

KARMA

Retribution

By

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Chapter One

Jim Henkleman sat in his office, resting his oversized bottom on a plush, leather bound, executive chair. His sports jacket was freshly pressed, and he had three primary strands of hair which composed his comb over.

His hair was a greasy mixture of brown and grey. His skin, flabby, like his body and he had a permanent squint to his eyes.

He shaved every day, but if truth be told, he looked more like a middle aged, balding, plump baby – in an expensive suit.

If you were to walk behind him in the hallway, or ride the same elevator as him on the way to work, you would be surprised at the loudness of his breathing.

The sound of the air moving in and out of Jim's lungs was something attuned to an industrial exhaust and a leaking hot air balloon.

The reason for his troubles could have been because he smoked tobacco at an excessive rate, or it could have been because he was grossly obese. But the most astounding thing about Jim's health was that he was still alive at all.

Whenever questioned about his wellbeing, Jim would grin and respond with some quip about how a steak a day does the body good, or that real men drink whiskey and smoke cigars.

Occasionally he would wax spiritually speculative, and comment on how "*The Good Lord*" had a place for him in the direction of the futures market or something of the sort.

Jim organized his life in such a way that anyone in a position to criticize his business policies, or personal habits worked beneath him.

He had no friends or family. His world was sterile and isolated, and he liked it that way.

He liked to peer down on the world beneath him, and his fifty-second floor office suite enabled him to do just that with extraordinary efficiency.

Jim loved efficiencies.

Jim was the founder and CEO of a company called Detention Technologies or DT for short - and today was a good day.

He had been working for decades in order to increase the technological capacities of DT. Had poured near endless amounts

of funding into Research and Development. He had hired and fired, experts, both domestic and international.

Had gone to great lengths to secure funding in order to make this latest series of explorations possible, including but not limited to, lobbying of additional weapons contracts for both peacetime and wartime military officers.

He even had a full-time division of war mongering internet propagandists whose job it was to create civil unrest, or discredit special interest peace groups.

"The net must be wide, in order to catch the most fish," Jim was often quoted as saying and the highly paid managers within his company were provided with a small book of "Jim-isms," of which they were to repeat at least twenty each month.

These repetitions formed a component of their quarterly quotas and reports and behind his back, they often referred to the manual as the "Book of Jisms", due to its masturbatory tone.

Jim updated the book on an annual basis and did not care what his employees called it, as long as they fulfilled their quotas.

The fish to which Jim referred were often men, though not in the same way that Jesus conceived the phrase *"fishers of men"*.

Jim's fish were worth more while they were incarcerated; his primary concern being money, not salvation.

"Plenty of time to learn about salvation while they are filling up the cells of DT," he would say – that one was not in the book.

The problem Jim faced was an issue of space.

The United States was already the world's largest prison state.

There were federal prisons, private prisons, internment camps, and prisons for terrorist groups.

The entire government had recently been streamlined to dispense with due process, and expedite what legislators called "indeterminate detention", which was a fancy way of saying, "You aren't leaving here until we decide you can go, and we don't have to tell you why you are staying."

The legislative climate was prime for DT's expansion, but there were economic and political barriers to the increased profit margins Jim sought.

Try as he might, not every city or township could be convinced they needed a new prison.

Jim's only recent contracts were with the NSA (a sort of domestic, militarized arm of the US Government), and though the contracts were large, they did not meet Jim's expectations.

There were also statistical barriers to overcome.

For instance, the prisoners needed a place to stay and food to eat. Jobs stamping license plates, or manufacturing machine parts simply did not provide enough revenue.

During one stroke of genius, Jim had decreed that each prisoner at a series of maximum security detention centers take up the manufacturing of manacles and chains for other, low security facilities; this was disrupted by two factors:

One, the prisoners ran out of markets for which to make chains and manacles, and without a captive market, the revenue dropped drastically to a point where it was more lucrative to stamp license plates, or sort through goods and recyclables at the local dumpster.

Two, the prisoners began to make faulty chains, and intentionally dysfunctional manacles. They would also smuggle manacles or use them to bind and rape security guards.

One penitentiary where such an incident took place was overturned by Coup D'etat. The director of the prison being hung

by his ankles from one of the fire sprinklers, whilst the perpetrators took turns pissing on him.

Fortunately, the army showed up before they were able to use him as a piñata but not before the manacles caused severe damage to the superintendent's ankles and meta-tarsals, and he walks with the aid of crutches to this day.

That was the last of the manacle and chain production scheme.

Jim took a deep breath in nostalgic reflection. That was the beauty of plausible deniability.

Though he had designed and implemented the system, the one who took the fall for the mistake was the superintendent.

To Jim, underlings served as targets to shunt responsibility toward.

Today, Jim sat at his desk with a pencil in hand and began writing a rough draft of his keynote speech on security, and the current condition of the prison state.

He intended to reveal, to the public, his glorious new plan on how to maintain the security of their world and he knew that he needed to weigh his words carefully.

"The value of a product, is only as good as its propaganda,"

– another Jimism he would often quote.

Jim drew himself up to form an erect a spine as was possible for a man of his form, took a deep breath, and began to compose his rhetoric.

"Yes," Jim remarked, after penning the final stroke of ink onto a gold embossed corporate letterhead, "this will serve our purpose."

He picked up a phone on his desk, and is immediately connected to his secretary.

"Ms. Livingstone, I need you to contact Dr. Meredith.

Please ensure that she is prepared for the upcoming presentation. I would also like you to remind her that it will be televised, and that being a world renowned physicist does not provide her with an excuse to get out of a PR campaigns – not on my dime. You got all that?"

"Yes Mr. Henkleman, Sir."

"Atta girl!" Henkleman replied.

For the remainder of the evening, Jim Henkleman busied himself with a highball of whiskey, ice and a hooker named Desdemona.

Tomorrow was going to be a big day, and nothing says victory like cocaine, whiskey and sex.

Jim paid Desdemona to revere his testicles as though they were the orbs of fertility from whence sprang cultures of legend.

His favorite fantasy was to have an escort dress up like an ancient priestess, who would bathe his genitals with oil, and dry them off with her hair. In this fantasy, he would be the progenitor of the Atlantean civilization, and she would be his first concubine.

Were the fantasy to continue, as it did in Jim Henkleman's mind, he would impregnate each of his concubines in turn, so that an army of his scion could spring forth from his loins, and one day take over the world.

He made a point of depositing his sperm in the womb of each escort he slept with, but thus far, only seven had become pregnant, and three of those seven had given him a child.

Naturally, they were all under contract, and if they did become pregnant, the child would be well catered for by DT until their college education had been completed.

As the offer was generous, Jim attracted a great deal of women all attempting to be impregnated by his seed.

Jim's testicles however, were not the progenitors of Atlantean civilizations as he imagined them to be, and were actually about as fertile as a bit of crusted semen left on a 1970's porn magazine.

Perhaps the progenitor of the Atlantean civilization had not submitted his body to as many toxins as Jim Henkleman had.

Once the proper ablutions had been performed, and Desdemona's vagina had been ritually baptized by Jim's immotile sperm, she was summarily dismissed and Jim passed out in his bathrobe – a great lump of flesh sprawled on a king size bed.

That night, Jim feverishly dreamt of the speech to come, and of the many women who would throw themselves prostrate before him in order for him to insert his phallus into their bodies.

They lined up until the horizon and Jim Henkleman fucked every last one of them.

Chapter Two

Tonya Meredith had spent the night, working on the details of the speech she was to give at the next day's public address.

The push Henkelman had given her was sufficient to get her started.

Simply put, she needed funding in order to continue with her experiments.

She wasn't about to start a project, make a discovery that challenged existing paradigms within the scientific community, and then get fired for not participating in the most recent Detention Technologies PR scandal.

She was far too pragmatic for that.

Once she started however, there was a type of perpetual motion that kicked in as she moved toward '*getting things right*'.

Dr. Meredith wanted to breakdown the procedures and components of the Prison Space project, so that the public were able to understand exactly what it involved.

Tonya believed in an informed citizenry, and as Detention Tech was a corporate entity, there was no oversight for the program that she headed; military, governmental, or civil.

The only person she had to answer to was Jim Henkleman, and he did not care what happened, so long as it worked, and everybody got paid.

There was another motivating factor that pushed Tonya forward as she prepared her speech for the following day.

She wanted disclosure.

Too often, she felt, the height of innovation was trampled on by greedy corporations such as the one she was currently under contract with.

One could have interpreted her desires as some sort of misguided rebelliousness, or moral inconsistency.

The truth of the matter was that Dr. Tonya Meredith began her career on a shoestring, and never quite lost the awareness of science as a collective activity – an expansive community extending beyond the contract of a single organization - patents be damned.

She scribbled obsessively into the night, her fountain pen clenched in her left hand, her right, occasionally massaging her

temples. She breathed deeply, and did her best to present a dispassionate, layman type summary of the inner-workings of the Prison Space project.

Dr. Meredith felt as though the speech should provide an introductory lesson on the subject of relativity, and special case physics.

The speech would contain a concealed prompt for research that would set the fires of inspiration ablaze and insuring that Detention Technologies did not maintain a monopoly on extra-dimensional access, and the digitization of matter as the technology continued to develop.

Dr. Meredith took a deep breath, and set her resolve.

Open-source competition would provide the check and balance so sorely absent from the Prison Space project.

She passed out in a t-shirt and underwear, after she finished writing. Her dark hair sprawled in matted clumps on the thin, rippled, blue foam which served as her mattress. Her glasses still on her face and ink stains blotting the underside of her left hand.

Tonya speech, which formed a short stack of papers on the hardwood flooring in the living room of her studio apartment, read as follows:

(An Instructional Speech, Delivered By Dr. Tonya Meredith)

The transmutation of matter into energy is a process of deconstruction similar to the method one would use to disassemble a puzzle.

One piece at a time is removed on a sub-cellular level with each piece being cataloged in a specific order then uploaded to a series of servers as binary information.

Our previous experiments within the digitization of human consciousness led us toward a method of receiving information via electrodes attached directly to the test subjects.

These electrodes were placed at key points along the central nervous system.

These centralized vortices of bio-electrical energy were cataloged by some of the earliest cultures, India and China for example.

When we connected our receivers to these vortices, all conscious information transmitted from these centers were routed through our servers; allowing the consciousness to be represented in a digital, or extra-dimensional realm, while the bodies remained in our dimension.

The result from the D.A.D project was the awareness of both the possibilities and limitations for the digitization of human consciousness.

We found that the experience of the participants were very much like an extended dream.

We also discovered that a type of consciousness singularity took place, which we believe can be attributed to the storage of meta-data on a connected mainframe, as well as the absence of stimuli toward the physical bodies of the test subject, within our material reality.

Sadly there were also abuses within the system.

Test subjects were physically and sexually violated by unscrupulous personnel.

Project D.A.D received a severe media backlash, and the program was discontinued.

In the wake of the backlash, we struggled to find a means of expression where these issues could no longer arise.

*After months of research we came upon a theory which seemed to address our concerns. The basic premise can be understood by examining the phenomenon of goose bumps.
(Pause).*

Is everyone with me?

Goosebumps are an autonomic function which causes tiny bumps to rise up on your skin, bringing the smallest of hairs to attention.

I am speaking of the autonomic nervous system -- this is the reactionary and autonomously operative system of the human body -- that is one which exists for our benefit, yet is not dependent on our conscious operation.

I realized, that the vortices of consciousness, from which we derive information were too narrowly defined.

In fact, every nerve of the human body is an antenna, radiating information into both the atmosphere, and through the entire circuit of the body which interdependently relates to that very nerve fiber.

I was then faced with a question.

Is it even possible to attach an electrode to each and every nerve, and if it was not, then how could the entirety of human consciousness be digitized?

The answer, naturally is that there are too many nerves to attach, and the electrodes would not be small enough to decipher the individual signals.

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