



Written by Nicky from an original idea by Max Cattelin and Fred Paty.

Intro-Prologue

The end is near and I know I have very little time left. I also know that I must leave a trace. Not everything I've built is to be discarded, whatever my detractors may say.

I only suggested some ideas. They couldn't have been bad, otherwise why would all those people have followed me?

No matter how hard I think and turn the situation upside down, I can't figure out what went wrong. My project is perfect. Everything is like clockwork, the cogs well-oiled, the slightest grain of sand dislodged with precision. What the hell went wrong?

Maybe I ran out of time, maybe I didn't surround myself with the right people. Or maybe this damn humanity doesn't deserve my creation!

No, it can't be that. My work was born for it, through it. I don't know! I curse Time! I curse Time, which continues on its course and prevents me from thinking.

But I digress. You'll have to excuse me. I'm going to have to do things differently if I want you to understand the importance of this writing. I'm going to have to explain how I got here. I need you to understand that I didn't really have a choice. That I had to do something.

But perhaps I'd better start at the beginning. After all, I don't know who I'm dealing with, do I? I don't know if my explanations will win you over.

It's probably easier for me to talk to you as if you were ignorant of everything, as if you were just a child, untouched by prejudice, so that you can form your own opinion.

The trouble is, you see, I don't know where to start, even though I've got a pretty good idea of how it's all going to end for me.

The beginning of this story is not set in my childhood. I grew up in a loving family and didn't cause any problems for those close to me, who described me as a quiet, smiling child.

This story began when I was studying geopolitics.

At the time, I was in my twenties and observing the world through the prism of the theories my education at the university laid down.

But before I go any further, I must inform you that what you are about to read is as fascinating as horrifying, and it's not too late if you prefer to stop here.

By the way, my name is Paul and I've had people executed in cold blood to turn them into fertilizer.

Ch.1 Digital agora.

Since you're still reading, I can only conclude that you're either a horrible pervert or incorrigibly curious. It really doesn't matter. My aim is to explain my actions and, above all, to leave a trace for future generations, if there are any...

Everything I've done, I've done for love... the love of all Mankind.

Yes, for the love of someone like you... you stupid creature capable of so much. You, the self-centered, corrupt, manipulative being. You who don't even deserve our attention and yet... yet beneath your stupid primate guise, you're also capable of so much more. I have to believe it, otherwise I'd really have acted for nothing.

It's funny to go back over the history of events. It's funny to think that if we hadn't taken this path, we'd probably have experienced something else.

For me, the path was paved when I posted this simple question on a forum: "In your opinion, what makes Man unhappy?"

The answers were as banal as they were obvious:

Self-centeredness and narcissism.

The illusion of freedom.

The destruction of the planet.

Mass manipulation.

Compulsive buying, commercial manipulation and the creation of useless needs.

And the list goes on:

The use of social networks to disseminate false ideas, nonsense and useless content without limits, in order to "create a buzz", sow discord, divide and conquer, and make money under the guise of free expression, without thinking about the consequences: suicides, humiliations, the disappearance of empathy, culture and humanism!

What makes us unhappy is precisely what drives us to try not to be! The quest for ultimate happiness that encourages us to forget the group and think only of the individual.

It's as if our heart, that organ essential to our survival, were stubbornly living only for itself and no longer supplying the other organs. No need to draw a picture to understand what would happen to us: pure and simple death... and at the same time, the death of this heart that had decided to be happy by living only for itself. How ironic!

I've shared and exchanged at length with strangers about my vision of the world. Basically, I think I was being logical. I had observed enough of the flaws in the current system to visualize what the problem was: the individualism generated by the consciousness of individuality. We function as if we were self-sufficient. As if we didn't need others.

Our actions are "one shot": everything, right away, whatever the cost or consequences.

You don't need to be a doctor of anything to understand that this situation was going to end badly. It was obvious. And while most of the people I talked to were aware of it, they didn't know how to get out of it, if at all possible.

In this darkness, I believe I brought them answers, hope. Better still, a goal.

Ch. 2 Preach my truth

When you think about it, the web is aptly named. It's both magical and scary....like a spider's web. Have you ever stopped for a moment to consider the magnitude of it all? All these ideas gathered in a tiny box and spread at breakneck speed in all directions! It's mind-boggling.

Humanity has always had its “village idiots”, its mildly insane, its eccentrics and originals. In the old days, you'd only come across them once in a while, when you'd get lost in a local bar, beer in hand, and listen to them expound their theories and their vision of how the world “should” work.

Today, they can express their point of view to the world, but well hidden behind their screens. They can pretend to be doctors of medicine or philosophy, and no one has the means to prove that they are not. They are anonymous behind their screens and they distill their ideas. It's up to you whether you agree with them or not.

Like everyone else, I began to give my opinion on how society should function. But I had an ace up my sleeve: my solid background in geopolitics and sociology.

And I think I really wanted to find solutions. Unlike some people, I didn't take to the web to give myself an identity. I think the people who read me understood that.

Lord! I still don't know when I realized the magnitude of the reactions to my contributions. All I remember is that I replied to every one of them, and that it gave me a lot of sleepless nights.

There were thousands of us exchanging ideas. Then, slowly, the tide turned. I was no longer just a guy who exchanged concepts with others. I became the one proposing solutions, the one being asked what to do and how to do it.

And then things started to happen. My concepts began to be cited as examples, and a new community formed around them. Educated and cultured people offered to flesh out my theories. To make them concrete. Gradually, an image began to take shape. At first blurred, as if caught in a haze of uncertainty, then clearer and clearer as the community shared and enriched my ideals.

And then, one day, I was contacted by the other media... that of the small screen. Gone was the comfortable yet limited anonymity of my armchair. I found myself thrust into the limelight, physically...as an individual and no longer just as a digital identity.

I was young and conformed to the beauty canon. My smile was described as devastating. I was intelligent and already had a following. So I was the ideal candidate to serve the cause of political powers, first national then international. But I'm not complaining. I used them as much as they used me, maybe even more. Poor fools!

At this point, I'd like to set the scene. You're on a TV set. The lights are bright, my face is covered with a thick layer of foundation. Around me, middle-aged political figures. I'm slightly excited but not afraid. I feel in a position of strength because I didn't ask for anything. They're the ones who called me. They're the ones who need me. I'm young, handsome and self-confident. At least, that's how the hostess introduces me:

“Paul, you're a student of geopolitics and sociology. Unknown just a few months ago, you're now a major public figure with a breathtaking reputation. Thousands of people follow you on the Internet. Can you tell us about this phenomenon and how you feel about it?”

- Quite simply, I think I'm able to synthesize what the problem is and propose solutions that are logical, easily understood and offer a long-term vision, unlike what's currently being done. You see, I have no vested interest. I'm sharing knowledge I've acquired and knowledge I've researched. I'm not asking, I'm giving.

- Very well, but what distinguishes you from other public figures?
- I'm a member of the future generation. I know what we need: we need an alternative humanity. I know how to regulate vital energy and demographics. I know how to distribute and redistribute wealth. At present, the solutions proposed target individuals in all their individuality. Public authorities make people feel guilty in order to extract money from them. In this way, the individual feels he has paid his debt, redeemed his fault. But no one ever knows what happens to the money. Whether it's really used to improve the human condition. My starting point is that the individual must be able to take concrete, observable action. We need to be able to appreciate the benefits of our efforts, live, right now, and glimpse a brighter future. Each and every one of us must redeem our own guilt directly, and not delegate this task to entities that don't even have a human face.”

On the stage, a timid protest movement was immediately stifled by the applause from the audience. The people are with me! And the political world is afraid: too many bad decisions, too many schemes, too many crisis situations: economic, health, political. So the political world first shuts up, then stands up and applauds with the people.

“Give me a place, give me motivated people, and I'll prove to you that we can create a society worthy of the name, which is not the sum of its individuals, but the complementarity of its actions towards a common goal”.

All around me, nods of agreement, smiles veiled with hypocrisy, and that's when I spotted her. She didn't say a word. She didn't smile. But her black-rimmed hazel eyes looked at me. They were smiling. She said simply, “I've got what you're looking for”.
And it was true.

Ch. 3 Ultima Pangea

Africa, the cradle of humanity, the heart of the original Pangea. That's where we decided to settle, on the advice of L.U.C.I*.

L.U.C.I has found the perfect place. Our “Noah's Ark”, our sanctuary.

L.U.C.I had it all planned.

L.U.C.I knew.

But none of it would have been possible without Shanna.

My soul mate. The love of my life.

More than my companion, she's the architect of my destiny. She has called upon her vast international network, used her diplomatic skills, pleaded our vision with talent and insight to grant me privileged and unlimited access to L.U.C.I., this extraordinary bio-digital intelligence.

I'd like you to feel what I felt in those heady days. To see what I saw. I'll try to explain it to you as best I can, knowing that my description will never be reliable enough, strong enough. A bit like those vacation photos that don't reflect the intensity of the colors or the depth of the landscapes. Where emotions and sensations are absent. I wish I could have met you then. I could have been your guide and introduced you to my work. I could have...

Today, it's a shadow of its former self. It's lost its essence, it's a faded black-and-white cliché.

After our meeting on the TV set, Shanna and I had a long talk. Our conversations were passionate. Our ideas were enriched by those of the other. She was fully committed to transactions and negotiations. Her simple, natural beauty combined with her perfect mastery of diplomacy enabled us to win over a consortium of industrialists and financiers from the Middle East, Europe and even China.

When the media asked me about the person behind the project, I replied that having an idea is essential, but being able to develop it is the realization of a dream.

Impossible without Shanna!

In my quest for a better world, she acted as an intermediary with governments. Her logistical skills as an executive in an NGO enabled her to obtain the funds and aid needed to build a world that until then had seemed utopian. She put heads of state and industrialists in touch with each other, who, in exchange for political or financial advantages, intervened materially and strategically in the implementation of my ideology.

This is how we were able to set up our society in Zimbabwe, near Lake Kariba.

Thousands followed me on the networks. The simple, reassuring possibility of escaping modern, decadent and dying societies was creating a following. I had given birth to the hope of finally taking part in concrete, empathetic action, as well as the visceral desire to help the human race evolve.

It was out of the question for me to start off on the wrong foot. So I carefully selected the volunteers to ensure their complete and sincere commitment. Giving up all their property to the new society was a token of good faith. They could have been indignant. They could have called me a vulgar guru. But they saw in me a sincere being and their only way to salvation.

To ensure that everyone found their rightful place, I divided the participants into 5 types of expertise:

The nurturers, who hunted, gathered and cultivated.

Edifiers, who built.

Designers, who studied and applied science.

Balancers, who ensured the safety of the site.

And finally, the protectors, who orchestrated and watched over society.

Despite what one might naturally think, man cannot live happily in a society of absolute freedom. The well-defined caste-based system works and provides a great deal of satisfaction. Everyone who knows what to do and how to do it can then observe the beneficial effects on their fellow human beings. Personal satisfaction and recognition are unrivalled rewards.

Step by step, a balance was achieved. Every member of our community embraced our motto: “Abnegation, respect and unity”.

A return to our roots, to simplicity and the obvious, enveloped the individuals of this “City of Men” in a beneficent serenity.

We drew inspiration from nature and our environment to live and prosper.

We cultivated and used Datura Stramonium, which has many medicinal virtues. We used this antispasmodic against asthma and neuralgia, but also as a sedative. High doses lead to coma and death.

Meanwhile, men of little faith who continued to work in the old world judged and condemned my work severely. They called me a dangerous guru, a lunatic or a madman.

No matter! Only the members of my clan counted.

* Learning of Unified Concepts of Intelligence

Ch. 4 The perfect storm.

That's when the rupture happened.

I could explain in detail what happened, but I'm sure you know as well as I do. My geopolitical analyses would be useless here, and I'm so tired.

In any case, that's not what I'm writing about, and I'd rather talk about the consequences this predicted disaster has had on my wonderful little world.

All systems collapsed: energy, medical, food, stock markets... Money, the lifeblood of the economy, was no more. Or at least, it was no longer worth anything.

“When man has cut down the last tree, polluted the last drop of water, killed the last animal and caught the last fish, then he will realize that money is not edible”.
Indian proverb.

Death quickly invaded the streets of capital cities. Its stench penetrated the nostrils, stuck to the bronchi and lungs, insinuated itself into every cell and spread its funereal message.

“The chronicle of an announced death”.

What I saw on the web at that time, I wish I'd never seen. I don't know if death will erase these atrocities from my memory. I hope so with all my soul: the acceptance of death in exchange for oblivion.

Against all odds, human beings don't panic when disaster strikes. He's clearly afraid, but he doesn't panic. First comes stupefaction. Then comes the escape. But wherever he goes, desolation awaits. Only then, when he realizes that all hope is gone, does panic set in.

Some people have even begun to function like robots.

In a post-apocalyptic setting, a woman enters the charred remains of a drugstore. She climbs the rubble, places shards of milk bottles in her basket, a packet of cereal dripping with shreds of flesh. She goes to the self-checkout machine, which has miraculously remained standing. As she takes out her wallet, she realizes that her left forearm is gone. She falls to her death, a stunned expression forever fixed on her face.

Everywhere, images of chaos: burning buildings, rubble, dismembered bodies, scalped heads. Flames, blood, raw flesh. The world turned red. Substance left the being and welcomed death.

Once the stupor had passed, small groups formed. They tried to organize themselves in order to survive, but there were few means of subsistence, so they attacked, looted and killed the poor wanderers who were still standing.

Others packed up their meagre belongings and set off.

Ch . 5 Exodus of Ashes.

From every corner of the globe, caravans set out to find safety, food, care, a semblance of humanity. Before long, these creatures, covered in the ashes of their fellow creatures, collapsed. Worn down by fatigue, cold, lack of everything.

As soon as they found a hint of life, they emptied it of its substance. They pillaged, exterminated, raped. They reproduced the act of life in a barbaric way, as if forcibly injecting their seed gave them the illusion of being alive, of still controlling something.

It was this exodus and all its consequences that decimated the most life. Even more than the cataclysm itself, it was the consequences of the cataclysm and this fucking human nature that did the most damage.

The few governments still standing closed their borders, denying access to the “Migrants from the Ashes”. In any case, death was everywhere, on both sides of the borders.

Energy supplies were blocked. For what little they had left, governments decided to conserve their resources for national and geopolitical purposes, with the thinly veiled aim of conquering neighboring territories in agony: a war of territorial expansion without weapons. The hope of outlasting the other, waiting for it to weaken from lack of resources, and then delivering the coup de grâce.

Before the web disappeared, I was able to observe the collapse of global production and the disappearance of medical and health services. I was also able to observe the darkness of Man in all his splendor, and how these Old Men functioned in this New World. Corruption, black markets, fratricidal struggles, torture, submission, anthropophagy. The most despicable things mankind has imagined since the dawn of time came savagely to life. I would never dare say that it has become bestial. That would be an insult to animals! No creature should see such atrocities. The ones I'm accused of today don't even come close to what happened back then.

Yes, I refused to welcome the survivors who came to my door. I'm not the one behind this planetary purge. The human mire is man's own creation. I am in no way responsible for his downfall. I foresaw it, L.U.C.I. confirmed it and I warned my fellow human beings. Too bad for those who didn't follow me. I certainly wasn't going to let them spread their rottenness to my world. All they had to do was follow me while there was still time!
Judge me if you like. But remember this:

**« *Il faut juger un homme à son enfer* »
(Judge a man by his hell)
Marcel Arland.**

Ch . 6 Organic fertilizer

The Old Men didn't wait for me to agree before showing up at the gates of our Paradise. I was certain of one thing: I couldn't welcome them. Why? For several reasons. The simplest of them: we didn't have the resources. Everything had been planned and calculated on the basis of the number of volunteers. We had found a balance. It was impossible for us to accommodate the horde of survivors arriving on our doorstep. After all, it was a horde!

Their sheer numbers naturally ruled out the possibility of repelling them.

We considered a number of possible scenarios:

The most human way: we took in all the refugees, resources were depleted prematurely, and everyone died.

The most selfish: we refused to welcome the refugees who were massing in ever-increasing numbers on our doorstep. Defeated by their growing numbers, the gates gave way, they entered, massacred our people and looted our reserves, and everyone died.

The least courageous: we fled, leaving our paradise behind, and found ourselves survivors in our turn. The astronomical number of survivors, disorganized, took over the area. With insufficient resources, everyone died.

I remember the day I presented these three solutions. A long silence fell over the participants. Their eyes were downcast, their faces frozen, their shoulders slumped.

I then proposed an "alternative solution". I put it forward as the idea of the century, the only answer. And everyone believed it, or pretended to.

We installed the new arrivals in a vast cave in the hills above our city. They set down their meager luggage, their eyes filled with gratitude, relieved that we were taking them under our wing. We offered them a hot drink and a light meal, then slipped away.

The next day, at dawn, they were gone. To our people, we said the survivors had just needed to stop off and enjoy a hot meal and herbal tea before resuming their journey. And everyone pretended to believe it, ignoring the evidence that the blaze suggested.

Then more came, and more came, until there were none left...

I'm not asking you to understand. I'm not asking you to forgive. I'm just asking you to imagine.

Imagine that a 40-year-old and a child both needed a heart transplant, but there was only one heart. Your choice would certainly be the child.

Now imagine that the adult was your own mother. What would you do? Would you keep your original logic?

That's the kind of torture I had to face, ME! I did what I had to do. I did what YOU would have done!

Take a look behind the mound. 300 paces east of the square is a field of sugar plum trees. There's also a crop of Datura Stramonium, a plant with extraordinary medicinal properties. Our crops are magnificent. They are rich in the involuntary sacrifice of the Old Men.

As a sign of our gratitude, we've had an epitaph carved on a beautiful wooden stele:

“Memento, homo, quia pulvis es, et in pulverem reverteris”
(Remember, man, you are dust and to dust you shall return)
Book of Genesis 3:19

Ch. 7 Beyond

I am the creator!

The world was wasting away and I brought it a little hope, a spark in the night.

I created a place of abundance where it was good to live in harmony with the elements: the sky, the water, the earth!

Together, we planted trees, harvested the fruits of our hard labor.

I offered meaning to my followers. Thanks to me, they were able to rediscover balance, in communion with the great cycles of our planet: the seasons, the phases of the moon and their influence on crops, the position of the stars.

We raised animals who gave us their lives so that we could survive.

Over the years, our community has been enriched by the laughter of our children.

My sweet Shanna, my beloved, my life, my breath. Your absence weighs on me at every moment.

You made this dream possible, you supported me in my moments of doubt, you gave me the greatest gift of all, my flesh and blood, my successor, Beth...

How could I give all that up? Because of some poor fools who didn't see the inevitable coming, who were too busy squandering resources, getting fat, polluting, consuming again and again? I had to give up my Eldorado for these heretics?

Ridiculous! Basically, as far as I was concerned, they were already dead. The dead weren't going to rot my society. The place of the dead is in the ground. The proper place of the dead is in ashes. It's the cycle of life.

« Repose-toi d'avoir bien fait et laisse les autres dire de toi ce qu'ils veulent »
(Rest satisfied with doing well, and leave others to talk of you as they please)
Pythagoras

Ch. 8 My choices, your way

I was so busy containing the evil coming from the outside that I didn't see the one gnawing away inside.

Insidiously, like a tumor, a murmur spread. I don't know where it started, in which organ, but I began to feel the symptoms. I saw the sidelong glances, the conversations that stopped when I entered the room, the downcast eyes, the whispers.

The evil was progressing. It was multiplying. It was out of the question for it to spread, to gangrene MY society. To prevent it from contaminating my society, I poisoned it. Literally.

There was so little missing to achieve my goal. Wave after wave of migrants was beginning to subside, we were regaining a certain equilibrium in the turmoil. Hell, everything could have gone right. Why did they have to open their big mouths? Why did they have to ask questions? That noisy minority!

I had to shut them up. If I hadn't, the whole thing would have fallen apart. I had no choice.

Otherwise, all the other sacrifices would have been for nothing. They would have disappeared in vain. No?

...

Their faith was probably not strong enough. Too bad. I can only keep the most faithful. Only those who truly believe in me and our society. I have a mission to pursue: save humanity. And I'll destroy anyone who gets in my way, even if it means turning them all to dust!

Dozens of bodies were piled up awaiting cremation, and my face was covered in sweat. As my subjects busied themselves around their remains, I found myself drawing parallels between what they had become over time and what they were about to turn into: manure!

I was about to laugh when I saw her. Beth, my daughter. There she was, a black silhouette among the ashes. For a moment I hoped she hadn't seen, hadn't understood. That her young age had made her believe it was a dream. That her malleable brain, that her heart, in which the adoration of her father occupied all the space, would allow her to enclose what she had seen under a blanket of lead. I hadn't realized that she was no longer a child! That telling her fables would no longer be possible.

I realized at that moment that Beth had become a woman, and also that I was dead to her. Even more dead than her poor mother. Dead by choice, dead by compulsion, dead inside, dead while still alive.

Ch .9 Humming

For a moment, I thought my wish had been granted. That Beth had seen nothing or understood and accepted. This state of grace lasted a while. The time it takes to meet someone's gaze again when you're angry with them or... when you're ashamed.

It's funny, this way of avoiding the other person's gaze! It's as if you can't look the other person in the eye. It's as if we're afraid to see through the other person's game. So, you look away. It drifts to the mouth, the nose, the forehead... But never to the eyes. Never!

I don't know which frightened me more: that she would find in my eyes a form of confession, or that I would find in hers what she really felt for me?

Beware of angry looks. Remember that when eyes meet, two souls meet. Aim for the ears! It's less risky.

So I tried to deny the obvious. Avoidance after avoidance. Until, in a moment of madness, I met her gaze and perceived what I had become in her eyes.

I remember that look. At first, it hesitated to catch mine. Then it settled. It took on a grayish hue and sagged. He smiled. He smiled a little. A shy smile tinged with a note of hope that soon disappeared behind a black veil. It then planted itself in mine and, with a cruel rictus, settled down and didn't blink again. Never again!

Never mind.

«Je veux bien mourir pour de grandes causes mais pas pour de petites conséquences»
(I am willing to die for great causes, but not for small consequences)
Georges Lacroix.

Ch . 10 Eternal Cycle

Man is not ready to make sacrifices.

He's not ready to make choices, but he's ready to blame those of others once he's seen the consequences.

Man tirelessly repeats the same actions, trying to convince himself that he's not doing the same thing as his elders: "It's not the same time, it's not the same context. It will be different for us...". But in the end, nothing changes.

And when that doesn't work, he finds excuses.

Man never learns from the past.

Quite the opposite, in fact. He wants to make the past disappear, ignoring the fact that this increases the risk of its recurrence.

Man has lost faith.

He no longer believes in anything. He doesn't trust what he reads. He questions everything, wants to verify everything, but there's no way of doing so with any certainty. Only an immortal being could accumulate all of humanity's experience and draw real lessons from it.

All these experiences lived and wasted. Since the dawn of time. All those ancestors who learned from their mistakes and tried to pass on their knowledge. All for nothing. It's all for nothing because society and every member of it is arrogant. Counters are constantly being reset to zero. Each individual believes he holds the truth and bases his existence on it, ignoring the fact that it has already been experienced countless times.

Everything that is done is useless.

What I'm experiencing right now is not unique. Someone, somewhere must have experienced it. Someone whose name, and probably even existence, humanity has forgotten.

That's why I have to finish these lines. That's why I have to send them to a place, somewhere, where maybe they'll be useful.

At this point, I think we've reached the end of a cycle. That it coincides with the end of my own existence is rather ironic.

Who knows if I'll be part of the next cycle? Who knows if I'm not already a spark in another reality? I want to believe that there is a tiny hope that my story was not in vain. I want to believe in a spark. That's why I'm writing this like a bottle to the sea.

A knock at my door. It's definitely her.

I want to capture a few images on the film of my life and take them with me:

the poppy red of her cheeks, the white of her light dress lifted by the harvest wind, the raven black of her hair.

**« Être pour quelqu'un au moins, une étincelle dans l'univers »
(To be for someone at least, a spark in the universe)
Paul**

Epilogue

I don't know why, but I feel the need to write after all that's happened. A bit like coming full circle. After all, something has been imagined, put in place and shared. I feel, as if on a mission, the need to finish this story.

I might as well tell you right now, there's no point in dragging out the band-aid: Paul is dead! Don't feel sad or sorry. It was, I think, inevitable. He had completely lost his mind. This man, my progenitor, would certainly have been diagnosed as some kind of megalomaniac, coupled with a sadistic dictator.

I had him executed. His madness had to stop. First I had him captured, then imprisoned in the cave in which he locked up the poor survivors who only wanted to survive. He claimed he wanted to save humanity, but he decimated it in the name of his madness.

Then I made him drink herbal tea. With his favorite plant: Datura! In small doses at first. Then larger and larger doses.

He obviously knew what he was drinking. He was crazy, not stupid, but it was the only drink I made him bring. I think that in the mists of his madness, he accepted the death that his own mixture offered him.

I have nothing in common with this guy. He just passed his genes on to me. I'm more like my mother, even if she was weak. She couldn't stand the horrors he inflicted on her. She didn't have the guts to stand up to him and face him. But I did!

I decided to keep his determination. I made it mine. I improved it. Just like the society he created. He had some good ideas at the start. But I'm not like him. I really want to save humanity. Whatever it takes.

Nothing and nobody will stop me in my quest. And certainly not the spectre of my father! If I have to make radical decisions, I'm not afraid.

I think I'll keep writing. What you're about to read may be both fascinating and horrifying.

By the way, my name is Beth and I had my father executed in cold blood to turn him into fertilizer. He went off to fertilize the tree under which my mother was buried!

- **Interdiction du droit de reproduction** "Le Code de la propriété intellectuelle et artistique n'autorisant, aux termes des alinéas 2 et 3 de l'article L. 122-5, d'une part, que les « copies ou reproductions strictement réservées à l'usage privé du copiste et non destinées à une utilisation collective » et, d'autre part, que les analyses et les courtes citations dans un but d'exemple et d'illustration, « toute représentation ou reproduction intégrale, ou partielle, faite sans le consentement de l'auteur ou de ses ayants droit ou ayants cause, est illicite » (alinéa 1er de l'article L. 122-4). Cette représentation ou reproduction, par quelque procédé que ce soit, constituerait donc une contrefaçon sanctionnée par les articles L. 335-2 et suivants du Code de la propriété intellectuelle.