

# **HISTORY OF THE WORLD 2025 - 2200**

**Volume 1 - RAJESH**

**Eric Boglio**

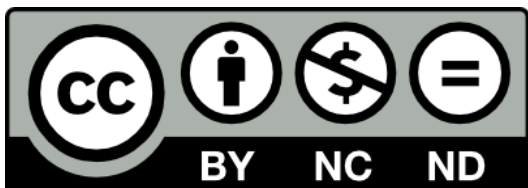


# **HISTORY OF THE WORLD**

**2025 - 2200**



**Rajesh**



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# **CHAPTER ONE**

**New Delhi,  
India 2024AD**

“Dad? Is that you dad? I don’t feel well, I can’t move dad, I feel so weak! Am I going to die like mum?”

“It’s ok son, I’m here, I just got back. Don’t worry, you won’t die, not now, I have brought our friend the doctor, he’s going to give you some new medicine, you’ll start feeling better very soon, my son.”

Feeling the young boy’s forehead, Rajesh’s friend and doctor shone a light in his eyes and felt his pulse in the small darkened room in another makeshift house in a New Delhi slum, one of hundreds of thousands of other hastily built dwellings now found in so many cities throughout the world. He smiled to the young 6 year old lying down on his small mattress, telling him he was going to add some new medication through the drip in his arm, it would just feel a little bit cold but then with the help of the drug in his body he would quickly start to feel better, a lot better. He may feel drowsy and would probably go to sleep for a while, but would then wake up in the morning and be able to go and play with his friends again, all would be well. The young doctor had a warm smile and a reassuring voice that put the young boy at ease.

Glancing towards Rajesh, the doctor shook his head in an almost imperceptible manner, dropped his gaze, and Rajesh knew. He came by the bedside and held his son’s hand, smiling into his eyes, holding back tears and unable to say anything beyond “I love you my son”.

That Sunday evening at the very beginning of 2024, Rajesh, a bright young mathematician living in a New Delhi slum, had a dying son. He would also soon do something extraordinary that would change not just his own life, not just the life of every human being

on earth, but something that would forever change life on Earth itself.

His employer on the outskirts of the slums was a think tank specializing in solving complex problems for mostly rich businessmen from the West. That week, starting the very next morning, Rajesh was going to be part of a team in charge of developing the Oscillating economy equations. A grand scheme that would start a new period of obscene wealth creation for a select few. In fact it was commissioned by men who were already the richest people on the planet, a select group that would regularly meet in the shiny town of Davos in Switzerland, to basically plan how to become ever richer.

The best minds in the world, the most gifted mathematicians, could be picked from a country of a billion and a half, and could still be paid a pittance by those Davos Boys. Everyone was being squeezed out of every job in every corner of the globe in the mad scramble to make the rich richer and the poor poorer, as dictated by the corporate world and its rules. If you weren't born a white boy in a rich family, there was a good chance you would die without a penny. Rajesh's son was dying in poverty and he was just six years old. Their wife and mother died a week before from cholera, contracted in the game of Russian roulette that you played every day when living in the slums of New Delhi.

Tomorrow morning, Rajesh would be picked up to work on the Oscillating economy equations, having stayed home the previous three weeks, waiting for work to come. Stable work was a long lost luxury in the new world. In the past week, he had also been trying to help his wife who had fallen ill; she was one of the first casualties of the cholera outbreak that had been spreading like wildfire since the start of the year in the Indian megacity. This week



Rajesh had then tried to care for his son who had also contracted the disease. He had managed to purchase some antibiotics using money from a loan shark after he could show he had secured a temporary contract. But it was all too late. His wife was already dead, now his son's organs were failing despite the antibiotics which simply came in too late, and he would die in just a few hours. Rajesh stayed with his son until the very end, holding his hand by the bedside, until the morphine he had bought by pawning the remainder of his future salary and which his doctor friend had just injected through the drip had set him free almost peacefully, just as the sun was setting on the city.

The very next day, Rajesh would report at the headquarters of the think tank, as instructed by the temp work recruiter who would get a quarter of his pittance. He hadn't told the medication supplier about his recruiter's commission, meaning he would be short of 25% of his dues at the end of his week-long contract. The day after he finished working, Rajesh would also likely be dead, unable to pay the last quarter of the cost of antibiotics and a morphine shot that had not saved his son but had let him die with a minimum of suffering. Rajesh had a few hours left to mourn his son, if he wasn't at the think tank headquarters the next day, he would be replaced, what little chances he had of being employed again would be extinguished, and he would be dead anyway in a few days, killed over a few dollars worth of debt, the going rate for life these days in the slums of New Delhi.

His choice was simple, he could choose to do nothing, stay at home and die, or he could go to work for the week, then die. In the slums he would struggle to find food for the next few days, going to sleep where his whole family had just passed away. If he chose to stay home and not go to work in the morning, the man who supplied him with the drugs would find out, he would come for him

to collect his dues, and would have to kill him when he couldn't make good on that promise to repay. Or Rajesh could go to work to earn his dues. There he would be fed for a few days and he would sleep in a trundle bed in a room with 20 others, away from the slums and the painful memories of the past two weeks. The end result would be the same, when his supplier would come, he would be short of 25%. Another message to send: don't renege on a promise to pay back, in full, and on time. Simply another death in the slums.

But maybe, just maybe, there was another choice. As he started the evening mourning his son alone in the small room of the anonymous ramshackle slum house, beyond the immense grief brought about by the complete collapse of his world, Rajesh could sense a need, an urge that would build over the course of that sleepless night. By the time the sun broke through the megacity haze, that urge had become irrepressible, a focal point that had cleared away the confusion of the past few hours, Rajesh had come up with a third possibility, another choice.

Clocking in to work in the morning as scheduled, Rajesh entered the building under the eye of his recruiter and reported to the headquarters for duty. To everyone who knew and saw him that morning, he seemed in high spirits, the usual cheerful Rajesh, maybe looking just a bit tired. But he hadn't come that morning for the work, he wasn't there for the money either, he wasn't there for the food or the comfortable bed or the clean walls, he wasn't even there just so he could get away from his pain.

He wasn't there to blow himself up either as a futile attempt to shed light on the plight of his kind. That would have just meant a slight setback and the contract with the group of rich people from the West being awarded to the next think tank firm on the list.

There might not even be a mention of how many Indian families would have been destroyed by the explosion, the media would probably just report on how much property damage was done, how many thousands of dollars worth of offices had been destroyed, how much of a setback that would be for the economy of the city, of the whole country. Fingers would point to extremists, to anti-growth activists, reckless anarchists hell-bent on causing as much chaos as possible and who would simply bring further misery to already precarious lives.

Going to work for his dead son, for his dead wife, Rajesh would do one last thing before dying in anonymity, before his own life would be ended by his supplier simply as a warning to others tempted to renege on a promise. Rajesh knew that the supplier might be at risk of dying himself in the hands of his wholesaler. He wouldn't be angry or even scared when his supplier would come to kill him. He almost felt guilty and would want to apologize to him for being forced to kill, he knew the supplier would have no choice yet would himself still not be out of the woods. All that mayhem unleashed because Rajesh lied about having enough money to buy a hit of morphine, just so his son could die painlessly.

He had thought of telling his supplier there was another way when he would come to collect the money. But he knew they were both in ruts as deep as the gap that now existed between the rich and the poor of the modern world. Rules may have been rules, but maybe it was time to act outside of them. Maybe it was time to reset that rule book!

Rajesh was a smart man. Mathematics had a beauty and a purity that had helped him find joy in the world and had given him and his family a life that had for the most part been slightly better than that of others in the slums. Even though he hadn't been born

right, his gift meant he had been able to hold regular work initially. The world around him had changed gradually at first; his permanent full time contract had become permanent part time. Then it became casual, regular enough to be equivalent to a half time at first and actually on slightly better hourly pay.

Then the work hours had started to decrease and he was being asked to do more and more in a shorter and shorter time frame. Money had become tight; he would only afford small purchases in the shops, at higher prices. He had started borrowing to make ends meet and paying more and more in interest. The poor got poorer.

The workplaces had changed too. There were more and more people tasked with making sure you finished your work on time, who would ask you to justify every hour of your day. More intermediates to organize your work and partition your time so that every second was productive. The conductors as Rajesh liked to call them. They didn't need to have special skills for that sort of work; the conductors just had to ensure that what they did brought in more money for the company than they would be paid.

Conductors would bring in money by making sure less money was paid to everyone else. They just had to be arseholes, hounding others for productivity, haggling for every hour you claimed you worked. In processing plants or sweat shops they would suggest you wore diapers to avoid going on toilet breaks. In the think tank they would look at their watch every time they saw Rajesh or his colleagues disappear to the toilet, the time away from your desk would come out of your pay. If you sat idle at your desk or even looked up at the ceiling to get inspiration, they would simply need to look at their watch to get you back into focus. They had to justify their living by making sure they squeezed every last drop out of you and by trying to rip you off.

Those workplaces like Rajesh's Think Tank company were certainly not Silicon Valley startups where work life balance was paramount and a funky work environment was required to boost morale. In Silicon Valley it was all about perks. Via trickle down effects, the unspoken and shameful aim was of course to improve the company's bottom line. In terms of raw brainpower and average IQ, Rajesh's company would have outperformed any of the Silicon Valley equivalents. Yet the two worlds could not be more opposed, and the gap was widening by the day. The rich were getting richer.

Like the frog in the heating saucepan, Rajesh couldn't jump out anymore from having been slowly cooked alive, and he would soon die and be reunited with his family, just another family of New Delhi slum dwellers living then dying, simply the cost of doing business for the technostucture, nothing personal.

The last luxury he now had was a bit of time. He had time to think about his predicament, about all the Rajeshes in this world and all their dying sons and wives. The more he thought about it, the stronger his resolve was growing on the course he was going to take, on what he had decided to do the night his son had died.

The economic machinery of the world had become airtight, unassailable. It was sending masses to slaughter through economic death in the grandest of indifference, on a scale that made death camps look like the Club Med.

Not a religious man but a scientific mind with a good analytical capacity, Rajesh had never been tangled in the shackles of the caste system. He was not tied to a belief of "better luck next time" and could see clearly the current power and social imbalance of the human world.

And he now had five day to make a difference, he thought he had found a way to change that unjust and destructive world.

As he sat down at his desk and turned on his computer that Monday morning in early 2024, he knew exactly what it was he was working on, what those equations were all about. He had been part of the bidding process in a first round of tenders for the same project when the Bangalore team was awarded the contract instead. He had been deeply involved and knew what the theory of the oscillating economy was about. It was about generating even more wealth for the already obscenely rich. Yet he had not been paid a single rupee for his bidding work in the first round. His team had lost the bid so naturally he hadn't been paid.

That was also a new feature of his economic landscape: you would not be employed by a company to work on a bid. Organized by the new conductors, you would bear the risk in the bidding as much as the company; you would become a partner with all the risks that it entailed. If the company won the bid though, you would instantly revert to being a simple employee whilst the bosses would reap the rewards, royalties and commercial contracts. Of course in this particular case nobody from either Bangalore or New Delhi would benefit as later events would show, but Rajesh could not know that in advance.

All he knew as he was about to start his work is that he had a chance to literally change the world and he had a week during which to do it. He understood what an Oscillating economy would do to the world he knew, the world of the slums. Life in the slums was currently a paradise compared to what his current contract, the Davos revolution and its set of Oscillating economy equations would set in motion. The dwindling flow currently coming out of the money tap of the world economy would become like the

hammering spray of water and air coming out when there is air in the lines after plumbing works. It would be yearly cycle after cycle of boom and bust. For companies like Rajesh's Think Tank, it would be a mad scramble to upskill and ramp up output for a few months, immediately followed by a complete economical standstill where everyone would have to be laid off immediately. Even the army of people now organizing all the work into a lean mean machine would be just laid off. Companies would just be liquidated and resurrected as needed. Forget popup shops and gigs, the whole economy would be a popup, a giant game of Hungry Hippos.

Whatever little was left of morality, social cohesion, empathy and solidarity would be simply obliterated. The world really really did not give a flying fuck about the modern slaves anymore. Truthfully it never did, that was never a consideration, the very definition of companies was and had always been to act solely for the benefit of shareholders. The Davos Revolution would simply drive the point deeper home; it was nothing personal, *dura lex sed lex, vae victis* and all that jazz!

Rajesh's work that week was to be a precise evaluation and modeling of the rates of money flow between activity sectors, within sectors, between countries, and between sectors within countries. It would take into accounts feedback mechanisms and loops across and within all sectors, from primary production such as energy generation, mining, transport, agriculture. Money flows within, to, and from the transformation and the services sectors would also be modeled. All those flows could be turned up or down, even reversed if you knew how. Laws, tariffs, quotas, taxes, subsidies, even marketing were all the controls you needed to change those flows at will. Understanding and modeling those flows would form the basis for the Davos Amendments, the powerful levers of the Davos Revolution.

Rajesh had to develop a descriptive model on a grand scale and then carry out a sensitivity analysis: he had to observe the effects of changes to the various flow rates until he could create a world economic growth curve that looked like a ripple on a currently almost horizontal line. He had to create an Oscillating Economy, the new Holy Grail for the thermo-industrial civilization, or more accurately for its already obscenely wealthy rulers. Those controls to direct, stop, augment or decrease economic flows were always known to exist but no unifying model had ever been developed to be able to fully control the world economy. It was time for the Davos Boys to step up from their stone-age empirical management practices and gain what would be an unassailable edge, the ability to truly control money creation, to finally become true plutocratic gods.

It would take Rajesh two days to develop and test the model, meshing in hundreds of equations, then another two days to lay down the flow rates and quotas between and across the economic sectors, all culminating in a set of tables that would lay the path forward for the world economy. The last day he would spend presenting the simulation in front of his bosses and then hand over the tables, the codes to economic Armageddon for the masses, Nirvana for the rulers.

His powerful mind had taken days to work all this out, it would take days to explain the details of his model. To anyone smart enough to tackle the challenge, it would also take many days to ensure the outcome of the simulation showing a beautiful oscillation of the growth rate in the +3 to -3% range centered on zero was indeed a resultant of the implementation of the values in those tables to the various economic sectors of the economy.



Rajesh was banking on the fact that nobody within the company would check that last point at the end of the work contract. It would probably cost a whole of \$1000 to have three people go over the whole set of figures to confirm the data, but Rajesh guessed even that would be too expensive for his bosses. His work had always been impeccable, his maths flawless. Until now...

As ordered by the customer, the economy was to start with an immediate contraction of 3% for the first year the model was applied, then rebound with a 3% growth the following year, and so on and so forth every year, as a result of the flow tables. The initial down phase of the economy in the first year would have to appear attributable to the implementation of some sort of Gaia roadmap, or so he had overheard. The rebound phase a year later would have to be imputable to a boom in technological developments within the industrial sector. The shifting and oscillating economy apparently could never be conceived to be a pre-rigged game so there always had to be a scapegoat. In a world so dominated by spin doctors, Rajesh had thought that part would be the easiest, and in any case was nothing to do with his painstaking analytical work.

The tables that Rajesh eventually handed over at the end of that week were indeed designed, once the amendments were activated, to cause an initial decrease in economic output, but one of 300% over 10 years instead of 3% over one year. That was Rajesh's plan, the one he had thought about on that painful night. One very simple difference to a model that was ruling the world, and Rajesh had been given a unique opportunity to change the course of humanity and of the whole natural world. He had nothing left to lose; he knew he was going to die. He also knew that implementing the Davos amendments as they were intended would mean maintaining an economic system that would bring

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