It’s in the Genes

by Nick Tarasewicz

**10 April, 2258**

**Sleeping Quarters**

**Government Security Office**

"Sir, we have an urgent message from Camgen Corp down in Frisco!" The loudspeaker blared as Captain Clark Richardson nodded off in his quarters.

"What’s going on out there?" Clark thought.

Clark picked up the com unit, tapped in his code, and was connected to Blair; who was working the night shift at the Government Security Office.

"Richardson here. What’s up?" asked Clark.

"Sir," she heavily panted. Something was definitely up. "The lab, sir! The Underlings got in, and…oh my God it can’t be…" CLICK, and the line dropped dead.

Clark paused, bent down, said a prayer, and got in his car. He pushed 250 miles per hour, heading down the speedway faster than he had ever driven. This was serious. If something happened it would…he didn’t want to think about it. As he neared the Camgen headquarters in San Francisco, he knew in his heart what would happen. He pulled into the parking lot, turned the car off, and nervously stepped out. Suddenly, he spotted one Underling, two, three, and what seemed like hundreds emerge from the dark building.They advanced upon him like a pack of dogs on a cat cornered in an alley. Clark’s palms were sweaty as he slowly put his hands up in complete submission.

"IN THE NAME OF THE UNDERLING REBELLION!" the multitude cried. It was over in an instant. The crack of the M-84 could be heard for miles, as could the curdling screams of Clark Richardson, killed while defending his country. The dreaded day had come. They had united. This was serious.

**10 April, 2258**

**The Outside Perspective**

**Designed to bring the reader up-to-date on current events.**

Two hundred years ago, there were no Underlings. All men were created equal…those with money were more equal than others. That was before restriction enzymes, gene mapping, the Societal Engineering Administration (SEA), and other scientific developments came about. When genetic engineering became popular, by 2022 or so, the upper class began designing their children, who were intelligent and breathtakingly beautiful. Soon, engineering technicians were as common as strip clubs in Vegas. It was not enough to have beautiful, brilliant children you see, the rich bastards needed to be better. After all, what good would it do to be blonde-haired, blue-eyed, and tall if the whole world was just as good? They wanted more, and they would stop at nothing to get it.

In 2035 there was revolution. A group of about 5,000 wealthy men took over the then-weak and depleted government. They were to become the Overlords. The first order of business was to widen the gap between the lower and upper classes. The Overlords needed workers to support them; muscular, courageous, and of course utterly and totally stupid people to provide the labor-the "blood, sweat, and tears that make the country great." That was the stupid slogan put out by the Overlords on the 24-hour radio transmission. Then the infamous SEA came into being. They contracted their work to a company called Camgen.

They wanted to clean house, so to speak, and start fresh. The easiest, cheapest and most sensible way to do this was to release some sort of plague, or virus. Ebola I believe it was. Anyway, yada, yada, yada, and three-quarters of the world were disposed of. Now, finally, they could start fresh. Roger Tillman, president of the SEA, was in charge of the societal planning. His security adviser was Clark Richardson, his second-in-command was Dennis Gates. They created the Underlings. They would have a race of people to serve them. The Overlords were not stupid. They had seen *Jurassic Park* (a classic film, from the twentieth century I believe). They knew that revolt was a very real possibility. They implanted genes to overcome this obstacle.

The combination of certain genetic traits resulted with the Underlings being very solitary creatures. It was in their blood. The Overlords made sure of it. They would never unite…

**15 March, 2230**

**Camgen Engineering Laboratory**

"Hey, Ricky, we got an order here for a worker, around 6’4”, and 230 pounds."

"Yeah, James, I got it. Let’s see, the order’s for a company called Dow. All right, buddy, you name this guy."

"How ‘bout George Orson Dow."

"Where the hell did’ya come up with that one?"

"I don’t know, just the first thing that came to me."

"Yeah, okay let’s get this one done and go home. I’ll get the samples from the freezer."

**12 April, 2258**

**Roger Tillman’s Office-Federation Building**

"Get me Gates on the com right now."

The Underlings immediately followed Roger Tillman’s orders. Within seconds, the wall before Roger Tillman’s rare oak desk was lit up. Due to the pounding storm outside, the signal was faint. The blurry Dennis Gates, new head of security, flickered on the large screen. You could easily see that Dennis’s new position was taking its toll on him by the canyons of deep stress that were etched into his face.

"I’m sorry about Clark." For a second, Tillman actually sounded emotional. He quickly regained his composure. Tillman had no time for emotion. He had a society to control, after all.

"Yes, sir, I am also." Gates replied.

"All right, cut the charades. I want info on that freaking rebellion. What happened?"

"Sir, please hold your temper. I assure you everything is under…"

Tillman’s booming voice squashed Gates’ feeble response like a bug, "Who was responsible? Who led this rebellion?"

"We’ve been doing some investigating, through the Underling informants. The name is Dow, George Dow. The guy’s been organizing people, rallying them for a while."

"How could this have happened? They weren’t designed to unite."

"Sir, I’m afraid they have. There must have been something wrong in his genetic programming."

"Give me a status report on Camgen."

"All the engineers were killed. Very brutally I’m afraid. They gave their blood, sweat, and tears for the…"

Tillman glared at Gates, who was clearly uneasy with fear for his job.

"Forget the people. Did they damage the equipment, the DNA restriction units, the Gene Acceptance Generator?

Gates was now visibly shaken, for he realized the significance of what he was about to say.

"No, sir. Nothing touched. He left a note though. It s-s-said, ‘The Revolution is at hand.’"

"Enough. I’ve heard enough. I want this Dow, and I want him NOW!"

Tillman’s usually still and expressionless face was now livid with anger. The veins were popping out of his neck and head like lines on a treasure map. His worst nightmare had come true. It never was supposed to come to this. He had painstakingly gone thorough research to assure himself that no "leaders" would be made. He had checked every single gene, nothing could have gone wrong. Mutation, Goddamn mutation. Every geneticists worst freaking nightmare. Dow had mutated. They had united. This was serious.

**17 March, 2258**

**Underling Sleeping Grounds**

George Dow sat down on the ground. He was very ordinary to look at, as was to be expected from an Underling. He was, after all, meant by the Overlords to be "imperfect." His appearance was rather unimpressive; his physique was even more so. He was a gruff man, extremely rugged and tough, but not too bright. However something about him commanded respect. His words seemed to strike a chord within the other Underlings. It was if he had the ability to control them. All their lives, they had been content to be subservient to the Overlords. For whatever reason, they just didn’t like each other. In fact, they seemed to be most comfortable when they were alone. Many of the Underlings had noticed that while excessive conversation and any kind of intimate relationships bothered them, their bosses, the Overlords, were strangely social. Until Dow, they never spoke. They just did their jobs, went home, ate, and slept. Until Dow.

He was different, that was clear even to the most incompetent of the Underlings. He seemed to thrive on leading, on talking.

Dow rose, and summoned two other Underlings.

"Where’s the engineer we captured from Camgen?"

"He’s in the cell, George," one said. "Are you ready for him?"

"Sure, I’ll go talk to him."

Dow slowly got up. Due to his genetics, he weighed a good 250 pounds that created a painful stab towards his knees every time he ascended. Dow walked to the tunnel the Underlings called "the cell," and called off the three guards. The guards were armed with M-84s, powerful weapons that the Rebellion had obtained from Underlings working at a military factory. They cautiously stepped aside, leaving Dow alone with the quivering engineer. The engineer was petrified. Sure, he had *designed* underlings, and sure, he had *created* and *fertilized* Underlings in the lab. But talk to one? That was something he believed he would never have to do.

"What’s your name?"

"Hill, Ethan Hill. You realize that the Overlord Federation will c-c-come for m-m-e."

"Do you want to die? I’m not interested in killing without purpose. Serve your purpose and you’ll go free. You understand? Good."

Hill was shocked at the insolence of the Underling. Imagine speaking in that tone to an Overlord. Then he glimpsed the large M-84 protruding out of Dow’s belt. His anger turned to fear. He meant business. He was serious.

"Your purpose, Ethan, is to get me into the Federation Building. I want Tillman. You’re of no use to me. You are only a way to get me into Tillman’s office."

"Okay, okay. Please don’t hurt me. Tillman has a code for his office. I can access it. Camgen has an override code for Federation buildings."

"Good. We’ll leave right away. Gentlemen!" he roared, "Our day of vengeance is at hand."

**19 March, 2258**

**Roger Tillman’s Office-Federation Building**

"Get me Gates on the com," ordered Tillman.

His face was white: understandably so. He had been under quite a bit of stress. The media had hounded him. He was under fire from the Overlord Federation Council. He needed to stop the Rebellion. The neon wall showed the face of Dennis Gates. His eyes drooped. He had been through quite an ordeal.

"Gates, give me an update on Dow."

"Sir, I’m afraid we haven’t found him. I’m afraid that the Rebellion has found us."

Just then, two burly Underlings appeared in the picture and shot Gates. The Government Security Office was now non-existent. Its two highest officials had been eliminated. Tillman was so vivid with roaring red rage that his next few words couldn’t be understood, not that anyone would want to hear.

The saddest part of the situation was that Tillman wasn’t shocked by the shooting. He realized that his grasp was slipping. He was being thwarted by the society he had worked so hard to create. He began to sweat profusely. The com line was cut. Just then, he heard a door slide open. It was Dow. Dow smoothly lifted one of his arms and pointed a very dexterous finger to Tillman. Roger Tillman, the head of the SEA was then slowly escorted to the next room, and killed.

**20 March, 2258**

**Excerpt from the *San Francisco Chronicle*:**

"Last night, Federation police found the brutally murdered body of SEA head Roger Tillman. He had been shot by Underling Rebellion leader George Dow. On the wall was a message that read, ‘The Revolution is at hand.’"

Next to the message was written three letters. They were Dow’s initials. The Overlords thought that they were invincible. They had thought of everything. There was only one force they could not overcome. George Orson

Dow---**G.O.D.** This is serious.