The Community

A series of familiar vibrations gently shook my wrist, informing me it was time to wake up. Begrudgingly, I passed my hand over the implant on my wrist where Genie, my A.I, had been attached at the age of seven. She greeted me with a polite, “Good morning”, and began to spew her daily report; I had slept for exactly four hours, needed to replenish several nutrients, and was going to be late if I didn’t get a move on. “It seems you still have alcohol in your system”, Genie noted with a slightly condescending tone. There was a loud rattle as my daily cocktail of supervitamins and supplements fell into a small cup by my bathroom sink. *Plink*. *Plink*. *Plink*. Today, there was a red ibuprofen pill amongst its brightly colored brothers and sisters. I groaned and tried to roll back into bed, but a flare of sunlight burst into my bedroom as she removed the tint from my windows. The morning was on its way.

On my way out of The Community I stopped at the gardens and picked out my breakfast. The gardens always held an abundance of food, grown lush by the machines that drank in the sun’s precious juices. Genie advised a palette of fruits and vegetables to counteract the subtle remnants of a hangover, noting the benefits of potassium, electrolytes, and so on. The succulent juices dribbled down my chin as I returned to my walk; I closed my eyes briefly to savor the perfect ripeness of my chosen peach, and silently thanked The Community for such nutritious, tasty food. This thought was interrupted by Genie, “The train will be arriving at exactly 8:00 AM, please do not allow yourself to be late.” I sighed, and picked up the pace.

The train was always on time. In the eleven years since getting my A.I, the train had never once been late, although I had managed it a couple of times. I arrived at the station with a few minutes to spare, and Genie took the opportunity to fill me in on my schedule. “Today, you will be studying the history of solar panels”, she cooed, informing me of the drastic importance of such a topic. “Without them society as we know it could not exist - man would still be burning fossil fuels, pouring toxins into the atmosphere, and fighting wars over-” I cut her off. There would be plenty of time for my history lesson once I had arrived at The Library, and I was still a little hungover. The station groaned an informative tone as a behemoth slid into the station. Its doors opened with a crisp snap, and people began to pour into the train. I paused for a moment to appreciate the sheer size of the vehicle, and realized that Genie was right - the trains ran entirely on solar power, and I could not fathom how mankind got around before such technology had been invented.

The train arrived at the Library at exactly 8:15, as it always did. I followed a swarm of youth up the grand staircase that was adorned by two statues; Bill Gates and Steve Jobs peered down at us with clever smirks, the fathers of modern technology. Genie beeped a small beep of delight and began to note, “Without the primitive computers designed by these men, I would have never been creat-”. I told her to hush. I found my way to the far corner of the Library and sat down, shaking off the last of my hangover as I plugged my wrist into the terminal. My field of vision began to blur as the system came online, replacing it with a virtual representation of the year 2025. Genie began to narrate the scene, “Long before the development of autocrops, light trains, and artificial intelligence, mankind generated power from fossil fuels, natural gas, and other finite resources…”

Just another day in paradise.