Sanzhar Kondybayev

«Journey to the Emerald Era»

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Journey to the Emerald Era. Science fiction story

«Издательские решения»

Kondybayev S.

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Journey to the Emerald Era is a fascinating story about a young man named Sanzhar, who suddenly finds himself in the distant future — in the year 3024. In this world, where technology and nature have found perfect harmony, Sanzhar encounters amazing discoveries that will change his understanding of life and humanity.Traveling through flying cities and green plantations, he learns how humanity was able to overcome crises and create a society based on respect for nature and mutual assistance.

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Science fiction story

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Chapter 1. The Mysterious Painting

1:1 Overloaded city. An old Subaru Forester, lightly dusted and with scratches on its body, moved slowly along a busy city highway. It was quiet inside the car, but chaos reigned outside its windows: honking car horns, shouting street vendors, roaring mopeds – all this mixed into one cacophony that was hard to ignore. Inside the car, an electronic clock was burning, showing 17:22 on the dashboard, September 19, 2024.

The city with its noisy, rhythmic bustle was gradually left behind, giving way to quieter suburban areas. The monotonous noise of cars began to weaken, and the air, saturated with exhaust fumes, became cleaner. The car turned onto a narrow road leading to the outskirts of the city, where life flowed more measuredly. Here the space was more open, and the air was fresh, filled with the aromas of green fields and forests.

The car slowly shifted to a smooth speed, moving along smooth asphalt, surrounded by green expanses. Ahead, on the horizon, the contours of the Zailiyskiy Alatau mountains began to appear, barely noticeable in the haze of city dust. Their snow-capped peaks, as if absorbing the last rays of the setting sun, sparkled with snow-white sparks.

In the back seat of the car, fastened with a seat belt, sat a girl. In her hands was a drawing album, but now she was only thoughtfully looking out the window. Her gaze was riveted to the clouds slowly floating over the mountains; they seemed to her like fragments of a fairy-tale world, where unseen creatures lived and exciting adventures unfolded.

The car moved further and further away from the bustle of the city, plunging into the world of nature, where silence and tranquility reigned. Soon the road became even narrower, surrounded by tall trees, whose thick crowns formed a green tunnel through which the last rays of the passing day broke through.

The countryside landscape seemed to absorb the car, erasing the boundaries between reality and dream, and gradually filling the space with a sense of comfort and safety. Each new movement of the car seemed like a step deeper into this peaceful world, where everything is subject to the rhythm of nature, and life flows measuredly and calmly.

1:2 House in the garden. The Subaru Forester slowly turned onto the narrow road leading to the house, immersing itself in the natural world that was in stark contrast to the bustling cityscape it had left behind. Beyond the windshield, a panorama of the surrounding area began to open up: green expanses stretching to the horizon, creating an impression of boundless peace and solitude. The road wound through dense thickets of trees, their branches gently swaying in the wind, casting shadows on the ground. Ahead, through the dense foliage, a garden full of well-tended apple trees began to emerge. The crowns of the trees were thickly strewn with fruit, red and yellow apples standing out as bright spots against the greenery. There were so many of them that the garden seemed filled with hundreds of glowing lights, quietly flickering in the warm light of the fading day. This landscape seemed to invite one to forget about all worries and immerse oneself in a world of harmony and peace. The car continued on its way, smoothly moving along a narrow path paved with cobblestones. The closer they got, the more clearly the house, hidden among the trees, appeared. Its bright green roof, made in the shape of a pyramid, seemed to flash in the sun, like a huge emerald sparkling in the center of this paradise. The sun's rays played softly on its surface, creating a feeling of coziness and completeness.

The garden opened up more and more before their eyes, embracing the house and making it a part of this picturesque landscape. The car slowly moved between the trees, barely touching the asphalt, until it reached the end of its path. The whole scene around was flooded with the warm

golden light of the setting sun, which softly fell on the green grass and leaves of the trees, adding a special glow to them.

When the car finally stopped, there was absolute silence all around, broken only by the sounds of nature: the rustling of leaves, the singing of birds and the light noise of the wind. All this immersed us in a feeling of calm and peace, as if time slowed down, allowing us to enjoy every moment of this beautiful evening. The garden, the house and nature merged into one, creating an ideal picture of coziness and harmony, where dreams of a house, a garden and a family seemed to come true. This moment was full of promises, filling the heart with a warm feeling of satisfaction and peace.

1:3 Father and daughter. The Subaru Forester slowed smoothly, slowly turning into the driveway in front of the house. Pulling up to the house, the car carefully drove under the carport, hiding under the shadow of the roof. The engine died down, and a sudden silence filled the surrounding space, a sharp contrast to the noise of the bustle of the city, which was left far behind. Only the light rustling of leaves and distant birdsong disturbed this moment of peace.

– Wow, we're finally here, there were big traffic jams today, we can get out, – the driver said, turning off the ignition and looking back at his daughter in the back seat.

In the silence, the girl's clear voice rang out:

– Dad, dad, I'm out of paint and canvas!

The driver, her father, turned to his daughter and with a warm smile reassured her:

– Honey, no problem, we'll buy it. Mm… come on, Zhaniya, you'll find everything you need in the Kaspi online store, send me the links, and I'll buy them and pick them up at the parcel terminal.

A sly smile appeared on the girl's face, and she, trying to hide her excitement, added:

– Dad, thank you, and I'll make you an apple pie.

The father laughed, as he could not help but be happy with such offers from his daughter. He loved everything she did, and each of her creative projects was a small miracle for him.

They both got out of the car, and the evening air greeted them with a light, refreshing breeze that pleasantly cooled their skin after a long day. Dad stretched and took his backpack from the back seat, carefully zipping it up. Zhaniya, following his example, put on her small backpack and ran towards the house, full of energy and enthusiasm.

The steps on the cobblestones were clearly audible in the silence of the garden that surrounded them. Each step seemed to echo, mixing with the sound of a light breeze rustling the leaves of the trees. The house, with its green pyramidal roof, looked as if it was welcoming them, beckoning them inside with its cozy, warm walls. The bright green roof, sparkling in the rays of the setting sun, added a special feeling of coziness and completeness to the scene.

As they approached, the father paused for a moment, enjoying the peace and quiet that surrounded their home. He looked at the well-groomed apple trees, the branches of which were bending under the weight of the fruit, and felt his heart fill with pride for the space he had created, which had become a real oasis for his family.

The girl, not paying attention to this silence, was already running to the door, almost jumping with joy. Her little boots rhythmically tapped on the stone path, and her eyes shone with joy and anticipation – after all, she had so much interesting things ahead of her: new paints, a canvas, and, of course, the opportunity to spend the evening with her beloved father. Together they climbed the steps to the door, and at that moment, her father felt how all the worries and worries of the day faded into the background, leaving only a feeling of deep satisfaction and happiness. The sun was still shining, filling the evening hours with a soft, warm light, which slowly faded, giving way to a cool evening.

1:4 Apple juice. The father and daughter entered the spacious house, which immediately surrounded them with warmth and comfort. Large windows let in soft evening light into the rooms,

painting everything around in golden shades. High ceilings created a feeling of spaciousness, and the walls, decorated with Zhaniya's paintings, gave the house an individual character. Each picture, lovingly signed by the girl, told its own little story, be it bright meadows with flowers, or quiet winter landscapes captured by her childish hands.

– I have things to do! – Zhaniya shouted cheerfully, barely crossing the threshold. She threw her backpack on the floor in the hallway, immediately rushed to take off her shoes, deftly and quickly freeing herself from them. Then, like a small whirlwind, she disappeared on the stairs leading to the second floor. Her light steps sounded quieter and quieter until they finally died away behind the closed door of her room.

Erlan smiled, watching his daughter, and headed to the kitchen. Everything in this house exuded peace and happiness, every small movement and sound seemed to be harmoniously woven into its rhythm. Finding himself in the kitchen, he opened the refrigerator door, where he was met by a cool breeze of freshness. Erlan took out a decanter of apple juice, which he had recently made himself from apples picked in his garden.

Having poured himself a full glass, he took a sip, feeling how the refreshing taste of the drink filled his body with a pleasant coolness. The juice was exactly the way he liked it: a little sour, with a light sweet aftertaste. These moments, when he could relax in silence and enjoy the fruits of his labor, were especially valuable to him.

However, his thoughts were interrupted by the vibrating signal of his mobile phone lying on the kitchen table. The phone, as always, was nearby, because Erlan often received calls for work or other reasons. Seeing the name of Ruslan, his old friend, on the screen, Erlan happily answered the call.

– Hi, Yerlan. How are you? – Ruslan's cheerful voice rang out, which always sounded cheerful, even when talking about serious things.

– Hi, Ruslan. You always feel when I'm about to call you, – Yerlan answered with a slight smile, continuing to slowly walk around the house, holding the phone in one hand and a glass of juice in the other. – I just got home from work. Here, I'm enjoying the juice from my apples. This year's harvest was great. And how are you?

– I'm fine, like any other person, – Ruslan chuckled. – I just wanted to know how your inventions are doing. Everything is ordinary and boring here in Astana, and you're in Almaty, the city of creativity. I miss you and want to come to you. Well, tell me.

Yerlan stopped in front of one of the paintings on the wall, depicting a starry sky illuminated by soft moonlight. Taking a deep breath, he felt excitement rising inside him. He was ready to share his latest successes and hopes with his friend.

– Yes, Ruslan, I have one serious thing, – Yerlan began, feeling excitement rising inside him. – I recently developed a completely new closed system that can extract colossal energy from air under high pressure. Imagine a small disk half a meter high that has enormous lifting force. I called this invention DAG – Disk of Anti-Gravitation. Ruslan paused for a second, digesting what he had just heard, before his voice rang out again, slightly surprised:

– Wait, Erlan, what could this be used for? – Ruslan interrupted him sharply. – Of course, it sounds amazing! But you know, I'm not an engineer like you. So what is this, what did you call it, LHC for?

Erlan couldn't help but smile at this persistent mispronunciation.

– No, it's called D-A-G, DAG, – he corrected his friend, continuing to explain. – So far, I only see two main applications: aircraft and power plants. Although, perhaps, other options will appear, I don't know yet.

Ruslan thought about it, his voice became more serious:

– And how much fuel will your planes and stations consume?

– That's the point, my friend, that no fuel is needed, – Erlan answered, his voice was surprised, as if he himself did not yet fully believe it. – Everything works on clean energy, which this system can extract directly from the air. I myself do not believe it, but the calculations confirm it.

There was silence on the other end of the line for a few seconds before Ruslan spoke again:

– Hello, Ruslan, can you hear me?

– Yes, yes, I hear you well. I was just thinking, – answered Ruslan. – I know you, Erlan, everything you do is always very serious. Have you made a prototype yet?

– Not yet, – admitted Erlan, looking around at the pictures on the wall. – I am working on improving and simplifying the design. But you know, it will all come down to funding. Without investors, I will not be able to bring it to the end. Sometimes my hands just drop.

Ruslan thought for a moment before speaking again:

– Hold on, Erlan. I am sure that the investments will come. A little patience and persistence – and everything will work out.

At that moment, a horn of an approaching car was heard outside the window. Erlan looked towards the window, his attention was distracted.

– It seems that Aida and Sanzhar are back, – he said, heading for the door. – We need to go. Let's call later?

– Of course, I'm in touch, – Ruslan answered, and Erlan heard short beeps on the line.

Erlan put the phone on the table and headed for the exit, anticipating a meeting with his wife and son. Evening family joys awaited him ahead, and he was ready to dive into them head first.

1:5 Mother and son. The door of the house swung open softly, letting Aida and Sanzhar into the spacious hallway. The aroma of freshly cooked pizza instantly burst inside, awakening the appetite even of those who, it would seem, were not hungry. Aida, with a slight tiredness on her face, but with sincere joy in her eyes, was holding several boxes of pizza in her hands, as if she were bringing a small holiday into the house. Next to her, beaming with a wide smile, Sanzhar proudly held a Forbes magazine, solemnly raising it above his head, as if showing the world his family achievement.

– Congratulate me! – Aida joyfully exclaimed, crossing the threshold and feeling how home comfort instantly envelops her.

Before she could finish speaking, Zhaniya ran down the stairs with a light clatter. Her eyes shone with joy when she saw her mother and brother. Suddenly everything in the room came to life, filled with children's laughter and a sense of celebration.

– Hooray, it's a party! – Zhaniya screamed, running up to her mother and brother, her ringing voice echoing throughout the house.

Yerlan, hearing the noise, came out of the kitchen, holding a still unfinished glass of apple juice in his hand. His face lit up with a smile when he saw that his entire family, gathered at that moment, was overflowing with joy. He watched with interest as the children gathered around Aida, as if she had brought not only pizza, but also something much more – a feeling of happiness and peace.

– Dad, look! – Sanzhar exclaimed, quickly running up to his father and proudly showing off the magazine. – Mom was published in Forbes!

Yerlan took the magazine from his son's hands and, smiling as he flipped through its pages, saw the flashing faces of famous businessmen, politicians and public figures. On one of the spreads, his gaze lingered on an article whose title read: "Modern Neurology: Standards and Challenges." An approving smile appeared on Erlan's face.

– This is great, and I thought that only big businessmen and politicians were published here, – he said, continuing to leaf through the magazine.

– And now big scientists, – Aida added with a smile, watching how her success pleased her family.

– Well, I didn't even notice how big you became, – Erlan joked, slightly raising one eyebrow.

– Now you'll get it from me, – Aida responded with a playful threat, pretending to swing the magazine.

The family scene filled with laughter when Erlan pretended to defend himself from an imaginary attack, and Sanzhar and Zhaniya giggled, watching their parents' cheerful squabble.

– Dad, why didn't they publish you? – Zhaniya suddenly asked curiously, turning to her father.

Yerlan looked thoughtfully at his daughter and then, with a soft smile, said:

– When our Sanzhar finishes his studies with flying colors and becomes a famous journalist, he will publish me in Forbes. Sanzhar, will you publish about dad? – Yerlan asked with a smile, turning to his son.

– And me, publish me in Forbes too, Sanzhar! – Zhaniya exclaimed, jumping up and down.

Sanzhar grinned, imagining his little sister appearing on the cover of a magazine with a sly smile, and answered:

– No, I'd rather go into the film business or create a YouTube channel, – Sanzhar said thoughtfully, as if already imagining his future.

Yerlan laughed quietly, understanding that each of his children had their own dreams and ambitions, but added admonishingly:

– Wherever you go, children, the main thing is to have an excellent basic education. Study well, and then you will become as smart as your mother, and you will be published in Forbes.

Zhaniya frowned, suddenly changing her mind:

– I don't want to anymore, don't publish me in Forbes, – she said, crossing her arms over her chest and frowning.

Sanzhar noticed this and, laughing, suggested:

– Dad, do you want me to publish about you in our university magazine KIMEP Times?

Yerlan shook his head with a smile:

– Oh… no, don't publish me in the university magazine, – he said, smiling slightly. – This is too great an honor for me.

Sanzhar giggled and teased his father:

– Dad, you're like Zhaniya – sometimes you want it, sometimes you don't.

Zhaniya frowned slightly, feeling that her brother was joking about her, but she did not fully understand what exactly he meant, and so she remained silent.

– Actually, let's publish one article in your magazine, – said Erlan, looking thoughtfully at his son. – But only when I finish my invention.

At that moment, Aida, having laid out the pizza on the table, called everyone to dinner:

– Everyone to the table! It's time for dinner!

The family headed to the kitchen, once again feeling the coziness and warmth that always accompanied such moments. The evening was just beginning, but it was already felt that something special was waiting for them ahead, something that would forever remain in the memory of each of them.

1:6 The appearance of a mysterious picture. The family dinner was coming to an end. The table was set, the pizza was almost eaten, and in the center stood a carafe of apple juice, a reminder of this year's bountiful harvest. A quiet, calm evening, when each family member enjoyed the moment together, created an atmosphere of coziness and warmth.

Yerlan, raising a glass of apple juice, looked around the people gathered around the table.

"The pizza was wonderful," he began, smiling slightly. "I want to make a toast in honor of our wonderful mother, who today proved to the whole world that science is power, and that behind every great achievement there is a person who is not afraid of challenges."

"Hurray! Our mother is great!" Zhaniya cheerfully supported, clapping her hands.

Aida, playfully bowing her head, added:

"This won't do, I want a gift, I want a gift!"

Zhaniya suddenly remembered her surprise and joyfully exclaimed:

"I have one!" – She suddenly jumped up from her chair and quickly ran to her room.

Aida, looking at her daughter with curiosity, turned to the others:

– Well, you see, where are your gifts?

Sanjar, grinning, offered:

– I can show you a trick.

Yerlan, slightly confused, found himself:

– And I… Ah… Well… You know, I love you so much that all words lose their meaning.

Aida just shook her head, still smiling, and quietly added:

– Okay, you're always like this. I'm kidding, don't worry.

At that moment, Zhaniya ran into the room, holding a painting in her hands. Her eyes shone with pride as she handed her creation to Aida.

– Wow, how beautiful! What is this, daughter? – Aida asked with admiration, carefully examining the work.

– It's a city! – Zhaniya answered proudly.

Aida looked at the picture with admiration, then handed it to Erlan:

– Look, your daughter painted it!

Erlan took the picture and, looking at it, smiled broadly.

– Wow! It's a flying city! – he said with surprise and admiration.

– That's right, dad, it's a flying city! – Zhaniya confirmed, raising her hands up, as if trying to reach the imaginary sky.

– Beautiful, very beautiful, as always. You're doing great, daughter. I think we need to hang this somewhere in a prominent place. Maybe in your room, Sanzhar? – Erlan suggested, handing the picture to his son.

Sanzhar looked at the picture, and his face lit up with a smile.

– Ha-ha, flying cities, flying cows! – he joked, slightly mocking his sister's work.

Zhaniya immediately frowned and her eyes filled with tears. She snatched the painting from Sanzhar, clutching it in her hands, and without saying a word, ran out of the room.

Aida, observing the situation, smiled softly, trying to defuse the situation:

– Okay, don't worry, don't pay attention. This is adolescence, the girl is growing, a normal physiological process.

Erlan, still looking in the direction where Zhaniya had run off to, sighed with slight regret:

– All the same, Sanzhar, you are already an adult, five years older than your sister. You need to be a little gentler with her.

Sanzhar nodded, realizing his mistake, and quietly replied:

– Okay, dad, I realized my mistake. I think I'll go to my room.

Erlan smiled at his son with approval:

– Come on, be a good boy.

Sanzhar got up from the table and slowly walked to his room, thinking about what had happened. Aida and Erlan remained at the table, continuing to discuss the past day. The warm evening, filled with mixed feelings and thoughts, was coming to an end, leaving behind a feeling of satisfaction and anticipation of something new.

1:7 Computer game. Sanzhar, leaving his parents in the kitchen, slowly walked up the stairs to his room. His thoughts were still wandering around the recent dinner and Zhaniya's resentment. He realized that he had done wrong, and now this thought weighed on him. Opening the door to his room, he plunged into the familiar world of technology and games, where every element was carefully selected and configured for productive work and rest.

Sanzhar's room was filled with coziness and an atmosphere of creativity. On the table there were two monitors, which softly glowed with multi-colored lights, reflected in the keyboard with a bright backlight. A poster on the wall with the logo of their joint game Unity of War reminded him of the current project, which he and Lesha had been working on for several months. This corner was a place for Sanzhar where he could immerse himself in a world created by his own imagination and technical skills.

Sanzhar sat down at the computer and quickly checked which of his friends were online. As soon as he opened the game, a message from Lesha appeared on the screen: "Hi! Let's test the new version?" Sanzhar typed back: "Come on! How are you doing, by the way?"

Unity of War loaded quickly, and their characters found themselves in the center of a virtual world filled with dynamic battles and intense strategies. It was a complex project that required both of them not only technical knowledge, but also creative thinking. While they fought other players, the dialogue between the friends continued.

"How are your studies?" Sanzhar asked, dodging an attack from an enemy who unexpectedly jumped out from around the corner.

"Fine, I'm continuing to delve into programming," Lyosha answered, his voice sounding focused. "They give a lot of homework at KBTU, but it's interesting. How are you?"

"Everything's fine with me," Sanzhar answered, pushing his way through enemy lines. "By the way, our game is almost ready for testing. How's the programming going?"

"It's going well, but sometimes there are bugs," Lyosha admitted. "And now I'll need to fix a few things. Lags at the most inopportune moment…

Sanjar heard the disappointment in his friend's voice as the game suddenly slowed down, and then a "lag" appeared on the screen, freezing the characters in place.

– There, you see? That problem again. I'll have to dig into the code again, – Lesha sighed heavily.

– Yeah, – Sanjar felt his friend's annoyance. – Okay, don't worry. You'll cope, as always.

– I hope so, – Lesha sounded a little upset. – Okay, I need to go figure this out. Then we'll discuss how to improve the graphics and sound.

– Okay, let's go. Good luck, – Sanjar said, exiting the game.

The room was filled with silence again, interrupted only by the noise of the fans in the computer. Left alone, Sanjar immersed himself in his thoughts. Zhaniya's grievances and the tension in his relationship with his sister suddenly seemed more important than the bugs in the game. Deciding it was time to apologize, Sanjar stood up and headed for the door to go to his sister and make peace.

1:8 Reconciliation with the younger sister. Sanjar quietly approached the door of Zhaniya's room and knocked, trying not to be too loud, but not too quiet. There was no answer. He waited a few seconds, then knocked again, this time a little more insistently. From behind the door came the muffled, slightly capricious voice of his sister:

– What do you want?

Sanjar thought for a moment about how to best reconcile with his sister, then smiled slyly and suggested:

– Let me show you a new trick?

Quick footsteps were heard behind the door, and a few seconds later Zhaniya ran out into the living room, her face glowing with anticipation. She always adored tricks, especially when Sanjar showed them. She sat down on the ottoman, ready for a new magic show, her eyes literally shining with anticipation.

Sanjar, pleased that he had attracted her attention, stood opposite his young spectator. He began to manipulate the cards, deftly shuffling them in his hands so that they seemed alive, then took several

other props out of his pocket – small balls, handkerchiefs, coins. Zhaniya did not take her eyes off him, her attention was riveted to every movement of her brother.

With each passing moment, the trick became more and more impressive. The cards magically disappeared and reappeared, the coins unexpectedly turned into multi-colored balls, and the handkerchiefs tied themselves into knots. Zhaniya sat, holding her breath, with a wide smile on her face.

However, their passion for magic was interrupted when Aida's voice was heard from the kitchen:

– Children, you have to get up early tomorrow! Get ready for bed, tomorrow is work, university and school!

Zhaniya, although she sighed, her face still glowed with a smile. She looked at Sanzhar and said with sincere gratitude:

– Thank you, Sanzhar, it was great.

Sanzhar, feeling that the moment had come to finally settle the relationship, extended his hand to his sister and, smiling, said: "Peace?"

Zhaniya, still smiling, nodded vigorously and shook her brother's hand firmly. It was their little reconciliation, a gesture that meant more to both of them than any words.

– I have a favor to ask of you, – Sanjar began, slightly nervous. – Can I hang your painting of the flying city in my room? I really liked it.

Zhaniya narrowed her eyes, her gaze became sly, but there was not a drop of offense in it:

– Okay, take my painting… but only if you play chess with me.

Sanjar raised his eyebrows in surprise, knowing that chess was not his favorite game, but quickly agreed:

– Okay, for such a beautiful painting I am ready to play a game with you. Let's do it tomorrow.

Zhaniya happily jumped up from the ottoman and ran to her room. A moment later she returned, holding the painting in her hands. She handed it to her brother with special trepidation, as if she were handing over something precious, and then, saying "Good night," she ran back again. Sanzhar turned the painting over in his hands, admiring its details once more, and, with a slight smile on his face, went to his room. He felt that he had taken the right step by making peace with his sister, and with each step toward his room, this thought brought him inner peace and satisfaction.

1:9 Falling asleep. Sanzhar carefully closed the door to his room, leaving the evening bustle of the house behind it. Silence reigned inside, broken only by the muffled sounds of the night garden outside the window. The room was immersed in semi-darkness, which was barely dispelled by the light from the street lamps breaking through the curtains. Sanzhar put Zhaniya's painting on the table and looked at it thoughtfully. The flying city depicted by his sister seemed simple and surprisingly complex at the same time, reflecting Sanzhar's own inner world at that moment – full of contradictions and hidden meanings.

He slowly approached the bed and sat down on the edge, feeling how the softness of the mattress pleasantly gave in under his weight. Thoughts about the past day swirled in his head: his mother's success, an awkward moment with Zhaniya, the technical difficulties of the project with Lesha. All this intertwined, forming a complex picture, like threads in thick fabric.

Sanzhar remembered his father's words that the future depends on the efforts and diligence of each. These words, although simple, had a deep meaning that was only now beginning to reach him. He had always wanted to create something meaningful, to leave his mark on the world, to prove to himself and others that he was capable of more. The project with Lesha had ceased to be just a game – it had become the embodiment of his desire for self-realization. His gaze returned to the painting. "A flying city…" Sanzhar thought. There was something attractive in this image, something

that made him think about the future. Perhaps Zhaniya's childhood fantasy contained a metaphor for their shared dreams – a desire for more, for a world where they could realize themselves completely.

He carefully picked up the painting, feeling its fragility and at the same time its value. It was not just an image, but a symbol of their family connection, their hopes and desires. Sanzhar stood up and, finding a suitable place on the wall opposite the bed, carefully attached the painting. Now it had become part of his world, his personal space, reflecting those thoughts and feelings that he himself could not yet express in words. Sanzhar lay down on the bed, feeling how fatigue was gradually beginning to take over his body. He continued to look at the painting, allowing his thoughts to smoothly flow from one to another. Images flashed before his eyes: Lyosha, concentrating on the code; Zhaniya, smiling after reconciliation; Aida, proudly holding a Forbes magazine; and his father, always ready to support and give advice. His eyes slowly closed, but before he finally fell asleep, a thought flashed through his mind: "What if dreams about the future can actually become reality? What if flying cities are not just a fantasy, but a possible future that we can build?" With these thoughts, Sanzhar slowly fell asleep. He felt that something unusual was waiting for him ahead, something that would open up new horizons for him and lead to the most unexpected discoveries. Zhaniya's painting was the last thing he saw before his consciousness finally fell silent, leaving him in the sweet embrace of sleep, where amazing adventures awaited him.

Chapter 2. Moving to the Emerald Era

2:1 The Man in the Hat. Sanzhar stretched as the old but reliable Subaru Forester smoothly stopped at the curb not far from KIMEP. The morning had barely begun to bloom, and the first rays of the sun were still timidly breaking through the light fog rising above the city. The cool morning air, slightly giving off freshness and dampness, filled the lungs with invigorating energy. The father, Erlan, turned to his son, his face lit up with a smile that reflected both pride in his son and hope for a new successful day.

– Have a nice day, son. Don't forget about your goals, – said Erlan, gently patting his son on the shoulder.

– Thank you, dad, – Sanzhar replied, smiling back and carefully closing the car door.

Having closed the door, he lingered for a moment, watching his father slowly drive away, dissolving into the stream of cars that had already filled the city streets. Left alone on the deserted street, Sanzhar took a deep breath of the morning air, feeling how it filled him with energy and freshness. The day promised to be eventful, and he felt ready for any challenges that this day might bring.

He began his walk along the street leading to the university. The city was still dozing, silence hung in the air, broken only by the occasional sounds of the first cars and the voices of early passers-by. Walking past familiar buildings and shop windows, Sanzhar could not help but smile slightly. These morning walks to the university had become a kind of ritual for him, helping him tune in to the school day, immerse himself in his thoughts and prepare for new knowledge.

Approaching the entrance to KIMEP, Sanzhar noticed several familiar faces. Classmates and friends were already starting their day, exchanging greetings and short jokes, filling the space with the familiar and cozy noise of university life. He felt himself a part of this world, where every day brought something new, where every moment was full of discoveries. Suddenly his gaze caught the figure of a man sitting on a bench near the entrance. The man was dressed in an elegant suit, his face hidden under the shadow of a wide hat. In his hands he held a newspaper, unfolded so that Sanzhar could see only the top of the hat and a hand with a shiny emerald ring. The ring seemed to attract attention, shimmering in the sun.

Sanjar was about to pass by, but when he was close enough, the man suddenly spoke, his voice deep and confident:

– Young man, you have a talent for journalism and writing.

Sanjar froze in place, turning towards the voice. He saw that the man had lowered the newspaper, revealing his face. He was a man of about sixty, with piercing eyes and delicate features. He extended his hand, as if inviting him to meet.

– Nice to meet you, Sanjar, – the man said with a slight smile. – My name is Richard. Today is my first time at your university, I was invited to give a lecture on international trade.

Sanjar, still surprised by the unexpected address, extended his hand in response:

– Very pleased to meet you. How can I help you? Do you not know how to get to the lecture hall?

Richard shook his head slightly, his smile widening.

– No, thank you, I already know where to go, – he answered with a slight hint of mystery in his voice. – But you, Sanjar, may need my help.

Sanjar raised his eyebrows in surprise, not understanding what was being said.

"Help?" he asked again, trying to understand where this strange man was going with this. "I'm just a second-year student, I have nothing to do with international trade," he laughed, trying to defuse the situation.

Richard leaned forward slightly, his voice became quieter, as if he was about to share a secret:

"You're wrong, my dear. What I can offer will help not only you, but all of humanity," Richard replied, his voice sounding as if he knew something that was inaccessible to others.

Sanjar felt a slight excitement mixed with bewilderment. His heart began to beat faster.

"So what is it?" he asked, trying not to show his excitement.

Richard stood up and, leaning towards Sanjar, said quietly, looking around:

"I will help you travel into the future, a hundred years ahead – to the year 3024. Your journey will only take a couple of minutes, here in 2024 no one will notice your absence.

These words sounded like a bolt from the blue. Sanzhar felt a chill run down his spine. He jumped back a step, his thoughts spinning, trying to comprehend what he heard.

– Sorry, but I have to go. This was interesting, but I'm late for class, – he said quickly, feeling his anxiety growing.

– Of course, Sanzhar. See you later. See you later! – Richard answered with a smile, unfolding his newspaper again.

Sanzhar muttered words of farewell and quickly walked towards the university. His heart was still beating faster than usual, and his thoughts were chaotically rushing about, searching for a logical explanation for what had happened. He looked back to make sure the man was not following him, but Richard was already immersed in reading the newspaper, as if nothing had happened. Having reached the auditorium, Sanzhar stopped in front of the door, trying to calm his breathing and collect his thoughts. Before him was a normal school day, but something inside told him that this day would be the beginning of something unusual, something that could change his life forever.

2:2 Strange movement. Sanzhar, still slightly shaken by the strange meeting with Richard, quickly crossed the courtyard of KIMEP and headed towards the building where the cinematography class was about to begin. As soon as he entered through the glass doors, he felt the coolness of the air conditioner, which contrasted sharply with the warm morning air outside. He paused for a moment, trying to calm down and switch to the upcoming classes, but thoughts about the meeting with Richard did not leave him.

He headed for the stairs leading to the second floor, where the cinematography hall was located. The stairs were wide, with marble steps, dimly lit by the morning light coming through the large windows. Sanzhar climbed them, thinking about the upcoming film viewing, trying to distract himself from the strange events that had happened in the morning.

The cinematography hall was one of his favorite places at the university. It had an atmosphere of immersion in art, where each film became the subject of detailed analysis and discussion. Sanzhar always looked forward to these classes, as they allowed him to delve deeper into the world of cinema, to understand the intricacies of the plot, the director's tricks and the camera work.

But when he entered the corridor leading to the hall, his gaze was immediately drawn to the figure standing at the far end. It was the same Richard he had just met at the entrance to the university. Sanzhar stopped, feeling a slight shudder run through his body. "How could he have ended up here so quickly?" he thought, slowly approaching the figure. It seemed that Richard was standing there specifically to meet him again, as if he wanted to prove that his strange offer was not just words, but a real possibility.

"Ah, here you are again," Richard said with a soft smile as Sanzhar came closer. There was a slight satisfaction in his voice, as if he was glad to see the surprise on the young man's face. "I hope I didn't scare you too much?" Sanzhar felt his heart start beating faster again. He tried to find the words, but there was only one thing in his head – how did this man get here so quickly?

– No, of course not, – answered Sanjar, trying not to show his excitement. – It's just that the offer was… unexpected, that's all.

Richard nodded, as if understanding all the doubts that tormented Sanjar.

"It's natural," he said, looking straight into the young man's eyes. "It's not every day that you're offered time travel. But believe me, this offer makes much more sense than it might seem at first glance."

Sanjar looked at Richard, feeling his inner tension growing. It was as if it were real, but at the same time everything seemed unreal, as if he found himself in the center of some fantastic story that he himself was not yet ready to believe.

"You know," Richard continued, taking a step closer, "the world changes every year, and sometimes, to understand where it's heading, you need to look at it from the future. You're interested not only in what's happening now, but also in what will happen next, aren't you?"

Sanjar nodded silently, not knowing what to say. He was sure that before him stood a man who knew much more than he could imagine. But this man was offering him something that went beyond ordinary understanding, something that could change his life.

"I invite you to see the future with your own eyes," Richard continued, his voice becoming almost hypnotic, as if he really had the ability to see beyond the veil of time. "Imagine how your knowledge and understanding of what is to come can influence your today, your decisions, your dreams."

Sanzhar, feeling his head filling with more and more questions, slowly shook his head. He understood that the offer sounded tempting, but also incredible.

"Sorry, Richard," he said finally, trying to sound as confident as possible. "I can't accept such an offer. I'm a student, I have my own responsibilities, my studies. It's too… incredible."

Richard frowned slightly, but then his face took on a friendly expression again.

"I understand," he said, nodding respectfully. "It's not easy to make such a choice. But know that the offer still stands. If you change your mind, I'll be happy to help you see what others can only dream of.

He extended his hand to Sanjar again, and Sanjar shook it automatically, feeling for a moment the cold hardness of the ring, which again reminded him of the mystery of this man.

"I hope that we will see each other again," Richard said before turning and heading down the corridor towards the lecture hall.

Sanjar remained standing, feeling how his heart slowly began to beat in a normal rhythm. He glanced at his watch and realized that it was time to go to class. But something about this meeting continued to bother him, like a slight breath of wind that could not be caught or explained.

Running into the classroom with the last students, Sanjar tried to concentrate on the lesson, but thoughts about the strange meeting did not leave him. His comrades were cheerfully discussing something and joking, the teacher, looking at his watch, stood up from the table and began the lesson:

"Hello everyone. So, I ask for silence and attention. Today our lesson will be devoted to… But Sanzhar was still thinking about that hallway where the strange man in the hat had offered him a glimpse into the future, and he couldn't shake the feeling that this day would be the beginning of something greater than he could have imagined.

2:3 Coursework. Sanzhar hurried to his seat in the classroom, noticing that the students had already taken their seats and were quietly discussing the upcoming lesson. The huge screen, occupying the entire front wall, was already ready to show a film, and the soft, subdued lights in the hall created an atmosphere of anticipation. He quickly sat down next to his friend, who nodded briefly in greeting.

The teacher, Professor Miras, known for his passion for cinema and his meticulous approach to film analysis, stood behind the lectern. He was short, but had an impressive charisma, and his presence immediately attracted the attention of the entire audience.

"Good morning, students," he began, looking around at the audience. "Today we will not just watch a film, but also an in-depth analysis of one of the most significant works in the science fiction genre. I chose this film for a reason. It raises questions that concern not only technology, but also

philosophy, morality, and what it means to be human. The professor paused, giving the students time to absorb the importance of the upcoming lesson.

– Today we will be watching the film Blade Runner by Ridley Scott. This film is not only a cult classic in the world of cinema, it touches on themes that remain relevant today. I want you to pay attention to how the film explores the boundaries between artificial intelligence and the human soul, its visual style and atmosphere.

Sanzhar felt a little excited. Blade Runner was one of his favorite films, and now he had the opportunity to look at it from a new perspective – as a student who was about to make a critical analysis.

As the lights in the classroom dimmed, Sanzhar settled into his chair, preparing to watch. The opening credits began to appear on the screen, and within moments the entire audience was immersed in the dark and rainy world of futuristic Los Angeles.

The film began and Sanjar became completely immersed in what was happening on the screen. Each scene was carefully thought out, every detail recreated the atmosphere of the future, where technology and man intersect in a complex web of moral and ethical questions. Sanjar noticed how the light and shadows created tension, how the camera followed the characters, capturing their emotions, and how Vangelis's music emphasized the atmosphere of despair and the search for meaning.

The film became increasingly captivating, making him think about the depth of the questions raised by the director. He mentally returned to the professor's words when the film raised themes of the nature of human existence, identity and consciousness. These themes seemed to touch on something very personal, making Sanjar think about his own place in this world and about the future, which may not be so distant.

After the film ended, the lights in the auditorium came back on and Professor Miras stood up to conclude the lesson.

"I hope that this viewing has evoked many thoughts and questions in you," he said, looking around at the assembled students. – I expect each of you to give me a critical analysis of this film in a week. Please pay attention to details that you may not have noticed before and try to look at them from a different angle.

The professor paused and then added:

– Also, I would like to remind you of your first term paper. You must write a science fiction story by the end of the semester. Your task is to create a completely new plot, something our world has never seen before. I ask you to approach this task with complete seriousness.

Sanzhar felt a slight anxiety. Writing a criticism of a film that he knew so well did not seem like a difficult task to him, but coming up with a completely new story… This task was much more difficult. All the ideas seemed to have already been used, and finding something truly new and original seemed almost impossible.

He stood up from his seat, following the other students who were leaving the classroom, and his thoughts began to revolve around the task that the professor had just set for them. Excerpts from the film, questions he wanted to discuss in his work, and images that could form the basis for a new story were spinning around in his head. Sanzhar headed towards the gym, where he had a physical education class. He walked, thinking about how to find that one idea that could amaze both him and his teacher. But while chaos reigned in his head, he hoped that the answer would come by itself at the right moment.

2:4 Team play. Sanzhar walked slowly down the corridor leading to the gym, deep in his thoughts. The idea that the professor had given them in the previous lecture – to write a science fiction story with a completely new plot – was haunting him. He tried to come up with something truly unique, but each time his ideas seemed to have already been realized in some film or book.

Images from the Blade Runner he had just watched were spinning in his head, but although they were inspiring, they did not give him the desired novelty.

When he entered the locker room, it was already in full swing. Students were changing into sports uniforms, discussing their plans for the weekend, upcoming competitions and, of course, the latest news from the world of sports. Sanzhar mechanically changed, almost not noticing those around him, and headed to the gym, where the coach was already waiting for them.

The gym was spacious, with high ceilings and large windows through which bright daylight penetrated. The floor of the gym was perfectly leveled and ready for the upcoming game. A volleyball net was stretched in the center of the room, and the boys began to warm up, throwing the ball to each other.

"Today we have volleyball," the coach announced, gathering the students in a circle. He was a strong man with gray hair, but an energetic and cheerful voice. "But not just volleyball. We will work on teamwork, communication and tactics. It is important not only how you play individually, but also how you work together."

Sanzhar enthusiastically stood up for one of the teams. Volleyball had always been one of his favorite sports. He was looking forward to the opportunity to distract himself from his thoughts and just enjoy the game, freeing his head from heavy thoughts.

The game began. The ball flew quickly over the net, passed from one player to another. Sanzhar quickly immersed himself in the game, feeling how his body synchronized with the movements of his teammates. Each hit, each jump was coordinated and precisely calibrated. The coach watched them carefully, occasionally shouting out advice and instructions.

"Great job, Sanzhar! – the coach shouted after he scored a successful point. – But remember: the game is not only about strength, but also about strategy. You must see not only the ball, but also the positions of all your teammates and opponents.

Sanzhar nodded, thinking about the coach's words. The game went on, and he began to notice how important the cooperation between the players was, how every pass and every shot was part of a single plan that was developing right before their eyes. The excitement and passion that arose during the game made him forget about everything else. He enjoyed the moment, each time trying to better understand his teammates and anticipate their actions.

But thoughts about the story still did not leave him. He began to draw parallels between the game and his task: to find the very idea that would become the key element of his story, like a good pass in volleyball. He realized that he needed to think not only about individual details, but also about how they fit together, how one thought can pick up another, creating a unified whole.

With each new play, Sanzhar increasingly felt his consciousness being cleared, as the internal barriers that prevented him from finding that very idea slowly dissolved. Team play made him think more broadly, go beyond the usual, and look for solutions in the team.

When the training came to an end, Sanzhar was tired but satisfied. He understood that the game helped him to distract himself a little and look at the problem from a different angle. The coach patted him on the shoulder, congratulating him on a good game, and Sanzhar, lingering on the court for a little while, thought about how sports can help in solving creative problems.

His next point was the casting of new club members, and, feeling slightly excited, he headed to the locker room to freshen up and prepare for the next test of the day. He knew that there was still a lot of interesting things ahead of him, but how exactly this would affect his search for a new idea remained a mystery.

2:5 Work in the club. Sanzhar, feeling slightly tired after an intense training session, headed to the club room, where they were going to hold a casting for new members for the student club "KIMEP TIME". Although his thoughts were still wandering around the task set by the professor –

to write a science fiction story with a completely new plot – he knew that now he needed to concentrate on the current matter.

The club room greeted him with its usual lively atmosphere. The spacious room was flooded with bright daylight streaming through large windows. In the center of the room there were several tables, at which the club members were already seated, discussing the upcoming event. On the walls hung posters with previous issues of the magazine, photos from events and posters of past club meetings. In the corner of the room, a projector was visible, already set up to show the presentations of the candidates.

– Hello, guys! – Lana, the president of the club, began energetically when Sanzhar entered the room. Her cheerful voice immediately attracted the attention of everyone present. – Today is an important day for us – a casting of new members of our club. I am sure that everyone came in a great mood and ready for productive work.

Sanzhar nodded affably in response and took his place at one of the tables. For him, working in the club had always been something special – here he could realize his creative ambitions, discuss ideas with like-minded people and participate in projects that really mattered. Today he was serious, because they had to select those who would become part of the team and create new content for the magazine together with them.

Candidates began to enter the room, introducing themselves one by one and telling about their interests. The atmosphere became increasingly tense, each candidate tried to impress the club members, hoping for approval and the coveted place in the team.

– Hello, my name is Alina, – one of the candidates began, entering the room. She held herself confidently, but there was a slight nervousness in her voice. – I have always been interested in journalism and I want to develop my skills by working on articles and projects with you. I have several ideas that I would like to implement in your club.

Sanzhar looked closely at Alina, noting her sincerity and desire for self-realization. She spoke about her proposals with enthusiasm, and this made a positive impression on him.

When Lana invited the club members to speak out, Sanzhar was the first to voice his opinion:

– It seems to me that Alina is truly interested in the work of the club and can make a significant contribution to our projects. Her ideas are fresh, and I think that she will be able to quickly adapt to the team.

The other club members supported his opinion, and after a short discussion, it was decided to accept Alina into the club.

The casting continued, and each new candidate aroused more and more interest in Sanzhar. Some candidates were more experienced, others were enthusiastic, but with less experience. It was important to find a balance and choose those who could work effectively in a team, bringing new ideas and energy to their activities.

Sanzhar became more and more immersed in the process, trying to objectively evaluate each candidate, because the future of the club and its projects depended on their choice. He was interested in watching how each candidate manifested themselves, how their personalities were revealed and how they interacted with the current members of the club. He noted to himself which of them had creative thinking, who could offer unconventional solutions, and who was able to inspire others to new achievements.

When the last candidate left the room, Lana took the floor again:

– Great job, guys! I think we made a good choice. Now we have new members, and many interesting projects await us ahead.

Sanzhar nodded, feeling satisfied with the work done. He knew that the club would always have a place for creative ideas and talented people, and this inspired him. However, the fatigue from the day was starting to tell. He decided that he needed to rest a little and have some food before returning to thinking about the cinematography assignment. Sanzhar headed to a small cafe on the university

grounds, hoping for a moment of peace and quiet to collect his thoughts and get ready for productive work in the future.

2:6 Meeting in a cafe. After a busy day filled with events and thoughts, Sanzhar headed to a small cafe on the university grounds to rest and catch his breath. The cafe space beckoned with its quiet, calm atmosphere. Here you could forget about all your worries for a while and just enjoy a moment of solitude.

The cafe was almost empty. Only a few students were sitting at their tables, immersed in their study materials or in a leisurely conversation with friends. The light coming through the large windows softly illuminated the interior, creating a feeling of coziness. Sanzhar ordered a sandwich and a glass of fresh juice, hoping that this would help him regain his strength before returning home.

While his order was being prepared, Sanzhar accidentally noticed a familiar figure at one of the tables by the window. It was Richard, who seemed to be completely immersed in reading a book. In one hand, he held a thin, almost transparent cup of tea, from which aromatic steam slowly rose.

Sanzhar thought for a moment whether to approach him. Their last meeting had been strange, and thoughts about what Richard had said back then had not left him. But curiosity had gotten the better of him, and after receiving his order, Sanzhar headed to the table where Richard was sitting.

– Hi, do you mind if I join you? – Sanzhar asked, trying to sound confident and casual.

Richard looked up from his book and, seeing Sanzhar, smiled good-naturedly:

– Sure, sit down, Sanzhar. How was your day?

– Thank you. It was a busy day, – Sanzhar answered, sitting down opposite Richard and taking a sip of juice. – Today we had a casting for the club, as well as a film class. Lots of things.

– That sounds like an interesting day, – Richard said, leaning forward slightly, showing that he was genuinely interested. – Are you studying film?

– Yes, – Sanzhar answered, perking up a little. – Today we watched the movie Blade Runner. And then the professor assigned us to write a critical analysis. But the most difficult task is to come up with a new fantasy plot. It seems that all the ideas have already been written.

Richard, hearing this, chuckled, as if this problem was very familiar to him.

– Sometimes it seems that everything has already been thought of, but in fact, every idea can be new if you look at it from a different angle. In cinematography, as in life, a lot depends on perspective.

Sanzhar thought about these words, feeling that they contained some wisdom. There was something calming in Richard's tone that instilled confidence and inspiration.

– You are talking about perspective … – Sanzhar began, feeling how his thoughts returned to the previous conversation with Richard. – What do you think can change our perception of reality?

Richard was silent for a moment, choosing his words, as if answering a question he had been preparing for a long time.

– Our perception is changed by experience, – he said finally, his voice became deeper and more serious. – When you see things that seem incredible, your mind opens up to new possibilities. The knowledge you gain can change you and your world.

These words made a strong impression on Sanzhar. He felt that Richard was not just telling general truths, but something deeper and more personal.

– I sometimes think that we live only in the present, but do not think about the future, – Sanjar admitted, sharing his inner thoughts. – But the future is what determines our decisions today.

Richard nodded, his gaze became thoughtful, as if he agreed with the thought that had been maturing inside him for a long time.

– You are right, Sanjar. But what if you could see this future? What if you could find out what your decisions will lead to? It could help you understand what is really important.

Sanjar froze, thinking about what he heard. Richard's words seemed to close the circle of his thoughts, helping him understand what he was really missing.

– You mean… time travel? – he asked, barely believing his ears.

Richard grinned, but this time his smile was mysterious, as if he knew something that Sanjar could not yet understand.

– Exactly. Time travel is not just an opportunity to see the future. It's a way to understand how it's connected to the present, and how you can influence it.

Sanjar's heart began to beat faster. His mind told him that all this was impossible, but something inside him, perhaps a childish curiosity or a thirst for adventure, pushed him to agree.

"You mean that… I can do it?" he asked, holding back his excitement.

Richard nodded, his face remaining calm.

"I can show you how it works. It won't be just a story, Sanjar, but a real story. You will see the future with your own eyes."

Excitement mixed with curiosity and trepidation engulfed Sanjar. He felt something inside him change, as if a door he didn't even know about was now ajar, and he was standing on the threshold of the unknown.

"Okay," he said finally, making a decision. "I'm ready to try."

Richard nodded good-naturedly and finished his sandwich, as if all this was a normal thing.

"Then let's go," he said, getting up from his seat.

They left the café together, heading down the university corridor. Richard began explaining to Sanzhar the basic principles of the time machine, bringing him ever closer to the upcoming decisive step. The light noise of the students and muffled voices created a background, but Sanzhar no longer heard them – all his thoughts were occupied with what could happen next.

2:7 Time travel. Sanjar and Richard walked slowly down the long corridor of the university, their steps quietly echoing off the walls, as if the building itself was witnessing what was about to happen. A slight excitement was taking hold of Sanjar, every word Richard said was a mixture of curiosity and doubt. What had seemed like a fantasy was now taking on very real outlines.

Richard walked next to him, his steps were confident, and he continued to explain the principles of the time machine with such calmness, as if it were the most ordinary lecture.

"The time machine I was talking about was invented in 2066," Richard began, his voice even and deep, as if he were discussing a historical fact. "It requires a huge amount of energy to operate. Imagine: to move you forward a hundred years, you need to use as much energy as it would take to provide an entire city with electricity for a week."

Sanjar listened, immersing himself in every word. He tried to imagine the scale of this invention, but it still seemed incredible. It was hard for him to believe that time travel was possible, but Richard sounded so confident that his doubts began to melt away.

"But why so much energy?" Sanjar asked, trying to understand the hidden logic of this device.

"The thing is that the time machine doesn't just move you forward or backward in time," Richard continued, leaning slightly towards Sanjar to make his words stick in his mind. "It creates a separate space around you where time moves differently. You literally exist outside of time while the transition is happening."

They approached the elevator, and Richard pressed the call button. The elevator doors opened smoothly, as if inviting them inside.

"Come in, Sanjar," Richard said, nodding towards the open doors. "You will move alone, and I will stay here. Inside, you will see a green button with the number 3024."

Sanjar thought that this was an ordinary university elevator, which he used every day, so he boldly entered. But when his gaze fell on the panel, he noticed something unusual: a green button that shouldn't have been there was drawing his gaze like a call.

"This is your journey, Sanjar," Richard said, his voice soft but firm. "Press the button."

Sanjar felt his heart beat faster. He stood there, weighing the pros and cons, but curiosity and the desire to see the future got the better of him. He slowly reached out and pressed the green button, feeling his fingers tremble slightly.

The elevator moved smoothly, and the light inside began to change. The white light gradually turned into a soft green, creating a mysterious atmosphere around. Sanjar felt a slight vibration under his feet, as if the elevator was moving not just up, but into another dimension, in which time ceased to exist in its usual form.

Ten seconds later, the elevator stopped, and the doors slowly opened, revealing something unusual before him. A white cloud spread out in front of Sanjar, in which large green arrows flickered, pointing forward. The cloud seemed dense and mysterious, as if it were hiding something important. Sanjar took a step forward, feeling himself being enveloped by this strange cloud. He heard the elevator doors close behind him and realized that there was no turning back. Silence surrounded him, only the soft rustling of air was heard around him.

At first, Sanjar thought it was fog, but gradually he began to realize that he was standing on a glass floor, through which a picture of the earth was visible. He froze in place, realizing that he was hovering at an altitude of about 5 kilometers above the ground. Breathing quickly, he dropped to all fours and began to examine the landscape below.

An incredible view opened up before his eyes: green forests, clean rivers and lakes, flocks of birds slowly flying above the surface of the earth. The sun shone brightly, breaking through the rare clouds. Everything looked so calm and serene, but something was wrong. Where were the roads? Where were the settlements? Where was the smoke and dust? There were no planes, no factories, no dug quarries, no sign of human activity.

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