



MEMOIRS OF A HELPLESS MAN

CET MUN 2025

CET MUN 2025

DIARY OF SECRETARY GENERAL ABHIMANYU PRADEEP DECEMBER 18, 2025 UNITED NATIONS HEADQUARTERS, NEW YORK

"Even silence becomes a scream when uttered by history."

Tonight, I cannot sleep. Not after Kyiv.

The city fell three days ago. I watched the livestream with a clenched jaw and an empty stomach, the black smoke swirling over Maidan Square, the red flag rising on the shelled roof of the Parliament, the President's last broadcast severed mid-sentence. They say the Russians reached the Dnieper by dawn. Claiming it as a '*historical boundary*'. That phrase, so calm, so precise, so monstrously civil hides a thousand ruptured spines beneath it.

The Security Council met in an emergency session. Russia wore its victory like cologne: pungent, invasive, cloying. The Ambassador spoke in riddles, historical grievances, "Slavic unities," the failure of diplomacy. China abstained, as always. The West sputtered in half-unified outrage. But everyone knows the truth: NATO will not intervene. Ukraine was never Article 5.

I watched the Polish ambassador glare across the chamber. The fire behind his eyes was not just grief, it was betrayal. Poland, Czechia, Romania, the Baltics, they are already rearming. I've seen the briefings. Drones. Logistics. Border reshuffling. Quiet coordination.

France and Germany urge calm, but I see the fatigue in their posture. They are broke, recession-bound, and paralyzed by the phantom limb of a unity that no longer reaches the toes. Italy is drifting. Its delegate barely attended today's closed session. But I've heard whispers, naval movements in the Adriatic, special ops revived under new command. Rome may be unstable, but it remembers the empire.

This is not 1939. And yet something smells the same.

I feel the old fault lines waking, East and West, nation and bloc, history and myth. We kept peace through bureaucracy and treaties. But tonight I wonder if the age of ink and handshake is ending.

My office still smells faintly of jasmine from the Secretary's parting gift last week, a token from Kyoto. A place I now miss like a lost parent. There, autumn softens even the cruelest wind. Here, it howls through the marble halls and reminds me how brittle institutions are.

Sometimes I think about Ban, about Kofi, whether they ever felt as impotent as I do now. We are custodians of a world built after the apocalypse. And I fear we are sleepwalking into another. Tomorrow, I will meet the General Assembly. I will speak of peace, dialogue, restraint. But tonight, I write this in the dark, where truth feels less traitorous.

The order we knew is cracking. The century's true storm may have just begun.

— Abhimanyu

CET MUN 2025

DIARY OF SECRETARY GENERAL ABHIMANYU PRADEEP NOVEMBER 12, 2028 UN HEADQUARTERS, NEW YORK CITY

History no longer walks forward. It jerks, pivots, spins in place. Sometimes I think it is mocking us.

Donald Trump has secured a third term. The world will debate the legality. But inside these walls, no one is debating the implications. The opposition collapsed under the weight of its own contradictions. Three Democratic candidates split three crucial states. Independents scattered like starlings. The old system choked on its own procedures.

Trump didn't need to win with grace. He only needed the others to lose badly.

What surrounds him now is still stranger. Elon Musk's AI political interface, "CIVICA," has birthed a kind of techno-movement. It promises efficiency over ideology, decision-making freed from human error, government by code. No emotions, no corruption, no compromise. I read his press release three times. There was not a single mention of democracy.

Then there is Kanye West, who returned like an unquiet prophet. His rallies blur the lines between religion, activism, and spectacle. He preaches justice in poetry, promises reparation in music. He talks of burning down the institutions, metaphorically, but the sparks he casts are catching fire. Young progressives chant his slogans like gospel. It feels less like a campaign and more like a cultural insurrection.

The United States is no longer a divided nation. It is now a fractured reality. Three visions. No shared premise.

And the world feels it.

Switzerland has begun convening what they now call post-institutional dialogue forums. I received a summary from Geneva this morning. Attendees include nation-states, transnational corporations, AI consortiums, and a few private defense blocs. Not all of them are members of the UN. Not all of them are human.

No one speaks of replacing us. Not openly. But they have stopped waiting for us. This morning, I sat alone in the General Assembly Hall. The flags stood in silence, each one heavy with meaning, each one slightly more irrelevant than yesterday. I whispered the names of the nations under my breath. It sounded like a prayer. Or an elegy.

We are entering a world where power is fluid, not rooted. Where legitimacy is no longer inherited, but *performed*, through influence, platforms, code, charisma. We are relics. And the museum is still open, but the crowds have moved on.

Tonight, I walk past the portraits of my predecessors. Some wore optimism like armor. Others carried tragedy like a crown. I wonder what I should wear. And for how much longer.

— Abhimanyu

CET MUN 2025

DIARY OF SECRETARY GENERAL ABHIMANYU PRADEEP MARCH 3, 2030 UN HEADQUARTERS, NEW YORK CITY

It happened too fast for even the diplomats to lie about it.

Taipei fell in thirty-six hours. Thirty-six hours to dismantle decades of international posturing, arms deals, alliance systems, and assurances. No declaration. No prolonged build-up. Just precision strikes, information warfare, port seizures, and before the Security Council could even draft a statement, the red flag was raised on the Presidential Office Building.

We are trained to speak in languages that delay panic. But this? This was decisive. It was *final*. The world didn't just watch. It blinked, and it was done.

When I entered the Security Council chamber this morning, there was a strange quiet. No shouting. No speeches. Just silence thick with the weight of irrelevance. The US called it a violation of international law. China responded that there is no such thing when it comes to internal affairs. Russia nodded without needing to speak.

North Korea shocked even the Chinese delegation. They issued a statement criticizing Beijing for acting unilaterally, for taking Taiwan but not using the moment to "complete the peninsula." For years, Pyongyang played the loyal dog at China's heel. Today, it barked. Loudly. And with envy.

That envy may curdle into something far more dangerous.

Indonesia is already feeling the pressure. Chinese maritime patrols are thicker around the Natuna Sea. Fishing boats go missing. Civilian radio frequencies pick up military interference. Jakarta is moving cautiously but deliberately, making calls to Seoul, to Delhi, even to Tokyo under the table. Quiet balancing. No flags. Just whispered commitments.

India, as always, plays its long game. The official statement condemned "all escalations that undermine peace and stability." It said everything. It said nothing. Delhi's eyes are fixed elsewhere. It has become too wise, or too jaded, to act on behalf of ideals it no longer believes in.

And here at the UN, I begin to feel like the priest in a crumbling cathedral. The people still come. The choir still sings. But the gods are long gone.

My staff asked if we should convene an emergency special session of the General Assembly. I said yes, but I wonder if it matters. What can we offer? Speeches? Resolutions? The paper armor of principle?

I am haunted by the precision of the invasion. Not just the military aspect, but the narrative. China framed it as a bloodless reunification. They broadcast images of soldiers handing out water bottles, not bullets. They filled the web with testimonials from actors, AI-generated praise, doctored live feeds showing life returning to 'normal.'



CET MUN 2025

DIARY OF SECRETARY GENERAL ABHIMANYU PRADEEP MARCH 3, 2030 UN HEADQUARTERS, NEW YORK CITY

And people believed it. Or chose to.

I write this while staring at a world map on my office wall. The borders look so certain on paper. So clean. So fictional.

And amidst all this, rumours of transmissions, sermons, preachers and fanatics echo from the middle east, all seem to be chanting the same name, the same idea. I cannot fathom right now what this entails. Perhaps time will tell, perhaps...time will be kind.

I do not know what the next war will look like. But I fear it will not begin with tanks. It will begin with belief.

— Abhimanyu



CET MUN 2025

DIARY OF SECRETARY GENERAL ABHIMANYU PRADEEP JUNE 14, 2032 UN HEADQUARTERS, NEW YORK CITY

I was mid-sentence, preparing a statement on maritime sovereignty, when the room stopped breathing.

The alert came through every channel at once. Not a rumor, not speculation, a direct transmission from Washington's emergency response bureau. Donald J. Trump, former President, current candidate for a fourth term, was assassinated in Atlanta. A sniper, they say. Military precision. No clear affiliation. Within hours, every conspiracy theory in existence had found its believers.

But the facts matter less than the tremors they unleashed.

The United States of America, or what was left of its cohesion, came apart like dry clay under a hammer. California declared independence within twelve hours, New York by nightfall. Silicon Valley CEOs and quantum developers took control of transition protocols. They unveiled a pre-prepared charter for what they call the "Federal Republic of America", a technocratic alliance, AI-moderated governance, biometric suffrage, predictive policy-making.

Democracy, they say, is too slow for survival.

The Heartland responded in fury and fire. Texas, Oklahoma, Tennessee, and the Carolinas raised the old banner — red, white, blue — not as a memory, but as a weapon. They convened in St. Louis, invoking divine mandate, tradition, constitutionality. And thus, "The United American Republic" was born. Guns were raised in public courthouses. National Guard units split loyalties. There are now two oaths in circulation, and neither recognizes the other.

And so, the United States of America, the postwar pillar of the rules-based order is gone.

Not conquered. Not collapsed. *Split*. Surgically. Ideologically. Symbolically.

We are watching the world's most powerful experiment in self-governance devour itself, in real time.

There was panic here. Delegates from Europe demanded immediate Security Council consultation. Others, quieter, asked logistical questions. Who holds the nuclear codes? Will embassies remain open? Do international treaties still bind a nation that no longer exists?

No one had answers. Only stunned silence, and the flicker of screens replaying that final moment in Atlanta over and over again.

CET MUN 2025

DIARY OF SECRETARY GENERAL ABHIMANYU PRADEEP MARCH 3, 2030 UN HEADQUARTERS, NEW YORK CITY

I stepped into my office and turned the lock. It is a rare thing to cry in this building. But tonight I did. Not because I admired the America that was, but because I mourn what its unraveling means for the world. It was never perfect. But it was *anchoring*. And now the tide has no shore.

In Geneva, the Swiss are preparing to host both FSA and the UAR in separate delegations. Some are already calling this the Second Cold War, but that would imply coldness. This will be hot. Cultural. Economic. Digital. Religious. Civilizational.

I fear the refugee flows before they begin. I fear the algorithms before they choose sides.

And I fear that the flag we all once pointed to, even if only to criticize, now has no meaning left, only memory.

Tonight, I watch the sun set behind the East River. The world feels untethered. A pendulum without center. And I, a man with a pen in a palace of ash.

— Abhimanyu



CET MUN 2025

DIARY OF SECRETARY GENERAL ABHIMANYU PRADEEP AUGUST 1, 2034 UN HEADQUARTERS, NEW YORK CITY

Jerusalem is burning. But it is not the only thing.

In the last three weeks, the Israeli Defense Forces flattened Gaza and began a sustained siege through the West Bank. Entire districts were razed under the rationale of eliminating “permanent threats.” The airstrikes were relentless. Surgical, they claimed. I’ve seen the satellite feeds. Precision becomes meaningless when it hits the soul of a people.

The Security Council met four times. Four times it failed to pass even a resolution of condemnation. Vetoes, evasions, procedural cowardice. The West remained tight-lipped. Some cited self-defense. Others cited history. What no one cited was humanity.

I reached out personally to Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu. I begged restraint. He said history has no patience for moderation anymore.

And that was when in Baghdad, something ancient and furious had awakened.

They call themselves *Al-Rashida*. At first, it was a rumor — a sermon here, a hacked transmission there. Now, it is a storm. Led by a man calling himself Umar Ibn-Qasim al-Qurashi, a descendant of both bloodline and myth, they have united Sunni radicals, Shia defectors, rogue Arab militaries, and exiled theologians under a single black-and-gold banner.

They speak with one voice. They invoke the ashes of Gaza as scripture. And they have declared holy war.

In a matter of weeks, Riyadh had fallen. So did Amman, Damascus, and the rest of the peninsula followed, its military switching sides in the dead of night. Baghdad rose not with weapons, but with song and scripture. They had set their sights wide, from Cairo to Tehran, they imagined a caliphate resurrected.

They call it the Return. They call it the Reckoning. But to the rest of the world, it is the start of what we will call, I fear, *A War of Ashes and Blood*.

I met with the Emirati ambassador this morning. His hands trembled as he spoke. The UAE has sealed its borders. Doha is under negotiation. Rumors swirl that *Al-Rashida* seeks to restore not just power, but *order*. An Islamic order. A pan-caliphate uniting the fractured Arab world under one voice, forged through flame.



CET MUN 2025

DIARY OF SECRETARY GENERAL ABHIMANYU PRADEEP AUGUST 1, 2034 UN HEADQUARTERS, NEW YORK CITY

Israel has gone silent. But their mobilization is total. Mandatory enlistment. Dome-to-dome defense protocol. Nuclear doctrine under review. The rhetoric no longer speaks of peace, or even survival. It speaks of *annihilation*.

The General Assembly is paralyzed. Western states urge patience. Eastern ones are hedging their bets. Russia watches. China calculates. India says little, but its armies have moved westward.

I walked today past the stained-glass mural in the Delegates Lounge, a mosaic of peace doves above the Old City. It was commissioned fifty years ago after the Oslo Accords. Some say it is naive. I think it is worse than that. It is forgotten.

I used to believe the world could be governed through language. Now I believe it is driven by myth. The kind that survives by burning everything else down.

This war will not be about land. It will be about memory. It will be about whose truth survives when nothing else does.

Tonight, I sit in my office with a single candle burning. A gift from a Palestinian delegate, years ago. Sandalwood and myrrh. It smells like prayer. It smells like mourning.

I do not know if the United Nations will survive this war. But I do know it was born from one just like it.

— Abhimanyu



CET MUN 2025

DIARY OF SECRETARY GENERAL ABHIMANYU PRADEEP FEBRUARY 4, 2038 GENEVA (TEMPORARY SECRETARIAT QUARTERS)

Four years. That's all it took. Four years for the world to shed the last pretense of order. Four years for civilization to become a map of ash and ambition.

I reread my own entries from 2034 today. I can't decide whether I was naive or simply too late. Back then, there was still language. There were still backchannels. Now there is only the march of nations, each trying to carve certainty from collapse.

India moved first. Pakistan, already a broken shell after years of internal unrest, finally cracked under the pressure. India framed it as a stabilization campaign, humanitarian corridors, protection of civilians, and neutralizing "stateless insurgents." But stabilization, once begun, does not stop. The corridor became a belt. The belt now tightens daily. No one truly questions it. Not anymore.

Tibet rose in 2035. The world gasped. For a moment, it felt like a return of hope, a breath of autonomy after decades of silent suffocation. China threatened invasion, of course. But the timing was poor. Their forces were stretched, distracted by the eastern coast, drained by internal sabotage.

India offered "protection." A protectorate, they call it now. Tibetan banners fly beside Indian ones. The Dalai Lama, or rather his chosen emissary, thanked New Delhi in a carefully worded broadcast. I could hear the gratitude in his voice. I could also hear the fear.

Then came North Korea. 2036. Manchuria. I will never forget the satellite images, the columns of tanks, missile volleys, war hymns blaring from mobile towers. For decades, Pyongyang lived in China's shadow. Now, it bit the hand that fed it. Old resentment, masked loyalty, finally given form through fire.

China reeled, but it did not collapse. Instead, it brokered the *Novo Communa* with Russia, a grotesque duet of empire dressed in pragmatism. Central Asia, once a thousand-voiced mosaic, is now a divided carcass.

Kazakhstan, Uzbekistan, Turkmenistan — absorbed by the Russian belt. Mongolia, Kyrgyzstan, Tajikistan — handed to China in silence. No votes. No declarations. Just redrawn lines and silenced nations.

South Korea and Japan did not wait. They've long since stopped believing anyone will save them. Their defensive pact is real and terrifying. The AI drone grid they've activated in the East Sea sees everything, decides faster than any human, and no longer asks permission. They do not trust Washington. They do not trust us. They trust algorithms now.

And Israel? Israel stands alone. A fortress-state, glimmering with steel and wrath. Its cities have become bunkers, its diplomacy a memory. No allies left. Only defenses. It has not fallen but it no longer lives, either. It endures. Like a scar that refuses to fade.



CET MUN 2025

DIARY OF SECRETARY GENERAL ABHIMANYU PRADEEP FEBRUARY 4, 2038 GENEVA (TEMPORARY SECRETARIAT QUARTERS)

We no longer convene in New York. The UN Secretariat is now in Geneva. Neutral ground, though neutrality has lost its meaning.

I walk these quiet, pristine halls and feel the weight of absence. Fewer delegates. Fewer flags. Fewer illusions.

Sometimes, late at night, I hear the wind scraping against the old stone of this building. It sounds like breath. Or warning.

Four years ago, I feared that myth would return to rule the world. Now I see it clearly. Myth has not returned.

It never left.

— Abhimanyu



CET MUN 2025

DIARY OF SECRETARY GENERAL ABHIMANYU PRADEEP SEPTEMBER 27, 2037 GENEVA

There was a time when wars had names. You could label them, bracket them, hold them in history books. Now the lines have bled so completely that conflict is just *background noise*.

Nigeria has drawn its line in the dust. Al-Rashida, now a transnational ideology more than a state, has been quietly infiltrating Niger, Mali, and Chad. Sermons disguised as recruitment. Aid convoys with ammunition hidden beneath the rice. Skirmishes have broken out across the Sahel — fast, brutal, and faith-fueled. Abuja responded with drones, tanks, and old-school patrols, but what they are truly fighting is not a force, it's a fever.

I spoke to the Nigerian ambassador this morning. He was exhausted. Not from the war, but from knowing it cannot be won on paper. Al-Rashida does not sign treaties. It infects dreams.

In the Western Hemisphere, another kind of fever festers.

Brazil continues its quiet transformation, democracy in name, command in practice. The rainforest burns again, but now it is to flush out separatists. An Amazonian militia, made up of former climate radicals, displaced tribes, and rogue AI ecologists, tried to carve a commune in Acre. Brasilia crushed them. Swiftly. Brutally. No images leaked, except the ones meant to leak.

They claimed the separatists were funded by exiled Green technocrats from Europe. No evidence. Just enough plausibility for the tanks to roll.

Now, Peru, Bolivia, and Ecuador have begun speaking with one voice. Not officially. But their troops are moving. They speak of sovereignty. Of balance. Of the Andean Compact. They are not ready for war. But they are preparing to remember how to wage one.

Indonesia simmers. Militias in Sumatra and Borneo have been traced to Chinese money and Kaliningrad logistics. The fighting is messy. Jungle-bound. Ancient. And Beijing's fingerprints are always just faint enough to deny.

Jakarta has begged the international community for intelligence. We offered little. Most of our satellites are now rented by private consortia. The UN no longer owns the sky.

And through all of this, Türkiye profits. Ankara has become the elegant, blood-soaked bazaar of our era. It sells to all. Drones to Indonesia, software to Al-Rashida, armor to Brazil, encryption keys to the Andeans. Quiet. Efficient. Richer each month. Their ambassador smiles too often.

Then there is Switzerland.

Ah, the polite duplicity of neutrality.

CET MUN 2025

DIARY OF SECRETARY GENERAL ABHIMANYU PRADEEP SEPTEMBER 27, 2037 GENEVA

They now run what diplomats call “intelligence corridors”, encrypted channels, high-frequency bandwidth, and quantum messengers. Everyone uses them. East, West, North, South. Data flows like blood in veins. They deny everything. Offer nothing. But the corridors remain open. That is their genius. They are the world’s last honest liar.

And I?

I watch this tapestry unravel from a quiet office in Geneva. Each thread pulled is a nation. A memory. A myth.

We are no longer in an age of world wars. We are in an age of world fractures, sharp, splintered, and spreading.

Today, a delegate from the Philippines asked me what hope remains.

I had no answer.

So I asked him instead:

How do you bury a century, when it is still alive and screaming?

— Abhimanyu



CET MUN 2025

DIARY OF SECRETARY GENERAL ABHIMANYU PRADEEP JULY 5, 2038 GENEVA

They're calling it a *Tactical Night*. As if a euphemism can bleach out the screams.

Fifty warheads. Fifty cities. Tehran is gone. Erbil, gone. Haifa. Tel Aviv. And something dark glows in Manchuria still, a haze that satellite lenses won't pierce. I watched the footage in silence, muted, because even machines don't want to hear that kind of death.

We always believed in thresholds. Lines no one would cross. But last night, humanity trampled every line, dancing in ash and code-red sirens.

And then, nothing. Silence. The war didn't end. It *froze*.

Not peace. Not even a ceasefire. Just... recoil.

I cried in my office today. First time in years. Alone, with the blinds shut. Not because the world burned, I've grown numb to that. But because the Security Council met this morning... and no one resigned. No one even apologized. They just shifted strategies.

We're not at the edge anymore. We're past it.

And still, they want me to speak of hope.

I have none.

Not today.

— Abhimanyu



CET MUN 2025

DIARY OF SECRETARY GENERAL ABHIMANYU PRADEEP OCTOBER 2, 2038 VIENNA

There were no anthems. No champagne. No group photo. Just rain tapping the palace roof like a slow funeral drum.

We gathered in the Grand Hall, what's left of the "mighty 7", a few scarred nations, ghost-eyed diplomats. I watched as they signed. One by one. No eye contact. No nods. Just ink and paper, heavy with blood.

They called it the *Treaty of Vienna*. I called it an obituary.

Borders are being redrawn like bruises healing wrong. Central Asia is gone, carved up between Moscow and Beijing. Taiwan is now a "special province under armed guardianship." Israel has withdrawn to its ancient heartland, encircled but unbroken.

India? Holding corridors that once were Pakistan.

And the Caliphate? Expanding like a tide no one can stop.

The war hasn't ended. It's merely been... institutionalized.

I stood at the center, hands folded behind my back, and thought of my childhood globe, bright, whole, hopeful.

What we inked today is not peace. It's exhaustion made formal. A blueprint for the next war.

And yet..... I had to call it "a new beginning."

God forgive me.

— Abhimanyu



CET MUN 2025

DIARY OF EX. SECRETARY-GENERAL ABHIMANYU PRADEEP DECEMBER 31, 2038 NEW YORK

The lights in the General Assembly flickered once before dying. I stayed behind when the last delegate walked out, their footsteps echoing like ghosts in a tomb. No applause. No final speech. Just silence - thick, oppressive, almost sacred.

The UN is closed.

Not suspended. Not restructured. *Closed*.

The Security Council dissolved itself this morning. A vote. Five ayes. No absentees. I didn't cry. I had no tears left. NATO has already vanished, its last communiqué a paragraph of practiced civility. The EU has shriveled into a customs agreement with a flag no one salutes.

The world has no center now.

Power is feral again.

And yet, as I stood in the darkened chamber, I did not feel fear. I felt small. Like a child after the adults leave the room, unsure if playtime has ended or reality has just begun.

I remembered my oath: to uphold peace, dignity, and equality on a healthy planet. All gone. Dignity sold for alliances. Peace buried under rubble. The planet, still burning.

But I must be honest. Some part of me, a sliver in my marrow, is relieved.

We failed.

Maybe it's time something new takes our place. Something raw, uncorrupted, born not of 1945's hope, but of 2038's reckoning.

The page has turned.

History will not remember us kindly.

And maybe that's justice.

— Abhimanyu



JOURNAL ENTRY

SEPTEMBER 4, 2046

Abhimanyu Pradeep, Retired Human

Well, well. Look who finally decided to consolidate. India, my beloved homeland, now wears the crown of regional supremacy like an old family heirloom, a little tarnished, but still fits. We're calling it the *South Asian Confederation*, which is a poetic way of saying, "We absorbed the neighbors, some willingly, some with a polite nudge from our tanks."

Pakistan's in pieces, Tibet's under "protection" (what a word), and Bhutan waves the SAC flag while trying not to look too nervous. And of course, Myanmar and Bangladesh are "partners," which in diplomacy usually means "hostages with voting rights."

But hey, stability's stability, right?

Meanwhile, Europe's still playing dress-up with its identity crisis. Germany and France hugged it out and called it the *WEU*, a lovechild of bureaucracy and old pride. Poland, never one to be outshined, built its *Eastern Shield*, likely forged from pure suspicion and leftover NATO scrap.

Italy? Oh, the clever little fox. Sat out the war, then dug up treasure in the Med and now lectures the world on cultural purity. The *ROMA* Pact sounds like a cologne, but it smells like ambition.

Everyone's building fences and coalitions while pretending it's unity. It's not. It's fear neatly folded and stamped with a flag.

I used to believe in global cooperation. Now I just sip tea and watch blocs form like acne on a teenager's face.

Progress? Maybe. But it sure looks a lot like tribalism in a suit.

— Abhimanyu



CET MUN 2025



JOURNAL ENTRY

DECEMBER 13, 2048

Abhimanyu Pradeep, Civilian Orbit-Watcher

Ah yes, *Space*. The final frontier... to make the same dumb mistakes we made on Earth, but now in zero gravity.

China, not content with redrawing borders on land, decided to mark territory in orbit by *accidentally* ramming a Nigerian comm-sat with an “armed weather satellite.” Nigeria responded with angry words and even angrier memes. Thus began the first *Orbit Skirmish*. Humanity officially weaponized space before fixing potholes in Delhi or Detroit.

Then came the “*Code of the Void*”. Japan, Switzerland, and Brazil (bless their idealistic hearts) wrote a polite PDF asking nations *not* to shoot each other in the thermosphere. A noble effort, about as effective as a “Please Do Not Murder” sign at a knife fight.

And back home? The EU and NATO finally gave up the ghost. Not with fireworks, mind you. Just some press releases and deafening apathy. Sovereignty came back with a bloodthirsty grin, and now every nation’s playing king of the hill again.

Global unity was a brief phase, like disco. Now, it’s back to flags, borders, and thinly veiled threats.

We reached for the stars. And brought our baggage with us.

— Abhimanyu



CET MUN 2025



JOURNAL ENTRY

MAY 17, 2049

Abhimanyu Pradeep, Civilian Observer, Still Skeptical

Brazil's playing eco-messiah now, draped in green and backed by drones. The so-called *Amazon Sovereignty Doctrine* promises reforestation, AI-driven ecology, and yes, "strategic deterrence." Translation? Gunships with leaf-patterned camo.

On paper, it's inspiring. In practice? It's a militarized jungle. The Andean Compact isn't buying it. They see river seizures, not stewardship. And when bullets fly in Iquitos or Madre de Dios, no algorithm can explain who's defending nature and who's just redrawing watersheds.

We once dreamed of green revolutions. Now they come with marching orders and border patrols. Brazil says it's protecting the lungs of the planet. I wonder: from whom? The chainsaws... or the satellites?

Environmentalism as a geopolitical weapon, that's new. Or maybe not. Just the same hunger for power, this time painted forest green.

— Abhimanyu



CET MUN 2025

JOURNAL ENTRY AUGUST 1, 2055

Abhimanyu Pradeep — Secretary-General, CETMUN (Somehow)

The years between the War of Ashes and now have felt like a fever dream stitched together with the threads of diplomacy, denial, and desperation.

From 2052 to 2054, the world performed its grandest acts yet. Delegates in tailored suits debated over whose rubble mattered more. Switzerland, ever the immaculate host, became the world's legal capital. Neutral, detached, pristine a marble stage for mud-stained nations.

Israel emerged not as a wounded state, but a fortress. Its doctrine of expansionist peace came wrapped in steel, a paradox only the Levant could manufacture. We must now see whether the Jews and the Arabs lock horns in the middle east again. Indonesia, perhaps more sincerely, proposed a Pacific Non-Aggression Compact with Australia and the Philippines. A fragile promise, floating on rising tides and regional scars.

North Korea, now swollen with Manchuria, demanded a veto. The council denied it. The silence in that room was loud. You don't hand a matchbox to someone standing in gasoline.

And then came today. Geneva again. Always Geneva.

Twenty powers, fresh from memory's ashes, inked a new order: the Coalition for Equitable Treaty Mediation and United Nations — CETMUN. And somehow, I stand as its Secretary-General.

I watched them take their seats in the Council chamber. India, USA (split between the FSA and UAR but chained together with a "Double Key Veto"), Zhongguo, Ar-Rashida, Russia, the WEU (led by France), and the newly knighted Polska. Seven powers with fingers on the veto trigger, each carrying the weight of history, trauma, and ego.

ROMA lobbied with velvet gloves, pacing throughout the crowd, lobbying and courting for its share of what it considers a rightful seat as the "Eighth". Brazil paced with charisma, hoping to outpace ROMA. Indonesia was patient, but always calculating, yearning for what could be glory. DPRK scowled from the gallery, demanding its right of a veto.

This council isn't just a room. It's a gamble, that compromise can be more powerful than conquest.

I am skeptical. Deeply. The UN failed because it mistook the procedure for peace. This, too, could collapse under its own design.

And yet there was something in the silence today. A silence that wasn't born from fear, but anticipation.

The world didn't gather to roar. It gathered... to listen.
That, perhaps, is new.

