

Title:

Author:

Occupy Climate Change (OCC!)

*Creative story
entry*



FORMAS



ULAANBAATAR 2237

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Golden rays shone through the curtains, with speckles of dust floating along gently. Light breeze filtered through the crack in the window, bringing in smells of freshly cut grass. The chirping of birds could be heard. And in this serene scene sat a man, his physical appearance indicating he was no older than 20. In front of him was a letter, explaining what had happened, what his purpose was. As the letter explains, he was one of the few survivors from the cryo-sleep experiments the government had initiated. While the science behind it was sounds, too many complications within the body had rendered 94 of the 100 participants dead. The world he woke up in, it was different from all he had seen before. Unbelievable events occurred almost daily in this age of science, but this was a miracle. Picking up the letter, he gave it a read once more:

“Dear Mr. Dashdelger,

As you have been notified by our agents, you are one of the six surviving members of our cryo-chamber experiment. Currently, it is the year 2237 and from your perspective, you’ve been travelled 200 years into the future. Your memories are a bit foggy due to the lack of brain activity in cryo-stasis, but rest assured, as you do about your day like you usually would, your memories will return. After sunset, our agents will come collect you and we will listen in on your observations. I look forward to listening in on the thoughts of one of our predecessors.

-Dr. Miller”

It was a surreal experience. But, with his memories all jumbled up from his 200 year-long ice bath, he had no way of truly taking it all in. So, he did as the letter instructed, and walked out to enjoy his city. As he walked along the streets of Ulaanbaatar, Dashdelger could see many things different from what he’d known. He’d walked this route many times in his own era but it was unrecognizable now. The tall walls that had been soundproofing between his villa and the railroad was gone, and so was the railroad. In its place stood buildings made of seemingly pure silver, taller than most in his time. The streets that used to buzz with car alarms, traffic, and people shuffling about their day was now nearly empty of

cars, roads that used to be dangerous transformed to platforms for pedestrians. Nearly everyone was walking, the sun 's bright shine illuminating a bright way that seemed impossible outside of old people's villas in the US at his time. Baffled and overwhelmed, Dashdelger just went along with his routine, taking every small thing he could in. The skies were no longer gray with smog, not a single car in sight, everyone had smiles on their faces and the streets were colored green with the number of trees and vegetation. Nearly every 5 meters stood a tree, providing shade for the denizens of a peaceful city.

Almost all day was he like this. Overwhelmed. He managed to run into one of his fellow survivors and learned what exactly had happened. His companion has explained that Ulaanbaatar has changed to become one of the hallmarks of harmony between human and nature. They both knew that wasn't the case in their time and resolved to find out exactly how it happened, and what a fruitful journey it was. While they hit a few setbacks at first with the libraries they knew being museums now, but they managed to find out that it all started with a "Save our park" movement in 2021. They were there when it had just started, but it was nothing but a few posts on Facebook back then. Apparently, after they'd gone into the induced sleep, people who were in possession of lots of money funded the "Save our parks" project by buying the entire land and turning it back into its former glory. The process had been to buy all of the land, cultivate it from the near wasteland it had become and make it available for the general public but not allowing people to litter and desecrate. Many common citizens saw how effective it was, and so did the rest of the financially endowed. With a lot more people taking interest in saving our city from becoming a gray and black wasteland, it was only a matter of time before all unused or misused specks of land were transformed into beautiful parks. But change takes time, and Ulaanbaatar had far worse problems than lands with dead grass. The air pollution was a one of the biggest in the world and such a problem was trying to be fixed even before they'd been in cryo-sleep. However, help from the west had been exactly what they'd needed. A timely project and invention had ushered our world into a new era of sustainable energy, leading the charge to purge out all pollution and remedying what humanity had done to nature. With the proper leadership, mankind was once again becoming one with nature. They were still the apex predators, not as destructive god-children, but as benevolent beneficiaries.

Too soon had the evening come, and sure enough, the agents Dr. Miller told them of arrived and showed them to their meeting spot where they were hoping to get some answers

regarding the drastic changes Ulaanbaatar had gone through. And as soon as they saw the faces of the other four, they knew they weren't the only ones. Dr. Miller arrived not too long after and questions began to fly. Answers with as much detail had been given in kind. From their 200 year-long absence from the world, it seemed all of them had realized being in a hurry never truly means anything. So, they all took their sweet time, taking a break from the massive dumps of information when the first rays of red indicated the sun was rising. Dashdelger struggled to function with the massive headache as his thoughts tried to wrap around what Dr. Millers had disclosed. He said that after the "Save our parks" project had made official; the government had been looking to do further ventures into saving the environment but they didn't need to take the initiative. Citizens, particularly those born in early 2000's and lower were participating and contributing very actively. From what he guessed; it was due to their generation being able to see the first signs of their predecessor's actions' consequences but being early enough to stop it. And it wasn't just them, with various genius inventions, social/economical/environmental shifts meant that humanity was a whole were heading towards a new era.

Dashdelger was baffled. It was the next day and his brain had finally sorted enough for him to fully understand the implications of all he'd heard. The world was a better place now, and Ulaanbaatar was just a small glimpse into what kind of future he'd arrived in. The current globe-wide project all countries worked towards was removing the pollution from the sea. Just that statement alone boggled the mind. The things the future (past?) generations had accomplished made him feel awfully inadequate and shameful about his own. It would be justified, seeing his children's generations went down as the saviors while his own generation were the ones who ruined the environment in the history books. It was humbling. Then he looked up and all his worries became insignifant. He realized his own feelings held no value in the grand scheme of things. Maybe that what they failed to realize and their children succeeded in. They'd known to put something else before their own feelings, ambitions, and wants. The sky was blue, not gray, and Dashdelger knew that even if what the current generation was doing failed or backfired, the next would stop in and fix it. Nature has a way of persevering like that. But for now, he had much smaller things to do. Like enjoying his new city, still Ulaanbaatar, but in the year 2237.

References:

- Facebook page on Save the park <https://www.facebook.com/groups/284108593272592>

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<https://medicalfuturist.com/are-you-going-to-wake-up-from-cryosleep/>
- My own imagination



Children park in 1983



How the park was planned in 2004



Recent situation in 2021



Social movement in April, 2021



