

The year 2050



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

A deserted island under the shadow of solitude. It is as if it has been paralysed in time. There is no sense of movement and the deafening silence lays heavily upon the surroundings, exerting pressure on the few creatures that remain alive. The wails of the mourning land and the faint whistle of the wind combine and predominate the atmosphere. The atmosphere is claustrophobic. The cloud of intense humidity wraps around the few remaining palm trees and they in turn hang their naked branches slothfully. An area covered once by the sea is now a dehydrated, shrivelled graveyard and beyond this invisible sea there is nothing.

There is no horizon. It seems as if it is where the world ends. This land was once called Qatar. A Middle Eastern country rich in gas and oil, where the majority lived in luxury and exuberance. There was no war and there was virtually no poverty. There was nothing that could make the citizens and residences agitated or in melancholy except for the impediments that occasionally occupied their daily lives. Now, in the year 2050, Qatar had shrunk into a mere isolated island. There is destruction everywhere. Road works are left unfinished, doors of houses are left open and there is no one. In the foggy and dim distance several buildings rise with dignity and pride, above the dancing sand dunes and several others are prisoners of the black smog that beseiges them.

The black smog gradually begins to engulf the sick and weary Sun and the hands of its dying beams stretch out to calm down the enraging and exasperating crimson clouds. How strange. A simple epidemic, which happened to hit this peaceful country and suddenly it is an unwanted, abandoned desert. Years have been spent, numerous expenses have been

invested in search of development and expansion. Now, it is returning to its starting point. It is going back in time.

The buildings are drawing in the sand dunes. Dancing sand dunes are everywhere. Road networks are buried. Cacti are emerging from beneath the sand and amidst this transforming scenario a cry pierces through the surroundings. It is the cry of the wild. A flying silhouette is circling above the land, angry and furious. The next moment, it makes a deadly dive. The sun is sinking further down the invisible horizon. It is nighttime. The sky attires itself with curtains of oily grey, concealing the inscrutable smile of the moon. There is no sound. It is the silence that precedes a storm. The menacing melody of the wind wafting around the surroundings, gradually replaces the silence. The drums are underway and the perfect formation of invincible sand dunes is shaken. Sand particles are rising and dancing along with the wind.

A moment later, these vulnerable hazy patterns of sand particles in the air will unite in the formation of an indestructible sand storm. A moment later, the ghostly figures of the frightened buildings will be dashed into pieces. This will be the end. This sand storm will ensure that every sign and trace of ancient civilization that used to live in this area is demolished and dead in obscurity.