My name is Scavett. The year is 7020 A.D. I am twenty-three years of age and have been an inhabitant of Karacat for twenty-three years. Karacat is the place where my mother landed when I was just a baby. She was fleeing the land of my father, because its leader had become a corrupt and ruthless man who was destroying the land. My father stood against the corrupt leader and was killed. The corrupt leader would have killed my mother and I, had she not found an aircraft to carry us away. My mother tells me that there was no time to pack anything or to say goodbye to anyone. She left my father's land with the clothes on her back, fear in her heart, sorrow in her soul and a week old baby girl in her arms.

Growing up in Karacat, I could sense the sadness she felt for the loss of my father and her homeland. I could see it in her talk, her walk, the tips of her fingers and in her unfaltering detachment from me. Her sadness was deep and unsettled. It was a haunting memory that refused to rest. It was the mourning for the life she had and the life she could have had. She grieved for her dreams that never came to pass. Mostly she grieved for me and the fact that the only place I would ever call home is Karacat.

Karacat is the dystopia that awaited us as if it was expecting us. It is the dystopia that I never chose, but that chose me. The dystopia for the desperate and the needy. It is the dystopia I have always known. The dystopia that I can neither love nor hate, but only survive in...and I have.

My mother says she brought us here, because it is the only place the corrupt leader's government could never find us. It is a dreary city that lies beneath the surface at the very tip of the world. A savage land where the light does not illuminate. It is thick with the outcasts of society and it is thick with suffering. The city is burnt with crumbling buildings that reflect the essence of its inhabitants. Karacat is a barren dessert where nothing grows. Not even food. All our food is chemically produced. My mother often complains about this. She says the food tastes like rubber and has a chewy texture. I do not understand what she means, since this is all I have ever known. To me the food tastes as it should be. My mother says that in my father's land, food grew from the ground and that it had flavour and rich textures and it tasted like kaleidoscopes of colour. It was flavour that burst in your mouth depending on the combination you ate. Perhaps an apple and a banana or a carrot and a piece of beef. I do not know what those things are, but my mother talks about them with a glow in her eyes, a sparkle and a kind of longing. So I sit and listen to her as she tells me more about the land of my father. As she talks about that land I can see her sadness lifted from her body as she smiles and tells me stories of flying machines and humans who are mechanical and of the days when she was a prominent Alchemist.

My mother tells me that in my father's land the Alchemists are the most revered people. Through their knowledge and study of the elements and metals they have managed to create a place in which people live happy and long lives. There is no poverty or suffering and people live for long periods of time. The oldest person my mother ever met was one hundred and seventy nine years of age. He was one of the Alchemic Masters of gold. Gold is the most respected metal in Alchemy and those who have mastered it are known as the most powerful Alchemists. Very few Alchemists who study gold have been able to turn lead into gold. It a highly coveted secret that no one is taught. To achieve this skill each Alchemist must come to it on their own. Once they know how to do it, they are put through a test to prove their skill. If they pass the test, then they become an Alchemic Master of gold and sworn to keep the secret on pain of death if they reveal it to anyone.

The only thing that the Alchemists have not been able to do is create immortality. Some believe that the creation of immortality is an untrue belief. They say it is only a myth conjured up by Alchemists from the third century. My mother believes otherwise. She says that somebody she once knew came close to discovering the equation of immortality. Before they could finish the equation, they where killed in an unfortunate chemical explosion. My mother believes they where murdered, because of what they where discovering. To be an immediate of the equation of Karacater offen come to her when they need healing and she uses the corporation with offer materials to give their bodies what is lacking. However, in the most severe cases he cannot always help, because it is difficult to come by other materials that are needed for her remedies in Karacat. Often the people she cannot help die and it is one of the the people she cannot help die and it is one of the the people she cannot help die and it is one of the the people she cannot help die and it is one of the the people she cannot help die and it is one of the the people she cannot help die and it is one of the the people she cannot help die and it is one of the the people she cannot help die and it is one of the the people she cannot help die and it is one of the the people she cannot help die and it is one of the the people she cannot help die and it is one of the the people she cannot help die and it is one of the the people she cannot help die and it is one of the the people she cannot help die and it is one of the the people she cannot help die and it is one of the people she cannot help die and it is one of the the people she cannot help die and it is one of the people she cannot help die and it is one of the people she cannot help die and it is one of the people she cannot help die and it is one of the people she cannot help die and it is one of the people she cannot help die and it is one of the people she cannot help die and it is one of the people she cannot help die and it is one of the people she cannot help die and it is one of the people she cannot help die and it is one of the people she cannot help die and it is one of the people she cannot help die and it is one of the people she cannot help die and it is one of the people she cannot help die and it is one of the people she cannot help die and it is one of the people she cannot help die and it is one of the people she cannot help die and the people she cannot help die and the people she cannot help dit and the people she cannot help dit and the people s her saeness liftee from her boey as she smiles and tells me stories of flying machines and humans who are mechanical and of the days when she was a prominent Alchemist.