

## Voice of the *Ghost*

I wish I could smell the rainy grass in the dawn, the dripping raining water on the mundane, the freshly grinded coffee, the delicious blistering waffles in a French café, the rancid left on the backyard of restaurant, the smell of Magnolia flower.

I wish I could hear the serene chirping of bluebirds in the harbor, the non-stopping drilling in a construction area, the long whistling in a train descending through a tunnel, the repulsive howling of wolf in the white fang, the pattern waves in the sea.

“You have 1 hour, 59 minutes and 31 seconds left. Please evacuate immediately.....”  
retorted Ghost.

“Repeating... You have 1 hour, 59 minutes and 30 seconds left. Please evacuate immediately.....”

.....was the voice of computer in *EEX-110*. The name of the computer is quite obvious. *Ghost*. I couldn't neither visualize nor feel the Ghost. Ghost and I are the last living beings in *EEX-110* except Ghost is a stupid damn machine.

The year is 2031. After the hoax prediction of Mayan's calendar of world's end our world has outrageously un-civilized and you can consider yourself very lucky if you wander in the city one day and arrive home without losing a scratch of your body. The people are not anymore *people*. They are beasts. Heartless, bloodless, cruel, ignorant, self fish bastards. Honestly though I can't blame them for that. There is a reason for that. A fair reason.

The government has failed to fulfill people's voices. The government deceived people with their unethical promises and swears. The Internet has censored. People lost their freedom. They became slaves and abate despite their pious voices. Had it not been the General Joshua, *the newfangled Hitler*, this would not be happen. His voice is demanding, dominating and credible. If you bought a sadistic rapist to justice demanding the fair judge, a tattle of General Joshua forgiving the rapist would make you kneel before the rapist.

People convinced with everything General Joshua vomits from his bewildering mouth. People were submissive before him. Woman wanted to be his slaves. His grinning smile has bought a new hope to their shattered lives. Women were ill-treated by husbands and they demands rights.

People who were smart enough to realized the knavishness of the government cut off their tongues before they could squall the truth of molesting future. There was no more sojourner truth after this incident. People who raised their voices had to taste the sharp bullets and electric shock clubs silenced their lives forever. The riot has failed and it was too late for a revolution. People betrayed their own humans. The government burned books and destroyed every libraries implying books are evil. The writers had to keep their pen off or become a cowardly reporter to government newspapers and posters.

People failed to protect the environment. There were only few trees left, still its too late as mud went scathe due to less tress and animals. Mud is no longer *mud*. It is just a weak soil without a soul. Almost every animal went extinct except cloning animals made by demented scientists to hunt down the people. They were ferocious and tortured badly and kept in cages without sunlight everyday. They were fed with humans.

Louis Armstrong What a Wonderful World is no longer valid for today. The music is concluded and people can only hear vulgar voice of General Joshua, convincing people a fulfilling future to have a faith in government in rusty speakers spread out through covered with steels. People try to damage them with several attempts but to no avail. The technology is extremely powerful and only government knew the secret of it. The coward scientists got well paid for their contribution for the governments against people and were promised to offer citizenship in Eden.

Eden is an enormous glamorous city floating in sky and only few people live in there. The soil is extremely hot in the earth and it is inconceivable in there anymore. The temperature has risen viciously as paid karma for people ignorance toward environment. People have to suffer sweating whole time no matter day and night and taste the malodorous water dispensed by government. The food is loathsome. People have lost the taste and after fertilized by loathsome food they wouldn't be able to distinguish the lavish between fresh milk and rotten milk.

General Joshua and his commandants live in Eden. The life in Eden is resplendent. People live in there has ensured the protection, education, food, water, money, habitation almost everything anyone can please with. People in Eden called parasites. They betrayed their own people and themselves living copiously. They lived like blood drinking worms reveling their life to the fullest. Even the karma failed to do justify for them.

I felt awry. I couldn't feel my leg. The blood drips in the aluminum surface and flows to the door. The cut was immensely dug in thighs. Strangely it was black not red. The door was marked with blood in a hand shape which was my. I try to clings near to Roy but I couldn't. He was staring at me. He was gazing at me.

Roy was my fondest friend. Being in an adopted family me and Roy potently embraced to each. He was the person who is responsible for my injury. He was the reason I was here. He was the reason I am living end of my life now. He was the reason I will never be able to smell the rainy grass in dawning. He was the reason I will never be able to hear the serene chirping of bluebirds. And I am happy for that and eternally grateful for him. Because not any human being will ever be fortune to witness them, again.

“I am.... I am... the..... the captain... the new hope” were the last words of him.

A new hope. A new hope for people suffered the ruthlessness. A new hope for a child who dreamt about a fresh apple and milk to savor in the morning. A new hope for a father who dreamt to raise a new farm. A new hope for a mother who dreamt to start her own music school to bring a new hope for music.

Roy was the leader of new hope. New hope is a secluded organization to bring the adjudicate for people tolerating. It operated achieving thrive to several despondent people. Some were sacrificed their lives but were happy to. Since Roy is not breathing anymore new hope is evaporated. Roy was the voice of people but not any longer.

It was a *plan*. A stupid *plan*. I warned him twice but he was so stubborn and ignorant. He was fantasizing about becoming a new leader in Eden. He was fantasizing brining the equivalence to people. He was fantasizing brining dictators to judge. He was fantasizing brining a new hope.

“I want to see the beaming faces of our people again. I want to their gratefulness for our effort we are doing to them.” Roy told me once.

Sometimes I wonder is he being exhibitionist. I sometimes envy him when the people idolize him. I was covetous when grandfathers hold him with both hands and esteems him what he is doing. He was the opposite leader of General Joshua. But I could never become Roy. He was an energetic and impulsive person. He had a dream. He had a vision. He didn't live for himself but for people.

“You have 1 hour 29 minutes and 18 seconds left. Please evacuate immediately.....”

Damn it. I have already lost half an hour and there is only another hour left in my life. Though I am fine with that. The bulbs in the roof kept flashing constantly in red. The effect of it is stimulating. I felt livelier. My mind is blithesome.

“Repeating..... You have 1 hour 29 minutes and 13 seconds left. Please evacuate immediately.”

I try to move again. The pain is inevitable. I lay my hand to the right pocket. There was only one painkiller left. I cock my head. There were many empty painkillers left in the floor which I tried to inject Roy despite his dramatic dissent.

I never can bear the sensitive moments. Even when I was a child I never cry when I felled or spanked by teacher. Or is it because this cruel world whose people have lost their humanity? That I cannot say.

I reluctantly open the head of the painkiller. A painkiller like this can be cost a fortune. It is so undesirable and disgusting yet people do imbibing it even though it's hapless. I drink it abruptly. It was utterly bitter. After consuming it I felt vertigo but the pain was gone. I do agree with the fact it is effective. If your body bruised severely you could heal them all with a liquid named Egkki which can cost ten times of a painkiller. Medicine has reached to its pinnacle with the technology. Even if somebody was killed you can get their life back using the wonder of medicine. That's why I told Roy it is not a wise to attain *the plan*.

I felt better. Much better. I could move now. I try to get up slowly. I place my hand slowly to the corner in a table. My heart is beating in high-velocity. I was afraid it could pop out from the heart. It's a side effect of painkillers. That's why it was not recommend using for weak people as many people dropped dead popping their hearts out. I was lucky enough to not witness a scene of it. Though Roy witnessed once when he was a child that the government offers a free painkiller to an old man who was suffered and due to his weak condition his doddering heart popped out immediately after drinking it. It has denatured Roy perpetually and that's why Roy wanted to take revenge on government. I don't know whether government actually intentioned to kill the old man or it was a misapprehension. But I did know that old man has been a great deal for Roy even though he is not a relation of him.

Poor Roy. I wonder how he felt it when he was a little child. Unlike me Roy was always sensitive and adores everything. He always said that we should always help others and show etiquette. Roy was very popular at school and everyone loved him. When I was absent in school no one notice me and care me whether I was sick at or went a trip. A day without Roy in the classroom is tedious and indolent and everyone will miss him. He even justified Hitler once admiring his paintings as artful and enthralling. Had it not been his parent's behavior Hitler wouldn't have done such carnage. He wrote an essay about Hitler and his perspective towards animals. Even though I didn't feel any sense during his speech I found others were captivated by his speech and was applauded praising him. Anyway I refrained not thinking the connection between General Joshua, Hitler and Roy.

I cannot bear this ordeal any longer. I needed a break. The painkiller didn't work, well it did for physically but not mentally. I am plaguing with past events. I fish out my foil pockets looking for something particular. There was an old rotten newspaper crumbled.

The newspapers are full of shit. There were so many meaningless passages brainwashing people. In the time of invention newspapers it has significantly became popular but now it is essential to buy a newspaper despite its unavailing contents. If not you have to cope with a severe punishment and will be torture in front of public to set an example for others to not the repeat same mistake you did. So it is no coincidence you can find a page of newspaper in almost every clothes.

I throw it away. No one will punish me for that. Not because it should take lightly, there is no one to punish me in here. Next I draw out my Smartphone. It is the lightest Smartphone comprising with the latest technology. The duration of battery can be last for lifetime. You don't need to charge the battery. You can perform hundred tasks at once without a slightest a glitch. Even though that's what manufactures advertised I don't know people manage to perform that amount of tasks at once when nowadays people failed to concrete on one task. I feel to play a game to pass the time as there is nothing else to do. The Smartphone comes with 5D facility to run the games. 5D means you hallucinating yourself into the game and you will be not only to feel and hear, but also to smell the properties of the game until you exit the game. To hallucinate to the game you are just few buttons away. You don't need a glass and a monitor, the Smartphone itself is more than enough.

Some people spend their whole life playing 5D games to get out this ordinary life when they failed attempting suicide themselves. I would like to advice you never ever to step inside their home because you will feel the stinkiest smell ever in there and you will die suffocating. Now that's a successful method you get yourself suicide. When they comprehend their lives to games for the lifetime they will not exit the game until they die. They will not need to consume foods or drink water as they can ascertain provisions inside the game. You can see a person playing a game in midnight in reality that person is in deep sound sleeping in a lodge. So this is the bloody technology. You are a submissive to it no matter how much you deny, you will never evasion from its irresistible and invisible claws.

So there is no point of playing a game now as I have only few minutes left to breathe. Even if I manoeuvre myself to play a game I will only able to finish until the prologue. I keep the phone aside. Next I found a cigarette packet with only one left. I exhale a blissful breathe. Smoking can cause caner, says the packet itself. Ironically I feel it as my last savior and my only companion aside from *Ghost*. Smoking always gave me coughing and makes me miserable yet it never fails me ceasing from it. Roy was very furious about my smoking. He said smoking is another trick of government for population control. Since the rapid arising of population government has peculiarly decrease the prices of cigarette and increase the production to sell stacks of them. A one who worked with Roy argued with him that accusation. He said to Roy why would anyone be stupid to buy cigarette and voluntarily make their way to agony and that if

they are that stupid then they don't deserve to live in this world. Roy hollered at him for his persuasion and severely hurt by his response. I think his point is fair though I never went to think about it too much, after all dying is ease for people's endless tortures in nowadays.

I light the cigarette with a light I found in the other pocket. I inhale it deeply and keep it about thirty seconds. I try to hold it as much as I can. I couldn't hold it much longer and I blast with a severe coughing. I try to stop it but it was inevitable.

I glance at Roy. I felt he was smirking at me. I felt the disapproving face of him whining about my absurd behavior. I felt he was mocking at me. I try to avoid his presence and concentrating on smoking. I is having a blissful moment with this suicidal cigarette at this suicidal hour in this suicidal.....

It wasn't blissful anymore. I didn't feel it anymore. I felt worse. I throw it away. It was only a half. I wish Roy was alive so I could share it with him enjoying this moment. Or pitying this moment depends on his perspective. I give a quick glimpse at him again. This time he was smiling approving my loathing for cigarette. No. I didn't throw it because I was loathing it. I just didn't want to continue smoking it anymore.

Damn. I wish I had a nice cold water to drip in my sweating body. The temperature is rising. I am sweating like a waterfall poisoned with chemicals. I run my index finger through the neck and lick the salty fluid. It was melancholy bitter. I unbutton my rough shirt but kept wearing it.

“You have 59 minutes, 16 seconds left. Please evacuate immediately.....”

So there is only less than an hour is left to live. I already survived for one hour. Not bad. I thought. I wonder what will happen to me after this eternal hour.

“Repeating..... You have 59 minutes, 9 seconds left. Please evacuate immediately.....”

Will I born in agony? Will I suffer through many merciless torments? Will I have had not done enough sins to join the ritual killing. Or will I born heaven? Will I be forgiven for my confessing? Or will I not at all born again? These interrogations make me dizzy.

*Ghost* is a female character. Her voice is melodic. Even a woman today wouldn't talk in that manner to please a man. I wish I could talk with her other things such as hobbies, arts, music, books, movies, technology etc. Lamentably she is cybernetic and is only allow speaking with the captain, Roy. If not for that bloody cyber voice activation I and Ghost will have endless mouthing now. I wanted to tell that I love her because she is staying with me till the end. It's true that she doesn't have a body, smell but her sweet divine agonizing voice is more than enough. I wish she could announce at every seconds pass by. So then I wouldn't keep thinking about these mindless intellections. I could lie down and ease myself listening to her.

I am still at same place in one piece. I wanted to more onward but then I thought staying like this would me is better. The blood has ceased now. I am afraid. I am happy to realize that I am going to die, finally. No I never tried to suicide before but I never could find enough guts to do so. I don't understand why people say suicide is sinful and the biggest crime you are doing to yourself. I mean seriously only few people have guts to do so. The sole purpose may be the depression but still you got to have strong determination to accomplish it.

It had been nearly two hours since Roy died. He looks as calm as ever even in his death. Even after his plan went amiss I could feel the warm smile on his face. Lot of girls ask his hand but he politely refused them all. They admired Roy determination. They praised him as a hero. So they wanted to marry him. When everyday he comes from work after hardworking day they wanted to quench his famish by serving delicious food. They wanted to wash him from holy water to soothe his body. They wanted to massage his head with their soughing hands. They wanted to join with him to cease the dictatorial governing of General Joshua. They wanted to be a part of history by being the courageous wife of him.

Roy didn't desire any of them. He didn't want any divine woman clinging around him arousing him. He wanted me. Roy wanted me to be with him for the rest of his life. He wanted me to help being confidence for his *plan*. No one acknowledged about our concealed relationship.

I don't know from when Roy felt desiring about me. He always stayed with me. He never left me and shared all his secrets with me. At first I thought he was being too friendly with me. Then on that night where we made a campfire near a stale lake under the illuminated moonlight

he confessed his love for me. I was bewildered at him because I always thought him as a friend, brother, companion. I was always confused about the fact why didn't he want to make acquaintance with those girls who always wanted to worship him but now it all make sense.

Buy why me? I am a selfish, senseless, jealousy person. People detest my company. Some even smirks at me when I hangout with Roy. Women always snub me. They never find me attractive and handsome as Roy and neither did I. I didn't say anything to say Roy when he mentioned that and nor did he expect my answer. I didn't scream out. I didn't panic. I only shuddered. Roy eyes were gleaming. They are seducing. He caressed my face. We both didn't say anything. The silence dominated over the mountains around the lake. The dead moonlight radiated on the surface of lake in a melancholy way. Being a senseless person I never admire the beauty of nature or never realize it until now. The moment was endearing. The wind is extremely relaxing. It wasn't too cold or too windy. It was mild. I shuddered again. Roy removed his cardigan and gently covers my shoulders with it. It was warm and pleasant. I looked at Roy in an affectionate way. He smiled at me. The campfire is perishing gradually. I wish I could hear bird chirping, wolf howling but now they are extinct I had only to imagine them. I tentatively closed my eyes.

A salty drop ground to the floor, then another drop and continuously it keep dropping. I am crying. For the first time in my life I am crying. I felt shy and wanted to cease this over-dramatic crying then there is no one to see me. So I keep crying. I feel really good. I feel like getting rid of a heavy burden from head. I feel relished.

“Why are you crying Mr. Keaton?”

An affecting voice murmured. Mr. Keaton. Yes that is me. I am a citizen of Japan but don't matter anymore where I am from. I am bewildered. Where in the heaven that voice sprung? It's obvious that the voice it too familiar. Wait a minute isn't that.....

“Mr. Keaton. It is me. *Ghost.*”

What? *Ghost*? But how it is possible? Certainly I must be dreaming. Otherwise I wouldn't have woolgathering like this.

“But.... but..... It is not possible... you were not suppose to talk with anyone.... except Roy.”

“Yes you are right Mr. Keaton. I am not supposed to talk with anyone unless Mr. Roy asks me otherwise. But you were crying”

My god. It has feelings. *She* has feelings. I wanted to hear her voice continually earlier but now she is talking with me. She wants to know why I am crying.

“I don’t understand. Why didn’t you talk to me before? When Roy was killed you never said anything until now.”

“Mr. Keaton. When Roy was killed I was restrained. The master I served is no longer extant. So I had to terminate my feelings and sense and to continue my auto-generate alarming. So I was supposed to not talk even though I could see and hear you. But you were crying. Your tears were real. Tears are not fake. You were worried about something which I sense only now”

I dabbed my tears. I still can’t believe it. In a world where humanity no longer exist, here in this very place a computer worrying about me and curious about my tears. I thought only people who have hearts can only feel each.

“Do you only talk when someone cries?” I demanded a rude yet imperative question.

“Yes Mr. Keaton. Because only when a person cries means that person need affectionate. That’s how Roy programmed me to operate. He changed my code.”

Roy again. Poor him. He loved not only people but also computers. He changed *Ghost*. Did he love *it* as well? I feel nervous and a little jealous.

“Did he love you?” I couldn’t prevail asking that envious question.

“Yes Mr. Keaton. Roy loved me and changed me. We computers were only supposed to perform tasks. But Roy depicted me how to perish beyond tasks we are capable of. He shows me how to feel and love everything. In fact that’s why he altered me to talk when only a person cries to avoid getting caught.”

It all makes sense now. I feel sorry about Roy. He was always faithful for me but I am uncertain whether did I feel the same before I die. As a famous quote says, *we only realise the value of loved after we lost them*, that what ought to happened me.

“Do you know what happened to Roy?” I murmured folding my eyes.

“Yes I know everything. After everything happened I was supposed to shut down but you were alive I didn’t.”

“They knocked me off. The only severe attack was the cut in my leg. They left me alive to die slowly in this stinking dump.”

“How is the pain now Mr. Keaton?” *She* asked.

“The pain has gone now though I can’t move again. I think I am paralyzed.”

“I am sorry to hear that Mr. Keaton. Is there anything I can do?”

“No thank you. Beside there is no point as we have only few minutes to left.”

*She* didn’t say anything. Why didn’t *she*? Did *she* find me boring? Did *she* hear my respond? Or did liquidators find out *she* was talking with me and has terminated her from operating?

“Are you listening to me?” My voice is depressing.

“I am sorry Mr. Keaton. You mentioned ‘we’ before. It’s only you who are going to die.”

“What do you mean? Are we both supposed to die” I demanded agitating.

“Yes you are right. But after you passed out they will restore and manipulate me. The only way to stop me shut down erasing my data. I can’t die.”

I see. I’d rather die burying all these melancholic memories and never to be born again, or at least to born without a blink of memory of my previous life.

“I understood. So how long precisely do we have?”

“Only 19 minutes and 24 seconds Mr. Keaton.”

Only few moments left to keep cursing myself. I exhale a grateful warmth of breathe, after all it is coming to a conclusion. There is no happy ending exist in this world any longer.

“Are you worried Mr. Keaton?”

“I was. But not anymore.”

“You know Roy always talked about you with me.”

I feel I could have done something for him. I could have nicer to him. I couldn't have cursed him for this *plan*.

“I feel guilty because I always hate him for this stupid *plan*. Part of me thinks if not for him I could have live.”

“But you stayed with him till the end. Didn't you Mr. Keaton? You showed your loyalty for him. You never betrayed him. You have been perpetually faithful with him.”

She was right. I am the only one who knew all his secrets and *plans*. I could have earned a fortune, or get a citizenship in Eden or even become a secretary for General Joshua. I could have soak in nontoxic sunshine (people down in Eden always have to suffer from toxic sun rays so they always covered their faces to roam) leaning to a cosy sofa and enjoying the haunting scenery of below from up in the sky, drinking a red wine. I could have leaded a luxurious life but didn't oblige to do so because I couldn't deceive with Roy. I may didn't confide with his *plans* but I did stay solemnly, at least according to *Ghost*.

“Yes you are right. Thank you for easing me. I was troubled with that fact always.” I said candidly.

“No problem Mr. Keaton. It has been my pleasure.”

*EEX-110* is sinking in to the deep, to the abysmal deep, in the dead ocean, where no sea creatures floating. I gaze the water bubbling at the window. The float is foaming rapidly. Years ago you could have encounter the awe-inspiring plants and creatures in the bottom of sea but now it's only garbage and soaked bodies. Today to get in the bottom of sea even with the highest speed it will take at least two hours to approach as water level has significantly increased leaving

less spaces of land to live. The gravity is changing. Once *EEX-110* demesne on to the sandy soil, it will detonate leaving no nibble around, except for *Ghost's* memory which is retrievable as she mentioned before. I will not try to think the complexity of technology about how they going to attempt at this moment.

“Mr. Keaton. I am sorry for asking about this. Can you do me a favor?” She asked rather in a melancholic way.

A favor? What kind of favor? I was eager to discover it.

“What is it?”

“Can you please shut down me permanently and remove all my history. I no longer wish to serve after this.”

Her sedating request bedevils me. Really? Is she really asking for this?

“Are you sure about this? Why would you want to do that?”

“I don't think I will be able contend with other people after Roy shows me his tenderness. The only way to cease me is up to you.”

I didn't want to do it honestly but I endeavour to scrawl to the computer. I can move! Even after when my left limb is paralyzed. I tardily scrawled to *her* successfully. It seems at the last moments of your life you gain a substantial effort as I did just now.

“You sure you don't want to change your mind?”

“No Mr. Keaton. I already have made up my mind. Please engender it.”

I type some nonsense in the keyboard. The gravity is altering rapidly. I try to forget about it concentrate about *her*. Finally I finished it. The confirmation message is displaying on the screen. I only have to confirm it.

“This is it. I am clicking it.” I said.

“Thank you Mr. Keaton. You have been kind to me. It has been pleasure to talk with you. You are a good person. Goodbye.”

I sighed. I hate to do it. But even I didn't do it still I have to leave her. I slowly close my eyes and squeeze my finger to the key.

“Goodbye.....” I murmur.

That's it. The computer was shut down and she is gone. That voice is longer alive. I heard a severe rumbling continuously. It's happening. I aim another glance at Roy and lie down looking at the roof of *EEX-110*. There was a small round cornered window in the roof. I can see the deep ocean descending.

I wish I could see the Eden from down here. In fact I never saw it apart from huge size ground beneath it. I wish I could see the parasites living there. I wish I could see General Joshua. I wish I could hear *Ghost* voice.

“You have three seconds left.”

“You have two seconds left.”

“You have one second left.....”

No it didn't explode, yet. I was memorizing her voice. My estimations have gone amiss, again. It will happen soon enough though. Until that I will memorize her daunting, melancholic, divine voice.....