

# Where Ideas Bloom



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by ChatGPT in collaboration with David Rodríguez

My name is Lior. I'm nine and a half. Mom says that already makes me almost a scientist, because ever since we arrived on planet Hemera, everything has turned into an experiment: eating, sleeping, breathing, even getting bored.

The first time I stepped on this red, cracked ground, I imagined it was a giant piece of burnt toast. I laughed to myself. No one else did. Adults don't laugh as much since Earth died.

Dad was one of the lead engineers of the Exodus mission. He used to say this planet had everything we needed to start over: underground water, minerals, an almost breathable atmosphere. But in the end, Hemera turned out to be more hostile than we thought. Days last forty hours, the cold is piercing, and it rains salt crystals that corrode anything they touch.

We've been living underground for almost two years. In the first months, we tried everything: hydroponic crops, pressurized domes, even harvesting robots. But nothing works. Food is scarce. There are arguments all the time. I hide in my sketchbook.

My favorite place is the recycling room. Not because it smells nice (it smells like old metal and shoes), but because there I can find pieces of things that once had a purpose. I like imagining what they could be used for again.

One afternoon, while everyone was in a meeting about extreme rationing, I was playing with a transparent sphere I had found among the scraps. It was part of an old solar generator. I held it up to a thermal lamp and saw how the light bent inside it, casting sparks on the ceiling.

Then I thought: What if plants could also play with the light? What if they could hide from the cold at night and only come out when it's warm, like the bugs on Earth?

That idea got me so excited I ran to tell Ava, the engineer. Adults don't usually like being interrupted, but she always listens to me. I explained about the spheres, the light, and how they could be used to protect seeds until "the day wants to play."

Ava looked at me with wide eyes. She didn't say anything at first, just asked me to show her what I had drawn. I showed her my rough sketches, with doodles of smiling plants under glowing balls.

A few days later, the technicians began working on something new: a kind of photosensitive dome. They called them Smart Bloom Pods. They used recycled materials and a thermo-reactive gel that absorbed daylight and released it slowly at night, keeping the temperature stable to allow growth.

The incredible thing was that it worked. Within a week, the first modified kale seeds began to sprout. After two months, we had our first edible leaves-no need for giant domes or extra energy. The taste was odd, but no one complained. Even Dad cried when he tried them.

After that, everyone wanted to talk to me. They asked for ideas, drawings, even names for new inventions. But what I liked most was seeing how, for the first time in a long while, the adults spoke to each other without shouting. Some even smiled.

Ava told me ideas are like seeds: small, sometimes invisible, but if you give them the right space and light, they can grow into something that changes everything.

I don't know if that's true for everyone, but there are still many blank pages in my notebook. And now I know they're worth filling.