

AGRON

PostHumans

*"If you read only the books everyone reads,
you will only think about what everyone thinks."*

Haruki Murakami

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INTRODUCTION

Embark on an extraordinary journey through the cosmos, where the boundaries of possibility are transcended and the limits of human imagination are expanded. This novel, combining scientific rigor with boundless creative vision, transports you to a realm unlike any other.

Join the unforgettable cast of characters—Quark, Ardi, Gluon, and Higgs—as they traverse the vast expanse of the universe. From the ethereal origins of Quark’s world to the heart of Earth’s fossil-fuel era, they traverse not only space but also the epochs of human history and destiny.

Their journey is a rollercoaster of emotions and revelations—where love emerges, hope is tested, loss is profound, and imagination reigns supreme. Their mission? To reshape the very fabric of existence.

As we progress, profound questions emerge that challenge the very essence of humanity:

What is the fundamental nature of humanity?

To what extent can technological advancements propel us beyond Earth, and what toll do they impose?

Are mortals capable of surviving and thriving beyond Earth, confronting the hostile environments of the Moon and Mars while being watched by ‘Posthumans’?

What does it entail to coexist with lethal radiation, and how does this influence the duration and significance of a human life?

Most unsettling of all:

Who are the Posthumans?

What ties them to us? What distinguishes them?

Who ventured to Venus and Europa, Jupiter's icy satellite?

What discoveries were made?

Could a natural human develop romantic feelings for a 'Posthuman'? And if so, could the Posthuman reciprocate these emotions?

The mysterious romance between Gluon and Aphrodite pulses at the heart of this saga—passionate, tender, tragic, and transcendent. Who is she? Why did they part ways, only to reunite again? Their story, like so many others within these pages, will stir your soul.

The journey begins as they land on Earth, in the shadow of the fossil fuel age, just as humanity teeters on the brink of ecological and moral catastrophe. What unfolds next defies prediction.

These pages brim with the unexpected. With wonders. With sorrow. With revelations. Every question echo with a deeper truth—hidden, awaiting your discovery.

So, fasten your seatbelt. The voyage you are about to take is not just across the stars, but through the very essence of time, identity, and destiny.

This is more than a story.

It's the beginning of everything.

BACK... TO THE MONEY!

Terrified by his slumber on the cold, iron bed, Higgs was abruptly overwhelmed by a profound sense of dread. A commotion emanating from behind the partially ajar door beckoned him, and his heart raced wildly as he remained motionless. His eyes widened in horror as he peered through the narrow opening and witnessed a group of grotesque, skeletal figures clad in striped pajamas attempting to breach his room. Their bony fingers clawed at the air, their laughter a piercing shriek that reverberated through the empty halls. The putrid odor of decay emanating from their lifeless forms induced Higgs to gag in disgust.

At that moment, the memory of the '*Skulls Museum*' flooded his mind—the rows upon rows of skulls with decayed teeth and no pleading cries for mercy. But these skeletal outrages were different. Higgs also visualized his proud skull, waiting to escape from that hellish existence.

Despite his horror and revulsion, something within Higgs stirred. He felt an inexplicable urge to join them, to embrace the perverse madness that had taken hold of these skeletal creatures. As he watched them laugh and scream, their voices merging into a demonic chorus, he knew he was no longer in control of his fate. A crazed, involuntary laugh escaped his throat. The nightmare had claimed him—and there was no escape.

Higgs could do nothing other than willingly join the earthlings—the perverse earthlings—as judged by those who had passed the final verdict upon him.

After his initial experiences on Earth, Quark found himself haunted by the absence of Higgs, unable to bear the thought that he might have lost him forever. In the depths of his longing, he turned to Gluon, seeking counsel, a flicker of clarity amidst the emotional fog.

Once a brilliant inspiration in Quark's boundless life, Higgs had faded into anonymity, swallowed by Earth's sprawling multitudes. While Quark's essence remained untouched by time, Higgs, like all earthlings, had aged—fragile and dimmed, like a flame trembling before extinction. That once-vibrant mind, full of defiance and spark, had become a worn-out shadow. A fate not unique... but tragic, nonetheless.

So many terrestrials, Quark witnessed, were forgotten—erased by time, their contributions scattered like dust. Only a chosen few were remembered, their names carved into memory, while the vast majority struggled futilely to leave a trace. This injustice pierced Quark. He would not abandon Higgs. He would find him—no matter how impossible it seemed.

Yet the world he now inhabited spun on different rules. Without money, even a single step forward was a fortress gate. As he wandered through that bleak realization, memories of the old '*M Project*' surfaced. Quark began delving into

alternative energies, while Gluon—his ever-practical son—wrestled with the unforgiving mechanics of financial survival.

Gluon, increasingly aware of how currency slithered between hands and powerhouses, envisioned a system to simplify money transfers in this era of creeping digitalization. The world was becoming computerized, inch by inch—and this, Gluon knew, was the opening salvo of artificial intelligence. The internet, crude as it still was, connected minds. And Quark, ever the philosopher, saw this moment as the first true leap toward civilization—driven, paradoxically, by money.

Still, to Gluon, chasing profit was agony. Yet he pressed on. He dove headfirst into algorithms, chasing the ghost of purpose through the emerging circuitry of fledgling computers. Whole software systems had to be built to manage the flow of money, to regulate payments, to track transactions. The bureaucratic maze nearly swallowed him whole. But when he emerged—victorious—his innovation bore fruit. He had income. He had means.

And Gluon—reluctant and tired—smiled for the first time in ages.

Quark, too, shared in the quiet triumph. Despite his aversion to the culture of finance, he saw the necessity. Money would drive their cause forward. Artificial minds could now help generate funds. Quark had visions—projects that reached far beyond Earth. He would endure the distaste if it meant making them real.

But deep inside, a question smoldered: Would it be enough? Would it succeed?

From within the spaceship '*Contact Us*', Quark kept a vigilant eye on Earth's pulse. One day, amid an awards ceremony broadcast across the globe, a name resurfaced: Higgs. The crowd roared.

Quark froze.

The Nobel Prize. It had been awarded to the very man who once fell through space with nothing but questions. His friend. His analyst. His companion in madness.

Joy bloomed in Quark's chest. Higgs had been recognized—not for wealth or power—but for insight. For truth.

Concealed to Quark, Higgs had wandered deep into the labyrinth of the '*Unified Field Theory*', (UFT), grappling with microcosmic mysteries. He had named the planet he landed on, Proton, and the creature he first met... Quark. And Quark had named his own child Gluon. Particles. Bonds. All woven from the language of atoms. Because that was all the human eyes had reached. Proton. Beyond that... the universe stretched too far.

It was poetic. Higgs' discovery—the particle that gives mass to all others—had earned him a place among legends. And Quark, who had always believed in Higgs' mind, felt vindicated. But he never learned of the discovery... until now.

When Quark and Ardi had vanished within '*Contact Us*', Higgs had not waited. He leapt to Earth, returned to where it had all begun, and announced his findings with trembling

hands and burning eyes. He gave the prize... to the mind. To thought itself. A paradox, yes. But Earth was rich in those.

Meanwhile, Gluon became consumed with purpose. The profits from his software surged as transactions raced across borders. The world was addicted to movement, and money made the wheels turn. Gluon saw clearly: every earthly ambition now bowed before currency.

His software bloomed across countless machines. The company's value soared. Quark, recalling a once-playful conversation with Higgs about the Stock Exchange, now realized its haunting power. A mirage—yet real.

Still, Gluon could not ignore the choking skies and dying trees.

He watched as cars belched toxins onto asphalt veins, the atmosphere thickening with poison. The Greenhouse Effect was not a threat—it was a wound, festering. Gluon's wealth meant nothing if the planet suffocated. His mission crystallized: electric cars. Clean machines. A future reclaimed.

The myth of the combustion engine had to fall. Electric vehicles—once fantasy—would be forged in truth.

Stock Exchange numbers danced like fireflies in Gluon's vision. His company, now valued in millions, had become a symbol of silent revolution. Humans invested blindly—but their money seeded change.

When he sold his first company, it was not for greed—it was for a dream. The dream of a clean future.

The journey began with two pillars: the battery—the food of ‘PostHuman’ life—and the battle against fossil fuels, which threatened Earth’s survival.

And yet, Carby, an adversary, rose.

A colossus of the hydrocarbon age, Carby controlled vast empires—aviation, automotive, the arteries of modern industry. Black energy had fed the world for years. Any spark of rebellion was crushed before ignition.

But Gluon defied the shadow.

He began alone, defiant. And he succeeded.

His first vehicles rolled silently down the streets, emitting no gas, no roar—only awe. They were dreams in motion, and the world stopped to watch.

Ardi wept.

The cars were not just machines—they were hope. They were salvation.

Mass production began. Simplicity was key: an electric motor, a battery. Nothing more. Gluon envisioned better batteries, charged not by fossil-fueled grids, but by sunlight itself. He built massive factories. He poured his life into innovation.

Carby struck back. Governments, manipulated by oil interests, raised taxes. Electric dreams were throttled. But Gluon stood firm.

His creation—Tesla—became legend.

Others followed. The industry pivoted.

The myth was shattered.

And Earth, at last, exhaled.

BEYOND EARTH

The dream of flight had long captured the human imagination. If birds could soar, why not humankind? That fantasy began to materialize with the arrival of hydrocarbons. Soon, people crossed oceans and continents with ease. Ultimately, they defied the laws of gravity by launching themselves around Earth's orbit, deploying satellites, and culminating in a monumental moment: a human being on the 'Moon'. Quark and Higgs had witnessed that legacy during their sweeping return journey to Earth.

In time, robotic probes ventured further—'Mars', the outer planets, and even beyond the solar system. But these feats, though historic, came with a price.

Fossil fuels were the foundation of the space age, but they also brought limitations: pollution, inefficiency, and an overwhelming dependence on finite resources. As exploration progressed further into space, more challenges emerged, including radiation, life support, and gravity deprivation. Space proved to be an environment that was not conducive to the survival of fragile human bodies.

To Quark, it seemed absurd to cling to outdated energy sources for such a monumental mission. He saw clearly: true progress would require a revolution in power.

Gluon had begun that revolution with electric vehicles. His vision was never limited to Earth. The ultimate goal was to send humans to the 'Moon', 'Mars', and beyond. His work on

electric propulsion laid the foundation. He built research bases, developed batteries. Others followed his lead.

Yet one riddle remained unsolved: could batteries, though efficient for storage, ever provide the thrust to break free from Earth's grip?

That question haunted Gluon. He obsessed over propulsion, determined to find a solution. He knew that fuel alone—burned and spent—would not be enough for humanity's next leap.

For decades, only governments held the keys to space. Their budgets, fleets, and national pride propelled the first astronauts. But that age waned. Missions were cut. Public interest faded. Space became dormant.

Until one day, Gluon discovered that private licenses were being granted.

It was a seismic shift.

With money earned from his electric car ventures, Gluon founded his second great enterprise: a private space company. Bold, risky, visionary. He poured every ounce of himself into the work. Others joined him, but Gluon led with purpose: not for wealth, but to free Earth from its addiction to war and waste.

He saw humanity at the cusp of cosmic adolescence—ready to climb from its cradle. The stars called. But obstacles remained—not just technical, but spiritual.

Opposition rose quickly. Carby, the oil baron, continued his domination of hydrocarbons. Entire economies depended on it. Religion was weaponized. Shrines were built

resembling rockets—but not to fly. Rather, they were monuments of idolatry. From space, Quark had seen them—lifeless shells filled with praying bodies.

Gluon looked upon these structures with disdain. They stood for everything he opposed: stagnation, ritual, superstition. Worship aimed not at the stars, but downward—into the Earth, begging it for more black poison.

Carby fanned the flames of ignorance: “Hydrocarbons make us prosperous. Without them, we are nothing,” he thundered.

He was absurdly wealthy. Carby didn’t build rockets; he built shrines. He didn’t fund science; he funded fanaticism. And to keep the people blind, Carby fed them lies—and silence.

But Gluon answered not with speeches... but with flight.

One day, the air trembled with the roar of Gluon’s latest spacecraft. Launched from a platform near the ocean, it was the pinnacle of engineering. Built not to carry bombs, nor even satellites, but something else entirely:

A Tesla.

Inside sat a mannequin—driverless, lifeless, with a frozen plastic grin. A shell with no thoughts, no soul. It was not a machine of utility, but of message.

This was not a test of propulsion—it was a signal to history. The car was sent into an endless ellipse around the Sun. It would orbit for millions of years—a lonely voyager, the first ‘PostHuman’ entity in space.

Quark saw it for what it was: irony turned into trajectory.

Gluon was saying, “We’ve sent replicas of ourselves into the stars. What next?”

To some, it was foolish—a commercial stunt. But Gluon’s intentions ran deeper. For him, money was never the end. It was the lever. The Tesla in space was not a product. It was prophecy.

“Let the money aside,” Gluon often said.

That day, as the Tesla pierced the sky, Quark and Ardi stood nearby. Ardi’s heart swelled with emotion. To her, Gluon was no conqueror. He was a creator. Unlike Alexander of Olympia, who brought death, her son brought expansion, life, and dreams.

Still, she did not understand the mannequin. It was empty. It mirrored the human form, but without soul or thought...?

“What does it mean?” she asked herself.

Yet she loved Gluon deeply. He was part alien, part terrestrial—her son of two worlds. She believed in him, even as he wrestled with forces he did not fully control: wealth, politics, expectation.

The dummy smiled eternally. It would fly endlessly past Earth, again and again, greeting a world that changed beneath it. It would never know what it saw. It could not wonder.

Gluon watched it go, and a sadness crept into his mind.

“Why should it be so?” he whispered. “Why must it fly thoughtlessly?” He yearned for more.

Simultaneously, the enduring love between Ardi and Quark manifested in various forms, ranging from gentle affection to passionate intensity. Their love transcended time and remained unaltered. Despite their invisibility to the general public, their influence permeated every aspect of existence.

From this union emerged a second child, Crispr, Gluon’s younger sibling. Like his brother, Crispr was born without the privilege of childhood. He emerged as an adult and capable individual, bearing within him the vast dataset that Quark had once bestowed upon Gluon.

Crispr understood Earth’s sorrow. Its history. Its wounds. He could not comprehend it all, but he felt it deeply. Deeply.

And he chose to dedicate himself to Earth.

Higgs, too, had undergone a profound transformation. Once labeled as mentally unstable, he was now celebrated. The world had finally acknowledged the significance of his contributions—the particle he hypothesized, subsequently discovered in renowned laboratories, had revolutionized the field of science.

However, time had taken its toll on him. His age had become evident, and a certain dimness had settled upon his eyes. Quark perceived this change. The fervent spirit that once

ignited his passion had gradually subsided. Higgs appeared poised to embark on a state of repose.

Crispr, upon learning of Higgs's journey, felt sorrow. How could such brilliance age and fade so quickly? It was not fair—not just to Higgs, but to all sentient beings.

He vowed, then, to do something about it.

CRISPR

Crispr was, in every way, Gluon's reflection—his appearance, his drive, his relentless pursuit of solutions. He worked with tireless precision, determined to complete every mission he undertook. From the information Quark had passed down, Crispr absorbed vast knowledge about human life. Yet, despite his intellect, the intricacies of human existence were often bewildering.

He swiftly recognized a profoundly somber truth: the fleeting nature of human existence. From an extended childhood, through the arduous journey of establishing a future and nurturing offspring, countless individuals endured hardships only to conclude their lives in solitude and obscurity. As they aged, they gradually diminished—first in spirit, then in physical form.

Crispr was both fascinated and saddened by this cycle—*'born, grow up, struggle, raise heirs, become redundant, and die'*.

Yet the tragedies didn't stop there. Disease, war, famine, and epidemics took lives even faster. History showed that plagues often followed war, a cruel encore to humanity's self-destruction.

"Obesity," Crispr mused, "a new epidemic of excess... born from technology."

Technology had replaced physical effort. Machines now harvested, built, delivered, and calculated. People burned fewer calories, moved less, and fed their bodies unnatural food.

Crispr saw muscles weakening, cells mutating, and cancers blooming like weeds in a neglected garden.

Chemical-laced food, over-processed proteins, hormones in every bite—it was a metabolic storm. People no longer ate to nourish. They ate to fill time. And with every shortcut came another health crisis.

Crispr understood Earth was in transition, its people struggling to adapt to a new era. They would need better tools, better genes. They would need transformation.

Observing Crispr's capabilities, Quark contemplated the possibility of not only comprehending human existence but also potentially salvaging it. Could Crispr be the instrument that would prepare humanity for space travel, foster peace, and ensure their survival?

One day, Quark visited Higgs in secret, observing his friend without revealing his presence.

Higgs sat alone, aged and composed. While the Nobel Prize had elevated his name, it had not alleviated his burden. His physical condition was deteriorating. Quark discerned the weariness in his friend—the weight of countless thoughts that had once illuminated galaxies. Overwhelmed by emotion, Quark turned away, unable to find the words to express his sentiments.

Subsequently, aboard the spacecraft '*Contact Us*', Quark engaged in a conversation with Crispr regarding the '*Mars*' mission. They delved into the critical necessity of transforming humanity at its fundamental level. Earth-based

bodies were incapable of enduring the voyage due to the absence of essential elements such as water, air, low gravity, and a magnetic field. Such conditions would constitute a lethal fate for the ill-prepared.

“How can they go?” Quark asked. “How can they survive?”

Crispr nodded gravely. He accepted the challenge. He would modify the DNA of the chosen crew. He would engineer resilience.

Crispr took to the task like Gluon before him—methodical, inspired, determined. He would operate on Earth as a human, blending in, researching, healing. Gluon would handle the technology. Crispr would handle the biology.

Meanwhile, Ardi wandered Earth in quiet awe. She had returned to her hometown, but it was unrecognizable. The world she once knew was gone. She had dreamed of seeing a live concert like the one she had watched from space. But the performers were long dead.

“How can they die so quickly?” she asked herself. “How cruel... to live so hard and leave so fast.”

She deliberately sought to avoid attention, recognizing that her beauty could be a liability. Instead, she worked in silence beside Crispr, studying the formula of human life. Together, they delved into DNA, mRNA, and the fragile code that governed mortality. Crispr used a photonic microscope, editing strands, rearranging telomeres, decoding the invisible clock ticking within every cell.

Time was running out—for Higgs most of all. His memory faltered.

His body weakened. He drifted in and out of consciousness. Crispr visited him, pretending to be a doctor.

“How are you feeling?” he asked gently.

Higgs said nothing. His eyes, heavy with resignation, gazed beyond the room, beyond the moment—as if already walking toward death.

Crispr collected strands of Higgs’s white hair and returned to the lab. Ardi prepared the extraction. Crispr mapped the DNA, found the corrupted codes, and rewrote them. Then, he created a solution.

Together, they returned.

Higgs lay motionless. Ardi stood by his side, invisible but vigilant. She remembered how he once begged Quark to make him human again—hands clenched to his skull, desperate to escape the feelings that had become a monster. She had seen him as Hitt, the killer, the demon. She had seen him vanish... and then return. And now, at the edge of death, she saw him again.

Crispr administered the injection.

Minutes passed.

Then Higgs stirred. His breath deepened. His color changed—yellow giving way to red.

White hair darkened. The signs of suicide retreated.

He stood, slowly, disoriented. He caught sight of himself in the mirror and froze.

“I don’t understand what’s happening to me,” he murmured.

His voice was stronger.

Crispr entered.

“How are you feeling?” he asked.

Higgs turned, confused. “Who are you?”

“I’m Crispr.”

“What have you done to me?” Higgs’s voice cracked with fatigue. “I’ve fulfilled my mission. I wanted to leave this planet.”

“Not yet,” Crispr said softly. “We still have much to accomplish.”

'StarX'

The prestigious laboratory, devoted exclusively to studying elementary particles, had long impressed Gluon. Yet, he couldn't shake the sense of imbalance—why, after the groundbreaking discovery of $E=mc^2$, had humanity failed to solve the world's pressing energy problems? The lab had focused its attention narrowly, obsessing over particles while the planet cried out for energy reform. Still, the confirmed existence of the *'Higgs boson'*, theorized by Higgs and later validated by that very lab, captivated him.

Quark, unlike Gluon, had yet to visit the lab. He had dismissed the discovery at first, questioning its significance. But after seeing Higgs receive the Nobel Prize, his curiosity deepened.

“Why was this discovery so important?” Quark asked.

To him, the answer had never been clear. Energy problems loomed larger. The Higgs boson seemed... peripheral.

Gluon and Crispr, unlike Quark and Ardi, could assume physical form. They interacted with the world visibly, grounding themselves in human affairs. They had built relationships, projects, even launched the Tesla mannequin into orbit. But as Quark noted with a tinge of irony, using a hydrogen-fueled rocket still seemed primitive—more symbolic than revolutionary.

Quark's mind remained fixed on energy. From the day he returned to Earth aboard *'Contact Us'*, he had envisioned a new kind of propulsion—something revolutionary. Earth

needed more than temporary solutions. It needed transformation.

And now, Higgs had returned—restored, revitalized—and ready to contribute.

During a quiet moment with Crispr, Higgs asked the question that had been nagging at his heart.

“Why me?”

Crispr looked at him gently. “It was Quark’s decision.”

“But why?”

“Quark has many ambitious projects underway. He wanted you to be part of them.”

Higgs’s eyes grew glassy. He longed to see Quark, to meet Ardi. But he had never truly seen them.

“You will hear them,” Crispr replied, “but never see them.”

Later, in their first full team meeting, Higgs was greeted by Gluon, Crispr, Quark, and Ardi. Though he could not see the latter two, he felt their presence—like a warmth in the air, like memory made manifest.

Quark’s voice echoed: “Tell us, Higgs... why is your particle so important to them?”

Higgs responded with clarity and reverence:

“The ‘higgs boson’ is an elementary particle. It emerges from the quantum excitation of the ‘higgs field’—a field that pervades the universe. It’s this interaction that gives other particles their mass. Matter itself is only possible because of this. Bosons like photons, gluons, gravitons and medittons, being massless, don’t interact with

it. But everything else... everything with mass... owes its existence to the 'higgs boson'."

Quark was stunned. The implications shifted something inside him.

He had underestimated the field. It wasn't just science. It was structure—of galaxies, of atoms, of the cosmos itself. It was everywhere. It could be harnessed.

He turned to propulsion. Perhaps, he thought, they could amplify the '*higgs field*' like they did with electromagnetism. Perhaps, by doing so, they could fuel a new kind of drive. Not chemical. Not photonic. But mass based.

Higgs agreed. Neutrinos—light, fast, penetrating—could be manipulated. Pair them with the '*higgs field*', amplify their mass, and they might bounce, ricochet, push. Propulsion.

Gluon supported the idea. Together, they formed a team beside the great lab. Their mission: engineer propulsion via '*higgs field*' interactions and neutrino manipulation.

The work was slow. Precise. Fragile. But it bore fruit.

By adjusting the '*higgs field*' and coupling it with neutrinos in a controlled geometry, they created thrust. Graphene emerged as the ideal housing material—light, durable, transparent. The field was energized. Neutrinos gained mass. They collided, rebounded, and moved matter.

It was revolutionary.

And it led to the creation of '*StarX*'.

The module was printed and assembled. Light in mass, vast in volume, it could hold ten crew members and one year's worth of supplies.

Accelerating at '1g', it could reach 'Mars' in two to twenty days depending on orbital positions.

Its graphene exterior acted as a solar panel, absorbing the 'higgs field'. Inside, a lab was prepared for DNA correction—vital in space.

Remote and manual piloting were both possible. Navigation was precise. Its systems could accelerate, decelerate, and come to a complete stop. In many ways, 'StarX' resembled 'Contact Us'.

Even its transparent body invoked memory.

A test was proposed—a simple roundtrip to the 'Moon'.

Ardi volunteered. Gluon followed. They wished to revisit the 'Moon'. To return to the soil where Gluon had been born. Where his first cry echoed through a lifeless land.

Quark, however, hesitated. "It would be an unmanned test!" he said

The module launched.

The spacecraft ascended beyond the Earth's atmosphere. All systems were operational, and acceleration was initiated.

Suddenly, an unexpected event occurred. 'StarX' accelerated beyond expectations. The propulsion system—too powerful—overrode its controls. Not even solar gravity could pull it back.

It escaped.

First the 'Moon'. Then 'Mars'. Then the solar system.

Quark and Gluon stood in silence.

It had worked. It had flown.

But it was gone.

A failed success, they thought.

Yet Higgs, watching the data stream in, smiled.

“It’s more than that,” he said softly. “It’s a beginning.”

DNA!

"Deoxyribonucleic Acid, DNA comprises two chains that complement each other like a double helix. It carries the genetic instructional code for the growth, development, function, and reproduction of all organisms and viruses on Earth. The structure comprises atoms of chemical elements which are codified and studied for the functions they perform."

Crispr often repeated this quote to himself. It served not merely as a definition—but as his creed. He had devoted himself to deciphering that twisted ladder of life. The double helix had become his obsession, the cipher through which he hoped to unlock human fate.

In his laboratory, Crispr moved with precision. He edited, cut, removed, pasted, corrected—performing surgeries at a molecular level. His goal was nothing less than reshaping the human future. Ardi, weary from millennia alongside humanity, sometimes joined him. Yet her mind lingered on Gluon, and she longed to remain near him.

Still, Crispr pressed on. Through endless trials and experiments, he made a breakthrough: he slowed human aging. He reversed the decline.

Higgs stood as the proof—a man reborn, walking once more with vitality. It was not mere survival Crispr offered—it was renewal.

With Quark, Crispr assembled a crew. They would live not on Earth—but on the ‘Moon’.

A lifeless place. No air. No water. No clouds. No blue sky. A desert hung in eternal silence.

Could humans endure it? Could they thrive there?

Quark believed they could. They had lingered in their cradle too long. Now, they must rise.

The ‘Moon’ presented a harsh environment, characterized by an incessant barrage of cosmic radiation, the absence of a magnetic field, and a weak gravitational pull. These factors engendered profound loneliness and despair. Crispr’s primary function was to meticulously prepare the individuals for the challenges that awaited them, encompassing both genetic and psychological modifications.

The team was young. Hopeful. Chosen.

Crispr modified their DNA to resist radiation, handle low gravity, and survive psychological isolation. They boarded ‘MoonX’, a sibling to the famed Tesla, once launched by a mannequin. Days later, they touched down on lunar soil.

A habitat awaited them. Printed, sealed, transparent. It shimmered like a bubble in the void. Inside: breathable air, clean water, food supplies, exercise zones. There was even soil—contaminated, yes, but capable of being redeemed.

The settlers acclimated. Suits were required outside, but indoors they dressed like Earth. The black sky above gave way to Earth’s blue-and-white globe, hanging in space like a miracle. It never disappeared. Day or night, it glowed—a silent witness.

They were far from civilization... but never alone.

Their lives became routine. Tasks filled the hours. Crispr monitored their health constantly, running DNA checks at regular intervals.

Outside, pressure suits kept them alive. Inside, pressure was regulated. Their diet was strictly therapeutic. At first, food came from Earth, but survival required independence. They planted crops in enriched lunar soil—barren as salt at first. But moss and algae were introduced. Slowly, they began to produce oxygen, carbon dioxide, and the balance of gases needed. Trees followed.

Basketball and volleyball became essential. In the ‘Moon’s gravity, they leapt high—almost flew. The games looked surreal, comical even, but they kept bodies moving and minds sharp. Games were often held at lunar night when Earth shone most brilliantly.

Calories burned were minimal. Hunger rarely visited them. They drank little, breathed less. The ‘Moon’ changed them. Slowly. Irrevocably.

Life became easier in some ways, harder in others. The human body—shaped by Earth—struggled. Muscles faded. Bones thinned. Fatigue became constant. Hearts weakened. Brains dulled.

Crispr hadn’t foreseen all this.

He adjusted exercise routines. He encouraged lunar walks—oxygen tanks, tools, training. But even that wasn’t enough. ‘MoonX’ remained on standby for emergencies, ready to return at a moment’s notice.

Could Crispr truly succeed—just by altering DNA?

No. Radiation mutated strands unpredictably. Some changes backfired. One crew member reacted poorly to a genetic edit. Crispr reversed it immediately—but the warning was clear.

He consulted Quark. Health was declining.

Quark made the call.

Bring them home.

The experiment had given them knowledge. Moss had flourished. Trees survived. Bodies had changed. But the dangers were too great.

They would need this data—for *'Mars'*, for *'Jupiter's'* moons, for the future.

But first... they would rest.

And heal. On Earth.

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