

The Last Greenhouse

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A Dystopian Adventure / Science Fiction Novel

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First Edition

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are the product of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is entirely

Introduction

This story begins in a world both familiar and alien, where humanity's obsession with control has forced nature and freedom into hiding. It follows Elara Myles, a girl who must confront fear, grief, and betrayal while discovering courage, trust, and love.

The journey is harsh, the risks are real, and survival comes at a cost. Yet within the darkest wasteland, life endures, fragile but unyielding. This is the story of one girl, one mission, and one hope strong enough to change the future.

The Last Greenhouse — Chapter 1

Title: “The Domed Sky”

The dome was quiet this morning, too quiet for a city of 312,478 souls. Elara Myles traced her fingertip along the cold wall of her apartment, feeling the faint hum of recycled air vibrate through the metal beneath her palm. Artificial sunlight filtered through the translucent dome above, perfectly calibrated for a human circadian rhythm. Yet, it felt wrong—like a sky borrowed from someone else’s dream.

Her breakfast was neatly piped onto the tray: a uniform square of nutripaste, pale and featureless, with the scent of almonds pretending to be life. Elara poked at it, savouring the texture more than the flavour, wondering if her grandmother had ever tasted an actual almond, or the warm tang of sun-ripened fruit.

Today was lab day. She tucked a small notebook into her uniform pocket, a relic she had salvaged from the contraband library—a journal filled with sketches of plants that had lived before the collapse. She pressed the “Lab Access” scanner, feeling a thrill ripple through her chest. The corporation’s world demanded obedience, but curiosity, like a stubborn root, had found a crack.

The lab was pristine; all glass and humming machines. Rows of bioluminescent seedlings grew under artificial lights, their leaves unnaturally green against the sterile white walls. Elara tapped the terminal, running the same routine genetic scans she had performed a hundred times. And yet... something flickered.

A seed sample flagged an anomaly—a sequence that didn’t match the synthetic patterns LSC approved. She frowned, cross-referencing archives. The system hesitated, then a single word blinked back at her: Verdant.

Her pulse quickened. She whispered it under her breath, savouring the forbidden syllables. Verdant. Life that had been kept alive in secret.