

The Helios

by
N.J. Matthews

Other Books by
NJ Matthews

The Murder Mystery Series

Singularity
The Sophia
The Sign of Nun
Wee Johnnie Norrie

The Young Adult Series

Perusia
Kush

Visit the website at www.murderclub.com or the blog at
www.murderclub.blogspot.com

The Helios

Copyright © 2011 NJ Matthews

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner without prior written permission except in the case of brief quotations embodied in reviews,

Author's Note: This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. And any resemblance to actual persons living or dead, events or locales is entirely coincidental

ISBN 978-09868022-2-5

Hephaestus, it is you that must heed the commands the Father laid upon you to nail this malefactor to the high craggy rocks in fetters unbreakable of adamantine chain. For it was your flower, the brightness of fire that devises all, that he stole and gave to mortal men.

-Aeschylus

Chapter 1

The Air Terminal was in semi-darkness the only illumination came from battery powered emergency lights that cast a strange green hue on everything it touched.

The back up generators must have failed, he thought.

He continued to run in the eerie half light. He was going to be late and miss his flight. He ran faster, his heart pounded and his chest ached. Panic clutched at him as he struggled to see the overhead signs but the signs weren't working.

"How will I ever find my departure gate?"

He had no choice but to continue to run and hope somehow that he would find his way.

"Where is everybody? There's no one else but me here. What's happened? Some kind of disaster, terrorists maybe."

The only noise was his shoes as they struck the terrazzo floor. He stopped, suddenly it struck him.

"How do I know I'm late when I have no idea of my destination? What the hell is happening to me?"

He looked up ahead and saw something in the gloom.

"There's somebody up there. Maybe he can help me."

He raced towards the figure trying to call out to him, but no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't make a sound. As he got closer he could see that it was an old man, he looked oddly familiar. The man turned and smiled as the runner put his hand out to touch him. Just as he did, all of the emergency lighting failed plunging the terminal into total darkness.

He began to fall into what seemed an abyss. His body tumbled, he was disoriented, his stomach heaved, there was no up or down, there was nothing just blackness. Panic seized him, he spread his arms and legs in a vain effort to somehow stabilize his body. Nothing helped.

"I'm going to die," he cried out.

Chapter 2

Just as the words escaped his lips it happened. A brilliant flash of light. It came from above, directly over his head. So bright that he was temporarily blinded. He was now motionless laying on a bed.

Slowly he opened his eyes and after a time he could see that he was on a bed, in a room.

“Am I in a hospital? Perhaps.”

He lifted his right arm and was surprised to see shackles fastening him to the bed frame. As was his left arm.

“What the hell is this? Who has done this to me?”

He looked around the room. Aside from the bed it contained two chairs, a small table and little else. There were two doors but no windows. He didn't know what time of day it might be nor just exactly where he was.

One of the doors opened. A large bald man entered and came towards him.

“Where am I and who are you?”

The big man said nothing.

“I asked you a question.”

“You asked me two.”

“Answer me. I demand it.”

“You not in a position to demand anything.”

“Who is in charge of this, this...”

“Sanatorium.”

“Why have I been brought here?” I have rights.”

The man ignored the statement and said.

“I've come to allow you to prepare for your breakfast meal.”

He reached down to unlock the shackles from the bed frame.

“Why am I shackled? I demand that you remove the shackles from me.”

“I said, you are in no position to make demands.”

“What's your name?”

The big man took the manacles and pulled him to his feet.

“My name is Horst and you have been shackled for your own protection.”

“My own protection? That’s absurd.”

“The doctor doesn’t think so.”

“What doctor?”

“Your doctor of course.”

“I have no doctor.”

“You do now.”

Horst led him to the washroom and switched on the light. He followed without resistance and was fastened to a stanchion to the left of the sink.

“Release me immediately. How do you expect me wash up with only one hand?”

“The chain is long enough for you to relieve yourself and wash afterward. Call me when you have finished.”

The door closed behind him. He stood looking at himself in the mirror. He was stunned. He didn't recognize the face that looked back at him.

“Am I losing my mind?”

He moved his hand over the face tracing features that could not remember.

There was a knock at the washroom door.

“Your meal is here.”

Horst entered and unlocked the manacle. The patient was led to the table and was secured to his chair.

There was no knife or fork, only a spoon.

He held up the spoon and asked.

“Aren’t you afraid that I might attack you?”

“The precautions are for your protection not mine.”

“I am not some kind of lunatic you know. I demand you release me,” he said angrily.

“Arrogance has always been the way of the privileged.”

“I’m sorry if I seem arrogant, perhaps you can understand my shock at waking up in this place. Can we start again?”

“As you wish.”

“Would you please tell me where I am?”

“Geographically you are in the Swiss Alps.”

“And this place?”

“I’ve already told you. This is a Sanatorium.”

“What’s it called?”

“The Melkenfarb Institute.”

The egg yolk slipped off the spoon and he was unable to catch it before it slipped to the floor.

“How many inmates are here.”

“No inmates only patients. You are the only one at this time.”

“Who had me sent here?”

“I do not know.”

“Do you know why I’m here?”

“No.”

“Can you give me a hint?”

“Aberrant behaviour I would think. That’s your doctor’s specialty at any rate.”

“Who is this doctor you keep referring to?”

“You will find out soon enough. He will be with you shortly.”

When he had finished what was left of his breakfast, Horst left with the dishes. He looked at his surroundings.

“Comfortable enough but stark - no windows. I could be anywhere. But he did say the Swiss Alps. But why?”

He stood and attempted to move his chair only to find it bolted to the floor. He stood up. The chains limited his movement. His only option was to sit back down.

“This is ridiculous. This is the way a dangerous

inmate would be treated not someone like me. I must think. Where was I before this? How did I get here?"

His back was to the door. He heard it open and turned.

A small man smiled at him and extended his hand as he moved towards him. He had a short white beard that framed his face. The light reflected off his balding head.

"My name is Henrik Stern," said the doctor. "Doctor Henrik Stern and you are?"

It was only then that he realized that he didn't know his own name. Stern took the chair opposite as he waited for a response.

"Please tell me your name?"

"I can't seem to remember."

Stern looked at him and said, "I'm sure it will come back to you. In the meantime I will address you by your file number. For the time being you will be '201'."

"You mean I'm nothing but a cypher."

The doctor smiled and reached over to touch his hand.

"It's only temporary. Once we have dealt with the trauma, you should recover your memory."

"Trauma? What trauma?"

"Precisely. That's what we're here to find out. You were in quite a state when you arrived here. It was necessary for us to tranquilize you to calm you down."

"How long have I been here?"

"Six days."

"How did I get here?"

"You were referred here by the Magistrate in Zurich. He has asked for a report on your condition before proceeding with your hearing."

“My hearing?”

“Yes. Regarding your altercation at the airport in Zurich. You don't remember?”

“No I don't. I demand to see a lawyer.”

“You will not be prevented from having representation at the hearing. However, if there is a reasonable explanation for your behaviour, it may be that you will be released with a simple admonishment.”

“How can I give a reasonable explanation when I don't know what it is I'm supposed to have done?”

“Exactly. That is why we must work together to establish what caused you to act as you did.”

“Doctor you must know what the charges are, tell me.”

Stern removed his steel rimmed glasses and polished them with his tie and said.

“You are facing a charge of assault against an Immigration Official at the airport.”

“That's a lie. I did no such thing.”

Stern looked at him and said, “Unfortunately for you '201', there are three witnesses that will testify otherwise. One is the official you assaulted the other two are security guards. For what purpose would they lie?”

“What do you want from me? You tell me these things and I tell you I have no recollection. What do you expect me to do?”

The doctor smiled and looked at the man.

“I see only two options. Either you are lying about your memory loss, or, you are truly suffering from some form of amnesia. My task is to determine which case is true and transmit these findings to the Magistrate. I will need your help in either case.”

The man thought for a moment and then asked

Stern. "In cases like this wouldn't it be just a case assessing a fine and perhaps post a bond of some sort? Why have I been singled out for this treatment?"

"What you say might be true except for the fact that the altercation occurred in an airport. Heightened security because of potential terrorism increases tension among all concerned. That lowers the tolerance threshold of such an occurrence."

The man slumped in his chair.

"Why don't you just simply tell me who I am. The Magistrate must have sent some kind of file to you. Just tell me who I am."

"If you are suffering from amnesia, the shock of suddenly giving you this information might cause significant psychological damage."

"I will take that chance."

"It's not yours to take," said Stern.

"Then what are you proposing?" Asked '201'.

"I would like you to answer a series of questions. For example, what kind of work you do?"

"I think... I'm not sure, but business of some kind I think."

"That's a start. Very good."

"If you say so."

"Can you tell me if you are married?"

He caught his breath as an image flashed in his head.

A woman - a beautiful woman - but with a hardness in the eyes.

"Did you hear me? Are you married?"

"I don't think so. Maybe once."

"It seems you once wore a wedding ring. Divorced?"

He looked down at his left hand, at the ring finger. No ring but a mark still there.

“It looks like it.”

“Do you have any children?”

“No.”

“You answered that rather quickly. Can you be so sure?”

“Yes, that I know.”

“Interesting. Now let’s return to your work. Where is this business?”

“I need to use the washroom. Please release me from these shackles.”

“I can’t do that. I’ll ring for Horst.”

“Why can’t you do that? I’m not a danger to anyone.”

“Because it is against protocol.”

Horst entered and Stern said.

“He needs to use the washroom.”

After relieving himself, he looked in the mirror.

“Who in the hell are you? Why can’t I remember? What have I done that’s resulted in this mess?”

As he returned to the room Stern seemed ready to leave.

“I think it might be appropriate if we take a break at this point. You seem very stressed and it won’t do to have you regress further.”

“Regress? I haven’t regressed.”

“I think you have. Something has occurred in your life that you find necessary to suppress. We won’t make any progress until we expose it and you deal with it. Perhaps you are repressing that information. Is it possible that you’ve something to hide?”

“I’ve nothing to hide.”

“How can you be sure of that, if you don’t even know your name?”

“I want out of here? I want to get to a lawyer.”

“You will have ample opportunity to speak with a lawyer once my assessment is complete. However, the only means of transportation out of here is by donkey cart. It’s a twenty kilometer distance over very rough terrain, the donkey is safest.”

“What about you and the others here, like Horst, do you travel by donkey cart too?”

“On occasion, but the staff live in and seldom go into town.”

“Sounds boring.”

“Not at all, this is a beautiful place, very scenic.”

“I’d like to see it, please free me from these shackles.”

“I’m very sorry but that’s not possible. It would be against...”

“Yes, yes, against protocol.”

“I’m glad you understand.”

“How long do you propose to hold me like this?”

“Until you have been assessed.”

“Assessed for what?”

“That is exactly what I’m trying to find out.”

“I don’t believe you. I want a lawyer.”

“You think I’m lying to you? Tell me, why do you think I would lie?” Asked Stern.

“Because someone told you to.”

“Someone? I don’t understand what you’re saying.”

“There is someone behind all of this. I know it.”

“Paranoia, a symptom I’ve missed apparently,” Stern said.

“I am not here willingly. So why wouldn’t I be suspicious?”

“Tell me about this 'someone'.”

“I’m trying to remember.”

Stern looked at his patient and wondered. “*I seem to have lost his attention. It’s as though his*

mind has left this place.”

“Are you all right?”

“Yes, yes, I’m fine. What day is it?”

“Why it’s Thursday.”

“And the date?”

“It’s April 23rd, why do you ask.”

“How long have I been here?”

“Six days as I have already told you.”

“Six days? And nothing on the news about my disappearance?”

“Why would your disappearance, as you call it, warrant any news coverage? Besides, we have neither television or access to the Internet here.”

“Why not?”

“The ‘powers that be’ decided it would an intrusion into the tranquility of this place and would disturb our work. Consequently, we labour without such distractions. It’s another one of our protocols.”

“But as a man of science how do you consult with your peers, how do you stay current?”

“The old fashioned way,” said Stern.

“I don’t understand.”

We have an annual conclave here. The leading people in our field come and present papers. We hold discussions just as it was in the old days.”

“That seems most inefficient.”

“Not really, it gives us all time to think. And after all - that’s what this place is all about - thinking.”

“But what if an emergency occurs? Surely you must have a means of reaching the outside world.”

“Well, the Mayor of the village does possess a satellite telephone. However, the problem would be, does he still know how to use it? Even if he does, it would take sometime for any kind of response. I’m afraid we are all somewhat fatalistic when it comes

to emergencies. We just make do.”

“I can’t believe all this. You’re telling me that no one in the world, aside from you, knows of my whereabouts?”

“Well of course, the Magistrate knows. Perhaps if we continued our discussions into your past we might find something that would trigger the restoration of your memory. Do you feel up to it? Or should we take a break as I’ve just suggested”

“Ask what you want.”

* * *

The Caerus head office seemed more like a University Campus than the location one of the world’s largest corporations. Ranker smiled as he walked across the quadrangle towards the research building. This was one of his favourite places. He had been out of touch with most of the people at Head Office because of his African trip. It felt good to be back in this reality.

His first contact would be Peter Cognos. As the Director of Research and development he was not just a key player in the firm, he was also a personal friend. At least that’s how Ranker considered his relationship with the irascible scientist.

Cognos was born deformed, with a hump on his back and a club foot. His face was lop-sided, a condition that caused most people to think he was leering at them when he was involved in conversation. Ranker was fascinated with Cognos’s brilliance and seemed unaware of any physical shortcomings.

Cognos was exactly where Ranker expected him to be, in the lab. White coat and all. He was tinkering with a rectangular box on one of the

benches. It was late in the day and the rest of the staff had left.

“Hello Peter. Don’t you have a home?”

“Oh, Theo, I might ask the same of you. What brings you down here?”

“Hadn’t heard from you in a while, just wanted to make sure you were still here.”

“Not to worry Theo, I haven’t had a better offer than this one.” He paused. “At least not yet.”

Ranker ignored the jibe.

“What’s that you’ve got there?”

“Just a little something that will change the world... maybe.”

He slid down from the wooden stool and asked.

“Want a drink?”

“Why not.”

Cognos led the way to his office and once inside he said.

“Close the door. I don’t want the janitor to know where I hide the scotch.”

Ranker did as he was asked. He turned to see Cognos place the 20-year-old scotch on his desk. Then as he sat in his swivel chair – he used both hands to lift his clubfoot up onto the desk.

“Would you mind pouring Theo. This leg of mine is killing me. The glasses are over by the sink. No ice I’m afraid.”

“You never have ice. Why don’t you order a bar fridge?”

“Zack would have a ‘bird’ if he saw that expense go across his desk.”

“Come on Peter, you don’t really believe that he looks at anything that small.”

He returned with the glasses and said, “With scotch like this, we don’t need any water. Unless you want some Pete.”

“Tell me Theo, why has our esteemed Vice-President come down here to see me?”

“Do I need a reason? I haven’t seen you in weeks.”

“I’ve been here.”

“Well, I’ve been busy - stuff going on in Ethiopia - you know what it’s like.”

“Yeah, yeah, the world traveler. While I sit here just tinkering, going nowhere.”

“Poor Peter, you know you wouldn’t have it any other way. What did you mean out there about changing the world.”

“Oh that. Just a little something I’ve been working on.”

“That’s all you’re going to tell me?”

“If I say too much Zack might cut my budget.”

“Why, is it a government job?”

“No, it just might be a little sensitive right now.”

“But you get paid for new developments. Why would Zack cut your budget?”

“Let’s just drop it Theo. I don’t want to talk about it.”

“Why don’t you tell me what this is all about. Perhaps I can help.”

“In time Theo, in time.”

“If you don’t trust me, forget it.”

“Don’t go all huffy, have another drink.”

* * *

Ranker knocked on the door. There was no response. He knocked louder, still nothing. He tried the door handle, the door opened.

The light from the hallway pierced the darkness within the apartment. He groped for a light switch.

“Perhaps I should just leave. But after that strange phone call, I can’t. I need to see that he’s all right. Maybe there’s

nothing wrong. But then why is the door not locked and why that strange call?"

He flipped the switch. This was the first time Ranker had ever been in Cognos's home. Now he could understand why. What should have been the living room, was in fact a laboratory. Cognos lived just as he worked. Surrounded by computers, test equipment and other devices, the purpose of which, Ranker could only guess at.

The only piece of furniture except for several three legged stools, was a reclining chair. Workbenches covered two walls. On the third wall was hung a huge blackboard, on it were symbols and formulae that meant absolutely nothing to Ranker.

He looked down the hallway and saw a blinking red light near the end. He moved in that direction and called out.

"Peter, are you here? It's me Theo."

There was no response. There was a room to the right just before the blinking light. It was in darkness. Ranker found a switch just inside the door and flicked it on.

The room represented the other part of Peter Cognos's life, the bar. It was as well stocked as any commercial bar he'd ever been in. The furniture was arranged in the fashion of a conversation 'pit'.

In the middle of the 'pit' lay a body.

He moved towards it in apprehension. He saw the clubfoot, it was Cognos.

He knelt beside him and touched his neck feeling for a pulse.

"He's alive. Has he had a seizure?"

He turned the body over and peered into the ugliness that was Cognos's face. Then Ranker could smell the booze and see the puddle of puke on the floor.

"Son of a bitch! He's drunk and a goddamn good thing he was laying on his stomach when he threw up. Otherwise, he might well be dead by now."

He shook his comatose friend, gently at first, then almost violently. Cognos groaned and said something unintelligible.

"What did you say?"

No answer so he shook him again.

"Answer me dammit."

"No need to shout. I said I need a drink."

"Peter, you're soused. What's all this about?"

"Get me a drink and I'll tell you."

Ranker went to bar, found some soda water and poured it in a glass.

“Here.”

Cognos took a sip and spat it out.

“What kind of crap are you giving me?”

“Soda Water.”

“I said a drink,” he struggled to his feet and staggered to the bar. He poured himself a half a glass of straight scotch.

“This is your scotch you know. I can’t pronounce the friggin’ stuff. Just go ahead and help yourself.”

“Peter, do you have any idea what time it is?”

“Time, what’s time? Does anyone really know?”

“Yeah I do, it’s 3:00 o’clock in the morning.”

“Good of you to come by,” he said as he missed the sofa and sat with a thud on the floor.

“Come into my conversation ‘pit’ and converse with me.”

“You’re drunk.”

Cognos cocked his head, he closed one eye and said.

“I’ll have you know that I do some of my best work when I’m pissed. It’s a great way to eliminate the self-doubt. But then I don’t suppose that someone like you has ever experienced self-doubt.”

“You’re not making any sense. What is it you want from me? Why did you call?”

“What do I want? What do I want? Let’s see now what is it? Oh yes, I remember. I want the Nobel Prize for Physics.” He took a long pull at his drink.

“Good for you, but I’m afraid there’s nothing I can do about that.”

“That may be true for now Theo, but things change.”

“You’re not making any sense.”

“Have a drink with me then you may see more clearly.”

Ranker heaved a sigh. He poured himself a stiff shot of Lophraig and flopped into a chair across from Cognos.

“What is it that you think I can’t see Peter?”

“What do you know about parallel universes?”

“What?”

“Not much I gather. Wait, I need another drink and then I will enlighten you.”

He staggered to the bar and emptied the bottle into his glass. He returned this time managing to hit the sofa.

“Not to worry my friend, there’s lot’s more where that came from. Now where were we? Ah yes parallel universes. I

take it you are unfamiliar with a branch of science known as Quantum Physics?"

"You take right."

"Your interest underwhelms me. But I shall proceed. This branch of science holds that the world we inhabit is but one of many such worlds. All that we are is duplicated in a parallel universe in a dimension that may be a mere millimeter away from where we now stand."

"Sounds like crap to me."

"My friend 'tis true. In fact that's where I was visiting when you broke into my apartment."

"Piss off Cognos, you were drunk on the floor, And I didn't break in, the door was unlocked."

"The typical response of the legal mind. How is it you can conjure up the vision of a legal concept that does not exist anywhere except in the mind yet you cannot accept a parallel universe?"

"Enough of all this crap. Why did you call me?"

"I told you, I want the Nobel Prize."

"You need to sober up."

"I'm deadly serious. Look at me. While you'll never say it, I will. Am I not the ugliest specimen you've ever seen? I have a hunchback, a clubfoot and a face not even a mother could love. I have only my brain that sets me above others. I should at least be acknowledged for that."

"You want to be recognized by your peers."

"No, I want to recognized by the world."

"How do you propose to have that happen?"

"Theo, you are the closest thing I have to a friend in this world. Even saying such a thing requires a monumental assumption on my part. Can any of us dare to declare what a friend is? But leaving that for a moment, if you are truly a friend then I believe that you can do this thing for me."

"Peter perhaps we should leave this discussion to another day."

"I'm not drunk, just shattered."

"I don't understand Peter, what is it."

They sat silent for a time before Cognos continued.

"What I'm about to tell you will seal your fate as a conspirator. Even if nothing comes of it."

"Tell me Peter." But his friend had nodded off to sleep.

"Peter wake-up. Have this coffee."

Ranker kicked at his friend's good leg.

“Get up you drunk. I’ve got to leave soon.”

Cognos stirred and rolled over and looked up at Ranker.

“No need to be abusive. I was having a pleasant dream.”

He reached for the coffee and sipped tentatively.

“You got a Tylenol?”

Ranker ignored him and said.

“You were about tell me about some kind of conspiracy.

Then you fell into a stupor in mid-sentence. What the hell were you going to tell me?”

“Such anger Theo. Why are you so belligerent?”

“Jesus Peter. You wake me in the middle of the night and demand that I come over here. I arrive to find you pissed out of your mind. Why wouldn’t I be angry? Now tell me what’s at the root of all this.”

“Let me get up.”

He struggled to his feet. Ranker handed him his cane and took his cup.

“May I have another cup?” Cognos asked timidly. “I’m sorry Theo. I shouldn’t have bothered you but you are the only one I feel I can trust.”

“So tell me what this is about Peter.”

“I have made a major scientific breakthrough something that has never been done before. Not only have I made a major discovery but I’ve been able to create an application based on this discovery that could revolutionize the world.”

“Peter I think you’re still high.”

“Perhaps I am, but not on booze. Come and I will show you something that will blow your mind.”

He struggled to his feet and made his way into the hallway. Ranker could see a cabinet of some sort. It was sitting on a small table. A blinking red light and two digital displays were on the front of whatever this device was.

“And you say this box is going to change the world?” Ranker asked skeptically.

“It’s not just a box. I call it ‘The Helios’. When I explain it to you I’m sure you will agree.”

“I’m not much on science Peter.”

“You don’t need to know how it works. However, when I explain what it is capable of, you’ll understand.”

“Go on.”

“This device is currently producing 200 Amperes of electrical power by collecting electrons from a source that until now has been unavailable to us. It has no moving parts

and is totally benign. There's no radiation. You must admit, that it is a marvel."

Ranker's mind raced. If it were anybody but Cognos, he wouldn't believe what he was hearing. There was no doubt that Peter was a genius. He had the track record to prove it. He had inspired most of the major technological developments at Caerus.

"I don't understand. What makes it work?"

"Theo, just accept that it does. Without a thorough grounding in Quantum Physics you wouldn't understand my explanation. However in fairness to you, most others won't either."

"And you are sure that it is as you've said completely benign?"

"Absolutely."

"Peter this is a remarkable achievement but I can't understand what has made you so miserable. You should be celebrating instead of being in despair. What's wrong?"

"Think about it Theo. This development would mean an end to the world's addiction to hydrocarbons. It would eliminate global warming. There would be no further need for hydro-electric dams. Electricity could be provided to the most remote areas of the world. Places without an electrical grid infrastructure can be serviced. The electric car would become a reality without mileage limitations. The Industrial Revolution would be nothing in comparison."

Ranker was aware as he listened to Cognos that he had just listed off almost all of the markets that Caerus Corporation was involved in. This development could render the existing company worthless.

"Did you discuss this development with Zack, Peter?"

"Now you touch on the nub of my problem."

"Then you haven't told him?"

"No."

"But you had to have a budget to be able to get as far as you have. How did you manage that, if you didn't tell him?"

"Just between you and I Peter. I padded other projects. I'm better with numbers than you may think. Besides, most of the work was theoretical. My brain works inexpensively.

"I've earned a very good income with Caerus and had little to spend it on. So I've also used some of my savings, primarily to book time on university super computers for some of the more complex calculations."

“Do you plan on telling him?”

“I don’t know. That’s why I called you.”

“You do remember that you’re under personal contract to Zack? Technically all of this work you’ve done belongs to him or at the very least to the Corporation.”

“I know that but there is something that worries me more.”

“What’s that?”

“That he will simply take all that I’ve done and just sit on it.”

“Sit on it?”

“Yes. I’m sure it hasn’t escaped you’re rather clever business mind that the ‘Helios’ is a direct threat to the very existence of today’s Caerus Corporation.”

“That’s true.”

“It is also true that I’m bound by a confidentiality agreement. I will never be allowed to even talk about this achievement.”

“But Peter the ‘Helios’ is also a tremendous business opportunity for Caerus. I doubt that he would be able to resist going to market with it.”

“Theo I don’t think you truly believe what you’re saying.”

“You may be right Peter. The cost of the transition would be overwhelming. The balance sheet of the company would be destroyed just by the asset write down let alone the lawsuits that would be triggered on uncompleted projects.”

“So you have a sense of my despair. No one is ever likely to know of my achievement at least not in my lifetime. My dream of the Nobel Prize really wasn’t so farfetched was it?”

“I understand your bitterness Peter. But the world is being deprived of something that could save mankind and raise up the poor everywhere.”

“You’re the only one I could think of Theo, who might know how to solve this dilemma. What can we do? Surely you can think of something?”