

BRAHMOIDS - Story of My Mother Earth

By

Bhushan Kerur

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First Edition

Author's website www.bkerur.com **Website gives "Quick Peek". We highly recommend that you read it through.**

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Chapter 1 Short stories

Abdu and Oba

Abdu and Oba lived on remote land in a shack, far from the city.

The shack bore witness to their married life and the raising of their children. As time passed, the couple weathered both good and bad moments but remained content with their little farm and livestock. As new technology and the Internet transformed the globe, its influence slowly reached into their home, ensnaring their children in the virtual world. As the children explored

faraway places through this virtual realm, they began to notice a contrast with their own living standards. It wasn't surprising when they chose to move to the city.

Though their children frequently invited them to join, Abdu and Oba declined, choosing to remain where they were. In no time, the children adapted to the city's pace and its ever-increasing modern demands. Though the physical distance between them and their parents remained unchanged, an emotional rift grew. The once strong familial ties thinned to a fragile thread, which eventually snapped.

Years of hard work took a toll on Abdu and Oba. By the time they were approaching seventy, their bodies showed clear signs of wear. Recently, their health had declined rapidly. With no crops or livestock, dwindling food supplies, and their neighbors leaving the village, life became increasingly difficult. On this particularly scorching day, with temperatures soaring to fifty-five degrees Celsius, Abdu and Oba lay in a room of their doorless shack.

Both the husband and wife, with their thin, dark, and wrinkly bodies, resembled living corpses, having not eaten for several days. The domestic animals they once owned were now dead, their bodies left unattended outside the shack. The rest of the residents had already departed, leaving this little place like a ghost town.

Despite the horrid stench and oppressive heat permeating the air, Abdu and Oba seemed unaffected. Oblivious to the nauseating smell of decay and the flies buzzing around, occasionally landing on their frail bodies, the couple lay motionless on the floor. The oppressive silence was

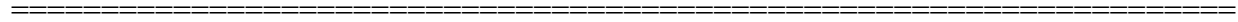
only sometimes interrupted by gusts of scorching wind, bringing in dust and sand through the shack's doorless entrance, like the opening of a blazing oven.

Abdu lay facing the wall, using his folded left arm as a pillow, aligned with it. Near the end of the wall was the empty doorway. Oba lay facing a perpendicular wall, her right arm folded beneath her head, her feet pointing towards the entrance.

Hunger and thirst gnawed at Abdu's gaunt stomach. Disoriented, he tried to lift his head to check on Oba. He longed to move closer to her, but his body resisted every feeble effort. Oba too wished to turn and look at her husband, but a sharp pain shot through her every time she tried. She'd lost all feeling from the waist down, as though everything below her stomach were dead wood. Her eye sockets were deep-set, and to anyone observing from above, her eyes might resemble dark orbs floating in pools of a pale yellowish liquid. Both eyes, devoid of focus, yearned for a gentle, affectionate touch that might spark tears—life.

With half-open eyes, Oba stared at the cracked wall in front of her. Some cracks stretched vertically, others horizontally or crookedly. But today, something caught her attention. Two of the cracks formed the shape of a cross. A shiver ran through her. She strained to open her eyes wider and confirmed what she saw: a cross, just like the one she'd seen when nuns from a distant country visited their village. She remembered one nun in particular, her round face adorned with rosy cheeks and a radiant smile, a cross pendant hanging gracefully around her neck. Oba had coveted the cross then.

Story continues...



Budi and Asmara

On one of the thousands of islands in this region, overseen by prominent nations, the inhabitants had been provided only basic amenities by their respective governments. In fact, some of these isolated islands had yet to be fully discovered by the modern world.

The locals sustained themselves on limited food supplies distributed by government authorities. These entities did their best, but with limited resources and a general indifference, they couldn't support everyone scattered across these islands.

Budi and Asmara, both in their late twenties, resided peacefully with their few possessions on one such island. Much of the population had migrated to cities and larger towns far from home. In recent months, Budi and Asmara had faced numerous adversities. Yet, powered by an unrelenting determination, they chose to remain in their homeland. Hammered by severe weather and incessant rain, their daily existence had been completely disrupted. Nonetheless, these downpours couldn't drown their tenacity and spirit.

Today, the rains were torrential, reminiscent of a cloud burst. The entire landscape had transformed into a marsh, with no dry, habitable ground in sight. With water levels rising inexorably and seemingly no end in sight, life here was arguably the hardest of anywhere in this part of the world. Vast waters stretched endlessly, meeting a horizon overshadowed by looming

clouds so thick that the sun wouldn't dare pierce through. It felt like a malediction had been placed upon them.

Anticipating that the rain would persist for several more days, Budi took the initiative to construct a small room in a tree using ropes, wooden boards, and a tarpaulin. Five days elapsed without any letup in the rain. The makeshift treehouse began to show signs of wear from the relentless downpour. Their stored food supply was already depleted. Each day, Budi would quickly descend to gather plants, fruits, and occasionally, if he was lucky, some fish to sustain them. During this time, Asmara devised her own unique cooking methods. She mashed the plants into a pulp, let the mixture sit in water for a few hours, added some damp spices, and created a soup for both her and Budi. She did the same with fish when it was available.

Complicating matters, water from the nearby sea began to surge inward. With their tarpaulin shelter offering minimal protection from the rain, the two remained perpetually wet, leading to mild, feverish symptoms. Hunger gnawed at both Budi and Asmara. While Asmara's determination allowed her to stave off the hunger pangs somewhat, her mind in particular was consumed by worries about their uncertain future.

Under an unyielding canopy of darkening clouds, they estimated that evening was approaching. Each minute, they'd cast anxious glances skyward, dreading the onset of another harrowing night. The sound of raindrops—varying in size and intensity—hitting the tarpaulin had become a familiar backdrop, sometimes forming a rhythmic pattern that was almost soothing. In their drowsier moments, the drumming of the rain barely registered. Ironically, complete silence

would actually have been more jarring. Occasionally, they found solace in each other's embrace, hugging and kissing, the warmth of their bodies providing comfort. Their weary eyes would light up with affectionate smiles and fleeting moments of joy, their laughter and romantic mood offering a brief respite from their overarching worries and fears.

A day or two passed. It might have been around ten at night. Asmara felt cold and profoundly weak, both physically and mentally. She curled onto her right side, drawing her legs and hands close to her chest. Budi too felt drained, but he resisted succumbing to his weakness and despair. His faith remained unshaken; he believed that Almighty God, Allah, would save them.

Story continues...

Story of Trodur

Trodur, a sturdy, tall man who worked in construction, was diligently finishing his tasks. In a warehouse surrounded by a vast inventory of materials, he was determined to uncoil a hundred-foot-thick cable that was ten inches in diameter. His colleagues had suggested they tackle the task together, but eager to get a jump on the next day's work, Trodur decided to do it alone. As he worked, he played his favorite songs loudly on his music player, oblivious to the radio announcement warning of incoming nuclear missiles. Though he'd heard rumors that morning about a potential attack, Trodur, ever the tough man, brushed them off. "Hey, nothing's

going to happen here," he'd said. This dismissive attitude was typical of him. "Who cares? Fuck it," was his usual stance.

Mid-task, he felt the urge to smoke. Since smoking was prohibited inside the warehouse, he headed for the main exit about eighty feet away, a cigarette poised on his lips. As he neared the door, the distant wail of a siren reached his ears. Quickening his pace, he flung the door open only to find the street eerily deserted. Panic set in. He was utterly alone.

He sprinted toward the entrance to the basement, about ninety feet from where he stood. But the door was secured with a hefty padlock, and he didn't have the key. Remembering there was a sledgehammer somewhere in the warehouse—just the tool he'd need to break the lock—he frantically began searching for it. Amidst towering stacks of concrete blocks, jumbled metal pieces, wood, plastic, rubber parts, and barrels of chemicals, the sledgehammer proved elusive. His mind raced, picturing its last location and retracing his steps.

In that tense moment, a memory of his uncle Welly surfaced. Uncle Welly had always encouraged him to attend college and earn a degree. In the same fleeting span, he recalled Neely, his first love, whom he'd left for an older woman. He tried dialing Bromie, his boss, but the call wouldn't connect. As the siren continued its harrowing wail, Trodur's heart rate escalated. His movements grew frenzied, a mix of hope and desperation. He muttered expletives, "shit," "fuck," and many others, words he must've repeated dozens of times in just a few minutes by that point. Once more, he rushed to the basement door, delivering a powerful kick that did nothing. His next thought was to seek shelter beneath the stacks of concrete blocks...

The sharp, deafening shriek of incoming missiles filled the air, and the ground convulsed as though gripped by an earthquake. A colossal fireball illuminated the horizon...

The missile struck roughly twenty miles from Trodur's location.

The warehouse's roof shook vigorously in all directions, and the surrounding walls swayed back and forth. Soon, the roof collapsed, bringing the half-broken, cracked walls down with it. Bricks and concrete scattered across the floor. A thick cloud of dust enveloped the space, chemical barrels spilled and ignited, and steel beams and supporting metal rods, though initially holding their positions, eventually buckled and twisted. In no time, the expansive warehouse was choked with heat, dust, smoke, and the pungent odor of chemicals.

Story continues...

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The Story of Jasmine

The war that erupted in one country quickly spread, affecting neighboring nations and those even farther afield in various ways - massive immigration, reluctant participation in the conflict, collapsing economies, food crises, and numerous other calamities. Aggressions between countries intensified; sometimes there was a stalemate, sometimes battles raged on. Occasionally, a country would declare victory over a piece of land, but such triumphs were fleeting due to swift

counterattacks from opposing forces. In essence, the state of affairs in these nations was unpredictable.

The onslaught of enemy weaponry, including tank bombardments, missiles, and drones, resulted in devastating ground attacks, killing and injuring countless civilians; the bloodshed persisted. A significant number of civilians, comprising families with children, the elderly, individuals separated from their loved ones, and migrants traveling from one country to another, became a familiar sight. In brief, life had become perilous and obscure. Hunger, diseases, injuries from arduous journeys, a lack of medical supplies, and deaths from the deteriorating conditions were commonplace in the war-torn regions around the world. Due to the ceaseless conflict, chaos reigned among the general populace. The immense suffering of families was heart-wrenching and pitiable.

Battles weren't confined to remote battlefields; they erupted in cities where innocent civilians, including women and children, who had no part in the war, resided. These cities, caught in the crossfire, were so devastated that many were abandoned by residents fleeing the conflict. Those who remained were often families either too stubborn to leave or trapped in their homes, enduring their dire circumstances—wounded, sick, immobilized. Many lay beneath the debris of crumbled buildings, twisted metal, and entangled wires, hoping for a rescuer.

Roaming an area recently struck by a missile, it was clear that the human population had been entirely incinerated. The chance of finding anyone alive, let alone unscathed, was minuscule.

A woman's anguished moans, weak and blubbing, echoed from beneath a pile of rubble – the remains of a tall apartment building struck by a missile. She had been trapped for what seemed an eternity. A powerfully built man from a distant region, determined to save the lives of survivors, was nearby. Hearing her trembling cries, he began removing the debris: chunks of concrete, wooden beams, metal rods, and dusty wreckage. Calling out with a reassuring voice, he shouted, "Hold on, lady! I'm here. Don't be afraid. Stay with me."

She was too weak to reply, her body shaking uncontrollably. The man lifted a large heap of intertwined concrete, wood, and metal, working swiftly to reach her. Under a thick slab and wooden fragments, he found a hollowed-out space. After pushing aside what remained, he finally saw her.

Sunlight streamed in, and she shielded her eyes with her right hand, unable to move her left arm, which was pinned beneath a pile of muck. She gazed fearfully at the massive man before her, tears forming. He stepped closer, casting a shadow over her to shield her from the blinding light.

"Hi, I'm Trofman. Don't be afraid. I'll get you out. What's your name?"

She stared blankly, finally whispering, "Jasmine."

"Alright, Jasmine, I'm going to help you, okay?"

Story continues...

Effects of Nuclear War on the World

Billions of Trodurs, Kennys, Suzies, Teungs, Trangs, Jonnys, Huas, along with countless known and unknown species, fell victim to the nuclear war, either directly or indirectly.

Unsurprisingly, those directly hit by the blasts perished instantly, while those farther from the epicenter succumbed to extreme heat, blinding light, and radiation fallout. The range of casualties spanned from immediate deaths to delayed ones whose timing remained uncertain, as the prolonged effects of the attack continued to unfold. Moreover, the exact scope of the affected area remained elusive. It seemed likely that an entire continent bordered by vast stretches of ocean had been affected by the nuclear onslaught. The magnitude and duration of this devastation were beyond measure, and no one could foresee how long the terrifying impacts of the attack would linger.

Words like "unprecedented," "unfathomable," "unimaginable," and "insurmountable" still fall short of capturing the full horror of humanity's reckless devastation upon the Earth. Beyond the immediate fatalities, many who were exposed to the radiation suffered fatal changes in their body cells, exhibiting symptoms of cancer or other as-yet-undiscovered ailments, leading to a slow but inevitable death. Common symptoms leading to death included nausea, vomiting, diarrhea, and other unidentified complications.

Not long after the nuclear bombs struck their targets, massive mushroom-like clouds filled with extreme heat, light, and dust rose from the ground. If the detonation occurred over a city, this cloud would also contain shards of metal, glass fragments, chemicals, water vapors (which transformed into a toxic fluid), and invisible radiation rays. This dense, dark cloud, spreading across numerous square miles, lingered for days, preventing sunlight from breaking through. The extended presence of this cloud caused temperatures to plummet far below normal, a phenomenon often termed "Nuclear Winter" by scientists.

Story continues...

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Chapter 6 Chuck and Maya at VR-Park

Chuck, busy in his lab, engrossed deeply in his project, got a VR-call from his friend, Kevin.

“Hey Chuck, what’s going on?”

“Working, what else?”

“Let’s go to Dreams”

Both of them decided to meet at Dreams.

Kevin and Chuck became friends since they met at Air Swim Club.

Kevin and Chuck met at the Air Swim Club -

Although for Chuck, sports was always the last priority, he came to know about a club that was different from the normal sports club, so he decided to visit this club; The ‘Air Swim Club’.

Eagerly, he entered through the front door, the Admin on the desk welcomed Chuck.

Admin could easily guess that Chuck was new to the club, he started off, “So, Chuck this is a new sport developed by one of our athletes”.

Chuck, gazing at the pictures on the wall which were quite alluring for Chuck, “Yeah, but how is it different from the air floating, sky diving or flying? I have tried skydiving in the past but - “

“You are right, this is different. What you do here is we give you certain gears to wear (showing him the 3-D pictures on a large console on the wall), you wear them, we will train you for about an hour and you can start swimming. As long as you are a good swimmer—”.

Another person entered the lobby and overheard the conversation, interrupted,

He introduced himself, “Hi, I am Kevin”, and extended his hand towards Chuck. Chuck looked at him, shook his hand with Kevin and introduced himself to Kevin.

“So, Chuck, he is right, you won’t need much of a practice to learn this gig, it’s pretty easy and I’m sure you will like it”.

Chuck stepped back a little, noticed Kevin who was tall, maybe about six feet, good built, seemed to be athletic, “Thanks Kevin. Looking at you, this is probably an easy sport for you, but look at me (tapping on his belly), I don’t think I can, though I have tried skydiving when I was a teen”.

“Oh, don’t worry, I will teach you, com’on”; turning to the Admin, “I’ll take care of Chuck” both Chuck and Kevin left.

Entering the facility, Kevin, “Chuck, you have tried skydiving right? Where are you from?”

Chuck, “I come from the South-west from here, am a scientist. Yes, I have tried skydiving”

Kevin, “Great. So, here it’s almost the same; instead of you float in the air, with this gear that is specially designed so that you swim in the air just like you swim in the water. The only difference here is the air chamber controls the airflow for you. So, all you do is, use this gear which helps you push forward, start swimming and you will move ahead, the trick is to balance yourself in one position, lying yourself flat on your stomach just the way you swim in water, not roll over, otherwise you will keep rolling in one spot; this special gear with fins on both sides around your torso will keep you in one position, okay?”.

Chuck could understand the basics of this sport, said to himself, ‘I got it, this gear is like a catalyst for one’s movement !’ ; to Kevin, “Okay, I got it. By the way, where are you from?”

Kevin, “Well, I come from just south of this place”.

Both of them wore gears on both their hands and feet and jumped into the air tank.

After a few visits to ‘Air swim club’, soon Chuck and Kevin became good friends, Chuck came to know that Kevin was a freelance techie, fixing the issues in regards to Robots, a unique skill

that he learned when he was in his country. His knowledge in electrical engineering, robotics communication systems was quite impressive. A geek, 'jack of all' was good at everything including the latest technology. Apart from this, he was an astrophile who loved to watch stars in the sky..

Story continues...

Chapter 6 Chuck and Maya at VR-Park

Chuck was engrossed in his lab project when he received a VR-call from his friend, Kevin.

“Hey Chuck, what’s going on?” Kevin asked.

“Working, what else?” Chuck replied.

“Let’s go to Dreams.”

The two agreed to meet at Dreams. Kevin and Chuck had been friends since they met at the Air Swim Club.

Kevin and Chuck's Meeting at the Air Swim Club

Sports had always been a low priority for Chuck, but when he heard about a unique club called the ‘Air Swim Club’, his curiosity was piqued.

Upon entering, the Admin at the desk greeted Chuck. Given Chuck's unsure demeanor, the Admin said, "So, Chuck, this is a new sport developed by one of our athletes."

Chuck, whose attention was drawn to the captivating 3D pictures on the wall, asked, "How is this different from air floating, skydiving, or flying? I've tried skydiving in the past, but—"

The Admin, pointing to 3D images on a large console, interrupted, "It's different. We provide you with specific gear. After about an hour of training, you can start swimming in the air, provided you're adept at regular swimming."

Kevin, who'd just entered the lobby, caught the tail-end of their conversation. "Hi, I'm Kevin," he introduced himself, extending his hand. Chuck reciprocated the gesture, introducing himself in turn.

Kevin chimed in, "You won't need much practice for this. It's relatively simple. I bet you'll enjoy it."

Chuck, sizing up Kevin's athletic build, replied with a chuckle while tapping his belly, "It might be easy for you, but I'm not so sure about myself, even though I tried skydiving as a teen."

"Don't sweat it. I'll show you the ropes," Kevin said. Addressing the Admin, he added, "I'll take care of Chuck." The two then proceeded inside.

Once inside, Kevin explained, “It’s somewhat like skydiving. You wear gear designed to let you swim in the air. The air chamber controls the airflow. The gear helps propel you forward. The key is to maintain balance and not roll over. If you do, you’ll just keep spinning in one spot. The gear has special fins on the sides to keep you stable. Understand?”

Chuck nodded, grasping the core of the sport, “I get it. The gear acts as a catalyst for movement.

By the way, where are you from?”

Kevin replied, “Just south of here.”

Both suited up and jumped into the air tank.

After several visits to the Air Swim Club, Chuck and Kevin grew close. Chuck discovered that Kevin was a freelance tech expert who specialized in robot issues, a skill he honed back in his homeland. Kevin’s vast knowledge in electrical engineering and robotic communication systems was remarkable. He was a jack-of-all-trades and was also a passionate stargazer.

Chuck and Kevin at Dreams

Both Chuck and Kevin met around seven-thirty in the evening at Dreams, the VR-park where visitors could experience the most beautiful, adventurous, and exotic places in the world.

Built using cutting-edge Virtual Reality technology, Dreams showcased places from national parks worldwide, wildlife parks from Africa, stunning beaches in Europe, America, and South Africa, as well as celebrated cities such as London, New York, Paris, Prague, Tokyo, and Dubai. It also featured hiking sites across mountains, valleys, and jungles, and skiing sites in the Alps. This virtual park had become the most exotic theme park on the planet, especially since many of the real-life versions of these places had been lost to man-made and natural disasters. It was truly a once-in-a-lifetime destination.

Upon entering the park, Chuck and Kevin faced a vast VR-panel offering selections. They could preview each destination on a 3D panel in front of them.

After some browsing, they both agreed on a windsurfing experience on the Nile River.

Chuck glanced at Kevin, saying, "Let's choose this one; it's a bargain. We'll hang out, maybe try a couple of surfs. I have work tomorrow, so I can't stay long."

Kevin nodded in agreement, "Same here, I have work too. Let's book it."

As soon as they stepped into the board surfing venue called 'Surf on the Nile', they were greeted by a vast river stretching out before them. The water was a deep blue, so expansive that one could barely glimpse the riverbank on the opposite side. This was the virtual River Nile, replicating the one that had once flowed in Egypt.

"Alright, let's go and get the surfboards," said Kevin.

Chuck and Kevin made their way to the counter to pick up their gear. After receiving his costume and surfboard, Chuck turned to find Kevin missing. He looked around, trying to spot his friend. In less than a minute, Kevin came rushing back.

"Where did you go?" asked Chuck.

"Oh, I just remembered I needed my wrist strap."

"They hand them out at the counter if you ask."

Kevin just shrugged, leaving Chuck puzzled and muttering to himself, "Hmmm."

The atmosphere at the river was calm. Only a handful of people were out surfing, taking advantage of the pleasant weather. The sky was a clear blue with a few scattered clouds, and the gentle breeze was perfect for surfing.

Grasping the mast with both hands, Chuck inquired, "How's it?"

Kevin replied, "Pretty good, but I wish there was a bit more wind."

The two of them cruised along, savoring every moment. The cool breeze caressed their faces, the sun beamed down from above, and the lukewarm water occasionally brushed their feet. The sparse crowd meant they didn't have to constantly watch out for other surfers.

Suddenly, a gust of wind separated the two. Chuck was pushed to the left, and although Kevin was initially pushed in the same direction, he managed to correct his course.

Chuck, now farther from Kevin, looked back and waved a casual goodbye. As the wind's intensity decreased, Chuck decided to cruise at a more leisurely pace, humming to himself:

bump-papa-bump bump bump bump

bump-papa-bump bump bump bump

Ride gives me bump bump bump

Come-n-give me a hug bump bump bump...

As Chuck gazed over to the opposite riverbank, he suddenly heard a shout. "Watch out, watch out!" Before he could react, he was struck by another surfer and knocked off his board.

Emerging from the water a short distance from his board, he quickly scanned the vicinity for whoever had collided with him. He spotted a floating surfboard and, recalling the female voice, he began searching for its owner. Seconds passed, and with growing alarm, he dove under the water. About ten feet below, he spotted a girl. Without hesitation, he swam to her, pulled her to the surface, and held her above water.

Though the girl had been wearing a life jacket, it had come unstrapped. Chuck quickly refastened it and assessed her condition. Wet-faced, with eyes closed and struggling breaths, she was slowly regaining consciousness. While supporting her with his left hand, Chuck himself battled to stay afloat.

"Hey," Chuck asked gently, "are you doing okay?"

The girl didn't respond immediately, but continued taking deep breaths. Chuck saw her try to speak, so he waited, drawing her surfboard closer in the meantime.

A moment later, the girl's eyes fluttered open. Startled by the stranger's grip, she attempted to push him away.

"Hey, don't worry," Chuck assured, "I'm just trying to help. Are you okay?"

She nodded, taking another deep breath. "Yeah, yeah, I'm okay."

Chuck looked at her inquiringly. "Hi, I'm Chuck."

"I'm Maya."

Story continues...

Chapter 27 Truce

(Conversation between Yoshimu and Durwinn continues)

Durwinn continued, "Let's discuss how man has damaged the earth. Let's talk about plastic.

Invented in 1862, it has played an integral role in human lives. Though its spread was limited in the 19th century, it gradually became an irreplaceable part of human life."

"But it was, and still is, inexpensive, durable, and adaptable for many uses."

"You're right," Durwinn conceded. "However, it doesn't degrade easily."

"Yes, the degradation process is slow," Yoshimu said.

"My dear friend, you're mistaken. There's no 'slow' process," Durwinn said, pausing before continuing. "The growth of the human population was directly proportional to the rise in plastic production. Despite the widespread knowledge that plastic isn't biodegradable, no significant efforts were made by individuals, political leaders, countries, or even the United Nations. The reality was simply discarded, much like how the earth became a dumping site, further deteriorating its health. If nations had collaborated on this issue fifty years ago, plastic pollution could have been reduced by eighty to ninety percent. Time and time again, clear evidence showed that plastic harmed rivers, lakes, oceans, marine life, and ultimately, humans. Yet, no action was taken. If you had traveled this planet extensively, you would've seen millions of tons of plastic littered on the land, buried beneath it, and submerged in water. Do you realize the

extent of harm done to marine life, plants, trees, and vegetation due to plastic? Or how it has impacted the quality of the air you breathe? I'm frustrated that despite knowing the non-biodegradable nature of plastic, its production never ceased, leading to the earth's ruin."

Yoshimu said, "Agreed. But the usage of plastic has been vital in certain sectors. In industry, for instance, many plastic parts play a crucial role—they're light, durable, and easily replaceable."

"My basic question is, why the need to build such massive industries?" Durwinn asked.

"Mr. Durwinn," Yoshimu replied, "you're missing the point. Industries have been the foundation of our livelihood. Moreover, plastic has been an integral component in almost all industries. So, it's become an essential part of human life."

"I get what you're saying," Durwinn remarked. "But why didn't you work on an alternative to plastic? Either no research was done, or if it was, industries rejected the alternatives. Moreover, would there have been a need for such large industries if humans had controlled their population growth?"

Yoshimu, looking downcast, asked, "Are you suggesting we revert to basics? Halt human population growth?"

Durwinn responded, "Did I upset you, Mr. Yoshimu? Let me clarify: manage the growth. Manage Earth's resources. Manage your consumption, alright?"

Feeling cornered, Yoshimu replied, "Understood, Mr. Durwinn."

"Good. Don't take this personally, Mr. Yoshimu," Durwinn continued. "But my question for you, and all humans, is this: why wasn't significant action taken against plastic pollution? Especially given its rampant usage."

"We did have plastic recycling initiatives," Yoshimu defended.

"Really? Recycling plastic?" Durwinn chuckled derisively. "You humans can be so naive. The recycling program was a complete flop. No significant measures were adopted by any city, town, community, or nation. Barely five percent of people engaged in this 'plastic recycling program.' Too little, too late. Wouldn't you agree, Mr. Yoshimu?"

Yoshimu, bearing the weight of the criticism, chose not to respond.

"It's not just your fault, Mr. Yoshimu," Durwinn said. "It's a collective failure of humanity. So, the conclusion is that humans across the globe failed to curb plastic pollution—or rather, failed to halt plastic production. Do you concur?"

Story continues...
