

Forever Young

By TK Coody

The idea of becoming immortal is not plausible to most, the simple-minded people I call my co-inhabitants of this filth-ridden planet of Earth. To live is all that there is, nothing more, nothing less. Whether it is one day or 100 years, living is living. To me though, living is not enough; I have strived for my entire existence to become something more, to live longer than life, and be larger than life. Some have doubted me, but now, once they see what I have created, they will be the object of my mockery.

I was laughed at and was made the class tease in school since my studies were based upon the stuff of science fiction. Teased and pestered, the butt of all the college pranks, but that is what pushed me. It is what made me work to the wee hours of the night. So that one day those ignorant, single-celled organisms that are called jocks will bow down to me! My work was done alone in the basement of dorm 666. I tested first on fruit flies. Realizing their life span was only 24 hours they were much easier to study, watching its genetics and appearance and noting how it never changed for an entire month. Then came the testing on mice; they never grow old, they still live within the basement of my old college dorm.

What will the common public think when I, Hector Francis, born 1938 lives until the year 3000? Watching the world decay and feed upon itself until I can reveal my secret and claim my rightful title of "Overlord of Earth." Better yet, sell my magnificent elixir of life to those who are willing to pay and become more powerful and rich than anyone can fathom. Until the time comes, I shall live below your feet feeding off your spoils and plunders. If you dare to find me, you shall look for the building with 666 that has been rooted in the same spot since the beginning of time. I shall be beneath it waiting, waiting, with my mice until the fateful day when the Earth is weak and I am strong.