




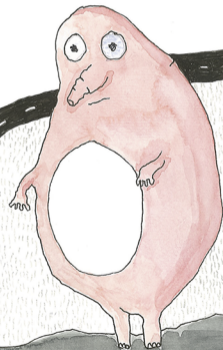
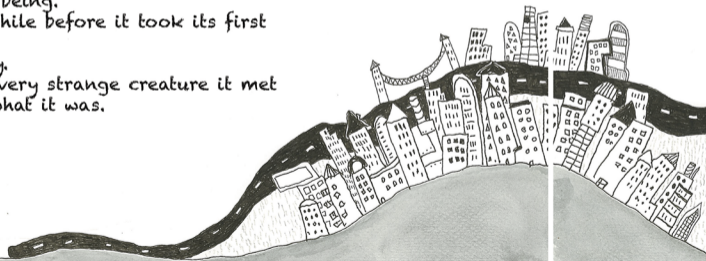
The Curios Little Story about a Curios Little Being



This story tells of a little beings quest to find out what it is.
The journey turns out to be filled with great danger,
weird creatures and facts about the magical possibilities there are in the altering of DNA.
This adventure might turn out to be more then the little being can handle.



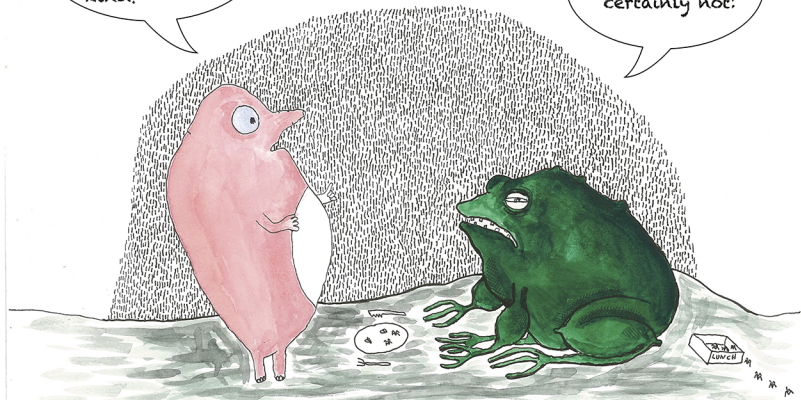
All of a sudden in the midst of everything two shiny blue eyes opened.
It was a curious little being.
It examined itself awhile before it took its first steps.
It headed for the city.
On its way it asked every strange creature it met if they could tell it what it was.



That place looks funny...

Good day sir!
Could you please
tell me
if we are of same
kind?

Hmrhh.
We are most
certainly not!

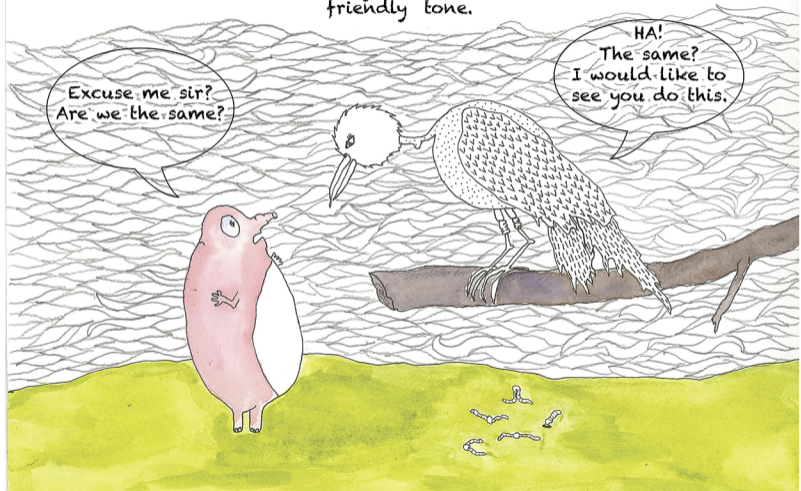


And the frog jumped into the water.
The little being shrugged its shoulders,
smiled and began to walk.

Then a bird landed nearby, and the little being asked in a friendly tone.

Excuse me sir?
Are we the same?

HA!
The same?
I would like to
see you do this.

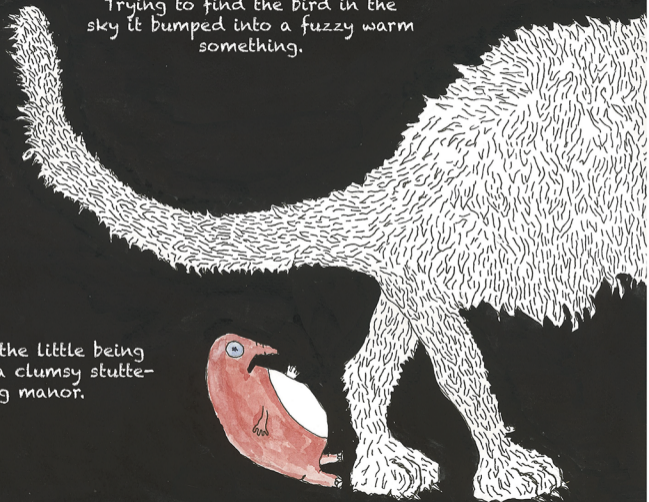


The bird took off in magnificent elegance leaving the little being very impressed.



Trying to find the bird in the sky it bumped into a fuzzy warm something.

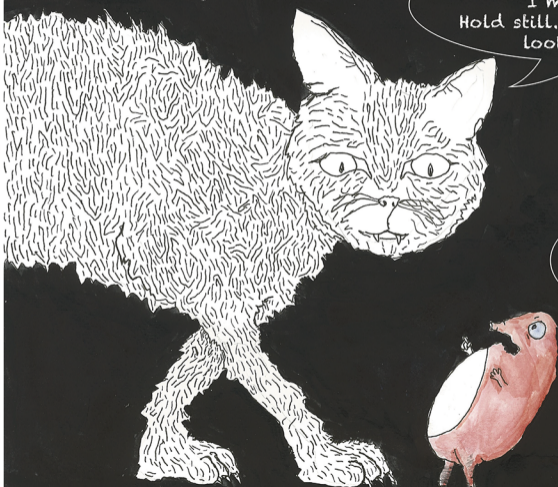
Startled, the little being asked in a clumsy stuttering manor.



It looked up and into two big eyes.

You look quite delicious I must say. Hold still. Let me take a look at you

Ex e e excuse me... Are we perhaps the same k ki kind?



The little being suddenly got a bad feeling so it stepped backwards and stumbled to the ground. The cat came closer and was seconds away from swinging its giant paw when a dog barked.

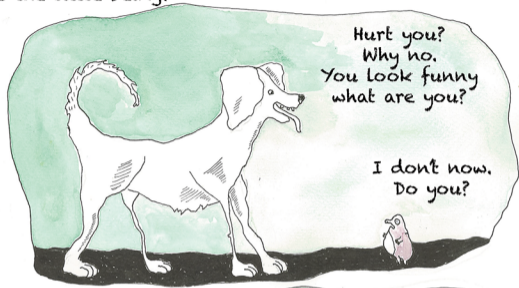


The cat ran off and the little being was safe.

The dog came towards the little being.



Please!
Don't hurt
me!

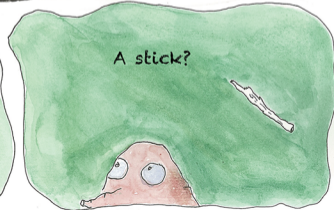


Hurt you?
Why no.
You look funny
what are you?

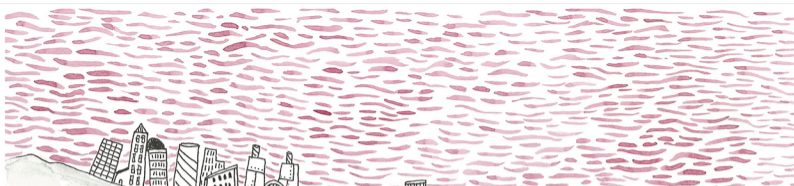
I don't now.
Do you?



No.
But have you
seen a stick?



A stick?

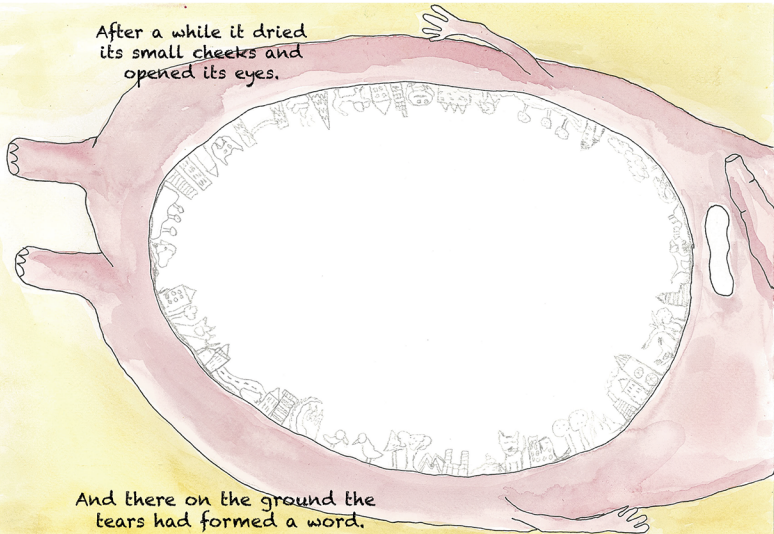


But the dog wasn't listening. It was running in small circles trying to find the stick. The little being sighed and got up and started walking again. It was obvious. The little being was losing its optimism. Its legs were hurting and the city seemed to be even further away than before. The feeling of being all alone was growing bigger inside.



It had walked from dawn to dusk, and in the warm rays of the setting sun it sat down on a stone. Small drops ran down the little being's face and hit the ground. It was so sad because it didn't feel like it belonged anywhere. It didn't even now if it had a name.

After a while it dried
its small cheeks and
opened its eyes.



And there on the ground the
tears had formed a word.

The little being mouthed the words. Its shiny blue eyes glowed and a
smile stretched its way across the sad little face.



Go home

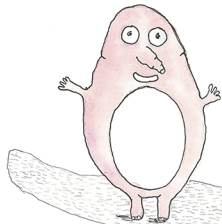
The little being got up and said the word louder and louder.

Geemo

Geemo

Geemo

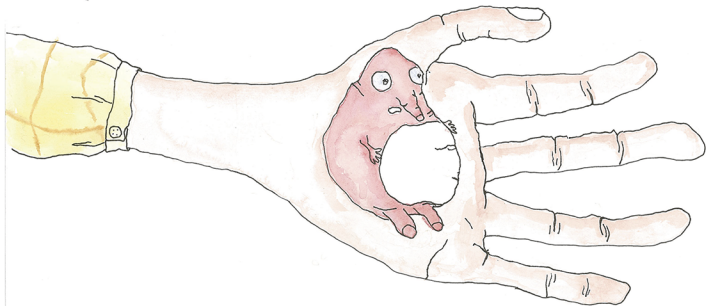
my name is Geemo!!



And it was exactly that sound that caught my attention. I was sitting on a bench by the creek when I heard it. I got just as startled by the tiny voice as the curios little being got when it saw me.

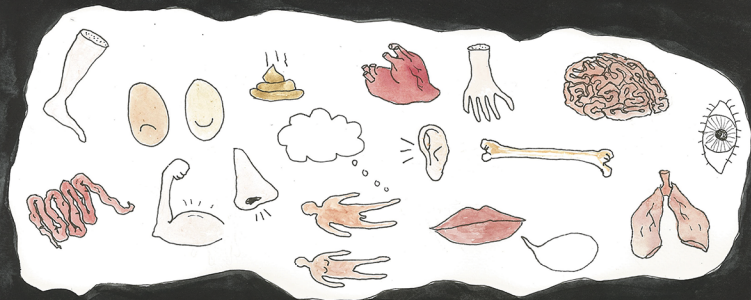


"Hey" said Geemo. "I just found out!"
"What?" I asked. "My name! My name is Geemo!"
"Well my name is Charles."



Geemo jumped into my hand and we talked for while about its journey and what to be careful of when you are as small as Geemo.

At some point Geemo asked me, "I know that your name is Charles. But what are you?" "I am a human" "A human?" said Geemo, "That sounds nice." I did my best to explain what a human is and Geemo seemed satisfied.



Geemo looked at me and asked, "So I am human too?"
"I don't think so." "Then what am I?"

I asked Geemo to draw its name in the gravel with a stick.

Geemo



I looked at it, and it dawned on me.

"Look here", I said. "There may be a hint in your name". "Show me" Geemo said with his tiny voice "If we erase the two e's it says : G - M - O Your name might be Geemo, but I think that you are a GMO - Genetically Modified Organism"

Gmo

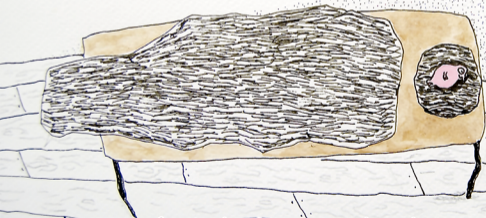


"Your right, your right. But what is a GMO?"

Geemo asked

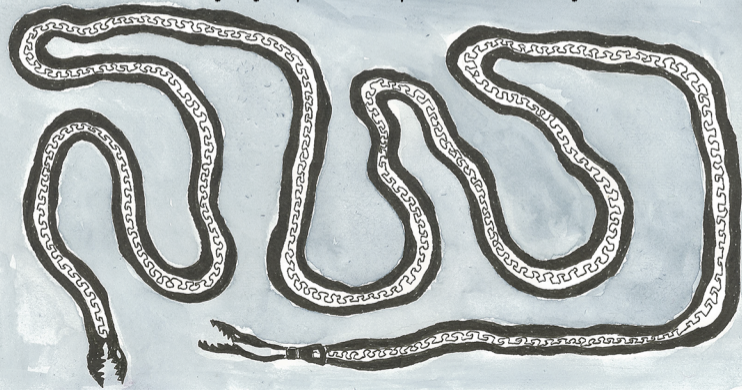
"I will tell you, but let's go back to my place.

It is getting dark" I said

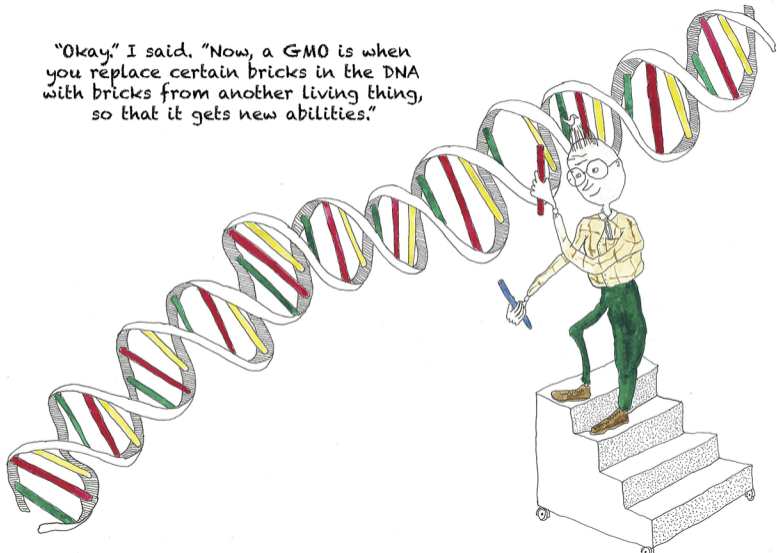


Geemo jumped into my hand and I walked back to my apartment and I laid a very tired Geemo on a small pillow.

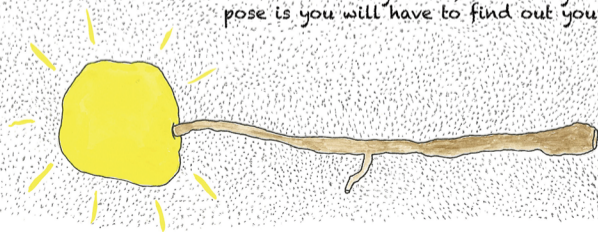
"Please my human friend", said Geemo "tell me. What's is a GMO" I began to explain." inside every living thing there is something called DNA. DNA is what makes living things what they are, what they look like and what they are capable of. DNA is made up by many many very small bricks sitting together in long chains. Imagine a zipper, that's not entirely off. Are you listening?" "yes yes, please keep going" Geemo yawned.



"Okay," I said. "Now, a GMO is when you replace certain bricks in the DNA with bricks from another living thing, so that it gets new abilities."

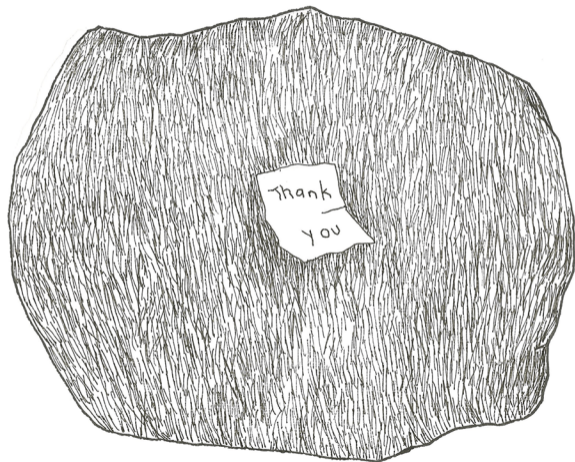


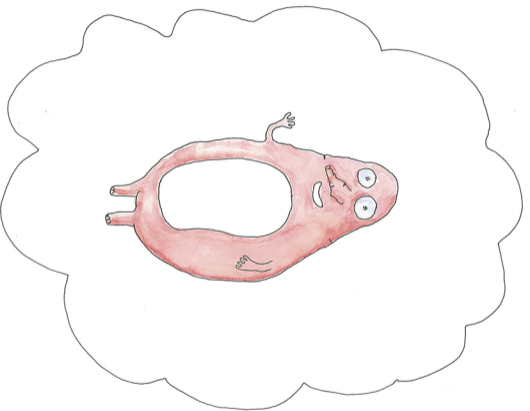
For example, some scientists have made flowers that changes colors during the day. Other scientists have even made trees that glow in the dark. So now you know you name and what you are, but what your purpose is you will have to find out yourself."





I looked at Geemo and saw that he had fallen asleep. I didn't now how much he heard but I thought to myself that we could pick up where we left the next morning. All of a sudden I woke up. The sun was striking my eyes. I looked at the small pillow and saw that Geemo was gone. There was a small note on the pillow.





Every time I sit on the bench
down by the creek I think
about the curios little Geemo.
And I hope that perhaps
some day he will come
visit me.

