

The gene machine and me

The following is an edited excerpt.

It's a fresh April morning in 2012 when I head to Connecticut to see a man about a genome. Not just any genome, but my own.

I want to learn my own biological secrets. I want to get a look at the unique DNA sequence that defines my physical quirks, characteristics, and traits, including my nearsighted blue eyes, my freckles, my type O-positive blood, and possibly some lurking predisposition to disease that will kill me in the end. So I'm not going to see just any man, but the mad scientist of genomics himself, an inventor and entrepreneur who has upended the business of genetic sequencing once before—and now appears to be doing it again.

Read the full article here: [The Gene Machine and Me](#)