It took you a while to notice it. There, amongst the confusion, chaos, and collisions of color that is a modern city.

A slate of red.

Immovable red, shifting in and out of vision as people swim past you and as cars roar past on the streets. Amongst the continuous varying movement of the world around you, you see one constant: a single, red book.

It doesn't seem like much just lying there on the ground and yet, it feels different. Somehow, out of place. You begin to walk away, but still something about it pulls at you from somewhere deep within. You turn and approach the book to satisfy you curiosity.

The world grows louder as you approach the book. People's selfish chatter turns to screams, tires in puddles clash, the rain pours harder and the cacophony carves at your ears, yet ever closer you still wander.

And as you pick up this single, red book, you notice it's heavier and simpler than you expected. It’s not mapped out in red leather, wound in string, or made of special paper, no. Its simple and red, just a normal, plain, wordless cover. You wonder if the book even contains anything of interest.

You open the red, simple book, and you find:

Nothing.

It is wordless, just like its cover, is it not? You flip through the pages and yet fail to discover a single word.

Fascinated, you flip through page after page faster and faster transfixed

until all at once the screeching symphony of the world falls silent. Cars still rush by, without sound. People talk, but their words means just as much as the silence you hear. The rain still pours, but it makes no splash.

Your world becomes silent, as another sings.

The warm winds of a desert stir around you, the whirs of technology, the sounds of a distant forest and you hear one voice above it all as your world fades away around you.

Soon there is nothing but the book, yourself, and a faint, unclear voice.

Surrounded by the void, you look to the book. On those open, blank pages you see visions of the world you now hear fly by. Great mountain vistas, vast seas of red sand, deep jungles, and the faces of lost souls flash by; all the while the voice grows louder and clearer until all at once even the book is gone and only the voice remains.

This, of course is my voice. And you, my friend, are of a select few to ever hear it. I have been waiting to speak to you, and finally you are here.

Let us begin.

I understand this is an odd, and even frightening situation, but I assure you that you're in safe hands. I'm sure you have questions for me. I'm sure you're wondering who I am and why I'm here. For now, I can tell you this: I am merely an observer, a storyteller at most. I watch you; humanity that is, across all of time and space. I see every moment of human history, and watch you from every perspective. I know this isn't much of an explanation, and it may bring more questions than answers, and I apologize, but there is no other way. Do not worry, for there will be answers in time. But first, I have a question for you.

Who are you?

Not you as an individual, but you as a species. You call yourselves Human, but what does that mean? Who is mankind and what is their purpose? Throughout your history philosophers, religions, and even the practitioners of modern science have tried to answer this question to no true avail. Ironically, the answer is obvious, if you merely look at yourselves on a large enough scale.

Simply put, you are wanderers. You are a species that, throughout its history, has carried with it a desire to explore, to leave behind the comfort of home and forge a new path through the unknown. You have carried within you this settler spirit and that has taken you to every reachable corner of your world. Now that this is done, there are those among you that think this settler spirit has gone away. They believe that because you have mapped and settled every reachable end of your small planet that you no longer feel the need to make new homes in far off and dangerous places. They could not be more incorrect. Your human desire to explore and expand is more alive than ever. Soon enough your people will have a new frontier beyond your small world to fulfill this Need. Within this frontier are plentiful riches and great pearls. You are on the precipice of a new age of human civilization and the greatest expansion mankind has seen since your ancestors left Africa so many millennia ago. You will need guidance on this new journey and this is why I am speaking to you now. You will need to learn how to survive on this new ocean and I intend to teach you. Like all good teachers I choose to do so through story. A story of the future, but not your future. Rather, this is the story of a singular potential future for mankind. A future that will never be exactly the same as the one that awaits you. This story of which I speak starts as do so many great adventures, with a dream.