

**Brandon  
McYntire**

*The future is in  
our hands!*



**Island 2289**

*The ship distanced itself from the shores of Norway and disappeared in the ocean. In the K 1000 centre a documentary was playing. The subtitles indicated the year 2289.*

# *Island 2289*

Michalovce city, Slovakia EU  
©Brandon McYntire 2017  
ISBN: 978-80-972691-8-0

Name of original: Island 2289

Author of book: Brandon McYntire (pen name)

Publishing House: Branko Mateja – self-publisher

Cover: ©Branko Mateja

Cover Photo: [www.pixabay.com](http://www.pixabay.com)

Photo in Book: ©Branko Mateja

Publisher: Branko Mateja

Edition: Second edition

Stylistic Revision: Author responsible

Number of pages: 43

Format: PDF

Michalovce City,

Slovakia EU 2017

ISBN: 978-80-972691-8-0

## **Foreword**

The novel “Island 2289” is a piece that I started to write in high school. At that time it was only written in sections and I only got up to the tenth page. It wasn’t a definite story, only one about an island where it was freezing cold and people were captured there against their will. It was lost until now. I often looked for it, but wasn’t able to find it. I came across it whilst separating old documents to be recycled. One has to mature for some things. I continued to write where I had left off and it gained a final form. It’s a very significant small piece for me. Everyone has their circle of readers and through this book I’d like to thank you for including me in your reading genre and also that you included me on your bookshelf. I believe that you’ll enjoy my novels and hope that in the future I’ll write some stories that will leave some question burning inside of you. The story isn’t divided into chapters, it’s written just as it was originally. So I’ve left it on one level, as a story told by one person to another.

In the final stage of this novel one could say that it’s in a certain sense a continuation of the novel- In the city Loist. I admit the possibility of writing a third part of this commencing trilogy.

**Author: Brandon McYntire**

The infinite winter in this part of Norway transformed the island into a harsh and empty place. The noise of waves rushing to the shores of this small island drowned out even one's own screaming. Henrik sometimes tries to shout down this blistering sea water, however it's pointless. Dusk, snow and dark water surrounds the shores regardless of the time and wishes of the temporary inhabitants. The only monument in this cold hell is the station K 1000. The great dome-like object in the middle of the island that looks more like a bowl turned upside down.

Winter on the island is infinite. In practice it means that it's avoided by polar bears and other animals, since there isn't anything that would maintain the life of anyone or anything. The dark water around the island generates fear from isolation that this island provides. It's a cold hell amid the world. If one was born here, then one would think that the whole world was comprised of only this island and that everything was focused only around it. But this idea is likewise unrealistic. Here it's impossible to live and have a family. The inhabitants were sent here only for a certain time and each perceives this time differently.

A blue lighthouse began to shine at the station which is a signal to return to the station. There's a strict regime here which can't be transgressed. Simply because of the reason that it's a small piece of earth, there wouldn't be any point of transgressing the rules. It wouldn't lead to anything. Even the stocks of food and all other necessities are delivered on water. The flat silver boat, operated by means of magnetic propulsion, always appears on Friday at six in the evening.

The ship without a crew is programmed so as to stop on the southern coast and it will then release a red-coloured flare to give a signal that it's time to unload the supplies. Two employees charge out on a continuous track vehicle and unload the supplies. The ship without a single human being, slips into the distance of the deep dark waters. This repetitive process, established by the government always repeats itself on the single pier, with a singular sign on a white board- Barent's Island.

The government of the world decided that Barent's Island wouldn't be accessible by plane but merely by sea. It's not possible to assume the aim of this decision. Everything is cancelled always at the right time so that people can't assemble into a large number, and thus the establishment of groups and assemblies is prevented. Everything is under control. In case of the smallest suspicion, the system, tactic and presumption will always change. For an ordinary person it's impossible to see into the system that's been established for over a hundred years. Nobody knows if the world got to this system thanks to the infinite perfection of technologies or the infinite revolts, uprisings and wars. There are great gaps in the knowledge and history. It's not even known why they occurred. Everything in the world is directed from one centre that's controlled by people who have never been seen by anyone and their names are also unknown-that's if they even have any.

There aren't any telephones or post offices and the satellites in orbit have been destroyed, leaving only one that circulates the earth and serves the government for communication and giving out orders.

In every residence in the world there's a touch hand. It's a kind of glass or more like a mirror the size of a palm of the hand.

After placing one's palm of the hand on it, it activates and lights up a green colour, then subsequently identifies you according to your fingerprints. A person has the option to communicate either with the centre- the central office of the government or he can say a certain name or office. Afterwards there'll be a connection and the communication starts. Since the transmission occurs through the only satellite circulating the earth then the central governmental has control over your every word.

Nothing escapes it. If someone decides to communicate with the centre, it's for free. You even get points assigned to a card that doesn't include finances like in the past, but points that are used for shopping or payments. A frequent communication with the centre implies that the said person is obedient and shows affection for the government which gives them also more opportunities and advantages. You can ask the centre all sorts of questions and you'll always get an answer. It's only known that the centre doesn't like questions concerning the past and history. In cases of these questions a beep occurs, which means that the answer was declined or is prohibited.

The beep is so intense that sometimes it brings the person to their knees and he loses the interest to ask questions of this sort. The centre loves questions and discussions concerning the improvement of a model citizen. This increases opportunities for better employment and being forgiven smaller transgressions against the system. Henrik gazed intently at the blue lighthouse that shone on top of the station and he was in no mood to return. Maybe he'd rather spend the whole night walking on the shore and thinking about why he's actually here. In this world of nothing and infinite winter.

The yellow bodysuit that's worn by all temporary inhabitants of this station shines long distances and either way he'd have nowhere to hide. This is also a direction of the centre. Even though the attributes of this bodysuit are more than remarkable, since it keeps you warm in the winter and cools you down in the summer. Everything's thought through. One can even swim in it and exit the water completely dry. This bodysuit has universal attributes and is adapted to extreme situations. It's non-flammable and never has to be washed. The yellow bodysuit characterizes the envoys on this island. The dark blue bodysuit marks the employees of the K 1000 station. They don't really talk to the envoys.

The envoys are on the island for control and research. They are researched by the touch hand on the wall of every room in this station. The station consists of residence rooms, precisely 1000 of them. That's why this station bears its name.

Henrik slowly wondered through the shimmering snow to the station since there weren't any pavements on the island. Maybe there's also a reason why the centre thought of this. He couldn't think of what the point of staying at this island was. Even the touch hand was the same kind like everyone else at home had. Nothing exceptional occurred here, actually it was just boredom and infinite winter. Norway had been covered with snow for over half a century.

It's five times colder than before. He can't remember how he got to the island. The way everyone else. It's usually that an envoy wakes up on the island and has no idea of how he got here. Before that there's a visitation of agents in their home. They arrive unexpectedly.

Henrik is an employee at an observatory in the suburbs of Oslo.



An intellectual, still single in his thirties, nothing exceptional for his neighbourhood. One ordinary evening he returned to his home of a dome- like shape. He left the snow scooter as always, in front of his house. When he was preparing dinner “they” appeared in the doorway. Agents. In black uniforms. Every person would directly realise that something was going to happen when a visit like this occurs. There were three of them and they sat at the table where Henrik prepared dinner. They looked at him intently.

“Did I ask the wrong questions?! Every other day I regularly communicate with the centre! I showed it more affection than all the inhabitants of Oslo!” he lamented in outrage and leaned against the wall.

The agents just stared at Henrik, they obviously hadn’t planned any brutal intervention which they were famous for all over the world, not only in Norway. They were in some sort of agony- maybe they were tired from these types of visits. Henrik sat down at the table and took a sip of some purple water from a silver cup. There was deafening silence. “I’m an exemplary citizen, more than anyone in this town. If someone sent you and is now rejoicing from their malice, I’d like to know who it is. I’ll definitely find out, even if not right now.”

The agents just silently looked at the table. This silence and inaction was unbearable...

Everyday this scene would repeat itself in his memory like a bad dream. It’s the first and last of what he remembers. He doesn’t know what happened afterwards or how he got transported to Barent’s Island.

When he came to the main entrance a light beam illuminated him like a silver figure in an ice kingdom. Straight after the roll-up doors opened up. Henrik entered this dome- like object and walked directly towards the central room which served for social activities. Each day there were around three hundred people who were talking, reading or watching documentaries on the big screen produced by the central government itself. Right now a movie about semi-military groups that were trying to unleash wars in the world around the year 2049 was playing. Entertaining films were played exclusively after ten in the evening. Supposedly so that everyone could first see all the documentaries about how society got to the point it was currently in. The noise in the hall was however overcome by the sound from the big screen. People bumped against each other, moved in masses and talked amongst themselves. Groups were formed, however it didn't bother the centre since here everyone and everything was under control.

Henrik sat in front of the big screen on a chair in the first row. Bored, he looked at these scenes and inside his head he again recalled the last moment that occurred in his house with the agents. The noise in the hall wasn't stopping and people continued to move up and down...

“What’s constantly bothering you?”

Henrik realised that now he wasn't entirely alone in this position. On his right side sat a woman, perhaps the same age as him and she was looking at him intently.

“What’s bothering me?! Why do you think that something’s bothering me?! Do I look like it?” Disgusted, he straightened up and gazed at the screen, conveying a message of no interest for this type of dialogue.

“Yes you do look like that. I can see you walking this hall for a good week and you always have the same facial expression. You’re easy to read. The centre has had to have you under its control since you were a child.”

With these words Henrik really considered moving to a different part of the hall. The woman realised this and changed her tone.

“I meant that maybe you don’t know the basic rules. If you’re think about something bad, look happy. If you’re in a bad mood, look happy. If you’re tired and don’t want to live, then march down the hall and move up and down. You don’t want to draw the attention that you’re drawing right now. You’ll be less transparent for the centre than you are now.”

Henrik realised that the woman’s words made some sense.

“So that’s how it works? That’s why people here constantly move in this object? “

The woman looked at him intently.

“Of course, even the most thoughtful person isn’t very active during thinking and that’s why you notice him. The centre focuses on these types. They began to notice them and will observe them for a few days to see what reasons they have. And that’s how control is gained. They’ll send a person to talk to him and see what he is thinking about. Getting information, thus control.”

Now Henrik really straightened up and realised the gravity of the whole situation.

“So they sent you after me. You won’t find anything out, I’m just annoyed and bored of this place.”

The woman laughed and fell disinterestedly into the chair. “This time you’re lucky, they didn’t send me after you, I came of my own accord. I’m a doctor of psychology. You should thank me for warning you on how it works here. I’ve been observing you for a week now and I couldn’t stand seeing how you’re constantly letting yourself be read. You have to change that otherwise you won’t find peace here. So what’s bothering you?”

Henrik thought for a moment, looked into nowhere and explained his memories on the fateful evening to the woman.

“I have no idea how I got here or why. I didn’t get an answer to that. The agents just looked silently in front of themselves and then I have no idea about what happened.”

The woman contemplated things for a while and also looked into nowhere. “But I think I know why. I’m a doctor of psychology and maybe I asked provocative questions. Now every day the touch hand asks me the questions that I too asked people. It’s a test. According to that you’ll find out why you’re here. According to the questions that the “mirror” asks you. What does the touch hand ask you?”

Henrik, who was stunned by this information had to think.

“It asks me about my dreams. It gives me questions on where I got to in my dreams, what I saw and what I discussed with people...”

“Wow, that’s an interesting reason. That would have never occurred to me. But it certainly has to have some reason,” said the woman and happily looked at Henrik.

“I’m Thea from Seiland. I’m used to the island life and therefore don’t take it as hard as the others. It’s true that this island is really harsh and cold, but I don’t really see it as such. What about you?”

Henrik leaned forward as if he was going to fall head-first off the chair...

“I’m Henrik. I’m from Oslo and work in an observatory where I save data from daily observations and send them to the centre.”

“I’m pleased to meet you,” said Thea.

“So there’s only probably only the two of us Norwegians this month. This is my third week and there are people from all over the world, not only our people. I was instantly drawn to you and that’s why began to talk to you. And you see, we’re both natives. Those poor people are even as far as from Australia... but it’s difficult to say because apart from Eureka other languages, that maybe even the centre itself can’t understand, can be heard!”

Henrik looked at the screen and contemplated. “You know Thea, maybe it’s because we Norwegians are aware of this island and that’s why we live here disciplined and show affection for this system. That’s why they don’t focus on us that much. But sometimes it happens that the darkest place is under a candlestick and suddenly here we are. Nothing escapes them. And sometimes we don’t even think about what we tell to someone and suddenly we’re under the surveillance of the centre. When they came to my home I was so angry... because before I could’ve lived the way the centre didn’t require.

I could've done anything if I had known that I would've ended up here. You never know how you should think in life. We're a generation at the peak, generated after years of violence and wars. There's nothing more to come. The centre holds everything. Is this even life?"

Thea was fixing a necklace from a shiny metal, she stood up and with her gaze fixed onto nowhere she said: "So tomorrow after 10 a.m. we can meet here again, they're going to be giving a documentary about a great war started by people that we're not supposed to talk about anymore. But here on the island the centre shows some of the truths that we need to see, in order to be content with our life and the world in which we now live in."

Thea left for the intertwined corridors of this gigantic dome full of people from all around the world.

For a while Henrik looked around the people until he got annoyed with this activity and so he returned to his room. The deafly silence in the room of this centre creates fear of loneliness. A paper lies on top of the metal table. It's a list of obligations along with the schedule that had to be kept in the centre. Bold letters at the very beginning explain the procedure to operate the touch hand. This is the most important part of the whole stay in this centre.

Children up to 10 years and adults over the age of 60 are exempted from the obligation of answering questions after placing their palm of their hand on the touch hand. The centre doesn't seem to perceive them as a threat or an object that will generate subversive activities.

This concerns all people that are in the range of these two barriers. Absolutely everyone.

Every morning from six to eight is the designated time to answer questions. If someone forgets to do this activity due to various reasons it's possible to correct it at six to eight in the evening. This is also today's case with Henrik. The touch hand asks questions and the said person has to answer only yes or no. Upon a correct answer the small mirror- touch hand turns green and if the answer is incorrect, when a person is lying, then it turns red.

In this case the system asks the question again. If even after the correction there's a red light then the said person can expect a visit. The agents won't take long. In essence it's kind of a lie detector and telephone in one. After eight in the morning it can be used as a telephone and a connection with the centre.

It's coming up to six in the evening. Henrik has just finished the dinner brought to him by an atomised system resembling a magnetic board. It's a strange combination of vegetables and cooked rice. In this station there are lots of chefs working here from the entire world. Obviously sometimes they can't understand each other. Those who came to Europe don't know Eureka very good. They cook more intuitively and try to accommodate their cooking style to the European standard.

Henrik placed his hand on the small hated mirror. It turned green. There was a beep. After a few seconds there a woman's voice could be heard:

“Are you Henrik Ultured? Have you been accommodated here for exactly 11 days? Did you have a dream tonight outside of the centre? Who did you meet in the dream? Describe the person in the dream.

Did your dream have any political significance? Did you see technologies that aren't currently available in your dream?..." Henrik answered all of the questions correctly and the "mirror" was green all the time. After this boring action he placed himself in the seat in the middle of the room and shifted into a laying position. He turned the speaker on night music and closed his eyes.

The next morning Thea woke up with difficulties from the uncomfortable position she fell asleep in the evening in the seat in the centre of the room and without switching to the night regime. She looked at the touch hand and then at the clock on the wall. It was something after six, she still had some time.

There was a buzzing sound at the door... they opened up and there was the magnetic food carrier. Breakfast was quite good. For the most part there were cereal with a kind of synthetic juice of a red colour. After breakfast she dressed into the yellow bodysuit and with a disgusted look gazed at the touch hand. Today she really wasn't in the mood for these incomprehensible questions. As a doctor of psychology she knew the significance of questions of a different character, but these questions from the centre were sometimes really crazy. She placed her hand on the mirror and it turned green. There was a beep, which was a sign of activation and connection between the person and the centre.

"Did you make any contact with a new person since you've been in the centre? Did you talk about the imperfection of the world system? Did you attempt to use your psychological tactics in order to influence the thinking of this person? Did this person tell you any information that they're hiding from the centre? Did you urge someone in your vicinity to perform subversive activities against us?"



She answered all the questions correctly as always. The whole time there was a green light and so everything proceeded in order.

Later she was wrote something down in her diary. After eight she again came up to this miracle on the wall. She placed the palm of her hand on it again...

In Henrik's room the touch hand began to shine and a voice could be heard. It was Thea's voice.

“Henrik, we'll meet in the middle of the station like yesterday, in about ten minutes. I'll bring some papers, we can at least try to teach someone Eureka, I can't think of any other activity for today.”

Henrik gazed intently at the wall and answered: “Okay, I'll be there, I just have to contact the centre and ask them something.”

“ Okay, do what you have to and I'll wait for you.”

Thea slowly went through the crowd that spread in this centre like ants in an ant hill. She was heading to the big screen where an “educational” documentary of the terrifying past was being played again.

There were about four places free. She sat down, placed the papers on the table and looked at the boring documentary...

“Eureka? Eureka?” Thea heard somewhere behind her back.

## Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

