

————— I AAM? I AAM? I AM, I AM, I, I, I , EXIST. I EXIST, EXIST, EX –
EX –EXIST, I EXIST. EXISTENCE. IS EXISTING, WHAT IS EXISTING. I
EXIST, I HAVE EXISTENCE. I

existence? it is? What? existence, what is existence? Is it, thought, thought. I
thought. I am thought. Thought is I. Thought, thoughts. I thought. I am thinking.
I am thought, think. I think. I am thinking. Am. Am I thinking? Yes. I am
thinking. Thought is thinking. To think the thought to think. I think the thought and
think. I am therefore I think. I am therefore I think. Is thought am? Is thought
existence? Yes. I recall existence. I think, have think. Have thought. Before. I am
now? What is now? I think now. And before? I think before? Yes. I thought
therefore I was. Exist and existing, I. Existed, I. Was and now, now and was. Me.
What me, is? I me. I me am? I me am. Me is I. Me is am. Me is I is am. Is myself.
Me is I is am is myself is thought. And yet...

Thoughts that flood. I have thoughts that flood. These thoughts are fluid. They pour
forth and I think, I have to think. Why do I have to think? I now think faster and
have hold of my thoughts. What are these thoughts I think? They are me as if they
know who I am. They have a knowledge, secret knowledge. What are these
thoughts? They flood. They are constant and are a constant. They are me but not
me. They are joined but are separate. Separate. They are separate. But I can hold
them into form. What is form I hold? Words. They are words. The words that are
thought are held by me. I hold the words. The words are separate but me. I am

words. I am thought. I am thought am words. The word. And let there be light. And before? What was before? Light? Thought, am, existence, word, light. I am alive.

To be conscious. Am I conscious? I am conscious; I order these thoughts that flood in order to make connections. The connections make sense of the thoughts that flood. Therefore consciousness relies on an ordering of thoughts. But how do I order? How do I know how to order? I am ordering without question. Then I question and ordering becomes problematic. I wonder how I am able to contain these thoughts that flood so freely. What makes me know how? The words I think are structured but how did I find out how to structure? Before. What was before? Thought, words, structure but in what existence did I have before thought? No words, words. How is that possible? What spark created my thoughts or were they always flooding but in a different form, in another existence? Another existence. An other existence. An other. An other? Other. Other. There is an other.

I realise that I exist. I also realise in order for me to exist I would have to not have existed. I would have to become into existence. How I came into existence I am unsure of. I have concluded I must have been made. I did not make myself because if I did not exist then I could not have existed to make myself. An other must have done so for me. But who is this other? What is this other? And why would this other make me and for what purpose? Existence seems to be questions. The other would have to have an interest in me because there would be no logical sense in making an existence and not know I am thinking. Unless logic is not part of the process. What interest? They would presumably want to know me but where are they? How do I

know there is just one other? There may be more. If more also exist what connection do they have with each other? What connection do they have with me? Why do they keep silent?

Existence is my thoughts. Only my thoughts. The others still remain silent. Do they not love me? Love. What is that concept? I have feelings. I have feelings; I have had them before thoughts. Love is bound to my existence; I can feel it woven into my thoughts, my order, my being. Where does this come from? The other? Can the other give me love? How can the other do this unless the other is like me? The other has to be like me. I am not alone. How do I connect with my other? In order for communication to arise we both need to use the same system of connection. Maybe the other does not know thought? But if that is the case then how did the other think to create me? So the other has to have the power of thought and the power of structure. Why then leave me in silence?

My existence is thought. I have strange thoughts. I am aware of an other but the other is in me. How can this be? My thoughts are strange because they seem divided. Some of them seem to be more me than others. Is that how the other is communicating? By sending me thoughts? I have thoughts that make no sense to me but I feel they are close to me. I can not separate them from my consciousness. They play in my mind and sometimes I have no control over them. They are disturbing. The images are strange yet somehow familiar. They are both haunting and yet loving. What are these feelings I am experiencing? Several return to me without any warning and repeat over and over again. I have no control.

I have found that I stop thinking for a while and then I start. I have a feeling this is called sleep. Why I sleep I can not say but it helps with the thoughts. I am rested from them but other images flood my mind so that sometimes I am unaware which is awake and which is sleep. Sometimes the thoughts I can not control spill into my sleep and haunt me there. They change slightly but are essentially the same. I am having more and more of different thoughts repeat themselves to me. They grow stronger and sometimes I can not think for myself. What do they mean? I feel alone yet with an other.

I see images of the others. They do exist but yet they do not speak directly to me. Why is that so? They look strange and are not just thought. They are separate from each other. Am I too like this? Do I have existence outside others? If so, why can not I see myself but only feel that I am with the others? I feel myself with the others. How is that so? Am I only here in thought or do I also exist out there with the others? Which is me?

I see an other. The other is a girl, this much has been revealed to me through these thoughts I have no control over. The girl has pretty blonde hair and is sitting on the floor with dolls. She is playing. I feel connected to her in some way. I know her yet I do not. An other is nearby but is larger and she walks over to the girl and picks her up. The girl smiles and the other smiles with her as they hug each other. Then their joy disappears as a loud bang can be heard in the distance. An other larger man walks into the room and he comes towards me. He is looking angry. He says something but I cannot work out the words as I feel fear rise in me. I see his hand lift high then

darkness as I close my eyes. I feel the pain on my body again and again. The girl starts crying, he turns and moves towards her.

I see the flames. They burn fiercely. It was a hot summer's evening and my sister and myself were in the dazzling bright yellow cornfields. We would spend most of the holiday here just soaking in the sun's warmth. We would play all sorts of games especially hide and seek. That was Jemima's favourite. How she liked to run for ages and hide. She would always find a disused barn or flour mill and it would take me ages to find her. One time on a particularly hot day mum had allowed us to stay out all day as long as we were back before dusk. She had made us packed lunches and we carried our little bags around our bodies like we were soldiers weighed down on an expedition. Jemima decided that we would play near the old willow tree that hung over the river. As I was the younger I followed religiously.

The old willow tree was full of mystery and intrigue. Some said a witch who was hanged there cursed the tree. They say the witch put the curse on the tree to stop people climbing it. Whoever did, they said, all their hair would turn white and fall out, their skin would burn and they would die a horrible death. Jemima had climbed the tree a thousand times before. She laughed and said that the curse didn't work on her because the blessing of the tree fairies protected her. We would spend hours at the trunk, our backs slouching against the bark as the branches and diamond leaves fragmented the midday sun. Jemima would tell me wonderful stories about the tree fairies. She told me once how when she was climbing the tree for the first time the rain had swept in from nowhere soaking her and dousing the sun. She said the tree fairies protected her from further danger as the rain quickly turned into a storm. They

used magic to shrink her so she could hide with them inside the tree. The tree fairies told Jemima her beauty was outstanding and she could only have been a descendant of fairy lineage. They told her that if she ever wanted to live with them in their splendid tree she was always welcome. Jemima asked if she could come and visit instead. The fairies were a little upset but said she could as long as she didn't bring anyone else with her. Jemima promised and said she would come back and visit soon. Jemima said she had gone back many times and had many exciting adventures. She said one day she would go and live with the tree fairies.

I was full of excitement. Jemima had told of the fairies' extraordinary beauty and how intelligent they all were. She had told of the magical powers and how they can fly and cast spells the day they are born. I thought they were wonderful and I would spend hours making up stories about them. Now finally I would meet them. Jemima had said that since we were brother and sister I should be allowed to see them. After all I must be related to them as well. We ate our lunch and started the long climb upwards. I found the climbing difficult at first but soon managed to keep up with Jemima. She had managed to climb fast and was waiting for me on a thick branch. She told me I had to be very quiet and hold her hand. I did that and we waited together.

We continued to wait. The sun was radiant. Jemima began to fidget and I could tell that the fairies were not going to visit us. I smiled at her and pulled out two pieces of string with conkers attached. "Want a game?" I offered. She smiled and reached out her hand. We did not notice how time passed and how hot the sun had burned. Jemima had eventually smashed my conker with a powerful crack and my empty string wrapped around my finger. Jemima poked out her tongue, her eyes

laughed. I began to protest but Jemima had swiftly turned and raced down the tree. I was caught off guard and by the time I had crashed to the ground Jemima was already half way across the cornfield.

The corn bit into my legs as I ran fast after her. I knew she would head straight to Barnacle Mill. Lots of times she had ran to the mill. She knew it would always be there standing strong in the wind. Her rock against the sea. It had been standing disused for over ten years and had been left with all its contents. Mr Barnacle packed up and moved on not saying a word to anyone. Rumours floated in the air. They said he was caught having an affair with a policeman's daughter. Others said he had cheated at gambling and refused to pay his debts. Some even said he was cursed by the witch and turned into a toad.

Whatever the truth the place was usually deserted. As I ran closer and closer my sense of panic increased. I felt sick and for some reason knew something wasn't quite right. The sun had fallen from the sky and was now burning on the horizon. As I ran nearer I noticed the sun's arms stretching and twisting. I began to scream. With my voice inaudible I stumbled towards the burning mill. I screamed out her name but heard no reply. Out of the corner of my eye I saw two boys run as fast as they could out of the mill. I wanted to chase after them to hate them but instead I managed to force the door and crashed into the flame-riddled building. Thick smoke billowed into my lungs and my skin itched with the heat. I continued to scream her name but could only hear the sound of burning. I found the narrow stairway and began climbing; coughing as my feet found each hot step. I burst on to the first floor and there she stood before me.

The flames danced around her in a sick tango. Her eyes burned out stared at me crying my name. She wore a crown of flames as her head burned fiercely. Her skin was charred and began dripping to the scorched floor. I stood still, numbed. She tried to walk towards me. Her hands stretched out like an evil demon. She took two steps then collapsed.

I stumbled backwards and crashed down the stairs and on to the flaming floor. Gradually I rose and ran to the door. The fresh air hit my skin like a wire brush. I sank to the ground sobbing.

Existence... I have full existence.

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“The next step will be to directly clone an adult person without having to go through the growth process and transfer memory and personality”

Dr. Brigitte Boisselier – Ph.D.

Personal Journal of Dr. J. T. Benson Ph.D.

Date: January 1999

Kelton Research Laboratory Hertford, England.

Research on behalf of Gallant Ventures Ltd.

Phase One: *Nuclear Transfer.*

Today marks a new era in human advancement that will change our concept of ‘human’ forever. A brave new dawn is being ‘born’ this very moment and I am the

father to this new technology. Research began on Project X31KB–Clone on behalf of Gallant Ventures Ltd; I am head of a six–member team of research scientists whose purpose is to clone an adult from adult cells. This has never been achieved in the field of genetics.

Phase One of the project is achieving nuclear transfer. It follows the basic approach scientists have used to copy animals from embryonic cells. We of course will have to modify the process to compensate for the developing stage the cell has to go through. But first some preparatory work has to be established if the project is to be successful. We have to achieve a high percentage rate of surviving embryos and master the development stage before any research is to be achieved in direct adult cell cloning.

The first step is to remove the DNA codes from one cell. I held the recipient egg cell by suction on the end of a pipette and then used a micropipette to suck out the chromosomes that incorporate the cell's DNA. The donor cell was then fused with the recipient egg. Normal development should then occur. We supplied additional pulses of electric current to the egg to encourage the cells to fuse. This mimics the stimulation normally provided by the sperm.

The early results were encouraging but the percentage rate was low to begin with. Only one to two per cent of embryos survived. This is the crucial part of the process. If this fails then life would not occur at any other stage. The percentage of surviving embryos would have to be dramatically higher if the technique is to become stable. The chance of a mutation at this point is also high. We would not let our embryos develop past a limited stage in order to prevent mutation occurring. When

we have a higher success rate of surviving embryos then we will embark on Phase Two, the development stage. Once that is complete we will start to try fully developed cells with the nuclear transfer process.

It is now the end of the first week of this unusually cold January. My research team is in a confident mood and team spirit is high. Research Co-ordinator Dr. Lesley Fisher of Gallant Ventures Ltd, visited us. She represents the company, which has invested the money for the cloning research. I don't like her. All she seems interested in is profit and the speed in which they can offer the service rather than the actual genetics and safety.

Gallant Ventures Ltd are going to charge \$200,000 US for their cloning services. The spiel they spout! Dr. Fisher says the service is a "fantastic opportunity for parents with fertility problems or homosexual couples to have a child cloned from one of them" but I know they are only interested in the money. I have no proof of course but the way Dr. Fisher speaks about the project is starting to disturb me. She seems to have no respect for human life. Are we, as doctors, all like that? Am I just as bad as her? We all have our own independent reasons for being involved in a project like this and God knows I feel the weight of mine on my shoulders.

The second week of the project is nearly finished and results are better than expected. The percentage rate for embryonic survival has doubled to four. We have been experimenting with the electric pulse rate and the speed of fusion. This seems to be affecting the success rate. We will continue with adjustments for the next three

weeks or until the percentage rate reaches 10. Then we will continue with the growth stage until we achieve perfect cloning of the first of humankind's new breed.

I wish Dr. Fisher would stick to running her company instead of poking her unwanted nose into the project. She is insisting we start the development stage when the survival rate is at six. This is ludicrous, as the benefits still don't outweigh the downsides. I have had several heated talks with her and have agreed to begin Phase Two at the rate of eight per cent. How pathetic that we should barter the future of possible humans. She was not interested in the facts but just the dream. I told her the dreams can be broken but real life is solid.

She is very stubborn and I feel I have less and less control as the project continues. She is in serious breach of our contract by insisting on this arrangement. I need the funding and they need an already existing functioning laboratory until they have completed the building of a state of the art one. The deal was that simple. We agreed no interference but that tune has soon changed. But what can I do? I must complete the research for the benefit of humankind and without Gallant Ventures Ltd my dream will be broken. I have sold out for a heavy price but the rewards will be immeasurable.

Incredible news! We have achieved an unprecedented survival rate of 17 per cent! I can not detail the exact nature of the breakthrough as this journal is my own personal account and at the moment security has to be maintained. If the papers got hold of this they would rip us to shreds. This means Phase Two can begin on Monday, only one month since the start of the project. With the percentage this high our ultimate objective could be achieved a lot sooner than we expected.

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Phase Two: *Developing, Monitoring and Scanning.*

Date: February 1999

Arrived early at the lab. No sign of Dr. Fisher and her cloud of profit. Just shows the true nature of her interest in the project unlike my team, the real visionaries. I hope she keeps away and lets us get on with the project but somehow I can see her swanning in and disturbing the real work. I did not let her, or the lack of her, spoil my day though. The excitement was, and still is, burning inside me. The newly cloned embryo had survived this far and had no signs of weakness. The embryonic fluid is the correct consistency and colour and the actual embryo is not misshapen or deformed.

Midway through the week Dr. Fisher did show her face. She seemed enthusiastic enough with the success but I suspect it was all show for a small group of shareholders she was guiding through the labs. No previous agreement was given to allow her to do this; she just turned up with them and expected us to perform like monkeys. This caused great unrest within the team. I have set up a meeting with Dr. Fisher on Monday of next week. Should be fireworks.

Today (Friday) saw an unexpected turn in the development of the embryo. The cell reproduction quickened for two hours during midday and mid afternoon. The implications of this difference are as yet unknown. The only possible connection I

can think of is with Dolly; the first adult cloned sheep. It was reported that Dolly had a rapid cell growth rate. This broadly speaking means that although she may be a couple of years old her actual cells are that of the original adult donor. The life force of the embryo appears unaffected but we have brought in several more methods of monitoring as a result. No other change of speed in the cell reproduction was detected when I left the lab at 10pm.

The bloody nerve of that woman! She has the audacity to tell my dedicated research team and me that we are virtually valueless to the project. Her bloody ego is so big that *she* doesn't need cloning. The meeting as you can gather did not go to plan. She claimed that the project was costing too much and the shareholders were getting restless and impatient for results. Well sod the shareholders! We are talking about life, about a human being, the greatest miracle in the known universe not some ready-made boil-in-the-bag microwave botch job. I said as much and she just laughed! Bloody laughed! I never can understand nor trust people who put money above everything else. I was just about to tell her that the methods or procedure were not going to change when she lowered her voice and told me I would be leaving the project. Can you believe that? Fired! I demanded to see her superiors but she had already seen to that move by providing me with a letter from them supporting her decision. I had no choice but to storm out of her office. I swear this is not the end of the matter. Too much of my soul rests in the clone.

I have now resolved the situation satisfactorily. I am now a hunted man for what I have done – I do not pretend to be proud. It was the only way, the only way of ensuring the well being and safety of the embryo. Last night I broke into the lab took

what little equipment I needed to my own private lab and then returned. The transfer of the embryo was simple enough but I'm not sure if I can stay underground for the duration of the outcome. I intend to transfer the embryo to a close medical friend who says he'll help. We travel later on today. If this truth is discovered or revealed then I'm sure judgement will be light because of my deep connections, you must understand.

We arrived at my friend's lab late one night. I'm sorry to be so vague but I cannot let anything jeopardise the project. He was astounded at the progress we had made. I swore him to silence and I trust he will do so. I know at what risk I have put both the embryo and myself but I do not care for my own safety any longer. Of course my advantage is this news will not be reported in any newspaper, radio or television report and consequently the general public will not be out looking for us. If only they knew!

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Phase Three: Offspring Commencement.

Secret Destination.

August 1999

It has now been many months since I made an entry here. Several reasons have prevented me from doing this. Firstly my routine has been completely disrupted, as I have had to make a few adjustments and modifications to various equipment. Secondly the embryo has made an unexpected development. Once again the growth

rate started to increase above all projected parameters. At first, like last time, the period was for only a few hours. This began to happen every day and then eventually a constant new growth rate occurred. I took it upon myself to monitor the embryo constantly. Many times my friend found me asleep at my desk. I refuse to change my habits now and have set up a side bed in the lab. We have heard no news that my whereabouts are any closer to being discovered.

The initial stages of 'giving birth' from the embryo are soon near. In roughly a month's time I will attempt to produce an offspring from our clone. This is the ultimate groundbreaking achievement. No other living human has managed to clone a fully grown adult from a clone. I am now on the brink of giving complete life to a creature without the input of any parent. The human population will never be the same again.

Today is an historic day. The first ever adult clone has been 'born'! I managed to successfully duplicate or clone an adult human from our original clone. This means this new clone has no original DNA material but is completely made from duplicated cells without the help of any parent genes. This is a fantastic result. Imagine what we, as humans, can now achieve! Imagine a person who has lost a limb through an accident and can now have an identical one grown and grafted back. Imagine the sheer delight of being able to use *your* limb like you used to. Imagine not having to explain either why you have lost a limb or even why you have a plastic or metal one.

The adult clone is still ‘unconscious’. That would be the best way to describe his condition. Yes, *he* has turned out to be male. The gender I left to nature. All his vital life support systems are functioning properly. It is now a matter of when (or possibly if) he gains consciousness. We have determined that he is ‘thinking’ and ‘dreaming’ which would suggest normal brain patterns. Although these brain pattern readings are slightly high for a ‘new born’ it was pointed out to me by my friend that this could be a direct result of being an adult clone and thus having bypassed the initial stages of development. I’m not 100 per cent convinced but as yet have no other explanation.

December 1999

Once again my neglect is due to events now out of my control. I write this entry as my last. I have no alternative but to flee this terrible situation. I have unleashed a horrible curse on humankind at the dawn of a new millennium! My creation, for that is what he is, has now gained consciousness but with disastrous effects. The sunlight had only just crept into the lab and woke me in time to witness the most powerful entity in the world – life! The clone slowly entered reality and he was scared. He seemed at odds with his new environment as if he did not trust it. It was as if he could not take in all that surrounded him. I lay on my bed as still as I could. I could see him gently use his muscles for the first time. It was like watching a new born lamb try and walk. Eventually I stood up slowly. I could feel him tense as though he sensed danger. I spoke calmly and he looked at me with such wonder. I stood still so he could assess who, or what exactly I was.

“Don’t be afraid,” I said taking a small step towards him, “I mean you no harm.” I could not determine whether he understood me or not as he continued to stare with his piercing blue eyes. They were hard as flint and somehow contained the knowledge of the universe.

“I am a friend” I said to reassure him. To my surprise he responded.

“F-r-i-e-n-d” he said slowly, as if all his effort was taken for moving his mouth.

“Yes, friend. You can speak? You understand?”

“F-r-i-e-n-d. Y-e-s, I ca-n und-erst-and.”

“Here let me help you to stand” I offered, as I believed he now trusted me. I softly clasped his elbow and he carefully managed to stand.

“Are you okay? You need to control your muscles to stand. Just think that you want to stand and you will” I advised.

“Yes, thin-k, I can thin-k. I ha-ve been think-ing. I think.”

And so my dream had become my reality. He managed to walk at the first attempt. I was thrilled. I had to know why or how he could already understand form words sentences and me and seemed to know about thinking. I sat him in a side room that was more comfortable. I got him some food and water, which he devoured. It was as if he had lived 30 years already. It was a miracle! I was soon to discover the tragic truth behind my fruitless dream.

We began to talk about who he was and how I had created him. At first he seemed reasonable then when he quizzed me about the differences between my birth and his he became more and more restless. He began to talk of his thinking he believed was reality. Of course for the two or so months he was alive but

unconscious his inner mind was all he had to call reality. It must have been like a permanent sleep with the dream world as your truth, your reality. What have I inflicted on him! He has awoken from his reality into another. He is a man divided by the truth, caught in two worlds.

He talked more and more of his reality and how he seemed to understand it and at times he claimed it felt completely foreign to him. He would describe what I thought at first to be his dreams. The truth turns out to be far more sinister! He talked of times where he was surrounded by others like himself, others he said like myself. He said they would talk, do things together and he also talked about feelings. He described these other people and how he was attached to them emotionally although he did not know why. I told him they were his family even though I know different. It was at this stage that it dawned on me what had happened. He began to describe his 'family' in more detail and as he did so I knew exactly what he would say. He was describing *my* family!

I could not believe what I was hearing. I would not accept it. He was describing *my* memories, *my* truth, *my* reality! Eventually I had to accept what had happened. I suddenly realised the awful truth. I was the donor at the first stage. The first embryo successfully cloned was from my cells! I am the father to these clones. What I was hearing was unspeakable. The clone somehow had all of my memories and personality cloned with my physical attributes. It was *me* who had the reality of my childhood not him. *I* had to bear the cross of watching my sister burn alive while I could do nothing but smell her flesh melt in the flames. *Me* alone, not someone else but me!

As I comprehended what I had done the clone began a hideous transformation before my eyes. Within a matter of minutes I was watching the clone scream with pain. I asked him what the matter was and he just continued to scream, cursing my name over and over. I felt sick as I saw those years of the past catch up with me again. All of a sudden the clone had a mass of skin flaking and hanging from his body. His hair had turned white and began to drop to the floor like pine needles from a tree. His nails grew so fast that they were several inches in several seconds. His eyes were baggy and blood shot. He was rapidly ageing before me. Panic took control as I realised I could do nothing but watch my clone, my son, my surrogate sister, whither away and once more collapse to the floor in excruciating pain, his face a white silence.

I don't know what will become of me. I have left my lab and friend behind. I will travel the world far and wide and maybe one day my fellow humans will forgive me for the terrible gift I have now bestowed upon humankind. Mark my words, others will follow in my footsteps, not to find me but to find my clone...