

Inert.

I saw the universe, you know. It was bloody dreadful.

It's a tangible curve - all too simple. The Big Bang (as if people still believe that's what happened) was our origin, our infinite. Chaos ensued. At first, gradients wild, disorderly, soaring into y's beyond understanding - then we appeared, and sketches were drawn, formulae devised, laws identified, genius in every flavour allowed to bloom - we learned to differentiate our own tangents at every point in time - time is our inevitable x-axis. And as the entropy disperses, thermodynamics leads us ever closer to an inertia - our universal flatline.

My audience? They dismiss, they mock. But the other man understands, and I see in him a bitter, fatherly disappointment.

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My handwriting was dreadful at university. Sporadic and nonsensical, but poetic and masterful in its content, so they told me. I studied in the heart of Europe - biochemistry and a hint of computer science to the recipe - and I fell in love. Her name, I decided, was MK-6: my pride and joy, my greatest creation.

Hordes of cameras, plastic media smiles found their way to my doorsteps within weeks. I invented a microchip through my work in the field of nanotechnology - its function? To control hormones, minerals, sugars, fluids and energies - balance was key. I created certainty and stability; I made us perfectible. The science was that of our planet's greatest - arrogant and justified - but that wasn't to say I didn't have my critics. Protests, cries for testing, trivial anxieties littered the pretty journalists. This was my tangent.

I was approached by three men one following evening. 'Nucorp' by name, investors bringing scientific research to the forefront of everyday use. They signed me a cheque; how else was I to change the world? I needed the money. I kept a journal of my progress, working days of trials and modifications away in a secure facility:

5:25pm, Saturday. Only days had passed thus far, and public release lay months away. I questioned the validity of their deadlines, but that sharp, middle-aged trio were the ones to reassure me time and time again. My university work had already catered to their concerns.

7:90pm- I mean, 8:30pm, February. My working hours dragged further into each pressing night and my every move was overseen by the Board. I was tiring but it'd all be worth the effort soon enough. I was to make billions, to refine and balance, to book my place on the indefinite curve - because that's what science was all about, right?

1:00am, April. I sat, broken. Through the glass I watched the partying - the Board were pleased to be meeting their deadlines; the wine spilled, their attire stained, their teeth were bared. I had become a puppet, without means of escape.

3:40am, Thursday morning. My eyes bathed in their exhaustion, and failed to turn at the untimely hiss of the hydraulics that gave way within the vault door. Blood-red ties and grinning suits presented me with a new chemical - 'disparazine' they called it - as a replacement for my former recipe. It was cheaper, in better supply, more efficient, it would save more time, more lives - it was superior. Drained, weary, a passive nod was all I had to offer. I surrendered.

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I devoted the last few hours I could each day to a holovision screen, and watched my MK-6 microchips litter breaking news. Side-effects, they announced. Tales of addiction and rogue nanotechnology – 'imbalanced' they called the victims. I caught hushed tones of mind control, conspiracies, robotics gone mad and I cried. The next great, ready to stand in line, ready to draw my sketches on the graph, and in my self-indulgence I kept hold of my wonder, I sold science to profit and fame until here, now, my very creation has ruined me. "You did this to me," I screamed to those behind the glass, but they shook their heads, made their calls, and off they went. I was to blame. I had killed the science I love.

The scars of demonic yellow eyes, body bags and shrieking failed to heal, and I was committed to a mental asylum. Nucorp dismembered to evade their inevitable sentencings. MK-6 was destroyed in all its forms, and many returned to Nuclear Fusion and Warp Drive technology as fields of scientific interest - should've stuck with them you know.

And the delicate, perfect balance I sought in man confined me to my walls: trapped, inert. Disorder, chaos, terror bask here with me, and my only stability is that of time and thermodynamics, the horizontal I defied. Tragic irony. The empty ties clutched to me to make their own equations, to make the romantic normals, philosophical logarithms and monetary exponentials we call fantasy. I was naive. They wanted to break the rules, to bring us all to our knees because they yearn to be Gods. I hate them. Sat in a cell, cursing at my prosecutors, confiding in my therapists - I hate them.

I've seen the universe, and I am defeated.