

2084

Welcome to 2084. It's been a long haul—getting used to 6,900 sunscreen takes time. I don't go out. Why bother? What's outside except dirt and cancer? I live in a comfy apartment thirty feet underground. Best protection against the tornadoes and storms and solar radiation.

Only the poor live above ground. The nightly news always ends with a positive human-interest story about them. Everything is reported, nothing left out. Yes, we have enemies all over the world. But they buy our goods, we theirs. Martial law is comforting and living underground never felt better. The light, heat and air are controlled, the food tasty (although it took a while, getting used to dark brown sludge)—they make it from insects and our own waste.

I work in my assigned job, stay at home or go to movies. There are no shadows outside my apartment. It is bright, you can see everything clearly, down to the end of every corridor. I love my apartment. On my walls I have posters of walls.