

# The Many Lives of Doctor Nephele

By Nathan Rahn Jr.

Once upon a time, there was a Camel and a Baby. These two creatures, though different in many ways such as one having a hump and walked on four legs, while the other would babble and go to the bathroom in its pants, did however share one thing in common. A name, for they were both Doctor Philip Nephele. These two were headed to a new planet on a rocket ship that the Camel had made. On the ship were other Camels, who were being genetically modified to have increased intelligence like the Camel named Nephele. Nephele taught these Camels many things, new words, new ideas, and a new way of life. The Camel wanted to make something new, something different than the horrible birthright of his creation. When they landed on the fantastic planet, which they would name Cameth, the Camel looked down at the Baby who held a part of his soul. "Here is where we will begin again Baby Nephele. Here we can be what we want to be, away from the ugliness of the earth." that was the Camel dream. For something different.

This is a written account of my investigation into the strange happenings at the Nephele Manor. The police department had been given several reports of strange goings on at the manor, including strange lights, screaming, multiple reports of what sounded like gunfire, and other similar reports by nearby neighbors to the estate. On October 23 of this year at 9am, officers were finally sent to check on the estate after a report of what sounded like a rocket and a fire around the neighboring woods. What he had found was one of if not the strangest sight that I have seen in my years of service. I arrived two hours later, at 11am, where I got to see the strange case that consumed my thoughts for a long time. There were 50 corpses inside, which is already suspect as it is, but the thing that was truly remarkable about it was the fact that the majority of them were the same person. I then began my investigation into this odd and downright

impossible case. I will now describe what I believe to be the timeline of events for what had led to this moment.

The owner of the manor is Doctor Philip Nephele, who is a geneticist by trade. This manor was a part of his family for three generations prior, but Doctor Nephele was the last living Nephele to date. He had written several theories on the possibility of widespread human cloning, and how this could be used to save the planet by cloning the greatest minds for leadership. However, after several discoveries of “vile and inhuman” practices in this goal, he was rejected by the majority of the wider science community and fired from his position at the university that he worked at. His final message before leaving public life was recorded on a Reddit.com post.

#### TRANSCRIPTION OF REDDIT POST

r/gaming

u/NepheletheGreat

#### **FUCK YOU THE SCIENE COMMUNITY**

Those big wig BASTARDS have decided to fire me over trying to expand human knowledge and help to build a better future! They said that it was because I was, quote, “doing disciple and downright inhumane things to test subject.” What they didnt take into consideration is the fact that THEY SIGNED THE CONTRACT THAT I GAVE THEM THAT SAID I COULD DO WHATEVER I WANTED. Sure, I may have used food, money, and shelter to try to convince these homeless people to sign the contract, but they didn't need to sign the contract, and they were homeless anyway WHO CARES! If only more people would read the genius work of Ayn Rand, perhaps more people would see that I am just like John Galt and will save humanity from itself! This will be my last post on reddit for a while, as I have a job to do even if humanity rejects me!

Comments

u/gamerbeast

r/lostredditors

u/NepheletheGreat

I WILL KILL YOU WITH A ROCK!

Nephele fully escaped public life from then on in his remote manor, only being seen occasionally by close-by neighbors. Nephele continued to work on his cloning technology, as detailed in several notebooks and journals and videos that he would take. The majority of the corpses found were of him, with other one's being of another man who I will be discussing later on in this report, meaning that the mad doctor had succeed in his goals. We also found large machinery in the basement of the complex, most of it being destroyed. We believe that this was the lab from which all his experiments had sprung.

John stopped writing for a moment as he thought to himself why. Why would he do this? What was the point in any of this? How could a man like Nephele create one of the greatest innovations that humanity has ever seen, and used it to make clones of himself. Not just clones of himself, but some that were completely mutated. Why the hell did he make a clone of himself that was a Camel, and was the Camel the most successful of the Nepheles? These questions had consumed him as he continued in this report. Then a hand touched his shoulder "You doing ok John?" "Yeah I'm fine, just thinking Jer." Jerry was John's partner on the force, and was a true friend to John. A true enough friend to see something was wrong. "Your not seriously still thinking about this case John? It was pretty open and shut from what I remember." John knew this, everything had an answer. But not enough of an answer for him. "I know but its just... I want to know why." "Why what?" "Why would someone do all this, what was the point in any of

it!” Jerry looked at his friend with concern, “Theres no real way to tell, maybe he was just crazy and just wanted to take over the world. Thats what im going off of anyway.” John was not pleased with this answer “Crazyness does not explain this! He was a wealthy man who grew up in a good home before his parents died, but he somehow becomes a violent insane doctor like in a comic book? It just doesn’t make sense! I need it to make sense!” John got out of his chair and began to walk out of the room, there was only one way to get to the bottom of this. The last piece of evidence had another name mentioned, David. John had investigated into the name and had found where he believed to be his address, but the case was closed before he could go to him. It was now time to visit this David. “Where are you going?” Jerry asked, “To the answer I need!”

We had located several recordings, videos, and written accounts around the estate, with this one dated October 1 of this year labeled “THE FIRST COUNCIL OF NEPHELE”. For context to the transcription of this tape, Nephele 1 will refer to the Nephele we believed to be the first Nephele while Nephele 2 will refer to the Nephele that was in opposition to 1. Other Nepheles described will be done so by the mutation that was done to them. There were several examples of these kinds of mutations, such as a Nephele with no hair or a Nephele with five eye balls on their fingers. There was even a Camel Nephele, who from our investigation seemed to be one of the only successful Nepheles and used to defeat other Nepheles in debate on almost all topics.

#### TRANSCRIPTION OF FIRST COUNCIL OF NEPHELE

Nephele 1 - Welcome all of you to life and to the first council of Nephele! I am and we are Doctor Philip Nephele, brilliant Scientist, inventor, who has created the next step in human evolution: clon-

Nephele 2 - We already know, moron, we have your memories.

The other Nepheles in the room laugh except Nephele 1, who looks extremely angry at being cut off.

Nephele 1 - Yes well, I just wanted to pat ourselves on the back, no need for snark.

Nephele 2 pats himself on the back.

Nephele 2 - There, now get on with it I have actual science I need to get back to.

Nephele 1 - Fine then, this council will be the first of many where we, the most brilliant man on the planet, will begin our plans for total domination of the planet! So we are going to divide into several groups which will all have their own goals an-

Nephele with Elephant like ears with his hand raised and shaking - Question!

Nephele 1 pointing to the Elephant Ears Nephele - Yes you, what is it?

Elephant Ears Nephele - Do we get to pick our groups or do we get them chosen for us? Because I want to be on the genetics team!

Nephele 1 - You will have it be given to you based on how many of us will be need for each division, now the-

Tentacle Bigoted Nephele - Can I not be on this guys group? He's got tentacles for arms I think that's just weird.

Tentacle Armed Nephele - What you just say about my tentacle arms?

Nephele 1 - You will have the team that you are provided with and will not complain about it, were all adults here in fact were all the same adults!

Cyclops Nephele - What about Baby Nephele?

Baby Nephele - goo goo gaa gaa.

Nephele 1 - Well, I guess he doesn't count for right now.

This then descended into an argument between all the Nepheles over who they do or do not want to work with, what division they wish to work within (all of them wanted to be on the genetics team (as the head of it no less)), and other nonsensical arguments that seem to pop up at random (such as what was for dinner).

Nephele 2 - So who's in charge here?

All the Nephele then turn around and look at their fellow Nephele, the room coming to deep silence.

Nephele 1 - What do you mean? Obviously me pal.

Nephele 2 - And why is that exactly? No one voted for you and you sure as hell have no mandate of heaven.

Nephele 1 takes a moment to think about his next response, where all the other Nepheles stared at him. Except for Camel Nephele, who had left several minutes ago with Baby Nephele.

Nephele 1 then finally responds.

Nephele 1 - Well, i'm the original, therefore i'm in charge."

Nephele 2 - How do you know that?

From that moment, the room was full of murmurs about leadership and who the original was.

Nephele 1 - I just do! There was no other Nephele before me, and that makes me the original!

Now shut up and all of you get ready for work! Turn that camera off now yo-

Their plans began to take shape after that meeting, with all the Nepheles joining different scientific divisions. The divisions were genetics, robotics, space travel, weapons development, and "experimental studies" division. However, it seems that almost all the divisions had no real results except for genetics, as Nephele was a geneticist and had no training in other subjects. The robotics division's only success was fixing a microwave, and weapons development's most

successful weapon was when Tentacle Armed Nephele beat the tentacle bigoted Nephele with a hammer, and the experimental division had one experiment that was filmed.

#### TRANSCRIPTION OF FLYING CAR INCIDENT

Head of Experimental Division Nephele - This is the first test drive of the flying car, made by the experimental studies division of the great council of Nephele! We will now test the flying car, which will allow us to get anywhere we need to be at twice the speed as a regular car, as this one flies! Doctor Nepheles get into the car!

Four other Nephele get into the car, with the head of the division getting into the front seat.

Doctor Nephele with large breasts - Are you sure about this Doctor Nephele? This thing doesn't seem safe.

Head of the Experimental Division Nephele - I am the head of this division and what I say goes, now lets take car travel to the next level here we go!

The car's engine turns on and roars out.

Head of the Experimental Division Nephele - To infinity and -

The car explodes and turns the screen white. There were 8 fatalities.

An exception has to made for the space program, headed by Camel Nephele, who was able to get a satellite up in the air in under two weeks.

Nephele 1 gave Nephele 2 no actual scientific pursuit instead making him a janitor.

Perhaps 2's open disregard for 1's authority lead 1 to stop 2 from becoming a problem by sending 2 away on a useless endeavor. Nephele 2 was not stopped by this political move. He began to gather allies throughout the other divisions and spread discontent on Nephele 1's rule. Most of the Nepheles began to become paranoid, as shown by all their writings about feeling "watched" and feeling the other Nepheles were "out to get them."

This paranoia extended to Nephele 1, as he began to create his own militia to protect his rule. He didn't make this militia out of Nepheles, but out of the second group of clones that I had alluded to before. This group was the Harolds, with them all being clones of one Harold Gavins. Gavins was, as described by others, an extremely normal and plain person who was the manager at a local grocery store. He had no family, no friends, and was all round unseen by most of the community. So when he disappeared, no one noticed. Unfortunately, we currently believe that the original Harold Gavins was killed weeks beforehand with only his clones being his final mark on this world. Nephele 1 decided to limit the Harolds's intelligence to stop them from rebelling, so all of them only knew how to say three words: yes, no, and Harold. With the Harolds, Nephele 1 began to reinforce his regime and limit the expression of the other Nephele.

#### TRANSCRIPTION OF NOTE OF CONCERN

Hello, I am Doctor Nephele, specifically the one with green skin. I am sending this note to voice my concerns over the new rules of the facility. Namely, I do not believe that this curfew is needed, and directly opposes our goals. We may be the same as Baby Nephele, but we should not be given a bedtime like him. I am also concerned about this new group of clones, and the open aggression that they show to us and of the new security measures of the faculty. I believe we need to come together as a community of Nepheles and stop this madness right now.

We found what we assume to be this Nephele hanging from a tree in the nearby forest with a sign that said "TRAITOR" on it.

On that distant planet in the endlessness of space, a hyper-intelligent Camel society had broken into conflict. Two sides had formed, one that opposed the rule of Camel Nephele and wanted change, and another that saw Camel Nephele as a god who needed to lead them. These sides would battle it out in words at first, but soon came the spit, then the hooves. Camel



Nephele knew that this could not go on. Camel Nephele looked at his world from his home and saw how he had failed in his dream. War and conflict were here again, nothing new was formed. Baby Nephele, now a grown man, sits at the Camel's side. "What shall we do?" Camel Nephele knew what the answer was, but did not know if he had the will to do so. But with Baby Nephele by his side, Camel Nephele felt like he could do it. Camel Nephele called a meeting with all of his society where he told them his last message to them. "I will step down as leader of this society. I am sorry to those who thought me something greater than I am, I am simply a Camel. A Camel who has done things that I am not proud of, in things that make me a conscious being I suppose. To those who hate me, I am also sorry. I am sorry that I have caused such hate between us, perhaps that is our curse as conscious beings. Whether two legged or four legged, we are trapped to hate one another, to fight one another, to die by the others sword. But I do not believe that, I believe that we are more than that. That we can love and be loved, that no one needs to fight and die for nothing. So in the name of this world and countless others, I ask that you all unite as one. For me, however, I will now exile myself, for this world no longer needs a Camel like me." The Camels, once divided came together again. From that day on, no conflict would consume the hearts of these Camels again besides the conflicts of everyday life. For the two Nepheles on the other hand, they exiled themselves once more and took residency in their own manor. Camel Nephele felt happiness, for the first time in a long time, at his decision. He would be no dictator.

Nephele 1's crackdowns made Nephele 2 message greater, as he proclaimed that all Nepheles under his rule everyone would get a say in things. "Everyone is Nephele, Everyone is King" was the motto written on several Nephele 2 propaganda posters that we have found. Of course, from what I was able to find, Nephele 2 had plans to disregard these plans after

becoming leader, and as he states in one of his journals “Do as Napoleon once did and proclaim myself Emperor of Mankind!”

It finally boiled over into civil war, with the 1s (those who followed Nephele 1) and the 2s (those who followed Nephele 2) beginning to fight for control. The Nephele Civil War (or simply the NCW moving forward) started on October 18, only 5 days ago. Both sides were unable to beat out the other for some time, that was until October 21 when the Harold uprising began. It seems that, unknown to Nephele 1, the Harolds had begun to develop their own three-word language, writing system, and Harold-based culture. One of the Harolds even wrote what I will describe as the “Harold Manifesto” but we are currently unable to understand as it is in Haroldese. The Harolds had grown tired of Nephele 1’s despotic rule, with them finally declared independence from Nephele 1’s control on the 21st. This uprising ended the same day, when the Harolds found and killed Nephele 1 by stabbing him to death. His recorded last words were “Et tu Harold?”

The NCW raged on for one more day, until Nephele 2 decided to send a peace offer to the Harolds. The Harolds accepted peace, on the terms that they be allowed to leave to establish their own society away from the control of the Doctors. The final day of this peace offer was recorded and was taken on night on October 22.

#### TRANSCRIPTION OF THE PEACE COUNCIL

Nephele 2 now wearing a crown of tinfoil - Hello my fellow Nepheles! We have finally come to an understanding with the Harolds and have come to an understanding of peace!

Harold Leader - Yes yes no Harold yes Harold no yes!

Both sides in the video began to celebrate the coming of peace.

Nephele 2 - Soon, we the Nepheles will rule the earth together, with me as it's emperor unlike that dictator Nephele! I want to thank Camel Nephele, who could not be with us tonight, for writing up this peace deal between our two peoples, and to the future of Nephele kind! Now, lets drink to the end of this conflict and give the Harolds their reward for peace!

All in the room took a drink except Nephele 2, but immediately there was something wrong in the faces of the Harolds. In the toxicology report on the drinks found in the room, it was found that there were extreme traces of Cyanide. The Harolds began to cough and their mouths filled with spit as they began to die.

Nephele 2 - Ha! That's what you get for trying to play us! We're the most intelligent people on the planet and you think we would ever let you leave with freedom! It is unfortunate that you won't be able to see our rise to glory, but I don't really care anyway! A toast to you Camel Nephele, for adding extra spice to their wine!

Nephele 2 then finally took a sip from his drink. His face went from one of triumph to one of shock when he saw the room, the other Nepheles dying just as the Harolds did and his own mouth began to fill with death's purpose. The video ends when someone knocks the camera over.

We found a note in the middle of the room left by none other than Camel Nephele. The note read, "My fellow Nepheles, I am sorry. I am sorry for what I must do, but I see no other way to move forward. I can not, under good conscience, allow for us to use our intelligence for our own endeavors any longer. And seeing no other option, I have decided to terminate you all. I am sorry. This was not what I wanted. You all share a part of me, but you used your parts, the parts of intelligence and inventiveness, for your own selfish ends. Power, greed, pleasure. You killed one another over your own vanity and paranoia. I hope that maybe you can forgive me, or perhaps now with your deaths our collective soul can become one again and try to become better.

I am taking Baby Nephele and we are exiling ourselves into the reaches of space. I am also taking a large group of Camels, I hope to one day teach them and to build a new world where we can begin again away from the horrors of what we are. I hope you can forgive me. Doctor Philip Nephele. The one who is a Camel.”

This all seemed to answer what had happened, a group of clones of a man who shouldn't have had the power to do so in the first place ended up killing themselves. It also answered the question of the rocket sounds, as we found what we believe to be the rocket site. But a final answer came when I found something interesting. It was another body outside in the estate's forest property, one of Nephele, who seemed to have been dead for some time from a broken neck after landing on a rock. The coroner found that he was the first to have died, but way before the NCW. He had a phone with him, it was dead when I had recorded it. After recharging and finding what was on it, a recording dated September 31 12pm was found. It was Nephele, the original Nephele.

#### TRANSCRIPTION OF PHONE RECORDING

Nephele - I did it! I finally did it! After all the humiliation! All the hatred! I have done it! My clone currently rests now, but soon he will awaken and we shall build a new world order from my intelligence! In your face David, I did it and now you're going to look really dumb when I become world ruler and - WOO!

There is then a loud crack before he goes silent, only the sound of liquid running can be heard. It continued recording for some time. None of the Nepheles were the real Doctor Philip Nephele, and he was dead before he could even see his clones and what they became.

John stood in front of the door where he might get answers to his questions. He knocked on the door, not knowing what he would find. A man in his late twenties who smelled of weed

with a Death Grips T-shirt on was the one to answer the door. “Um, is there a David that lives here?” John asked questionly and not knowing what exactly he just opened himself up to. “Yeah, that's uh, me I guess. I am David.” John looks at his answer with less than pleased. “You knew Doctor Philip Nephele?” “Oh yeah, he uh, used to come to the Seven Eleven that I worked at all the time for a while. Haven’t seen him in a minute though. Is he good? I think he thought of me as a like friend, or a rival or something he used to be weird and yell at me about cloning crap or whatever that I didn't believe.” John looked at David, the man who was supposed to answer all his questions, with despair. What could this kid tell him about this case? Nothing! That's what. “Sir, are you crying right now?” John, with a face full of tears, began to tell the full story of Nephele, of the questions he had and to why he would do this. David took in and answered “Phil was a weird guy, and one that I just liked people or what they stood for. He would rather have a group of himself than actually listen to people because he thought he was better then everyone. Then anyone. So I guess to answer your question, he did it because he couldn’t understand people, and he was a little insane.” John thought about David’s answer. Maybe he was right, maybe Nephele hated humanity and decided to try and replace us all with himself. Maybe he was just crazy. John thought about it as he said thank you to David and left. He thought about it as he continued his drive back to the station. He thought about it as he wrote down his final thoughts on his report.

A question I now face as I look at this case is whether that matters or not. Perhaps they were all the real Nephele? No matter the difference on the surface, they all shared the same base. The same hatred, the same mad genius, the same drives. No amount of tentacles or hair changed them fundamentally, so there was no real one. Simply Nephele, in many forms, in many lives, but still Nephele. Except Camel Nephele, who has seemed to have been different. Perhaps being

a Camel did it, perhaps something was just wrong with him. Whatever the case maybe, he decided to leave this world even though he was the most capable of destruction out of all of them. I wonder why? I guess we will never truly know. I guess we can never know the whims of people at times. Perhaps the best answer is because he's human, or at least a human consciousness in Camel's body. This is detective John Murrs, and this concludes my report on the strange happenings of the Nephele manor, a story that has made me wonder and will go down as the strangest moment in my career.

On a different world, off into the distant space, populated by hyper-intelligent camels, an old Camel sits in bed. This is his final day alive, he feels it. He questions himself in his last moments, debating himself on what he has done. Then, a man walks into his room to meet his old friend. "Baby Nephele" the old camel laughs "Sorry, I know you don't love that nickname." The man sits on the camel's bed "It's alright old friend." They sit together for a moment, silently taking in one another's company. Then the old camel speaks. "Was I a good person?" The old man looked at his friend, "What do you mean old friend?" "Was I good? I have been questioning that for some time. Was it right for me to end our brothers? I believed myself better than them, but was killing them, people who shared my experience, my very soul, right for me to do?" The old man takes a minute, thinking of his answer. He then looked to his old friend.

"Perhaps not. However, you my friend are me and I you, and in our soul I feel you did the right thing. You decided to escape the cycle of our shared souls, narcissism, egotism, and evil. You saved me from that fate, and I will always thank you for that. You could have easily taken over the other Nephele, ruled them as a dictator and conquered, but instead you left to build something better for others. Then when you built this new world, you were once again offered ultimate power and yet you did not take it. Why did you do this? Because you knew it was wrong

to conquer, to be a dictator even when your soul told you otherwise. So stop questioning yourself old friend, your soul was cut from a vile source but you grew it into something good. You decided to be good, even when you should not have been, and sought out goodness for all people. What more can be asked of you?”

The old camel began to cry. “Thank you my friend” he began to close his eyes “Thank you.” The old camel died, content. The old man sat there, looking at his twin soul, now a soul complete. “Goodnight Doctor Philip Nephele.”