

Nester Edwards' Disc 37

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To my friends at the NSider:
Without them, this story would remain just as lost as Disc 37...

Chapter 1

My dear reader, it is destiny that you were bound to pick up this book as it is my destiny to write it. However, the story that you are about to read is not as fictional as you may believe. This story takes place in your distant future (and my recent past) about a man who would stumble upon a rare item that would save the world. Even though I must fulfill my duty to write this story, you however are not obligated to read the events that are written within these pages. If you do not want to know what is going to happen, even though you may not be alive to observe these events, it's understandable if you returned this book from where you found it and picked up another Sci-Fi book like the latest Star Wars book. For those who are still interested in reading this story, be forewarned that your family, successors and anybody else who has read or even heard about this book will not be able to change these events regardless what precautions they take to prevent these events from happening. This book by its nature is a paradox, as it has no true beginning because it existed before I it was even written, and is the embodiment of what some people would call "future echoes" as you know what is going to happen before it actually happens. Those who know about the future will not be able to change it regardless of their actions. I know that I'm probably boring you with all the scientific mumbo-jumbo garbage, but I am doing this because the story will truly begin in the next paragraph. If you stop reading this story beforehand, you can still escape the sad and possibly gruesome details and read something that you totally know is fiction. There's still time to drop this book and pick up the latest Star Trek book... or even search for that new Doctor Who book from England that fans are raving about. If you're still reading this paragraph at this point, you're either a sadistic person or very curious with nothing else better to do. As much as I'd like to keep you from reading this story, I must tell it. I have wasted enough of your time as well as the publisher's resources printing this. This is your final warning since the story will begin at the end of this sentence.

Our story begins a few years back (for me anyways, it's still far in your future) when the United States was having problems similar to a post-nuclear apocalypse. Even though the US was never hit with any nuclear bombs, it sure looked like it as the technical revolution has taken its toll on the land. In the suburb of Scion City called Marques resides Tim Michaels, a technical genius who appeared to a fish without water, as he was the furthest away from any major source of new technology. Even though he could solve any computer problem, he rarely had an opportunity to use his skills as nearly everybody in the Scion area preferred to live a more analog lifestyle and most people had the mechanical skills that were required to keep their machines running. Tim eventually found work inside Scion City for a small computer firm, but the pay wasn't great.

One Friday night as Tim was walking to his car, a bum ran into him. The bum, breathing heavily quickly pleaded with Tim.

"They're after me! "Keep quiet and take this disc," the bum said quickly as he shoved the disc into Tim's hands.

"Who would be after you? What's on this?" Tim hastily asked.

"There's no time to explain. Just hold onto this disc and don't look at it!"

As soon as the bum finished, two guys in black suits appeared around the corner. "There he is! After him!" said one of them as they chased the bum out of sight. With the strange disc in hand, he returned home and totally forgot about the bum. After he checked his mail and started to unwind from the day, that seed of curiosity started growing. If you know anything about psychology, you would know that if you tell somebody not to do something, even with the best intentions to protect somebody, it'll make that person want to do it even more just because they're not suppose to. If you ever heard somebody say not to look down when you're in a high place, it's your natural instinct not to listen to that person and look down anyways. Tim grabbed the strange disc and popped it into his computer to analyze the data. The only information that popped up on the screen was "Disc 37". Knowing that cracking a CD would be exhausting work; Tim booted up one of his homemade cracking programs to run overnight and went to bed.

In the morning, Tim crawled out of the freezer he called a bedroom and went to the fridge to get his morning dose of caffeine to wake him up as well as some breakfast. An hour went by before he was active enough to check his computer. Once at the keyboard, he checked the progress of the cracker program he used. The cracker was successful in figuring out the data on the disc and Tim peruse the contents of the disc.