

## Genesis

Camera flashes and shouts in all sorts of foreign languages filled the room immediately before the sentence has been finished. My knuckles grew white from gripping the conference table at the surprised eruption; ears ringing, heart racing and maybe just maybe opening Pandora's box in front of live reporters from all over the world was not really a good idea.

"Please calm down everyone." I repeated tapping on the microphone and the moderator shoots a worried glance at me, but I took a deep breath nodding at him deciding to go full steam instead; the proverbial rock has been pushed and all that is left is for it to fall.

"Alright settle down, the doctor will take questions now, but one at a time please." The moderator speaks up as the crowd died down, save for some wayward reporter still dazed chanting indistinguishable prayers, eyes wide like a cat caught in headlights. Security kindly escorted him out before a hand shoots up, a short little man with thick glasses who sticks out like a sore thumb.

"So, what you're saying is Genesis is a new and better universe, that all us can travel to?"

"A better place yes but no it's not somewhere you travel to. It's something put simply that can be experienced."

"But how can you say it is real, if you can't physically be there?"

"The million-dollar question that has scientists and philosophers pondering since the beginning of time." I say, earning a laugh from the audience before making eye contact with the short little man.

"Let me ask you this, how do you know the world you are in is real?" When there seems to be no response, I continued to the crowd instead. "How do you know you're real, anyone of you?"

A long pause before someone shouted; a woman in her thirties waving her notepad.

"Because we feel, we experience things, surely that means we're real."

"Indeed, *Cogito, Ergo Sum* just like our good friend Descartes likes to say. Experiences shape our realities just as it did our ancestors, so we believe what we see, or we build concepts around what we think is. But what if I told you that none of you or anyone in the world for that matter is able to see the universe as it truly is; that is in its pure unfiltered state." I paused and decided on a different approach.

"Humour me with this thought experiment." I say standing up with the microphone.

"You are playing baseball with your friend and as he pitches it to your bat, the ball becomes bigger right before you hit it right?" I waited for several nods before continuing.

"Surely the ball didn't get bigger nor did it get smaller as your friend pitches. Quite frankly put; you do not see the ball as it *is*, but rather as it is seen by you only."

Some confused looks still plagued one or two faces, so I try again hoping to make more sense.

"What I'm trying to say is what we perceive is never the world directly, but ultimately our best guess of the real world. You both see the same ball but filtered according to your specific realities."

"And how does all this mean Genesis is real?" The short man with thick glasses starts again.

“As I said earlier, Genesis is a function based on 6 parameters. Put simply it is a space X, Y, Z of experiences, actions and controlled actions based on experiences linked to the perceptions of our world and our actions based on those perceptions, and in it a self-contained universe is born.” And our definition of consciousness for that matter, I sighed and hopped down the stage deciding on keeping it a secret for now due to the bewildered stares.

I went over to the short man and placed my hand on his shoulder.

“And that my friend is as real as it gets. A real physical world for our taking.” He finally sits down with an unreadable expression, more scared than confused but at least he’s silent.

“So, it’s not like VR?” A confused looking bloke says, earning amusing stares from his colleagues and he immediately looks like he regrets voicing his unintelligent comment.

I pitied him so I went back to where the main camera was broadcasting and tap my mic, so all eyes were on me again.

“I don’t expect any of you to fully understand how it came to be or what exactly it is, all you need to take away now is— Genesis is our final frontier.”

“Tonight, when we launch you too can travel the seven seas, fly among the cosmos, and build worlds among stars. Tonight, everyone anywhere in the world can experience what it means to be truly limitless.”

“So, let your imagination run wild.”

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That evening as the world waited with bated breaths, cheeks pressed together, eyes glued, their screens counting down the seconds, they were for once in a long time; united in one common belief, through science—through Genesis.

But was the world truly ready to enter the Node of existence and transcend into a posthuman civilisation.

I stared at the countdown timer as it entered its final hour and let myself smile.

*Sometimes change is necessary for things to advance.*

Electrodes have already been provided in every house and every corner of the world, the real science behind it kept rather vague because it was always just a means to an end for me to communicate and truly connect them or perhaps, I didn’t understand it myself as well; after all I was just human, and human explanations are limited by human constraints; to comprehend, one must first transcend those limitations.

So, when the timer reached zero that night, I closed my eyes embracing it and in the darkness my voice comes to me from far away.

*“Let there be light.”*