

“Our labs have produced, have cultivated, through biosynthesis, a benign virus. Of equally monumental importance are the two attendant factors that this was done in a silicon environment, and, it can be contained in channels. Don’t ask me to provide precise details—I haven’t any notion of the mechanisms of organic chemistry—but everyone here should know what that reality means, or at least have an idea.”

“Bloody Star Trekish,” said Sir Guy, almost in a whisper.

We all sat stock-still for a good twenty seconds, just imagining what it meant, all, that is, except Miss Kincaid, who’s expression bore more the markings of impatient cynicism, than wonder. I chalked it up to her evidently permanent scowl. I knew that Colsne had an idea, but that as allergic as he is to the idea of jettisoning traditional ways and mechanisms, he would not be truly “up on” the latest and greatest.

“Doesn’t that mean,” I said, looking at Miss Waverly, but for his benefit, “THz speeds, potentially anyway, and the promise of even *Petahertz*?”

“Yes, Mr. Weston, it does, and for our immediate purposes that makes the name, Erelim, truly apropos, at least for the day and age in which we live. In fact,” pausing for a moment, considering, “we had already tested a conventional chip design at one Terahertz speed. It was far too cumbersome and hot, but the same design, in a vastly smaller form factor, using our bio-silicon technology—*biocon* for short—had already been schematized. Beta chips are being produced, as we speak. By chance do you also know what Erelim means?”