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# Homo Forastimor

“You can sit here Miss Moore,” Miller said to Gaia, he pointed to an empty desk with a computer. She took a seat and Miller quickly walked back up the stairs from which they had arrived, she had no intentions of sitting down on a computer. In fact, questions were quickly pouring out of her mind, and the urge to get out of the chair she had just sat in and ask questions, examine photos, and walk around a little bit was growing. She looked towards the room that Agent Rod and her father had just walked in to; her dad had been a little nervous and uncertain during the ride.

She glanced at the monitor. Her Uncle Oliver’s file was open on the desktop, as well as everybody else’s desktops. Any other day she would have died to have a peek at this page, but she doubted that even if she did have much more to learn about her Uncle’s twisted morphed mind, she would find it not worth learning. Fact was that her Uncle had changed even if it was just for the last few years of his life... He was a different man; hopefully, she rolled her eyes and looked at the page. She scrolled down, and related links section followed....

Tom Moore A#4405(Active)

Katia Petrova Moore File #6343148

Gaia Moore File#100463

She wanted to read whatever was put in writing about her mother, but she was slightly more interested in what the CIA had to say regarding her.

## File #100463

**Birth Name:** Moore,Gaia

**Born:** July 17, 1982 - Albany, New York

**Parents:** Tom Moore,Katia Petrova Moore

Gaia Moore is an active subject, relative to more than 250+ files.

**Bio:** Born to Tom & Katia Moore in Albany, New York, on Sunday July 17 1982, Gaia Moore was later marked as the first naturally selected Homo forastimor. She grew up in the Albany vicinity. Related to Oliver Moore, Gaia Moore has always been under close watch since Oliver Moore took knowledge of Gaia Moore’s difference between H. sapiens. Gaia Moore entered the New York State foster children program at the age of twelve when Katia Moore (mother) died and her father returned to work for the CIA. Gaia was moved into 7 separate

families during her 6 yearlong enlistment of the Foster Care program. She graduated from high school and entered Stanford University; she was recently in her top ten graduate class and has a position with the FBI as a Special Agent.

Gaia Moore is skilled in Kung Fu, Karate, Judo, Jujitsu, muay thai, perfect aim, boxing, wrestling, and has the ability to throw a 175 pound man over her shoulder, and that's only her physical state. Mentality shows that she can break codes in four languages and has an IQ of about 162; she is part Russian, and Ukrainian.

Gaia stopped reading, what the hell was a Homo forastimor? As if her question was expected, several links in the bottom followed through:

*What is a Homo forastimor?*

Homo forastimor is a newly discovered species; in 1988 Gaia Moore was diagnosed with a mutation in her DNA that lacked the ability to respond to a mutual feeling/emotion; fear. While mutations are generally considered to be disabilities found in DNA, like down syndrome, autism, etc.... Scientists regarded her mutation as a disease.

In 1994 a second mutation was found in another subject; Galina Godunov was diagnosed to have the same mutation in her genetic makeup. In 1999 Valentina Narevuh was diagnosed with the same mutation.

Scientists debate that this mutation is an effect of Natural Selection, a hot button issue that most scientists praise to be the way of life contrasted to Creationism. Other scientists do not agree, believing that this is simply a disease, rather than an evolutionary development.

*Homo forastimor*

Homo forastimor would be the latest relative of the Homo sapien; he has occupied Earth for about 200,000 years. First originating in Africa, H. sapiens have a highly developed brain capable of abstract reasoning, language, and introspection. A H. forastimor shares many of the similar characteristics of a H. sapien, but forastimor; meaning without fear, is just that. It is a person, or human without fear. Humans don't usually have fear, but the ability to feel it yes, scientists argue that fear is an advantage over one who can't feel it, because it can be motivation to escape to safety.

Over a long time of debating, the Central Intelligence Agency has finally added Homo forastimor to the list of species under the Homo genus even though Homo forastimor is un-announced to most of the public. The CIA has acknowledged its existence before Gaia Moore was born; Marilia Borodin was diagnosed with a lack-of-fear mutation in 1889. Aecia Dokuchaev was also diagnosed with the lack-of-fear mutation in 1913, as well as Paola Gravok in 1925, Vitaly Ivanenko in 1959, and Inga Wingek in 1971.

All of the subjects that were diagnosed with the lack-of-fear mutation have been female and of Russian descent, none of these females have any direct relation but it is suspected that all of these women could probably share a common ancestor.

In 2001 Paola Gravok, Vitaly Ivanenko, and Inga Wingek were inducted to the small population count of Homo forastimors, there was not enough credential support to add Aecia Dokuchaev until a year later in 2002. Marilia Borodin is now the only patient to have suffered from lack-of-fear mutation.

Like chromosomes and genes that come together, every few generations certain genes meet that can cause a mutation, that's what has happened with all of the subjects listed disregarding Marilia Borodin.

### *Characteristics of Homo forastimors*

The characteristics of H. forastimors can be compared to an enhanced human, a human with an abnormally high IQ, and an abnormally super healthy metabolism.

Vitaly Ivanenko is a perfect model of these characteristics, she was one of the brightest professors of her time, but unlike other forastimors she was the first to enhance her body, other forastimors walk around without knowing that they are a completely different species, but Vitaly Ivanenko stood out.

She might have been the first one to bring to light this new species, she succeeded over significant mental and physical obstacles during her lifetime, Vitaly Ivanenko can now be looked up under Adventurers, even though she was an aristocrat. Her most widely known feat included surviving when she became lost during a two week trip to the Ural Mountains. She had been left behind and in a day had actually caught up to the team, but missed them and continued the tour herself, she ended up getting to the tour's Camp Meet first and later documented how she survived in the great mountains by herself.

Gaia couldn't help but open her mouth. She felt as if this explained it all, as if maybe this might just be why she always felt different, she was different, she was an entirely new species! Suddenly she felt disregarded, almost pushed aside, why didn't anyone tell her this? Why didn't anyone let her know? This was something bigger than a mutation, she was part of a revolutionary breakthrough, Homo sapiens were finally revolutionizing, and she was one of the first. Well not entirely, there was already Marilia Borodin, Aecia Dokuchaev, Paola Gravok, Vitaly Ivanenko, Inga Wingek, Galina Godunov and Valentina Narevuh.

She studied her hand; it did not appear different from everyone else's hands. In fact, even though she was taller than most of the females in the room, she couldn't see much of a physical difference, but then she saw that some of the other females in the room weren't built exactly alike, some of them didn't have the long tall structure, or skinny structure she had.

She glanced at the office her dad and Agent Rod had just entered, it seemed like they were done, she exited the page and her uncle's profile stared out at her once again. She knew that she needed to think about this before they tried to talk to her about it, so for now she would keep this vital information to herself.

"Agent Rodriguez, we have a video feed!" Miller jogged towards Agent Rodriguez, and immediately people stirred and apprehension grew around the large confinement in desperation for anything new.

"Run it," Rodriguez yelled with surprising speed as he headed towards the center of the room. She stood up a little in the chair to see above the cubicle, she wasn't the only one; many other heads and torsos were poking out from the tops of cubicles or doorways. She stood up straight and started heading towards the center of the room as well, a bit of a hop in her stride.

Several screens around her changed from the CNN News channel to a street cam, it was far away, but as she had imagined it portrayed a busy traffic corner, and just in view was her uncle.

"Play it," Her father said as he too walked towards the center of the room. The video displayed her uncle walking from one side of the fountain to the other as he reached to shake the hand of a woman approaching him. They walked behind the fountain, and they were shortly kept from view.

"Fast forward it men!" Rodriguez spoke into the silence. The tape speeded up and stopped abruptly as her uncle came back from view, there was her uncle again, talking to this brown haired woman. If only there was audio, she turned and looked at several of the people watching the tape as well, they were deeply focused, what were they doing? Trying to read lips? She turned around and stared into the mouths of the two subjects, there was no way anyone could tell what they were saying from this far. They needed to focus on the subjects, but no one was doing anything yet, they were still watching.

She kept staring at the video, just a little bit of walking and talking, it seemed like they were going to part soon as her uncle stepped a few feet back. And then her uncle turned his head to look to his left, and just like that he was down, his body on the floor, the bullet that had impacted him had reached him from his left. Gaia's eyes widened a little bit, and she watched as the brown haired woman Oliver had been talking to reacted, she looked shocked, she went on her knees and checked her uncle's pulse, **was he dead yet?** It seemed like he was, and the woman's shoulders sagged up and down, she was crying! Who was this woman? Why did she care? As a crowd started to gather she stepped back, she ran out through the crowd as officers came into view.

Who was this woman? The question was like a marquee in her head, *who was this woman?* Who would meet her uncle and cry at his passing? Did he say something to her? What did he say? What was she doing?

“We’ll need to focus on that scene men, get to work!” Rodriguez exploded into the quiet and people started racing across the room going from one station to the other, she sat back down in her cubicle and looked around her, she needed to talk to someone, she glanced at her father who was talking with Rodriguez. She stood up and walked over to them.

“Hey,” She said to them and they both looked up, “I’m going, to go get a breath of fresh air.” She said.

“That’s fine Gaia,” Her dad said quickly before turning back to agent Rodriguez.