

You knew it. They were always trying to steal your work. The throngs of glorified technicians who wanted your glory, the glory that rightfully belonged to you. The first time you went to a conference, your adviser made you present. You knew it was a bad idea: you had hot stuff, and someone would jump on it. But Dr. Marten said you had to learn to present. She forced it on you. You knew better. Three months later, Dr. Carlson had scooped you. They got the work out first. Dr. Marten still claimed that it was just coincidence, but you knew better. The next time you saw the thief at a conference, you punched him in the face. You couldn't help it. The way he smiled at you. He was gloating. He never said anything, but you know he was gloating.

You got kicked out of the conference, but it was worth it. Now you just try to avoid conferences. All those vultures hovering over each others' work. You've worked so hard, but no one recognizes it. You can't publish until everything is perfect, or someone might steal your ideas. Your thesis was a thing of beauty. It came out in Science. You were a little afraid to apply to fellowships and tell everyone your ideas, but you knew you had to. You were so scared you put it off until the last night, and then threw the whole thing together. You felt terrible the next day. No one was going to fund such a piece of crap. It was a waste.

But the fellowship came through anyway. With your own money, you were more independent. You worked on your own project. People didn't bother you about it too much, and that was good. You tried recruiting a few undergrads to help, but you knew you couldn't really trust them. You made it work, though. All on your own, you made new discoveries in gene modification in viruses. When the government offered you the job at Project Resonance, you jumped on it immediately. The government would never get angry at you for not presenting at conferences. In the government, you could keep your work secret. It was classified. That was the point. No one would steal your work again.

Who you know:

Dr. Pollan is the sort of plodding scientist you have to watch out for. Even on the same project, you have to be careful that slow minded scientists like this don't get credit for the work you do.

Dr. White is one of the few people who really seems to understand your concern. Dr. White is almost as cautious as you are, which almost engenders your trust. Not enough to share the credit that is rightfully yours, of course.

Assistant Carlisle is trying to steal your work. Carlisle is trying to get on to someone's grant here to get funding in graduate school. Carlisle came to you once, but you knew better. Carlisle is just a leach. You're better off alone.

Dr. Roma was a graduate student of Dr. Carlson, that fraud who stole your work. You could never trust someone who would work with Dr. Carlson.