

ANTI-SYNERGY: THE STORY of PROJECT BADWATER --> a novel

" BADWATER "

sounds terrible, doesn't it ? But you should not let either the term or the full title of this short novel :

" ANTI - SYNERGY: The STORY of PROJECT BADWATER "

put you off from reading it, for titles can be deceptive.

" BADWATER " is actually an historical area in the United States of America. To say more would be pre-emptive.

" SYNERGY " refers to a force, so "ANTI-SYNERGY" is the exact opposite of that force. Again, if I were to explain further the meaning of this term, reading the book would be anti-climactic.

I do assure you that bad water is not the thrust of this riveting novel. Everyone who has read this novel so far has been very pleased with the many subjects discussed, the novel ideas introduced, and the occasional humor that redeems the book's seriousness.

This novel is, admittedly, short...in length. It was written almost extemporaneously. Neither of these factors is crippling. Indeed, the quality is improved because your time is valuable and should not be wasted on a lot of "FLUFF".

ANTI-SYNERGY : The STORY of PROJECT BADWATER is not fluff.

The topics touched on and/or explored are current issues, as you will see.

Some are even "ahead of their time". As you will also see.



***** SUPPORT POLICY *****

AS THE AUTHOR OF ANTI-SYNERGY: THE STORY of PROJECT BADWATER

I WILL BE GLAD TO ASSIST ANY PERSON WHO HAS ANY PROBLEM WITH MY NOVEL.

&

REGISTRATION WITH THE AUTHOR IS NOT REQUIRED.

CHAPTER 1 :

Many important people were present that bright summer day in 1981. President Jimmy Carter is there with his lovely wife, Rosalynn. Even Ronald Reagan has taken time out of his campaigning to be here. Many of the scientific community have come to Menlo Park, New Jersey, USA for the golden anniversary reading of a diary left by the greatest of inventors, Thomas Alva Edison. It was stipulated in his will that its contents remain secret for 50 years. To not honor the request of Mr. Edison would have been a sacrilege. The reading is beginning now :

" Greetings to you and your wife, Mr. President. Thank you all for coming ! This reading will not take long. Mr. Edison spent all his waking hours inventing and not writing diaries. (Light laughter arises from the small crowd of perhaps fifty or so. This breaks the somber tone of the occasion, as a noticeable sigh goes up.) If everyone is comfortable, I will begin reading now ...

`` On the front of this little book I have written `DIARY' but that is a lie. A diary is supposedly a day-by-day account, while this is not tied to any chronological restrictions. Admitting it to be a lie is a great release for me as I have spent so much of my life searching out the why's and wherefore's - the `TRUTH',if you will so allow me. Of course, I have been dead some 50 years now, so you have no choice but to allow me... I imagine your world of 1981 is not too interested in `TRUTH'. And I DO NOT MEAN THAT THE WAY IT SOUNDS. It's just that the last 50 years have seen so many changes, not only from inventions but on many other levels, so many changes in fact that I truly wonder if there will be anyone left AFTER ANOTHER 50 to read what I am writing today. As I sit here, watching the goings- on outside my window, the children playing in the warm summer sun, I am saddened by the fleeting thought that keeps returning to me, not unlike a recurring nightmare except that my eyes are open, that one future day could be the last for mankind. My friend and colleague, Henry Ford, has given the world so much, in the process making much personal wealth. But he has not calculated the toll to the planet. Nobody does. We create and invent till the cows come home without a thought for our grandchildren and their grandchildren !

Metaphorically speaking, mankind is in a `summer' of sorts punctuated with a warm summer shower of inventions and ideas. It is my belief that these things were perhaps predestined to occur; indeed, no power on the earth could have stopped it. In fact, I consider myself not as an indispensable entity but merely a channel for this to proceed. As we all know, summer is followed by fall and winter. `Winter' may be quite terrible. Every invention that today is beginning in the fledgling state will take on massive dimensions in your world.

The horseless carriage spews out by-products - airborne chemical wastes - from its combustion of gasoline. This is accepted today as necessary for progress. However, if one just imagines a few years down the road, so to speak, when all people have one or two of the infernal machines and when the population is many multitudes greater than today's 4 or 500,000,000, when the engines are larger, the picture looms larger than Goliath facing David. For a certainty, your world will face many of these Philistine-like problems. Illness and death will strike down many while a few people will live luxuriously off the profits... How many hundreds of thousands will suffer from long term effects of tobacco smoke on their lungs ? (Many will insist on their right to smoke, and drive, no matter.)

I, too, share responsibility in this, even if I am some sort of chesspiece for the Almighty (or the Devil). The mass production of phones and phonograph records and phonograph machines and electric can openers and electric everything will be such a two-headed monster ... I wonder where it will stop. Will the masses have electric powered devices to put their shoes on ? Have their babies, perhaps ? No, surely no, that is unthinkable I think ! At any rate, all this mechanization will call for many millions of watts of electric power production to first make the devices and then power them forever and ever ! I foresee the logical conclusion of people choking for air fit to breathe. Oh, how my heart aches for you, my children !!

I believe there are many things you could do to turn things around, one of them being turning from reliance on oil to (At this point, the writing on the pages start to turn to scribble, and it is apparent the writer - Mr.Edison - is suffering his demise.)"

" And that, my friends, is that. The rest of the book is blank."

" You cannot be serious, Sir", shouted President Carter. " He left us hanging like so many kites in the wind", added Mr.Reagan, visibly shaken. Everyone there was quite disappointed how so knowledgeable an inventor, obviously on the cutting edge of societal evolution for his time, and on the verge of some really outstanding revelation, here he is cut down in death.

" WAIT ! WAIT ! There is a note here in the back of the booklet. It reads: ``These are Mr.Edison's last words. According to his wishes, I am locking them away in safekeeping for 1981. As he passed on, his parting breath sounded like he said `ighting' or `lightning' perhaps. It is very unfortunate.", signed a friend."

" What a bummer" said one departing guest. " Downright tragic" fumed another, not so much in anger as in disgust. For a certainty, all felt

a letdown, some walked out in tears. One man there made a promise to himself and his fellow man, a promise he would keep, that SOMEHOW, SOMEWAY he would find out the secret that died with Edison.

Chapter 2 :

In the 1980's and 1990's, so many people were in pain - some very imagined and ALL VERY REAL - that taking very powerful and mind-altering drugs was the main choice to deal with these stresses. The ability of everyone then was diminished by the pollution in their bodies. Some people coped by becoming comedians and cracking jokes about the pollution (as in how mouthwash was found to be carcinogenic) ; others lost their grip and turned to fighting and killing, even at times members of their own families. Even the pre-born and new-born paid the ultimate price ! Society seemed on the brink of collapse. And it was.

But today is a different matter. What caused this turn-around ? First of all, there were a number of advances, scientific in nature, that reversed the pollution problems threatening mankind's future. In addition to the ENVIRONMENTAL LAWS initiated by the President, other steps - less visible steps - had been initiated by his predecessor. Many called him 'Mr. Hollywood' in a derogatory way, to indicate their opinion of his seeming lack of leadership. While he APPEARED that way, as the old saying goes, looks can be deceiving. Except in HIS case it was planned that way. It was an act, a subterfuge, to mask the behind-the-scenes reality. In fact and truth be told, no other President could have pulled it off so expertly, so successfully...

SEPTEMBER 1985 OVAL OFFICE :

" Mr. President, SIR ! The scientists you commissioned are here with their proposal. Jim Anderson, renowned astrophysicist, is their chosen spokesman and will now make the presentation :"

" Mr. President, the plan we have devised is complex. We, the members of your secret commission, are agreed that it has a projected possibility of success in the high-90's percentile. Unfortunately, we also agree that if it fails, the human race is of a certainty quite doomed. Our first major point of agreement is that all of our problems, the air pollution and resultant ozone destruction and further-resultant global warming threat, began with certain inventions. These inventions were, and indeed still are, blessings to all of us. It is their side-effects that are the malediction upon men everywhere. As a result of this line of thought, we have concluded the originators of the offending inventions would be best able to solve the resulting problems they have spawned."

" Mr. Anderson, am I to understand you want to consult dead men for

answers to global warming ? That certainly is a new thought and I'm very glad you are presenting it to me here, in secret !"

" Sir, Please ! You must hear us out !"

" Go ahead, then."

" We have the capability to accomplish time travel, into the past. It is theory, but a highly plausible theory that I'd like to point out is about our only hope. Today's scientists, for whatever reason - perhaps they're too specialized or maybe it's simply that they're too on top of the crisis to be objective - the end result is the whole kit and kaboodle are not up to snuff ! The only reason time travel has eluded us so far has been speed. And we don't... mankind, that is, doesn't have decades to develop the technology to achieve those necessary speeds. However, there is another way. You know, Mr. President, how at NASA we have many times now used the Slingshot technique to accelerate space craft to faster and faster speeds, as much as 50,000 mph ?"

" Yes."

" Well, this is in a similar vein. There is a black hole, recently discovered about the same distance away as Pluto, but in a different plane. It seems not to have any detrimental effect on our solar system. We know that the gravitational pull of black holes is of such a force to suck it's last rays of emitted light energy back into itself. We, therefore, theorize that if we were to propel a manned craft directly towards this hole, the speed of the craft would surpass the speed of light several MILES prior to physical contact. Consequently entering this time warp means that, by the time our people reach the hole's position, it will be somewhere else in its trajectory and far removed by space and by time from the path of our time travelers !"

" This is, indeed, either the most brilliant plan in the history of man or the most cockamamie idea ever concocted, Mr. Anderson ! I want a show of hands here amongst the rest of you as to your agreement... (all hands up). O.K., then, let's hear the rest of it. There is more, is there not ?"

" Yessir. We need to send several, three if possible. The volunteers must know that there will be no glory for them ... they will be unable to return. Whatever time they return to will be their new home, forever. Their mission will be to locate certain scientists, obtain tissue samples suitable for cloning, and launch them back thru the black hole in high-velocity rockets. These rockets will copy the flight program en route but with small, variable adjustments made by our astronauts to take into account the natural movements of the solar system. It won't be exact. What it will do is get the rockets in the ballpark. If they get within 2,000 miles of the black hole's then-current position, return to our time will be assured. When we clone these persons, our present technological capabilities are such that we can alter the human growth hormone to achieve an advanced rate of maturation ... they will age far faster than normal."

" Your plan is starting to sound, forgive me GOD, understandable. Leave it to the eggheads to come up with so astounding a plan ! Tell me, Jim, will we tell them of their limited lifespan outlook ?"

" No, but the up side is that they should have increased mental capacities that will enable them to focus completely on where we went wrong. We fully expect that they will solve our energy problems AND show us the way to cleaning up our Earth."

" Will we tell the astronauts about the implanted, time-release capsules that initiate their early deaths, so they don't have time left after the completion of their mission to change history in any way ?"

" Mr. President, you're very perceptive...No."

" I didn't get where I am today, regardless of what the news media thinks, without being able to read BETWEEN THE LINES, Sir. I also assume we will not reveal our plan to the public ?"

" That is true, as far as it goes. Actually, we had in mind a smokescreen of sorts. It will be painful to the heart of our people, but we believe it to be, in the long run, a uniting factor. The American people need something to rally behind. They have before, as at Pearl Harbor, which the President knows to have also been a contrived event of sorts. Sir Winston allowed that to happen as an end to a means, so for you to do likewise is not without precedent, Mr.President."

" Why should our smokescreen be so painful, Jim ?"

" Well, Sir, to get our astronauts propelled into a sufficient blast of speed, we will have to make it appear they have perished in a midair explosion. In reality, the explosion will release them in three smaller crafts, harder for anyone to see, any tracking stations to detect..."

" I don't like it, Jim."

" Sir ?"

" What is the timetable ?"

" Early January, Mr. President ."

" Proceed, then, and keep me closely informed,

... daily .

And so a most ambitious plan was contrived as a last ditch effort to save the world from self-destruction. Of all the peoples on the planet Earth, Americans are renowned as champion come-backers. 'Last Ditch Effort' is their middle name, always has been, always will...

So the plan was enacted by the President in a glory-less act. It had to be that way, as many heroic acts go nameless. Keeping the world in the dark, so to speak, was very necessary. Otherwise, individuals might lessen in their efforts to conserve and preserve our earthly home. It was of paramount importance that EVERY MEASURE POSSIBLE be taken, no matter how seemingly insignificant, so that our planet and all the beautiful life herein had a chance at unlimited future and happiness as was intended in the BEGINNING OF TIME ...

Chapter 3 :

" BLACK hole 5,000 miles off the starboard bow,

Number 2."

" 10-4, Number 1."

" Number 3, did you copy ?"

" Yessir, Number 1 Sir !"

" Number 3, I told you as soon as we passed the Moon you could stop that 'Sir!' business. We're going towards a black hole into either oblivion or time - burst, and before we part I'd like to be with friends."

" Sir ?"

" Yes, Number 3."

" Since we are, for all practical purposes, out of earth - range, I have to tell you this. Well, you know I've been seeing Susan a lot lately, and even though she knew I was going on this cockamamie mission, she decided she wanted to have kids ..."

" Is there no sanity left ? Here we are, traveling thru the Great Cosmos, scorching towards a black hole at an estimated 75,000 mph, and the soap opera starts ! OK, Barry, we've got about 5 minutes before we begin our loop maneuver to bring us around the backside, so lay it on me."

" Well, Sir, I reckon the pressure of the mission just got to her. She has faith in the mission, Dad, and she was so convincing !"

" This is great, I wouldn't have missed this for the world !" chimed

Number 2, obviously having suffered a great deal of S.O.D.. (what's the clinical term meaning Soap Opera Deprivation.)

" Number 2, butt out ! No, I'm sorry, I didn't mean that. I'm going to be a Granddaddy, even if I never see the child. Thanks, Barry. If I could reach you, I'd hug the living daylights out of your a--..."

" Why, thanks, Dad. You've never talked this way before.

You feeling OK ?"

" We're out of earth - range. That's enough yak for now. We need to start our maneuvers. Number 2, you will need to go in a minute sooner for a steeper entry angle. That will send you toward where the Earth WAS. It has taken us 40 Earth years to reach this Great Hole, although our Life Restore System only brought us back last week. Barry ?"

" Hi, Daddy."

" Susan, darling, it can't be !!"

" Yes, Daddy, I couldn't stay home with Barry leaving me, maybe forever. I'm sorry, Daddy."

" I told you she was convincing, Dad", cracked Barry's voice over the mike.

" Shut up, Barry. When we get back, I'm hauling you up before the Board for courtmartial. Quit that laughing, Number 2 !"

" I'm sorry, Sir, but we're two minutes from either doomsday or time - burst, and I thought NOW to be a most opportune time for a good, hearty guffaw. Never had time for too many soap operas [I can tell 'em], so this is sort of like makeup for me", added Number 2, in the face of Death reverting to an almost hysterical level.

" Number 2, this is most serious. With an increase of momentum from just a 135 pound payload increase, there'll be a corresponding increase of 1350% to the time - burst duration. That duration increase could have been compensated for by a different angle of attack into the Hole, but it's too late for that !! My calculations, rough as they are, indicate Susan and Barry will be in time - burst back into the Jurassic Period, give or take 30 million years !"

" Oh, Daddy, this is so exciting, but you don't expect us to swallow that whole cockamamie story, do you ? "

" I keep hearing that word. I don't think any of you knows what it means. And yes, I'm afraid the Jurassic Period complete with dinosaurs and giant mosquitoes is where you're headed. When you get there, don't forget the prime directive. Number 2, quickly. Change your angle to 85 degrees. Good. That should put you around ... oh, what the hell ... it doesn't matter now. Do the best you can, and above ALL ELSE, the mission directive must be put first priority . The future of Planet

Earth - our people - depend on us !"

" Good-bye, Daddy, we love you ..."

With these last parting words these four humans dare to go where no man - or woman - has ever gone before. By swinging around behind the Black Hole, they turn their tiny ships homeward towards the Earth. Being sucked towards the Hole by its gravitation causes them to reach light speed and, consequently, time - burst, instants before impact. Just as theorized, upon time - burst the Hole disappeared. It was just somewhere else in its time - space path.

Leaving the Hole at different speeds, the mission Commander, Russ Taze, lost sight of his daughter's shuttle moments later. But strangely, he felt no sadness, but euphoria. Elated to see her emerge from the hypothetical world of scientific theory and back into the reality of life, albeit life in hyper speed. She's alive !

As for Number 2. That's Paul Laserush. He's a crack pilot who volunteered for the mission after he found out the chances of success were as remote to zero as you can get. He always did like playing the long shots. Glancing over at Commander Taze reassured him that if this was a dream, at least he had company. After some time, or after some space, whichever, he too began to pull away from Commander Taze. His greater weight had caused a similar momentum difference and subsequently was taking him farther back in time.

Chapter 4 :

In February of 1986 A.D., the people of the United States are yet in shock - and deep mourning - for the loss of their astronauts. All are in shock. N.A.S.A., the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, to all outward appearances is almost in a state of total shutdown ... But are they ?

" This is so boring, Jim ! Boring, boring, boring. I don't think I can stand much more of this incessant looking. Day after day, this is like a concentration camp or something !"

" Now Mel, you have to come to grips. You're making good money, so it doesn't matter how boring it is. Just punch in and punch out and get on with your life."

Jim and Mel work the graveyard shift at N.A.S.A. Control. One man would suffice, but they have two scheduled to keep each other alert,

keep each other from getting bored. However, by 6 am every morning like clockwork, Mel begins his BGC routine. That's what Jim calls it. BGC stands for Bitch - Gripe - Complain. On the morning of the 13th, though, the long wait is over.

" Mel, look alive ! We have our signals we've been looking for. They're weak, but they're there !"

" This can mean only one thing, James. The rockets are back. Criminy, it's great to be alive !! Now that we have the signals, how long will it take them to reach us
? "

That is a most appropriate question, Mel. Later you will also discover there are only two rockets returning. The estimate is five to six years on the two, but the third won't be back for many years. This brings us to July 1991. The two rockets are recovered. Cloning is begun on their precious cargo. But, in addition, cloning is being attempted on the remains of Orville Wright (of the Kitty Hawk Wright Brothers, chosen because of his supreme mastery of principles of flight) and Albert Einstein. These two giants of science, it is believed, should be able to help solve the pollution and energy problems facing us. Mr. Wright died in 1948 and Mr. Einstein passed away in 1955, so it is hoped their remains aren't too old for cloning.

The President is about to give his 'ENVIRONMENTAL LAWS' speech over Inter - National Television transmission. He begins with a resolution :

" Greetings to you all. Be it resolved, as of this day - July 4, 1991 A.D. - that the preservation of life as we know it - for man as well as the rest of creation - has reached a stage of criticality that we no longer can sit back crossing our fingers. Our scientists, after decades of both private and government - sponsored research, have presented sound evidence, irrefutable proof, and undeniable facts convincing me that the impending doom of this planet is almost unstoppable. It is my belief that the implementation of certain environmental laws can turn this around. So that our children's children, born into the next century, will not face disaster but will exist happily in the closest thing we can give them this side of the Garden of Eden. Clean water and living conditions can, and will, be brought to fruition.

As this idyllic condition becomes beautiful reality, the burden of obeying the following laws - ENVIRONMENTAL LAWS - will be seen, not as a burden at all but a godsend. These laws will be very strictly

enforced. No one will be exempt from punishment ... no one. Prison terms are mandatory with no parole. These laws are :

1} All new products of a mechanical nature will be warranted for a period of no less than 25 years. All repairs against ANY malfunction will be repaired FREE by the manufacturer. This measure will cut trash disposal by an estimated 65 %. Jobs will not be lost just eXchanged ... from working in manufacturing plants to working in repair plants !

2} Individuals and companies alike are to begin separating their trash into separate containers for glass, metal, aluminum, plastics, paper, and trash. Our trash collection system will remain intact but, on Mondays glass gets collected, Tuesdays are for metals. Wednesdays are for aluminum. Thursdays are for plastics. Fridays are paper days. Finally, Saturday will be trash day. Once again, no one will lose their jobs. To the contrary, some new employees will be needed to augment the existing `trash' staff. Of course, such an increase in recycled materials will bring recycle prices down, but that will help stop the recent rash of metals piracy that has become so widespread in our cities.

3} All dangerous wastes from hospitals and factories - those of a non - recyclable nature - in addition to nuclear from the power generating plants, will be sealed inside 10 feet square blocks. The sides of the blocks composed of the recycled plastics and concrete. These blocks will then be used as walls for all new prisons, especially to contain all those who are guilty of violating these environmental laws !

4] All Tractor Trailers are to be fitted with the A.B.S. Braking System and the LASERMELT Ice Detection and Melting System. Members of the Press, do you have any questions ?"

" Sir, What is an A.B.S. Braking System ?"

" When a truck driver begins braking, the A.B.S. helps slow the truck by storing the momentum in a springs & air compression system mounted under the trailer. This helps the environment twofold: by reducing asbestos brake residue in our atmosphere, and also by giving the truck a sustained push-off from the stop, thereby greatly reducing the amounts of diesel combustion usually needed when a big rig pulls off. In anticipation of your next question, the LASERMELT System on all trucks will utilize the nation's truck drivers in a secondary capacity to rid the nation's highways of ice and snow, thereby reducing the need for road salt and chemicals which we recognize as detrimental to our environment. Mounted just under the front of each truck is a LASER which engages automatically by detecting the presence of ice or snow

on the highway. It melts it plus it warms the roadway to 80 degrees Fahrenheit so it takes quite a while to cool down and refreeze. It has been tested and works very well. That is all ? Good. In addition to these laws, we are establishing a Presidential Science Fair for High School Seniors.

It will be held each summer. We invite all young inventors to apply themselves to world problems. We especially need ideas on depletion of the ozone layer and global warming. Thank you and Good Day !"

CHAPTER 5:

The first Presidential Science Fair is being held today in Gaithersburg, Maryland. The facilities at the *****National Institute of Science and Technology***** were chosen to guest the young people seeking world solutions. The first prize contenders have been narrowed to five of the entries.

There is a solution to the ozone destruction being presented by Sally Smallwood. She is a recent graduate of William Fleming High School in Roanoke, Virginia. Let's talk to her about her idea.

" Sally, what is involved in your project ?"

" Well, sir, the atomic structure of oxygen and ozone are similar, so it occurred to me that they might also have similar properties. Two notable properties of oxygen are when it is cooled to -182.96 Celsius , it liquefies and becomes highly magnetic. Using these two principles I have shown how the concentrated ozone of the cities could be condensed and collected by huge cooling systems, contained in regular propane cylinders and transported to the North Pole."

" Wait a minute, Sally, I think you're losing me. How is that going to replenish the Earth's ozone layer ?"

" The Earth is a giant magnet with constant lines of force invisibly flowing up and outward from the North Pole, around the Earth, and back into the South Pole. My theory is that when the ozone containing cylinders are opened and allowed to warm why, in the instant before each ozone molecule reverts from liquid to gas - and while still having the magnetic property - the ozone molecules are propelled mightily into our upper atmosphere by the power of, ironically, gravity."

" That certainly is innovative, Miss Smallwood, that you have

discovered a plausible way to, in essence, harvest ozone from the cities where it is produced by sunlight action on CO2 and nitrous oxide from our vehicles. Thank you for your contribution, and give our regards to Roanoke."

While that one will probably win this year's Fair, the other's are also interesting.

" Hello. What is your project, young man ?"

" It is a device that I call the `ADJUSTABLE WATER FLUSH'. Many of the country's cities are experiencing a shortage of clean water. My device applies several physical laws ; the law of gravity, the power of the lever/fulcrum, and fluid dynamics of the piston."

" It sounds complicated."

" Much of the construction is of lightweight, recycled plastic. There is an abundance of that around now since the President enacted the environmental laws. After production starts I anticipate at least 100 million to be produced over a three year period."

" Why would you enter it in the Fair?"

" I need to find financial backing for startup costs or, hopefully a manufacturer will hear of it and buy it outright, with royalties of course. The Fair is part of my PR campaign."

" Yeah, right." - [Students?]. " How does it work ?"

" Over 100 million commodes in this country flush a set amount of water per flush. Sometimes, many times, that setting is too high. Up till now there has not been a way to adjust the setting. That's what this jewel does. It has a loaded (weighted) arm that exerts downward pressure via the fulcrum principle on the stopper plug in the bottom of the float tank. The fulcrum itself is also a float. So when the commode is flushed the plug raises and the weighted arm raises also. As the water level drops, the applied force to the plug continues, closing the plug prematurely and saving much clean water
!"

" That's where the piston comes in ?"

" Exactly. The weight also behaves as a piston inside the arm. To move the weight close to the fulcrum you just slide the Control Slide, also

a piston. There is no force applied to the plug when the weight is drawn close to the fulcrum/float."

" Are you sure it will sell ? It doesn't take electricity or even batteries. And where is the element of danger that Americans know and love ?"

" It's all in the sell, all in the sell ...", said our budding entrepreneur, undaunted, adding "remember Pet Rocks."

ADJUSTABLE WATER FLUSH

Pressing onward, our interviewer spies a large yellow flower exhibit. It is about three feet tall, as is the baseball glove beside it.

" The flower's OK, but you'll never be able to use a glove that size."

" Don't need to, mister. The flower and glove shapes are just the decorative aspect to my invention. You can't ask people to be energy conscious when it destroys their property values. Actually, the purpose is twofold. The mits and petals are for catching the wind, funneling the air through a rear vent where it is directed to spin the fins of a small alternator. Even when the wind is just blowing lightly, the flow out the back is concentrated and yields high rpm's on the alternator. The principle involved is the same that makes water sprayers work. The water flowing slowly through the water hose is squeezed by the nozzle, exiting at a useable velocity !"

" Generates enough power to sell to the power companies ?", [Heh,heh,heh].

" No, Sir, that isn't practical. But all homes, schools, and businesses have hot water heaters. And most have two or more heating elements that cut on and off automatically. My system connects to one element that is disconnected from the house voltage. My system provides variable power and needs no regulation. It has much the same possibilities of the 'Adjustable Water Flush' you were looking at a minute ago, which would save the country 500 million gallons of clean water daily. My Wind Machine will harness wind in a small way. And yet if that were multiplied the country over by tens of millions, a corresponding lessening of the load to our power companies would result. You know what that would mean ?"

" Yes. A reduction in power generation would improve many aspects of our environment. All pollution from burning fossil fuels - carbon dioxide being one of the worst - would see an immediate improvement. Acid rain creation would abate and ozone destruction would slow. Combined with Sally's idea, the ozone layer could be fully restored in short order. And finally years down the road the domino effect from this would be further realized in our hospitals, with greatly reduced skin cancer rates and associated respiratory problems."

Say, Mister, come see me in 6 months. I'll have a position for you in my organization !"

Moving right along, the next exhibit is about recycling. The young man's name is F.Graham Sanford. He calls it the 'Van Can Canpactor', but it looks amazingly like a toy garbage truck.

" Yessir, that's exactly what it is, though it originally started out as a van and the name rhymes so it stuck. But inside the base there is a compact air compressor. And under that lid there is where you drop your aluminum drink cans when they're empty. Go ahead, try it !"

" Sure, with one condition. Can I have the St. Louis franchise ?
..... OK, it did a good job on the can but where is it ?"

" Most people are right skiddish of putting their hands or even fingers into a crushing mechanism. I anticipated that by including a drop slot in the end of the can crush chamber. When a can is flattened to the width of the slot, it then drops into a receptacle under the kitchen counter if there is a slot in the counter to accomodate it. I envision the Canpactor the kitchen appliance of the '90's, but I am not franchising. Sorry. The big boys are fighting over this one as we speak."

" Can't people just use a hammer or something to squash the cans ?"

" Sure. And spend their afternoon at the hospital having metal debris extracted from their eyeball ! They could stomp them until their knees go arthritic prematurely from the required impact needed to do it, or run over them with their car till they get a flat or cause a

blow out somewhere down the pike. Alternate methods abound but they are totally worthless if people do not use them. The 'Adjustable Water Flush' is not the first idea someone had, either, but do you know anyone currently having any kind of functioning system in their home or business ?"

" No."

" Then what good are they ?"

" None ?"

" Exactly !!"

" Are there any other features to your invention we should know about ?"

" Yessir, it is completely safe. A child can use it. It incorporates a safety release valve that releases all air pressure if the lid opens, stopping it immediately no matter where it is in the crushing process. More importantly, a child learns from it because the truck has miniature flashers that actually work when it is running. Children learn that flashers mean danger; and before they are old enough to get out in traffic, not after. When the can is crushed, the air is released to spin the tires as the flashers stop, further teaching the young ones that flashers can indicate a vehicle is about to move."

" Mr. Sanford, I like your ideas, but I can't see people having a truck on their kitchen counters, toy or otherwise."

" I understand your skepticism, Mr. Interviewer sir, but firstly it is barely larger than a toaster. Secondly, it does not have to be ON the counter. It also mounts over its own trash receptacle that it is sold packaged inside. Thirdly, but not by any means the least of reasons why I think my Canpactor will be the smash hit of the '90's has to do with the public. They are extremely aware of the need to recycle, but no one wants a basement full of aluminum cans! What I've done with the Canpactor is make recycling cans fun, easy and space intensive."

" Couldn't we just keep mining bauxite to make more aluminum ?"

" Yes. For the next 150 years. That's when the world supply of it should be running out. It would be much better for the environment if we begin recycling as much as possible now. Either that or dig it from the landfills in 150 years !"

" That is a grim prospect indeed - for our children's children. How do we stand to benefit now, my friend ?"

" Mining bauxite and processing it into 25 billion aluminum cans takes tremendous amounts of harmful, caustic chemicals ... soda ash, caustic soda, chlorine, and lime; residue from the processing is spewed into the air and leached into the water despite the best of efforts. It is a most difficult process to separate the bauxite. Massive amounts of electricity are required also. Recycling aluminum takes a scant 5% of that energy expenditure. Which leaves the other 95% to better uses or

immediate reductions in U.S. electrical production ! Currently, the U.S. imports 4.5 million short tons - 9 billion pounds - yearly. You can easily see that recycling would have positive trickle-down effects on the U.S. trade deficits."

" It certainly seems you have a winner with your Van Can Canpactor. I can see where many new jobs could be created to manufacture, sell and distribute these little appliances !"

" New jobs AND a cleaner environment is our goal, sir. Plus I hope to make real Megabucks to finance further inventions of mine."

" Anything you want to talk about ?"

" One day at a time. First the Canpactor, tomorrow the world !!; though I would like to say that I agree most heartily with the other finalists - that you have to make doing the right thing, whether it's recycling or reusing or whatever, exciting, fun. You have to take the choredom out and be aesthetically minded. Inventors need to make inventions that stimulate young minds, because when you stimulate you also challenge !"

" Number 5. Vernon Scott Henry has this one. He calls it CALCTEN. Tell me, Mr. Henry, about the project. Is it like the others, used in homes and businesses, delivering small individual blows to the environmental problems facing us ?"

" No sir, not a bit like that. But first I would like to say that your choice of words - 'project' - suits CALCTEN to a 'T'. That is why I named the original program after the necessity for so many figures and calculations, ten being representative of earthly perfection in the symbolism of the Bible."

" You're not going to tell me you found this in the Bible, are you, Mr. Henry ?"

" No sir. But I do believe the answer to all our problems lies in bringing our lives into harmony with the laws established by the Almighty when He created the visible as well as the invisible. If we don't learn to do that, we run the risk of voiding our warranty."

" Okkaaayyyy. Moving right along, what are the operating principles

and where can I use one ?"

" CALCTEN is a system for letting the power of falling wastewater of a high rise building turn a generator on the ground floor. The only practical use is in hospitals since they already have expensive generators in place for emergency power supply. Also, they use large quantities of water daily, some as much as 950,000 gallons A DAY. A gallon of water weighs 8 pounds. A gallon of wastewater should weigh over 10. For a 12 story hospital, that translates into 9.5 million pounds dropping 6 stories daily, or 3457 million pounds yearly !"

" My goodness ! That ought to ring the generator off its shaft !"

" Unfortunately, its not quite that simple. I thought it was when I first thought of it. It excited me, too. After finally injecting the correct formulae, obtainable horsepower averages only around 3 hp., which falls far short of what is needed to turn a hospital - size generator. However, if you let that three horses turn an air compressor, the air compressor can run weights up a shaft to the top of the hospital. A 10 or 15 pound weight dropped from two or three hundred feet carries a wallop. A minimum of 3 weights would be needed. One ascending, one descending, and one transferring."

" Of course there would be friction losses ?"

" Yessir. But even if only 33% of 3 hp - 1 hp - is obtained, that is a significant amount. 1 hp equals 550 foot-pounds of work per second. This could lift a 32.2 pound weight up a 100 foot shaft in less than 6 seconds ! Isn't that amazing ? Even more astounding is the momentum this weight has as it free falls down the freefall shaft, bottoming out in less than 3 seconds... 349.5 kilogram-meters per second !! This tremendous punch - delivered every 2.5 to 3 seconds - is more than enough to run the generator off its shaft, as you mentioned earlier. If nothing else, such a system could provide free hot water for all the hospital's needs."

" Young man, I like the scientific way you have adapted gravity and turned hospital waste into, essentially, a perpetual motion machine. As much as this country has used water power, you would think someone would have thought of this long ago."

" Please do not mention perpetual motion, Sir. That idea is the death of any invention. It's worse than when Tesla told Edison that alternating current was superior to direct current. The scientific community just will not recognize any form of perpetual motion; indeed, nothing makes a modern scientist more joyful than to be able to disprove such a claim, a claim that I HAVE NOT MADE."

And indeed, Mr. Interviewer, Mr. Henry won't tell you that that `someone' was his Dad. CALCTEN was his Dad's idea, but no one would

listen to him, so he passed it to his Son to continue the struggle against the scientific bureaucracy.

Will any good really come of this Fair ? Can even the President of the United States push any of these ideas one inch closer to the marketplace ?

ANTI-SYNERGY : The STORY of PROJECT BADWATER

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AUTHOR NAME: WOODROW M. RILEY

Chapter 6 :

" MEGa.....MEGaMEGa.....MEGaWOWDITTOS. Yipppeeeeee !!!!!", screams Paul Laserush a-zipping through time - burst. With beady eyes darting, searching for something familiar out there among the stars, straining like a crazed maniac, all he sees is the pulsing and flashing of a thousand straightened-out rainbows. Oh, the beauty of it all, a beauty none but the strongest of men could hope to survive.

[O.K., Paul old boy, get a grip. GET A GRIP. NOW ! Might as well talk yourself back to awareness because your therapist is history now. History. Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha. Shut-up, P.L. Can't hardly think clear 'nuff to find the button. There 'tis. OK, now, where's the sun. Have to begin retro firing when the sun comes in at 30 degrees, they said, but how the heck'd they know ? Oh well, there 'tis too just like good ol'NASA Control said it'd be ! Firing retros NOW ! Back you go to Coldsleep, Paul my boy.]

Five years have passed now since Paul Laserush came out of time - burst. Because the Coldsleep slows the metabolism to 6 % normal sleep rate, he has physically aged only 109.5 days (slightly over 3 months) during this time. (This added to the 40 years before time - burst equivalent of 2 years 146 days for a grand total of 2 years 255 days that he has aged even though on Earth everyone has aged 45 years.) External - patch feeding has prevented malnutrition. He now awakes in Earth orbit.

[Thank Yoouuu and Hello World !!! I'm ready for a steak, no, two steaks. And I sure heck can't get 'em up here playing Captain Kirk. I can't stay here for too long, either, lest some Galileo - type character down there sees me ! Now, all I have to do is make a nighttime water landing off the coast of England. Whoever dreamed up such a ... a cockamamie idea ??]

Cockamamie indeed, Paul, but the future hopes and dreams of the human race rest partly on your shoulders. You made your landing quite successfully, reaching the coast of England with your return rocket as a buoy. After hiding the rocket, you set off valiantly, praying that no one named Valiant is around. If he is, your mission is a failure, for you would have overshot the designated time slot of 1642 - 1727 A.D. Go ahead, brave Paul, wait along that road there ...

" Hello, young man. How goes it ?", said Paul in a friendly voice.

" I am fine, thank you Sir ! What might your name be ?", the boy said, brushing the hair from his eyes.

" Most call me Sir Boss, but my friends call me Paul. I am looking for a monastery. Do you know if I am heading towards one ?"

" Well, Paul, a few miles ahead is the Church of England. Will that do ?"

" That will, yes. Your company and your fine help has not gone unappreciated, young man. Might I ask; What is your name ?"

" I am Isaac Newton, Sir. I live just down the road ...

Sir ??"

Paul had not dared hope his mission would be so blessed that the very person he was seeking would walk right across his path. After regaining his composure - and hoping young Isaac would not be frightened away by his sudden act of dropping to his knees in a prayerful way - Paul proceeds to explain to the lad that he is a barber, and offers the boy a free haircut. The two proceed home, where Paul learns how to barber the young Isaac and his parents. After eating a really exquisite meal of rabbit succotash, Paul excuses himself with a pocket full of hair. Rushing back to the shoreline, he uncovers the rocket, placing the hair in the protective chamber with a label, I.N.

With the rocket launched, both a joy and a sadness strike at the heart of Paul Laserush. The joy of helping save his future world from pollution and energy related problems is the joy of giving that Paul hasn't felt quite this strongly in many years. Back when he was a young man, he used to do things for his aging neighbors, like mowing their grass or some painting - for no pay. Since his career became so all consuming he has had an emptiness in his heart. Only now does he fully realize how much he has sacrificed to be an astronaut. The sadness that he feels is that of an inmate facing life in the slammer. Oh sure, there are no bars, but there are no family visits either.

Paul decides to tutor young Isaac as the rocket quickly disappears from sight. History will record how an apple struck the young Isaac in the head, but it was not as simple as that. Every time he made a mistake on his lessons the new teach made him eat an apple.

Chapter 7 :

Commander Russ Taze' experience while in time - burst is similar to that of Paul's. His lighter weight and higher approach angle to the Black Hole gives him a different target era, between 1800 and 1850 A.D. He comes in at 1848. He knows because everybody is heading for California. For Gold. There are numerous wagon trains, telescope - visible from Earth orbit, pointing like giant arrows toward the Pacific Ocean. Russ is overcome with pride in his heritage, as he realizes that each man, woman, and child down there is a hero. Without them, the United States could easily be just The States.

[I must drop in very carefully. The onboard computers are geared for re-entry into polluted, not super clean, air. Lake Erie, here we come !]

In 1847, a child was born to Samuel and Nancy Elliot Edison. He is now almost two years old. Living in Milan, Ohio. Living in a time when a child could talk to strangers, and making his first trip to the barber shop. The new barber is, of course, Russ Taze - Mission Commander. Living and working in Milan as a barber had its advantages. No better place to bide time, talking to the local news people ... and the doctors ... trying to find the one other person - Joseph Henry - to complete his mission.

" Russ, you really are a great haircutter," said Sam (Edison) during his regular Saturday cut. " Why don't you go where the real money is, over in a big city like Albany ?"

" Y'know, Sam, I think you're right. I've been thinking along those lines for some time now. Thanks for everything," added Russ, knowing that Sam will never know what he has contributed genetically to mankind !

Joseph Henry was at this very moment departing Princeton, New Jersey. From 1832 to 1846 he had served at the University as President. For the last four years, he had been unable to tear himself from the academic world he loved. His love of learning, and especially physics, is like a consuming fire. But for some unexplainable urge, he needs to return to his hometown. He laughs at himself as he packs for the long trip to Albany, New York, considering that perhaps he has a bit of salmon blood in his veins ...

"Good Day to you, Mr.Henry sir.Little trim around the edges today ?"
" Provided you can figure a way to make it take root on the top,
Russ."

It took Russ Taze a week to get back to the rocket, insert the precious cargo. He drinks a toast of fine wine as it disappears into, hopefully, the future.

[What a cockamamie idea. If this works, maybe there is a GOD. But No, if he cared at all HE wouldn't leave me back here, ninety-five years before I'm born.]

Chapter 8 :

" WOW, Barry, this time - burst thing is a real hoot ! All the colors ... bright flashing colors ... and red, red everywhere I love red. I wonder how long this is supposed to last ?"

" Susan, dear, it was supposed to last several minutes of Earth time. I think we have been in it about an hour ... or so ... Too much of this will probably be carcinogenic !"

" What are we going to do, darling ? I don't want our baby exposed to more carcinogenics than necessary !"

" Dear, your `pregnancy' must have been a false reading from a stethoscope or something. Remember, we were in Coldsleep for 2.5 years before reaching the Black Hole - 45 years in Earth time - so that it is just impossible for you to be pregnant now. If you were, you must have had a miscarriage enroute. Now be quiet. This `pregnancy' conversation has allowed us another million years of time travel.

Chapter 10 :

The cloned ones, genetically engineered to mature at an increased level, are now being taught algebra, physics and chemistry. Everyone involved in their upbringing calls them `Mr.', although chronologically they are only FIVE YEARS OLD. Physiologically, they are much older, estimated to be in their early twenties. The team of psychiatrists overseeing their development recommended early on that they be addressed respectfully. And although some play was allowed, it was only for structured periods for the purpose of challenging their minds. Part of their play has been with early inventions from the first Presidential Science Fair held 6 years ago in 1991 : the `Adjustable Water Flush' helped them appreciate the importance of the lever/fulcrum and fluid dynamics of pistons, in the context of helping the environment; the `Van Can Canpactor' with its twofold emphasis on recycling to save energy and reduce pollution; and `CALCTEN' that now provides heated water to all U.S. hospitals - saving them many dollars in the process (an estimated 12 % of their former electric bills).

" Mr. Anderson, when can we expect something from these young men ? We need their help YESTERDAY !"

" Mr. President Sir, you have to understand genius. You can't pressure them. We nudge them - but gently. "

" Hello Mr.A, Mr. P. What's cooking ?" interrupted a young Orville Wright (of the Wright Brothers).

" Young Sir, the world is cooking and we were well, sort of, gee, h hoping you and the others might have something to contribute to the planet. After all, it is 1997 A.D.! While you've been given the best the world has to offer, the rest of the planet is feeling the effects of global trash on the land, in the water, and in the air."

" And who's fault is that, Mr.Presidente` ? The greed of the masses is something we can do nothing about ... not one single solitary thing, no matter how smart we are. {Pause} Are you aware, Sir, that at our increased metabolic rates having all your world has to offer is about as wonderful as an empty can of water in the desert ? I will die 10 years before you retire...SIR!"

" Jim, is he correct ?"

" Yessir, most correct."

" Orville, I mean Mr. Wright, there must be something our scientists can do to reverse the aging process. And if they succeed, what kind of world do you and the others want to inherit ? a world of plenty or of want ?"

" Mr. President, we will do what you ask. We know that we are here for a special purpose, all we ask is to be able to live to enjoy the fruits of our labor. Call a meeting for next week. Invite scientists

from the world over. We will reveal our findings then."

It appears the group of six - Isaiah-Isaac Newton, Allen-Albert Einstein, Tomorrow-Thomas Edison, Nick-Nikolai Tesla, Jack-Joseph Henry, and Darn-Orville Wright - have something significant to offer the world of mankind.

" Tomorrow, sez Darn-Orville, Tomorrow sezz`ee, when can we look for`n some zults on us`inz secret project ?"

" Darn it, Darn-Orville, they're gone now and you can quit talking in code."

" But it isn't just code, and I've kinder tegn uh lign toot. Joel Chandler Harris, when he wrote the Uncle Remus books around the turn of the last century, musa ben wan helagy."

" Well, mabe sew. But if we start writing this book in his language, we'll lose the audience and the book contract fazure. I don't think even Teddy T. can stand thaT MUCH PAIN. And the secret project is coming along fine."

What secret project ? The secret project has to do with these young men - and their rapidly growing bodies. No one suspects that the need to invent, to create permeates every fiber of their beings. The drive to Procreate and fill the Earth with their own kind - cloned ones - is what is driving them harder than any President could. What secret project ? Cloning Marie Curie ! It is said she was a pretty hot number in her day ...

Chapter 11 :

SEPTEMBER 11 ***** 1997 A.D. *****

The annual meeting of world scientists is being convened early this year - two months early - with only a week's notice. It is titled the ANTI - SYNERGY CONFERENCE, whatever that is. Some are very angry to have to leave their research. Many others, however, are apparently and noticeably happy to get a break from the daily routines. It is, however, of no little significance that all who were invited came post-haste. There has been a rumor circulating for two years now of a Hush-Hush Secret Project that will blow the lid off the scientific community. The only way this meeting could be more important would be for a great star to appear overhead. Indeed, some have been seen gazing from their hotel windows late at night, watching and wondering. The overwhelming atmosphere at this meeting is one of optimism and hope ...

" Gentlemen and Ladies, let this meeting come to order. We have some very special guests today whom we would like you all to meet. They are

relative newcomers...

Mr. Wright {walks cross the stage and stands at his seat}, Mr. Henry {struts like a true master}, Drs. Tesla, Edison, Newton, and Einstein walk out quickly.

As the speaker barely finishes their names, all hell breaks loose and I dare say you couldn't see more anger at a World Class Soccer match. There was much shouting, and many said they would have rather attended a presidential press conference with 'Mr. Hollywood!' They all got up and rushed for the back door, wanting no part in this, this 'Hollywood Squires'.

But at the back door stood one man with a microphone. They stopped. He said 'SIT DOWN'. They returned to their seats. The giant of a man walked down the center aisle and around he strode to ascend the stage. " Gentle people, my name is Paul Laserush. I am not a ghost because I have not died. And these men behind me are very special - and 100 % real. We need to listen to them, for they have much to help us with and we need to get started now."

As you can well imagine, no one left the meeting hall. Would you ? Dr. Tesla now stands to the podium which, by the way, is quite a piece of art. Inlaid gold etched by skilled craftsman depicting a scene from the Sistene Chapel. Even though it is of a fictional place, it is very beautiful. Mr. Tesla ?

" Dear people, we are not apparitions. We have been created for the sole purpose of analyzing the present world situation. How we got here to do this is a long story, but I assure you that you will be completely briefed later. We've written an account of our lives and each of you will receive a copy at the end of our lectures. Consider yourselves blessed to be here, my friends and colleagues. Now, all of us have combined our varying degrees of expertise to help solve the problems facing your world. Dr. Einstein will now address you." " My people ", begins Allen-Albert, " we have to first rehash some of the reasons the environment is suffering. It all began with, of course, the Industrial Revolution - the inventions of machines that would lessen man's workload. Factories were built at an enormous rate. Power to run them was first supplied by running water spinning waterwheels and using gears to transfer that power from the riverbank to the near-by building. But when the rivers ran dry, as rivers sometimes do, production came to a screeching halt. And a river can supply only so much power, anyway, so men turned to steam. That worked very well, for a time. But the energy stored in wood paled in comparison to that stored in crude oil. As mankind progressed from one source of power to the next, and the next, little thought was given to the consequences. So for the last century, oil- and coal- fired electricity has provided the lion's share of our needs for power AND locomotion. And THAT, ladies and gentlemen, is precisely where we went wrong!"

" Sir, are you saying we need to alter our whole system, phasing out ALL uses of oil and coal, and GASOLINE ??"

" No sir, not at all. This planet is very large and can withstand a great deal of abuse without lasting harm. It's a fact. Many natural cleaning cycles continue around the clock to correct what man wreaks on Mother Earth. But. There is a limit. And we don't know - can't know because of our limited knowledge and understanding - what that limit is. For instance. Take earthquakes. For the last 25 years, over 200,000 people have died from them. Is it possible that we have withdrawn too much oil, too fast, from the planet and it is collapsing like if you sucked the water from a grape ? We do not know, but it has been estimated that since man began using oil for gasoline, enough oil has been drilled to fill the Moon ! "

" Let me take it now, Allen.", offers Dr. Newton.

" Friends, we need to assess our resources and see if anything has been overlooked because of the relative ease of oil drilling and distillation. Coal mining is not particularly easy and has killed many, but is easy to use. You just, in essence, have to strike a match to it."

" Get to the point!, Missteerrr Neewww Ttooonnnn", shouted someone in the crowd. " Sir, by now people everywhere already know the point ! From nuclear power we get Three Mile Island and Chernobyl. From oil we get the Exxon Valdez and numerous other spills. The pros barely outweigh the cons, and something has got to give. Now, as I was saying. You went from running water, to storing water in dams, releasing steam energy from it's stable form ... then you took a left-hand turn up a one-way street, digging coal and sucking oil from beneath your feet. It was easier to do that than take the next logical step, and I ask you, `What happened to lightning?! Every day on average 500,000 bolts strikes U.S. soil. This planet is pelted by more than 8 MILLION individual bolts a day - just on the land surface, and each bolt packs more than 100,000,000 Volts ! It is environmentally clean and natural. No pollution is what we're talking here people, and you are ignoring it... Do you think the public suspects nothing and are a bunch of fools ?? You take hard earned tax dollars and spend billions on your Super Colliders and every other cockamamie idea such as cold fusion that could only work, possibly, in a parallel universe, if such exists. And while you do your *!# damned `RESEARCH', Society is going to hell. Why are you spending so much time to produce power from coal and oil and nuclear when the power is already out there in the air, ripe for the pickings ?? I would like to read you a piece written by a famous man. Not about lightning. About how to treat children. It reads :

`As a parent who is trying to raise my child to be a peaceful adult (one who doesn't walk around making war on the world), I still always thought that if the child went past some imaginary point of misbehaviour, then the parent is justified in crossing the violence barrier. Spanking, even belt slapping, results from this line of

reasoning. And, indeed, don't the HOLY SCRIPTURES say to spare the rod is to spoil the child? Recently, sad to say, a shocking number of defenseless babies in this country and, truth be told, overseas also, have been brutally murdered - unintentionally - by parents, sitters, and boyfriends of Mothers. I believe a lot of this to be happening, not because of the afore-mentioned SCRIPTURE, but rather the misinterpretation of it - not unlike the Crusade tortures of years past. Yes, you could say that this outbreak of violence toward children is a modern-day (?) manifestation of the Crusades! I think this a most appropriate time to comment on how this shows that, when it comes to parenting, we're not the highly intelligent race we like to think ourselves to be - the result of millions of years of evolution-guided improvements - but rather a sorry excuse for a bunch of Neanderthals. Maybe, just maybe, by helping you - the readers and my fellow parents - to an understanding of this matter (that until I sat down & started writing this page I couldn't fully express in my mind), I can also help you to understand this revelation: that NO VIOLENCE OF ANY KIND is appropriate in disciplining a child! Think about it, too, if you want your child to love you MORE as time goes along ... each time you smack your child you're only accomplishing the exact opposite result. (Why would anyone expect more and more love after more and more beating??) And people, as if I haven't said enough there is one final reason (and here I'm pleading with you to hug your child and laugh a deep, hearty laugh when they make a mistake) not to spank your child or strike them in any way ... As your child grows up, I ask you, will there not be plenty of people OUT THERE who will smack them plenty (cheat, rob, rape, steal, etc.) ?"

" Sir, I thought we were here to talk about solutions to pollution and the worldwide energy shortage. Why have you started reading from obscure and unknown writers about unrelated matters ?"

" Which is the more prevalent pollution, son, that from factories and automobiles which you measure in `parts per million' or child abuse that is measured by `parts per hundred' ? It is estimated that more than 35 parents out of every hundred stoop to varying degrees of this aberrant behaviour ! How much good are our answers to pollution and energy if the climate in your home is like unto a battlefield, hostile, harsh, even murderous ??"

" You have made your point. Well spoken, Sir."

" Many parents could be helped to stop acting this way through the simple diagnosis of thyroid and other physical ailments. They do not have these tests done because of the money, and a good case could be made for a National Health Plan. But that is out of our scope and best left in the hands of politicians, where it has always been.", added Mr. Edison, continuing " The `ENVIRONMENTAL LAWS'` enacted some six-plus years ago has cut our nation's need for new landfill space. Present landfills are receiving a mere 9 % of the 1990 disposal rate.

Americans everywhere should rejoice at just that fact alone because it frees us from the burden of guilt and uncaring gluttony that has been a hallmark of twentieth century existence. The recent invention of the XK-4 will further reduce our guilt from riding all the time like a bunch of lazy so-and-sos. The 100's of millions of taxpayer dollars that used to pay for massive winter road clean-up of ice and snow, because of the LASERMELT System has been used to fund the extension of that system onto the nation's cars at no cost !"

" We made a suggestion to the Drug Enforcement Agency that if they would introduce imitation look alike drugs to the streets, the street value of illegal drugs would take a dive. By taking the profit down a few notches, well, you see what happened, don't you ?", began Jack Henry. "It's like what would happen to Volvo sales if you sold them without motors, heh,heh, no varoom, just 'room. It's like what would happen if you tried to prostitute an inflatable doll. No ... uhm. Better not touch that one. Anyway, by 1995 you couldn't buy squat on the street that you knew was the real stuff and people started pouring into Rehab Centers !"

Turning the tide on child abuse with an associated defeat to the Warlords of Dope is no insignificant accomplishment. But what about LIGHTNING ?

" Mr. Edison, I have a question.", shouts someone from the audience.

" Go ahead."

" What exactly is the potential of lightning and how can you possibly hope to know where a bolt, any bolt, is going to strike next ?"

" OK. In the case of the United States. The total energy needs by the year 2000 will exceed 100 quadrillion BTU.

This converts to 33.42 trillion Volts. If it were possible to do so, harnessing the power from 300,000 lightning bolts would supply this. The point is that a mere 60 % of the available supply (500,000) of lightning that strikes in ONE DAY in the U.S. could supply our every energy need - for an entire year! This figures to 822 bolts per day. Our objective, then, entails harnessing a mere 16.4 % of our nations lightning resource. There are times when the nation goes for days and days without appreciable lightning storm activity, so lightning can not reasonably be expected to replace all other forms of energy generation. However, if a widespread storage system were available that could harness, collect and release as needed, the United States could easily expect to make rapid reductions in airborne pollutions and the resultant acid rain. We are here, today, to reveal to you just such a system. The American taxpayer will not have to fund this project, either. It will require a high degree of regulation to successfully complement the existing system. The power companies will build it, and charge for it, till such time it turns a reasonable profit. Shouldn't take more than 5 or 10 years on the outside, at which time the overall physical health of the general populace should also begin reflecting the lessening effects of the declining pollution. I might add that there will be, as most of you know, health benefits to the whole planet. All animal and plant life will breathe a

sigh of relief as this infernal manmade and lethal level of pollution abates ! All this day-by-day-by-day discussions about the coming greenhouse effect will too be over. That will make everyone feel better.

At that, much rejoicing broke out, even pandemonium. After lunch, the question returns ... How ? Let us join back to Dr. Tesla.

" Attracting lightning is no problem. That's what lightning rods do. They attract it because it helps the lightning get to the ground easier. Much easier to travel thru the rod, with little resistance, than thru the air, with high resistance. And what is a rod but a wire, a conductor. When a pulse of electricity traverses a conductor, a magnetic field springs out alongside that pulse. This is elementary physics. If a wire were placed alongside the lightning rod, simple induction will take place in that wire creating a mirror pulse IF the wire is part of a complete closed circuit. A closed circuit is created by the addition of a large capacitor and a diode. The diode allows electrons to transfer and subsequently charge the capacitor without backing up after the lightning pulse is past. So we are not truly harnessing the bolt directly. It is highly unlikely that that will ever be accomplished. By using the induction principle, though, it is for all practical purposes the same. The energy is then stored in the large capacitor till it is needed. Near the tower is a large capacitor box containing perhaps 4,000 smaller capacitors wired in parallel to the negatively charged side of the 'Mother' capacitor. When the power is desired, a switch is thrown that lets the electrons flow from the 'Mother Cap' into the parallel bank. The electrons are being pulled through an isolation transformer one cap at a time. This is accomplished by thyristors on each cap. Every other capacitor changes direction, and the electrons finally achieve their goal of returning to the positive side of the little capacitors and continue on to the positive side of the 'Mother Cap', ready for another bolt ! So the system is actually a two-stage induction machine."

" Why doesn't the 'Mother Capacitor' blow the socks off the parallel bank when the switch throws, Sir ?"

" Each tower has many 'Mother Caps' holding much less than 100 million volts. The 'Mother Caps' are released in sequence to the parallel bank so that only one parallel bank is needed for multiple 'Mothers'. A working model has not been built yet.

" Dr. Einstein, where would you place these towers ?

" In the United States there is an abundance of lightning activity in the South. That would be the logical place to start. Head north and west after that."

" Where shall we find enough workers to build all the towers needed ?"

" You could start by pulling all those people out of the coal mines.

I'm sure they wouldn't mind."

" Why are you and your group so down on scientists ? Haven't we done plenty in our `fields'? What's so wrong with that ??"

" The only thing wrong with that, Sir, is when it turns a blind eye to the oppressed, taking their tax dollars for ventures that are so incredibly expensive and holding little benefit for the common man ! Billions upon billions of tax dollars are being thrown at projects for mere scientific curiosity. Curiosity is not a good enough reason for a man's children to go without shoes on their feet. Little children in this country lay down at night with their little tummys aching for a meal. It is an abomination where I come from ... SIR!"

" Well spoken again, Sir."

" While the implementation cost for the lightning system is not cheap, the payback will continue for centuries to come.", added Darn Orville.

" Mr. Wright, what part do you play in all this ?"

" I can tell you what Synergy is. Environmental synergy is where all the many pollutants combine into an unknown pollutant mash whose harm we can only guess at. Just like there is gravity and anti-gravity, matter and anti- matter, there is the negative synergy - a force for much bad - and its' opposing force - ANTI-SYNERGY. Anti-synergy is exerted by all of us working for solutions to the synergy force, which makes you and I as scientists but also includes all the people who recycle aluminum cans, you see, Anti-Synergists.

" We need to reach an understanding about perpetual motion ", is the opening statement on Day 2 of this convention, made by Dr.Isaiah-Isaac Newton.

" What is there to understand ?" retorts the audience almost in unison..."There is no such thing."

" If we had a gasoline engine that never runs out of gas, that would be one. Several things people on this planet are blessed with are perpetual. You have lightning, sunlight, the tides, wind and gravity. If a machine were built to run off any of these resources, it would indeed be a perpetual motion machine. We have built just such a machine.

We call it S.P.E.A.G.:

- S. for Self -
- P. for Propelled
- E. for Electromagnetic
- A. for Aerodynamic Alternating-Current
- G. for Generator

The name is a mouthful but each of these facets are directly involved in its' operation. The only drawback is it will only work at the geomagnetic North Pole located in the area of Thule, Greenland. This is where the magnetic lines of force emanate up from the planet. As

you know, the flux lines, as they are also called, are concentrated there. It is possible to concentrate them further by taking advantage of their natural attraction to metal over air. So we have designed 24 towers measuring 3.5 feet across arranged in a circle. The spaces between the towers is also 3.5 feet. These dimensions are not arbitrary. The total circumference of such a circle is 164.5 feet. A vertical metal rod in the center of this circle is like the shaft for a propeller. That's what it is, too, but it also has an electric motor at the center of the propeller. At the tips of the two opposing propeller-arms are very large electromagnets. Simply put, then, when the electromagnets are spinning, they cut across the concentrated lines of flux coming thru the metal towers. The flux drops as the electromagnets cross between the towers, over the spaces. This produces the A.C. current to power the shaft-motor. The fact that the support arms are also aerodynamic wings providing lift at an operating speed at the tips of 420 feet per second (286.4 mph) is very important because the electromagnets are over 1000 pounds apiece. Friction would rob this machine of much power if it weren't for the wing lift action. The spinning electromagnets will produce a 60 Hertz A.C. current by spinning 2.5 revolutions per second, cutting 60 towers per second. Each one of these S.P.E.A.G.'s occupies 55 square feet, so one square mile at Thule could support 9,216 machines. Running around the clock with virtually no wear from friction, each S.P.E.A.G. is estimated producing in excess of 2 Gigawatts of quite useable electricity. That is over and above what it needs to turn its' own motor !! We have not built one as yet, but the President wanted us to present our findings now and enlist your aid in the design/building stages. Any questions ?"

" I have a question, please. Why not build them double decker ? Also, how much are we talking in excess electricity ?"

" For 9,216 machines you would obtain 18.432 Trillion Watts annually. Double decked: 36.864 TW annually."

Everyone is glad to have made it to this first ANTI - SYNERGY Convention. They enjoyed the book, too, especially Chapter 8.

After the days' questions were all asked, and answered, one of the conventioners asked Professor Einstein how they could have overlooked the Lightning Tower and S.P.E.A.G. He slipped him a paper that he never, ever, thought he would give anyone. I reprint it here for you:

How Smart I Am (not), by Albert Einstein

` If we exist only in our conscious mind and are too weak-minded to engage our super-powered subconscious mind, doesn't that PROVE that the sub-conscious is, in reality, not SUB-anything but rather a SUPER-conscious mind that requires -1- certain techniques to engage it and -2- a great power source to kick it in? It is my belief that myself and all the other mental giants from our time back are giants, not because they're smarter than you or I, but that they have mastered this ability to go beyond the powers of the conscious (limited) human

mind and leaped into a state of mental hyper-drive ! YOU too with effort can achieve a measure of this. First of all, when you're presented with a problem, sweat the problem out from all angles. Draw upon all your knowledge, whether closely or remotely related to the solving of your problem. This purging of your conscious mind serves to wake up your subconscious to the fact that it is needed. This is strikingly similar to the way adrenalin affects the body and indicates that this purging action actually triggers the release of neuro-chemicals that, under ordinary conditions, aren't present to stimulate the subconscious into activity. In addition, the thus self-induced mental pain of not being able to reach a solution to the problem may initiate a dumping of endorphins also into the bloodstream, creating an endorphin/adrenalin punch to the psyche that is unobtainable in any other way. This makes the subconscious a sort of sleeping giant !! By sweating your problem, then, you are in effect summoning the subconscious to come to your aid ! It has to sense a real need to kick in & help the conscious mind on any given problem... For example, I sweated with all my conscious might till !POW! - $E=MC^2$ hit me from the subconscious (awoke one morning with it, actually) !

Once you learn HOW to do this (the mechanics), it comes easier. The more you exercise this ability(we all possess), the easier it kicks in as the wall between the two states of mind turns into, no longer a wall but a BRIDGE. (Also, in another vein, since Bible study and prayer open us to the quickening power of God's holy Spirit, they, too, help fulfill the second condition for successfully engaging one's subconscious mind.)'

CHAPTER 12 :

Ray is usually a quiet person, keeps to his own business pretty much since his retirement. A much younger neighbor - Henry - likes to draw him into conversation. He learns so much from Ray. Much more than any history book has pages to relate. Ray talks history as if he helped write it, but if he did he doesn't tell Henry. And if Henry wants to know more than what Ray is willing to give up, he respects that and keeps sensitive questions under wraps. The year - 2025 A.D.

" Hello, Ray."

" Howdy to you, too, Henry ! How's life and the missus ?"

" Outstanding, simply OUTSTANDING ! Pinch me, Ray, I need to know if I'm having a dream, or what ? You know, it just seems like every day is better than yesterday - like it just can't possibly get any better - and then I wake to another really great day... Remember how Ed Sullivan used to introduce his REALLY GREAT SHOW (pronounced shoe) ?"

" Less'ee, Henry, I'm not sure my memory goes back that far. I seem to

recall a few lost reruns they dug up several years ago from some half-forgotten archives, but whoever that Ed guy was, he couldn't have dreamed in his wildest dreams of all the changes to society - and the world - that have taken place in the last 25 years. Seems to me the highlights of his career consisted of introducing several popular singers and singing groups to the nation. That must have been a blissful time !"

" I agree with you there. We might have a difficult time remembering personalities, even from reruns, but that definitely was an age of bliss. They even tried to usher in something they referred to as an 'AGE of AQUARIUS', while not realizing it just wasn't time yet for it to happen. But they thought they were having a good time, listening to their Beagles records."

" Even with all the beautiful music and scantily clad singers, Henry, I wouldn't trade my life now for all the gold records in China for, even with their partying and swinging - you know what I mean - the people living in the '80's and '90's were a sad lot. Like that one rock star who sang about how glad he was to be an American - now wasn't THAT a wishful tune ?"

" Yeah...while he was singing, landfills were filling and people were choking to death from the filth that was pouring into the air. And, of course, all the other ills that seemed to be attacking their way of life. You've got to hand it to them, though, they were a brave bunch. The conditions got tough and they got tough back !"

" I could not agree more. I spend at least 30 hours every week in my volunteer work at the retirement center working with the older ones because I respect them so much for just having survived those terrible, terrible days. And I wish I could do more, but I do so love to take the family to Badwater as often as possible. We started going there at least twice a month in 2015, and we were hooked. It is such a beautiful - no, magnificent - place. It's too bad the whole country couldn't be that way. Maybe, one day, that too will come to pass ... like the miracles that came before..."

" Wasn't that when you bought a used XK-4, Ray ?"

" Yes, Henry, it had 18 years on it then and a little over 260,000 miles. It's hard to believe we've put another 10 years and 170 k on her, not to mention she's still purring right along. It wouldn't have been possible except for the President having cracked the whip...!"

" Isn't it ironic how the man who did so much for our great country, - not to mention every person on the planet - was referred to as a "wimp" when he was in the Presidential race ?"

" So true, so true. But the media did so like to put a tag on everyone and everything while not knowing any more than Jack Sprat."

" Well, they sure were wrong when it came to the President. Do you remember the uproar he caused when he came out with his 'ENVIRONMENTAL LAWS' ?"

" Yes, at first people screamed bloody murder, but when the dust settled and dialogue started, it was quite obvious the President had, if not THE ANSWER, at least some very NECESSARY answers. I never seem to tire from watching my videotape of his speech. Would you like to come inside for a V-8 and watch it now ?"

" I sure would, Ray, but first I'd really like a run- thru of your XK-4's system components. They're a bit out-dated NOW, but when it came out in 1997 it revolutionized the automotive world, not to mention the positive effect it had on our environment. Of course, it didn't hurt the United States of America in the world marketplace, either !"

" That's right. Since the numerous patents on it were American-owned and -operated, so to speak, everybody who wanted the XK-4 system had to buy American !"

" And that was when the turn-around began, when the United States of America became - once again and forever - the leader of the world...!"

" I suppose the XK-4 would never have come to be, Henry, if it had not been for Professor Keaton. He was an independent sort, very hard-headed in his thinking, and a backyard inventor...who had the vision and wisdom to see that the solution to transportation-related air pollution did not lie with an electric-powered vehicle or even combination-alternate (methane, gasoline, ethanol, propane, etc.) fuels-powered vehicles. He had another quality to his character that gave him an inventive edge over many of his scientific colleagues : humility based on faith in GOD. I know that sounds extreme and corny, but his faith was so strong it was almost as if he had seen GOD, or at least passed him in a hallway. In the first design of his machine - his BABY as he liked to call it - he knew that the answer rested, not in any ONE SYSTEM, but in incorporating several systems into the whole."

" He certainly was a visionary, Ray, and just as he believed in his GOD - it would seem he was so blessed to come up with the XK-4 !"

" Yes, his design blended gasohol and electric in just such a way, why, they estimate the XK-4 reduced urban air pollution by more than 40% in just three years of sales ! We are today seeing greatly reduced cancer rates, coupled with lowered incidence of heart disease and all respiratory illness, as evidence that the estimates were most correct. We awake every day with such a positive outlook... Is that not evidence of how one's mental abilities are affected, for good or for ill, in direct relation to one's exposure to air-borne pollutants and

subsequent injection to the bloodstream via the lungs ? Just one man of faith and vision, bucking his contemporaries, has brought so much health and happiness, no, JOY to the world ! It is truly amazing !"

" It was only fitting that he be honored world-wide and riches have been showered on him repeatedly."

" Inventors the world over look up to his example. As far as riches go, the man is a saint...he gives most of it away and sometimes joins in building homes for the homeless and needy...at least up until the time he disappeared. Back to the XK-4 : In city driving up to 20 mph, it is powered by the forward-mounted electric motor. The regular gas engine, a special short-block mounted right behind the electric, shares the camshaft with the electric drive, but doesn't have any compression in the cylinders until the 20 mph mark, where it is automatically switched, sort of like a diesel cut-off in reverse ! At the same time, the electric motor is DISCONNECTED but simultaneously converts to an alternator. So while the car is traveling over 20 mph it is self-recharging its own battery pack for when it drops again below 20. Because of this feature, the wires, plugs, and converters for house - current - charging were obsolete from the start ! The electric motor, of course, is fairly heavy but the weight gain is offset by these three innovations: The regular car alternator and starter/cam systems were discarded. Also, by operating in a narrower rpm range, greater combustion of gasohol was achieved thru optimization of the torque curve. Multi-port cylinders, an invention of the late '80's, combined with turbo- charging technology also in use at that time, produced a very powerful output from a pint-sized engine. For those times when more power was needed, of course as on hills, an incline-switch would kick in both the electric and the gas. Since the transmission was in a higher gear when the electric kicked in, the available horses jumped quite noticeably !"

" Ray, what year did they add the solar-recharging capability that's on today's generation of the XK-4 ?"

" It took many years of research, Henry. Companies such as Shesso, Phisters Petroleum, in other words the big research outfits with the big government grants that Keaton didn't have, saw that some people racked up a lot of city driving and not enough highway miles to keep the battery pack in a fully charged condition, so they added the final touch of genius to Keaton's BABY...they developed a process to make tiny fiberoptic strands into a plastic-like coating. Whereas a car's exterior might have several square meters of surface space / sun exposure - the surface space of these many THOUSANDS of FEET of strands send to a small solar collector-plate in the trunk lid the equivalent of .314 square MILES of sun-power - more than enough to keep the batteries charged even to the point of allowing the alternator - feature of the electric motor to also disengage and, subsequently, further reduce any burden to the gas plant. More available horsepower and even greater reductions in air-borne

pollutants - through lowered productions of hydrocarbons AND 100 % elimination of paint residue - pollution by the perma seal protective coating - resulted from this remarkable advance !"

" Paint is highly toxic to plantlife and animal life, especially when it's coming from 350-plus-million automobiles ! Ray, isn't that when our `AGE of AQUARIUS' really began ?"

" You are referring to the fact that today - worldwide - everyone is finally enjoying what was a mere crack dream of the 20th century, aren't you, Henry ? Yes, the ability for peoples to use pollution-free, and consequently guilt-free, electricity from sunlight - in abundance with NO NEED FOR CONSERVATION - brought us into a modern-day Eden. Fossil fuels technology suffered its demise when the Fiberoptics reached its ultimate conclusion...total electric power from the sun. But the Fiberoptics only came into significant use in 2025. There was an interim period from the year 2000 to 2025 wherein many countries of the world, most notably the Asian continent because of its sheer size and booming industrial revolution, could have severely damaged our planet through the burning of fossil fuels for electric generating purposes. Before we get into that, let's go watch that tape now."

" Don't forget that V-8, either, I've got a real thirst going now ."

" I know it's here somewhere ... pro'bly have to rewind it. Look at all this junk, Henry ! I have a lot of packrat in me. Fortunately, the missus didn't find that out to well after the wedding bells !"

" Ray, you surely have the nicest home on our block - outside of the junk-room, that is !"

" Why, thanks Henry, you're very generous with your praise and thanks for the flowers."

" What ??"

" Oh, I didn't mean real flowers, Henry, that's just an old expression from way back when, you know, in the dark ages. I like to use those old antiquated expressions they called slang ... flowers means you gave someone a compliment !"

" Thank goodness, Ray, I was afraid th' missus might overhear and think, uh..."

" That would never happen, Henry. My missus understands how I am with words. Sometimes even SHE has difficulty with some of the old CB jargon I drag out !"

" Saaaay, you don't still have one of THOSE old things do you, the Citizen's Band transceiver sets ?"

" It's around here somewhere. But I put it away years ago, when the

truckers stopped using them."

" Why was that, Ray ? I never did get a handle on the why's and wherefore's. Way I understood it, used to be not one truck driver would drive without his `ears'on!"

" One of the really main reasons they used the sets was for when the weather conditions messed the road with ice and snow. In the winter, many roads would be clear but bridges would have an invisible layer of `black' ice. This caused many accidents. Bad accidents. Having a fellow trucker tell you - over the airwaves - BEFORE reaching that patch of death saved many lives. Property, too. And even though the truckers saved many

 \$\$millions\$\$ of dollars of freight damage, their companies never saw fit to pay for ONE RADIO. There were a few backwards companies that didn't allow their drivers to use one ! They thought the radios would hurt PRODUCTIVITY. Which was sort of ridiculous since many drivers used the little radios to get directions to their destinations ! But I didn't mean to go off on a tangent. All that is history now, my young friend, and when we listen to the President's `ENVIRONMENTAL LAWS' speech, you will understand why winter road hazards stopped being a threat to all drivers, truckers included !

Now that the tape is rewinded, roll `em ."

CHAPTER 13 :

" DADDY, there goes another NuFO ! I love to watch them take off and land. At least you can see them, then. They go by so fast, you can hardly see them !"

Ray's daughter, Alisa, like all daughters, knows just how to get her Daddy talking at bedtime. But she is a product of the NEW AGE. She doesn't want to hear gobbledy-gook fairy tales like children used to be read by well-meaning parents. No, she wants to hear the truth, and Ray wouldn't have it otherwise ! She's heard it before, but she never tires. Neither does Ray.

" Well, Dear, after Professor Keaton invented the XK-4, for several years he was in a slump. His inventive genius seemed to sort of tap out. Writers call it Writer's Block, but whatever you call it, it is quite a hard pill to swallow for a creative person to find himself in a non-creative, burned-out way ! He took it in stride, though. He still worked on extra touches to the XK-4. He played a large role in adapting the Fiberoptic skin to the metal surfaces of the XK-4Z, which was in widespread production by the year 2025 . A really positive side effect of the transparent skin was that it permanently sealed the car's paint job so that it never needed repainting. This, of course, had positive repercussions in the environmental arena. ANY reduction of paint residue in the atmosphere and in rain run-off was applauded by environmentalists of his day."

" Daddy, what were environmentalists ? And tell me again - don't forget - how does a NuFO fly so fast ?"

" Environmentalists were ordinary, everyday people like you and me until it came to the pollution of our planet. When they saw any individual or any corporation acting callously towards the planet by polluting it, well hey, they just totally lost their sense of humor. They pulled out all the stops in their efforts to bring the guilty party to justice and accountability. They were extremely effective, to the point they turned the world around. Since all people now are like-minded of the environment- alists' cause, the term has fallen from usage."

" In the middle of the last century, many people saw flying objects that they never understood. They called them UFO's, which meant Unidentified Flying Object. No jet could catch them or get close enough to one to figure out their secrets. Even today, there are two lines of reasoning as to what they were. The easiest explanation is that they were visitors from another planet. Or it could have been time-mirages, caused by some as-yet-to-be understood phenomena, that enabled many people to see into our own time when they are common-place. It was quite disturbing to people then and they wondered why aliens would travel such long distances only to make no contact."
" And what do you think, Daddy ?"

" I don't know for sure and I must speculate like everyone else. But I think they were visitors from some far galaxy. They didn't want to make close contact for reasons only they can know, little one. However, they showed us glimpses of their spacecraft as a kindness to us, as a clue and as an incentive, an inspiration even, that it could be done. They were trying to tell us that while the standard-designed airplanes were O.K., there was a far better design. Professor Keaton picked up on the clues."

" Professor Keaton had a terrific MIND, didn't he, Daddy ?"

What happened to him, is he still inventing ?"

" Daughter, Professor Keaton has given so much for all of us but, alas, he disappeared from the public eye 11 years ago - around 2014 A.D. - near the time of the centennial remembrance of the ending to World War 1. It's too much of a coincidence to be just a coincidence. I feel that there is some significance between the two. But don't fret yourself, Dear. Many times in life we have to face things we don't understand. It's best if we just deal with those times by believing that there is a purpose behind it that our limited human eyes were not made to see. We certainly know, wherever he is right now, he is busying himself with a new invention ! Now, it's getting late. A bit late for the rest of the story..."

" Oh, Daddy, I'm not a bit sleepy. Please do the rest,
Pleeeeeease ?"

" My precious Alisa, you like these stories more than anyone !
Professor Keaton was what we call, affectionately and respectfully,
a true Renaissance Man. Which means he saw 'ahead of his time'. By
that expression it is meant that he looked past the myopic scientists
of his own day who went to great pains to prove their 'theories', so
intent on seeking their own glory they each concentrated their
research in specific 'fields'. They were like unto the religious
leaders in the time of Christ who strained out the gnat but gulped
down the camel, sort of. Professor Keaton, on the other hand, had
sole intentions of advancing the human condition to the highest degree
of excellence...and he asked questions that were painful. He did not
accept the view that 'It's always been that way, and nobody's ever
gonna change it !' After much research and deliberation, he asked 'Why
do planes have to have such large wings ?' The answer is, of course,
that so many square inches of lift-surface are needed to give
aerodynamic capability to any craft. It then occurred to him 'Why not
have many smaller wings ?' Surely someone has already tried that, he
thought, but in the end resulted his first NuFO."

At that point, Daddy Ray saw that his Alisa was fast asleep, but the
story is pretty much told, anyway. All that remains is a graphic
representation, which is on the following page [SORRY, OFFER #1] with
some accompanying explanations. These pictures and explainings would be
un-necessary if you lived in 2025 A.D., where they have totally replaced
'airplanes' and 'jets'. They possess increased speed and maneuverability
with no need for long runways to land since they are VTOL's...(vertical
take-off & landing capabilities craft).

The entire craft has a teardrop shape.

The main body does not spin and is completely stationary. This
is accomplished by having the outer-mounted Wing-Rings - 2 of them -
spinning in opposing directions. These serve for lift-off and
acceleration to 110 knots. However, as the craft approaches this
speed, it automatically begins diverting its thruster power from
spinning the WR's to straight forward propulsive power. The WR's stop
spinning as the NuFO reaches approximately 150 knots. Of course, at
that speed, no one on the ground would be able to see the Wing-Rings,
much less contemplate their critical role, and that is why they are
called 'Flying Saucers' !

Chapter 14 - PROJECT BADWATER

" Barry ... Barry, are you alright ?", shouts a frantic voice. "
Barry, this is Sue."

" Sue who ?... I don't want to sue anyone. Unless they wake me out of
this fantastic dream."

" Barry, it isn't a dream. But hurry up and wake up because this isn't a dream, either."

" Yes, I see what you mean. We seem to be surrounded by cacti plants, there goes a scorpion, and that is a fine breed of snake called the Horned Viper, I think."

" Well if you're not sure I could go ask him."

" That isn't necessary. But this dream I had was so real. We were lost in each other's arms, making love inside the shuttle, and then ... we were out of there. There was this hallway. Not just any hallway. And the walls glistened, as they were of something more precious than gold."

" Yes, I remember, too. Then I looked closer and closer till I could see the walls and ceiling were made of little angelic type creatures. Barry, they were smiling at us, every one !"

" Heh,Heh. We got caught in the cookie jar buck naked. What did you expect ? If you didn't want to see their smiling little faces you shouldn't have looked so hard."

" Barry, I don't recall seeing a floor. Was there a floor ? And what did he say ?"

" This hallway didn't need a floor. We were momentary guests. And a good host doesn't let their guests drop out their hallway, Susan. You know that ! The person in the hallway seemed to be saying `You have done very well, my son. Go, finish what needs to be done.'"

" That was what I felt, too. Barry, what do we have to do ?"

" Right now, we need to find some water before we dry up and blow away into the sand, and food."

Survival is not easy. And always there is the need for more water.
 Water. Water.

" Water, Susan."

" Yeah. Water."

" No, Susan, I mean `WATER'. Our mission is water. We're about 40 miles west of Death Valley. We have been walking downhill towards the Pacific. Plenty of water in the Pacific. Death Valley - Pacific, Death Valley - Pacific, Death Valley - Pacific."

" Barry, you're mumbling again, Barry. Snap out of it, my husband."

" Water is my mission. Susan, the Pacific has so much water and Death Valley has so much heat. Water - Heat - Water - Heat. That's it, Susan. All we have to do is bring water from the Pacific to Death Valley."

" I can see you have had your quota of heat. OK, I'll bite. What would happen then? It would evaporate, right ? Then where would you be ? Out of water again. What then, Mr. Einnn Steinnnn ?"

" More water, more and more."

" You're going mad, Barry. You need to think about something else fore you totally lose it ... fore ... fore ... Barry !! gasp. Kiss
 my buzzer

now. {KISS} {KISS} {KISS} {KISS} {KISS} {KISS} {KISS} {KISS} {KISS} {KISS} {KISS}

" How much, do you know ?"

" We know that seawater has 1 grain of gold per 2,000 pounds of seawater, so simply dividing 2.741 billion by 2,000 will give the number of grains...1,370,500 grains. 15.4324 grains make 1 gram of gold. Divide again. Result ... 88,806.7 grams per day. 453.5924 grams equals 1 pound, so by dividing again we discover that Project Badwater should accumulate somewhere between a minimum of 196 pounds of gold daily and a maximum of 196,000 pounds of gold daily. Quite a prospect, wouldn't you say, dear ?"

" How much is our commission, Barry ?"

" We're doing this for our country and our planet and the satisfaction that comes from helping restore the National Economy, not to mention all the increased rainfall, good, clean rain. Dear, how does the air smell after a good, clean rain ? Do you think the people in south-central California could stand some good, clean air after the newfound rain source cleans it for them, naturally ?"

" The rain would probably benefit in many ways. The terribly destructive forest fires they have so often, ravaging the land and further polluting the air, can't burn in the rain."

" Exactly."

" But I can just see the State of California trying to lay claim to the gold."

" I thought of that, too, and they can't because the Death Valley is a National Monument."

" A lot of people will oppose mining gold in a National Monument area, dear."

" And rightly so. But why mine it ? As long as we know it's there through careful monitoring, it will just settle out and accumulate. Safer than Fort Knox !"

" Maybe it could restore the Savings and Loans to financial health without the taxpayers being stuck again."

Barry and Susan, you have now completed your mission successfully. The man in the hallway is also smiling. By 2010 A.D., approximately 80,000 pounds of gold per day is being deposited in the 'BADWATER NATIONAL BANK' ... 29.2 Million POUNDS OF GOLD per year, at \$385.00 per ounce. You figure it out.

" Barry, I think Project Badwater would make a great resort. The American people will own and use it free of charge."

" Yes, one day soon, we will have our Paradise, dear."

Chapter 15 :

" Daddy, thank you for taking me to Badwater again. I love it here. With the dinosaurs being around, it makes it so much more exciting than anything we have ever done before. Who would have ever, in their wildest dreams, thought the dinosaurs could be restored to the Earth ?"

" Yes, dear, I know. There used to be so many theories that sought to explain why the dinosaurs disappeared in the first place."

" We studied the subject in class just last week, Daddy. It could have been caused by a great comet that struck the Earth in prehistoric times. Or maybe the Ice Ages. What do you think, Daddy ?"

" Maybe it was a visitor from another galaxy that was frightened by the great one, Tyrannosaurus Rex. Perhaps this visitor had many weapons and wiped out just the Rex population. What would happen then, Alisa dear ?"

" By taking out the natural balance of predator versus prey, an overpopulation of the other kinds of dinosaurs would proliferate, overfeed, wipe out the plants they needed for food. For a while, the situation wouldn't seem to be a crisis, but would then snowball exponentially and wipe the animals out suddenly."

" Yes, exactly. And many centuries hence a great race would arrive on that same land and speculate as to why the dinosaurs died away."

" You mean mankind, don't you Daddy ?"

" Yes, but do you see the other point I was trying to make also ?"

" I think so. That mankind and womankind alike need to be vigilant that their problems that look like `sleepers' do not synergize into a big snowball and the same death that came upon the dinosaurs would come once more to visit this planet, except that time it would be knocking - pounding - at OUR DOOR."

" By that time, our fate would be sealed. That is what very nearly happened in the late Twentieth century."

" We certainly are fortunate that action was taken in time. I guess there are a lot of things I'll never know about that part of history."

" Oh, I wouldn't give up hope just yet. I'm out here this trip to Badwater for an extra special reason, Dear. A reunion for me but a little more than that for you. It is time for you to meet some friends of mine. And your older sister. Susan. Susan, meet Alisa. This is Barry, her husband. Paul, come on over here ...

" IT'S STORY - TELLING TIME !!! "

ANTI-SYNERGY : The STORY of PROJECT BADWATER

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