

# Extended Adam History

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At the end of the twentieth century things were looking good. Dire predictions on the millennium fizzled and optimism swept the earth. New beginnings brought belief in an unlimited future. With this new mindset came an idealistic vision of the world as it should be. Pollution and waste clouded the sky and the streams, but this New Year's resolution was stronger than any before it, and the world worked with vigor to stop the pollution from continuing.

Within a generation, people began to realize that the task before them wasn't as easy as it had seemed. Slowly, but in ever increasing numbers, people flocked to the station on the Moon and the much larger colony of Mars. As a wave of colonization swept over the earth, the cream of the crop began to evacuate until it was a veritable running of the lemmings. At least, that was how the governments tried to characterize it, as more and more of the brilliant politicians, scientists, and engineers found the money and connections to lift off.

Other swift minds, those of artists, criminals, and all the others who traditionally pushed boundaries, followed the smell of change. Those left behind felt much like adult children reviled for still living with their mother. The new question became whether they were the caretakers for her old age or moochers looking for cheap rent.

The situation grew worse, as more resources were siphoned away. New, stricter laws came into effect to halt the flow of goods, but by that time the earth was importing more than it was exporting and there was little left to protect. The first wave of plagues swept. While some blamed outside forces, most of those who watched her suffering from above thought it was well earned.

After that, it was difficult to rally, Earth put out a plea for aid, and some colonists responded, but their vision was outward in the solar system and not inward. The news relays were full of stories and images of the decay, as diseases came more often and violence increased. Those who visited Earth left with a shudder of dismay and a healthy appreciation for their parents who had brought them to a better world.

Suddenly into the news came a few bright sparks, moments where mindless consumption stopped and changes were made. A housing project flourished here, a communal farming community there. Soon the sparks became recognizably attached to a name- Adam Premiere. He rose from seeming obscurity, and swiftly began to organize. Abruptly, imports from off planet, and the pollution that came with the heavy shuttles, were no longer welcomed. Large fines and import taxes bit into profit while exports of water and organic material, the genetic components that were routinely used for new growths off planet, were monitored the way diamonds and oil once had been.

Many times foreign negotiators came to speak with Adam Premiere, and felt confident they could make him see reason, but always they left agreeing to assist him, to accept his unions, or offering him outright aid.

Eventually, opponents brought in the heavy investigators and the biggest story of the first half of the millenium broke. Adam wasn't just any man; he was a genetically engineered Prime man, formed in a South American lab where the last great minds on Earth had gathered to find a solution.

The news rocked the three-world system, and outrage off planet was scathing. On Earth, it was already too late for what Adam had set into motion to stop. For once there were clean water trucks, and jobs for people. They didn't care if he was genetically engineered; they only knew that food could again be bought as more land was recovered. Adam had been bred in secret, bred to be charismatic, strong, smart, and bold; and there were more like him.

Slowly they began to appear, never more than a few in a country, rallying and forcing order. Populations began to move toward the centers these new leaders established and cities re-formed. Soon it was the counties without an Adam that had complaints. The distinctive red hair, bred into Adams of every nationality, dominated the floor of the international congress.

Countries began to flourish. The Adams won every election.

Laws on governance started to change too. Term limits were extended, and without realizing it a new aristocracy of red haired brotherhood arose. Scientists and engineers had been badly needed, and the swift growing Adams filled the niche nicely. People began to complain when they realized that the high paying, and high profile, jobs were filled by the brotherhood, but it was only among the perpetually discontent fringe elements. Democracies became monarchies, and some dim alarm grew.

Editorials rose wondering if Adam Premiere success had been a matter of good timing, with all the work done by people before him finally paying off. Sure, he was smart but how much could one person, or even two hundred people, do? In his old age, older than most, Adam kept to the same line. "Unlike you," he would say, "I know for what purpose I was created and who I serve."

In his last appearance, after a hundred years spent in the public eye, Adam visited the Vatican for the last time and stood before the crowd of cheering people. His voice was relayed to them, shaking with age but strong still with power. He spread visions of a great future, as he always had, and made people see what they needed to see. As his speech ended, his life too faded from his body. He leaned weakly against an advisor, and in the audience the vision of the future died with him. In its place, a terror of old age and death swept through them. Never had the realities of death been shared so clearly, shooting into the minds of the receptive crowd. Riots, fires, and

stoning destroyed parts of the city. The riot police, who hadn't been called out since the food and fuel riot several years before, maneuvered in full force.

Matching riots took place in the Motherland, the world's new capitol, where Adam had been flown following his speech. A city of pilgrimage, its dusty streets had been bathed with blood yet again.

The next day papers were filled with news of the riots, and comments from the people who had been there. Three hundred people had died that night, some at the precise moment Adam's heart had finally stopped. The miracle angle of the story ended when an elderly woman, widow of one of the original Adam-project scientists, stepped forward and told her husband's guilty secret.

Adam had been a man of unusual abilities, and one of those had been his charisma. This charisma quotient, as they had chosen to call it, had really been a measurement of his telepathic abilities, and Adam had been off the chart as a sender. A true visionary, the tools they had bred into him had allowed him to share, force, and even drive that vision into the people around him.

“(The Adams) are not like you and me,” she said in her tell-all interview, “they don't have human emotions like we do. They don't care what you're thinking or feeling. I would meet them as children, beautiful perfect little children, and they wouldn't laugh when I laughed. There was no connection there, not even among themselves. They'll turn on each other or on you,” she shrugged, “we tried to teach them loyalty because they didn't seem to have it built in. One little boy was terribly hurt, crying with a broken leg, and the others reacted by fixing him up, but they couldn't feel his pain. I just cried and cried while they strapped his leg down.

“But broadcasting, that they have always been able to do. Children have always wrapped their parents around their fingers but these little ones.” She would shake her head, “only my husband could resist them.”

People began to fear mind control; a few even began to wear tinfoil hats, although fashion being what it was it was hard to say what had caused the fad. Few admitted aloud to their fears, but more and more eyes turned away from tall red-haired figures on the streets or driving by.

Public opinion turned. Adams across the continents were ousted. Mothers stopped praying that they're children would have red hair, and sales of the dye dropped precipitously.

The Adams rallied, unable to believe that people could turn so quickly. Some refused to leave office, saying that they had been created for that purpose only. Others left in shock when they lost their elections, and a few even ended their own lives. In one terrible episode, an Adam jumped and a skyscraper full of people jumped with him. “I just had to,” said the survivors in bewildered voices.

There were still supporters, but as stories of those Adams that remained in office by force and coercion grew so did the anti-Adam movement. Some Adam leaders embezzled funds to live on

once they were out of office, as now seemed inevitable. Too, once people saw nations prosper under other leaders, leaders who weren't bred stronger, smarter, or telepathic, people just like themselves, the mystique of the Adams ended. Critics who had pompously prophesied that these nations would fail quickly retracted. Instead, the Adams were deported and systematically denied immigration rights. They had no homeland that would claim them and no birthright to fall back on. The labs where they had been created were destroyed.

Finally, the remaining Adams gathered on an island. The media tried to portray it as self-imposed exile, but the Adams knew the bitter truth. They wrote a beautiful treatise on their plight, brilliant like everything they did. It only served to remind people of the educations they had received at governmental expense.

The situation came to a head when conditions began to worsen. Governments strained to accept swift reorganizations. So many new leaders at once meant inexperienced hands at the reins. Graft and nepotism increased. Too, the newly headless countries often came under contention for a successor, and internal strife turned into open warfare. For the first time, countries had enough resources, people, and recognizable borders to wage wars. The Adams watched from the sidelines as their governments toppled and their nations disappeared.

The Royals rose to power with sudden, swift timing. Their actions were decisive and power consolidated smoothly. Rumors that they could see the future spread but were unconfirmed. The remains of humanity contracted into pockets on the face of the earth, and over all of them reigned the all-knowing Royals. Biotech was outlawed, communication with the colonies cut off, and checkpoints set up to test for the last of the Adams.

But nothing dies easily, least of all the Adams.

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This accompanies the full length novel *Fractured Horizon* by H.E. Roulo

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