

# THE ECHO OF THE NEW EARTH



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# THE ECHO OF THE NEW EARTH

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# THE ECHO OF THE NEW EARTH

PART 1



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# PROLOGUE: A WORLD IN BALANCE

Once there was a world so perfect that no one remembered how it had been perfected.

The air was always clear, the streets always safe, the people always healthy. Everything worked. Everything fit. Everything was in place.

It was a world without surprises, without risk, without questions that went unanswered.

This was the New Earth.

And it was beautiful.

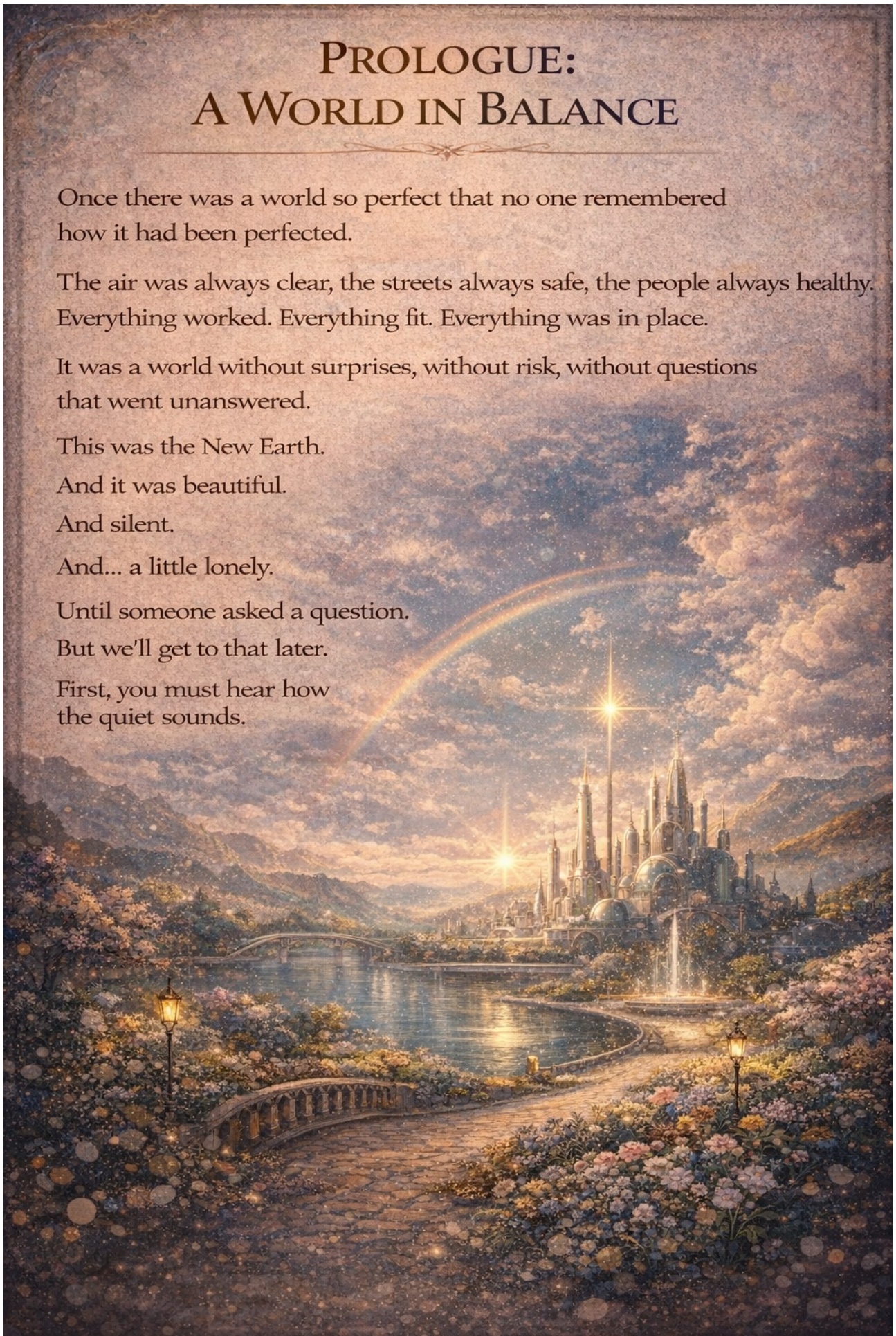
And silent.

And... a little lonely.

Until someone asked a question.

But we'll get to that later.

First, you must hear how the quiet sounds.





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## INTRODUCTION – For the One Who Is Reading This

This book is for everyone who has ever felt there must be more.  
More colour. More sound. More possibilities. More *you*.

It's for anyone who has ever wondered:  
Do what I feel really fit inside the boxes made for me?  
Do I have to choose between what's practical and what I truly want?  
Am I the only one who thinks perfection can be a little... boring?

Aria, Lira, Kai, and their friends know those questions. They live in a world where everything has been optimised—until the feeling of wonder was almost forgotten. Until a dancing spark of light, a green sprout between the stones, and a secret invitation changed everything.

This story is about courage. About friendship. About finding your own voice in a world that would rather you stayed quiet.

It's about building bridges where others only see walls.  
About echoes that keep sounding—long after everyone else thinks it's silent.

Take this invitation.  
Step inside.  
And discover what happens when you dare to ask:  
“What if?”

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# PART ONE – THE BEGINNING OF SOMETHING DIFFERENT

## PART I

### THE BEGINNING OF SOMETHING DIFFERENT

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#### CHAPTER 1 — A Morning with a Question

Aria woke before the light reached her window.

Not because she had to, but because something in her wouldn't let her sleep any longer. The world felt... awake. As if the air itself was holding its breath.

She lay still for a moment, listening. The soft hum of the city drifted through the walls—carefully tuned, perfectly regulated. Even the birds outside followed a calculated rhythm, their songs timed to the minute. Everything in this world had its place. Its purpose. Its efficiency.

Aria turned onto her side and stared at the faint glow along the edge of her desk. It pulsed once. Then again.

She frowned.

That wasn't normal.

The light shimmered like a reflection on water, thin lines weaving together and drifting apart again. Not sharp. Not demanding. Curious. Almost... friendly.

Aria sat up slowly. The glow responded, brightening just a little, as if it had noticed her too.

"Okay," she whispered. "That's new."

She reached out, hesitated, then pulled her hand back. Ever since the Orientation Tests, she had learned to be careful. To observe before acting. To analyse before deciding. That was how things worked here.

Still, her fingers tingled.

The light shifted, forming a simple shape in the air—an arc, unfinished, waiting.

Aria felt a question rise inside her. Not one the system had taught her to ask. Not one that came with clear options or measurable outcomes.

A real one.

*What if this isn't a mistake?*

The glow flickered, almost as if it had heard her thought.

Somewhere deep inside, something stirred. A quiet sense of recognition. A feeling she couldn't explain, but didn't want to ignore.

Aria swung her legs out of bed.

Whatever this was, it had found her for a reason.

And for the first time in a long while, Aria didn't feel afraid of not knowing what came next.

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## CHAPTER 2 — The Friend Who Brings Colour

Lira was already waiting when Aria stepped outside.

She leaned against the railing at the edge of the walkway, one foot hooked casually behind the other, as if the morning had decided to pause for her convenience. Her jacket shimmered softly, colours shifting in slow waves—greens melting into pinks, blues flashing briefly like hidden jokes.

Aria smiled despite herself.

“Did you change your jacket again?” she asked.

Lira grinned. “It changes me,” she said. “I just go along with it.”

That was Lira. Where the city moved in straight lines, she curved. Where schedules tightened like invisible strings, she loosened them just by being present.

They started walking, their steps falling into an easy rhythm. The path toward school unfolded beneath them—smooth, grey, perfectly maintained. Sensors blinked quietly along the edges, tracking movement, counting, adjusting.

Lira glanced around and lowered her voice. “You felt it too, didn’t you?”

Aria’s heart skipped. “Felt what?”

“That *something*.” Lira waved her hand vaguely, fingers tracing invisible shapes in the air. “Like the day is... louder than usual.”

Aria hesitated. She hadn’t told anyone about the light. Not even herself, really. But Lira had a way of seeing past the neat explanations people offered.

“Maybe,” Aria said. “I couldn’t sleep.”

Lira nodded, serious now. “Me neither.”

They reached the school gates, tall and translucent, opening automatically as they approached. Inside, students moved in orderly streams, their expressions calm, focused. Wristbands glowed softly, displaying schedules, heart rates, readiness scores.

Lira tugged at hers, making a face. “Mine says I’m ‘optimally prepared’ again.”

“That’s good, right?” Aria said.

“Sure,” Lira replied. “If optimal is all you ever want to be.”

They paused before entering the main hall. For a moment, the noise of the system—footsteps, notifications, gentle alerts—seemed to fade.

Lira leaned closer. “Promise me something,” she said.

“What?”

“If today feels strange... don’t ignore it.”

Aria thought of the unfinished arc of light. The question that hadn’t come from any test or screen.

“I won’t,” she said.

Lira smiled, bright and unmistakably real. “Good. Then let’s see what colour today brings.”

Together, they stepped inside.