

WIND

by
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(A young woman in an all white jumpsuit is sitting on the ground. Her hair is wafting in the breeze. She is holding a device which she is using to record herself.)

I forgot how much I like wind. It's been six Earth-years since I felt wind and six years before that, that wind felt like this and I appreciated wind like this. A wafting breeze. A temperate gust now and again.

(She takes a deep breath of wind and holds it for a second.)

I wonder what wind is like back there now, assuming there is wind, assuming there is an Earth— well Earth is still there, sort of, it didn't explode or anything when we left, but Earth as we know it— Earth as you, whoever you are listening to this, knew it— assuming you also came from Earth, and assuming you liked Earth and wind and clean water— that Earth is no longer.

If you're not from Earth and you can play this or translate this or care, then there's so much to tell you. If you are from Earth and you're one of the six thousand people living on this planet with me, then you get it already and you're probably sitting on some grassy hill somewhere enjoying the wind and recording your own archival as if anyone else cares. They don't. I don't care about your musings. I don't care about your past or your pain and I don't want to relive those years. If there was ever a time to reboot, this is it.

For now I'm happy to be alive and breathing this new air and thankful for the massive engineering effort that went into building the ship that got us here safely.

For the record, I don't care about my past or my pain or my musings either. I don't know what it is about humans that feel the need to document everything and share everything, but I also get it. I get why the President is mandating this archival from everybody, even though half the ship's cargo was filled with quantum drives of all of human recorded history. People were dying by the millions yet we somehow managed to download a copy of the internet and blast it into space.

But again, I get it. The past is important. We need to know where we came from and what mistakes we made and how we fixed them. Blah-blah-blah. We all get it. So I'll record my story for you. I'll explain how I got here and what I was feeling the day Manhattan drowned in that first surge. And my musings can be merged with the five-thousand-nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine other musings and some history algorithm can synthesize it into one account of one group of six thousand accounts for all our ancestors. But it's all wind, isn't it? History has a way of just blowing past you, and you, like the old cliché, are just screaming into the wind.

See how I did that? How I brought it back to the wind? And now you think I'm going to scream into the wind for you. Well, you're wrong. History has just begun.

So here we go. My name is Eve323 and I, apparently, am a natural story teller, so here is my story.