

# Untitled Code Lyoko Project

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*a hypothetical season 5 plot.*

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## 0 - Preface

“This is the journal of Jeremie Belpois, Kadic Academy, Final Entry Addendum. I wanted to make an addition to my last entry without the other around because I want these thoughts to be my own, XANA has been destroyed. The more I say it the more I can't believe it, but its true. The supercomputer has been shutdown, and its over, its only been a day but I still feel as though it was too easy. Besides my concern on shutting down the supercomputer would cause our friendships to be shutdown, my other concern is that the technology is going to say as developed as it currently is. With XANA I had to be on my toes, developing new technology and inventing new ways of doing things, the Over vehicles, Translation, the Skid, all of it. But now there is no XANA, and no reason to create anything new. Maybe someday I'll go back and develop it, maybe someone else will.....  
Scratch that, this technology is very powerful and as such, I don't think I would trust anyone with it. Still, I'm going to miss it, it was thrilling. But as I said that part, that life is over. And its probably for the best.”

Jeremie clicks stop on the recording and saves the file as the addendum to his journal entries, he sits back and looks out the window noticing the stars in the night sky that poke through the city light and the glow of his monitor. He lets out a sigh and decides to go back to bed. Dismissing his nostalgia and moving on.

A Year Later.....Present Day.

Late at night in quiet city streets of Paris, bathed in the reddish glow of the street lights. The silence is broken by the sound of a motorcycle engine, a sport bike, its suited rider riding at high speed occasionally looking around as if looking for something then focusing back on the road. Seemingly out of nowhere another bike comes onto the scene, this bike and rider is much more stylized, the bike seems almost too smooth, with purple lines running along its length, the rider covered in armor panels, with lines of energy moving about in patterns on the armor, with similar styled helmet, with a panel over where the eyes would be. The first rider sees the other and attempts to speed up to evade the other. The stylized rider speeds up and tries to make a grab of the first. They wrestle and push and pull at each other. The sport biker throws off the other rider, whom drops back and withdraws a purple rod from its belt which extends in his hand into bow staff, the rider speeds up, the sport biker realizes and attempts to turn away. The rider with the rod throws it into the front wheel of the sport bike rider, the rod lodges the wheel and flips the bike over tossing its rider who hit's the road hard rolling and skidding along with his bike, tumbling, comes to stop, wedged between his bike and a light pole, ribs broken, legs shattered.

The other rider comes to a stop near the first and steps off his bike, he walks over, as he does, he pulls out another rod from his belt, it expands and configures itself into an elongated triangle with a narrow tip on the front. He stands over the first rider, crouches down and picks up the rod lodged in the wheel, and retracts and puts it back in his belt, and pulls off the helmet of the downed rider, and retracts the helmet of himself. The downed rider was an older man, a white beard and glasses, the standing rider was a Frenchman, speaking in a smooth accent

“Well hello Doctor Baker”

The downed rider, Doctor Baker looks back in surprise.

“Captain LaRoche, Are you mad?”

“It seems that your services are no longer required.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Don’t try to play innocent Doctor?”

“What are you talking about?”

LaRoche stands up and over Doctor Baker

“You know exactly what I’m talking about, the virtualization research.”

“What?”

It was at this time the doctor took a notice at LaRoche’s suit that he was wearing and the bike he had been riding.

“Wait, that’s not possible, it can’t exist yet, its just a theory”

“Not anymore good Doctor”

A flash and bang rang out into the night, a sizzle from the tip of the triangular weapon.

“Not anymore.”

Meanwhile...

Somewhere else in the world, inside a tall office building, in the basement a computer room with banks of terminals and monitors overlooks a room of 3 large supercomputers operating in tandem. Two operators working terminals in the room above the supercomputers Riley and Talia, the latter of which just getting on shift

“So Riley, how have things been, hope Mr. Baza hasn’t been giving you a hard time”

“A bit, but not bad, not as bad as Mr. Thorne was.”

Talia log into her console and pulls up a status report.

“So who’s on tonight?”

“Jean-Pierre, but the thing is he’s not in the environment, he’s been projected.”

“So R&D finally was able to get it working. I didn’t think it had been cleared for use. So where is he.”

“Well that’s the problem, the computer won’t tell me, it will tell me his status and allow me to communicate but it wont pull the query on his location. Glitch maybe”

“I don’t pay you two to gab, I pay you to work” came a voice from behind the girls.

A young Spanish man in a brown suit with maroon shirt, glasses, Caesar cut, walks up the girls at their workstations.

“As long as there is someone in the system, I want you to pay full concentration as to what it is your doing, if Jean-Pierre makes contact.....”

“He’s yet to make contact Mr. Baza especially after I’ve been trying to make contact for an hour. In fact could you explain why I cant query the computer as to his location, I can pull up his profile and life data,

even send a test signal to his virtual envelope but not his location, its almost as if the system is blocking that information.”

Riley looks at Baza suspiciously, noticing his reluctance to answer the question.

“Ah yes, well that is because the GPS satellite links is.....” Baza finishes his sentence by trailing off into a mumble of none sense.

“Uh Huh” replies Riley sarcastically.

The Computer terminal sounds an alert. Riley looks back at her panel.

“Well speak of the devil, looks like Jean-Pierre is back.”

In the scanner room adjacent to the computer room, Jean-Pierre steps out of his scanner tube, holding the sides as the disorientation settles, the steam rising from the opening, he steps out and draws a breath. Taking his coat out of the cubby hole next to his tube, puts on his coat and leaves the scanner room and walks to the operations room. He is greeted by Mr. Baza

“So how was it?” asked Baza

“As expected, the translation program works very well, I need to speak with Julian.”

“He’s upstairs awaiting your report.” replied Mr. Baza.

Laroche heads out of the operations center and to an elevator to the executive floor. He goes up to the top floor and into the office of Julian Williams CEO of Defense Control Industries, He steps into the office to find Julian facing towards the window staring pensively out the window as if waiting for something.

“So Laroche, has it been done?” speaking in a thick British accent, with an air of superiority about him.

“Yes, sir, the only ones left now are loyal to the cause and company. Dr McGann and Dr Baker won’t be giving us any trouble from now on.”

“Excellent, I don’t want any interference.”

“There won’t be sir.”

“So how was it?” inquired Julian

“it was amazing sir, a unique experience, Schaeffer certainly outdid himself.”

“Yes, its too bad he didn’t understand the vision of what we are trying to accomplish.”

“Maybe its better then that he isn’t here, you wouldn’t want anyone to threaten the plan.”

“True, but you can’t disregard the irony that the very thing that doomed us before, is what dropped the holy grail of technology right into our laps.”

12 months ago.....

Daytime inside the conference room just across the hall from Julian’s office, the board of directors were listening to a presentation from a team of scientists consisting of Drs. McGann and Baker, Easton who had detected a unusual program that had infected their computer network, after using their company’s proprietary security technology they managed to cripple the program before it could gain much of a foothold in the system.

“Once we transferred the program to the lab, we reimaged the main supercomputer and got it operational within a few hours. However as we were dissecting the program, we found a massive amount of information in a compressed state within the program.” continued Dr. McGann

“were you able to decompress the data” asked one of the directors

“Yes, working with our top researchers and our super computer we were able to decompress the information, and we have found it to be a knowledge base.”

“A knowledge base? Of what?” inquired another director.

“Well, I’m unsure how to say this, but it is a knowledge base of designs and specifications on building a quantum computer, as well as a virtual environmental simulation as well as, and this is the kicker, the technology to ‘virtualize’ a person onto this environment.” replied Dr Easton.

The directors all took on expressions of amazement or disbelief.

“Your joking, or your insane”

“Of course, even with these plans, to construct this would take, well years to develop.”

“Ah so another money sink”

“No sirs not in the least, plus the virus program has been identified as a multi agent program known as X.A.N.A.” interjected Dr Baker.

Julian at the end of the table raised an eyebrow, as if recognizing the name, while keeping his expression locked, inside he suddenly seethed with anger, and a name crawled into his mind from the deep recesses of his memory, Schaeffer!

“And so we would like to ask you sir, if we could develop this technology?”

Julian snaps back to the present, only half hearing the question.

“Yes, yes in fact you may use as much of the research budget as necessary to develop this.”

The research team all smiled at the good news, the directors were flabbergasted.

“But sir, uh what about...”

“Never mind the previous projects, this now takes precedent. If you excuse me, I need a moment. Meeting adjourned, research team please remain.”

The directors each gather their items and leave the meetings, the bustle of sound comes to a quiet as the last of the people leave the room. Julian stand up and walks over to the research team.

“I would like to look at this knowledge base myself, and send me a technical brief as soon as you can.”

“With pleasure sir. Just to get a chance to explore this opens up, so many possibilities.”

“Yes, your welcome. I must make a phone call.”

“Yes, sir.”

Julian leaves the conference room and makes a bee line for his office, closing the door he goes to his phone and dials a number, after waiting for a few moments the call connects. A raspy voice from the other end.

“Ahh Julian, I never thought I would hear from you again.”

“Hello Thorne, I need some help that only you can provide.”

“Ah, so you have need of....”

“No no, not that, I have become aware of something that’s going to need extra security, I would like to hire you as my security chief.”

“Well, that’s is a very generous offer, may I ask what is it that would require my expertise.”

“No you cannot, the only thing you can say is that you accept or reject. Depending on your answer, will determine what is to follow.”

“Well old friend how can I refuse you, I accept, on the condition that you also hire my best officer.”

“Ahh and who would that be?”

“A Frenchman by the name of Jean-Pierre Laroche. Do we have a deal?”

“Yes, I’ll see you tomorrow and show you what I have in store.”

“Till then, Cheerio.”

Julian hangs up the phone and rings for his receptionist on the intercom to expect the future security chief and his second in command.

9 Months ago.....

At a local police station Jean-Pierre Laroche was sent by DefCon International to talk with the police about a break into their systems by a hacker. Laroche was speaking with the police captain as to what to do.

“So as you can see we managed to gather up his equipment as evidence for prosecution, but its your company”

“Where do you have him.”

“He’s in interrogation room B”

“May I see with him?”

“Right this way”

The police captain takes Laroche to the interrogation room. Standing outside and pointing at him through the window

“That’s him right there.”

Laroche looks through the window, the Hacker is a young Spanish man with an odd fashion sense sits in the interrogation room still hand cuffed contemplating his future. Laroche surprised, he was expecting, well something else.

“May I speak with him?” asks Laroche

“Generally we aren’t supposed to let anyone but police talk with him but, well you know Mr. Thorne so I guess. I’ll give you five minutes” replies the captain

“His file?”

The police captain hands him the file on the Spanish man and starts to walk away talking over his shoulder before rounding the corner

“Remember, 5 minutes.”

Laroche walks into the interrogation room and sits down across from the Spanish man.

“So you’re the hacker? It says in your file here, you are a programmer and a mathematician.” inquired Laroche

“Yeah, what’s your interest. Your no cop I know that.”

“And how would you know this?”

“Your look, how you carry yourself, its too dressed up.”

“Well, you are correct Mr.....”

“Baza, Miguel Baza.”

“According to your file here you’ve been pinched before for this same crime on other corporate networks. Your not very good are you Mr Baza.”

“Ahh, Don’t insult me, I only got caught last time because one of my associates ratted me out to the authorities to save his own skin, twice, its what I get for trusting people”

“That may be true, but this is your third strike and this time you will be going to prison.”

“Yeah, I realize that. What’s your point?”

“Your talents would be wasted in prison, so I am here to make you an offer.”

“An offer?”

“Yes, an opportunity for your talents to find a more suitable place, and your efforts will be part of a larger effort.”

“Could you be specific.”

“No Mon ami, this is not how this works, I am not some butcher offering you a cutlet of meat for you to grade and judge, this offer is valid until the inspectors come in the room. The only answer you have is either Yes or No.”

“I have no idea what I could be getting myself into.”

Laroche leans forward and speaks softly to Baza.

“Why don’t you think of what you will be getting involved with if you don’t accept. Or to be more correct, what your cellmates will be putting into you. It takes a special kind of person to survive prison and you....are not it mon ami. I would take this offer.”

“Why? Because it would benefit my talents.”

“That and well.... Its because it’s the only chance you got. You can take you chances with me or with the magistrate.” finished Laroche tilting his head aside as if nodding towards some unnamed authority figure.

Mr Baza sat and thought for a moment and then gave Laroche a sarcastic expression, as if to say “what am I supposed to reply.”

“I accept, now please, get me the hell out of here.”

“Welcome to the team, Mr. Baza” replied Laroche with a dark smirk.

6 Months ago....

In the basement of the DefCon tower, construction was happening architects, engineers and construction workers were working on building a facility, several Key personnel were touring the facility. A tall man, gray hair, wearing a business suit was talking to several people, among them were Laroche, Baza, along with several new employees.

“And this shall be the operations center where main operations are going to take place, as you know you shall be part of the core transition team, not even the research team knows that this facility is down here, so I don’t need to tell you to keep your mouths shut.”

“Of course, Mr Thorne.” replied Mr Baza.

“Also, you may notice you have new faces around here, these are going to be the main operators Riley Thompson and Talia Sanders.”

“Hello, pleased to meet you” replied Riley she said reserved

“Hey guys, you can count on me” replied Talia in a cheery voice.

“Will you excuse us ladies, in fact go ahead and take the chance to become familiar with your stations” said Thorne

Thorne, Baza and Laroche step off to the side to talk privately

“So what is the status of things.” asked Thorne

“Well the hardware for this facility has been constructed and we are planning on transferring the images from the lab equipment and allow the simulation to expand.” replied Baza.

“Expand?” inquired Thorne

“Well the laboratory hardware is insufficient for a full simulation environment, we could only get half of a single sector to be stable. And only one or two people could be virtualized at any given time. Along some of the more ambitious programs such as the Quantum State and Confluence Reversion program, we will only be able to test that when the program when we get Lyoko on the larger super computer down here.” explained Baza

“Lyoko?” asked Thorne

“Ah yes, it’s the name of the simulation as named by Waldo Schaeffer.” replied Baza

“Ahh, when will we get the system down here for proper experimentation?”

“Well theoretical modeling is finished, we are just waiting on the practical model being built down here, and these next few months will allow us to be able to push the system to new limits.”

“Are we still set for the current model?”

“Yes, sir, we are planning on hosting 3 separate environments with each environ hosting 7 sectors. But the core of each environ will be able to be tied into the others and into the master sector that we that we have tentatively titled “Sector 8”.”

“Ah very good, when is construction expected to be finished?”

“later this month sir, then about a month of testing and we will be fully online at the latest in 3 months, not bad for less than a year’s work.”

Thorne’s cell phone chirped, he reached into his jacket lapel and answered it

“Yes sir?”

“Thorne I want to speak with you about the project, Bring Baza and Laroche with you.”

“Yes sir.”

Thorne gathered Baza and Laroche and they headed up to the executive floor and entered Julian



Williams' office

"I need to speak with you about something I found in the knowledge base. In fact as soon as I found it, I put it on the restricted access list."

"What could you have found, sir." inquired Thorne

"Sit down, this has to do with you Thorne"

The group sits down at the small meeting table adjacent to Julian's desk, he pushes a button on his desk console which closes and locks the door, activates an electric tint in the windows causing them to shade the light to pitch black and lowers a screen at the end of the meeting table, a video plays, it is Waldo Schaeffer sitting in a chair in front of a key board in some facility, a factory or some technological laboratory of some kind, a coffee cup is perched at the end of one of the arms of the chair, Waldo speaks

"June 6, 1994, Day 67, Project Carthage was military program used to block enemy communications, I have decided enough is enough, I'm not going to have the blood of innocent people on my hands and have decided to do something about it. So I built the supercomputer, created Lyoko, and lastly X.A.N.A. to destroy Carthage. Carthage has the ability to not just disrupt communications but monitor and even control was is and isn't transmitted, allowing anyone to shape information to their view and in essence control entire populations with propaganda. I cannot condone this, its slavery. So its with a heavy heart that I commit myself to this. I only hope future generations will never hear of this, and know how close to oppression they came."

Julian fast forwards the video to another entry.

"June 6, 1994, Day 1265, Someone is watching me. Someone wants to get rid of me. I think my associates in the project have taken notice of my actions. I don't know if its my own paranoia, but then again they still may be out to get be despite being paranoid. I wanted to destroy the super computer and destroy all evidence of my activities, that's when I discovered one of its fascinating properties. Returning to the Past, it gave me all the time I could possibly need to perfect my great project, the only thing that would allow me to escape my enemies. I have become the king of the day, over and over, Apparently I am protected from this because I scanned myself into the super computer, thus protecting me from the temporal reversion, along with any data I've written into the super computer, its drives also seem protected. A few jumps ago to my surprise I had put something on my personal computer only to have it not there the next jump, so I have decided to put my journals and entries onto the super computer, as here is the only place they will be protected."

"What?" called out Thorne from one of the chairs.

Julian fast forwards to another entry.

"June 6, 1994, Day 2546, The scanners and the virtualization programs are ready, in a few hours I will go to Lyoko, just like me Aelita will hold the keys to Lyoko. Together we will be the absolute masters, we will live together, forever."

Julian pushes a button on his remote and turns on the lights.

“So Thorne, the truth comes out, you failed to kill him. You told me you killed him, you told me that his threat was destroyed. You Assured me!”

“And it is, Waldo Schaeffer may of eluded me once but my men told me they killed him and retrieved all their was from “The Hermitage“, just as I stated in my report.” replied Thorne

“I don’t mean to seem the ignorant one here, but what did you do exactly?” asked Baza.

Julian looked at Baza, then back at Thorne giving him a nod.

“Well, my agents told me that they found him and his daughter in his residence and chased him through some tunnels, when they couldn’t get a clear shot they backed off, and set off a fire bomb in the sewers to burn the place out.”

“How did you explain that one away?” asked a amazed Baza

“We simply gave the explanation of a gas main going off, and that satisfied the media and civilian population” replied Thorne

“And to this day, I have been worried about the fact that you never found any bodies!” stated Julian gripping his desk.

“And I explained that the firebomb would of burned the bodies beyond recognition.” defended Thorne.

“Then how do you explain THAT!” exclaimed Julian, pointing at the frozen image of Schaeffer on the video screen

Julian and Thorne looked at each other, Mr Baza interjecting.

“Sir, if I may, its probably because he had almost 7 years on you.”

“What!?” yelled Julian in the mist of his anger

“Notice the date stamp on all the journal entries, and how Schaeffer explains the date June 6, 1994 Day blank. The final entry was 2546, that almost 7 years. The development of the supercomputer and Lyoko all took place on that day over and over. Mr Thorne’s men probably did in fact get them, but after Schaeffer had developed the supercomputer, these journal events chronologically happened first.” explained Mr Baza staring at the screen, with his fingers holding his chin.

“Further more this only proves that the Return to the Past technology does indeed work, and that are calculations are correct, its as we suspected, the hardware the Lyoko simulation is on is insufficient in power and computing capability to activate the program. Which by the way, how is the re-engineering of the power plant coming Mr. Thorne”

Thorne broke his gaze with Julian and turned to Mr Baza

“The ARC reactor should be online shortly and able to provide all our power needs.” replied Thorne.

“The ARC reactor was originally going to power our weapons division, hence why I approved its construction, how will adding this project to the reactor’s power load work out Baza?” inquired Julian.

“Well according to my calculations the reactor powering this entire complex and the Lyoko Lab, should be about 50% of maximum load, giving us room for expansion for some time to come.”

Julian sighs but keeps his expression locked, but his eyes seem to be elsewhere. Thorne takes notice of this.

“What is it your not telling us, Julian?”

Julian snaps back to the present.

“What?”

“What is it your not telling us? I’ve known you too long to be fooled by that expression.”

“What expression?” he replies

“That locked expression, you try not to let anyone read your face but your eyes tell that there is something else. What is it?”

Julian pushes a button on his remote and the lights dim once more, the video switches to another journal entry

“Diary of Jeremie Belpois, Kadic Academy, October 9th, A few weeks ago I was hunting for parts to finish building my miniature robots, I couldn’t find anything around here I could use, so I decided to rummage for scrap in an abandoned factory not far from the academy, I figured I could find plenty of cool old mechanical stuff left inside that would be useful. And I wasn’t disappointed, it was unbelievable, I stumbled into this complex, with an entire computer lab with scanners, and with this totally intense mainframe. For the moment I haven’t told anyone. Its my little secret, it’s the coolest thing that ever happened to me. And that wasn’t all, and that night, even though I was scared stiff I decided to start the computer.”

“As you can realize from this, someone has found Schaeffer’s little pet project.” stated Julian.

“Impossible’ ” replied Laroche

Julian brought the lights up.

“Is there more?” asked Baza.

“Yes, but the remaining journal entries are corrupted and need to be rebuilt, as you can see this information is imperative to retrieve as it could tell us if we have ‘competition’.”

“From a child, Julian?” replied Thorne jokingly.

“This ‘Child’ developed some of the programs that we are going to use, hence why the dates on some of the program codes don’t match the earlier ones we know were done by Schaeffer.” replied Julian.

“Sir, ever since we got the simulation software working, I used the superscan software looking for any other systems that were using similar code, I didn’t find any.” said Baza.

“And what are you concluding.” asked Julian.

“If this supercomputer was online, it would show up on the scan, since it does not the only conclusion I can draw is that it is not online, and therefore not a problem, my suggestion is that we focus our efforts into completing our systems, not diverting resources to chase some ‘rogue’ system that may or may not be functional anymore.”

Julian sit’s a moment weighing the issues, cutting glances at Baza, Laroche and Thorne. Coming to a decision.

“Baza is right, we have too much to do, however I still want these entries recompiled, I want to know

what is in them. Baza, Laroche if you excuse me I need to talk to Thorne.”

Baza and Laroche stand up and walk out, Julian closing the door behind them. Laroche and Baza walking to the elevator and riding down.

“What is going on with those two?” asked Baza

“Mr. Thorne has failed Mr. Williams.” replied Laroche letting his accent slip.

“That’s not what I meant, did you see how they were looking at each other in there, like they were about to have it out right there. I thought they were friends.”

“They are, Mr. Baza, closer then most, you see, Thorne used to be Colonel Thorne in the military and Mr. Williams used to be in the Intelligence Agency, I do not know which. But I do know that they are brothers forged in combat. They have saved each others lives more times then I dare count.”

“I figured something was up.” snickered Baza

“You would be so fortunate to have a friend such as they, mon ami. Do not let the business suit fool you, we are soldiers.”

Baza perched a eyebrow, and looked at Laroche oddly.

“Soldiers?” Baza scoffed.

Laroche put his hand on Baza’s shoulder, looking at him seriously as though staring down at a child.

“Yes Mr Baza, Soldiers, we are the Commanders and they the Generals for the upcoming war.”

“War? What War?” asked Baza in disbelief

“A War of the only thing left that can be controlled, Information. A war in which only we will be equipped to fight and win. I told you Mr. Baza, you talents would not be wasted on this project, don’t just think of this as early retirement, but true power.”

“Wow, I just....Wow.” replied Baza flabbergasted.

“They wanted me to bring you in on the plan, Mr. Williams, Thorne and myself voted this morning. To let you into the ‘inner circle’.”

“Woah. Thanks.”

“Welcome to the war Mr. Baza.”

3 Months ago.....

At the DefCon complex in a large open building like a hanger or warehouse that was converted into a military training facility, Laroche was over seeing the training of the security recruits as well as all the Training Instructors, the recruits moving around in organized fashion each platoon doing different things, Pushups, sit ups, marching, running, obstacle courses and other such training exercises. Mr Baza and Thorne roll up in a security cart.

“Ah Laroche, how are things going here?”

“The contractors are well trained, we have the SSC contractors here, the Black Mountain contractors will be here tomorrow.”

“SSC?” asked Baza

“Security and Strategies Corporation.” replied Thorne.

“So are we going to be ready when the time comes Laroche?” asked Thorne.

“At this rate sir, yes we will, we will make the schedule, assuming the hardware is ready.”

Thorne and Laroche look to Baza.

“Yes, sir the equipment is ready, the scanner rooms are online, supercomputers are up and ready, the environments are ready to go, we have done a few Return to the Past tests.”

“Yes, I remember that particular instance, took me back to a Board of Director’s meeting that I wasn’t listening to the first time. Julian was surprised too, well as surprised as he usually looks” laughed Thorne.

“Mr. Thorne, I have something that I have been needing to bring to your attention.”

“Oh, what’s that Baza.”

“The members of the Research staff have been trying to gain access to the restricted areas, they claim that since they have been working on the system in the lab they should be given access to the large scale laboratory.”

Thorne glances at Laroche while at the same time asking Baza.

“Which research team members have been asking.”

“uh Drs. Easton, McGann and Baker.” replied glancing down at his list Baza

“what do you think we do about that Mr. Baza?” inquired Laroche, nodding at Baza while still looking at Thorne. Thorne getting the message, a test if you will of Mr Baza.

“Well looking at the team’s contributions we should bring in the team member who’s contributed the most, that would be Dr. Easton.”

“And what about the rest?” inquired Thorne.

“Well the research phase is coming to an end so I say we should think about downsizing them. The only ones who have seen anything classified are Easton, Baker and McGann. But they have non-disclosure contracts so that should be no problem. But we should recruit at least one of them, I feel confident I can take over the Research and Development for the Transition Team. But we should wait until we are already running so there are no hiccups.”

“Very astute analysis of the situation Baza.”

Thorne shoots a gaze back at Laroche nodding his head in agreement and smiling, patting Baza on the shoulder.

“Mr Baza, just draw up a time table as to when the terminations should take place, specifically Baker and McGann, I agree we should go with Easton.”

“Good work Mr. Baza” complimented Laroche.

A week later....

Dr. Easton and Baker were standing on a upper level terrace looking down at the construction area of some new lab that DefCon was building.

“Man, I know something is going on down there I just know it.” said Dr. Baker

“I don’t doubt they will bring us in when the time comes.” replied Dr Easton.

“Bring us in, I didn’t think we were out. Come on man doesn’t that offend you, that we’ve been working on this thing for so long and they are building a new lab right underneath our noses, AND they

won't tell us what's going on in there because its classified above us. Its our work for crying out loud! We should be in there right now." stated Baker angrily.

"I don't disagree with you there, but there has to be some reason." reasoned Easton.

"Yeah, they took our theory and are applying it to something and are going take all the credit, that's what's happening. Man I didn't have to deal with this kind of crap when I was working for the government." stated Baker

"Yeah, well I guess that's about right, they TELL you right in the front door that they are going take credit for your work." joked back Easton.

"That's not funny, and not what I meant. I'm not getting any younger, ya know." replied back Baker

"Well don't worry, I got something to keep an eye on them just in case." said Easton slyly.

"Oh, I knew it, you sneaky son of....what did you do."

"When they transferred the image down there and wiped our profiles, I managed to copy my profile onto the new image, and I imbedded it so I can access the system later."

Baker laughs and pats Easton on the back. Dr. McGann steps up onto the duo.

"Hey Gents, how are things going?" asks McGann in his thick Scottish accent.

"Easton was just telling me how he's got a back door on the supercomputers down there." replies Baker pointing at the construction area.

"Oh, sneaky little blither aren't ya." said McGann.

"Yup, I feel good about it. Because Baker, I agree with you, we have got to make sure we get our credit." replies Easton

"Yeah, but if they ever find out about it, they will throw you out on your butt real fast."

"Yeah well, they are going keep us around for a while, its going to be years before the technology is fast enough to be able to handle everything that program does. How Waldo Schaeffer did it, I'll never know." said Baker.

Easton's phone rings, he reaches into his lab coat and answers it. Baker trying to listen in can only hear Easton's side of the conversation

"Yes?"

"yes sir, Mr. Laroche"

"Ok, and what about..."

"Oh. Why?"

"But they contributed to it as well, I would like if we as a group could...."

"No sir, I do appreciate...."

“yes, sir.”

“Yes, sir, I will be down immediately. Bye.”

“What the heck was that about?”

“The big dogs want to see me.”

“Well let’s go.” replies Baker eagerly.

“No Baker, they want to see ME, just me.” replies Easton reluctantly.

“Oh.”

“Sorry” apologizes Easton.

Dr. Easton back up from the group and goes to head downstairs to meet with Laroche leaving McGann and Baker.

“Well, that’s that.” said Baker.

“He’s not going to forget us.” said McGann.

“I have a feeling, that’s not true.”

Meanwhile...

Baza and Thorne were having a meeting down in the operations center.

“We have a problem. Mr. Thorne.”

“A problem, a week ago you said.”

“I did Mr. Thorne, but I did the calculations on the computation power of the supercomputer, and it is insufficient to power everything simultaneously. At first I assumed Waldo Schaeffer used some sort of programming algorithm to simplify the computations, but I found that he used another method.”

“What is that?”

“A peculiar quality of the Returns to the Past is that the supercomputer retains a Qubit, and doubles its processing power. This is how the supercomputer was able to accomplish all it did at the same time.”

“So how are we going to get the Qubits.”

“by doing the same thing that Schaeffer did, return to the past.”

Thorne flabbergasted

“You expect us to live in a Time loop for 7 years?”

“Not exactly, um I have a way in which perceivably it will seem instantaneous.”

“Get your materials together and be prepared to present in a week.”

“um, sir to be honest we should do this as soon as possible, I can present it tonight.”

“That soon.”

“The sooner the better sir.”

“Alright, alright, I’ll set the meeting.”

Meanwhile....

Laroche was waiting in a small meeting room as Dr Easton walks in and sits down..

“Ah Doctor, I have been waiting for you”

“Yeah, I’m glad you decided to meet with me.”

“I have an offer for you doctor, we are shoring up the Research and Development for the Transition team, we would like you to come on.”

"See, I knew it, I knew you wouldn't forget us, I can't wait to tell Baker."

"No No, Doctor, you misunderstand me, I am not offering this to your team, I am offering this to you"

"Oh" said Easton knowing what was being asked.

"What is your answer Doctor."

"Can I have some time to think about it?" asked Easton.

"We need an answer as quickly as possible Doctor." said Laroche

"Just one day to think about it, please?"

Laroche thought about it for a moment.

"Ok Doctor, one day, I hope that will be enough time."

"I'm sure it will."

Later that evening.....9:00 pm

Laroche, Baza, Thorne were in Julian's office with him, Baza presenting an ambitious action.

"As you can see, the Qubits are accumulated after each return jump, this is how Waldo Schaeffer managed to get his computer to have the raw computing power it has. So if we want one we are going to have to do the same." explained Baza

"And as I understand it, we are going to be living in a time loop for 7 years." said Thorne

"Yes and No, we would be, but we won't be aware of it. You see when a Return Trip is activated, those scanned into the supercomputer remember the events of the old day, while anyone else doesn't. I have deactivated the profiles in the supercomputer for everyone we've scanned, so the protection measure won't apply to us, and we won't remember either." explained Baza

"What about the 'rogue'?" asked Julian

"I have been able to verify that the 'rogue' is not online and therefore its profiles won't be a consideration, since it's offline the system itself won't protect whoever was scanned into it."

"So how is this going to work?" inquired Laroche.

"Simple, I have programmed the Return to the Past program use the subroutine that tracks every activation and program it to fail out on the last activation, so it will break the loop. Simply put I will set the Return to the past to activate 2,556 times, and on the 2,557th time, the program will not activate and give me a prompt telling me that the program run has been completed."

"My god." said Julian

"No worries, from our perspective I will hit the button and the prompt will immediately come up, and the activation indicator will jump from 0 to 2556."

"What side effects are we looking at here?" asked Thorne.



“Again sir, none, this has already been done once with no effect on anyone except Schaeffer himself but that’s because he protected himself and lived through those days, for us, it will instantaneous. The only ‘side effect’ I can foresee would be we would need to refill the reactor with fuel, as the supercomputer does continue to draw power through the time jumps. But again this will instantaneous.”

“Alright, I approve, set what you need.” said Julian.

“What I will need is 24 hours from a start point, so that before and after each jump we will be in the operations center, so I will need to see you Tomorrow morning in the operations center at 5:30 so that we can begin the jumps at 6:00 am.”

“Damn, I have a meeting with Easton tomorrow.” said Laroche.

“Well the Beauty of it is that you will still make that meeting.” said Baza

The next day, 9 hours later, 6:00 Day 1

In the Operations Center, Thorne, Julian, Laroche and Baza were standing in the operations center to in essence record their first day so that they will be in the operations center after each jump. Baza set the Return to the Past and set the countdown clock.

“So what do we do, Mr Baza.” asked Thorne, not expecting what’s to happen.

“Just sit there while I set the countdown clock.”

“No offense intended Mr. Baza but I feel very helpless.” said Laroche.

“I assure you it will work.” replied Baza

Baza attempts to set the clock, there is a lag in the computer as the program activates and the clock sets

The group went about there day staying busy as the nature of the day became pointless because they new they would be going through it time and time again. Laroche met Easton in the hall.

“Easton, can I speak with you”

“Yes, Sir.”

“I am going to be generous today, I am giving you another day to think about my offer.”

“Any particular reason why?” replied Easton.

“Well I just feel that today, is not a good day to set anything in stone, it just feels that today is going be....fluid if you will.” replied Laroche, trying to hold back the smile.

“Okay” puzzled Easton at the cryptic response.

“I would think you would be thankful, you have a lot more time to think about it.” Laroche said trying to hold back a laugh.

“uh, Thanks?”

“Anytime, I must go.”

Laroche walked away and around the corner to let out the laugh.

24 Hours later.....5:55 AM the next morning

Julian, Thorne, Laroche and Baza, were back in the operations center, awaiting the clock.

“So how exactly does this work again.” asked Thorne.

“Once we jump, we will be standing here, waiting to set the clock this morning, however the program will fail out telling me that the jumps are completed.” explained Baza.

“Ah, so we won’t remember this. Because I have to admit, today was boring, I mean when you know everything you do is going to be undone, it kinds gets boring with the waiting.” said Thorne.

“Your sure we not going to remember this?” asked Laroche.

“All the profiles of the individuals we scanned down here are locked, that includes, Mr Williams, Thorne, Laroche, and Myself. 15 seconds.”

“What about the research team?” asked Thorne.

“We reformatted the image so their profiles are gone to begin with. They have no profiles in this machine. 10 Seconds.” replied Baza matter of factly.

“Oh well that’s good, it would suck to be locked in that kind of hell.” said Thorne

“5...4...3...2...1...” said Baza

24 Hours Earlier.....6:00 am.....Day 2557

In the Operations Center, Thorne, Julian, Laroche and Baza were standing in the operations center to in essence record their first day so that they will be in the operations center after each jump. Baza set the Return to the Past and set the countdown clock.

“So what do we do, Mr Baza.” asked Thorne, not expecting what’s to happen.

“Just sit there while I set the countdown clock.”

“No offense intended Mr. Baza but I feel very helpless.” said Laroche.

“I assure you it will work.” replied Baza

Baza attempts to set the clock, there is a lag in the computer as the program activates and the program fails, a red prompt comes up and it reads ‘Time Jumps Elapsed, Program Completed’

“Ah, it looks like we are finished.”

“Excuse me?” said Thorne.

“look, activations 2556 times, we’re done. Its over.”

“um...OK, that was easy, I guess.”

Elsewhere.... Doctor Baker’s residence.

Dr. Easton is pounding on the door, Dr. Baker answers the door in his robes. Dr Easton muttering incoherently.

“Easton? Oh my god what’s wrong”

Easton grabs onto Baker.

“Time, Baker.... Means nothing, its forever. It doesn’t end, its always the same.”

“My god, Easton what are you talking about.”

“Get out Baker, get out while you still can, Get McGann out too.”

Easton runs off into the early morning dawn.

“Easton! EASTON!” calls out Dr Baker.

Dr. Easton, goes into the building, going in through the lobby.

“Bad Night Doc?” asks the security guard

“You have no idea, Ben.”

Easton walks by and walks toward the new operations center

“By the way, get new jokes.”

Easton punches in the door code, and goes inside, Easton sneaks around moving just as certain people pass by as if he knows where people are going to be, and makes his way to the equipment room, he grabs a data storage device, and some cabling, and a laptop, moving as if planned and rehearsed, Dr Easton goes into the super computer room hooks into the system, deactivates the security and begins compressing and downloading the software from the system. Easton peaks out of the window and looks at Julian, Thorne, Laroche and Baza in the rear of the room working with the Return to the Past operations board

“The hell you put me through will be nothing compared to what I’m going to do.”

Easton continues to work on the supercomputer, until he downloads all the files he is needing. Muttering to himself, he curses the names of the 4. After the download is complete he disconnected the equipment and leaves, leaving the building and leaving DefCon forever.

A few hours later...

Drs Baker and McGann come into DefCon and are asking if anyone has seen Dr. Easton, they continue to search and look for anyone in the research wing who’s seen him.

Julian, Thorne, Baza and Laroche are toasting with champagne on their success and the project is now moving forward with no hitches.

1 Month ago...

Up in Julian’s office Thorne and Julian were discussing the task at hand when Laroche and Baza come in, knocking on the door.

“Yes, come in gentleman, we have something to discuss.” said Julian.

“you have no idea.” replied Baza

“Thorne and I were discussing that now is the time to handle the Baker and McGann situation. and Laroche we would like you to handle that as soon as possible.”

“its about the research team we wish to discuss, sir.” said Baza.

“Yes.” said Julian.

“I found a profile in the supercomputer that wasn’t authorized.”

“What?” inquired Julian.

“The profile was a copy of Dr Easton’s, and it wasn’t locked down when we did the jumps.”

Thorne and Julian look at Baza seriously.

“you mean he was....”

“yes, he was aware of these last 7 years, the same day, over and over.”

“My god, how?”

“He apparently inserted a profile into the Transition team’s image of the lab computer after we wiped it, I’m thinking he was wanting to plant a back door, the profile wasn’t locked because it didn’t show up in the list.”

“That’s how he seemed to know the passwords, key codes and where everything basically is.”

Julian turned to Laroche.

“Laroche, I want him found, and don’t forget to take care of the other scientists.” said Julian.

“Baza.....get out of my sight.” demanded Julian.

Baza and Laroche turn and leave...

Julian goes to his window and looks out, Thorne seated at the meeting table.

“Where could he have gone, Thorne?”

“There’s only one place he could of gone.”

“Oh yeah and where’s that.”

“Where ever Schaeffer’s Supercomputer is.....”

Present Day....Kadic Academy