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It's a disaster. The government ~~used~~ tricked us, lied to our faces. They promised to 'revolutionize the way we lived' and to 'change our lives for the better.' It was all a lie. An elaborate guise formulated by ~~some~~ corporate savages hungry for complete power and control. We were ~~a~~ stupid to trust them, to put our futures in the hands of devious government officials and their equally conniving scientist counterparts. We are now the experiments, the animals being shipped away to determine the level of inhabitance of an 'off-world' society.

When they first took control of our society it was the ominous and foreboding one hundred and eighty story buildings that were erected on every block. The lavish nature that once surrounded and illuminated our beautiful cityscape was demolished and replaced by these ~~stark~~ oppressive cement prisons. Everything that was, is no longer. The beauty, the nature,

the sublime. Gone, gone, gone.

Next they promised equality. They told us, the now designated underclass due to our inferior genetic make-ups and less than satisfactory 'good-looks', that we were going to a 'better place'. A place where we would not be subjected to the pressure of a 'beautiful society' where we could feel the same as our neighbours, our peers and not feel ashamed of our 'genetically challenged' lifestyles. I don't know why we believed them, looking back now I can see how fake their promises were, they wanted us gone, eliminated from the perfect society. Graduated with no trace of compunction. So that's what they did.

Now, as I look around the stark walls of the ethnically white spaceship I become ~~nostalgic~~ nostalgic for the ways things used to be. As the majority of my space crew 'hibernate' in restrictive white sleeping chambers

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I gaze upon the vast enormity of space. The wonder associated with the land of the unknown. The stars glisten in the dark, dark sky almost symbolic of the small last prospects we have of surviving in this new world. The illuminated sea of ~~the~~ mystery stretched far beyond the distance that my eyes could see. An ominous silence flooded the space ship as only the sound of the gentle humming of hibernation capsules could be heard in the distance. This is how my life ~~is~~ was constructed now in this foreboding land. Full of hope, dreams and an unfortunate sense of reality.

When I woke from my period of hibernation I wasn't sure how much time had passed. A month, maybe two? Time was lost in the world of space. Our lives were just a never ending continuous of nothing. We weren't even positive if we ~~are~~ were going to ~~be~~ reach our destination, ~~and~~ some had

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Speculated and were now convinced that we were destined to orbit space until we inevitably gave in to death. Many believed that that would be the better option. An end to our cruel lives would mean an end to the dihorasty, an end to the brutality and discrimination. We each felt like a mere drone, or pebble even, thrown together in a sea of mishap with the distinct hope that we would sink to the bottom ~~and never be seen~~ with no trace of our unfortunate existence.

Once in a while we could share a laugh. Forget the adversity that we were constantly confronted with ~~it~~ in an attempt to make the best of our circumstances. But it would fade. The hope that we had a future.

The hope that we could somehow escape this ~~to be~~ doomed lifestyle and claw our way back to the equality that we were promised. Back to a future where scientific advancements did not give technology ultimate power. Where this power was abused

by anyone and everyone that I had access to its great capabilities. But we ~~we~~ now it was an unachievable ~~and~~ goal and an unattainable dream. ~~These~~ things were out of hand, out of control. Humanity had ultimately lost the battle for superiority and now we were suffering their consequences.

We believed we had been ~~on~~ route for close to five years ~~now~~. We couldn't tell, we were just guessing by how drastically everyone had aged and by ~~how~~ ~~much~~ ~~substance~~ supposed 'less than satisfactory' ~~on~~ 'good-byes' had changed and deteriorated. We were surprised that there were no deaths to be seen throughout the course of our doomed ~~to~~ 'mission'. We came to the conclusion that there was some type of vitamin, some antibiotic substance in our ~~constant~~ cocktail of tablets and injections. Ultimately it was just a better way for them, whoever 'they' were, to control us better, to

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ensure we did not stray from their
master plan. We had no choice, not
that we ever did.

We take turns in watching the
infinite galaxy pass by us, looking
for our supposed destination, any sign
that our ~~wait~~ prolonged torture would
soon come to an end. So far we
have observed nothing. No sign, no
future, just space. But we will continue
to take turns in observing the mystery
around us. Maybe someday we will
be brought to peace. Maybe ~~someone~~
~~someday~~ the government will realize their
~~no~~ mistake and take responsibility for
~~their~~ actions. Maybe someday. Maybe

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