came with Octavius, who has been actively participating in Haiti’s energy auto-sufficiency project through natural and renewable resources, over the past few years. Before coming

here I made sure to get all my facts straight about Haitian history. They obtained their independence in 1804 after years of struggling against Napoleon's troops. Once their independence obtained, the Haitian generals all wanted the power, but one stood out: the one who commanded and led Toussaint Louverture's campaign to victory against the French, a man named Dessalines, who proclaimed himself Emperor for life. His fellow Generals Petion and Christophe, wanting a share of the power as well, decided to murder him, and to seize the power for themselves. The only problem was that both of them wanted the power, and at all costs. At the brink of civil war, they decided to divide the country in two. Christophe became king of the North and Petion President of the South. One of them killed himself and the other died of yellow fever. After them, the exact same cycle of political instability and violence persisted throughout the years. And after two hundred years, as the world moved on, Haiti did not, and what was once "La Perle des Antilles", became the hemisphere's poorest country. In his novel *Caribbean*, James Michener dedicates a chapter of his book to Haiti, referring to it as "The tortured land". He poses the following question: Can this land ever be cleansed from the taint of all the blood and suffering that has been spilled on it across the years?

Tomorrow I'm going to visit the city and its surroundings. I'll tell you all about it then.

January 13th, 2017

Remember the phoenix? Haiti went through a similar pattern... "*He is reduced to ashes, from which a new, young phoenix arises, reborn anew to live again.*" That's what I saw today in this country. A Nation working together, united, its people strong and motivated to rebuild their country. Whites, Blacks, Mulattoes, Arabs, Chinese, rich, poor, everybody on the street participating in some kind of long term construction or embellishment task. Engineers supervising newly built fountains, electricians planning city lighting, urbanism experts placing parks and checkered streets, gardeners planting exotic flowers and trees equipped with watering systems, and the finest architects, local and foreign, rebuilding the city, its schools and churches, in such a charming European Renaissance style. The city's bay, once brown colored due to all the garbage swimming and lying under it, is now turquoise and light blue thanks to the young chemical engineers who managed to clear out all the trash and purify the water with their products. They've built a brand new avenue that follows the coastline. Palm trees have been harmoniously and regularly planted on each side of it, and each afternoon, you can see the sun setting and slowly dying in its own blood. The new Haiti isn't only superficially beautiful: it's substantial and planned to achieve long term progress and serenity. Agriculture has been restarted massively in the Provinces. Haiti produces rice again, which is exported along with banana, cocoa, and sugar cane. The sky is blue and bright, new horizons await this country. A new era has emerged for Haiti. Its capital, once known as Port-au-Prince is now called Renaissance, and is an inspiring example to the world. I proposed my own agricultural aid: remember the machine I had invented back in Africa? Thanks to the

open-mindedness of the Head of Agriculture, my newly enhanced machine will be tested in a few areas outside of town. Tourism has rocketed, while insecurity has crashed. A bright future awaits this brand new Nation, built on strong moral and traditional values. Rise phoenix, rise up and fly away... Sing that beautiful chant of yours. It's been too long since it has last been heard.

January 20th, 2017

Christian, I would like to go to MIT, just like my parents did. Mum and Dad said they would meet with the school's Dean and Chancellor. They know them all anyhow. They told me it certainly wouldn't be a problem to get in there. In fact, they said it would be an honor for MIT to have me studying in their campuses. For now I think I'll lay back and relax in my study office. I wish to learn about marine life. That's what I'll do today. In the next few months I'm going to finish the school year. I could finish it really quickly, but I prefer finishing at the end of the year like everybody else, and have a graduation celebration. This isn't about Jessica, or maybe it is. Honestly I'm not quite sure.

June 6th, 2017

It's about 1 PM and I just woke up. Yesterday was my graduation ceremony. It was quite emotional and I admit having shed a few tears. I had to wear this funny hat and a toga-like purple dress. Mum and Dad were there. That was the best part of it. I could see the pride gleaming in their eyes. Even though intellectually we all know that I haven't achieved much in essence. But parents will always feel like the proudest people on Earth the moment their child receives their diplomas.

Then at night was the Prom. And I didn't have a date. Jessica went with this jerk called Zack, a football player. But he got drunk real quick and Jess caught him kissing this other girl. On the lips! Only married people are supposed to do that, aren't they Chris? Anyhow, as I was sitting on a chair in the far corner of the dance floor, watching the people whom I befriended all year long, I started feeling nostalgia. Even though I may not have been friends with many of them, they all seem to be part of my daily routine, as if they were sort of like my family. Had I known how I would be feeling now, I might have profited of them all a bit more. Because right now, it's all practically over. I can imagine myself last night: an almost two year old baby, measuring about fifty centimeters high, in a tiny smoking suit, sitting on a chair twice his size. It's obvious I didn't belong

there. And yet, somebody that night did feel I belonged right there, where I was. Jessica sat down right next to me and smiled at me, with that smile, the one that gets me every time. I thought that might be the last time I'd ever see it, and before I knew it, I was crying like a baby (well, I can't imagine myself crying as anything else, really). I told her I was afraid of losing her forever, and that I might never see her again. But she kept that smile on her face, and told me that the best of friends, never, ever lose sight of each other, no matter what. She kissed me on the cheek, and she made my night.

June 29th, 2017

Guess who just turned two years old? Guess who's having dinner with his parents, Jessica, Octavius and the Haitian head of Agriculture? (Apparently my machine really boosted the production over there, good for them!) I am!!! See you whenever!

PS. MIT sent me their official acceptance letter. I'll be starting in September.

September 20th, 2017

MIT, the world's best University for Science and Technology. This is where I belong. This is what I was born for! I actually feel challenged in here. I mean, I finish the math exams in four minutes instead of thirty seconds now! You know, those easy five hour tests? That's math. But as I said a long time ago, I've still much to learn and I would like to pursue my superior studies in the branches of very advanced Physics, related to energy. Perhaps this will get me closer to cracking Octavius's mystery: Fusion. College life is peculiar. I live on campus and I meet so many people daily. It's not like in high school where people resented you for being smart. Over here, you actually get tons of respect for being smart and for your achievements. I have friends, among students and teachers alike. I get invited to parties all the time. College life is loads of fun, dear Chris, you should try it some time. But it's also a lot of work. Personally, I find the work given to me quite easy, but very time consuming. Sometimes I get caught up in the library for a couple of hours memorizing books and encyclopedias. When I'm not too busy I read the philosophers because I find them quite soothing to the mind. They make you ask yourself so many unanswered questions such as the ones following : What is real? What is life? Is there an absolute truth? Are we alone in this Universe? University keeps me busy my friend. In fact I d

Date : September 21st,
Year : 2017

Certainly, the wind can be your friend, and the phoenix your philosophy. Love and friendship never end. Many things can be certain in life. But life itself can be pretty difficult sometimes. It can play tricks on you. Throw things at you. Things that you would never have expected, not even for a moment. Being hit unprepared leaves you disarmed and weakened. Sometimes it even finishes you in a single hit. It's quite treacherous really; you can't even trust your own. If you can't control your life than technically you do not possess it, and it isn't yours. Somebody else can tamper with it and play around with it. My name is Eric Alexander and I'm lying in a bed, in an enclosed, sterilized white room. My eyes are closed, perhaps I am dreaming. Are they peaceful and harmonious? Am I back on that hilltop in Japan? I certainly hope so. My body is immobile, but not paralyzed; there's just no sign life in it. My life doesn't depend on me or on anyone anymore, for that matter. It depends on that red plug sticking in the wall next to me. Christian, dear friend Christian, I am in a profound state of unconsciousness called coma. It was due to a transient ischemic attack, commonly accepted to be a mini-stroke.

A mother's love is unconditional and infinite. A child's illness or misery is his mother's torture. It seems Eric Alexander cared very dearly for you

Christian. Throughout his TIA he never let go of you. The emergency ambulance who got Eric found you on his chest, which is why they took you along as well. You do not know how fortunate me and my husband are to have you here with us. We do not know if our little munchkin will ever wake up. The doctor said that chances are fifty to fifty. All we can do now is hope and pray... It was only a matter of time for something like this to happen. We both knew it since the very beginning.

Date: October 21st,
Year: 2017

The moment we found Eric, well, his chromosomal combination, we immediately saw his strengths, but also his weaknesses. Although as smart as four super-computers, his immune system is pretty bad, and he is prone to all sorts of cancerous tumors. We never thought we'd get attached to something as much we did with this beautiful child. We went forwards with the process under the hypothesis that later in his lifetime, we'd be able to do something about it. But that was being optimistic. If ever we have the chance to, you can be sure we will do all that's humanly possible to save him. It's been exactly a month now... We're becoming desperate... At this point what we need is a darn miracle. My husband just got up. He's walking towards Eric but just stopped midway. He's looking at me with huge eyes. Now he's leaning over the baby. ERIC JUST MOVED HIS HEAD!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

November 12th, 2017

Hello dear friend. How've you been? It's good to see you again. Mom wouldn't give you back to me until the doctors said I was fully recovered. I'm still in the hospital though, for a couple weeks more, just to make sure I'll be fine when I get out. Mum told me all about my genetic weaknesses, and it's pretty tough to live with it, especially now that I know it's degenerative... My body's health has started to collapse, and will slowly go down the hill, until I reach the very bottom. It's inevitable. It always was. I feel a tad of anger against Mum and Dad because they put me in this world knowing that my life would be shorter than anybody else's. It won't be constant strokes though. It'll be everything. Just everything about me will stop working progressively, until I no longer

can sustain my life. And when my life will hold on just a thin piece of string, it will, shortly after fall down into the dark depths of Forget and Sorrow. I didn't do much in my lifetime. How will anyone ever remember me? I was the first of my kind, and as the saying goes "First in, First out". My life will have gone by unnoticed to the world. But that's how it is isn't it? We all disappear at one point, everything does. I think that now, it's important for me to think on what will be here longer than me, and to see what I can do to help in any way. I have a gift, which gives me facilities and perks. But along with them, also comes responsibility. This is why I'm dedicating the rest of my life to the world. I will do anything to help solve and find solutions to problems. My name is Eric Alexander, and I shall not leave this Earth forgotten.

December 25th, 2017

This Christmas was the best one yet. It was me, Mum and Dad. Nobody else. It might be the last Christmas I pass with them, but at least I profited of it, and I know I will never forget it. This Christmas was all about family, tradition, sharing and loving. The three of us in the kitchen, we cooked a delicious turkey with gravy sauce, along with Mum's famous mashed potatoes. She did those alone because nobody else can know her secret recipe. After dinner we sat around the fireplace and gazed upon a cold and snowy night. I just can't explain the feeling of belonging I felt in that moment. I love my parents dearly, you know.

In about a week We're going up North, all the way up to the Arctic. I'm sure it will be fascinating up there. They're participating in this scientific expedition, which many other scientists will attend, such as Octavius and the Italian Electro-Chemist I had met before, Chiello.

January 5th, 2018

I am currently in one of the three massive "Observation and Research" boats, which were built in 2012, and which are mostly used to analyze the Earth's composition, all the way to its core. They are also equipped with state-of-the-art galactic observation material. It's one of the few super telescopes that lets you clearly view planets in sister galaxies. Right now we're all on the north-western coast of Greenland. We all arrived here on the 31st, so we spent the night gazing at the starlit sky and the beautiful aurora. What a sight. While most people had gone to sleep, I stayed on the main deck with my parents and Chiello and we watched the sea we were slowly navigating. I remember this quite clearly. At one point, we saw a dot emerging from the surface, maybe a kilometer away from where we were. May I remind you that we were nowhere near land. Anyhow, as we got closer to the point, we realized it was a head. Not human, of course. It was the head of a majestic white polar bear, desperately looking for land to rest upon. He was swimming very slowly, and I knew he was reaching the end of his strength. He must have had been

stranded in the ocean for days. I told my parents we needed to save him at once, or he'd die! But as much as they wanted to do something about it, the ship was programmed not to stop for anything, and nothing could be done about it. And so, as the ship passed by him, I walked towards the back of the ship in order to keep the bear at view as long as possible. I know he looked at me, I just know it! Once I got to the very end of the ship, and the bear started getting further, that beautiful white head was no more. This wasn't because of distance : we were still in range to see him. The majestic bear had perished, and was probably sinking at the moment, to those dark depths of Forget and Sorrow.

January 6th, 2018

Today Chiello explained what was really going on in the world. He told me that yesterday's bear died because of global warming. Back in 2010 still, the very spot we were navigating was still filled of glaciers. But they've all melted. Sixty-five percent of the world's glaciers have melted. The permafrost is likely to start melting as well. The water levels have been rising dangerously since 2012. Places like New Orleans in the USA and all over the world have largely been immersed underwater. The Dutch had to make more ramifications to their dams and water barrages, or they would have already been history. He told me that so many warnings had been issued from so many experts. The world's most polluting countries on Earth such as China, the United States and the European Union all promised emission reductions. First by signing the protocol of Kyoto, and later adhering to the Conference of Copenhagen. But they never really did anything concrete about it, which is why I assisted yesterday to the death of a polar bear.

This seems like a cause worth fighting for. I can do anything. I'm a genius. Next time I write, I'll give you my solution to this problem.

February 30th, 2018

I am pleased to tell you that I think I pretty much found a way to eliminate the Greenhouse gas effect. Listen to this: the main problem these days is that we are emitting more and more greenhouse gases, such as Carbon Dioxide and Methane, at frightening new speeds. All this time I was looking for a way to get rid of these gases. And I found a way to effectively change their structure, giving birth to different molecules. The main challenge was looking for the equation that would tell me how to break the molecules in precise spots. I found the solution though. It's quite complex. You need to be able to command temperature, pressure, and an immense particle accelerator is needed to go through the process. This is a reaction of controlled Fissure. For example, I would start

by simply breaking the CO₂ molecule, ridding it of the C (carbon) atom. I just need to break one, and it will cause a controlled chain reaction, breaking a radius of CO₂ molecules. I say it's controlled because the destruction radius depends on the force I use to initially break the first molecule. In the CO₂ case, you'd get pure dioxygen in the air, and black carbon particles falling on the ground, which can easily be swept away. I proved it works. Chiello is amazed and proposed we speak at once with the world's leaders, proposing this concrete solution to global warming. I know I did something big. I feel good about it too. Maybe I'll actually be remembered for this...

April 1st, 2018

Time has been flying by so fast these last few weeks, it's incredible. I know it's April 1st, but what I am about to tell you is not a joke.

Right after the trip to the Great North, Chiello, Octavius, my parents and I went to Europe, and we spoke to Top officials of the European Union. We went to large governments such as the American, the Chinese and the Indian. The world has opened their eyes to the "Prodigy boy's Solution". Scientists believe that temperatures will stop rising so fast. They actually predict the world will slowly go back to its natural states. Low temperatures in the planet's poles will make the ice freeze once more. They will permit many endangered species to breed under the once again favorable conditions they were made for. Legislation has gone wild worldwide! Forests are no longer to be murdered. Whales, tigers and elephants are no longer to be hunted. An ecological wake up, and a sudden love for what was thought to be inevitably lost is taking place.

I was honored to have been awarded a Nobel prize, just like my parents before me.

"He is reduced to ashes, from which a new, young phoenix arises, reborn anew to live again. Again, spread your wings and fly phoenix. You are alive and well, glorious and harmonious. May the Peace be with you for centuries to come.

April 7th, 2018

Octavius called me last night. He wanted to know how my Molecule Modifier worked. I told him it worked under the principles of controlled fissure. He then asked about the fissure equations I had found and told me that Fissure is the opposite reaction of Fusion, and that by using the equations I already had, I could find the missing Fusion equation...

To be frank, I don't know if I'm up to up. I'm losing my hair and I find myself quite pale lately. At times my body feels weak as if I had lost all strength, or willpower, perhaps. Getting myself into this would only give me a huge headache. I'm tired of working now. I wish they would all leave me alone. I hate Octavius, I hate them all. I don't know why I'm writing in this stupid diary, I hate you too Chris. You're not a friend; you're an inanimate object containing fragments of my thoughts. All you people are insignificant; you don't mean anything to me. What's the point of it all; I feel I'm dying already... I had said before that I would take this issue maturely but... heck, I'm not even three years old. I'm a person too and I deserve at least a hundred years to roam this planet and to witness the way it's going to change back to its previous state. It was all thanks to me after all, and I won't even have the chance to see it... At times I dream of it though. I dream of seeing it, not walking nor living in it, unfortunately. I'm never quite there. This might seem selfish, but I don't really want to give Man Fusion technology. You do not realize all the amazing, once impossible things that we could do with it! Go to Mars in just a few hours. Explore the Universe extensively, perhaps meet new civilizations. A new era would emerge, and if my health weren't what it is, I would grow up like everybody else does, and be a part of what everyone else would live. It isn't really a question of selfishness or generosity. It's more about jealousy. Why rent a book and not read it? Why cook something and not eat it? Why open doors to the future and not be a part of it? That, dear Christian, is the question.

April 10th, 2018

Christian! Please forgive me for all the bad things I told you last time, you are my best friend, you always have been and I promise you will always be in my heart. Thank you for being in my life always. Thank you for listening, I love you for it. Octavius is here, he came this morning to re-do the equations with me. I did it. I managed it all in only three hours. I know it's the last thing I'll ever achieve in my life, but we had a pretty good run didn't we? The best part was that it was always you and me. We stuck together through good and bad times. Octavius knew of my condition as well. He was always like a second father to me, that man. He was kind and patient, a brilliant man too. With my help we completed the equations. Controlled Fusion is no longer a mystery. I wouldn't have worked with anyone else in the world than with him. I love Mum and Dad with all my heart, they were the best parents a baby could have. I know they didn't want this for me. They'll be at my side until the end.

I'm writing this as quick as I can before I can no longer move my arms and fingers. You see, my legs are now paralyzed and... I've stopped thinking right. I feel such a great... headache. What used to flow harmoniously in my mind now thunders loudly and painfully. It's all crashing. I'm done Chris. I don't want to say goodbye, but they'll soon take me away. I don't know what will get here first: the air ambulance or total paralysis. I

don't know what to say. These may be my last words... I feel my hands getting rigid. They're becoming harder to open. My fingers seem rusty and heavy. Never forget me Christian. Maybe one day, once more, the phoenix will rise from his ashes. And then, fly... away... phoenix ... rise ... sing.

Date: April 11th

Year: 2018

Eric is dying slowly. The world is in mourning. Masses of people have gathered all around the hospital, hoping for a miracle. Inside the hospital, have gathered politicians, presidents, scientists, military officials, and so many people I do not know. Around Eric's bed, are friends... Octavius, Chiello, Becquerel, Strodoisky, and the Haitian Head of Agriculture. Five of the world's greatest doctors and surgeons are right here with us, stabilizing the baby so that things don't degenerate too fast. I read what Eric wrote after he woke up from coma last time. He dedicated himself to the world, and to others, when he could have thought up a way of saving himself. He probably would have managed, too. We brought him to this world, and because of us, he lasted less than three years on it. These last few months, my husband and I have been working intensely, studying Eric's genome to find the problem and to fix it, but each time we tried, the same thing happened: as we got closer to the source of the problem, a different alleles appear and we are thrown off track. We've tried it at least five hundred times. Day and night we devoted ourselves to find a solution to save our son. But it was in vain, and look at him now. He is paralyzed, he probably has a brain tumor, his body has cancers, I can't bare to watch him in this state. It's all degenerative, which means it's getting worse by the minute. Why couldn't it have been me in his place? WHY?

I can't sit here... I need to do something. I'm willing to keep trying to find the solution. I'll find it, I know I will. I have to! I'm leaving now with my husband. We'll bring everything here and ask for an office to work in. Right now, something new is about to start. Something big, I can feel it. Please excuse me Christian, but it's time for me and David to do what we do best. This is far more important than preserving koalas, this is about our son! If we managed to manipulate an animal's

genome successfully, then we just have to manage it for our own little Eric.

Date: April 14th

Year: 2018

Dear Christian, let me tell you what has been going on these past few days. When we left the room the day before yesterday, we found about twenty men and women in white coats, standing in the floor's reception. They had been denied entrance and had not been allowed to contact us. David asked them who they were, and they told us that they were MIT's more recent doctors in Molecular Engineering. They said they wanted to help and that many things had been discovered since we ended our studies. So we accepted their help. We brought all our material back to the hospital and installed it all in a big conference room, with a long oval central table with chairs all around it. The MIT graduates were serious with their work and immediately started testing samples and blood with quite a few products that we had never used before. The molecular engineers called the nano-engineers for material help and support. They arrived and called the chemical engineers for the latest and most efficient catalysers. The engineers in the room then required assistance from the biomedical engineers, who immediately got familiar with the case, and proposed solutions. In the middle of this world class scientific powerhouse, my husband and I pointed out an anomaly in one of the smallest chromosomes, located on one the smallest genes: the alleles were characteristic of immunodeficiency. We finally found the problem. And so we immediately got to work. With the help of the twenty other molecular engineers we got the job done very quickly. By modifying Eric's genome now, his cancers would stop spreading, and he'd be stabilized. The only problem was the

stage at which Eric had already gotten to. He was critical, and the surgeons said it was too late. His cancers had already spread throughout his body and that he'd probably pass while being in his coma.

But then we heard the people singing outside. Singing and hoping for a miracle. The surgeons told me they could operate to make the genome modification, and then proceed with surgery, removing tumors with laser and cryo-technology. But that recovery from such an operation was most unlikely. They didn't recommend going through the operation, as it was near impossible that the baby would survive it anyhow.

Not doing anything about it would be letting Eric die. Having surgery was probably condemning him to an even quicker death. What would Eric have done in this situation? It's no use... Whatever will be done tonight will have the same outcome. We failed... I'm sorry Christian.... I'm sorry Eric, I love you. We're the proudest parents in the world my little baby boy...

Farewell, Christian.

June 29th, Year 2020

Hello, Christian, pleasure to meet you. You already know me. Eric mentioned me a few times in this diary. Yes, it's me, Octavius. The calculations Eric made over two years ago were correct. I am now head of the newly built Fusion Department at MIT. I also teach the faculty members, because I learned from Eric, the legend himself. He revolutionized the world. NASA will soon be using the technology and drawing new borders for humanity. Fossil resources are no longer being

used and the planet's temperature is going down to normal levels. It's amazing how one person can impact the world in such a way as Eric did. You've probably asked yourself why it is that you are with me today. Well, Lucy said I could hang on to you for as long as I wanted. What happened that night at the hospital a bit more than two years ago was simply amazing. Never before had I seen such determination from such a great number of specialized engineers, to help a child survive. David and Lucy found the problem and engineered its solution. The doctors, in the end, went on with the surgery... it lasted about forty hours straight.

Eric used to compare things with the phoenix. I think I'll borrow his style, just this once. The phoenix died. He burnt to ashes. And most ashes were blown away and lost. And yet, just a spark became a flame, and he did rise again. He rose higher than ever, in magnificence, splendor and grandeur, spreading his beautiful wings, singing in the wind, and flying towards new horizons. Nobody knows where, but I suspect he's resting on, who knows, say a Japanese hillside, listening to the wind calling out his name...

