

2085

Redemption

Save the Earth, Save our Souls.



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Daughter, why are you so sad?

I am not sad, for I am angry.

For what reason?

All the beautiful flowers are now gone.

The Industrial City

Jessica was having night sweats again. She was running a slight fever and droplets of sweat were falling from her breasts on to her stomach. It was still lockdown in her complex and dawn was more than three hours away. She rolled over to the side of her bed and threw up into a metal trash can. She could hear the red brown acid rain hitting the window. It was still night and a fierce wind was blowing outside.

She carefully took a small match and lighted a half burnt candle. Instead of illumination, the candle instead started to create a dancing shadow of demons against the wall. Total

fear entered within her inner mind as she held her rosary tight in her sweaty palms of her hands. Tomorrow was harvesting day. She needed to be well and be able to participate or else she wouldn't get enough food vouchers to eat for the month. Punishment for not being well was a harsh unkind reality that she knew to well. You either produce or you die. Survival of the fittest was all she ever knew.

Before going to bed she had already set-up cockroach traps inside her room, hoping for some extra protein. If she gets lucky, she will be able to pound them into a small mixture and added it to her mold cover bread that she was able to obtain from the black market.

At a very young age, she knew that her life was just a commodity. Her precious life was not her own, no ones life was any longer. It belong to the corporation and the total profitability of the industrial system.

The green house affect had destroyed the ozone of the planet. The world resources couldn't support life as it once did after the ozone had been depleted. All living trees were dead. All plants were destroyed. The oxygen of the planet quickly got depleted. Everyone had to wear respirator to breath. The biological wars then came. The wars unleashed killer airborne viruses. The plague took the souls of 99% of the world population. Countries couldn't exist as they once did. Cities crumbled. Only one city was able to survive and the established global economic industrial complex quickly took over.

Within the Industrial city, individual rights were foregone and were distant memories. The individual only exist for one reason and one reason only to support the profits and existence of the Industrial city. Once a person's profitability was gone, so was the individual's life.

Jessica sat silently staring at her black beaded rosary of St. Mary. It was given to her by her mother and was her great grand mothers from Ireland. She was told that her great grand mother had the "gift" that enable her to have special healing powers during her time. Town folks would come to her for all different kinds of healing and she would welcome them into her house . She used her hands and special herbs solutions to help heal them.

She was told by her mother that the rosary itself had healing powers and would give her strength. Jessica was totally out of strength, out of faith, and soon out felt that time itself will be gone for her to.

Due to lack of population, every month, harvesting occurred in the industrial complex. All fertile women had to present themselves to the office of genetic review. They would then be attached to sterile machines that would harvest their eggs and in return they would get food rations for the month. The eggs would then go through DNA testing. Any defect found and the eggs would go to the office of pharmacy for drug manufacturing. Those that deemed to have no defects would then go to the office of maternity where they would be given to birthing hosts. The eggs would go through fertilization by the best

combination of male DNA that will result in the best profitability of human life and achievement.

Off springs would then be raised to maximize their DNA talents and abilities. This will allow the industry to survive, profit, and grow. All resources that didn't meet standard, would be destroyed and eliminated so contamination will not occur. Religion and individuality had long been outlawed. Conformity, Performance, and results driven results were the Motto of the Industrial City complex. Inner Peace was measured when one exceeded production. Eternal hell was to those who under perform.

Jessica looked at her Rosary once more, and tears started to fall on to her lap and then unto the dirt floor. She turned to the small cracked hand mirror and saw her beautiful long red hair that she had as a youth cut short now to standard female regulations. There were deep purple patches under the reflections of her blue eyes. She had a small scar underneath her left eye. The worst scars where not those that could be seen. but the scars of the past of her consciousness that continues to tear at her sanity of her own inner mind. These scars were a reminder of a system that had no compassion, no charity, no faith, and no love for its citizens.

Jessica worked in Biosphere 35 and was a gardener who was responsible for planting and overall productivity of the sphere. Nothing grew outside of the Biospheres. They were the warehouses for humanity or what was left of them. The lack of ozone and red rusty acid rain killed any new growth in the outside environment.

Scientist stated that it would take thousand of years of restoration for the earth to be fertile again. Fertile again, that word had started to echo and reflect back into Jessica's mind. For within hours, it would be harvesting time for her again.

Jessica blew out the candle and laid silently on the hard mattress of her bed with her own thoughts racing. "Well its time", she watch a fly crawl on the ceiling. She remember her roots in ancestry of Ireland. Ireland is truly a land of fighters and survivors. She wasn't going to give up, and she reached within the inner depths of her soul, and found the very being of the Celtic warrior that she was. Jessica slowly got up and put her robe on. It was time to start the day and the morning nausea still followed her into the sonic shower.

The sonic shower turned on automatically. A warm glow of light engulfed her and all bacterial, dirt, and virus were evaporated into mid- air. "So much for an nice water spa treatment," she thought to herself.

She then slipped into her green worker's jumpsuit that covered the curvature of her body. Her serial number was printed on the back, number 88884444. Everybody was tracked per their assigned numbers. She put on her respirator that helped with the thin oxygen outside of her living unit. She tested the unit and took in a deep breath and then out again.

She then put on her helmet and visor to protect from the harshness of the morning sun that will soon be rising again over the desert Sonoran mountain sands.

As she stepped outside, she could feel the intense heat. It was still very early morning. The temperatures were still reaching 120 degrees and will reach close to 145 by mid day. She walked slowly across a common area that had industrial propaganda neon signs glowing and humming through the morning silence.

Jessica was now at the tram area and walked through the tram loading area. The tram is the main transportation of the industrial city. She inserted her security badge and the glass doors of the tram open. Jessica was about to step in, when a security guard with army fatigues holding a weapon stopped her to double checked her credentials and the electronic order.

The tram left the station without her, as the guard waiting for the clearance from the central security to be given.

Jessica was getting nervous. She just wanted to get it over with. If she was one of the first ones at the harvesting, she might be able to still be able to get to the biosphere and put in a full days work also, and this would enable her to not lose any given productivity for the week.

The guard without smiling said she was cleared, "Go and be productive". In the enclosed tram area, the oxygen levels were back to normal. So she took off her helmet and respirator. As she was waiting for the next tram, the station was still empty. Slowly more citizens started to gather for the tram. The tram ran in a large circular pattern from the industrial center to the biospheres, to the living centers, medical centers, mining areas, and then back again.

Recently, there had been rumors about a group of individuals who were against the authorities. On the large electronic screens in the tram station showed one of the individuals that was recently caught and was executed on the nightly news in public to show that any activities outside of the standard policies would not be tolerated. Jessica was not political.

She was already controlled by the fear of intolerance cruel dehumanizing force given by the authorities. Jessica said a silent prayer for the young man that died and felt her rosary inside the pocket of her jumpsuit. Her silent prayer was broken when the station tram speaker called out that the tram to the Medical center had just arrived.

Jessica let out an empty sigh and stepped into the tram. The nausea flooded through her body again and she quickly held on to one of the steel poles inside the tram to hold on to and for stabilize her footing. The tram ran on antigravity rails and was soon out of the station heading quickly towards the Medical center. All the windows of the tram had holographic images of nature as if you were visiting the Grand Canyon itself similar to

what Disneyland had along time ago. “Disneyland had Mickey Mouse”, Jessica smiled to herself. “The happiest place on earth”, which is not the Industrial City complex.

As the tram next stop was the industrial center complex that had the Medical building 10. The tram ran almost silent and you could barely feel it moving at all. The speaker came on, next stop in 1 minute, Industrial City Medical complex. There were more citizens at the Medical complex as Jessica got off the tram. She put on her respirator and adjusted the humidity setting and then put on her helmet.

Good morning citizen 88884444 as a newsstand droid hovered in front of Jessica. Would you like to procure an electronic news tabloid today? Jessica shook her head and by nonverbal signature onto the droid visual microchips, the droid moved on to the next citizen near by.

“Annoying Droids”, Jessica said to herself. Droids, Droids, and more Droids. Droids are everywhere and because they are more productive the people they are going to become more annoying. Soon there will be no humanity at all, just Droids.

Jessica hated them and they always got in her way at the biosphere. They needed constant maintenance and attention. Her friend Joseph was a Droid technician that worked on them daily. Droids are worst than children. As she said the word children, an inner pain came from Jessica side. This must be similar to the feeling when you get kicked in the ribs from a baby. She had to stop for a second to catch her breath. Harvesting was always a time of anxiety for her.

The medical building 10 was just a few blocks away. The facility itself was constructed with ten separate dome buildings that were attached to each other. The domes were all created with thermal glass to keep the harsh climate out.

A street vendor was selling scarves on one of the corners. Citizen would you like to buy a new scarf today. There was one that caught her attention. It was purple and had sacred orange symbols on it from various religions. She notice the Christen, Judaism, and Buddhism symbols. Scarves were one luxury items that a person could purchase. The cost was three food coupons, and Jessica was down to her last one for the month so she took a moment to just look at the beautiful scarfs. She simply said thank you and gave a small bow to the vendor. “Maybe, next time”, the vendor smiled back to her.

Jessica continued walking to the next cross walk. She stopped and for some reason she looked down at the corner of an empty shop keeper’s doorway. She notice that lying in the corner were three food coupons. Her heart was beating fast. Nobody had notice them and she didn’t hesitate but quickly picked them up herself. She then went back to the vendor who was selling the scarves.

The vendor was no longer there, gone, and had vanished into thin air. There was a package wrapped in brown plan paper that was left behind on a nearby bench. It had her citizen number on it. She looked to see if anyone or nearby drones were looking at her.

Everyone walking by seem to be busy in their own inner worlds of hardship and pain. The drones were more towards the tram area checking security. She quickly picked up the package and slipped it into her front pocket of her jumpsuit. Jessica was very curious what was in the package, but needed to hurry quickly to the Medical building 10 to enable her to be on time for her appointment for harvesting.

The medical building 10 itself had a completely sterile design. The doors opened and Jessica entered into the building. She could smelled the plastic lifeless nature of the building. A medical droid immediately flew above her and entered her data into the current data base. Her picture came up on the droid screen with all of her current medical records. It then took her preliminary reading of her current health status. Even though her temperature was high, it was still below the threshold of rejection for harvesting. The droid sprayed antivirus solution over her that evaporated once it touched her hair and clothing. The smell of the disinfected was left behind."A beautiful Raspberry perfume", she said sarcastically to herself.

"Welcome Citizen 88884444", we have been expecting you today. Please proceed to level 17 via the transportation tubes for your monthly harvesting. There were three women already in line, so Jessica had to wait in line to enter the transportation tube. She has always hated enclosed spaces and this was as enclosed as it can get.

She entered the tube, and the computer voice told her to disrobe and put her clothing into the medical bag next to her. She then opened a drop box inside the tube and deposited her items. All of her clothing and personal items would be ready for pick up once the harvesting was over.

A button next to her was flashing with number 17. She strapped a leather belt around her waist while still standing, and then pushes the blinking button. The tube started moving carrying her up the given levels. Different drugs and chemicals were automatically sprayed into the tube as she went through the preparation for harvesting. Stage 9 was one of the worst stages. At that level a small medical droid entered the tube and attached to Jessica arm. Needles then penetrated her skin, pulling out vials of blood. Ten vials were taken. A computer chip was then inserted into her arm so they could monitor the harvesting process inside her.

As she got to level 17, the tube turned horizontal so now Jessica was laying on her back. The transportation tube opened up completely and Jessica was still moving on a conveyer belt into the harvesting room. The room was dark and silent except for the mechanical electronic equipment. Two robotic arms lifted her up into the harvesting chair. Once in the chair, the metal cuffs locked in her arms and legs so she was completely motionless.

Her legs were forced open by robotic levers. She could see the medical drone move in between her legs, and a steel medical probe was activated. Jessica could not watch any longer but closed her eyes as she felt the cold steel probe entered between her legs. There was a sudden pain. Jessica could feel warm blood now flowing down out of her onto her

inner legs as her eggs were being extracted. Another sharp pain rocked her complete body and she completely blacked out.

Jessica woke up and was now in the recovery station. The walls were showing holographs images of beautiful females holding new born babies in their arms smiling. She was totally numb, and couldn't feel anything at all emotionally or physically. The intensity of the severe pain seemed to have increased through the years per each harvest, and her only defense mechanism was to turn everything off and become as cold as the world around her had become.

Jessica sat up and was still felt a bit disoriented from all of the drugs that were now flowing through her biological system. She slipped on her jumpsuit.

The recovery transport elevator took her back to ground level, where she was give her medical bag plus her monthly food coupon ration for the harvesting. She put on her respirator and helmet without making any eye further eye contact with any of the goodbye drones. She started back to her living quarters. It was as if she was walking back into a nightmare of a dream, no thoughts, no emotions, no feelings.

She was like a total walking zombie without a mind or being.

Per each harvest, it seemed like a piece of her inner beauty, soul and happiness was eternally taken away from her. Each time a procedure as done, pieces of her soul had been destroyed and could not be felt again.

Stumbling back on to the tram, she closed her eyes hoping that the nightmare would end, but it was just the beginning of her journey.

The Demons of Dreamscape:

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