

Tesla The Immortal

The following is a work of fiction, take none of it at face value.

Alice Monaghan turned the doorknob to Tesla's room, ignoring the do not disturb sign and the instructions of the previous maid. Blindly, she brought her cleaning cart into the cramped hotel room, but paused in horror when she noticed what lay on the bed. A dead Nikola Tesla sat on the bed, composed in his finest evening attire, and laying above the crisply made sheets. It appeared as if he had been placed there by a skilled mortician. This was, however, impossible because Tesla had instructed the previous maid not to disturb him two days ago, and he hadn't been seen since.

Alice spoke up, unsure if he was truly dead, "Mr. Tesla? Are you asleep. Please just be asleep. Mr. Tesla?" He gave no answer, but a small device, clutched in his hand just above his chest, sputtered and Mr. Tesla's indistinguishable voice boomed from it, "I am dead woman! Fetch Kosanovic!" Alice ran in fear and nearly forgot to call the police when she reached the lobby.

Swezey, an employee and friend of Tesla, and Kosanovic, Tesla's nephew, were the first to arrive. The hotel manager approached them in a disheveled state, "Gentlemen please follow me. I'll open Mr. tesla's room for you but I leave any business in that room entirely to you."

The manager could hardly open the lock fast enough and as soon as the tumblers clicked he was halfway to the lobby. Swezey looked at Kosanovic and they shrugged in unison. Kosanovic was the first to peek his head in and found exactly what one would not expect in a

recently dead man's room. Tesla's desk was neatly kept, with all his papers evenly stacked and organized, and a freshly handwritten letter sitting in the middle. Tesla's clothes were neatly placed into the few pieces of luggage that Tesla owned and his personal effects were laid out on bathroom table as if to present the model hygienic kit for a man in his eighties.

Swezey was the first to investigate the letter and turned to Kosavic saying, "It's in Serbian."

"Strange. Uncle only writes in Serbian if his recipient is Serbian. Who's it addressed to?"

"You."

Kosavic swept up the letter and began reading it with an unprecedented ferocity. As he reached the end Kosavic exclaimed audibly in Serbian, "The future has always been mine."

"What?" inquired Swezey.

"It's just an old quote uncle made to a reporter and an apology about the safe."

"An apology?"

Kosavic read from the paper, "I'm so sorry I couldn't have made better preparations as my health is failing fast and my device was losing its charge. For the safe I have no advice beyond hiring a locksmith. I have honestly forgotten it's combination."

"I'll call the locksmith then," replied Swezey.

As Swezey left for the phone Kosavic leaned towards his uncle's sunken body and whispered to himself again in Serbian, "The future has always been mine."

"Hello Kosavic," boomed the device in Tesla's hand. A small holographic figure leapt from the circular metal disk. The figure was in the complete likeness of a younger Tesla and held the same vibrant colors of his black hair and blue eyes. "Oh Swezey, you're here too? The more the better," continued the small figure. The holographic Tesla then danced across his corpse to

the edge of the bed and leapt across to his desk. “Kosavic, if you could be so kind as to open the second drawer on the left for me please?” Kosavic bewilderedly obliged. “Now take that old Edison medal and place it beneath the metal disk in my late hands if you will.” Kosavic obeyed. The disk, upon contacting the pure gold, began to sputter and hum. Kosavic jumped back and nearly fell out the window behind him. The device made quick work of the medal and soon the gold was gone and the metal disk was seen to glow.

“There. That should be enough gold to run my device for the foreseeable future,” chimed the Holo-Tesla.

“Uncle is that truly you?” inquired Kosavic.

“In my entirety.”

“How did you achieve it?” added Swezey.

“When I was visited by one of my favorite pigeons a few months ago I had a fantastic vision. Light shone from its eyes and I knew that my life’s accomplishments were through for I could never surpass that wondrous creature. The light burned into me and I had a final vision. I saw, like I did in Budapest in my youth, a grand invention, but this one was to be my last. A device to extend myself. And that is now what you see before you. I am Nikola Tesla in whole and I have done what I was never able to do through my whole lifetime while in that mortal shell over there. I have escaped every last cent of my debt.”

“Is this all this was for?” asked Kosavic and Swezey in unison.

“Of course not! Can I not joke in this new form?”

The three conversed and talked of all the intricacies of the device until the footsteps of a mortician could be heard approaching. In panic Kosavic scooped up the metal disc and placed it in his suit pocket.

The mortician walked in and nodded at the two, which was really three. “Gentlemen. I was so sad to hear the news.”

Quickly the mortician set about his work and in no time came to a conclusion. “Coronary Thrombosis. Yesterday, 10:30 PM.”

“He’s off by about an hour,” whispered the Tesla in Kosavic’s pocket.

“Shh!” replied Kosavic.

“I beg your pardon?” inquired the mortician.

“Oh nothing sir. Do we set about doing anything or shall we leave you to your business sir. I have a call to make,” interjected Swezey.

“Oh yes, I’ll just have to wrap him up and then ferry him to the morgue. I take it you two will handle the rest of his affairs?”

“Oh yes sir.”

The two quickly made from the room and Kosavic and Swezey grabbed the first two phones in the lobby they could find. Swezey called the locksmith and Kosavic phoned a well known scientist that he believed should know the news. Louis Adamic picked up the phone, “Yes?”

“Don’t believe ‘em.”

“What?”

“Uncle’s not truly dead. That’s all I can tell you for now.”

“Wait, what?!”

Kosavic hung up and somewhere in Manhattan an FBI phone tapper took off his headset. The agent looked up to his supervisor and said, “Should we bring Kosavic in?”

“No, he’s an ambassador. Get whatever he has from Tesla a different way.”

“How?”

“He’s Serbian. Call the Office of alien property.”

“But he’s not an alien?”

“Then make him one. We can’t let anyone else know what sort of mad inventions Tesla was working on. We’re in a war agent.”

Agent Trump turned back to his phone. “Yes this is agent Trump from the FBI.... Yes I did dial the right number.... Yes ‘The Office of Alien Property’ was the intended phone address.... I need to speak to your director.... Hello director, yes this is agent Trump, I need you to look into the affairs of the late Mr. Tesla. It seems that his personal effects have been taken from his safe by one Mr. Kosavic.... Yes, I understand he was a U.S. citizen, but you see, his certificate of naturalization was taken from said safe.... No you don’t understand Tesla’s papers **were seized**.... Oh are you saying that you are non-compliant? Could you then connect me to your vice director?... Oh you’ll put the order through right away? How pleasing.”

Agent Trump hung up his phone, which the moment he placed it began ringing again. “Hello, Federal Bureau of Investigation, New York district.... Yes this is he... I don’t think I fully understand your request... I don’t currently have possession of the Tesla papers.... No I wasn’t aware that the defense depar-.... No I understand the necessity of his research to the department.... No I am currently working on acquiring his effects.... No I understand that you have the defense secretary on the line.... No I’ll have the papers as soon as I can.... Yes, yes, yes, I’ll be sure to send them over immediately once I have them.”

Trump sighed and placed down his phone with a heavy sigh. He had barely been able to rest his head in his arms then his phone rang again. "Federal Bureau of Investigation, New York district.... No I'm not in possession of the Tesla papers at this moment-"

Nikola Tesla was not truly dead, but he had escaped. He was free from the world's turmoils, from the struggle to pay his hotel rent, from the constant sorrow of his Serbian brothers in Europe, from the Great Depression in his adopted home country, and from the woes of mortal men, but "In almost every nation in the world, the fighting and dying continued."