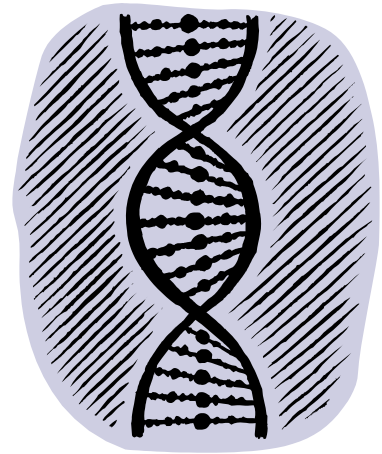


# Science Fiction

*Chris Blyth*



It had been years. Stuck, buried underground after the body that carried me passed away. It had been hundreds of years since I was buried from the life of luxury I knew as a king of England. The world I had known had been one of castles, banquets, royal occasions and rolling countryside outside of the cities. When I was uncovered, the world I found myself in was very different.

I am DNA, I make up part of the body of King Richard III. Being DNA, I have a hard phosphate backbone which has allowed me to survive years buried underground where the tissues have just decomposed. I contain a unique code passed to me by my parents and from me to my offspring.

When I was finally uncovered, the world was very different, tall, strange buildings, and everywhere covered in a strange grey surface and I didn't recognise a thing. I lay there for a day before being moved to another building. Here I was surrounded by people. They talked for a while and examined several parts of the skeleton that was left of me. Before long a new man came along with another implement and jabbed it towards me it engulfed me. It then started pulling, dragging me away from the rest of the bone before finally, I broke away. I was taken away to a different room where I was handed over to yet another person. I was really getting worried now.

I was dropped with this strange solution into a pan. I didn't know what was happening but then I started to get a strange feeling, tingling, building from the bottom of my strands. I couldn't work out what was happening it was strange but I recognised it from somewhere; and then I realised, I was being separated! This hadn't happened to me for years and years since I last replicated but somehow I didn't think this would be the same. I was breaking down faster now as the temperature grew. My hydrogen bonds were stubbornly trying to cling on fighting the energy trying to separate me but it was futile. One by one they broke and I started slowly but surely breaking down. Why were they doing this? I looked around trying to work out what was going on I saw many other strands of DNA some separated fully already some trying to hold on. But not all were the same as me. There were others, foreign strands which were somewhat familiar but not anything I had seen before.

Before long all of us, both ours and the other DNA had been separated and all of a sudden, the heating stopped and the cooling started. My nucleotides desperately wanted to grab something to bind to but it was still too hot. They just couldn't bond.

As the cooling continued, I found myself becoming more and more attracted to other strands. However, to my surprise, it was not only my own but the other strands. They seemed to have many bases that we were similar to. It was like it was an altered version of myself like... ..an ancestor! They were testing us to see if we were similar! As I realised this I suddenly felt myself attach to another strand. It felt remarkably similar even though there were a few differences. I was joined to this foreign strand.

Soon after, the heating started again. In much less time we started to break away with less heat, but not by that much. We were definitely related...