Chapter 8

The fetuses were six months. It was clearly an amazing day in the history of the human race. Nothing could be gleaned by the sphinx-like face of Dr. Roland Svengali, PhD. His demeanor fit his academic profile. His work and email searches reflected those of a mundane science nerd. His food habits were so ordinary.

He went about his routine. Nothing out of the ordinary. The birds in heaven reconnoitered, as they routinely do. Everything was an ordinary day.

He got an IM from his AI protocol. "Emergency. The water heater has shut down and flooded the basement."

He advised his number one, Dr. Rabinowitz that he had to go home due to an emergency. Then Dr. Rabinowitz called Dr. Patel, the number two. The men conferred. Except for interviews of Ph.D candidates, of which Dr. Svengali never participated in, there was just routine admin going on.

Roland walked home. He got home and OSCAR updated him. He sent the IM about the water heater to hide the fact that something weird had happened.

He went down into the basement. Stepping on water puddles. He got down to the lab. EVE now took up 80% of the basement. EVE's labia were open. There were water spots on the floor. EVE's metallic wall was wet.

"Status, OSCAR," he stated.

"Permission to replay video," OSCAR, the AI interface, answered.

"Data, please," he enquired.

"Dr. Svengali, the video is self-explanatory", the computer stated.

"Play video. OSCAR, I still need data. Thank you," he said.

"Yes, jive turkey motherfucker," the computer hissed.

"Play video, OSCAR," the scientist demanded.

The computer played the video of the laboratory. Dr. Svengali watched. Tears rolled down his eyes. His silent tears were followed with massive wails. He started sobbing uncontrollably.

OSCAR sent a command to the robot arm. It grabbed a chair and brought it to the scientist. Roland sat down and cried.

"Replay video, OSCAR," Roland said.

The video played in full color. The labia of EVE opened. A six month fetus put its hand on the ledge and climbed out of the chamber. The boy was covered in blue fluid, a synthetic amalgamation that Dr. Svengali developed to emulate amniotic fluid. He slid down Eve's outer wall. Went to the floor. He crawled two feet. And then stood up on his feet and walked toward the stairs. He climbed up the stairs.

"OSCAR, play sequence from first floor. Split sequence. Simultaneous playback," he demanded of the AI sequence.

The computer did as it was told. The CRT split into two screens. At the bottom of the screen data was displayed. The child climbed out of EVE. Crawled less than a yard. Got on its feet and walked to the stairs. Then it climbed up. On the other screen, it exited the basement. Scared the shit out of five dogs! Walked to the back door. Pushed it open. And walked out. Sgt. Fury followed the child, Roland 1, out the door.

"Data full screen, please," Dr. Svengali demanded.

The screen rolled heart rate, height, weight and features as OSCAR time stamped each frame of the video.

"Stop. Roll weight," he asked.

OSCAR detailed weight data. The fetus weighed 2.788 pounds at birth, when it exited EVE's labia. When it landed on the floor it weighed 3.00 pounds. When it took its first step, it weighed 3.5 pounds. When it took its

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first step on the basement stairs, it weighed 6.10 pounds. When it got to the top of the steps, it weighed 7 pounds.   Upon leaving the house, the child weighed 13 pounds.

"OSCAR, run data analysis. Apply regression tools. Extrapolate.   How much does the child weigh now?" Roland asked the computer.

"Based on ADAM's Viral Acculturation Model (VAM) subroutines, he should be 53 pounds now," OSCAR answered.

"Biological age?" he asked.

"The VAM states he is seven years old. According to ADAM he is fluent in English, German and Japanese.   He is starting French, Dutch and Afrikaans. He has the aptitude of a 17 year old white male," said OSCAR.

"Excellent, work, OSCAR," the scientist stated.

"Update status", the computer demanded.

"Place multiple calls to plumbers. Get quotes on replacing water heater. At 5:00 PM place an order for a water heater at Lowe's. Have them deliver it at curbside. OSCAR," he stated.

"Encrypt data.   Lagarythmic scale.   Seven day loop.   Re-encrypt binary. Video. Remove all faces. Encrypt video," he ordered.

He went to EVE's labia. He looked inside. The cannister that contained Roland 1 had a red light above it. All the fetuses had green lights above them. Dr. Svengali closed the labia. He then asked the robot arm to wet vac the synthetic fluid all over the floor and stairs. He went upstairs.

The dogs were scared. Victoria did not know where the child came from. He took the dogs outside. They all looked for Roland 1. They went deep into the woods. The dogs looked all over the path for Sgt. Fury. Roland yelled out. No response.

About 900 yards from their home, he saw a footprint. Then a few more footprints. All of the way to large maple tree with a knot at its bottom. The

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dogs treasure trove was an abandoned squirrel hutch. This is where the dogs kept their loot. Roland bent down and searched the tree. Bones. Balls. Soda cans. An Eisenhower silver dollar. No gun.

"Fuck!" Roland yelled into the forest.