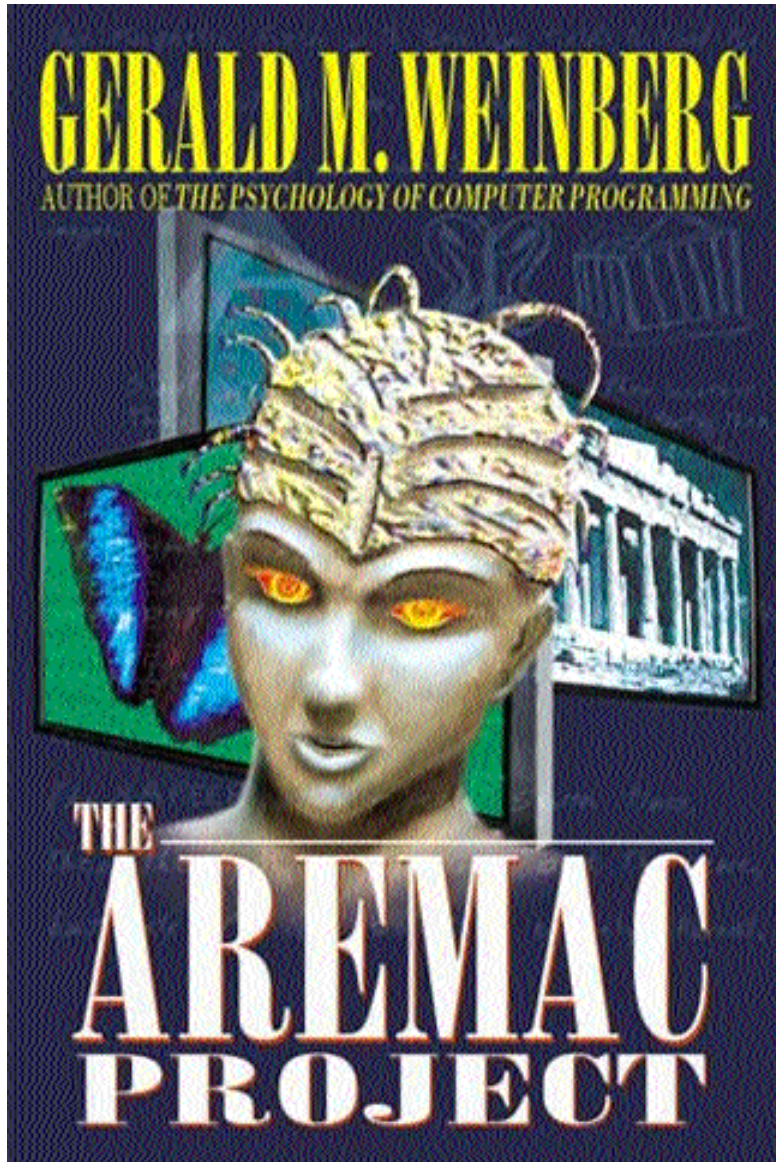


Attached: Read the First Five Chapters



THE AREMAC PROJECT

by Gerald M. Weinberg

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1

A scientist would call it chaos—one of those unlikely phenomena in which the flutter of a butterfly wing stirs a hurricane half a world away. And make no mistake, had Tesla Bell Myers failed to seduce the young genius, Roger Wahid Fixman, that balmy spring in Ann Arbor, the Aremac's hurricane effects would never have saved the city of Chicago from terrorist extortion. Though the hyacinths spread *fragrance d'amour* over the entire campus, it was still an improbable romance—the merest flick of a butterfly wing—until Roger held up the campus bank and Tess accidentally lost her body.

As it was, save for the war on terror, Tess's plan to marry young Roger might never have gotten off the ground. Though Tess generally accomplished anything she set her brilliant mind to, that same brilliant mind had always placed a stumbling block in the way of her matrimonial plans. She admired brains, and all through her life, she'd waited for a man with brains to match hers.

She didn't count Mel Myers—fathers don't count, except to mothers. At twenty-two, Tess was already four years older than her mother, Leonora Myers, had been when she snagged herself a

genius husband. At age eight, Tess had understood that Leonora's Mel was already taken. She vowed to catch a genius of her own.

When she was twelve and the other girls' mothers were warning them about sex and babies, Leonora told her, "Be sure he knows how to apply for a patent, test his inventions, and read a royalty statement."

Tess agreed those were minimal essentials, but she and her genius would share much more. They would not be sidetracked by money, like her mother, or mean-spirited and conservative, like her father. United by love and idealism, they would change the world.

At fourteen, she learned she could easily attract any boy who met her standards—but none did. She tried to settle for sex, but soon realized that good sex required an intelligent partner. So, a genius would certainly be the hottest mate she could find. Science was much more interesting than dating dull boys, and she was so much better at it. She gave up dating and breezed through high school in three lonely years, finishing at the top of her class. Heading for college, scholarship in hand, she dreamed of better luck. On campus, though, she was quickly disappointed. Even the smartest undergraduates were driven away by her superior brain. She was lonelier than ever, but she refused to play dumb.

At twenty-two, almost finished with graduate school in Michigan, she had pretty much resigned herself to the single life—which would at least be better than boring matrimony. Tess wanted desperately to make a difference in the world through science, but she was going to have to go it alone.

But then she found her man—a boy, really—sitting quietly in the back row of her advanced circuit theory class. It was Roger.

At first, like all the other girls, she noticed he was tall, half-Arab, and handsome, but Tess dismissed him as just another brainless pretty face. All he ever did in class was stare vacantly at his laptop. Or his fingernails. Had she known he was controlling his laptop with brainwaves sent through the air by one of his inventions, embedded in the back of his hand—had she even seen on the screen the next invention he hoped would one day save the world—she would have dragged him off to City Hall and married him on the spot.

But as the semester wore on and test scores were posted, Tess began to realize that Roger did have a brain worthy of her love. Scrap by scrap, she researched her target. He lived alone. He

never dated. He was at the top of every class, way beyond all the others. He was definitely a prodigy, only seventeen—well, eighteen by the time of the final exam. He had already published half a dozen important inventions in electronics, but he hadn't applied for any patents and had no royalty statements to read. Clearly, he needed guidance.

His Valentino profile proved to be a small, titillating bonus, and their age difference didn't bother her at all. Genius was genius, regardless of age or form. But if genius was going to make an impact on the world, genius needed a guide, someone more worldly, with a will to succeed. Someone like her mother had been for her father. Someone like Tess.

She made up her mind to meet Roger, but all her attempts to corner the shy boy failed. Ever since the Chicago bombings, the other students seemed to be shunning the Arab students, only deepening his shyness. After each class, Roger disappeared before Tess could pack up her notes and turn around. She didn't want to look too obvious, but she was running out of time. Come summer, the genius might be gone forever. She was going to have to make a frontal assault. She would accost him when they emerged from their final exam. That would certainly give them something in common to talk about.

But, on final exam day, Roger didn't show up.

2

Don Capitol usually enjoyed the drive from Chicago through the wet, winding streets of Inverness, with the clean fragrance of newly mown grass and the reverent silence of the empty sidewalks. Not today. Today, in spite of his agency's best efforts, and in the face of multiple security-service placards conspicuously set in each manicured lawn, this sacrosanct neighborhood had felt the mournful caress of a terrorist bomb.

In Don's five years as agent-in-charge, the Chicago FBI office had never investigated a crime scene in such an exclusive neighborhood. Its residents—including members of the United States Congress—surely ought to be immune from acts of terrorism. In such an elegant neighborhood, nobody should be bombed. Heck, it shouldn't even be raining here. But it was raining. Hard. And definitely bombed—making it his case, regardless of when, where, or weather.

He stopped checking addresses as soon as he saw the crowd up ahead. He slowed his government-issue blue Ford—first to a crawl, then to a dead stop. His salary grade entitled him to a limo and driver, but he preferred the less-conspicuous vehicle when on field work. His status-conscious superiors in Washington had

already reprimanded him twice for not using the limo. Luckily, they wouldn't allow themselves to become involved in a scene like this.

Until this recent wave of bombings, he'd been spending too much time in the limo. He loved fieldwork. It was an acquired taste, like his grandmother's *kielbasa*, but he'd had twenty-some years to learn to savor it.

He rolled down his window, taking in the outside air. Out here, even with the rain coming in, the air was a thousand times better than in the office. He should never have taken the promotion. He ought to be a bit grateful to the bombers for getting him back outside, since this was too big a situation to be delegated to anyone else in the office.

But he was too angry to be grateful, and too frustrated with the lack of leads. This was not a situation he could allow to escalate. It had gone too far already. Nobody had been killed yet, but it wouldn't be long.

On the drive here, as the array of passing homes grew more palatial, he realized that the limo would not have been conspicuous. Certainly, the posh neighborhood was a plum target for burglaries, but the FBI never dirtied its hands on mere burglaries. Not unless the ransacked home had *Masha'allah*—God's will—written in Arabic on a wall. Maybe it had been written on one of the walls at the address in question, but according to the call-in, there wasn't a single wall of the million-dollar chateau left standing.

As it was later revealed, *Masha'allah* had been spray-painted on the driveway but hidden by rubble from the explosion. After some of the rubble had been swept away, the local cops—none of whom read Arabic or even recognized it as writing—figured it was teenage graffiti. Don wasn't called in until a Lebanese doctor, passing by, pointed out the writing and translated it for the cops. Until then, the prevailing theory (totally naive) was that the cause was a natural gas explosion. A shattered family portrait hung from the limb of a red maple on the neighbor's lawn—a lawn covered with glass that likely burst from the neighbor's windows, now open to the elements and seeming to support the natural gas hypothesis.

Three orange-and-white gas company vans were parked just outside the ring of cops' blue-and-whites. Perhaps the cops hadn't

given up on the gas explosion theory, or maybe the vans were just there to repair the gas mains. Either way, with debris found more than five hundred feet from the scene, Don already knew this had been no residential gas accident.

Part of the crime scene was already hopelessly ruined by the mass of drenched spectators inside that five-hundred foot perimeter. Don's first job was to persuade the locals to move everyone back. Then he noticed that the spectators had formed their own ragged perimeter, avoiding the dismembered parts of a dog's body. Or maybe it was two dogs. It was hard to tell. He remembered something about the congressman's wife breeding dogs—Golden Retrievers or something. One of the big breeds.

Taking in the scene as a whole, he automatically estimated the size of the bomb, further indicating the work of *Yom alKhamis*—the self-named Thursday Group. *Probably plastic-bonded explosives*, Don surmised. He hoped the cell hadn't yet learned how to make the PBX itself, making it feasible for the forensics lab to use DMNB—2,3 dimethyl 2,3 dinitrobutane—to identify the ordnance factory that produced it. Not that the identification would help locate *alKhamis* any better than it had in the four previous bombings. Those explosives went missing two years earlier from Fort Benning in Georgia, and nobody in the Army or FBI had the slightest idea who had taken them.

But these thoughts were premature, and speculative. He stacked it in the back of his mind while he introduced himself to the local police. They seemed to be expecting him—a mystery until he saw the cropped, straw-colored hair atop Lucinda Dukes as she strode between two tall local officers. As usual, the efficient Lucinda had reached the scene ahead of him and briefed the locals. She and the cops were discussing the unattached head of what appeared to have been a Golden Retriever. It was lying on the zoysia grass with a hunk of aluminum window frame sticking out of its left eye.

"Hello, Don. Grisly enough for you? It's worse inside—or what used to be inside. There was a kennel on the grounds, but not anymore. And I'm dying for a cigarette, but the utility boys say that's a no-no. They've got the line capped, but they have to finish their checking. When they talk, I listen, but I sure could use some nicotine."

Lucinda didn't usually babble. She'd seen lots of dead bodies in the Middle East, but the decapitated dog must have touched some sensitive spot. "And hello to you, LD," he smiled. "Why don't you walk down the block and take a break. I can cover here for five minutes. Dead dogs are bad, but at least it's not people who were hurt."

"Didn't you hear? They found a survivor."

He shivered, though the rain was warm. This was new. All the previous *alKhamis* bombings had occurred in empty buildings. Don quickly resurveyed the scattered remains of the house—antique bricks blown two hundred feet, twisted and sheared duct work, unidentifiable electronic parts. "From inside the house? I don't believe in miracles."

"They don't know where he was." She pointed to the remains of the attached garage, which he identified by the smoldering ruins of two cars. "They found him buried over there. He might have been outside, but there's no way to tell."

"Identity?"

"Nada. His clothes were burned or blown off, and they say his face won't ever be the same again, unless he's a stand-in for Frankenstein."

"So, male. Adult. You see anything else?"

"I never even saw him. They carted him off before I arrived. He's at Suburban now." She glanced at her cell phone. "As of fifteen minutes ago, still alive. That's why I can't take a break. Now that you're here, I'm going over there in case he wakes up."

"I won't keep you, but is it the congressman?"

"We don't think so. None of his cars are here. But it's hard to be sure until I've talked to the victim."

"If it is, this *alKhamis* has just escalated to a new level."

3

By now, the whole country believed the war on terror was endless and irresolvable. The bombing in Inverness was only one more example. Volunteers for the armed services had dried up, and the draft had been reactivated. So, on Roger's eighteenth birthday, he had to go back home, to Chicago, for his draft board physical. It was the same day as his circuit theory final.

Roger had no car, so he took the bus from Ann Arbor. He had arranged to return by five o'clock, to take the make-up exam in Professor Wyatt's office. By that time, all the other students had gathered in the hallway—Wyatt was notoriously slow at posting grades online.

Wyatt's exams were killers—designed to humiliate the students rather than measure their knowledge. Tess had the highest grade—seventy-one. Wyatt was prepared to scale everyone to Tess's grade by adding twenty-eight points, giving Tess a sterling ninety-nine. She would have had one hundred, but Wyatt didn't believe anyone besides himself could be perfect. Even with the added twenty-eight points, only about half the class was going to pass.

Then, Roger, in just thirty minutes, still in his bus-rumpled gray suit, turned in his perfect paper. Wyatt nitpicked him out of two points, but it really had been perfect. Wyatt was a sharp dresser, especially among professors, but Roger was the Beau Brummell of electronics. Even so, young Roger didn't know much about arguing with egotistical professors.

So, Roger's raw score was ninety-eight, certain to earn an A in the course. But if Wyatt used Roger's score, he would have to scale down all the other grades, and Roger, if he had thought about it, would have been upset that only five students passed the course, but he had assumed that everyone would pass such a trivial exam. It didn't really call for problem-solving skills, just memorization of the material.

Roger lingered in Wyatt's office, studying the glass-framed circuit boards and gold-sealed award certificates lining the wall, while Wyatt posted the grades in the hall and quickly returned. As students crowded and fought to check the posting, a moan arose in response to their grades. A few feet behind the crush of students—totally confident of her grade—stood Tess Myers.

When Roger took his eyes off Wyatt's trophies and realized that the crowd had virtually trapped him behind the door with Wyatt, he was surprised to see Tess pushing herself through the fray and into the office. Big as Roger was—six-four to her four-eleven—he couldn't have pushed his way through. So, he sat down and watched—jaw slack—while this tiny creature with apricot-colored hair persuaded Wyatt to set aside Roger's ninety-eight and use her grade for scaling the rest of the class. That accomplished, she persuaded Wyatt to add ten more points, so that almost eighty percent of the class passed. Though Roger heard every word she said, he had no clue how she had done it. Girls were not his strongest subject. Especially girls in tight wool sweaters.

Roger watched Tess finish with Wyatt, return to the hall, command the crowd's attention, and announce the new scaling. The students cheered and thanked Tess for several minutes. They gradually streamed out of the building, toward the dining hall, taking a somewhat baffled Professor Wyatt with them. Roger had his eyes wide open all the time, staring. He'd never seen anything like what Tess had just accomplished.

He was still pondering Tess's actions when she really astonished him by returning to Wyatt's office and speaking to him.

"You're Roger Wahid Fixman, aren't you?" She stumbled over his Arabic middle name. "I got your name from the grade list. Do you call yourself Roger? Or Wahid?"

He croaked something that sounded like yes. All of his brain power was struggling to process the unfamiliar feelings induced by the smell of lilacs and the sight of her eyes, those two huge brown eyes staring up at him. He bent his back so he could get a better look at her luminous brown eyes, but he only succeeded in making himself feel even more awkward.

"That was really gracious of you, Roger," she said, assuming that his croak indicated his American name. He had absolutely no idea what she was talking about.

"Huh? What?"

"Don't be so modest, Roger. I'm Tess. Tesla, really, after the inventor—you know, magnetic flux density? I was born on his birthday. But you should call me Tess." She held out her right hand.

He gawked at it, wondering what it was doing sticking out there in space like a soft pink cantilever. She looked at his right hand, then shifted her eyes to her own hand. *Aha! She wanted to shake hands.*

He was puzzled by how cool her hand felt, though somehow it was warm, too, probably because his was cold with sweat. He didn't know how he was supposed to shake hands with a girl, but she rescued him with a firm grip. When she pulled her hand away, his was left suspended in space, but she was polite enough not to look at it again.

Instead, she looked directly into his eyes. "It wasn't really fair to you, Roger, that we all got our grades scaled up. You could have insisted that Wyatt give you credit for an outstanding job. I mean, you could still complain to the dean or something. You'd be perfectly within your rights."

She paused, but he couldn't think of anything to say, so she continued. "But if you do, I would get a C. Or worse. And that would be the end of my post-doc chances."

"Oh," he sputtered, thinking the last thing he wanted was for her to leave campus. "Are you a grad student?" Not too profound—Electronics 451 was only open to grad students—but it was all he could muster.

"Neurophysiology."

He relaxed a notch. The nervous system was one of those circuits that fascinated him. "Are you going to be a doctor?"

"Not a medical doctor, though someday I hope to help Third World kids—like Albert Schweitzer did."

"Oh, yeah," he said, wondering who this Schweitzer was.

She rescued him again. "I'm sure you know more about his medical mission in Lambarene than I do."

"Oh, yeah. Sure. That Albert Schweitzer." Roger disliked not knowing facts. He would look it up tonight.

She touched his arm, wresting his mind back to the here-and-now. "Someday, if I get my post-doc, I'm going to save people's lives, and they will owe it all to your generosity. Little children will live because of you."

He deeply wanted to save little children, but couldn't quite understand how anyone would live because of him. She could have stuffed an apple in his gaping mouth, but she just gripped his hand—which was still hanging out there in space—shook it, and said, "I've got to get to the lab now. I'd like to buy you a Coke sometime. How about tonight at the Student Union?"

"Tonight?"

"Oh, sorry, you've probably got a date. You pick a better time."

Actually, Roger had never had a real date in his life, as long as you didn't count chatting online. "Uh, no. I mean, yes. That's okay. I'm not doing anything tonight. I mean I'm not doing anything important. I mean, more important ..."

She nodded. "Shall we make it seven o'clock? In the coffee shop?"

"Seven? Uh, sure. Seven o'clock."

"In the coffee shop. Okay?"

"Coffee shop?"

"You know, The Grille? At the Student Union?"

"Yeah. Okay."

Now she smiled. It was the first time he noticed her mouth as something other than the source of beautiful words.

Her lips started to move again, sensuously. "And, um, could I have my hand back, please?"

And then she was gone, leaving only the lilacs.

4

Chicago's Merchandise Mart is one of the largest buildings in the world, and certainly one of the busiest. Fifteen stories high, occupying an entire city block on the Chicago riverfront, the Merchandise Mart holds more than a thousand different shops and diverse eateries. It was the perfect place to hold secret meetings, especially during a crowded spring show. Into the milling crowd, the four leaders of *Yom alKhamis* entered, one by one, from all directions, converging by different routes to a windowless room on an upper floor.

Qaaf, the only female, arrived first. Looking every bit the pudgy, middle-aged suburban housewife in her light-blue pants suit, carrying a shopping bag from the latest upscale shopping pavilion. To passersby, she appeared to be shopping but was actually ever-vigilant for any hint of possible detection.

Alif, with the compact frame and waddling gait of a body-builder, arrived next, from the opposite direction, dressed as a laborer. Upon close examination, his hair would have looked a bit too thick and black, but nobody looked so closely at such an anonymous worker.

A few minutes later, Zay strolled in from yet another entrance. Tall but not hefty, in a not-too-expensive, gray three-piece suit, he was just another older businessman, perhaps a minor executive. He carried an old brown leather briefcase as if it had hung from his hand for two or three decades.

Jiim arrived in the building last, as was his habit, though he had been first on the scene, watching the outside crowd from the riverfront. His telephone serviceman's uniform and toolbox looked innocuous, but had anyone bothered to glance at his steel gray eyes, they would certainly have suspected him of being the most dangerous of the four. Had they examined the contents of his locked toolbox, their suspicions would have been confirmed.

The room on which they converged was concealed behind the stockroom of three seemingly unrelated permanent showrooms—a lighting company, an importer of oriental rugs, and a distributor of fine chocolates. Curiously, the three stores' surveillance cameras were always scheduled for preventive maintenance on Thursday afternoons, leaving no record of who entered or left for a period of two hours.

The Thursday Group's watchword was anonymity. The members' external appearances were disguises, altered every week, and only Zay knew the identities of the others. During their meetings, they addressed each other only by code names—letters of the Arabic alphabet. Each led a subsidiary cell of four, but none knew anything about the others' subordinates, who, in turn, may have led cells of their own. Not even Zay knew the full extent of the organization, and therefore, no cell could betray the others.

Qaaf, obviously wigged and heavily made-up, did not accept the anonymity passively, and over time, she had winnowed some ideas about the others' identities. At the very least, she knew their motives were quite different from hers. Zay, clearly, wanted the money; he had organized the group and set up their offshore accounts. She guessed that he'd been, or still was, in some high financial position.

Jiim, though too quiet to get a good read on, was quite likely a religious fanatic—or maybe he just liked mayhem and destruction. Tough guy Alif, on the other hand, never hesitated to remind them that he was seeking revenge against the government, or Cook County in particular. Qaaf's own revenge was aimed in quite a different direction.

This Thursday, she gave her status report in a voice she disguised so that it might, in fact, have been male. "He's still alive." Everyone knew she was referring to the wounded man found at the explosion site, the man they referred to as Dhal. Though he had not been a member of their group, they did not want to risk saying his real name aloud.

Alif was first in the alphabet and indisputably the alpha male—in his mind, at least, judging from the way he tried to control the meetings. He spit on the floor, then used the sole of his shoe to rub the spittle into the concrete. "Why wasn't Dhal terminated?"

Qaaf averted her eyes from Alif's disgusting habit. "They found him unconscious at the site. At present, he is so severely disabled, he can't leave his bed."

"And your group? Why haven't they terminated him?" Alif spit again. A roach scuttled out of the way of his spittle. "Why haven't you taken steps personally?"

"At first, he wasn't expected to live. The plan was that he would die naturally. But he didn't. Now he's heavily guarded, but hanging on by a thread."

She waited for Alif to interrupt, but he simply stared at her. After waiting for thirty seconds, she continued. "If I do anything overt, they'll know there's a mole in their organization. And if I kill him, they'll know he isn't really one of ours."

"Not necessarily. They may think he's one of ours, but we're ready to sacrifice him to keep him quiet."

"That's problematic. And it will still expose my existence."

"Has he spoken?"

"Dhal knows the consequences of speaking. He has spoken to me, in private, and devoutly wishes we will keep our promise. I am sure he has not spoken to anyone else."

"Can they break him?" Jiim asked.

"Perhaps, but they're weak. They won't use effective methods. Dhal could withstand their pathetic interrogation forever, but they're developing a new machine that may take information from him in spite of his utmost dedication to his family."

Alif punched his palm. "Then you know what you must do."

"I know, but I have to plan carefully."

"I agree," said Zay, who had been silent until now. "It cost a lot to establish you in your position. We wouldn't like to lose you."

But if this machine of theirs will break Dhal, you have to do your job. If he's so badly injured, I'm sure you can think of something subtle. In the meantime, though, since we are about to send our first money demand, I have an alternative plan."

As far as Qaaf could recall, in all the *Yom alKhamis* meetings, nobody had ever spoken after Zay pronounced his last words. Today was no different, and one by one, the Thursday Group dissolved among the oblivious shoppers at the Merchandise Mart.

5

When Tess arrived two minutes early at The Grille, in the Student Union, she found Roger already sitting in a corner booth. His sneakers were untied, and he was paging through *On the Edge of the Primeval Forest* and *More from the Primeval Forest*, highlighting Schweitzer quotes, trying not to let his suffering show on his face. She noticed anyway. "Have you been waiting long?"

"Not too long." He tried to act casual.

She nodded at the six empty Coke bottles on the table. "The service in here isn't that great," she said, as if she didn't understand the implication of the bottles. "I guess they forgot to clear the booth before you sat down."

She snagged one of the waiters and, with a smile and a gesture, induced him to remove the bottles and even wipe down the sticky tabletop. When he finished, the waiter asked if she'd like to order anything, making it perfectly clear that she could occupy the booth for as long as she liked—even if she never spent a penny.

"I'll have a Coke," she said. "Roger, would you like something? Did you have supper?"

"Well, actually not. But that's—"

"Waiter, would you bring Roger a menu, please? I think he's hungry, and it's my treat."

"Sure thing," he said, tossing Roger a nasty glance.

When the waiter disappeared, Tess turned her attention back to her date. "You look uncomfortable, Roger. Do you need to use the bathroom?"

"Well, yes," he muttered through pressed lips. "Can you hold the booth? I'll be right back." Without waiting for her answer, he shot down the aisle, stumbling over the outstretched leg of a lanky undergraduate in a basketball jacket. Somehow, he reached the men's room in time.

Once he had returned and was fed a fried shrimp platter, they talked for hours. They started with Albert Schweitzer. Roger didn't understand much, but he did listen avidly to Tess's explanations. Then Roger described some of his experiments in graph theory and the mathematical theory of statistics. And he threw in some parallels he was working on between the physics of tripartite alloys and the three-body problem in celestial mechanics. She could tell he was trying to impress her, and he succeeded—with both his genius and his ignorance.

The whole time, she carefully kept her penetrating brown eyes focused on his, and, from time to time, she asked a question. Nothing stupid. Maybe ignorant of some of the details, but always penetrating. She knew she had to impress him, too, and she sensed that she was succeeding. The genius was taken with her.

She decided it was time to ask a more intimate question. "Roger, you seem to be hiding your left hand. Is there something wrong with it?"

He looked down to where his hand was hidden under the table. "Well, it's just an invention of mine."

"An invention?" She didn't have to fake her excitement. "Let me see."

"It's, uh, not working too well." He kept his hand under the table.

She extended her hand. "Then let me see. Maybe I can help."

Shyly, his hand emerged, palm up, from its hiding place. "I don't see anything," she said. She took his hand and turned it over. Then dropped it.

"My God, Roger. What did you do to your hand? Did something bite you?"

"I had to do a little surgery."

"On yourself? Whatever for?"

"I had a wireless interface in contact with my nerves. So I could operate the computer with my mind."

Her eyes widened. "What happened? Didn't it work?"

"Oh, it worked okay. Once I trained myself to it."

"But you took it out ..."

"I couldn't control the infection. It was a dumb idea. It's dangerous to embed things in a living person. So, I'm working on a more sensitive interface, one that I can just lay on the surface. And probably not on the hand. Right on the skull would be best." He explained that the new model would involve Khinchin's concept of entropy in probability theory and Shannon's first and second theorems in information theory, using autocorrelation computations on data picked up by nanosensors. And that was only the beginning.

Roger would have rattled on all night if the Union wasn't closing at eleven. When the fifteen-minute warning was called, Tess reached across the table and beckoned for his wounded hand by wiggling her fingers. He seemed to have no other thought than to give her his hand, or anything else she wanted. She squeezed the hand gently in hers, careful to avoid the open wound. To her surprise, it seemed to her as if his hand had always belonged there.

"Roger," she whispered, leaning forward. For the last half hour, she had planned this move carefully. "You are absolutely the most boring person I've ever met. I think I'm in love with you."

He started to say something, but she held her finger to her lush lips. "You are so boring that sex with you would probably put me to sleep. So just put that out of your mind. But someday, I'm going to marry you." His eyes told her that until she mentioned sex, it never consciously crossed his mind. But now he was blushing from his neck up.

"I won't sleep with you," she continued, "until you learn not to be boring. If you're going to change the world with your inventions, you've got to learn about initiative. Among other things."

Of course, she didn't know then that he would hold up the Student Union Bank. He would never have done so but for the draft. So, in the end, the fallout from Roger's bold act would be felt by the Thursday Group and by millions of others. The butterfly's wings were beginning to stir.



MORE ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Gerald M. Weinberg

Read more at www.geraldmweinberg.com.

HIGHLIGHTS

- author of more than 40 books and more than 400 articles
- inducted into the Computer Hall of Fame in its inaugural class (with Bill Gates)
- cited on more than 200,000 Web pages (Google)
- translated into more than ten languages, including Japanese, French, Korean, German, Chinese, Hungarian, Dutch, Russian, Polish, Portuguese
- managed operating systems development on NASA's Project Mercury, which put the first American in space
- student of and co-trainer with family therapy pioneer Virginia Satir
- moderates an online discussion group, The SHAPE Forum, with more than 200 subscribers
- resides in Albuquerque, N.M., and Pecos, N.M.
- born and raised in Chicago; father of four children, with four grandchildren and, at present, two highly decorated German Shepherd dogs

PROFESSIONAL POSITIONS (PARTIAL)

- Principal, Weinberg & Weinberg, 1980-present
- Professor, Computer Science, University of Nebraska-Lincoln, 1982-1991
- Chief Scientist, Ethnotech, Inc., 1972-1980
- Professor Emeritus, School of Advanced Technology, SUNY Binghamton, 1969-1975
- Senior Research Associate, IBM Yorktown Heights, New York, 1966-1969
- Adjunct Professor, Columbia University, 1965-1967
- Senior Staff Member, IBM Systems Research, New York, 1960-1967
- Manager of Operating Systems Development, Project Mercury, Washington, D.C., 1958-1960
- Applied Science Representative, IBM Corp., 1956-1958

AWARDS & HONORS (PARTIAL LISTING)

- Judge of the Review Board for the U.S. Top Five Software Projects, 2001-2002
- Winner of The Stevens Award for Contributions to Software Engineering, 2000
- Founding Member, Computer Museum of America, 1993
- Winner of The J.-D. Warnier Prize for Excellence in Information Sciences, 1991
- Winner of *Computer Book Review's* Maeventec Award, 1987
- Founding Member, *IEEE Transactions on Software Engineering*, 1976
- Inductee into the Computer Hall of Fame, inaugural class, 1997

BOOKS (PARTIAL LISTING)

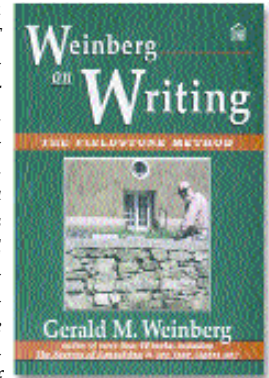
- 2007: *The Aremac Project* (a novel), Dorset House Publishing
- 2006: *Weinberg on Writing: The Fieldstone Method*, Dorset House Publishing (Finalist, Best Books 2006 Award, USA Book News)
- 2002: *Roundtable on Technical Leadership* (ed. with J. Bullock and M. Benesh), Dorset House Publishing

- 2002: *More Secrets of Consulting: The Consultant's Tool Kit*, Dorset House Publishing (translated into Chinese, German, Japanese)
- 2001: *An Introduction to General Systems Thinking: Silver Anniversary Edition*, Dorset House Publishing (translated into Chinese, Japanese)
- 2000: *Amplifying Your Effectiveness* (ed. with J. Bach and N. Karten), Dorset House Publishing
- 1998: *The Psychology of Computer Programming: Silver Anniversary Edition*, Dorset House Publishing (translated into Chinese, Japanese, German, Korean)
- 1997: *Quality Software Management, Vol. 4: Anticipating Change*, Dorset House Publishing (translated into Japanese, Chinese)
- 1994: *Quality Software Management, Vol. 3: Congruent Action*, Dorset House Publishing (translated into Japanese, Portuguese, Chinese)
- 1993: *Quality Software Management, Vol. 2: First-Order Measurement*, Dorset House Publishing (translated into Japanese, Portuguese, Chinese; book club selection)
- 1992: *Quality Software Management, Vol. 1: Systems Thinking*, Dorset House Publishing (translated into Japanese, Portuguese, German, Chinese; book club selection)
- 1990: *Handbook of Walkthroughs, Inspections, and Technical Reviews*, 3rd. ed. (with D.P. Freedman), Dorset House Publishing (translated into Japanese, Portuguese, Chinese; book club selection)
- 1990: *Are Your Lights On?* rev. ed. (with D.C. Gause), Dorset House Publishing (translated into Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese)
- 1989: *Exploring Requirements: Quality Before Design* (with D.C. Gause), Dorset House Publishing (translated into Japanese, Portuguese, German, Chinese; book club selection)
- 1986: *Becoming a Technical Leader*, Dorset House Publishing (translated into Dutch, Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese, Korean; book club selection)
- 1985: *The Secrets of Consulting*, Dorset House Publishing (translated into Japanese,

Dutch, Portuguese, Chinese, German, Korean; book club selection; *Computer Book Review's* Maeventec Award)

ARTICLES

Gerald M. Weinberg has published more than 400 articles and columns, mostly in high-tech magazines and journals, including *American Programmer*, *BIT (Japan)*, *Computerworld*, *Computer Weekly (U.K.)*, *Contract Professional*, *CrossTalk*, *Datamation*, *Data Training*, *Friends Journal*, *IEEE Computer*, *IEEE Software*, *IEEE Transactions on Software Engineering*, *Info-world*, *Journal of Information Systems Management*, *Management Technology*, *Software Testing and Quality Engineering*, *StickyMinds.com*, and many others.



CONSULTING CLIENTS (PARTIAL LISTING)

Gerald M. Weinberg is a principal in the international consulting firm of Weinberg & Weinberg. His current and past clients include Adobe Systems, American Express, Bell Labs (Lucent), Charles Schwab, U.S. Dept. of Defense, General Motors, Hewlett Packard, IBM, LL Bean, Los Alamos National Labs, MasterCard, Microsoft, MSNBC, Nike, Oracle, Pacific Bell (SBC), Reader's Digest, SAIC/NYSE, State of California, State of Texas, State of Washington, Sun Microsystems, Texas Instruments, Wells Fargo, Xerox, and many others.

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