

A siren wailed in the distance - long, rising, then suddenly cut short. The sky was choked with smoke, and shattered glass glittered on the pavement like salt. Screams pierced the air, mingling with the dull thud of distant explosions. As Faith trudged home, she chanced upon a little boy sitting miserably among the ruins. Something caught her eye, a dribble of blood oozing from his arm. Faith didn't hesitate and crouched beside the rubble, her hands trembling as she tied a piece of her clothes around the boy's bleeding arm. "They got me," he said in a broken voice, "those horrible Americans!" He had countless wounds around his body, almost as if he had gotten into a fight with a tiger.

"Take care of yourself. It is dangerous out there. If you don't have a safe shelter, you can come to my apartment at Mykolaiv. You're most welcome to stay!" Faith whispered in the boy's ear. "Dyakuyu", the boy struggled to say. Faith continued to walk back to her apartment, keeping a vigilant look out for danger.

As she passed a home, she overheard a line that made her stop dead in her tracks. "Another bomb has dropped," it was the evening news, "Mykhailo Girls' School " Those words struck her heart – it was her cousin's school! Faith broke out in cold sweat; "poor Lilia! I hope to God she's alright!" Faith couldn't help the desperate thoughts that flooded into her mind.

Faith walked home with her mind full of thoughts, "What's going to happen to those poor students? Someone's got to take action fast!"

Then, an idea arose in her mind: "What if I became a teacher?"

Before she knew it, she found herself in her living room, surrounded by ten young girls, their stomachs hungry, but their eyes hungrier – for knowledge, for growth, simply to be told there was a better tomorrow. So she began – algebraic equations, diffusion, and poetry.

Then, one fateful morning, as Faith was teaching, there resounded a rough knock on the door.

"Open up!" The aggressive voice was followed by the sound of scraping boots.

"Quick!" Faith hurriedly pushed the children to the back door. They all ran different directions. As Faith scrambled down the alleyway, she stumbled upon a door. Wisps of

black smoke seeped from beneath the door, and splinters of wood were falling off its frame. It gave her goosebumps, but at the sound of the enemies' growing footsteps, she knew there was no choice left to her.

It was the best decision ever.

Faith's jaw dropped. Walls alive with plants and flowers surrounded her, and the entire scene felt like a dream. She struggled to keep up. Giant digital screens and tall buildings soared into the sky. Soft, colorful lights glowed in the glass shells of hover-cars as they drifted past her in silence. The cars glided smoothly through the city, guided by bright, moving paths that lined the streets below. Her surroundings seemed alive and ever-changing. It appeared so bizarre and lovely.

As she was wandering on the streets, she looked into the building and glanced through. Something that caught her eye was the number of women who had a CEO stand on their desk. Faith also witnessed three distinct businesswomen leading teams thin a few blocks, one yelling commands into a headset and another giggling while signing a document that appeared important on a virtual screen. The headline, "CEO Elara Cruz Named Leader of the Year," flashed on a huge billboard. She couldn't decide whether the women who owned the technology or the technology itself astounded her more.

She was suddenly snapped out of her reverie by a voice.

"Was that something a robot did?" it was a little girl, her eyes shining with curiosity. The girl was pointing to the rough scar along Faith's jaw.

Faith paused. "No, my love. A soldier did it." The girl scowled.

"Soldier? What's that?"

Faith's eyes widened. And then it dawned on her: this was a generation free from war.

With a gentle smile, Faith brushed the girl's hair behind her ear. "I guess they're a thing of the past."

Noticing her foreignness, the little girl kindly offered to show Faith around the city. Faith nodded in agreement.

"Look at that! " Faith remarked while observing a teenager and an elderly man give each other high fives.

"No one is excluded here. Every type of person moves freely, greeting and grinning at each other. Everyone belongs, regardless of background or actions. Below the words, "The Commonwealth: A Home for All," the little girl pointed to a huge mural in the distance displayed hands of all shapes and colors joined together. Faith heard and was too stunned to speak.

They heard fragments of conversation as they passed a packed café: two teenagers arguing about the workings of warp drives, an elderly man reciting passages from a poet from the 22nd century, a group discussing ancient philosophies. Faith arched an eyebrow.

She whispered, "Everyone here talks like scholars."

The little girl laughed. "Well, with learning hubs around every corner and anyone is allowed to go in."

Faith had a confused look on her face.

"Our prime minister emphasizes that education is very important and much needed in our life. She was the one that got educated during war time and look where she is now! She made education possible for everyone with policies!"

Anyone walked with a motive. Every infant, regardless of where they got here from, had the same right of entry to training. Knowledge wasn't a privilege; it became a promise. In this global, no one became left at the back of, and Faith ought to hardly agree with it becoming real."

Faith was stunned, "I need to see this prime minister right now. And did I hear correctly that the prime minister is a lady?"

The little girl gave Faith a look, as if wondering why she was surprised, " I could bring you to her office! Anyone is welcome. Different colours, race and religion are all welcomed. Let's go right now!"

The little girl knocked on the minister's door again, the action so familiar it felt almost natural. The door opened by itself by the sensors. As they both walked in, Faith was

taken aback. She was flabbergasted to see all the cool technology things. The thing that caught her mostly attention was the sign on the desk.

Faith's eyes locked at the call. Her coronary heart slammed in opposition to her ribs, a cold wave of disbelief crashing over her. No... it couldn't be. She blinked tough, rubbed her eyes till they stung — however the call stayed. Clear. Unmistakable. Her call. And her cousin's. The equal.

A sharp sit back licked at the back of her neck.

The room felt all of sudden smaller, the air thick. She should hear her own heartbeat pounding in her ears because the top minister slowly turned.

A strange, nearly predatory smile curled the female's lips. Her eyes locked onto Faith's, shimmering with something between triumph and reputation.

"OH my goodness!!! Faith!! I missed you so much!" Lila exclaimed as she ran for a hug.

"Oh my goodness! You're the prime minister? I am so happy for you! I heard that you have made education available to everyone in this city! All thanks to you, this city looks so well put together!"

"No, no is all thanks to you. You are the one that taught me during war time. Not giving up even when the enemies were looking for us!"

"No, thank you I got the gift of education!"

Ever since then, Faith had gained faith in education.