

TOMORROW THE FOURTH WORLD WAR WILL END

She had to let the noise of the bombing run out, before moving on to the next question. The journalist Janet couldn't wait to bring that piece in the newsroom.

<<Are you so sure that tomorrow the war will end?>> asked, almost hesitantly, the tiny voice.

Clark was not a scientist whatsoever, but an accredited researcher with thousands of publications in the most prestigious journals and a nobel laureate in medicine. To the question he answered looking full of pride his formula on the blackboard, at the end of the lab; then looked outside, at the soldiers lined up.

<<Do you know why they are doing that?>> asked.

The journalist thought for a long time, without finding an answer.

<<For the same reason that no politician has actually done something about global warming or deforestation, or pollution. The same reason why we have continued to destroy this planet for more than a century>>.

<<And now they are doing that with nuclear weapons>> interrupted the journalist.

<<But the underlying reason is the same>> explained Clark. <<The fear of the death!>>

The journalist winced, then looked at him puzzled: <<Shouldn't it be the opposite? If a man is afraid to die, shouldn't he stop killing?>>

The scientist shook his head and looked around at the hundreds of doodles and alembics, to develop an answer.

<<And has it ever worked?>> asked, with witty smile. <<If you were here after a thousand years, would you launch a nuclear bomb today?>>

The girl's face enlightened. <<Do you mean that the global decisions are motivated by what the society believe in?>>

Clark chuckled, then asked with humor: <<How do you think to stop a nuclear war if not with the ideas? I'm not a nuclear scientist, much less the inventor of a Machiavellian and fearsome weapon. I'm just a physician>>.

<<So how do you think to stop the war?>> asked the journalist.

The scientist picked up the chalk and wrote for the umpteenth time the formula: $HGN + 4DN = Rgf$
<<Here's how: by arresting the aging!>>

The city responded with a series of rumbles. The journalist looked around astounded, but if talking was a scientist like Clark, the world would have had to believe him.

<<Do you understand now why the war will end tomorrow?>> asked him.

The reporter picked up a bunch of sheets that had fallen on the floor. Then her eyes suddenly kindled and began to scroll through a long list of formulas. Page after page.

<<What are these?>> asked, with some hostility.

The scientist drew back stammering.

What the journalist held in his hand was a long list of false formulas, and among them one was highlighted. The same written on the blackboard.

<<Can you explain me what this means?>> Janet's voice had become quite aggressive.

The scientist bowed his head, then asked: <<Do you believe in reincarnation?>>

The journalist thought about it for a few seconds, trying to grasp the link.

<<You see>> continued the scientist. <<If you were to be reborn in a hundred years, would you wage a war now?>>

The journalist started showing again an interested look, but she was quite confused.

<<You see>> resumed Clark. <<How can I explain reincarnation to a materialistic world? That's why I invented the metaphor of aging>>.

Janet tried to look at him with hate, but then smiled.

Clark grabbed her arm, entreating: <<Tomorrow don't tell the truth. I know... you will have to tell a huge lie. But do that for others at least>>.