

Chapter : The Empire of Maur Evans

(Hoping that this translation will be faithful to my original writing)

Hello, my name is Christine Barsi; I am the author of the anticipation novel "L'éveil du Dieu Serpent / The awakening of the serpent god" which has just been published by 5 Sens Éditions, on December 20th. I propose to present you one of the chapters.

The empire of Maur Evans

Precept and teaching of Maur Evans: The flagship product of a market speculation must be related to a necessity for the people it represents; if it is not the case, this one will not sell itself, and will be like so many others, but a deception that is meaningless.

Maur Evans admired the glass dome, beyond the bay window of his office on the thirtieth floor of the industrial complex bearing his name, in the central business district of Sydney.

The heart of the city, a sector could not be more privileged.

The dome housed the new space dedicated to one of the flagship products of the latest technology in vogue in biogenetics. Although still controversial today, this one now provided many production lines, always greedy over the years. The annual congress on the subject, to be held next month in Melbourne, would be one of the expedients to present it with great pomp. Maur would have to prepare his speech and anticipate the perennial questions that rushed into the discussions each time, like a leitmotif that never ceased.

At all times, the same pattern: the appropriateness of genetic modifications, the processes employed, the benefits and risks for everyone.

A ritornello for the wise man he had become. He knew how to overcome the fears and reluctance of the most cautious. Its materials would become embedded in the deep mesh of this civilization, until they could no longer be

eradicated from their base on which the multitude of others would melt. Some of his genomic creations, which were artificial in nature, were already emulating and thriving in private circles, while others of his inventions were at the very center of the government that was asking for more.

But until the fateful date of the event, the secret of his last-born would be well kept. The businessman, as much as the man of science he personified, was suspicious of competition and did not want their partners, mostly private sponsors who financed BioJadh, to be too aware of the information. crucial to their recent discovery. They were educated in broad lines, but not in detail. Maur had a lot of work to do to keep the scientific press going, while keeping it at bay. The competitive pressure and the weight of the highly volatile markets required to be always in the breach and to finance innovation at the most opportune moment, always ahead.

The strategy of his firm.

As usual, trade unions would scream like wolves against the release of his latest find, claiming that neoliberal globalization would lead people to their loss. It was all about what peoples were involved in this kind of business. If he identified them perfectly, the rest of humanity was far from being able to do the same.

In an hour, he had an appointment with one of the representatives of a transnational with whom he envisioned forging a strong partnership, in order to develop the production sector and the distribution channels. Maur anticipated with pleasure the trading game that would ensue. He was seasoned with exercise and relied on his particular charisma, which had brought him out of a flurry of situations where many would have become bogged down.

This reading ends here. I hope I would have given you the urge to read more. Feel free to visit my website: christinebarisi.com. See you soon.