

Chapter 10

The AI sequence called OSCAR was searching the internet for thrift stores with juvenile clothing. Then it started looking for car rental firms. Roland Svengali needed to find an SUV to bring food, clothing and sundries to the house.

Hours later Roland woke up from a restful sleep. Then he came down and spoke to OSCAR.

“Good morning, OSCAR,” greeted Dr. Svengali.

“Good morning, Dr. Svengali.

I have some updates. I rented a Ford Suburban. They will leave it at the residence. Apparently before you leave for work. I am in the process of ordering clothing for the children,” the AI sequence stated.

“Hold off. We have to see when the regeneration sequence ends. Each day the children will grow. We have to see their maximum height. We also have to wait for the amniotic fluid that has been their food to terminate. So we can gage their psyche,” he stated.

“Dr. Svengali, we need to look at the data. It seems Roland has reached 67 inches in height. ADAM estimates his aptitude at close to 130. Every aspect of his physiology seems to be appropriate. There is one glitch,” it stated.

“What is that?” the scientist questioned.

“He has not urinated or defecated since he came out of EVE,” the computer stated.

“I understand OSCAR. That is a direct result of ADAM. He has energy stores within him. We have to wait for that to deplete to understand his hunger.

How many more fetuses has EVE released in the night?” Roland asked.

“None so far. ADAM has no estimate. I am trying to get ADAM to reanalyze birth sequences,” OSCAR stated.

“Terminate that operation. From what we have seen, the entire brood should be born over the next five days. OSCAR let them go out into the woods. Start recording them with long range cameras. Let’s see what we learn,” he replied.

“When will you return from the office?” OSCAR enquired.

“Same as usual. 5:30 pm,” Roland responded.

As Roland turned to leave, Roland 1 came up from the basement. He greeted Dr. Svengali and quickly went out the back door into the woods. In a matter of seconds, Roland 2 through Roland 36 started filing passed the bemused scientist. “Good morning, Father, my Lord and Creator.”

Roland left for work. Around 9:30, an infant walked out of the basement. He walked past the furniture and went outside. 45 infants walked up the basement and walked out the back door. Infant number 46 opened up the basement door and went through the front door. He walked into the street and then walked out to the trunk road which would lead to the main road.

At the main road he walked into traffic and nearly got hit by a Mercedes. The car came to a screeching halt. Retired Ambassador Wilbefore Drunkenmiller got out of the car and grabbed the naked child. He then opened the passenger door and put the baby onto his wife Brunhilda’s lap. He then proceeded to drive.

“What the devil is this?” he said in a startled manner.

“It’s a baby, Butch,” his wife said matter-of-factly.

“Hildy, I know it’s a baby. What is it doing on the main road? He must have ran off from a car,” said Ambassador Drunkenmiller.

Roland 82 fell asleep on Hildy’s lap.

“There is no identification on it whatsoever,” she said.

“I can see that Hildy. The child is butt naked,” he replied.

“Some sort of blue lotion on him.” She reached inside the compartment between the seats and grabbed some face tissues to clean the baby with. As she was cleaning the baby, her breasts could be seen.

Roland 82 started grabbing at her breasts.

“Hungry little nipper,” giggled Ambassador Drunkenmiller.

Hildy opened up her blouse and took her left breast out. Roland 82 rubbed his nose on the nipple. He opened his mouth, started sucking on it and closed his eyes.

“Definitely hungry”, she smiled at her husband.

It was three months ago that Brunhilda Drunkenmiller lost her infant daughter. Although four months old, the child developed cerebral edema. The swelling could not be brought down. After five days, the child’s body temperature reached 105 degrees. The next day the child died.

“Hildy, we have to report this,” he said.

“Put a sock in it, Butch. We’ll see if any children are missing or abandoned. If not, then we’ll keep it.”

“Keep it?” he laughingly remarked. “This is someone else’s baby. I think the family will want it back.

And when the authorities want this baby, we’ll give it back. This is our baby right this minute,” she stated.

“Yes, dear,” he answered.

Ever since they lost their daughter, Hildy blamed herself. Some of it was Post-partum depression. Some of it was the trauma of her daughter’s death. She blamed herself.

“God wanted us to have a child. God gave us a child,” she stated

“Yes, dear,” he replied demurely.

They got to their large home in the posh part of Ithaca. The Ambassador had taken a Visiting Professorship at Cornell’s School of The Arts as an International Trade instructor. He had spent thirty years in the Foreign Service. 10 years in Africa. 10 years in Rumania. The last ten years in Belgium. He met Brunhilda there. Forty years his junior. Now they have been married five years.

“Lupe. Lupe. Lupe!” she yelled.

Their maid was from the Dominican Republic. Over fifty years old, at least that is what the fake green card had as her printed age. She was really 62 years old. Lazy. Shiftless. She came to the door. The Ambassador’s wife gave her a child that was completely naked.

“This is ...,” she looked at her husband for a name.

He looked carefully at his wife. Then he said, “Beauregard. We’ll call him Bubba for short.”

Lupe held the child. It squirmed out of her hands and onto the floor. She started to giggle when she saw the baby’s large penis. There was a hairy fuzz on the child’s testicles as well.

“Mui grande hijo.”

The baby ran into the kitchen and climbed up onto the counter. Then opened up the kitchen cabinets to see what they had to eat.

Lupe looked at the child and just stared. She never ever saw a baby do what Bubba did. As she stared, Bubba grew nearly three inches in height. Lupe signed the Roman Catholic cross.

The baby turned around and looked at Lupe and said her name, “Lupe”. This was too much for an elderly peasant from the Dominican Republic. She fainted.

Upstairs, Ambassador Drunkenmiller was having his cock sincerely sucked by his beautiful young wife. She pulled out the Magic Wand from the night stand and swallowed his penis into her mouth. Drunkenmiller had family that fought as Minute Men in the Revolutionary War. A legend in his own mind, he came quickly.

Hildy took a quick shower and headed downstairs. There she found Lupe sleeping on the floor. And there was Bubba sitting at the kitchen counter eating ham slices. Bubba had grown six inches since she left the baby with Lupe.

“What an amazing little boy, you are,” she said.

“Mommy, may I have some milk”, he asked.

She was startled. This is no ordinary baby. This is no ordinary child. She could have sworn he was two when they found him on the road. Now he looked like he was five.

She grabbed some milk and gave it to the child.

“What is my last name?” he asked.

“Don’t you have one?” she enquired. “Do you know your parents?”

“Aren’t you my mother? Isn’t the man upstairs my father?” he asked.

She cried when she heard this. She walked over to the liquor on the side bar in the dining room and poured herself some red wine. And walked back to the kitchen. She stared as Bubba ate.

Lupe got up and rubbed her head. It hurt. She looked at the child eating slices of ham. She fainted again.

Hildy came up to her and scolded her. “Get up, Lupe!”

Lupe looked at her supervisor and pointed at the child and murmured “*e/ diablo*”.

“I don’t speak Spanish darling,” she said.

Lupe got to her feet and started to sign the cross again.

Hildy went up to the second floor. Her husband had fallen asleep in front of the flat screen which was playing a gay porno. She grabbed a tissue from the night stand and cleaned the cum around his hands and cock. She threw the filth into the waste basket. Then, she slipped the comforter over him.

She went back downstairs to see Lupe getting ready to go home. “Good night, Lupe.”

Lupe said “*buenos noches, senora. El diablo, senora.*”

She let the old woman out as she signed the cross again as she walked toward the main road.

Bubba walked over to his new mother. She smiled as she watched him walk.

He sat on the sofa with her. She put the television and it was the nightly news. The broadcaster announced that two female professors were missing at Cornell University. Then they replayed the armored car robbery. Hildy skipped to the next channel.

Bubba looked at his mother. Let out a little burp and fell asleep.

It was 5:30 pm. Roland came home. No dogs. Oscar gave him the status update.

Oscar went over the new births and stated that Roland 82 had went out the front door.

Analysis of children’s outdoor activities.

Oscar detailed their play activities. They also seem to be laying on trees to absorb sunshine. Apparently sunlight was their immediate nutrition. The AI interface theorized it was the amniotic fluid of EVE that was responsible for this. Although osmosis of nutrition occurred via a pig's placenta in the canister, it appears that chlorophyll lipids were utilized to fill gaps in the pigs DNA. This may play a role in solar radiation providing them energy. Right now sunlight is enough for them. But soon they will need food.

There were 81 children to feed. 82 if you included the missing boy. He needed to plan some more. He drove the Suburban to a used appliance store. He picked up another large refrigerator. They put it into his SUV. He took it back to his home. Roland 1, who now looked like he was 17 years old, helped him bring it in through the back door.

They plugged it in. It worked. Roland got back into the suburban and drove to a supermarket nearly ten miles away. There he bought all the frozen pizzas they had. Bought ten gallons of regular milk and a whole case of toilet paper (100 rolls).

He brought that back to the house as well. Roland 1 helped unpack it and stored many of the items into the two fridges.

Dr. Svengali was exhausted. He didn't understand why Roland 82 did not follow the other children into the back yard.

Hildy felt tired from the wine. She went to the alarm system. Keyed in the code and turned it on. She then picked up Bubba and walked him up to the nursery. She then placed him on what used to be her daughter's bed. She covered him with a blanket and went to her room.

It was 3:00 am when the house alarm went off. Hildy and Butch ran to the baby's room, but Bubba was nowhere to be found. They went downstairs and the front door was open. They looked outside and all they could see was a dark private road that led up to their house. Bubba was gone.

Hildy cried uncontrollably. “My child is gone again.”