

Habib's Dangerous Idea

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Chapter One

In the time of the Fifth False Global Warming Epoch, when governments, the four remaining, were no better, nor worse than those in power on the suburban Moon or city-states of Mars and Venus; when the Earth's population staggered to recover after 40% decimation from the escaped laboratory genetic microbe virus called 'Lucy'; there came a day when a lowly customer service scribe in Illusion Media's Entertainment Enlightenment Repository believed he had found a new idea, a concept as dazzling as it was revolutionary as all creative ideas had been identified and categorized nearly 750 years before and today were readily available at the Repository, for a minimum licensing fee.

Habib O'Brian Garcia, worked as a Sixth Rank Viewer, in the Repository's cavernous sub-basement, toiling the last ten years scribing requests by customers for all forms of ideas whether entertainment, educational, or business. Since no idea was new, and all creative thought lay secure within the data base before him at his computer work station, he could quickly identify what a customer sought, fill in the correct form, and upload the material for the prescribed fee. In this process the customer

would not see the back-up sourcing where each idea traced lineage back to its origin in the dust of early civilizations. These Repository's files revealed ideas were used over and over, in various twists of interpretation, to the point all originality ceased to exist.

The discovery that mankind's creative intelligence had definable boundaries meant any idea used, therefore was re-use. The West Government reacted first and legislated ownership over all existing ideas as a lucrative method for their bureaucratic budgets to raise needed Euro-Yen funds, then the world's currency. This occurred in the Fourth Epoch, known as the Coke™ Asteroids Strike when the heavens rained fireballs and destroyed the Middle East, a tragedy with unforeseen results, in that religion became irrelevant and dropped from favor to non-essential, since it seemed apparent, as God visibly demonstrated, whatever one called it--Judgment, Revelation, Armageddon or End of Days—would not be all-inclusive, instead more a selective process; first, by the annihilation of all Chosen Ones who had migrated to the region; second, His return with the Lucy virus to eradicate all weak and ill people, and those with hereditary genes susceptible to anodal snoring.

Though the West Government maintained ownership over all re-cycled ideas, a factor harboring deep jealousy among the North, South, and

East world governments, over the decades, the West Government relinquished day-to-day operational control to the Illusion Media Corporation, IIMedCo, the monopoly which controlled all forms of entertainment and news dissemination. With IIMedCo in management oversight the Entertainment Enlightenment Repository generated great cash flow, prized as an essential asset by both government and the media conglomerate.

It should be noted, as reference, by the Fifth Epoch the citizenry had no use for paper books or newspapers. Whatever people wanted could be obtained on-line, downloadable, at the Repository or by merely walking down the street, plucking from the air neon ether tidbits, floating mini headlines of government-sanctioned subject matter. Seeking materials readable one grabbed a Floater and pasted it to specially designed glasses. For audio, the drifting story thread would be grabbed and stuffed in the ear, one time use, and free. Advertising crept out to the mind via subliminal whispers or mili-second flashes to the eyeball. Such technology advancement created surprising benefits. Without wood pulp sourcing, a massive reforestation of the earth occurred, forests crowded out deserts, and jungle parks appeared in every city and hamlet. Fresh oxygen from trees and plants offset pollutants, smog already limited as most energy supplied came

from the magnetizing of hydrogen or concentrated solar cells, the latter lasting up to six months in storage. One fist-sized solar battery powered the winter energy needs of five dwelling units. Of course all remaining electrical or small appliance usage operated on nuclear microchips. At this point, as a reference comparison, the surviving world population could live up to 118 years provided, if during their lifetimes, usually when Wal-mart mandated sales occurred, people rebuilt themselves to more than 70% enhanced appendages and organs.

Habib O'Brian Garcia did not come to his Original Idea sitting at his computer terminal in his grey-bare work station, lost among the thousands of other IIMedCo employees. True, when occasional free moments occurred, he fought boredom by challenging the Repository Mainframe to odd combinations of hypotheses, synopsis, and incoherent babble – all proven to have been used in the past, in entertainment primarily, yet with several attributions to doctoral thesis or political speeches.

The Original Idea came to him while he held in his arms his second wife, Natasha Ishido, who sought him out for his tenderness and understanding hugs, to relieve her stress headaches, preferring comfort to sweat sex she might initiate from Calvin Malacca, her third husband, a

marketing executive whose animal product company had introduced two centuries back the widely popular DNA generated Mastodon steak line.

“I have an idea,” said Habib.

“You have said that before,” responded Natasha, snuggling into his chest. Of her four husbands, ‘Ha-baby’ as she endeared him, micro lasered his body free of germs daily, oiling himself with gardenia-coconut lotion. Her other husbands emanated fragrances of garlic, chilies, or peed asparagus smells.

“No,” said Habib, rubbing her back, his mind elsewhere. “This idea has unique traits. I have never seen it in the Berkshire-Google searches on the Repository database. I think it would make a great plot, a new original visual book.”

“You’ve said the Repository holds a Quadrillion ideas to the 5th power. Everyone knows a new idea does not exist. And if so, who would care, with so many other choices?” She paid little attention to another of her husband’s constant and futile daydreams and within seconds drifted off to his touch, her own dream of steamy sex on a distant island with multiple partners, Habib not among the writhing participants.

Perhaps, Habib O'Brian Garcia should not have been too open in revealing his conjecture as to a possible Original Idea. Two events foreshadowed calamitous days ahead where his life faced jeopardy.

Natasha Ishido, in a light moment of unimportant banter pre-coitus, mentioned to third husband Clyde of second husband Habib's foolish belief he had uncovered an Original Idea. She laughed at such silliness. Clyde did not share her mirth. As a paid informant to the West Government's "Protectors of Social Norms," he saw it as his duty to forward on such information, ludicrous as it sounded, hoping this idle gossip would help fill up his weekly report to his section warden.

A second more serious incident occurred by Habib confiding in his co-worker, Lorenzo Edengate, a man recently immigrated from across the lower Atlantic's land bridge from the South Government's jurisdiction, under a temporary worker's visa. When both were on their mandated Protein break and having their eyes dilated and brush scrubbed to prevent Lazy Eye Syndrome, Habib wondered aloud, "Do you think IIMedCo would pay a finder's fee for someone who discovers an Original Idea?"

"Your government owns all ideas."

"Old ones, yes, not any new one. A discoverer could seek a patent. A fresh idea should have value."

Lorenzo thought Habib must again be at his simple chatter. Many times they played such ‘what ifs’.

“How do you know it has never been used? If you ran it through the Repository, alarm bells and whistles would sound, and instead of winning one of the ten thousand lotteries, they would probably cart you off and steal the idea for themselves.”

“One doesn’t have to run the entire idea to see a possibility, merely key fragments. If they score less than five historic repetitions, chances are, like a lottery, the entire idea sequence might not have ever been used.”

Lorenzo studied his associate and friend. Were they playing the ‘what if’ game? Or was this more serious in possibilities?

“Say, you ran these fragments, sentences, whatever. How many had low Historic Repetitions?”

“Four out of Six word splices, with two groupings independently showing less than five Repetitions.” Meaning an idea used only five times in recorded history. Most ideas registered hits of hundreds of thousands Historic Repetitions, if not millions.

“Wow. Extreme non-use.” Lorenzo looked to his co-worker, concerned.

“Is that why the Supervisor has been hovering near us?”

Habib shrugged a casual so-what, a little naïve to such ramifications.

“I would not run the entire idea coupled up. You might be right. The upper office would swoop down and take away my chance at wealth.”

“I don’t think money should be your worry. Holding onto your job takes precedence. Focus on your customer orders, not typing in random fragments.”

“Lately, money worries have me under pressure. How you do it with three wives, Lorenzo, I can’t fathom? And two without supporting husbands. My three wives in total have eight husbands, including myself. Two of my wives hold decent corporate jobs. And yet, my paycheck is snapped up for their communal usage, and I am left with a paltry Euro-Yen allowance, hardly enough for the Pleasure Bars.”

“Well, forget finding an Original Idea. Others said they had one, and it proved untrue, and they were still terminated, or went missing. No good comes from false hope.”

After this conversation ended all things should have gone back to normal, to the drudge of work, had not Lorenzo joked with another co-worker, who in turn, passing the Supervisor, amplified the story, asking in awe if Habib O’Brian Garcia discovered an Original Idea.

The next day, exhausted from his second wife's recriminating whine that he, as her first husband, never received a promotion, lacked ambition to seek out a Grade-Three Senior Viewer position, thus locking in a higher pay-grade, such his weariness Habib missed the hover-craft bus to the Repository, delaying him ten minutes to his check in, a certain docking in pay. Lorenzo noticing his friend's absence, a seldom occurrence, saw Habib's rushed arrival down the long corridor of laboring workers, and doing a favor, leaned around the cubicle, to tap in Habib's entry code of appearance. Habib's work station exploded.

Distraught and shaken at such an industrial accident causing the loss of one of his few friends, Habib teary-eyed stumbled out of the building, as IIMedCo security and medical response personnel rushed to the scene. He lost track of time as he walked the streets in a daze, ignoring the swirling human and robot masses. He did not remember how he found himself back at his apartment block. He stopped. In the street in front of his building several official cars parked haphazardly. An argument ensued between various stern men, one group in grey business suits, the other in black uniforms. All wore sunglasses and all armed with Stun Tasers, the only officially sanctioned weapons. Habib recognized the Security Guards of IIMedCo and the Federal Police of West Government. What was happening?

Habib's eyes opened wide, realizing they were shouting for turf jurisdiction. For what purpose? One officer pointed his Stun Taser toward the building. They were there for him.

Habib understood in rising fear. Within his mind he held an Original Idea, not seen or heard for over the past Two False Global Warming Epochs. Such a commodity must have untold value, if he lived long enough to figure out how to exploit his find. His first major mistake: greed in a common man overwhelms.

Habib O'Brian Garcia took off running.