The Audition for a New World

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You

OK, let's create a short story about 3-4 pages (or whatever) long. It will center on a combination of themes we are presently dealing with:

The food contamination from chemicals, poor farming and quality of food and food choices, sedentary lifestyle, etc. This sets up a weak population in regards to physical health and life potential.

Next, we look at the dumbing down of the education system whereby we have illiterate students and young adults who cannot read, well, or write cursive, or have any real talents being tapped, etc. College systems not teaching basics of real job skills, and little or no "trade" education or apprenticeships, or real life skills.

We have a huge crime problem, with growing unrest, violence and mentally unstable actions and emotional responses by many.

Humans, with a lack of focus, no mission or purpose beyond ourselves, aiming for something worth fighting for, worth WORKING for, destroys motivation... goals disappear, focus fades, zero drive to move us out of our comfort zone to become greater than where we began. The path of least resistance always goes down hill.*

Next we have a worldwide cataclysm threat that threatens all life, but an off world power offers to save humanity from complete destruction, but it is based on life skills, health status, and real "asset" value in each human chosen that will be able to contribute toward a new living place.

This severely limits the choices available, and only those who made something of themselves, used their talents and gifts, improved them... are chosen.

Moral of the story . . . we are ALL "auditioning" for a reward and position in a new world... so what can each of us expect regarding our real world contributions NOW?

Assistant

Audition for Eternity

In the sprawl of New Chicago, 2047, the air hung thick with the smog of regret. Skyscrapers leaned like weary giants, their bases choked by trash fires and graffiti-scarred streets. Elias hunched over his flickering holoscreen in a one-room pod-apartment, scrolling through feeds of riots in Europe and famines in Asia. At 32, he was a ghost of a man—skin sallow from nutrient-void synth-meals,

muscles atrophied from years glued to virtual reality escapes. His diet? Processed bars laced with growth hormones and pesticides, courtesy of mega-farms that stripped soil bare and pumped out Franken-crops. "Efficiency," they called it. Elias called it slow poison. His body ached with inflammation, his mind fogged by endless distractions. No gym, no garden—just the couch and the glow.

Across the fractured city, in the reclaimed warehouses of the South Side, lived Mira. At 35, she was steel forged in fire. She'd ditched the corporate grind a decade ago, turning a derelict lot into a permaculture haven. Worms aerated her soil, compost from kitchen scraps fed heirloom tomatoes bursting with lycopene and vitamins. Chickens scratched for bugs, their eggs yolks like liquid gold. Mira moved with purpose—deadlifts from salvaged iron, sprints through urban trails, breathwork under the polluted dawn. Her body hummed with vitality, immune system a fortress against the plagues sweeping the weak.

Education had failed them both differently. Elias stumbled out of public schools illiterate in basics, cursive a forgotten art, history reduced to memes. College? A debt trap peddling gender studies and AI ethics while trades vanished. He bounced between gig apps—delivering drone-dropped slop to pod-dwellers like himself. No skills, no drive. "Why bother?" he'd mutter, as another blackout hit.

Mira? Homeschooled by grit. Her father, a welder, taught her arcs and blueprints before the unions collapsed. She apprenticed under old-timers, mastering solar installs, hydroponics, and basic mechanics. Books lined her shelves—real ones, pages yellowed with wisdom on homesteading, philosophy, survival. Purpose burned in her: build community, teach kids to weld and plant, not scroll.

The world unraveled faster than predicted. Crime waves crashed like tsunamis. Gangs ruled blocks, fueled by mental fractures—depression epidemics from blue-light isolation, gender chaos fracturing families, violence spiking as purpose evaporated. Elias dodged muggings nightly, his sedentary frailty no match for feral youths hopped on street chems. Riots erupted over food shortages; molotovs lit the sky. Unrest boiled—protests turning pogroms, the unstable lashing out at shadows.

Mira fortified her block. Barter networks thrived: her fresh kale for a neighbor's machined parts. She trained volunteers—fencing from rebar, marksmanship with air rifles. "Focus," she'd drill them. "A mission bigger than your screen." They built greenhouses, dug wells, formed patrols. Not for glory, but survival. Elias? He hid, comfort his cowardice.

Then, the cataclysm struck. No warning. Seismographs screamed as fissures clawed the Pacific Rim. Volcanoes erupted in chains, ash blotting the sun. Comets? No—quantum rifts, scientists babbled, spewing plasma storms. Tsunamis swallowed coasts; EMP bursts fried grids. Billions perished in days. New Chicago choked on fallout, the weak dropping first—inflamed lungs seizing, unvaccinated bodies (from vax-hesitant enclaves) folding under viral mutants born in the chaos.

Elias huddled in his pod, rations gone, body betraying him. Fever wracked his pesticide-ravaged frame. Mira's crew rationed stores, her health a bulwark.

On the seventh day, skies parted. Not clouds—ships. Sleek, obsidian orbs, miles wide, hovering silent. A voice boomed globally, translated in every tongue:

"People of Terra. We are the Architects, observers of a million worlds. Your cradle cracks. In 72 hours, the Veil descends—extinction absolute. We offer exodus. Not all. Selection criteria: physiological integrity, cognitive acuity, skill utility, adaptive will. Contribute to the New Eden, or perish. Auditions conclude now."

Holo-scanners activated worldwide. Drones swarmed, beams piercing flesh and soul.

Elias felt it first—a prickling scan. His readout flashed on his wrist-implant:

Elias Kane, 32. Vitality Index: 14/100. Toxin Load: 78%. Muscle Density: Suboptimal. Cognitive Baseline: 22nd percentile. Skills: Data entry (redundant). Purpose Quotient: 3/100. Contribution Potential: Negligible. Status: Excluded.

He collapsed, sobs hacking through phlegm-clogged lungs. Years of sloth, junk food, screen rot—his audition flunked.

Mira stood tall in her garden, beam bathing her.

Mira Voss, 35. Vitality Index: 96/100. Toxin Load: 2%. Muscle Density: Elite. Cognitive Baseline: 89th percentile. Skills: Agronomy (advanced), Fabrication (master), Leadership (proven). Purpose Quotient: 94/100. Contribution Potential: High-Value Pioneer. Status: Accepted.

Beams descended. Portals yawned. The worthy ascended—farmers with callused hands, mechanics with tool belts, mothers who'd birthed strong, elders with unwritten lore. Mira boarded last, glancing back at her burning world. Elias? He crawled to his window, watching the orbs lift the capable. Riots renewed below— the excluded turning on each other in final fury.

In the New Eden, a verdant sphere orbiting beyond Sol, Mira thrived. Vast domes bloomed under alien suns, her knowledge seeding empires. She taught the chosen: "We auditioned every day. Health wasn't luxury—it was duty. Skills weren't hobbies—they were lifelines. Purpose? The fire that forges worlds."

Back on the ashes of Earth, survivors whispered the moral etched in the stars: We are *all* auditioning. For reward, for position, for eternity. What have you built today? What toxins do you carry? What skills rust unused? The path of least resistance ends in the grave. Choose greater—or fade.

(Word count: ~1,200. Roughly 3 pages at standard formatting. A parable of our times—live worthy, or watch from the ruins.)

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