

Chapter 1: The Fog of the Old World

The city was gray. Gray like the breath of a weary giant who had never fully awakened. The buildings towered into the sky like concrete stumps, and between them people wandered around as if searching for a lost dream. Elyas moved through this fog. With a light backpack, steady steps, and his gaze fixed ahead. He had hesitated for a long time. The decision to leave everything behind was not an easy one. But something inside him had always known: things could not go on like this. The old world was coming to an end. There was no more room for greed, war, and the constant pursuit of more. The invitation came unexpectedly. A sheet of paper was slipped under the door – it said "Invitation" and underneath was a symbol: ten concentric circles with a line running from the outside to the inside. No one had explained it to him. But Elyas understood. It was the call. The first step into a new world.

Chapter 2: The Invitation

Elyas sat at the window of his small room and stared at the hazy sky hanging over the outskirts of the old world. The air was stuffy, and outside a dog barked in the fog. The invitation had been lying on the table for days, but it was like a puzzle he didn't dare solve. A plain white sheet of paper. No sender. Just ten concentric circles with a line leading from the outside to the inside and a sentence: "When you are ready to leave your world, follow the light." He had also received a bracelet— which he found in his mailbox, a simple band made of light, almost skin- colored material. It was more than a piece of jewelry. Since he had been wearing it, the city seemed to be changing. Doors opened, people looked at him differently. And somewhere deep inside him, something he had long believed lost began to stir: hope. On the morning of that day, the city was in turmoil. There had been clashes. The news spoke of strikes, of hunger riots in the districts beyond the wall. Elyas no longer heard the words. He only felt the roar of

the world that held him fast as if with iron chains. "I'm leaving," he said quietly. His younger sister Mira looked up. She was sitting on the floor, a notebook on her knees, drawing. She was always drawing. Colors she only knew in her head. "Are you really leaving?" "I have to," said Elyas. "If this really is the exit... then I want to know what lies beyond." Mira nodded. No Trune, no resistance. She knew her brother was different. He always had been. The one who asked questions when everyone else was silent. He stepped outside. A small light burned in front of the house—little more than a glimmer. But as he approached it, it grew brighter. He heard the bracelet humming like a heartbeat. The path was marked out—not with words, but with trust. Elyas stepped into the first stage of the new world.

Chapter 3: The Call of Wonder

The morning dawned in soft golden tones over the still-young settlement on the edge of the former industrial area. Between newly planted avenues and solar-powered mobile stations, the sky seemed almost too beautiful to be real – an image of hope hovering over a world that was reinventing itself. Elyas stood on the balcony of the Stage One community center. His gaze wandered over the city, where so much was still unfinished – but so much was also being created. Behind him, his bracelet buzzed softly, reminding him that today was the day of his first evaluation. A moment that many feared, but one that Elyas had been working toward for weeks. Mira, his little sister, joined him. "Ready?" she asked with a smile that wavered between excitement and quiet confidence. Elyas nodded. He was ready—not because he was sure, but because he knew that this world must not repeat the mistakes of the old one. Here, it wasn't what you owned that counted, but what you contributed. And Elyas wanted to

contribute. Others were already gathering down in the square. The AI-controlled administration had determined the order, and Elyas was among the first ten. An elder waved him over in a friendly manner, while a soft tone from his bracelet signaled that his time had come. "Elyas, son of the new order," said the elder in a calm voice, "today you will be heard. Tell us about your journey." And Elyas began to speak. About his decision to volunteer to care for traumatized new arrivals. About his old friends and Mira, about his conversations with Rafi, the boy from the old world. About Ada, who found her voice again when she planted a flower bed for the first time. From Tayo, who showed him what true patience means. People listened—and the AI listened too. Not to judge, but to understand. Elyas' words were not an application. They were a testimony. And as he spoke, he knew: this was only the beginning.