Political Fantasy

1. India getting united with Pakistan
2. A country less world

It is 2180 AD. My name is Heera. I am 10 years old. My GIN (Global Identity number) is 0302217054002. The population of the world is 3 billion. It used to be a lot during my grand grand father’s time. My father told that the humanity almost made it through without getting perished. There was a huge environment catastrophe that lead to downfall of global financial institutions that lead to wars 21st century was a very challenging place to live. Full of countries fighting with each other. At one time there were 240 countries all over the world. Now that concept has become the past. We are much more peaceful and free world now, divided into unions that takes care of much bigger regions. You can travel anywhere from anywhere free of cost. Everything runs on either nuclear energy or electricity. I also carry my house with me in my pocket. It is pretty decent. It is X200 model that recently came out somewhere in 20 North 20 East. It was originally called as Angola I learned. I am history student. It is the most burning field of study now given how well genetics were used to transfer information from 1 million living brains lives into a single source of transferable memory block. It is painful process to get it transferred to your brain. They give you in bits and pieces because it is too much for brain to handle at a time. Also it hampers your own memory, but it helps so much in understanding

Chapter: Zohrah leaves

We were sitting in the lobby waiting to be called for conscious retransplant. Zohrah was silent and I could not speak anything too.

“What was your first reaction when you came to know that this technology exists?”, She said with her ever the same genuine smile.

“Well, it came gradually. It was already there when I was born. So it is something I don’t feel surprised me ever. But yes, I can totally imagine how weird would it be to you. Did you ever imagine that we would create such a thing?”

“Never. I mean we had people talk about immortality but most of the times it was religious Gods that had those powers.”

We have a brief laugh looking at each other. Then she starts staring at the ground. There is silence again. I cannot even imagine what she would be feeling right now.

“You are up in 5 minutes”, the receptionist program said.

Damn this sweet demon voice. It was then that I started seeing Zohrah’s face getting more tensed.

“You know Zohrah, we were just a beautifully designed machines, like plants are. Nothing so special as we used to think we were.”

“You are wrong. We are as special as anything in this world can be.”, she said strenuously.

She stumped me. She was not totally incorrect. Zohrah is undoubtedly one of the best minds I have met. She is also the only non-living mind I have met.

“So are you going to marry Sana? She is very good looking by the way. I have seen her from very closely”.

“Well we have come very close. But this thesis is our life right now.”

“You bet”

“Sorry?”

“Oh it is something we used to say when we meant yes I agree”, she burst into her amazing smile again.

I am not sure how she is able to do this. She has 2-3 more minutes of life and she is small talking with me. I so wish she didn’t have to leave. But right now I wanted to make her last memories happy.

“You know Zohrah, a part of you will never die. This technology is not completely able to remove all memories. So even when Sana comes back, this brain (I poke a finger at her head) will always contain your awesomeness.

“Oh that is a consolation. Anyways I was not expecting to live again, so cannot complaint, right?”

“Your appointment with neurodocs will start in 1 minute”, that dreadful computerized voice shook us again.

“Oh it is time.”, she quivered.

I could see that she was trying her best to hold up her tears. She smiled briefly again at me and then started staring at the wall in front of us again.

“Can you tell me a joke? Humor me please.”

“Ofcourse.”.

I pumped up myself to give my absolute best. But I didn’t know any jokes. I would hate myself if I am not able to fulfil her last wish.

And then it struck me.

“You know I know a person who was so high that one day he fell from his bed and started acting like he was drowning”

“Oh. Who was he?”

“Me.”

She burst out into laughter.

“Seriously? No way?”

“Yes, this is true. Now only two people know it you and my roommate Banje. Don’t tell Sana. Ok?”

“Ok. But how will I forget this?”

And we both laughed out together

“Ms. Zohrah and Mr. Rihan”, Dr. Holster called upon us.

We both looked at each other and then at the Dr. Holster.

“Please come in Ms. Zohrah”

“Yes doctor”

We stood up.

Zohrah slowly started walking towards the doctor. Suddenly she slowed down and stopped. She glanced towards me and then the doctor. She came back and said “Rihan you are a lovely person”. And then I could feel her come close and give me a soft kiss. I didn’t resist. I trusted her and probably also liked her, like a lot! But I had a promise to keep. She looked at me with her picture perfect smile and walked back with her Goodbye.

I could feel her moisture on my face – of her kiss and her tears. She could not hold herself up and I could hear her cry as she went into the room. Forever!

Chapter # 1

Its my first class of political history today. I have waited so long for this day. All my childhood I have been reading and writing about old age politics and ideologies that existed in 20th and 21st century. That time was very eventful indeed, but not any less fateful

In front of us was our biggest virtual stage showing hologram of professors from 5 different universities. We all got hooked into our VR headsets. Educational institutes have drastically changed since the world war 3 occurred. There was more funding and focus on researching on ways to avoid another war. Technology is all over now. Instead of conventional classroom teaching with one professor, we have at least three professors teaching us from different universities. The holocast is shared by classrooms in all universities. Today is special. There are five teachers, one is a special guest – Dr. Abdul Nash. He is son of the great world savior – Dr. Waqar Nash. Dr. Waqar was involved in peace keeping mission during and after world war 3. It is said that he was the greatest diplomat world has ever seen. The machinery of the world today is designed by him. He is very popularly known as “Architect of Earth”

“Good morning class. Let me introduce you to our speakers for today – Dr. Walton from Santamore University, Dr. Shashi from Tampore University, Dr. Paranjape from University of Zeon, me Dr. Hussain from University of Lithos and our guest speaker Dr. Abdul Nash. As this is our first day I would like to give each of us turns to describe you briefly what we have been working on in our research and if they have any advice for you in this course.

All the professors went one by one speaking about their research. I saw students around me were already sleepy. I guess they cannot make any technology to remove boredom from classrooms. But I cannot feel any more energetic and lively as I was today. I felt how every word that the professors said were dissolving in my body converting into goosebumps. It was Dr. Waqar’s turn now. I have almost religiously followed Dr. Abdul Nash’s work and it would be interesting to learn what his son had to say.

“Good morning class. I would like to thank Dr. Hussain for inviting me to speak in front of you. I am highly impressed and in admiration with great research that is going on in the field of peace making by all the professors present here. As some of you might know that my research is to create an Invincible peacekeeping world system that is self- sustainable and robust. For some of you who might know what my father Dr. Waqar believed in this might be in direct conflict to his ideology that global diplomacy needs constant vigil. I am happy to challenge that. Hopefully we would soon create a system that could manifest itself as the new world of peace.

I cannot lie. I am skeptical about his mission but still very much in admiration to his intentions and guts to go against his own father and the great savior Dr. Waqar Nash.

Chapter # 2

“Sana, what are you doing after the class?”, my friend Kayla asked.

“Um. No plan yet. Why?”

“We are planning to go to the Shadow storm lake. They say it gets very beautiful these days”

“I am not sure.”. I was never an outgoing person. I also had this amazing book on “History of human psychology” to read and I cannot wait to read what this Dr. Waqar was up to.

“You cannot duck out now. I will hunt you down at 4. Be ready”, Kayla forced her voice down upon me.

“Ok.”, I hesitantly agreed.

I am not that great at all other classes. That day we had two other classes - nanobots dynamics and genomics. First classes are always a breeze except when you realize that each of the upcoming class will be a pain for you. And finally the classes were over and I saw Kayla standing at the door waving her hands at me.

“Ready?”

“Do I have a choice?”

“C’mon you would love it”

We started walking towards her friends.

“Hey what are you doing? No books. No tech. Lock up everything.”

“But..”, I made a futile attempt.

“No.”, she thrusted on me with her voice as she dragged me to the lockers.

And then we left off to the lake in Busters. Private transportation was long gone and it was much more convenient to call a Buster. All we had to do was input coordinates of the destination on our zenophone headsets and we were good to go.

Chapter 3:

Well, I must admit the lake was a delightful sight.