



FOR EMILIA, MY DOROTHY



**SIX**



# PART I

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## PROLOGUE

00:00

He had always wondered what it would feel like.

Would it hurt?

Would he know what was happening?

Ironically, Dr Banks could have explained – in minute detail – the science behind the procedure. He could have listed every single step required to destroy a human body cell by cell in one place, and then reverse the process in another. And yet – until now – he'd have been unable to answer these most simple of questions.

So far – he was discovering – it didn't hurt at all. And yes, he knew exactly what was happening, although his thoughts were disconnected and transitory – clear for a brief moment before being snatched back into the folds of a dreamlike fog.

The gentle tingling of pins and needles in his legs became noticeable only when it began to contract, pooling in strength as the area of focus narrowed in at the centre of his left shin bone and then started to move upwards. His kneecap began to vibrate.

A familiar checklist appeared in Dr Banks's mind. *The beginning of Stage Eight*, he thought – the reconstruction of detail. It was almost over.

The sensation – now a deep shiver – began to travel slowly around his body – a body that, at this moment, only half existed.

It was uncomfortable, but not painful.

Dr Banks felt the vibrations move up his spine, climbing his vertebrae one by one, like rungs of a ladder. On reaching the base of his neck, the shiver began to spread out across his shoulders, and a wave of overwhelming panic engulfed him.

Something was very wrong.

Before Dr Banks could work out what that something was, the fear was gone and the thought vanished from his consciousness.

The sensation continued to travel upwards as his body was rebuilt piece by piece: his jaw, lips, cheeks, then nose.

Another wave of anxiety hit him: there was something he was forgetting. Something urgent.

His left eyelid twitched. Orange-white rectangles appeared, trapped behind his eyelids. His vision was returning. The rectangles bounced in and out of sight as his eyelids began to twitch with increasing violence and then, with the immediacy of somebody clicking their fingers, everything stopped. The humming surrounding him disappeared and the vibrations ceased.

His eyes snapped open.

Dr Banks lay completely still on what felt like a padded table, staring upwards and waiting as his eyes adjusted to the low ultraviolet light. His sight sharpened, and the black lines separating the dark grey ceiling tiles above him came into focus, but his head still felt as if it were stuffed full of cotton wool. It was the same confusion and grogginess he felt when his alarm clock woke him from a deep sleep. Except that he was almost certain he wasn't asleep. And he definitely wasn't at home in his bed. From what he could see, by flicking his eyes around the enclosed space, he appeared to be in a small square

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room with plain black walls. There were no pictures, no signs. Nothing except the table he was lying on and, now, himself.

And... And... What *was* that?

Dr Banks stared at a turquoise leather handbag sitting in the corner of the room and wondered if he was imagining things.

He squeezed his eyes closed and opened them again. It was still there.

Where was he?

The humming sound suddenly restarted and the shivering feeling returned, deeper this time, on the exact same spot on either side of his body – just below his elbows. He turned his attention to his right hand.

It was only then that he noticed it wasn't there. Yet.

Dr Banks stared at his elbow – the point at which his arm currently stopped – and watched as his lower arm began to slowly materialize. Atom to atom, molecule to molecule, linking together like tiny building bricks until the arm began to taper for his wrist and then widen again for his palm, then fingers.

Finally the sensation ceased. He lifted his newly formed hand to his face and bent each finger in turn, then ran his eyes over the deeply etched lines on his palm and down to his wrist. A wrist, he realized in horror, that looked very different from how it should look.

And *that* was when he remembered.

His mind suddenly clear, Dr Banks felt his heart rate shoot up and his breathing quicken.

Without thinking about what he was doing, he raised his other hand and began to frantically press on both sides of his right wrist.

“Parker!” he cried. “Emma!”

Nothing. He sat bolt upright on the table and pressed down harder.

“Answer me!”

He was still calling out, his face now dripping with sweat, when the wall in front of him slid open with a loud *whoosh*, and a blinding white light flooded the room.

For a moment, as his eyes adjusted to the light, Dr Banks continued to press down on his wrist and shout, panic overriding any sense of logic. It was only when the view of the adjoining room came into focus that he stopped.

The first thing Dr Banks saw – before the people dressed in purple or the view from the window in the background – was the sign on the wall.

Three letters made of solid gold.

Three letters that speared him with the greatest terror he had ever felt. *six*.

## CHAPTER ONE

### 71:38

Parker had been a student at River Creek Middle School in Upstate New York for only five days, but he already knew that he hated it. It wasn't just that he missed his school and friends back in England, or the farmhouse he had grown up in, or even that he had been forced to move less than an hour away from where his mother had died. Mostly, he thought, as he sat at his desk listening to the whispers around him, it was that he had never felt so alone.

Parker watched as Jenna skipped to the front of the class. She twirled around, sending her two brown plaits flying out on either side of her head, then looked at her friend in the front row and giggled.

"Whenever you're ready," said Mrs Ford.

Mrs Ford clasped her hands and leant over her desk, beaming as if *this* was the presentation she had been waiting for. It would have been more believable if she hadn't done exactly the same before every one of the twenty-two presentations that Parker and his classmates had already sat through. He wondered if Mrs Ford would perform the same gesture for the twenty-third presentation: his. He was hoping not to find out – at least not today.

Jenna gave a small cough, giggled again, then began to read from the single handwritten piece of paper in her hand.

"The person I admire most is Missy May..."

At the mention of another celebrity's name, Parker's heart sank. He looked up at the clock. Eight minutes left.

"I think she's an amazing singer and role model for girls my age. Her songs are amazing and she never stops smiling, even though she has to smile for photographers all day..."

Parker's eyes followed the red second hand as it moved, painfully slowly, around the face of the clock.

"My favourite song is 'Happy La La Land'. The lyrics are amazing..."

If Jenna could just keep repeating the word *amazing* for five more minutes, thought Parker, he would be able to go home and rewrite his presentation before their next class.

The funny thing was, of all the assignments he had been given so far, this one had been the one he had been least bothered about. Back at his old school in England, he had been assigned the exact same piece of work. Parker had written down as much of his previous talk as he could remember, added a few extra details to bring it up to date, put it in his bag, and thought nothing more of it. But now almost the entire class had delivered their presentations, and so far every single one had been about a celebrity. He knew it was a petty thing to worry about, and it wouldn't have bothered him back in his old school, but it was just that after having been completely ignored the entire week, he didn't want the first time he drew attention to himself to be for the wrong reason.

"And that is why I admire the *amazing* Missy May. Thank you for listening."

Parker's head snapped up. She was *finished*? *That can't have been more than two minutes*, he thought. He looked up at the clock and saw that he was right.

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“Great job, Jenna. Maybe a little short on time and facts, but excellent delivery,” said Mrs Ford. Jenna grinned and skipped back to her seat to a smattering of weary clapping.

“We have time for one more.”

*Oh no*, thought Parker. He bowed his head low and slid down as far into his chair as he could without falling to the floor.

There was a brief pause, and then he heard Mrs Ford asking somebody what was the name of the new boy at the back. There was no answer.

From the corner of his eye he saw Mrs Ford making her way towards him. He waited until she stopped at his desk and only then, reluctantly, did Parker look up.

“Parker? It’s your turn,” said Mrs Ford.

Parker hesitated. He wondered whether if he explained that he really didn’t want to do it, she would let him off. Before he had a chance to ask, however, Mrs Ford leant down.

“Did you do the assignment?”

Parker nodded. “But, I, um – I don’t think I properly understood what we were meant to do. Would it be OK if I did it next week?”

Mrs Ford didn’t seem to have heard him, and then he realized why: she was too busy reading the paper on his desk. He quickly put his hand out to cover it, but it was too late.

“I don’t see what the problem is; it looks wonderful!”

Parker could feel the eyes of the whole class on him. He lowered his voice.

“It’s not about a famous person.”

Mrs Ford gave a small laugh. “Oh, honey, that’s absolutely fine. Now come on – up you get.”

Parker grimaced. He slid the paper off his desk and walked slowly to face the class. For the first time during class, the

room was completely silent. Everybody, Parker realized with a sinking feeling, was watching him attentively – curious to find out about the new student, he supposed.

Mrs Ford was already back at her chair, hands clasped and smiling once again. She gave him a nod, and Parker, shoulders hunched and looking down, began to talk.

“The person I admire most is my father—”

“A little louder, Parker. We can’t hear a word you’re saying,” interrupted Mrs Ford.

Parker took a deep breath and started again, still looking down, but this time in a louder voice.

“The person I admire most is my father, Dr Geoffrey Banks...”

As soon as he said it, a wave of muffled laughter travelled across the class.

“The reason I chose my father...”

There was some more stifled giggling. Parker clenched his jaw and looked over at Mrs Ford.

“You’re doing fine,” she said, glaring at somebody sitting in the last row.

“The reason is that not only has he brought up my sister and me on his own for the last three years, but also that he has done this while working on some of the most important research that’s going on right now in the science world. My father...”

There was another wave of muffled laughter, and Parker felt his whole body tense. He turned to Mrs Ford, who motioned for him to keep going.

He took a deep breath but didn’t look up. *It’s just a few minutes, he told himself, then you can forget this whole thing.*

“My father is a molecular biophysicist,” continued Parker. “While still a student at Cambridge University, my father

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and mother, who was also a scientist, were on a team that worked on sequencing DNA. DNA is the molecule that instructs each cell in an organism to tell it what to do and can...”

As Parker began to explain what DNA was, he saw a girl at the side rolling her eyes in boredom, and another one smirking. He turned and saw a boy – Aaron, if he remembered correctly – leaning over and whispering something to the boy sitting next to him. They were both grinning.

In that moment, Parker decided he didn’t even care about the grade he got for this. He just wanted it to be over. He looked back at his sheet and ran his finger down the page until he got to the final paragraph.

“My father’s work has influenced everything from DNA testing to cloning. I admire him very much – as a person and for his work – and, because of his influence, I also hope to be a scientist one day. Thank you.”

Parker was already halfway back to his desk before most people realized that he had finished. There was no applause.

Red-faced, Parker sat down. He folded his arms and didn’t look up, even when Mrs Ford thanked him for his brief but interesting presentation. He felt like such an idiot. If only he’d chosen an astronaut or someone who everyone knew, he thought. And yet, feeling his embarrassment begin to turn to anger... It hadn’t actually been *that* bad. Sure, he’d chosen his dad, but his dad had an interesting job. In his opinion, choosing Missy May was far worse. It was only when the bell went and everybody jumped out of their seats and started to rush past him to the door that he realized they hadn’t been laughing at his choice of subject.

“Farth-uhhh,” he heard somebody say in a mock English accent. Everybody around him started laughing. A couple of other people – Parker didn’t look up to see who – repeated it.

“Farth-uhhh!”

Parker felt his face burning as he realized they weren’t laughing at *what* he’d said but at *how* he’d said it. Right now, even though he’d chosen him for his presentation, Parker hated his dad for making them move here.

## CHAPTER TWO

### 71:15

Parker would have stayed in the classroom for the entire lunch-break had Mrs Ford not insisted on escorting him to the canteen. As they walked, Parker kept his head down and listened in silence as Mrs Ford did her best to offer him some words of comfort.

“Just remember,” said Mrs Ford as they hovered by the canteen entrance, “the first week is always the hardest.”

“I know. Thanks,” mumbled Parker. There was an awkward pause as he waited for her to leave.

“Do you want me to go in with you?” asked Mrs Ford finally.

Parker’s head snapped up. “No. I’m fine.”

Before she had a chance to insist, Parker quickly walked away.

The lunch line was long, and as Parker waited and did his best to ignore the whispers of a group of students from his English class ahead of him, the now-familiar pangs of missing England bubbled deeply in his gut. He had hoped, over the first two weeks after his arrival, that those pangs would disappear once he started school. Unfortunately, he thought miserably, the exact opposite had turned out to be true. He paid for his lunch, tray in hand, and caught sight of his sister waving him over.

Despite how he felt, it was true that he wasn't completely alone. He did have his dad and sister, yes, but he couldn't talk about his loneliness with either of them. Since starting his new job, his father had been so stressed and overworked that he no longer had any time to spend with them. And Emma – well, he'd always been the one to watch out for her. Anyway, even if he were to confide in her, he already knew exactly what she would say:

*Of course you'll make friends. Stop being such a pessimist.*

She *would* say this though because, being ten, she was two years younger than he was and because, unlike him, she had settled into their new American life with annoying ease. It was also because she had only recently learnt the word *pessimist* and liked to drop it into conversation as much as possible. In Parker's opinion, however, there was a big difference between being a pessimist and a realist. A pessimist expected the worst at all times. A realist expected the worst only with good reason. He was a realist.

Emma waved again, thinking Parker hadn't seen her. She was sitting at a table surrounded by her new friends: all girls, all ten years old. Even if this hadn't bothered him – which it did – the table was packed anyway. Emma, having apparently already taken this into account, pointed to a two-inch gap between the two girls opposite her. Thankfully, Parker had already spotted an empty table a bit farther along, and he motioned over to it with his head. Emma didn't seem bothered. She shrugged and turned to her friends.

*"He doesn't want to be seen hanging out with us,"* she signed, smiling.

*"I don't blame him,"* signed her friend, opposite.

He heard them all laugh as he walked over to the table and sat down.

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Emma was deaf. She had been born with a damaged auditory nerve that meant she couldn't hear any sounds at all. This was the reason that their father had enrolled them here at River Creek, instead of at the middle school closer to their new home: this one had a deaf unit attached and would allow Parker to keep an eye on his sister. Emma had objected, arguing that she was now old enough to take care of herself. Their father hadn't agreed. As it turned out, Parker thought as he unwrapped his sandwich, she had been right. Emma wasn't the one that their father had needed to worry about.

"Mind if we sit here?"

Parker looked up and saw three girls standing next to him. He recognized them all from his English class that morning. Becky, the one with the long red hair and freckles, had been at the front, giggling when he'd been talking. Next to her was Jenna, the Missy May fan. He couldn't remember the third one's name. This was the first time any of them had spoken to him.

Parker hesitated before deciding that it would only cause him more problems if he refused.

"No, go ahead," he mumbled.

"Thanks," said Becky. She placed a tray next to Parker's and climbed over the bench. Jenna and the other girl sat down opposite him and started talking between themselves.

"I'm not saying I don't like her, but I don't think her last album was the best one."

"Are you *crazy*? Did you actually listen to it?"

"Yeah. I just didn't like it that much."

"Fine, but you're wrong. 'Lipstick Your Love Away' already won a ton of awards."

"That doesn't mean..."

I really *need to get out of here*, thought Parker. He picked up his sandwich and took as big a bite as he could manage, gulping it down with a large swig of orange juice. Before he had swallowed properly, he was already taking another bite. He was about to wash it down with another gulp of juice when Becky, sitting next to him, interrupted him.

“Are you from England?”

The two other girls stopped talking to listen.

Parker, his cheeks stuffed so full of food that he looked like a hamster, nodded.

“Where?”

Parker couldn’t answer – at least not without spitting his half-chewed sandwich out onto the table. The prolonged silence grew awkward as he tried to chew his food as quickly as possible while the three girls stared at him. Finally, Parker swallowed.

“A place called Kent. It’s near London,” he said at last.

As soon as he spoke, the girl next to Jenna giggled. Parker’s jaw tightened. *Here we go again*, he thought. Here, however, unlike in class, he didn’t have to stick around to be laughed at. He picked up his cup, took another swig of juice, and looked down at his half-eaten sandwich. He would have to leave it unfinished. He took ahold of his tray and was about to stand up when Jenna interrupted him.

“Your accent is—”

“Really funny. Yeah, I know,” said Parker.

“No!” said Jenna. “It’s awesome!”

Parker rolled his eyes. “Yeah, right.”

“It is!” agreed the girl next to her. “It’s cool. Say something else.”

Parker narrowed his eyes. “Like what?”

“Say ‘egg,’” said Jenna.

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Parker looked confused. “Egg.”

Jenna looked disappointed. “Oh, it’s kind of the same.”

The girls went quiet and, seeing an opportunity to escape, he went to stand up again.

“I know! Water!” said Jenna. “Say that!”

Parker hesitated and looked at Jenna. She was smiling with what looked like genuine interest.

He decided to give her the benefit of the doubt. “Water,” he said finally.

The girls giggled again but, Parker realized with some surprise, they didn’t appear to be laughing at him. He allowed himself a small smile. Maybe it wasn’t all that bad, he thought.

For the next few minutes the girls quizzed him about life in England.

“Does it always rain?”

“Have you been to Buckingham Palace?”

“Did you wear a uniform at your old school?”

“Is it weird driving on the wrong side of the road?”

Parker answered their questions, and the girls listened to him, completely fascinated. As he loosened up, he began to wonder if he might have been overreacting about the incident earlier. No sooner had he thought that than a group of boys from his year came over and sat down at the other end of the table.

“Hey, Aaron!” called Jenna.

“What?” asked Aaron.

“Listen to this. He... What’s your name again?”

“Parker.”

“Yeah. Parker sounds like Shakespeare or something. Say ‘water’ again, Parker.”

Parker looked over at the group of boys staring at him.

“I really don’t want to,” he mumbled.

“Oh, come on! *Please?*”

Parker hesitated. *They’re just interested*, he told himself.

No harm.

“Water,” he finally said with a shrug.

The boys didn’t react.

“Isn’t it cute?” asked Jenna.

Parker tensed. *Cute?* He felt himself turning red.

Aaron shrugged. “It’s just a stupid accent.”

Jenna flicked her head in disgust, and her plaits flew behind her. “You’re just jealous.”

Aaron’s jaw clenched. “You’re such a loser, Jenna.”

“Whatever, Aaron. At least *I* don’t sound like...”

There was a pause as Jenna searched for the right insult.

“A donkey.”

Everyone burst out laughing, and Parker, horrified at the way the conversation had suddenly turned, decided that this might be a good moment to leave. He stood up.

“Don’t let him bother you,” said Becky, turning to face him. “He’s always like that.”

Parker looked over to see Aaron glaring at Jenna.

“Actually,” said Parker, “I have to go. I, uh, have to get something from the library.”

“Oh, OK. Sure,” said Becky.

Parker stood up and grabbed his tray. Becky and the girl opposite waved, and Parker nodded back. Jenna was too involved in her staring match with Aaron to notice him hurrying off.

*What was that all about?* he thought, as he cleared his lunch off into the bin. He put the empty tray on top of one of the lunch trolleys and was about to walk away when he felt a tap on his shoulder. He turned.

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“Hey,” said Aaron, with a nod.

Parker nodded back, his mind racing to assess the situation. Was Aaron planning to start a fight? Although they were the same age and looked similar (well, they were both the same build and had brown eyes and messy short brown hair), Aaron was a couple of inches taller than he was. He was also on the wrestling team. Parker straightened and pushed his shoulders back.

“What do you want?” asked Parker.

“I just wanted to say I’m sorry,” said Aaron.

Parker hadn’t expected that.

“Those girls are just idiots,” continued Aaron. “Your accent is cool.”

Parker stared at him for a moment as he thought about how Aaron had been whispering and laughing during his presentation. Was he being sincere now? Parker had no idea.

“Um, OK. Thanks,” said Parker.

“What was the word they were getting you to say?” asked Aaron.

*Oh, right*, thought Parker, his eyes narrowing. It was obvious where this was going.

“I’m not stupid,” he said. “I have to go.”

He turned to leave, but Aaron stopped him with a hand on his arm.

“Oh, come on,” said Aaron.

Parker paused and stared at Aaron.

“Seriously, I’m really sorry,” said Aaron. “It wasn’t about you. It’s just Jenna – she drives me nuts.” He couldn’t be sure, but Aaron did seem to look genuinely apologetic. Parker didn’t reply, but he didn’t leave, either.

And to be fair, thought Parker, Jenna *was* kind of annoying.

“I shouldn’t have said anything about your accent,” continued Aaron. “I just came over to apologize.”

“OK. Well, thanks,” said Parker, shrugging.

Aaron looked relieved. He smiled. “So, what was the word they were getting you to say?”

He hesitated for a moment and then decided to give Aaron the benefit of the doubt. “Water?” he asked.

Aaron’s smile widened into an unpleasant grin. “Sure,” he replied.

In Parker’s mind, the events of the next few seconds felt like they played out in slow motion:

Aaron swinging his right arm out from behind his back.

Parker looking down and seeing the full cup of water in Aaron’s hand.

Parker realizing what was about to happen.

Parker also realizing that it was too late to do anything about it.

Parker’s eyes following the arc of Aaron’s arm as the contents of the cup were flung forward, directly into his face.

Someone screamed.

Parker stood, frozen, his mouth open in shock as the water ran down his face. In front of him, Aaron burst into laughter just as a voice from behind called out.

“Aaron, are you *crazy*?!”

Parker turned and saw Becky running towards them, her face red with what looked like a mixture of concern and fury.

“I was just kidding,” said Aaron, a wide grin still on his face. “It was a joke. No hard feelings, right?” he said, turning to Parker. He gave Parker a playful punch on the arm.

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Parker looked down at where the punch had landed and then slowly up to Aaron as his shock began to turn to anger. His hand began to curl up into a fist. In twelve years, he had never once punched anybody but, he thought, if there was going to be a first time...

Aaron looked down at Parker's fist and the smile vanished.

"Whoa! Calm down. It was just a joke. Don't get so weird about it."

Parker's mouth dropped open. He could hardly believe what he was hearing. He had done nothing to this boy. Nothing! Now Aaron had thrown water in his face and *he* had the nerve to call *him* weird.

It was the last straw.

"Weird?" he shouted. Aaron jumped back in surprise. "You think *I'm* the one being weird? What is wrong with you? All I said was 'water'..."

As soon as Parker said the word, Aaron's eyes turned to the trolley next to him. In that split second, Parker knew exactly what Aaron was going to do. As Aaron grabbed another cup and swung it in Parker's direction, Parker was already jumping out of the way. He was quick enough to avoid a second soaking but, in his haste, he forgot about the pool of spilt water already at his feet.

Parker's eyes widened in shock as he felt his foot slip out from under him. There was nothing he could do to stop it. With every person in the canteen watching, Parker flew up into the air and then, with an enormous thud, he landed on the floor, face-up.

This time, nobody laughed. Not even Aaron. There was complete silence. If there was any pain, Parker's body hadn't yet registered it. Too shocked to move, he lay on the floor as water seeped in through his clothes, wishing

only that he could close his eyes and make everything disappear.

And then Parker's wrist began to vibrate.

Parker knew exactly why it was happening, and he knew, even before she forced her way through the crowd, that the cause of it was his sister.

Emma was *not* going to see him like this.

The thought sent a jolt of furious determination through him. He jumped up and found himself once again face to face with a now nervous-looking Aaron. Maybe it was the expression on Parker's face – thunderous, his jaw clenched tight – or maybe it was the fact that his little prank had suddenly turned more serious than he had expected.

“Hey,” said Aaron, holding his hands up. “I’m sor—”

Parker didn't want to hear it. Before Aaron had a chance to react, Parker rushed forward and slammed into him. Aaron stumbled backwards into the crowd that had gathered. He may have fallen, but Parker didn't turn to see. Instead he grabbed his now wet schoolbag from by his feet and then, with his wrist still vibrating, Parker ran out of the canteen.

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# BREAK THE CODE AND JOIN THE REVOLUTION