

March 22nd, 2047

Dear Diary,

I'm in. The process to get into Arca has been so extraneous. I am so obsessed with Arca, any and every feature in this city is perfect. The air here is fresh.

The promise of the Coveted, all my desires coming to fruition simply was an offer I could not resist. My truest desire-to see life in all its beauty and really experience its natural state. It's unlimited time and the removal of outside stress, job or no job, and also by acquiring a new language or playing a new instrument. I got it!

I'll learn piano by December.

As I walk through the streets, I see pristine buildings. Lined with illumination, the plants look full of life, yet still surrounded with the highest technology. There's a garden, full of the most beautiful creatures, hosting the healthiest plants. In the far distance, I spot incredibly tall mountains covered with snow.

I walked to the library today in search of the Unlimited Archive: the promise of endless, undistorted knowledge. They really didn't lie. I simply requested it, and now, the entire collected history of human thought, rid of any political censorship, is accessible to me. Any intention, even with a lack of action, is granted. The belief of an impulse is given, the mere THOUGHTS of creation are supplied.

We traded the possibility of pain for the guarantee of fulfillment. I talked to this guy, said he sought to become a better painter - he now only watches the door. Has he found happiness? Boredom? Guilt? There's unlimited opportunities to create in our city, yet fear consumes all.

How can a soul be truly free when one slip of the tongue, one moment of envy, makes it as if you never were?

Love,

Elara - future star pianist!