

The Monster Inside

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The looming structure of the Technicco Tower building overlooked the whole of western Russia, peaking at twenty thousand feet. It was the largest synthetic building ever built, and housed the private supplier of Technicco, Nathaniel Ushware, the illusive trillionaire behind the invention of the Triple Helix. It was the biggest breakthrough in scientific terms since the first man on Mars, and almost the most expensive. Nathaniel had spent over thirty billion US dollars on the project, the funds being spread equally over machinery, scientists, and test subjects. By no means did Nathaniel acquire his fortune from legal methods – he was the most successful human trafficker, extortionist, and blackmailer there was.

The whole project wasn't as smooth as planned, though. Three years into the project, a group of scientists threatened to go public with their findings if their demands of a million dollars each were not met.

They were the first live test subjects.

Nathaniel had his ways of collecting subjects, or 'voluntary patriots', as he called them. Hidden in every dark corner of each city, there would be several hundred people, suffering and slowly dying in poverty. Every now and then, a representative of Technicco would travel there and pick out a selection of the most appropriate candidates in return for a small share of money. Some volunteered themselves; others were volunteered by friends or family; others were just plain suicidal. The only thing certain was that none returned.

The experiments that went on inside the Technicco facility were kept surprisingly quiet; the government never seemed to miss a few starving orphans.

What people didn't know was that the Triple Helix hadn't been perfected, and when each new strand was injected into the 'voluntary patriots', it mutated them into deranged maniacs, a select few with superhuman abilities. Quelling the riots and repairing the damage caused by these superhuman beings was expensive, but to Nathaniel, it was vital. He wasn't concerned about the cost of the project; in his eyes, the work he was doing was fascinating and worth all the trouble.

After all, he was basically creating a new strand of life.

Would he ever perfect it? Most likely. What he would use it for, he would probably never know. Would it be useful? It was hard to tell. Would it be dangerous? That would be certain. At this stage, it is the silent killer. The creature under the bed.

The monster inside.