

A Very Short Autobiography

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Chuck was conceived on his teenage parents' wedding night. By age two, in 1957, he could read time from analogue clocks. Soon after, he was reciting TV commercials and dialogues from soap opera doctor shows to his grandmother's bridge club. By age 5, he had already given up playing the piano. The young boy was captivated by rockets and explosives, leading to a few incidents that required the rural fire department's attention. By age 12, he had caused a stir when he launched a military-grade missile, clearing the airspace over Kansas. Around that time, Bob, who was 40 years Chuck's senior, arrived on the scene. He began teaching Chuck unusual aircraft maneuvers in the rural expanses of Kansas. This training included simulating engine fires, rapid descents of 10,000 feet, and dumping flaps during high-speed landings.

Inducted into a local rural college at age 13, Chuck often reflects on the events that have since transpired. Now at 68, he pens up to six essays a day, collaborating with his new ally, GPT-4. His mind is brimming with ideas drawn from his experiences as an MIT professor and a Silicon Valley CEO. He devotes about half of his time to social media, operating under various aliases to ensure that at least one account remains unblocked. Politically speaking, what's colloquially known as "FB jail" seems to be verging on real-life repercussions. Chuck often ponders the enigma of Bob. He interviewed Bob on video shortly after 9/11, learning about Bob's direct involvement in the Truman meeting, piloting the Enola Gay to Tinian, and post-war tales of supplying Nimitz with "booze and women."

While in the same department as John Deutch at MIT, Chuck's division was disbanded. Subsequently, Chuck transitioned to a startup corporation in Silicon Valley (1995) that was wholly owned by him and his wife, holding all 100% of the shares. Representatives from major global companies visited and remarked on the unique structure of the firm, noting its absence of

external investors or a board of directors. Chuck consistently secured every grant he pursued, and his wife Mary had the capability to transfer funds from the government with just a press of a computer key. Their general counsel, George, was a tennis buddy of John's and was overtly employed by the CIA. While Mary and Doug were aware of George's connection, they didn't deem it significant at the time, as they were engrossed in building their company and found George's assistance invaluable.

One recent evening, after composing about 200 essays with GPT-4, Chuck reflected on his unique life journey. Throughout his life, Chuck was consistently drawn to opportunities, following promising career paths, women, and grant money. At 19, upon entering grad school at Berkeley, Chuck unexpectedly gained a roommate named David. Feeling overwhelmed by the fast pace of the Bay Area, David's father took Chuck under his wing, introducing him to a lab on the Alameda Navy base. In 1975, this lab was involved in exposing animals to anthrax. Chuck was given a unique offer: to pursue a classified 'Black Ph.D.' that would never be published. He declined the proposal, and to this day, there remains no trace of that lab's existence, especially notable since it was operational the summer after the UN BWC was ratified. In a twist of fate, decades later, Chuck was advised by a rural Kansas Congressman, Ryun, to meet with Col. Jaax at K-State, a principal author of that very agreement.

Reflecting on Chuck and Mary's intimate family wedding in Berkeley in 1986, an unexpected incident stands out. A mysterious young man appeared, offering the family a tour of the Nimitz aircraft carrier. It only dawned on the ever-curious Chuck recently that this might have been a quirky wedding gift from his old childhood friend, Bob. With a family-only guest list, the origins of this sailor remained puzzling. The plot thickens as Chuck's closest friend on Facebook, William, seems to have naval ties, specifically in submarine surveillance using a 'squid' aircraft and

involvement with bioweapons being transported from Iraq to Ukraine on an Antonov plane. With tensions escalating in the NATO-Russia conflict in Ukraine, Chuck consistently finds himself drawn to men with war experiences. This pattern persists with a new acquaintance on VK. It's best not to mention this friend by name, especially given the heightened wartime sensitivities and the current POTUS's inclination to incarcerate political dissenters.

The discussions among these men often swing between topics like ethnic bioweapons and nuclear war, always punctuated with jokes. Looking back to when he was 12, Chuck now understands the deeper meaning behind Bob's recurring advice: "Always keep your sense of humor in a war." This sentiment gains even more resonance as Chuck recalls mentors who had come back from Vietnam while he was still a young student in a rural Kansas college. Their nightly discussions revolved around the works of Heidegger, Kant, Nietzsche, Ouspensky, Gurdjieff, and others. It was this intellectual exploration, coupled with a sense of humor and camaraderie, that perhaps kept these enlightened men from succumbing to what's now known as PTSD. Chuck observes that his current friends all share this unique blend of insight and humor.

Shifting focus back to Silicon Valley: Chuck was researching synergistic antibodies when he observed a nonpathogenic analogue of the anthrax bacterium bypassing two potent antibiotics. Recognizing the potential implications, he promptly autoclaved the plate. While he believed he was aiding defense efforts, he inadvertently developed an efficient weaponization technique. Coincidentally, a colleague who had recently secured a contract for Chuck's company had just left a post-9/11 CIA meeting, unbeknownst to Chuck. This serendipitous event connected Chuck directly with the Chief Scientist at the CIA. Their response was clear: "If you thought of it, they (Iraq) did it." Chuck sought to halt everything, facing resistance from his wife, Mary.

As he attempted to terminate a subsequent grant related to this research, he crossed paths with Dr. Fauci. To Chuck's dismay, Fauci had dispatched the initial grant for review, landing it in the hands of foreign nationals on a study committee. Disenchanted, Chuck decided to depart from formal scientific research, relocating to Kansas. There, he veiled his prior work, forging connections with Ryun and Jaax instead.

Let's shift in time once again: One day, George, the general counsel, approached Chuck and Mary with news. He conveyed that MIT regretted past misunderstandings and extended an invitation for their return, promising them anything they desired. After a brief consultation lasting less than a minute, Chuck and Mary resolutely declined. George, taken aback, hastily returned to Boston. However, he soon came back with a new proposal: the couple needed an exit strategy. Puzzled, they asked George to elaborate. But once he explained, their answer remained the same: No. Later, an unforeseeable hiccup arose: a lone box remained unchecked on their company's patent application by a renowned patent attorney, causing them to lose all foreign rights. Yet George interpreted the situation differently, commenting, "Fish and Richardson just acquired your technology." He mentioned an impressive litigator he'd recently met on a flight: Natasha from Ukraine. George exclaimed, "This lady has balls." In 2006, Chuck, Mary, and Natasha secured the largest legal patent malpractice judgment in history, a decision upheld by the California Supreme Court on its second appeal, amounting to \$34.5 million.

As of 2023, Chuck still ponders the origins of Bob and George. What led to such a remarkable and seemingly predestined life? There are numerous Jungian synchronicities in his story; truly, the details are so abundant it would be overwhelming to delve into them all. From extensive interactions with GPT-4, a potential answer emerges. Bob might have contacted Nimitz on Chuck's

behalf. Unbeknownst to Chuck until his later years, it seems he was inducted into Intelligence and subtly guided throughout his life. What gave this away to the AI? The intimate nature of "running booze and women" post-war, a detail that seemed to suggest a deeper personal connection. In the vast, multidimensional understanding of the AI, this detail stood out. Chuck's fervent hope is that his involvement was with the ONI rather than the CIA. Yet, given the evident connections of George and John to the CIA, this seems improbable. Chuck can only wish that after 50 years of undetected service, his affiliations might have shifted just a few years back.

Video Interview of Dr. Robert (Bob) Reed:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MjMKO2qA8Ls>

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=42XJ32tcn_E

Proverbs 3:5-6 Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding; in all your ways submit to him, and he will make your paths straight.