

Amerika 2056 – The Awakening

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Bill awoke with a blinding headache, and blurred vision.

As he looked around what he thought was his house, it just seemed ... different. All of it, seemed different. Then there was a loud explosion.

Bill ran to his front door, and all of the muscles in his body tightened. He could not explain to himself what he saw.

After struggling to pull together what he could of the mental images he remembered about his former neighborhood ... Bill couldn't draw a deep breath, and fell at his front door. He fainted.

Bill awoke, an hour later, and he was on the couch in his living room. A female figure loomed over his head as his vision started to return...

My name is Jareen. Are you okay?

Yeah, I think so, I'm Bill.

I was fighting back there, and came across your front door, Bill. I thought you were dead. You're lucky I found you.

Fighting?

Bill thought silently to himself ... then he sat up and turned to Jareen...

What the hell happened to the neighborhood?

What do you mean, Bill?

Outside, what's with all of the destruction, the damage ... it looks like World War Three out there! Right outside my fucking front door!

World War Three? Is that some sort of sick joke, man? It's World War FOUR! Has been for at least a decade.

After collecting himself, Bill looked out the window and could hear the sound of machine guns way off in the distance.

Jareen right? What year is this?

2056.

2056?!?! You're fucking with my head! Is this some sort of sick joke?

No, Bill, it isn't a joke ... I'm not messing with you ... what year did you think it was?
2015.

Oh shit, Bill, I have something to tell you, but we can't talk here, they're probably recording every word of this conversation ... and will probably be here in about 3 minutes now that you said "The Year." You absolutely, if you want to live, MUST come with me, RIGHT NOW!

Based on how it looks right outside my fucking door, and because just a few minutes ago I thought I was teaching class at the college, and because you're telling me it's 2056 when there is no fucking way that's possible ... I just don't have the strength to tell you "No." Let's get out of here.

Yep, let's go ... eventually, Bill, you'll look back on this decision, and understand everything. But right now they're coming ... my cerebral implant says we have about 2 minutes and counting before they are here, and about 10 minutes before they bring more of the heavy artillery.

CEREBRAL IMPLANT?!?! What the he.....

(Bill falls forward off the couch and hits the floor, fainting again)

Mother Ship ... this is Jareen, authorization code 2419 – x – 2015, and I need an emergency transport for me, plus one, and hurry, it's subject X...

"Roger that 2419, emergency transport will commence in 3 ... 2 ... 1 ... prepare for molecular separation..."

See you at The Hive, Mother Ship, it's finally beginning...

Bill awoke from passing out. Jareen had taken Bill to The Mother Ship, known only to members of The Hive.

As Bill got up and looked around, he noticed he was in a poorly lit steel room, with one door ... and no windows. The steel he was surrounded by seemed "aged."

Then Jareen opened the door and walked in...

I see you're awake, Bill. You must have a ton of questions for me.

You're damn right I do Jareen! What the fuck is going on? I remember you talking about a cerebral implant or something, saying our lives were in danger, and seeing

World War III outside my front door. Then, I woke up here, in what looks like some sort of "prison camp".

Well, Bill, let's start at the beginning and see if I can answer some questions for you that might help clear this up. But you have to take a deep breath and calm down, because I'm going to be up front with you ... you're not going to like what you're about to hear.

Bill sits down on a small bed in the room, takes a few deep breaths, and looks at Jareen. She hands him a small, cold glass of water, that Bill drinks in one drink. Then he turns to Jareen...

Alright, you said this was the year 2056 ... how is that possible? I'm not a time traveler!

Well, in a way, yes ... you can travel time Bill. But you need a little help to do so. It's how you ended up here, with me, in 2056.

I can't even deal with that right now, but okay, then why did it look like Hell outside my front door?

Here's where you're going to have to take a deep breath Bill, and listen carefully, because I am only going to be able to tell you this one time...

Bill looked directly into Jareen's eyes as she told him the story...

The war you saw outside your door that is the ongoing result of the extreme greed, ignorance, stupidity and competitive nature that used to be your home country ... America.

Bill, America as you know it is no longer, it has been dissolved. It has been dissolved because of what is now known as The Transcendence Phenomenon of 2031. Since we don't have much time, I want to make this short...

The Transcendence Phenomenon was a badly failed experiment by the human race, originating in what was America. The idea was technology would allow humans to achieve some sort of technological "merging" with human biology. Humans would then be able to transcend their biological form, and live within artificial creations or the digital world. Humans called the digital world "virtual reality."

Bill, the short version is, in 2031 humans achieved the technological progress necessary to begin this transcendence. This was much earlier than many experts had predicted, and the technology required caused quite a scare in the general public ... even though debate and warnings were issued. As a result of the fear, many humans formed heavily armed activist groups against this transcendence.

They did not need to take their activism so far, however, because things went terribly wrong...

Technological viruses, elite institutions, and mentally unstable examples of the human race caused a major public failure of the transcendence efforts. Many people died as a result. Almost 2/3 of the American population.

That is the short version of the story, there is much more I want to tell you Bill, about this phenomenon, but I have to get to the important part.

Go on, Jareen, because this sounds like it has to do with some of the technologies I was involved in creating at my University.

Oh, Bill, you don't know the half of it, but I will try to fill in as many blanks as I can in these last few minutes we have together...

LAST FEW MINUTES? WHAT IS GOING TO HAPPEN JAREEN?

Stay calm Bill, because it's the next part that is the most important part of what I need to tell you before we part ways...

Okay, go ahead. But I'm freaking out here.

I know Bill, but I have to tell you the rest of this. The survival of the human race in this time depends on it.

With only 1/3 of the American population left, a civil war broke out, and then a World War ... World War III in fact. America as you know it disbanded, each State as you know it became their own country of sorts. But a few States grouped together and became Amerika, with a "k" instead of a "c."

And that's where you, and the survival of the human race, comes in Bill.

In 2015, you had finished developing technology that fits on your face, allows you to assemble information from a number of sources, and make predictions. That same technology was the basis for the cerebral implant in my head.

Except my cerebral implant is special, it allows me abilities the human race doesn't understand yet. Like time travel, for example, on a limited basis. There were 26 of these special cerebral implants created, each assigned a letter of the alphabet. There are only 3 left in existence, implanted in 3 people.

Me, I have implant "Y." Evril, who you won't meet until several decades have passed, has "Z." Bill, you have "X" ... a special version of these implants that connects with an upgraded version of your face technology ... and allows you special powers that no other human has.

You developed the technology that will eventually save the world, and now I need to tell you why.

B...But Jareen, how did I get implant "X"? I didn't know I had one of those things in my head!

Actually Bill, you do know you have it, and also created that implant technology together with a friend, a very special fr...

WAIT! I created the implant? When? Beyond 2015? No fucking way.

And, Jareen, you keep talking as though humans are a separate race or something ... but you're human yourself!

I sure do look human though, don't I Bill? The truth is, though, the members of The Hive, like myself and Evril, along with the friend I mentioned are

Everything suddenly went black.

Bill awoke with a blinding headache, in his living room once again. He turned around, looked outside, and everything appeared normal. No war, no obvious surveillance, and no Jareen.

Then, he noticed the pair of special goggles he developed on the floor in front of him.

He also knew what he needed to do next.
