

**Paul Elvere Valérien DELSART**

# **The Green Empire of the East and the West**

**Faith's premonition**

Novella

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EL4DEV editions

## **EL4DEV editions**

*(« Le Papillon Source EL4DEV » nonprofit organization)*

**18 avenue de Gradignan - 33850 Léognan - FRANCE**



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## CHAPTER ONE

*The earth appeared to be on the brink of extinction. All the elements necessary for life's sustenance were vanishing. The floral exposition was battered. Insects were having a feast. The earth was no longer green. The fields were discolored – they had not seen rain for a long time. Scorching, was the heat. The forests were easily ignited – as such, the world was burning. The oceans and every other water bodies were drying out. Humans barely found themselves outside – long exposure in the sun could set them ablaze. Life itself was dying. Not even the greatest technologies could be harnessed to salvage this condition the world found itself. But...*

“Hey! Get your bloody ass up. Hey!”

Faith could hear the distant calling of her boss. She stirred. Her eyes were still shut. But it had all faded away. Reality was calling. The present found its voice and it echoed within the walls of her subconscious. But she wanted to sleep some more. She wanted to see how it all ended – the end of life – the end of humanity. It didn't seem like there was a glimmer of hope. Like a candle light, it was to be put out in a flicker.

But Faith jolted up, tugging the chair backwards. Her boss, Sarah Greenwood had just splashed some cold water on her. She was a waitress in her restaurant – a mini setting across one of the busy

streets of New York. The restaurant maintained a reasonable traffic of customers. It was therefore forbidden for a waiter to be caught sleeping at this time of the day. But if only Faith had control over the force that had taken her off to sleep, she surely would not have dared. She had the gift of seeing the future or something that was already happening. This gift usually came in form of a dream. And when it called, Faith would have no choice but to settle somewhere and immerse in it. Sometimes, it also came in reality, but like a mirage. It would vanish as quickly as it came.

She had noticed this gift as far back as when she was 5. But hardly had it occurred in such awkward places such as this. This particular dream however, had haunted her nights since her school vacated for the summer holidays, and that was about one week ago. It had pretty much been consistent since then. Unfortunately, it came in bits – not for once had she completed it. And that had been quite disturbing.

Faith was in her second year in college. She was her own sponsor. She decided to take this after-school job as a waitress so she could save before the holidays were over. It had been quite daunting that sometimes, she wondered if the stress she suffered was the cause of the dream coming in bits. Her boss, Sarah had not made it easier for her ever since she was employed.

“Do I pay you to sleep at work? How the hell did you even get here?” Sarah huffed, brandishing the paddle mug in her hand.

“I’m sorry, ma’am. I didn’t know when I slept off,” Faith begged, robbing her hands like a remorseful child.

Her downturned eyes dimmed in contrition. She might be going through a lot of stress, but Faith was a thing for the eyes. Her hair

was raven black. It flowed down her back like water down an undulating hill. Her eyes wore a charm that kept the men enthralled in her presence. And Sarah would not deny that her presence had brought her more customers. She had a fine smile that glowed even in the midst of her confusion – an absolute likeness of sublime beauty she was.

“You’re sorry? Is that gonna bring back the monies I’ve lost while you were sleeping? Well, you be sure I’m gonna cut if off your pay. Now get your ass outta here and go check what the customers want.”

Faith scurried off to the counter. She may be physically sluggish at work today, but her mind was expressly busy churning over a lot of thoughts. She could not stop wondering what that dream meant. Was she actually seeing the end of the world? Was she supposed to do something about the dreams? Was it some kind of message? The fact that it kept recurring meant something was wrong and she needed to do something about it. But what could she do when she had not even seen the end of the dream?

“Hey! Are you here?” two fingers snapped right in Faith’s face. She shuddered back to the present to behold the customer in front of her – a tall slim man in a black coat and a brown bowler.

“Are you okay?” he asked concernedly.

“Yeah, I’m fine, sir. I’m sorry I didn’t hear you earlier,” Faith apologized, trying to gather her composure.

“Sit your ass up, kid. You gonna yourself fired if you slack around. Got it?”

“Got it, sir. Thank you. You’re welcome to Foodies’ Delight. What do you want, please?” Faith intoned. She was trying to take control of the situation now as it should be.

“Just get me a plate of bourbon street chicken and shrimp. Add enough mushrooms to it and of course good crispy red potatoes.”

“All right, sir. I’ll bring it right at your table in no time. Please make yourself comfortable.”

The man gave her a warning look and headed back to his table. If Sarah had witnessed what had happened, she would have deducted Faith’s salary, with a lot of ranting and raving to go with it. Faith was grateful she was not there. Her office was in such a position that she could not see what was going on at the counter. Many a time, she had wished she could reconstruct the architecture of the restaurant. But until then, Faith and her colleagues worked with ease behind her prying eyes.

She busied her hands as she arranged the man’s order on a sizzling silver platter – at the same time, trying to discard the thoughts filling her mind again.

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Faith made up for her losses working overtime. But even at work, she tried to avoid as much losses as she could. It was 8pm and she was heading back home. It had been a strenuous day. Sarah had pushed her to work more within an hour to make up for the



time she spent sleeping. Now she trudged along the pedestrian walkway, bidding her time for a taxi.

The night was a cold and silvery. The moonlight shone brightly amidst the lights from the street lamps. This was perhaps one of the reasons she decided to walk for a while before flagging down a taxi. The refreshing taste in the air and the bright moonlight were spirit-lifting.

But suddenly, it all went dark. The moonlight suddenly disappeared and the night was plunged into total darkness – even the streetlights went out. Faith stopped in her tracks. She couldn't even see where she was going – the darkness appeared so thick it could be felt. But how strange and bone-chilling it was that she could hear the sound of cars driving along the road – she could also hear voices of people chattering in the distance.

She wondered what was going on. Could this be it? Could this be what she had been seeing in her dreams? She blindly rummaged in the small purse hung across her neck for her phone. She found it and tried to bring the lights on. But this too seemed to no longer work. She flung it repeatedly and clicked on the button by the side, but the phone wouldn't come on.

Faith was not sure what to do at this point. She could not continue on her journey. But she could not just stand here. She was hoping this was one of the mirages. If it was, then it would disappear in a short time. This was different, however. The mirages usually came in different ways: the sun could turn red – the green leaves could turn yellowish brown – she could sometimes see water in cups and bowls drying out due to the intense heat of the sun. It would be just like in her dreams. But

just as she could not explain how she dozed off at work earlier today, so could she not explain this.

Faith decided to wait. She shut her eyes and tried to clear her mind of every thought, taking several deep breaths to align her subconscious with her reality. And when she opened her eyes, it was all clear again. The moonlight never stopped shining and the cars never stopped moving. People were still walking the streets. Nothing changed. Having lived with this all her life, it was easy for her to take it all in. If it had all started maybe a month ago, she might have considered visiting a rehab.

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Faith lived in a one bedroom apartment. It might not look fancy to others, but to her and Lexa, her dog, it was a home. She lived with her mother in Minnesota. She attended high school here. Life was tethered to the edge. Living was literally choking. Her mother never stopped complaining and blaming her father for destroying her dreams of being a model. Faith could tell that it was barely out of motherly love that her mother managed to pay her tuition through high school. She supported though. She took after-school jobs so she wouldn't be too much burden for her mother.

But she returned from work one day and realized that her mother had abandoned her and fled. And that was after she had finished high school. She was not able to keep up with the rent and so she left. She wanted to start anew. She was determined to go to college. And so she moved to New York. And with the monies she saved up, she was able to register herself at college. Seeing herself through school and paying for this not-so-fancy house

were things she was proud to have accomplished without the help of her mother. Not her father – she didn't even know him.

As soon as she got in, Lexa ran up to her, wiggling its tail and pawing at her feet.

"Hello, little girl!" she greeted and carried the fine white puppy in her arms. "Yeah – yeah, I know you miss me. I miss you too."

The dog was licking her face this time and did not stop wagging her tails in obvious excitement. She was Faith's only companion – the only friend she trusted. They did everything together. And when Faith found herself down with depression, this white girl of pure heart sort of always knew what to do to get her out of it. She was the only friend that knew about her secret. To fit into the society and live without fear among people, Faith had not opened up about her gifts to anyone. But she would gladly empty her mind at Lexa. Sometimes, the little dog would just sit there and listen to her all night. She never got bored of listen to Faith. And not for once had Faith stopped wishing Lexa could talk.

"All right, sweetie, come on..."

Faith threw her bag on the chair in the living room and made for the refrigerator in the kitchen – something to cold and milky to end the day with. Lexa throttled behind.

She leaned against the counter, sipping on the milk. She had another bottle atop the counter which she fed to Lexa at short intervals – sometimes after the dog had promptly reminded her by pawing at her foot.

She tried to reminisce how her day went. One thought kept coming into her mind. What if the recent dreams were the end to her life? What if it was just her life fading away? She was not comfortable with the fact that she was caught sleeping at work. It was unusual.

Her mind was still running in circles when she made for the bathroom.

“Hey, you wait around while I go and have a shower, all right? I’ll be out before you know it.”

Lexa needed not been told. She was still trying to grip the stubborn milk bottle between her paws. She was probably not listening to Faith. She only gave her a glance and continued with her struggle while Faith headed for the bathroom.

And when it was all done and they were both ready to bid themselves goodnight, Faith took up her laptop. Lexa was sitting beside her on the bed and looking suspiciously at this strange object that was trying to blind her eyes with its lights. Beside Faith’s bed was her little bed too. But she was not on it this time – not wanting to miss some good cuddling before dozing off. It had taken quite a lot of effort for Faith to get her to relinquish the bottle of milk. Too much of milk could upset her stomach.

Now in the search bar, Faith typed: *“Signs to look out for when someone thinks they’re going crazy”*.

Some of the results actually talked about illusions – seeing things that weren’t there. Acting weird in odd places – Faith likened this to her sleeping at work. Being irrational – but she was not. Being depressed – yes, she was, most of the time actually.

Since some of these results were true, she thought she might actually be going crazy. But the fact that she had lived with this all her life made her consider another thought.

"I'm not going crazy, right, Lexa?" she asked, bending over to reach her.

The dog looked at her as if saying, *"I'm not sure, but I think you act like it sometimes."*

Faith turned back at the laptop.

*"Signs that the world is coming to an end"*, she typed in the search bar.

Results rolled in – most of them were Biblical. They cited prophecies written in different passages in the Bible, especially those in the book of Revelation. She also saw the 15 signs before doomsday. However, none of these actually matched the things she saw in her dreams. But how could she be so sure? The dream was not even complete – maybe these things before her were meant to happen in the final parts of her dream. She continued to read through, hoping to find something lucidly relating. But only one or two matched what she saw in her dream.

She clicked from one page to another. There were many results provided, but none of them really gave her the answers she was looking for. And at this time, sleep was at her doorstep. She was giving the air a head butt, barely trying to keep her eyes open.

She closed the laptop and gave Lexa a light cuddle.

“Goodnight, Lexa.”

The dog kept a calm expression as she slid beneath the duvet. And then it came again:

*The sun was blood red. But even so, the heat was about a hundred degree more than that felt in the Sahara. Fumes from exhaust pipes had cracked open the ozone layer. And the rays of the sun reached the earth directly. It had gone beyond global warming. The ice in the arctic was melting. The carbon in the atmosphere was in an extremely high level. There was no means of removing them as the trees no longer underwent photosynthesis. The leaves were discolored. Insects and humans were dying of hyperthermia. There was frustration all around the world. Life was held only by a thin thread hanging down a cliff. At any moment now, it could be snipped by forces and could plummet down the ocean.*

*But in another part of the world, something extraordinary was happening. It was like there was another sun here. The type the earth was familiar with. It shone with normal temperatures. And on this part of the earth, life was beautiful. There were more trees, and the leaves were freshly green. The flowers bloomed luxuriantly. Every living thing lived as in the beginning of the world. There was a balance to life. The earth was literally green.*

*Something else was happening: the rays of the sun were slowly advancing. It was covering the whole earth. As they moved, the parts of the world in their light turned as beautiful and green as the original. The heat of the sun was mild. The ice in the arctic was forming again. Life was gradually coming back to what it used to be, but a lot better. The trees, the fields and their natural greens were actually the beauty of the world.*

*At the centre of the new world from where the sun was spreading, there was an empire. In fact, this empire could be regarded as the new world – a new society. There were advanced technologies, like meta-type of drones flying about this empire. There were people in this society. They lived carefree and happily. Together, they worked to transform the world. This generation of people was governed by an emperor. He owned the empire. With his swift and easy laws, he was using his advanced technologies to create a utopian world, and his people sang him praises. It appeared like a delicate journey. But the emperor was rebuilding the world, regardless. He appeared to be trying to bring together the diversity of the world under one leadership. Would it turn out to be a one-world government? What if something happened in the process?*