

The Real Truth

真實真理

Part I

The first waves

Chi K. Lo

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PREFACE

In the year my daughter enrolled in University of Delaware, I read a scientific report in the Internet. It was about a group of data storage scientists who had successfully used genetic codes and biochemical means to record a Beetles' song into the genome of a Coliform bacteria. In a more explicit way of speaking, the genetic material of this manipulated Coliform bacteria now does not only contain its original genetic material, but also some extra genetic material that codes a human song. The surprise is that this amount of extra genetic material has not changed the characteristic of the bacteria or affect its physiology. On the other hand, the bacteria has no choice, but to replicate these extra materials duration its reproduction. The process passes the coded copy of the song to the offspring generation by generation, thus preserving the record of the song forever.

I studied biology when I was in college. But then, I turned to environmental engineering in graduate school and finally did a PhD in analytical chemistry. In all these years of working, I had no direct use of my biology learning and forgot almost all genetics. Therefore, I should not be able to digest the material in the report. However, there was a kind of opportunity in the backdrop. Stepping into the two thousands millennium, the division that I was working vowed to work into biotechnology and advised all of us to retrain ourselves and to get ready for a new biotech era. Needless to say, I had to pick up modern molecular biology books again day and night. And it was the time that I read the report and could understand the kind of significance that I am going to elaborate.

In molecular biology and genetics, it is too common to find 'useless' genetic material in the chromosomes of living organisms. They are not genes or sequences responsible for the activation of the transcription of a gene or other genetic functions. They have nothing to do with the characteristics and physiology of the living organism. They are totally 'extra'. Surprisingly, they occupy a significant portion of the genetic material of all living organisms that scientists successfully decoded.

When I was reading the report, I immediately had the idea that just as what humans had manipulated the genetic material of the coliform bacteria and made it contain more extra genetic material that had no apparent use to the bacteria, but meant a song to the scientists, then what the current extra genetic material that every terrestrial organisms could probably be the work of a super intelligent and extra terrestrial life form or simply what we mean 'super-god'. Farther to say, perhaps these extra genetic materials do contain very significant and precious information. This is a very good theme for a story.

To a layman in writing and with an occupying full time job, figuring out a good theme for a novel is not that easy, but really writing it out is even challenging. I wrote and erased and wrote, and had been doing that for almost

four years and just had finished the Part I with some 100,000 words. In the winter of 2005, I started to write the Part II of the story and tried my best to produce an English version for Part I.

I am a Buddhist, but not a scholar in Buddhist literature and manuscript (sutra). I read reading some Buddhist sutra, but after all I forget most of them shortly and then started reading again and forgetting. Therefore, don't expect the material about Buddhism in the novel to have support from doctrines of Buddhism, or the content follows that religious philosophy. However, in Buddhist sutra it has been written more than once that every living thing does possess the potential to become Buddha and could really transcend one day. Ha, perhaps it is just like what the novel says, it is because every one of us and every living organism as well do have a copy of the way to transcend into Buddha in our genetic material. This is a copy no one else could take it away. Though it looks like very personal, no one could decode it easily. When we only try to use our physical senses or technological to read them, we could only reach those information controlling our physical life, and we will never be able to get the most important part coded in our genome, the part telling us the eventual 'truth of life'.

Part one of the Story used up around 3 years. I then started to write an English story line for it. However, I ended up with translating the whole book paragraphs by paragraphs. My English was surely not up to any standard, but I have to say I really admire my persistence and determination.

Hockessin, Delaware, US, Summer, 2005 and April 2007.

Chapter 1 -The first fight

In the archive, we found the following record.

It was one starless night in the long past and the moon was hidden in very dense clouds. Somewhere in the oldie heartland of China and in the midst of a mountainous forest, there was a small monastery. Because it was so embedded in the wild jungle, it was not that easy for strangers to discover it even in a clear sunny day. Tonight, the usually slept and quiet monastery appeared active. Lamplight was seen diffusing out of the small windows of the monastery.

The whole mountain terrain was having strong gust, but it could not reach the monastery that was so heavily surrounded by trees likely standing there for thousands of years. With the help of the light coming out from the monastery, one could reveal layers of fog and mist embodying the outside of the monastery, but not crossing to the inside, not even its open space. It looked like the physical structure and its space were protected and shielded by a magical force field.

Strong wind could not reach the monastery, but it was blowing at the top of the forest and the shattering motion of the branches and the leaves had produced terrible roars like monsters looking for prey. But there was another layer of audio that came from the monastery, penetrated into the open space and spread to far away distance. It was a very harmonic chanting apparently rich in mystic context.

Inside the main hall of the monastery, there were around sixty monks taking different postures and they made a formation like the outline of a human heart but without the apex, where it was instead replaced by a big and strange looking container. A closer look would see the people there might not be all monks because many of them did not possess the Buddhist scar on their bald heads and they even did not wear the religious ropes. With eyes closed, everyone was chanting a unique mantra or sultra, but then all voices could fuse together making the whole stronger and powerful in essence. From far away distance, the chanting could still be heard clearly regardless of the roar of mother nature and a peculiar and virtual layer of light was found doming the area where the monastery was situated. Legends told that this was some kind of celestial shielding enabled by powerful monks or monsters of thousand years of age.

Suddenly, the gust came to a still and one moment later apparently something had opened up the dark and heavy clouds and it quickly move towards the monastery. The shielding of the monastery appeared to have blocked it for several seconds and it broke into the inside with almost no pause.

The monks in the monastery instantly sensed a presence and felt that the room started to shake and a vortex of strong wind was blowing and lifting their ropes and even their bodies. They abruptly opened their eyes to cause a surge of energy beams shooting towards the shapeless intruder. The beams penetrated the void, and since it is a void, nothing was hurt. Obviously, nothingness could not be damaged by physical means. The monks then physically suffered from

pain caused by punching gust and mentally attacked by seeing unreal images of different features and intensities. They also heard noises in sharp pitches. A strange and creepy entity was trying to peek into the thought of the monks, disturbing their mentality and trying to control their mind. The monks had to close their eyes and shut off all their senses. Gradually, for one moment the images were gone. They knew they were in no good shape and had to increase the strength of the chanting that formed the an abstract kind of celestial shield protecting the monks. But then it was only defensive. Inside the shield was temporarily peaceful, but the outside was dangerous and being eaten up by the nothingness. Even the air was sucked up into nowhere. There was gradually no outside anymore and the shielding was squeezed and eaten bit by bit. Eventually, the invader was stepping into the apical region where the special container was deployed. The monks recognized that was the critical moment and they had no way but to use all the resources to strike back. They together howled with all their energy and a formidable thunder roared out towards the enemy and exploded the container into pieces that cut into the likely present intruder. Each piece carried a special mantra and readily turned into millions of sharp rays of light dashing into the shapeless intruder. However, they had too strong an enemy who still could easily broke up their last defense and the monks had lost the battle. Instantly, a weird being broke into the minds of some of the monks and their memories and thought was extracted and manipulated.

The container was an ancient mystical tool not only having tremendous power of destruction, but also a 'capacitor' protecting another space in the monastery.

There were no lamps in the room, but it had sufficient and even illumination everywhere. Five monks sit to make a heart shaped formation like the one in the main hall of the monastery. There was also a small kid standing in a corner. They were chatting by telepathic means.

"A wait of thousands years!"

"Time is not that important, right here."

"The important thing is that we could defend the token?"

Nobody answered.

"I say, the most important work had been committed, the sutra and writing was preached to the outside long time ago."

"Surprisingly, only a few people could benefit. It seems that only we could get extraordinary wisdom from it"

"The only way to read the sutra was to use one's whole mind, and without holding any physical desire and ownership"

"Giving up all ownership is so difficult. The token is indeed a barrier to our transcend if we are eligible."

"Therefore, we should give it up, too"

The last few words were made by a kid standing in the corner of the room. At that moment he made the remark, the last defense of the 'space' was smashed. The monks felt a formidable horror of emptiness expanding into the room. They struck it with all their telepathic power in one coordinated shot. But the energy was suppressed again and it was only able to whirl around

everywhere and could not hurt the shapeless intruder. The enemy paid no attention to those old monks, but instead moved towards the kid. The illumination over there was eaten up by the darkness and the kid was about to be engulfed. The kid, however, showed no fear and had shown a very gentle smile in his graceful face. His two hands made a heart shaped sign and one thing was flying out from his hands just before everything disappeared.

This was the first fight.