As the sun begins to set, Kekoa fiddles with his PTS (persona technology shift), more commonly known as a shift, a device that is able to change into whatever the wearer’s persona is most fit. This device gives access to technology from past, to the present day of June 7, 2224. As it grazes Kekoa’s skin, it immediately begins to change shape, taking the form of what seemed to be a grass bracelet. He removes it again and as he releases, it begins to take shape of an octagon three dimensionally that is about the size of Kekoa’s fist. Replacing the PTS, it returns to the same plain grass bracelet. Often Kekoa found himself puzzled as to why it would take such a form. He had seen his friends with gauntlet-like shifts, watch-like shifts, even chain-like shifts, but his always returned to the grass-like shift. Kekoa plucked a few strands of a nearby weed and braided it similar to that of his shift and put in on his other arm. Suddenly a deep voice came from the trees. “Kekoa! What are you doing putting grass on your arms! You are disturbing our sustainable balance by your selfish desires!” Kekoa jumps at the voice and immediately takes of the fake bracelet. “Sorry father,” Kekoa murmured, “it embarrasses me that my shift changes to such a thing.” “Kekoa, you are about to embark on your journey and you are worrying about your shift.” His father said. “Do not get my wrong father, I do worry about my journey, it is the first one ever made by our people since the day the nation split, I just don’t understand why the elders have chosen me for such a quest.” The father takes sits next to Kekoa as they both gaze out into the water with the sun beginning to descend the horizon. The father takes a deep sigh as he begins to speak, “son,” but pauses, and continues “the two questions you have hold the same answer.” Once again, Kekoa takes a puzzled look as he stares at his shift. Before he can speak, his father interrupts “as time goes on you will begin to understand. It is something only you can find within yourself.” Kekoa took these words in deeply and turned to his father staring him into the eye “I promise I will take on this journey and return successful.” With those words, his father stood up as the last rays of light fell below the waters. “Come my son, let us feast on this last night together.” And as the two walked back to their home, the father walked in a sluggish way, seeming to be off in the distance, drowned by deep thought.

As Kekoa finished his meal, he had left the feeding halls to be in solitude. He walked into his room and climbed out of his window, finding a comfortable spot on the cold glass roof. Scanning his surroundings of familiar glass houses alongside of his, Kekoa looked up to the stars as he recalled what he had been told by the United Continents. Standing in the cool council room, there were representatives from Asia, Europe, Australia and Antarctica, the United Continents. “Kekoa, now that you are eighteen we have come to discuss an important issue at hand.” Asia spoke. “You have been destined for a journey that has been long prophesized by the elders of Antarctica in the year 2076, a hundred and fifty years before you were born.” Europe continued. “The child born during the alignment of the galaxies shall be the one to unite the powers once
again.” Antarctica stated. “At the time, none had believed that the powers would split. “Australia proceeded. “Of course, due to our ancestors, foolishness, they were not prepared for what was to come. In the year 2120, North and South America and Africa had separated themselves from the United Continents. Slaughtering the representatives of the remaining Continents, they set out back to their own lands, having enough of our lifestyle and returning to their environment damaging ways. Because of this, our planet has fallen into a delicate ecosystem to the point that we may not be able to withstand the next decade. This is where you come in.” We are saddened that we must task you with this, but we need you to leave Eden, to be the mouth of the United Continents.” Said Asia. “We have done all we can to keep our lands sustained, but the other three continents have caused so much damage that it has begun to impact Eden. The only way that we can save what remains of our planet, or our refuge will be lost.” “This is a challenging task,” Antarctica continued, because you must influence the leaders of these powers once again to return to preservation of our planet. A task not easily done, but trust in what life has given you here, and you shall not fail.”

Water begins to descend the heavens within droplets, bringing Kekoa back to reality. It is the early morn and everyone appears to have gone off to bed. Seeing the first light already coming up over the horizon, Kekoa decides to take a walk back to the shoreline and gaze yet again onto the horizon. As he walks, he thinks about his journey, that it is only a few hours before he is sent off into the wastelands to revive life and reunite the powers. He had never asked for this task but he had to accept it, otherwise humanity, and all life on this planet would disappear. As Kekoa looks up with a great sigh, he sees the glimmering lights of the planets that are too in line with one another. The galaxies are ready, but Kekoa continues to ask himself, am I ready?

As mid day approaches, the council members gather within their halls yet again as Kekoa approaches the circular room. “Kekoa, your journey is about to embark, with you, we grant a few provisions that will take you along this journey. We have also provided you with some of the necessities that you will need for your task of returning life and reuniting the powers. We wish for your safe travels, though we know it will not be.” And as Asia completed his speech Kekoa’s shift glowed and a great flash surrounded the room. Kekoa had teleported off into his first area, Africa. A flash of light beams yet again, and Kekoa appears, standing in a muddy textured ground. Surrounding him is more brown lands than he has ever seen before. He knew he was in the right place. Kekoa looked at his shift, flipping through the techs to find a map of Africa. Scanning the area, Kekoa took a few steps forward but is stopped from a voice in the distance, “Halt or we shall shoot!” and after that command, a squad of about ten males popped out of the dunes carrying weapons that seemed to be the old firearms that required munitions. “What is your business here?” Said the man in front. He had an eyepatch over his left eye and a green headband, wearing a brown shirt that was tattered from sentry duties and wildlife encounters. He was unshaven and had old battle dress pants along with combat boots. “My name is kekoa, I come from Eden under the council of the United Powers.” Kekoa answered. The man raised his fist and the rest of the group lowered their weapons. “My name is Joseph and these are my men. We are a resistance group, to whom do you serve?” Said the man. “I am here to unite the powers of Africa, and north and south America. I serve sustainability, something these lands have not seen for many years as it would seem.” Kekoa replied with a saddened look. “I think we may be able to help each
other out Kekoa.” Joseph said with a grin. “Come, let us talk in a more suitable place.” And with that, Kekoa set off with the group not knowing where he would be led.

Kekoa followed the group for what seemed like miles. They had traveled underground through a tunnel that once was used for subways. He was astonished at the shape of the environment and had taken recordings of areas he found most intriguing with his shift. The group could not help but be amazed of what they were seeing. Their technology advances seemed to have declined due to the more needed advance for survival. At long last, they approached an opening with light glimmering upon the entrance. As Kekoa stepped into the light his eyes adjusted to see green lands surpassing the horizon. As they walked, Joseph began, “This is the only place in Africa that you will find the lands green. We have resisted Africa’s system of power since we detached from the united powers, not believing it was the right thing to do. We have taken care of these lands as best we could. We welcome those who wish to join our cause since this is a mighty thing to upkeep. The power is furious with us but we keep our safe haven hidden from them, we call this place the old kingdom.” At that moment, Kekoa knew what he needed to do here. He looked at his shift and started going through hit techs. Joseph could not help but ask, “What is that thing?” with a puzzled look. “It is a Persona technology shift, it lets me access the technologies that we have in Eden and allows me to use them for what I need.” Kekoa replied. At that moment, he had found what he was looking for and had it zapped in a few feet away. With a green light, an object appeared that was about two feet tall and resembled a speakerphone. “What is this object and what are you going to do with it?” Joseph screamed in fear and all his men raised their weapons either at the object or at Kekoa. “This my friends, is a Sustaining Amplifier Mark better known as SAM.” Kekoa said calmly as he looked at his shift again, searching for another tech. The group once again lowered their weapons and Joseph spoke, “What is it going to do?” “This will allow your lands to grow at a much faster rate and will be easier to spread along this seemingly wasteland aside of your haven of course. And this, is a simple solar launcher.” As Kekoa beamed in another tech that looked much like any ordinary missile launcher with the exception of solar panels on top of the gun and a bunch of colorful funny looking wires attaching to the backside of the weapon. “This requires no munitions but simply the rays of sunlight. Once it is charged it will fire a rocket made of heat that will explode on impact. Use this on your oppressors only if negotiations fail. Your team will be the representative of Africa for the council when it rejoins the united powers Joseph. I will leave one more tech with you, a communications tech, let me know by the end of the month if you were successful or not.” At that moment he beamed in a small object that looked like a 2008 model Bluetooth and handed it to Joseph. “Thank you Kekoa,” Joseph began with tears in his eyes, “You have just turned the tide for us.” “It is my mission to reunite these lands and expand Eden to the rest of the world, this is how it shall begin.” As Kekoa prepared to leave Joseph ran up to him. “Wait Kekoa, stay for the night. Let us feast on this day for it will be the beginning of a new era. We can provide you shelter and organic foods. Please, we insist, you have done so much to help us. Let us give what little we have to you.” With that, Kekoa agreed to stay the night but had told them he leaves first light of the next morn.

Kekoa says his goodbyes the following morning as he said. The people of the old kingdom were saddened that he had to leave but they knew they would see each other again. With his final goodbye to Joseph, he lifted his shift and announced, “South
America!” with a loud firm voice echoing across the caverns and gullies of Africa and with a white flash, Kekoa teleported again. As Kekoa appears, he falls into a river. Sluggishly, he gets up and proceeds to the shore. He begins looking through the techs in his shift when all of a sudden he meets up with another group. These people have masks on and carry spears and shields. They wear very little clothing and are bare feet. One looks like he begins to go into frenzy and starts rushing Kekoa. Quickly, Kekoa looks through his shift and finds an energy shield quickly equipping it as he blocks the spear, causing it to burst into flames. The rest of the group is amazed and begins to take a few steps backward. Kekoa lowers the shield and yells, “Warriors! Who are you?” The one that attacked Kekoa removed his mask and spoke quickly, fearing he would be killed, “We are south Americas militia, what do you want with us intruder?” I come on behalf of the united powers to unite our lands once again and bring back plants into your desolate lands.” Spoke Kekoa with his firm voice. “That is one thing we can not let you do.” Said the unmask man, and all of them began to rush Kekoa. Kekoa once again flipped through his shift while raising his shield to engulf their spears in flames. They stepped back once again, giving Kekoa enough time for what he needed. Equipping it instantly, Kekoa starts firing off stun beams, paralyzing three while the others begin to flee. Kekoa keeps himself armed as he approaches the paralyzed warriors. He removes their masks, seeing the fear in their eyes. “Why do you stand against me?” Asked Kekoa. “We are forced to. Anyone who resists the power is executed for treason. Even the simple mention of it can get you imprisoned. We do not like how we live but if we try to leave we set as traitors and kill all those dear to us.” Spoke one of the warriors to the left of him. “Who leads your power warrior?” Kekoa asked with much curiosity. “He is called Robert Skeen. He rules these lands as his fathers did before him.” Said the warrior directly in front of Kekoa. “He does not speak to anyone unless he wants to.” “Well you three, since you are unhappy with your power what if you join me? I can provide food, shelter, and protection for you and your families. I will let you leave to return to your loved ones. If you all so much to desire a life of freedom come back here to this spot at nightfall and I shall find you. If not, then we leave this place as enemies and do not expect mercy.” Spoke Kekoa. At that moment, Kekoa unfroze them and helped each of them up. They proceeded back to their fellow warriors and to their home at great speed.

[nightfall]