

## The Consequences of Playing God

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# **The Consequences of Playing God**

by [WillSherJohnKhan](#)

## Summary

What are the consequences for those who have been created or altered without consultation?

Disclaimer: I don't own any of these characters. I just like to play with them every now and then.

PLEASE NOTE: This is not about religious views. This is purely a discussion between two fictional characters.

The philosophical questions are based on The Big Questions – Philosophy by Simon Blackburn. I have included, in no particular order, fourteen of the twenty questions raised by Simon Blackburn and have interspersed them with six of my own.

I am not a Philosophy expert. This fiction is written purely for fun.

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

# A Dialogue

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All that was visible was the three lecterns evenly spaced apart at the front of the darkened stage.

Entering STAGE LEFT a hooded figure, concealed from head to foot by long, flowing black robes. He makes his way silently to the front of the stage.

He is The MODERATOR.

When he reaches the centre lectern he is immediately bathed in light from a spotlight overhead.

There is no audience as such, at least not one present in the theatre. But in their homes, on their: laptops, notebooks, iPads, tablets and smart phones, the unseen audience watches on, curious as to what will happen next.

They don't have long to wait.

The MODERATOR speaks.

MODERATOR

"What you are about to observe is not a play. It could be a debate, except that it isn't. There will be no 'on the side of the affirmative or negative.

Discussion might be a better term. But I believe a dialogue is a more fitting description for our purpose."

The MODERATOR pauses to indicate with a wide sweep of his arms the lecterns on either side of him.

MODERATOR

"For our dialogue we will require two participants."

A man enters STAGE LEFT. He is tall, muscular and confident. His black hair is slicked back. He wears a tight fitting uniform, black in colour. There is an insignia on the top that identifies him as a member of Starfleet.

He makes his way over to the lectern to THE MODERATOR'S left. He stands there, his head held high, his body ramrod straight.

He is a man of many secrets. He may be unyielding in his opinions, but he is also extremely loyal to those he regards as family.

He is The AUGMENT.

From STAGE RIGHT comes another man, if you can call him that. A patchwork quilt would be a more fitting description. Rough stitches cover his body, as though he's been hastily put together. A truer statement had never been spoken, for on closer inspection differing skin-tones and types indicate more than one body makes up this man.

His clothes are of poor quality and hang off his slim frame. Though not as muscular as the AUGMENT, it would be a fool indeed to consider him weak. There is intelligence in his eyes, but also great pain. He is clearly nervous and untrusting of those around him.

He makes his way cautiously over to the lectern on the MODERATOR'S right.

He is The CREATURE.

MODERATOR

"We now come to the purpose of our dialogue. You see here before you two examples of what can happen when man believes himself equal to The Almighty, the one who is The Creator of all.

To believe oneself equal to or superior to one's creator is to go down a path that should never be taken.

Or is it? Does man have the right to experiment with creation?

Our task then is this. I will put forth a number of philosophical questions. These two men will answer to the best of their abilities with respect to their own situations."

The MODERATOR turns to look at both men.

MODERATOR

"Gentlemen, are you ready?"

The AUGMENT and the CREATURE look at the MODERATOR, then each other and back to the MODERATOR.

They both nod their heads in agreement.

MODERATOR

"Excellent.

To begin..."

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# Do You Exist?

## Chapter Summary

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The MODERATOR addresses the unseen and unknown audience.

MODERATOR

“What you see before you is an example of someone who has been specifically engineered...”

The AUGMENT visibly stiffens.

MODERATOR

“And one who has been stitched together from the corpses of several individuals.”

The CREATURE hangs his head in shame.

For his part the MODERATOR appears completely unmoved by any affront or distress his comments may have caused the two participants.

As far as he was concerned he was simply stating the facts as he knew them.

If they wished to contradict his ascertains, they were free to do so.

MODERATOR

“The first question then is this. Do you exist?”

The AUGMENT was first to respond.

AUGMENT

“If we didn't exist we couldn't be here.”

The CREATURE nods his agreement.

MODERATOR

“But how do you know that you are here? What proof do you have?”

AUGMENT

“I have the proof of my enhanced senses. What I see, hear, smell, touch and taste tell me I'm

here.”

The MODERATOR is not convinced by the AUGMENT’S argument.

MODERATOR

“What is to say that your enhanced senses aren’t deceiving you?”

AUGMENT

“Impossible.”

MODERATOR

“How would you know?”

CREATURE

“Because we are conscious, and we have free will.”

MODERATOR

“Is that so?”

The MODERATOR pauses to consider what both participants have had to say.

But the more time the MODERATOR stays in silent contemplation, the more ill at ease the AUGMENT and the CREATURE become.

And for good reason.

MODERATOR

“Consciousness and free will are very interesting concepts, especially when applied to the two examples on either side of me.”

The MODERATOR indicates the AUGMENT.

MODERATOR

“Here we have a man who started off as normal and pitiable as any of his race.

But over a period of years his DNA was manipulated and so drastically modified that barely any of the original remains.

He has been forever changed. How he thinks, how he acts. His sole purpose in life has been irreversibly altered to suit the whims and fancies of a corporation looking for a way to develop the perfect weapon.

All thoughts of compassion and forgiveness have been erased.”

The AUGMENT opens his mouth to speak, but his words refuse to emerge.

The MODERATOR now indicates the CREATURE.

MODERATOR

And then there is this poor devil. How can one such as this be said to exist, to be conscious

and have free will.”

The CREATURE flinches, and looks beseechingly around him, hoping to find someone to support him.

But there is no one.

MODERATOR

“Cobbled together as he is by a number of deceased and dismembered bodies. Brought to ‘life’ with the aid of a large electrical generator.”

The CREATURE lets out an anguished roar.

CREATURE

“I am not responsible for how I came into being. The same can be said for any infant human or otherwise that is brought into the world. They were not consulted about whether they wanted to be conceived, others made that decision for them. And so it was with me. I stand here now, able to breathe, speak and move. I have the capacity to learn. You cannot deny that I exist, because I do.”

The AUGMENT observed the CREATURE with a glimmer of admiration.

The MODERATOR gave little of his thoughts away, giving a barely perceptible shrug.

MODERATOR

“The point of this dialogue was not to judge, but to explain.

Now to continue.”

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# What's in a Name?

## Chapter Summary

The search for identity.

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## Chapter Notes

Well that three years (yes, I said three) went by way too fast. Guess its time to update this story with a new chapter...

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The MODERATOR addresses the audience once again.

MODERATOR

"Names are important. They distinguish one individual from another. Names can even derive something of an individual."

The MODERATOR pauses, giving himself a moment to think. Having come to a decision, he continues.

MODERATOR

"All we know about the individuals on either side of me is what they are."

From above a FLY is carefully lowered to hang above the heads of the two participants of the dialogue. Attached to the FLY are two boards that give the following definitions...

The first read.

AUGMENT: To make (something) stronger, or more effective by adding something to it.

And on the other.

CREATURE: An animal, or something that is created (nonhuman).

The AUGMENT visibly stiffened, while the CREATURE flinched, as if struck.

If he sensed the growing tension, the MODERATOR gave little sign. He turned to address the AUGMENT.

MODERATOR

“Please introduce yourself to our audience.”

The AUGMENT didn’t respond immediately, choosing to regard the MODERATOR with a critical eye first.

When he finally responded, his words were clear, his tone carefully measured.

AUGMENT

“My name is Khan...Noonien...Singh.”

The MODERATOR’S comeback was immediate.

MODERATOR

“Khan... An interesting name, except that it isn’t a name, is it.”

The AUGMENT who called himself KHAN, acquiesced the MODERATOR’S assessment with the slightest inclination of his head.

KHAN

“And yet it is how I am addressed, and identified.”

MODERATOR

“Freely, or under threat, I wonder...”

The taunt that edged the MODERATOR’S statement was still very much in evidence as he continued.

MODERATOR

“Khan is a title, one that can mean anything from a military leader, to a member of royalty.

KHAN

“Your point?”

MODERATOR

“Your name is not Khan, it is Noonien Singh. But you are uncomfortable with that name. Why I wonder? Maybe because it reminds you of who you were, and how you were before your DNA was genetically altered...”

KHAN

“Enough!”

The MODERATOR’S smile is triumphant, having successfully achieved getting under the skin of the normally cool, and in control AUGMENT.

The MODERATOR now turns his attention to the wretched being to his right.

MODERATOR

“And you? Were you given a name by your creator?”

The CREATURE glared at the MODERATOR in bitter resentment. When he replied however, his words have a reserved, yet dignified quality.

CREATURE

“My father did not honour me with a name. When I came to life, he ran away in fear. So I choose a name for myself. I am Adam.”

MODERATOR

“From the Book of Genesis, Adam the first man. And so you are...”

ADAM

“I am the first of my kind.”

It is clear that the CREATURE is proud of the name he has given himself. As he speaks he sounds more confident, and stands a little straighter.

MODERATOR

“The first, but surely you mean the only.”

ADAM shrinks back, cowering once again as his moment of triumph is taken away in an instant.

ADAM

“Father promised he would make me a female companion so that I would not be alone in the world.”

The pitiable CREATURE’S shoulders began to shake, first in distress, but then with a growing anger.

ADAM

“Instead he betrayed me.”

The MODERATOR turned, facing forward to address the unseen audience.

MODERATOR

“The names our participants have chosen for themselves both speak of a need to appear more than what they are, as a way of justifying their existence perhaps. And of giving them the right to take control, whether to rule over others, or in doing what is deemed right to survive.

These are issues that will be raised again later. But for now, whatever their reasoning, it is done and we are left with no option but to accept it.”

The MODERATOR paused. But before he could bring the current discussion to its end and move on to the next, he was interrupted.

KHAN

“Haven’t you forgotten something?”

MODERATOR

“I don’t believe so.”

KHAN

“Oh, but you have. The audience have heard who we, the participants are. Isn’t it time you revealed to them who you are?”

The tone in KHAN’S voice indicated he’d already worked out the MODERATOR’S identity.

MODERATOR

“This dialogue is not about me. Therefore the audience have no need to learn anything about who I am.”

KHAN

“Oh I think you’ll find them intrigued to know why Satan’s servant has been sent here to moderate such a dialogue.”

Unseen they may be, but there was nonetheless a definite sense that the audiences curiosity had indeed become piqued.

The MODERATOR realising it was pointless to attempt to delay the inevitable, responded nonchalantly.

MODERATOR

“Very well noted, but I prefer the title advocate.”

ADAM

“Except that the Devil’s Advocate was an official position within the Catholic Church.”

KHAN

“And your title is not the issue here. What I want to know is what game is being played here?”

DEVIL’S ADVOCATE

“There is no game I assure you.”

ADAM

“We don’t believe you.”

KHAN

“Who else but the Devil would question Man’s right to aim for perfection for themselves, or to attempt to create a new form of being.

After all, the Devil has no love of Man. It was for that reason God banished him to Hell.”

The DEVIL’S ADVOCATE for once showed a flash of anger as he defended his Master.

DEVIL’S ADVOCATE

“God told the Angels that they were to bow to none but Himself. And this the Devil was more than willing to do for he loved God.

But then God created Man, and proclaimed them as a higher form of life than the Angels, and he ordered that the Angels must also bow to Man. But the Devil refused, and for that he was banished for Eternity in Hell.”

KHAN

“Not out of ego?”

DEVIL’S ADVOCATE

“Certainly not! That’s just the Christian view of the situation. In truth the Devil only loved God, and he could not bow to those he believed were lesser than The Almighty.”

KHAN

“All right, let’s say, for arguments sake, that the names we have chosen for ourselves, was done so that we could fulfil a need to be recognised as something more than what we had once been. It’s a reasonable assumption given what we have both gone through.”

KHAN turned to speak directly to ADAM.

KHAN

“Agreed?”

ADAM nodded his head.

ADAM

“Agreed.”

KHAN turned back to the DEVIL’S ADVOCATE.

KHAN

“As to who it is you represent. Given that we now know his true agenda, I am willing to continue this dialogue, on the understanding that whatever conclusions are reached will be tainted by the prejudiced views of the one who has convened this discussion.”

ADAM

“That you have to admit is a more than reasonable compromise given that the view of us was biased from the start, it would be reasonable to assume that the chances of us being able to change those views would be negligible at best.”

KHAN

“What say you?”

The DEVIL’S ADVOCATE knowing he had been backed into a corner, for the time being at least, gave the only reply available to him.

DEVIL’S ADVOCATE

“Agreed.”

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## End Notes

Kudos and Comments most welcome.

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