

Sci-Fi Adventure

iCer

"The answer to the things you can't see can be
found in the things you can."

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VOLUME 1

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In 1924 Doctor Hans Berger was the first to record human brain activity by means of EEG. By analyzing EEG traces, Berger was able to identify oscillatory activity in the brain, such as the alpha wave. It was the first step in man's ability to communicate with the human brain.

In the 1970, research began at the University of California on brain-machine interface (BMI) technology, a direct communication pathway between the brain and an implanted microcomputer. And in the year 2015, the U.S. Military successfully implanted the first BMI into a paraplegic soldier's brain, fully restoring his ability to walk again.

In the 50 years since, mankind developed BMIs that allowed humans to store massive amounts of information, develop advanced algorithms in their heads, make scientific breakthroughs never seen before, communicate with computer and wireless devices remotely, and upload/download information directly into their brains at the speed of light. This was seen as a way for man to keep pace with technology until the BMI equipped humans starting rapidly advancing in abilities beyond that of the average man.

As a result of the fear and panic in society, BMI technology was outlawed. A squad of experienced detectives from what was known as "The Agency" was assembled to track down and eliminate (ICE) the BMIs.

They became known as iCers. The best *iCer* amongst them was Detective Jon Thomas Ryker, aka JT.

It is the year 2065. The pollution in China and other third world countries has gone unchecked. The sky is black year round. There is no longer day on earth, only night; pollution now blocked out the sun, stars and sky above.

Big cities were bifurcated into two classes: the very rich (affluents) and the very poor (underlings.) The money gap between the affluents and underlings had become so substantial that there were only two classes left in society; the middle class was gone. A third class existed if you include the android population. The affluents lived high above the ground in skyscrapers guarded by armed security. They traveled in sky cars, attended lavish parties and dined at the most exclusive restaurants and bars.

Down below, the underlings lived in early 20th century run-down red brick and mortar buildings. Some worked at manual labor jobs, fixing, building, and cleaning up after the wealthy, but the majority of those jobs were slowly being taken by androids. For the sub-culture, the underlings on the streets, money was hard to come by. They stole, bartered for goods, sold drugs, prostituted themselves, and became involved in other illegal behavior to survive.

There were, of course, the areas outside of the big cities, but the general population didn't go there. There was no work or food for them. The country side farms of the past were now home to massive dome-covered nuclear powered greenhouse farms.

Although man has travelled to Mars, he has not gone much further. Visits to orbiting space hotels and the moon were common for the well to do.

Man had made many advancements in technology. Computers now controlled the skyway traffic, environmental conditions inside buildings, and the flow of money, all without any human input.

Other areas such as robotics and android technology were state of the art. Androids were able to operate autonomously. One the most useful advancements made for human use was the creation of a new device: the Communication and Control Device (CCD). They came in many models (from the basic plastic version often used by underlings to high-end diamond studded Rolex versions worn by the affluents). The CCD was small and worn on the wrist like a wrist watch. It was part supercomputer, watch, cellphone, remote control, and friend as they had their own memories and personalities. They were capable of solving problems asked by their user, predicting what the user might want, interfacing with computers to collect information and

controlling appliances and other devices. Everyone from the affluents to the underlings worn some type of CCD.

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Chapter 1 | The Interrogation

Our story begins as a futuristic space plane pulled into the desert spaceport and is taxied to the landing dock. Other futuristic space planes land and take off from the Mojave spaceport.

Inside the spaceport a man dressed in a dark trench coat named Terrack stood calmly in line for the security check before boarding. The flight schedules were digitally displayed in the air and could be seen from 360 degrees as you walked around them. They displayed inbound and outbound destinations. Los Angeles, London, New York, Space Station 23, Moonport 13, and the ever popular with the affluents, Virgin Orbit Hotel 6, were just some of the listed destinations. Other passengers stood in line and walked around the pre-boarding area. Terrack walked through the scanner. No alarms went off, but he wouldn't make eye contact with the human security guard. Android guards worked alongside the human security guards as they checked passengers and screened baggage; other androids cleaned the floors and performed other manual labor tasks.

The security guard at the airport asked, 'Sir, how are you today?' Terrack replied, "Fine."

The guard looked Terrack up and down and asked, "So where you headed?"

Terrack replied, "Los Angeles."

"Business or pleasure sir?" inquired the guard.

Terrack responded, "Business."

The guard started to become suspicious of Terrack and stated, "Well sir you're not very talkative."

Terrack stared directly back at the guard, sneered and said, "No, I'm not."

The security guard looked at his supervisor and lifted his head to get his attention. The security supervisor acknowledged him and the security guard told him in a soft voice (so Terrack could not hear), "He's showing evasive signs."

"Alright, let's escort him to the interview room," replied the security supervisor.

The security guard stopped the baggage screening process. The human guard and two android guards surrounded Terrack and escorted him out of the security line.

"Sir, please follow me," asked the guard.

"Of course. Is there a problem?" replied Terrack.

The guard assured Terrack, “No sir. I just need you to talk to another screener.”

“Okay,” replied Terrack.

Inside the screening room, Terrack had sat quietly in the interview chair. A man in a dark blue suit entered the room, set up a laptop on the interview table and powered on his portable screening system. As the system booted up, a 3D blue net of lines surrounded Terrack.

Terrack looked at his CCD and asked. “Can you hurry it up? My flight is in 30 minutes.”

“Sure” said the interrogator, “I just need to ask you a few screening questions before your flight.”

“And these lights?” asked Terrack.

“Just a device that helps me screen people.

Just be truthful,” replied the interrogator.

The interrogator started the test program as each question was answered, the computer highlighted the answer in red or green. The word truth lit up on the screen in green and the word deception lit up in red. Once the interrogator had verified the device was working properly, he started the test.

The interrogator started with his first question, “Okay sir, I just have a few questions?”

“Yeah, sure, go ahead,” replied Terrack.

The interrogator made notes on his tablet computer and asked, “Where were you born?”

Terrack looked up avoiding eye contact with the interrogator and replied, “New York.”

The computer displayed true in green. The interrogator continued his questioning and asked, “Your favorite color?”

Terrack replied, “Black.” The computer displayed true in green.

Then the Interrogator asked, “Your favorite animal?”

Terrack paused for a moment and responded, “Dolphin. Oh you mean mammals too?”

“Doesn't matter,” said the interrogator.

Terrack said, “Well then, dolphin.”

The computer displayed true in green. The interrogator looked closely at his computer screen. It displayed in green the words ‘Calibration Complete’. The interrogator started to become suspicious of Terrack because he continued to avoid eye contact and looked away from him when he asked each question. The interrogator continued his verbal drilling of Terrack by

raising the tone in his voice. "So, where are you headed today?"

Terrack replied, "London." Terrack started to sweat a little and stared intensely at the interrogator.

"Business? Pleasure?" asked the interrogator.

Terrack said, "What?"

The interrogator asked. "Are you going there for business or pleasure?"

Terrack grabbed the desk underneath He squeezed the desk out of frustration and replied, "Business."

The Interrogator asked, "What kind of business?"

Terrack paused for a few seconds. He started to sweat and act even more nervous. The interrogator paused as he looked at his computer. Terrack replied, "Is that it?"

"No, you seem a little nervous," said the interrogator.

Terrack, "No, no Just a little hot."

As the interview progressed the blue digital net that surrounded Terrack changed. It flashed from blue to red a couple times. Then back to a solid blue as it measured his responses. The interrogator continued and asked, "Okay. Add two plus two."

Terrack replied, "Four."

The interrogator then said, "Okay. A man approaches you on the street and asks for directions to a restaurant. What do you do?"

Terrack said, "What kind of question is that?"

The interrogator replied, "Necessary. Just answer the question."

"I'd ask my cell-map program for directions," replied Terrack.

The interrogator in a firm voice said, "Good. Now he asks if you have been to the restaurant."

Terrack, looked a little confused answered, "I haven't."

The interrogator started to speed up his pace of questioning to see if he could trip up Terrack in the answers he had provided. The interrogator asked, "How do you know? I didn't tell you which restaurant."

Terrack's face had tightened up in anger and he responded, "Okay, which restaurant?"

"Doesn't matter, next question," replied the interrogator.

Terrack then said, "Doesn't?"

“No. Now if your cell-map program told you it would take 4.5 liters of hydro fuel to get there, and that if you drove at 75 miles per hour you would avoid stopping at 35 lights, thus saving you .055 liters per light, how much would you save?” asked the interrogator.

“1.925 liters,” responded Terrack. The interrogator paused and stated, “That's correct.”

The Interrogator looked at the screen and it read, “Calculating BMI probability.”

Terrack inquired in a low tone of voice, “Everything Okay? Can I go?”

The interrogator responded, “Yes, just a couple more minutes. I just need to wait on the computer results.”

Terrack noticed that the interrogator had become scared as he read the results on the computer screen. Flashing on the screen was a message in green: “BMI Present.” As the interrogator touched the computer screen in an attempt to move the results out of Terrack’s line of sight, Terrack used the BMI in his brain to communicate with the laptop, causing it to overload, which sent a visible shock of light and electricity into the interrogator, killing him. The interrogator's head laid flat on top of the computer keyboard and a light amount of smoke emitted from his body.

Terrack looked at the dead interrogator and stated, "End of interview."

The lights flickered in the room and the blue light net that surrounded Terrack turned off. Terrack stood up, walked to the keypad on the wall and looked at it. It turned green. He used his BMI abilities to open the door. Terrack then caused the lights to go out in the entire facility, every room went dark. Terrack saw everything in light gray night vision, his BMI allowed him to see in the dark. Terrack then walked out past the security officers who were scrambling in the dark in an attempt to get the lights back on. Terrack was able to elude being captured and fled from the spaceport on foot.

Chapter 2 | Back In The Game

Futuristic sky scrapers existed in the heart of downtown Los Angeles. An indoor stadium glowed down below as a basketball game could be seen being played through the clear dome on top of the building. Large signs on all the buildings displayed digital advertisements in 3D as the people speaking in the advertisements could be heard by passersbys. Flying cars passed over the stadium and the high rise lofts (occupied by the elite). Old brick buildings lined the surface streets. It was noisy, dirty and packed with poorly dressed people walking on the sidewalks and in the street. If you traveled a few blocks from the stadium, you saw a three story red brick building with old oak framed exterior windows : JT's loft. JT was fast asleep in his bedroom. His living room and kitchen area had food, clothing, and junk scattered throughout. It was messy that you knew that he had to live alone. As he slept, his CCD (a chrome plated version) named Cella, lit up and spoke. Supervising agent Z called from the agency. Cella's in air virtual display projected "3:00 a.m." just above JT's head.

Cella announced, "JT, incoming call."

JT, fast asleep, was awakened by the announcement and told Cella, "Let it go to message."

Cella stated back, "JT, it's coded as urgent from the agency."

JT tried to get his wits about him and wake up. He asked, "Time?"

Cella answered back, "3:00 a.m."

"Ughhhh. Alright put 'um through," replied JT.

Z was on the line and asked, "JT. That you, Iceman?"

JT answered, "Yeah, Z."

"Yeah, you still selling your services to the one percenters? (referring to the very rich)", asked Z.

JT quickly replied, "When I can."

Z's office was very clean and sterile. White exterior walls enclosed the office and clear glass interior walls separated the interior offices from each other. Men in business suits walked up and down the hallways. Inside Z's office, television news was displayed on one of the glass walls. Z had fumbled with a laser pen between his fingers and said, "Have a job for you."

"What is it?" asked JT.

Z replied, "Ice some BMIs."

JT in a gravelly tone voice responded, "I'm retired. You can tell the agency to frack off."

Z replied, "Can't. We had an incident."

JT answered back, "Not interested."

Z emphasized, "JT, this comes from the top."

JT replied, "And?"

Z went on to explain the seriousness of the request. "We got a homicide. The suspect was identified as Quincy Terrack, one of the late model BMIs. He's in town, and is known to travel with four other BMIs."

JT sat up in his bed to show his lack of interest. He yawned, then flatly remarked, "Cella, hang up."

Z did not take no for an answer. "Don't hang-up. Listen, they'll cut off your pension. They're desperate."

JT answered, "I'm not."

Z reiterated, "They're not going to take no for an answer."

"Okay, then tell 'um, yes. I won't do it. This shit never ends," replied JT.

Z laughed and said, "Nope. But you can't be happy kissing rich people's asses forever."

JT replied, "I had my fill of hunting down BMIs. The long hours, the fights, getting shot at, hit the head with bottles, seedy bars, and loose women. Okay maybe not the loose women, but the rest of it just got old. "

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