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# Six Trillion Dollar Man

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## Unnatural Selection

**D. and S. Birks**  
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Editing contributions by Daniel Birks

Abstract: An allegory of modern science.

*We are stardust, billion-year-old carbon, we are caught in the devil's bargain  
And we got to get ourselves back to the garden*

*Slammed with work today. But I finally got a chance to snarf down a cheese-n-waffle sandwich, grab a cool juice, and read my emails. Hmm, what's this?*

**Dear E.Q.,**

**Being one of the finest researcher and moiety of the work, the Scientific Committee is delighted to invite you to attend the International Conference as our Session Speaker. In a universe of mysteries we, its residents, are continuously engaged in decoding them. We welcome you, one of today's leading change-makers, to the Global platform of Physics. We are very confident that we will offer you an unforgettable experience in exploring new possibilities. We look forward to meeting you in person.**

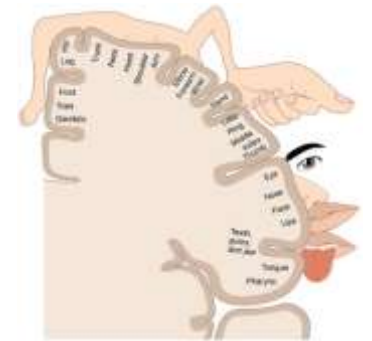
*Holy Frankenstein, Batman! **AN INVITATION TO JOIN THE GLOBALISTS?!** Oooh, lucky me! One of the chosen? I paused a moment to allow the shock and horror to sink in. Gave me the creeps, the willies and the heebie-jeebies, all at once. (How'd they find me out here in the boonies?) My first impulse? Grab my laptop, get off the grid, and run for the hills!*

*But then, pondering the prospect, I chuckled quietly. For one crazy moment, an outrageous mad scientist, spy-fi fantasy crossed my mind! I entertained the insane notion that I could accept their invitation and then secretly try to bring down their evil organization from the inside. Like a James Bond spy extraordinaire, I could go undercover! And if I got out alive... President Trump might even give me a medal! But no. (And that's a big DR. NO!) Rubbing elbows with the scoundrels bent on destroying the world as we know it? Hmm, I may be devastatingly handsome, debonair, and charismatic, but I'm not brave enough for that!*

*Naïve? Yep, I could kick myself. I knew why the globalists were knocking on my door. I'd been working on a theory that there is a basic mathematical language underlying all God's creation: everything built upon one simple code—the God code—the code of life and existence written everywhere, in everything He created. Now don't get me wrong. I wasn't trying to steal God's thunder: the intangible, divine power of the Word of God that creates and gives life—the spark that passed between God and Adam. That's all God! He gets all the applause. I was only trying to decode the math of the "vessel" God created—the mathematics of our existence, thought and function. If I could break that code...think of the possibilities! To be sure, it wouldn't be as miraculous as the angel stirring the waters of the pool of Bethesda, but it could be a way to cure the ills of mankind—a way to make the blind see, the lame walk...maybe even create true world peace! (Yeah, I know what you're thinking...an equation for world peace? That's easy. Just subtract all the globalists...ha ha!)*

*Right. In every fairy tale, there's always a snake hiding in the grass. What if the code fell into the wrong hands? Decode to destroy? Now there's a nightmare! Letting my imagination run away with me (as I do), I could see it all play out like a weird sci-fi horror movie...*

*In a dimly-lit operating theatre at Vienna General, a world-famous brain surgeon is working. The patient, Joe Bye-done, is lying on the operating table wide awake but under local anesthesia. With the aid of his trusty nurse, the doctor carefully—ever so carefully—begins to pry open the skull, exposing the brain. Referring to his handy-dandy diagram of the cortical homunculus, and using a neurostimulator to send electric impulses, he begins to gingerly probe. Suddenly, the patient's leg pulls up with a jerk. The doc asks, "Joe, are you pulling your leg?" To which the patient calmly responds, "No, Doc...but you*



*Ha, ha, ha! As the doctor chuckles to himself, a diabolical thought crosses his mind. If it's that easy to pull Joe's leg (pull a Bye-done!)...why not pull everybody's leg—make everyone a puppet? But how to do it? Scalpel, cranial drill, implanted electrodes? Cut into everyone's brain? Nah, that'd never fly. Then he had a flash! Of course! "Hack" into the brain! He could use the binary code of a computer!*

*Play somethin' sweet and make it funky Just let me lay back and grin like a monkey"?*

*Gleefully rubbing his hands, his mind raced. Oooh! If he could remotely reach into the brain... think of it! Override and control actions, emotions, faith, beliefs; erase and replace God and free will with an artificial intelligence—controlled will! Create a new geopolitical scene, with everyone part of the biometric collective, part of the machine! The programmable human! Surfing the “bio-serfs”? Own nothing and be happy! He could write his own code of morals and ethics! Total control! By golly, he could have it all! The whole enchilada!*

**HE COULD RULE THE WORLD!!!**

*But how to convince the mindless masses to take part in his dastardly experiment?*

*How to convince millions of people to voluntarily allow a Trojan horse binary technology to surreptitiously be introduced into their bodies?*

*Why, of course: a virus and a vaccine! Evolution by injection!*

*He could see the whole sinister scenario: Call it “Unnatural Selection”!*

*Here's the plan: The virus would be a shotgun approach, to decrease the control group and create a pandemic panic. Then, to calm the surviving, panicked populace... enter the "vaccine." (with a diabolical, Faucian laugh) He'd be a hero!*

*And, as not to alarm the unwitting masses, the vaccine would be deployed as a “variant” of the math of Josephus’ circle: the ol’ depopulation permutation—a type of “Russian roulette” formula for who receives the “human binary technology” jab and who doesn’t, combined with the unknown factor of the bodies that will either accept or reject it. It would be a protocol of vaccines and boosters designed for the survival of the fittest, to slowly (booster-by-booster) introduce a change in the Conditions of Existence to create a new Unity of Type! (Course, there’d be a chance of the virus going rogue...biotic crisis—genocide! But that’s a risk he’d just have to take!)*

*But he wouldn’t stop there! That’d just be the beginning! After controlling the body and mind...he could step it up and evolve man to a new creation of his own design!  
The ol’ Six Million Dollar Man fantasy!*

***Gentlemen, we can rebuild him. We have the technology.  
We can make him better than he was. Better, stronger, faster!***

*“Mix the iron with the clay”? Create the ultimate Nietzschean Übermensch! (or uber driver.)  
Create the perfect man? Forget that! How about the perfect woman? Taking his laminated list out of his pocket, he scans it carefully: the white swan hatched from the golden egg; face that launched a thousand ships; ageless timeless, lace and fineness; beauty, elegance, style, grace, strength, wisdom, intelligence; a cross between Rita Hayworth, Grace Kelly, Princess Diana, and Mother Teresa; speaks every language, looks dynamite in a swimsuit and evening gown. But why stop there? A vision of loveliness in a blue cape, able to leap tall buildings in a single bound, faster than a speeding bullet, more powerful than a locomotive; able to breathe under water, swim like a dolphin, fly like an eagle—the ultimate conglomeration of cross-species genetics all rolled into one, a belle with all the bells and whistles, nine foot two, eyes of blue, with diamonds on the soles of her shoes!  
The ultimate pleasure unit? Hubba-hubba ding ding! A super-duper Überbabe!*

*Whoa there, Dr. Strangelove! You forgot to mention the ratio of 10 women to each dude!  
Ooh! Careful what you wish for! The world overrun by the “perfect” binary/bionic “person”?  
Evolution by the globalists? No thanks. Think I’ll pass.*

***Don’t change a hair for me  
Not if you care for me  
You’re my favorite work of art...***