

# Retrospective of the Imminent

By Paola Gobina

This story was inspired by “Kumi”, a short African film.

## DEDICATION

This piece of work is dedicated to my Mother, Ebelle, my aunt Jeaubert and to a great friend of mine, TK, who inspired, guided and motivated me.

Also, I dedicate this piece, to everyone, all around the world, has been sensitive enough to open their eyes to the changes the world was going through because of man and his actions. Let's give our children a future they will be happy to live in, let us give them something as beautiful as what we have.

Finally, I dedicate this piece to the United Nations, for their unstoppable efforts to see that we leave this world as beautiful and lovely as we found it, for those who will be coming after us and to God, for never letting down His children.

*“Heal the world...”*

-Micheal Jackson

Here we are, ninety two years after the third world. The unsolicited inexorable had establish itself...so effortlessly.

I looked at the picture frame in my hands, every day, with melancholy, with grief, with hatred. It was taken by my great grandparents, sometime around June 2024. Nobody could feel like me or any of the other baharians, a tribe which was created during the war. We all had the common capacity to control water and change its state however we pleased. Scientists said that it was the insatiable need for security which developed our cerebral capacity but the secret remained ours. We were a new race of humans, the *Baharian* race. We had a whitish-blueish complexion due to a permanent dehydration. As guardians of what was left of the Atlantic Ocean, we were forbidden to touch water. For our safety, we had to run, taking along the waters. We had to remain hidden, completely out of sight and hopefully out of minds.

The picture frame I was holding was a tribal treasure. I had access to it because I headed the department of security. I did not have the right to keep it with me but I did anyway. It was a panoramic 3D video. I loved keeping it next to me because in a world where we were deprived of our belongings, our lands, our dreams, expression and even the freedom to think, it was the only escape. I would give all I had; my mind, my body, my soul, to go back to that epoch. I would gratefully be enslaved to whosoever took me back to those days. I would give my last breath, on a golden platter, just to feel what I saw, just for a second. I could not stand this life, nobody could; the eternal thirst, the unceasing dehydration, which was the price we had to pay for our “gift”- our cursed blessing- the unending dryness and the constant feeling of being alone, all alone in this world. So yes, I kept that picture frame with me and if it was something to do, I’d do it again.

I held the picture frame up ahead of me, the sight was captivating. It was a man and his wife in a ship and behind them, the ocean. Nothing but water. The wind was blowing her hair in her face and it made me smile, every time, the way she kept fighting with it to keep it back in place. It took of the man’s hat off. The both looked at each other and burst out into laughter. I always joined them. They looked so happy. I turned around with the picture frame, starring in awe at it, every time, as if it was the first. So this is what the Atlantic used to look like. “What happened to it? How did it become so ridiculous?” I kept asking myself. However if even I, who was the son of one of the five members of the High Council of Thoughts did not have an answer to that question, nobody would. I would spend my whole time looking at that picture frame, how the birds migrated, the fishes jumping, big and small, and the breeze until my beeper called me back to reality. I had work to do. I was summoned for an external

expedition, a foreign being had penetrated our space. It was a human but the strangest thing was that she was alone. The troop and I rushed up towards her. She was tired, thirsty, disorientated and...old. How could she have found us? How did she travel all alone from their settlement to ours? We had to take her to the base for interrogation.

The guards pulled her in the interrogation room but the woman said she wanted to talk to no one but me. So I sent all the other guards out and stayed back with her. I did not even have the time to ask her a single question when she started shouting and yelling at me. "It is all your fault" she kept saying. She accused us of what was happening to the earth. She blamed us for the disappearance of the waters. She counted to me how in those days, our ancestors littered the oceans with toxic chemicals. They had been warned time without numbers but they remained headstrong. Her people tried to fix things an uncountable number of times but their efforts remained insignificant because they had no resources. She told me how oceans used to be beautiful, how they held life, how they were more than just water bodies but also habitats for other creatures. She told me how deep and wide it used to be, how, no matter how divided by land it used to be, it was the only link to all the continents. She emphasized on the effects of man and his careless lifestyle. She said a lot of things that troubled me.

I went to bed that night a changed man. Knowing the truth had clarified things for me. What used to be, to me, our cursed gift, was now officially to me our chastisement. "See, but don't touch". We were cursed to see water but never touch it or even be able to feel it on our skin, in our mouths. The others was certain she was a spy and that she would betray us but I felt otherwise. I had the feeling she was sent just for me. She was the answer to my perpetual questions. I decided to set her free. I knew the penance for betrayal, nailing on a cross, yet I chose to free her. As I entered her cell to wake her up, I felt a hand on my shoulder. It was one of the guards. I turned around to see the whole troop behind me. I was busted and sentenced to death.

I laid there, on my cross, full of resentment and regret. I caused it all. If the world had to end, it would be my fault. I turned my face to look at her again for the last time. I had lost all words, I could not say how sorry I was. She smiled, looked at me and said "You can still fix it all, just be the change you want to see". I closed my eyes firmly as one of the guards placed the first nail on my hand. I felt him raise his hand high to hit the nail and I scream, I scream like my life depended on it and when I opened my eyes, it was all just...a dream. A dream that had changed my reality and perspective on my lifestyle and the effects it had on those mighty water bodies. I had taken a step back into the

future, all in my subconscious. Wow! That conference on Oceans of the World had completely turned me upside down.

*Author's Information.*

Gobina Moukala Paola

20 years

Cameroonian

[gobinapaola@gmail.com](mailto:gobinapaola@gmail.com)

(+237)691450866