

Julian writes a quotation on the blackboard.

**All people dream, but not equally
Those who dream by night in the dusty recesses of their mind
Wake in the day to find that it was vanity.
But the dreamers of the day are dangerous people,
For they may act their dream with open eyes to make it possible.
T. E. Lawrence**

Marcus - "Language has limitations. It can be very confusing. Many words in one language don't have equivalent words in other languages." Julian smiles - "A little girl came up to me yesterday. "You Americans are funny, you eat paper." She'd heard someone talking about *paper jam* in the computer room. Everything's changing so fast, a perfect time to create some new words." Marcus - "Be careful, Julian, you'll be eponymous." Julian was known for his unique T shirts, a word on the front, the definition on the back. Today's shirt was *Inexorable*.

Marcus - "Julian, will you and Wayne go to where people learn? Ask those who teach to meet tomorrow morning in Old Town Square." As Julian and Wayne leave, Marcus continues talking with Shilli, Neil, Emilie, Asha, Samuel and Lapis. "Pay attention. Get to know your physical surroundings. Finish what you start. What's happened will affect many people's livelihood. They will be afraid. You were each raised to believe different things. What you choose to do in the future will be your own decisions. Actions are powerful. So is humility."

Founded in 1348, Charles University is one of the world's oldest and finest universities. Julian and Wayne walk into the Rector's office to find no one there. Moments later, two men arrive, one man yelling at the other. The man raising his voice is lecturing in a pedantic, condescending tone. Julian decides to step in. "Excuse me. Part of what you've said is correct, part is not. It's true a purposeful coding error can change statistics, but there can be power issues, problems with conversion and timing, system functionality. Do machines know the difference between right and wrong?"

The man who has been silent is obviously impressed, introducing himself. "I'm the Rector of the University." "Julian Emerson. A pleasure to meet you. This is Wayne Catori. We're here to explain what's happened, to offer our help." The Rector turns to the other man. "Will you wait outside for a moment?" The man turns, mumbling under his breath in disgust.

As Julian and Wayne leave the Rector's office, students gathering in the halls rush up to them. "Do you know something?" "Can you tell us anything?" Is this a cyber attack?" Hearing Julian's explanation of what happened, the students don't know what to think, how to react. "If you'd like to help in any way, there'll be a meeting every day in both Old Town Square and Wenceslas Square."

Walking with Wayne back to the Halcyon, Julian sees Shilli in the distance. Running to catch up, he puts his hand on Shilli's shoulder. "Get your hands off me!" "Shilli, what's wrong, it's me, Julian." Aggressive and belligerent, the young man moves to hit Julian in the face, screaming "Shut up, stay away from me" as he runs away. Julian is stunned and can't move. Turning to Wayne, "What's wrong with him. Why would he act like that?" Wayne - "That wasn't Shilli." "What do you mean, of course it was!"

Knowing Emilie and Shilli had become very close friends, Julian decided to ask her advice. Emilie- "Meet me in the garden in a half hour." Surrounded by the hotel's giant topiaries, Julian and Emilie were alone for the first time since last year. Julian - "You've changed." "It was easier when I was shy. I don't like how judgmental I've become. My attention to detail is ridiculous. I found out I have a brother I never knew about." "Really? I found out how much I like to ask questions, how little I like to answer them." When Julian explained what had just happened, Emilie asked, "Have you talked to Shilli since?" "No. I'm not sure what to do." Emilie - "Maybe talk to him again?" Julian - "Will you come with me?"

As soon as Julian and Emilie left the room, Shilli's Mother began to cry. Shilli got up from his chair, running to her. "What's wrong?" Shilli's father also got up, walked around the room, then sat down again. "Shilli, Matheus didn't go to the hospital because he was sick. We didn't tell you the truth. Having a very difficult time talking, he continues, haltingly. "We did what we thought was best for you." "What are you talking about? What do you mean?" Through her tears, Shilli's Mother continues. "Matheus was kidnaped. The police told us three other children were taken." "WHY. . . why didn't you tell me?"

“Maybe we should have. We didn’t know what to do. You were so young. We didn’t want you to be afraid all the time. We thought telling you he’d gotten sick and died was easier for you to understand than a kidnaping.”

Shilli is almost screaming. “Didn’t you try to find him?” “We’ve never stopped. Never! We were told he’d probably been taken out of Namibia.”

Shilli goes to sit down and begins to take some long, slow, deep breaths. Suddenly, the expression on his face changes, a look never before seen by either of his parents. Anger had turned to hope. “Do you think the person Julian saw was Matheus?” “It’s possible.” The knock on the door was Julian. “Sorry to interrupt, Mr. Louwrens, Marcus said he works at a factory. Here’s the address.” “Thanks, Julian.”

