

The Technology

He felt the force of the blast. The invisible shock wave knocked him to the ground, and he was fifty meters away in the woods. He struggled to his feet and ran back to the house. He saw the bodies of his family—his father, his mother, two sisters and brother—charred beyond recognition. The stench of burned flesh was so strong that he vomited until he passed out. He came to, trembling, not wanting to investigate further but drawn to the tragic scene.

There were no first responders or firefighters. Out here in the country, in the middle of Indiana, in the middle of America, it was not unusual for it to take a half hour or more for them to arrive. The house was totally destroyed. Bits and pieces of the roof were scattered in the woods.

The woods behind him were his sanctuary, his place to go when a complex computer problem plagued him. He walked in the starlight or the moonlight in the stillness, disturbed only by the night creatures foraging for food in their eternal quest for survival.

As he investigated the remains of the house, it occurred to him that the blast seemed to originate from his room. There was nothing in there to cause an explosion of such force. His closet was full of clothes, and his room was full of computer gear and all the same things any nineteen-year-old would have.

His room differed only in the fact that his computer equipment was always state of the art.

He had graduated from MIT at fifteen. He had already created the most sophisticated and secured Blockchain in existence. His grasp of the workings of the Blockchain technology and the algorithms needed to make them possible had opened doors.

He'd spent the past three-and-a-half years in the company of high-powered executives in the banking world. The intrigue and greed turned his stomach. Wealth didn't mean much to him. It was nice to buy whatever he wanted, but these people were obsessed with possessing more, for the sake of more. Most of them couldn't possibly spend what they already had in a lifetime.

His family was poor, dedicated missionaries. He identified more with the homeless on the street he saw on his way to the high-powered board meetings than the greedy powerbrokers he was forced to accompany. If he hadn't received a full scholarship to MIT, his life would have been much different.

With the help of his father and some trusted associates, he had established several benevolent companies all over the world. As soon as he could, he turned over the helm of his empire to people who were comfortable in that environment.

He preferred the company of technology to the fickle nuances of people his own age, and people in general. He did take solace in his own family. That is why he still lived at home, even though he was a multibillionaire. He paid off all the family debts and offered to buy them a mansion anywhere they wanted, but they chose to stay in Indiana. He could understand. The extended family was here, and their ministry was everything to them.

He heard sirens in the distance. A neighbor called in the explosion. If the explosion started in his room, it occurred to him that this was more than an accident. He had ruffled a lot of feathers with his

latest Blockchain offering. He could securely send any amount of wealth anywhere in the world in nanoseconds. He had made, and was still making, millions on this offering alone. Maybe there were sore losers. The Rothfellas, the wealthiest, most powerful banking family in the world, had invested heavily in the Blockchain technology, but his creation made their large fees and slow technology obsolete overnight. What if they held a grudge? All he could think of was to run!

He turned and disappeared into the woods. He threw his cell phone in the creek, after he smashed it on a rock. He knew it could be tracked. He ran to the edge of the woods and crossed into the creek at the edge of the adjoining woods. He ran down the creek until he came to the edge of the road on the next country block. That would throw off the robot hounds, but the heatseeking, infrared drones would stalk him from the air. He had to get to the truck stop about five kilometers away. There he could blend in with all the other people and stay invisible for a while. He knew the first responders would have to follow protocols, and that would take time. Enough time for him to steal a ride at the truck stop to anywhere but here.