



**CHILD OF THE FUTURE, PROLOGUE** *Time Special Issue*  
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The young boy awoke on a hot, oppressive morning. It wasn't a school day, so he could afford to lie back for a while with his favourite storybook. That was the one with drawings of the great forests--the woodlands filled with tall trees, wild animals and clear-running streams. The scenes seemed so magical that the boy could hardly believe in them, though his parents assured him that such wonders once existed. Closing his book, he saw no joy in the day ahead. He wished the air conditioner weren't broken. He wished there were more food in the refrigerator. He wished he could see the great forests. But there was no use in thinking about that now. It was enough of a struggle just to be alive, especially for a child.

