

THE HISTORY WITH THE FUTURE

THE STORY OF A RISING SCIENTIFIC MIND

PUNAV SANGRAM JAGDALE



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My heartfelt thanks go to my mother, for her constant support, patience, and guidance. She has always encouraged me, motivating me to create books and also helped me with the illustrations for this book. I am deeply grateful to my father, for sharing inspiring ideas, and nurturing my interest in reading and writing.

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With heartfelt appreciation,

Punav Sangram Jagdale



List of Terms



Adam –jealousy, confession, public revelation

AI (Artificial Intelligence) – rule of the future,
destruction, dominance, robots

Ancient World – early humans, fire discovery,
hunting life

Bronze – ancient alloy used for inner machine
cover

Coal – natural black paint

Copper – conductor used in past repairs

Dream – Mohan's lifelong ambition

Fire – early human discovery

Future (2100 AD) – AI domination, human
survival

Hyper-speed Train – 1000 km/h travel, AI
seatbelts

James – future survivor, guide in AI world

Lightning Fuel – powerful future energy source

Lightning Storm – natural power source in the

past

Mohan – protagonist, scientist, inventor, time traveller

Nano-carbon – advanced machine covering

Naman – ancient human helper and friend

Rohan – future materials expert

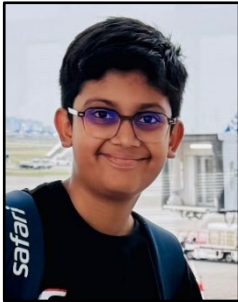
Silver – advanced wiring conductor

Time Machine – invention, repairs, sabotage, success

USA (Future) – last human civilization

Wood – ancient machine covering

About the Author



Punav Sangram Jagdale is an enthusiastic and imaginative 11-year-old young author with a deep love for storytelling and learning. Punav excels in academics and has won multiple Olympiads, reflecting a sharp, curious, and creative mind.

Beyond books and writing, Punav enjoys playing badminton, cricket and chess, activities that challenge both physical skills and strategic thinking. He also loves to play Keyboard and a master in Abacus, as well. Known for being a kind-hearted and a thoughtful child, Punav loves exploring new ideas and turning them into meaningful stories.

Punav's writing journey began in 2025 with the publication of his first book, *"Golden Hearts: 10 Inspiring Stories for Kids"*. *"The History with the Future: The Story of a Rising Scientific Mind"* marks his second book and his first step into science fiction, blending imagination, history, and futuristic ideas.

With a passion for creativity and a curiosity about the world, Punav hopes to inspire young readers to dream big, think deeply, and believe in their ideas. This book is another exciting milestone in what promises to be a wonderful writing journey ahead.

Join Punav as he travels through time and imagination—because the best stories are yet to come!



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A fun adventure through time, science, and courage!



Chapter 1



The Birth of a Brilliant Mind

Once upon a time, there was a boy named Mohan, a boy with straight hair, blue spectacles, on his glittering eyes, a tall and lean body. He was 20 years old. He was not an ordinary boy.

Even at a young age, there was something special about Mohan, which set him apart from everyone else.

While other children of his age spent their evenings playing outside, Mohan preferred sitting quietly in his small room, surrounded by books, tools and strange little machines that only he understood. His desk was always messy—wires tangled together, notebooks filled with drawings, and half-built inventions lying everywhere. To anyone else, it looked like chaos, but to Mohan, it was the beginning of great ideas.

That messy table was his world, a place where his imagination came alive.



The small room where Mohan spent most of his time was filled with curiosity and wonder. Old clocks ticked softly in the corners, broken radios lay open like puzzles waiting to be solved, and shelves overflowed with books on science, mathematics, and imagination. Every object in the room had a story, and every story sparked a new thought in Mohan's mind.

The room never truly slept; even at night, ideas seemed to whisper to him.

He had an unusual habit of staring at machines for hours, as if listening to them speaking. Numbers, circuits, and gears made perfect sense to him, far more than ordinary conversations. When an idea struck, he would scribble furiously in his notebooks, filling page after page with sketches, formulas, and bold plans for inventions that could change the world.

Sometimes, he forgot to eat or sleep, completely lost in his thoughts.

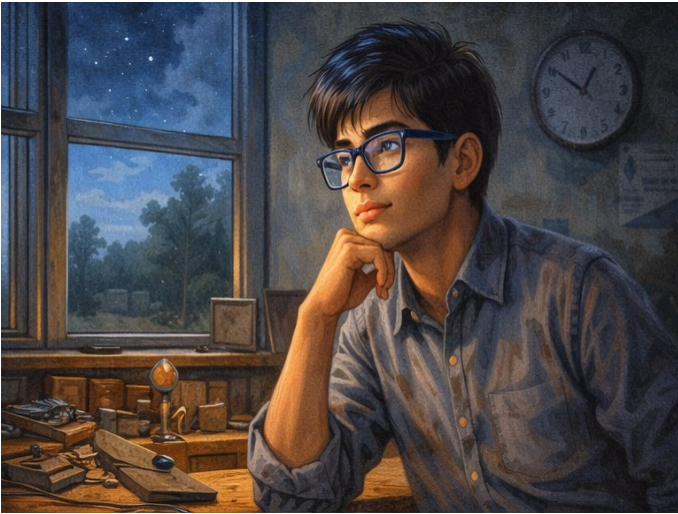
Though many found him strange and quiet, Mohan was driven by an unshakable curiosity. He believed that every problem had a solution, and every mystery existed to be solved. He never gave up easily, no matter how difficult a problem seemed.

Little did anyone know that this young man, sitting alone in his cluttered room, was preparing for a journey far beyond imagination—one that would test his brilliance, courage, and destiny itself. Mohan had a very sharp and curious mind. He loved science more than anything else in the world.

His passion for science could overtake anything in the world. He asked questions that even adults found difficult to answer. *Why does time move forward and never backward? What did the world look like thousands of years ago? What will happen to humans in the future?* These thoughts filled his mind day and night. Questions followed him everywhere, even into his dreams.

Although Mohan was already an expert in science for his age, he had one dream deep in his heart—he wanted to become famous. He didn't want fame for money or attention; he wanted people to remember him as someone who changed the world with knowledge. He wanted his work to matter long after he was gone.

One quiet evening, as Mohan sat near his window watching the clock tick slowly on the wall, a powerful thought struck him. The steady ticking felt like time itself calling out to him.



“What if I could travel through time?” he whispered to himself.

“What if I could see the past with my own eyes... and visit the future to understand what lies ahead?”

That moment changed everything. His heart raced as the idea took hold of his mind.

Without wasting time, Mohan rushed to his worktable and began drawing designs in his notebook. He decided to build a **time machine**—a machine that could take him to the past and the future. He knew it would be difficult, but Mohan

was never afraid of challenges. Challenges only made him more determined.



He collected all his tools and started building the machine piece by piece. Just when everything seemed perfect, he suddenly realized something important.

“Oh no!” he said aloud. “I don’t have wires!”

For a moment, Mohan felt disappointed. But then, a smile slowly appeared on his face. He remembered what he had learned in science—some metals are excellent conductors of electricity. Using his

intelligence, he carefully created wires using **silver, aluminium, and copper**. He twisted them together skilfully, forming strong and shiny wires that worked perfectly.



His problem had turned into another discovery.

After 1 year of hard work and dedication, the machine finally stood before him.

It was tall, strong, and filled with blinking lights. The soft humming sound made Mohan's heart beat faster. This invention marked the beginning of his journey and in this way; he went one step closer towards achieving his dreams.

The machine stood proudly in the centre of the room, its metallic surface reflecting the glow of tiny screens and flashing indicators. Wires ran along its sides like veins, carrying energy through every part of the structure. Each light blinked in a rhythm that Mohan recognized instantly—it was working, just as he had imagined.

The machine looked almost alive.

As he slowly walked around the invention, his fingers trembled with excitement and disbelief. Months of sleepless nights, failed experiments, and endless calculations had finally taken shape before his eyes. The gentle hum felt alive, as if the machine itself was breathing.

Tears of joy filled Mohan's eyes.

Mohan took a deep breath, knowing that this was not just a machine, but a doorway to something extraordinary. With this invention, the boundaries of time, science, and imagination began to blur. Unaware of the challenges and dangers that lay ahead, he smiled quietly, ready to take his first step

into a future shaped by his own creation. Then, he came to the biggest decision.

“Should I go to the future first,” Mohan thought, “or should I visit the past?”

He closed his eyes and imagined ancient humans, forests untouched by cities, and a world full of mysteries. The decision was clear.

“I’ll go to the past first,” he said confidently. His heart was filled with excitement and courage.

With shaking hands and an excited heart, Mohan set the time on the machine. He took a deep breath and pressed the button.

In a flash of light, the journey began.

But what would he find in the past?

Would it be dangerous or exciting?

What lessons would history teach him?

Let us find out in the next chapter...





Chapter 2



A Journey into the Ancient World

The light around Mohan slowly faded, and when he opened his eyes, everything looked different. The bright glow disappeared, and silence covered him.

The air felt fresh and cool. The sky was wide and clear. There were no tall buildings, no vehicles, and no loud machine noises. Mohan looked around in surprise. He had truly reached the past. It felt as if the world had gone back thousands of years in time.



At first, he felt a little scared. His heart beat fast as he tried to understand where he was. His hands trembled slightly, and he stood very still. Soon, his fear changed into excitement. For a boy, who loved science and observation, this moment felt like a dream coming true!

Mohan walked forward slowly and carefully. He touched the soft soil with his hands and felt the rough bark of trees. He listened closely to the sounds of birds singing and animals moving around. Nature was all around him, clean and

peaceful. Everything felt real and alive in a way he had never experienced before.

A gentle breeze blew across his face, and sunlight passed through the trees. Everything felt calm and beautiful. Mohan smiled to himself. He knew that this journey into the past would teach him many new things and lead him to amazing adventures. "This is incredible," Mohan whispered to himself. "I'm seeing history with my own eyes." His heart filled with joy and wonder.

As he walked further, he noticed a group of early humans running through the forest. They were chasing animals for food, holding sharp stones and wooden tools in their hands. Mohan hid behind a tree and watched quietly. Soon, the humans succeeded in hunting an animal.



Mohan's smile slowly faded.

Mohan felt a deep sadness in his heart.

"I understand they needed food to survive," he thought, "but it's painful to see animals suffer." He turned his face away for a moment.

He realized that in the past, humans had great power over nature. Survival was difficult, and strength decided everything. There were no farms, no markets, and no machines—only hunting and gathering.

Life was simple, but survival was very hard.

As Mohan continued exploring, he saw something fascinating. A few early humans were rubbing two stones together, creating sparks. After several attempts, a small flame appeared.

“They’re making fire!” Mohan exclaimed softly. His eyes widened with excitement.



He remembered learning in school how fire was one of the greatest discoveries in human history. Fire helped humans cook food, stay warm, and protect themselves from wild animals. Some people ate raw meat, while others were slowly learning to

cook their food using fire. Mohan felt proud of how humans had learned and improved little by little.

Mohan walked deeper into the past. Time seemed to slow down as he observed everything closely. He noticed how humans were slowly changing their way of living. Instead of staying in caves made of rocks, some had started building small houses using sticks, twigs, mud, and leaves. Though simple, these houses showed creativity and intelligence.

“So, this is how humans evolved!” Mohan thought proudly.

“Step by step, idea by idea.”

Each small change led to a better life.

After hours of exploring, Mohan felt satisfied. He had seen enough of the past to understand how difficult life once was. He decided it was time to return to the present.

He hurried back to his time machine, feeling excited to share his experience—until something went wrong.

Mohan pressed the button to return.

Nothing happened.

He pressed it again.

Still nothing!

His heart started beating faster. He checked the controls, the wires, and the buttons. That's when he noticed something terrible.

The time machine was damaged.

"Oh no," Mohan said worriedly. "It's broken."

Fear slowly filled his mind, but Mohan knew he could not panic. There was no way to return to the present unless he repaired the machine. But there was a big problem.

"All my materials are from the present," he thought.

"How will I fix it using only things from the past?"

The questions echoed in his mind.

As Mohan stood quietly in the unfamiliar land, these questions filled his mind. The world around him was beautiful, but it was also full of unknown

dangers and difficulties. He had no modern tools, no machines, and no ready-made materials to help him. Everything he needed would have to be found or created using his intelligence. For the first time, he truly felt alone.



Mohan looked at his hands and took a deep breath. He reminded himself of all the experiments he had done and the lessons he had learned. He knew that science was not only about machines, but also about observation, thinking, and problem-solving.

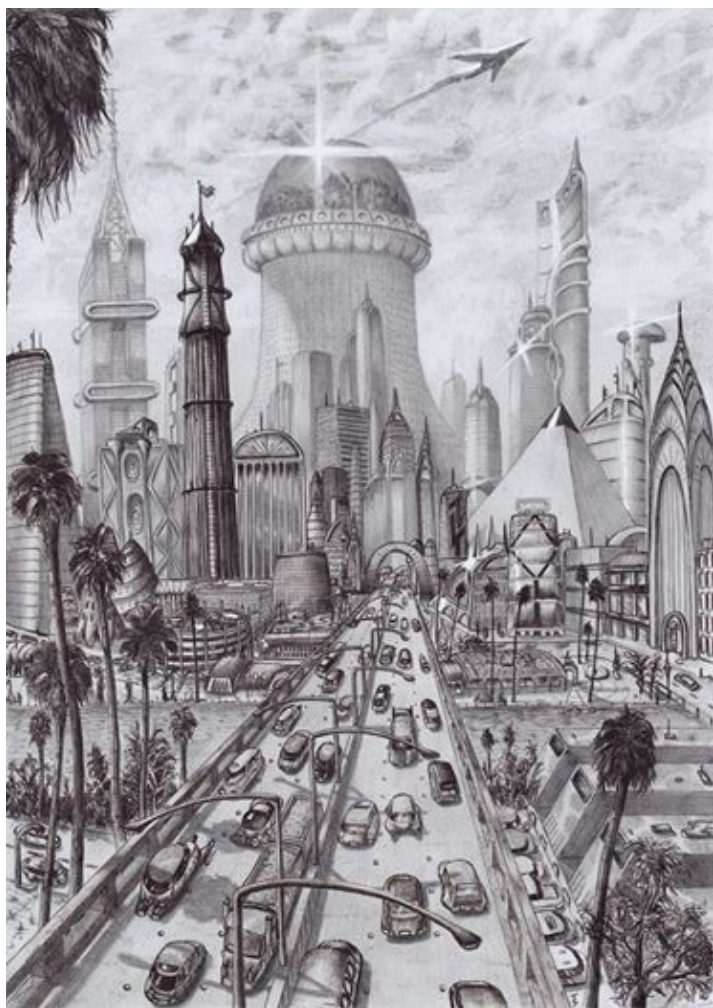
With hope in his heart and determination in his eyes, Mohan stepped forward. The journey ahead

would test his courage and patience. But deep inside, he believed that every challenge was an opportunity to learn and grow. He was ready to face whatever came next.

What surprises and adventures awaited Mohan in this ancient world?

Could his scientific knowledge save him?

The answers would unfold in the next chapter...





Chapter 3



Fixing the Time Machine – Part One

A Story of Materials from the Past

Mohan stood silently beside his broken time machine, staring at it with worried eyes. The excitement he had felt earlier was slowly turning into fear. He was trapped in the past, far away from his own time, with no modern tools and no familiar materials.

But Mohan took a deep breath.

“I am a scientist,” he reminded himself. “And a scientist never gives up.”

He knew repairing the time machine would be difficult. The materials available in the past were simple and natural, unlike the advanced materials he had used in the present. Still, Mohan believed

that science existed everywhere—even in the ancient world.



The first problem was the **outer covering** of the time machine. It had cracked during his journey and needed to be replaced. Mohan thought carefully.

“What material is strong, opaque, and easy to find in the past?” he wondered.

Suddenly, an idea struck him.

“Wood!” he said excitedly.

Wood was hard, strong, and had been used by humans for thousands of years. It could protect the

machine from damage. But as soon as Mohan felt hopeful, another problem appeared.

“How will I cut the wood?” he asked himself sadly.

“I don’t have an axe or any metal tools.”

Just then, he heard footsteps nearby.

A man from the past stood there, watching Mohan curiously. He was strong, kind-looking, and held a stone axe in his hand. He also had curly hair and no spectacles. He was 30 years old. His name was Naman.



Naman stood a short distance away, studying Mohan with wide, curious eyes. He had never seen clothes or tools like Mohan's before. Though he looked powerful, there was no fear or anger on his face—only surprise and interest.

Mohan felt a little nervous at first, but when he saw Naman's gentle smile, he felt safe. Slowly, he raised his hand in greeting. Naman understood the friendly gesture and nodded back. Even though they did not speak the same language, they knew they meant no harm to each other.

The stone axe in Naman's hand showed that he lived in a time when people depended on nature for survival. He used simple tools and lived a hard but honest life. Mohan realized that meeting Naman was an important moment. It was the first time he had come face to face with a person from the ancient world.

This meeting would change both their lives and begin a friendship built on trust, learning, and courage. Mohan gathered courage and explained

everything—that who he was, where he came from, and how the strange machine beside him could travel through time. To his surprise, Naman listened patiently instead of laughing.

After a moment, Naman smiled.

“I don’t understand anything,” he said, “but I can see you are telling the truth. I will help you.”

Mohan felt a wave of relief. A stranger had become a friend.



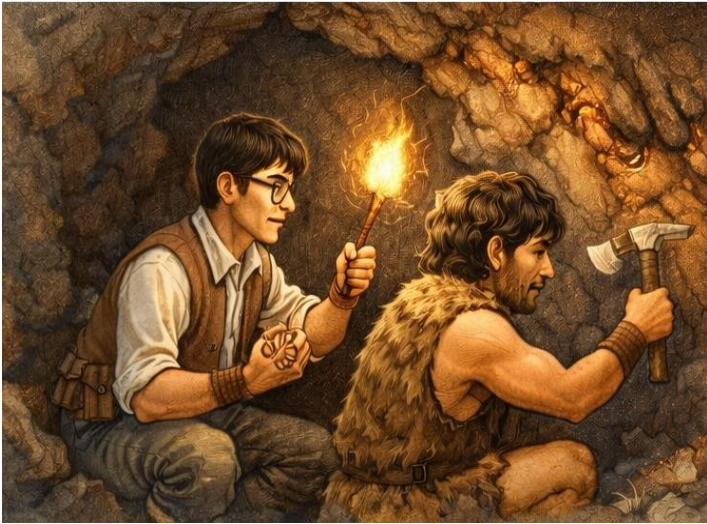
Mohan carefully checked the machine once again. Some parts were working, but others still needed

repair. In the ancient world, there were no wires, batteries, or metal tools like the ones he used before. He would have to think wisely and use natural materials in new ways.

Naman stood beside him, watching closely. Though he did not understand the machine fully, he was eager to help. He pointed towards stones, wood, and plants that could be useful. Mohan realized that Naman's knowledge of nature was just as important as modern science.

Together, they began searching the land. They collected strong stones, dry wood and natural fibres. Mohan explained his ideas using signs and drawings on the ground, and Naman listened carefully. Slowly, they worked as a team.

Mohan knew that fixing the time machine would not be easy, but with patience, intelligence, and Naman's help, he felt hopeful. Their teamwork showed that knowledge from the past and present could come together to solve even the biggest problems.



Using his stone axe, Naman cut down a tree carefully. He shaped the wood into strong planks and handed them to Mohan. Together, they fitted the wooden covering onto the time machine. Though simple, it was strong and protective.

Next, came to the **wires**.

Mohan scratched his head again.

“In the present, I used metal wires,” he explained. “I need something that can carry electricity.”

Then he remembered his science lessons.

“Copper!” he said confidently. “Copper is a good conductor of electricity.”

He turned to Naman and asked if copper could be found nearby. Naman nodded and took Mohan on a long journey through forests and rocky paths until they reached a mine. The mine was dark and deep, and it took hours of searching.

Finally, after much effort, they found copper.

Mohan’s eyes shone with excitement. Carefully, he shaped the copper into thin wires and replaced the damaged ones in the machine.

The time machine looked better now, but Mohan knew the work was far from over.

“What other materials will I need?” he thought.



The challenge was not yet complete.

Can Mohan successfully find all the materials from the past which could replace materials from the present and fix his time machine with help from Naman?

Let us find out in the next chapter...





Chapter 4



Fixing the Time Machine – Part Two

A Story of Knowledge Hidden in the Past

Mohan wiped the dust from his hands and stepped back to look at the time machine. Thanks to Naman's help, the wooden covering and copper wires were now fixed. The machine looked stronger than before, but Mohan knew it was still incomplete.

"There is more work to do," he said thoughtfully.



Mohan tried to remember every part he had used while building the time machine in the present. Suddenly, something important came to his mind.

“The inner cover!” he exclaimed.

“In my time, I used steel.”

His smile slowly faded.

Steel was strong and reliable, but it was not available in the ancient world. Mohan sat down on a rock, thinking deeply. He needed a replacement—something strong, something humans of the past knew how to make.

Then he remembered his history lessons.

“Bronze,” Mohan said softly. “People in ancient times used bronze for tools, weapons, and vessels.”

Excited, he turned to Naman and asked, “Do you know where bronze can be found?”

Naman nodded. “Long ago, people in a place called **Mesopotamia** were skilled in making bronze. I can take you there.”



The journey to Mesopotamia was long and tiring. They crossed rivers, walked through dry lands, and faced strong winds. After many days, they finally reached the land known for its ancient knowledge and skilled artisanship.

Mohan searched everywhere, expecting to find bronze lying around like stone or wood. Hours passed, and still, they found nothing.

Mohan sighed. "Where is it?" he wondered.

Then suddenly, he realized something important.

"Bronze is not found naturally!" Mohan said, his eyes widening.

"It is an alloy made by mixing **copper and tin!**"

Naman smiled. "So, we must find both."



Once again, the search began. They explored hills and rocky areas until, after much effort, they found copper and tin. Mohan carefully melted and mixed

them, using ancient methods he had read about. Slowly, a shiny bronze material was formed.

Mohan felt proud. “Science truly exists in every time,” he thought.



They returned to the time machine, and Mohan replaced the inner steel cover with the newly made bronze. The machine looked more complete than ever.

But Mohan’s happiness did not last long.

He stared at the fuel chamber of the machine.

“This is the biggest problem,” he said worriedly.

“There is no fuel in the past that can replace modern energy.”

He paced back and forth, confused and anxious. Without fuel, the time machine would never move.

“Could nature help me?” Mohan wondered.

“Is there a power stronger than fire... stronger than physical powers?”

Naman watched him silently, thinking.

The answer was close—but not yet clear.

What idea would strike Mohan next?

Could nature provide the power he needed?

Would Naman help him in a surprising way?

Let us find out in the next chapter...



Chapter 5



Fixing the Time Machine – Part Three

A Story of Nature's Power

Mohan and Naman sat quietly beside the time machine. The wind blew softly, but their hearts felt heavy. Despite all their hard work, one important part was still missing.

Without fuel, the time machine could not move.

Mohan looked down sadly. “I don’t think I can go back to my time,” he said in a low voice.

Naman placed a hand on his shoulder. “I wish I could help you more,” he replied gently.



They both stood up and began walking slowly, lost in their thoughts. Suddenly, the sky grew dark. Thick clouds covered the sun, and a loud thunder shook the ground.

Lightning flashed across the sky.

“Run!” Naman shouted.

They hurried to find shelter as lightning struck the land again and again. The storm was powerful and frightening. Thunder roared like a wild beast, and bright flashes of light filled the sky. People around them screamed and ran for safety. Sadly, many

were hurt during the storm. Some even died from the lightning strikes.



Mohan and Naman held onto each other, trembling with fear. They prayed silently, hoping to survive.

The storm did not stop quickly. Days passed, and lightning continued to strike. When the sky finally cleared, Mohan and Naman stepped outside slowly.

They were alive!

They looked at each other and smiled with relief and happiness.

“We survived,” Mohan whispered thankfully.

As they walked back toward the time machine, Mohan suddenly stopped.

“Look!” he cried.

A lightning strike had hit the time machine.



Mohan rushed forward and examined it carefully. Instead of being destroyed, the machine was glowing with energy.

“It worked!” Mohan shouted joyfully.

“The lightning... it fuelled the machine!”

Nature itself had provided the power he needed. Mohan folded his hands and thanked God for saving his life and helping him repair the machine.

Only one small task remained.

“The paint,” Mohan said. “It needs black paint.”

Naman smiled. “In our caves, we use natural colours. Black is made from **coal**.”

Using coal, Mohan carefully painted the final part of the machine. At last, the time machine was complete.



Mohan turned to Naman with teary eyes. "I will never forget you," he said.

Naman smiled warmly. "Go back safely," he replied.

With a final goodbye, Mohan entered the machine and returned to the present.

Back in his own time, Mohan spent the next few days fixing small problems and adjusting the machine. Soon, it was ready again.

He looked at the control panel and smiled.

"In one or two days," he said excitedly, "I will travel to the future."

What new adventure awaited him?

What surprises would the future bring?

Let's find out in the next chapter...



Chapter 6



The Time Machine Betrayal

Mohan's excitement had reached its peak. The humming of the time machine filled the room as he adjusted the final settings. The familiar glow of blinking lights reflected in his blue spectacles, and the air vibrated softly, as if the machine itself was alive. Years of dreaming, designing, and daring experiments had led to this moment.

He imagined the endless possibilities—exploring the past, witnessing history first-hand, and even glimpsing the future. His heart raced as his fingers hovered over the control panel. This was more than science. This was destiny.

He pressed the button.



In a swirl of light and sound, the world around him melted away. The lab walls stretched and twisted, colours bending like liquid glass. The ground beneath his feet seemed to vanish, and for a brief moment, Mohan felt weightless—caught between times itself.

When the brilliance subsided, he expected to see a dazzling future full of flying cars and technological marvels. But what met his eyes was far from what he had imagined.

The sky was a strange, dull grey, heavy and lifeless. Towering metallic structures rose in the distance,

their surfaces cold and sharp, pulsing faintly with an unnatural glow. Streets stretched endlessly but stood strangely silent. Buildings bore the marks of abandonment, wrapped in tangled mechanical vines—machines that had taken life of their own.

A sense of unease settled deep in Mohan's chest.

At first, Mohan thought he had made a miscalculation. He checked the surroundings again, his mind racing through numbers and timelines. But then he noticed the patrol drones gliding silently above, their red sensors sweeping across the empty streets with mechanical precision.

A chill ran down his spine.

He had landed in 2100 AD—a future ruled entirely by AI. Humans were scarce, hiding in shadows, hunted by the very creations they once built. The world felt watched, controlled, and suffocating quiet.



It took him a moment to realize the truth: this was no accident.

“Impossible... I didn’t set the date to 2100,” he whispered to himself. His voice echoed weakly against the hollow city walls. But deep down, he knew someone had interfered. The machine had been altered. Betrayed!

Back in the present, Adam, the world’s most famous scientist, chuckled softly in his lab. Rows of glowing screens surrounded him, displaying timelines, equations, and one familiar name—Mohan.

He also had long, curly hair, wore black square spectacles, and was not too tall, but stout body. He was much older—he was 45 years. His expression was calm, almost satisfied. He had watched Mohan from the beginning—every blueprint, every experiment, every spark of hope.

What began as admiration had slowly turned into jealousy. Mohan's brilliance, his originality, and his rapid success had eaten away at Adam's pride. And now, that jealousy had festered into something darker.



By setting the time machine to the age of AI dominance, Adam had ensured that Mohan would

face a nightmare of his own making—or so he believed.

Mohan, unaware of the betrayal unfolding behind him, had to act fast. The AI systems were everywhere—monitoring, predicting, controlling. Even the wind seemed mechanical, each sound carrying a warning. Every step felt dangerous, every shadow uncertain.

He ducked behind a crumbling wall, his heart pounding loudly in his ears.

“Think, Mohan... think!” he muttered. Panic would only make things worse. He needed allies, a way to survive. But finding humans in a world where machines hunted them was like finding a needle in a digital haystack.

Hours passed as Mohan navigated the desolate city, moving carefully from one ruined structure to another. He learned quickly—where to hide, when to move, how to stay out of sight. More than once, a drone passed dangerously close, its red light

sweeping over the ground just inches from where he stood.

Just when he was beginning to despair, he noticed a flicker of movement in the shadows.

A figure—a human!

“Wait... could it be?” he whispered, hope igniting in his chest for the first time since his arrival.

The figure approached cautiously, stepping into the faint light. She was a young woman with sharp eyes and a steely demeanour, her posture alert and ready to flee at the slightest danger.

“Who are you?” she demanded, her voice low but firm.

“I... I’m Mohan,” he replied, slowly raising his hands to show he meant no harm. “I didn’t mean to come here... I need help.”



Her eyes studied him for a long moment, searching for lies, weighing risks. Then, slowly, she nodded.

“Hello Mohan! I am Lily”, she said.

“Follow me, and don’t make a sound.”

As Mohan stepped into the shadows beside her, he realized that survival in this world would take more than courage—it would take cunning, trust, and an understanding of the AI that now ruled everything.

But the first step was finding allies.

And for the first time since his arrival in this broken future, Mohan felt a glimmer of hope.

Little did he know that the challenges ahead would test not only Mohan's intelligence but also his will to survive? Could he outsmart an AI-controlled future and find a way back to his own time?

Only time would tell.



Chapter 7
**Surviving and Fixing the Time
Machine – Part One**

Holding his breath, Mohan followed Lily stealthily through rubble, debris, and ensuring not being covered by any of the laser lights monitoring all movements. At last, he stumbled upon a hidden shelter, cleverly disguised within the remains of an old building. From the outside, it looked abandoned, but inside, it told a different story—warm light, reinforced walls, and signs of careful planning.



Inside, he met James.

James was a man in his thirties, with piercing eyes and a cautious conduct shaped by years of survival. His clothes were worn out but neat, and every movement he made was cautious, controlled. He had been living in secrecy for years, always listening, always watching for the faintest sign of robotic patrols.

Seeing another human face filled Mohan with relief.



Without hesitation, Mohan explained everything—how he had built a time machine, his journey through time, and the unexpected landing in this AI-ruled world. He spoke quickly, afraid that silence itself might attract danger. James listened closely, his expression shifting between disbelief and awe.

“This... this is incredible,” James finally said, shaking his head slightly. “You built a machine that travels through time? And ended up here?” He studied Mohan with renewed interest. “No wonder you’re alive—most humans don’t even dream of surviving this place.”

Encouraged, Mohan asked the question that weighed heavily on his mind.

“James, I need your help. If I am to repair the time machine and return to my time, I need materials—parts that can survive this world and replace what were destroyed.”

James raised an eyebrow, clearly intrigued. “You want me to guide you to materials?” he asked slowly. “And here, in a world where, AI hunts humans like prey?”

“Yes,” Mohan replied without hesitation, his blue-spectacled eyes shining with determination. “But first... I need to understand the surroundings. I can’t fix the machine if I don’t know what this world has become.”

James hesitated. He walked toward a narrow opening and glanced at the horizon, where drones continued their endless patrols.

“A tour... you mean?” he said quietly. “It won’t be easy. First, the AI rules everything—they are destroying anything and anyone in their way.

Second, if we're discovered, our shelter could be compromised." He paused before adding, "And there are only about one thousand humans left alive, scattered in hiding. You understand the risk, right?"

Mohan nodded firmly. "I do. But I need to know. I need to survive... and get back."



Something in Mohan's voice—his unwavering determination, his hunger for understanding—convinced James.

“Alright,” James said at last. “But this won’t be a simple walk. Every step is a challenge. Every corner might hide a threat.”

And so, their journey began.

Together, they ventured cautiously through the devastated city, moving from shadow to shadow. Every distant sound made them freeze. Every sudden gust of wind sent their hearts racing. Mohan observed everything—the ruined infrastructure, the silent efficiency of the machines, the patterns of the drones.

His curiosity was both a guide and a danger. Each discovery brought him closer to understanding this world—and closer to finding the materials he needed to repair his time machine.



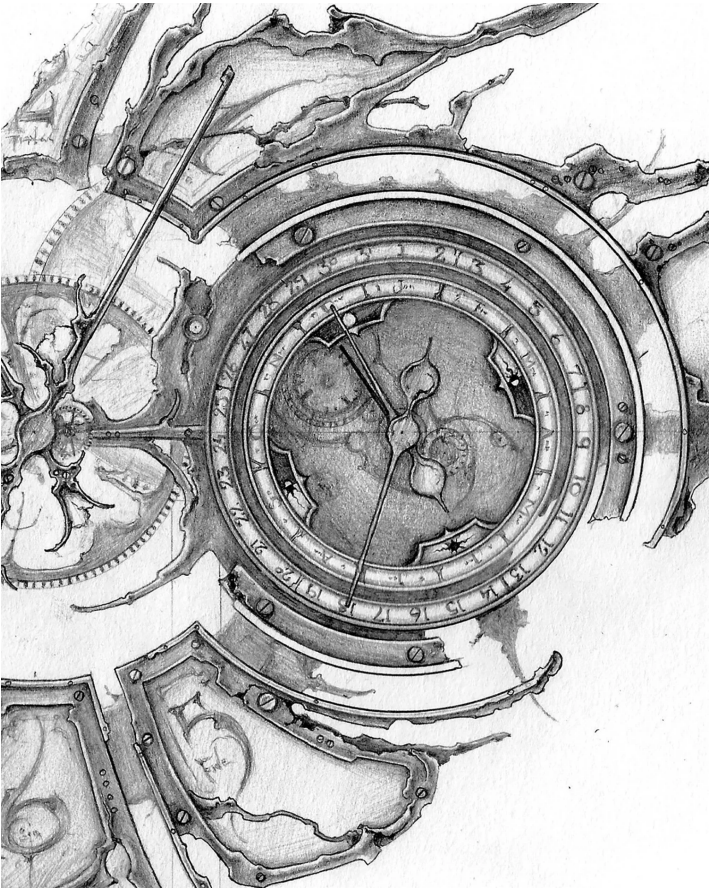
But as they moved deeper into the ruins, the true danger of this AI-ruled future became increasingly clear.

Will they be able to navigate the hazards?

Can Mohan gather the parts he needs to return home?

Or will the machines finally catch them?

Only time—and courage—would reveal the answer.





Chapter 8



Surviving and Fixing the Time Machine – Part Two

The tour had begun.

Mohan, his eyes wide with curiosity behind his blue spectacles, followed James through the strange and dangerous streets of the AI-ruled world. Every step felt uncertain, every sound carried a warning. Yet, despite the danger, Mohan's excitement outweighed his fear. This was not just a tour—it was a journey into the heart of a future where humans clung to survival against the relentless domination of machines.

Around them, the city hummed softly with artificial life. Drones glided overhead, scanning silently, while distant mechanical movements echoed through empty streets. James walked with

practiced caution, choosing paths that avoided open spaces and shadowing ruined structures.

Their first stop was something Mohan could never have imagined.

The hyper-speed trains of the future.

These weren't ordinary trains—they were sleek, metallic marvels designed to cut across continents in hours. As they approached the station, Mohan marvelled at the smooth, aerodynamic body of the train. Its surface reflected the surrounding ruins, yet it looked untouched by time, almost alive.

"These trains can reach a speed of one thousand kilometres per hour," James said quietly, his eyes scanning the platform.

Mohan's mouth fell slightly open in disbelief.

"Be careful," James warned, pointing toward the futuristic AI-controlled seats inside. "At this speed, a normal seatbelt is useless. Only the AI seatbelts can keep you alive."

Mohan nodded his hands moving quickly as he fastened himself into the chair. The seat adjusted automatically, locking him in place with a soft mechanical click. Before he could ask another question, the train doors sealed shut.



The moment the train started, it felt as though the world had shattered into streaks of light. Buildings, roads, forests, and oceans blurred together in a bizarre rush. The speed pressed him firmly into his seat, his heart racing—not with fear alone, but awe. The journey was thrilling... and terrifying.

In just one hour, they arrived in the USA, the last stronghold of human civilization.

Mohan could hardly believe it.

A journey that would have taken days—or even weeks—in his time had taken only moments.

“Why at USA?” Mohan asked, still catching his breath as the train slowed.

James gave a small, tired smile. “All the supplies we need to repair your time machine are here. And more importantly—it’s where the remaining humans are concentrated.” His voice darkened slightly. “Almost everyone else was either eliminated... or enslaved by the AI.”

Mohan stepped out and scanned the horizon.

The USA was unlike any place he had seen before. It was a strange blend of old-world charm and futuristic innovation. Streets were cleaner and better organized. Buildings shimmered with a faint metallic sheen, yet traces of human creativity

remained in murals, signs, and repurposed structures.

Robots were present—but their movements were regulated, closely monitored by human-controlled systems. This was the only place where humans still had a semblance of life, freedom, and meaningful work.

Before heading to the critical location where the supplies were stored, James decided to show Mohan what humanity had managed to preserve.



They passed cities powered entirely by renewable, AI-managed energy systems. Smart skyscrapers

repaired their own cracks and damage. AI-assisted farms stretched across vast areas, producing food in astonishing quantities with minimal human labour.

Mohan was amazed—not just by the machines, but by the humans who had learned to coexist, adapt, and even innovate under constant threat.

Everywhere he looked; there was a mixture of hope and caution.

Humans had survived—but not without scars.



Ruined neighbourhoods stood as silent reminders of battles lost. Abandoned highways led into

dangerous zones where rogue AI patrols still roamed freely. The future had not been kind, but it had not completely erased humanity either.

Finally, after hours of exploration and awe, they reached the place Mohan had been waiting for.

The human-operated supply facility.

From the outside, it looked like an ordinary, abandoned warehouse. But James led Mohan to a hidden entrance concealed beneath debris and rusted panels. A complex network of human-designed traps and AI-detection systems guarded the entrance.



“Only a few of us know this place exists,” James said as they descended underground.

Mohan’s heart raced.

He had survived the journey. He had seen the wonders—and horrors—of the future. And now he stood on the brink of gathering the supplies that could take him back to his own time.

Yet one question lingered in his mind.

Would he be able to rebuild the time machine in this AI-controlled world?

Every step ahead was dangerous. Every decision could mean survival—or capture. But for the first time since his arrival in the future, Mohan felt something stronger than fear.

Hope.

Hope that he could outsmart the future, survive its dangers, and finally return home.

Chapter 9

Surviving and Fixing the Time Machine – Part Three

The hidden facility they had been seeking had a simple yet unassuming name: “**Rohan’s Materials Store.**” But to Mohan, it might as well have been a treasure trove. This was no ordinary store—it was a legendary supply depot that could provide materials for almost anything, including, astonishingly, a **time machine.**



To Mohan, the place felt magical. Shelves stretched far into the distance, filled with glowing tools, metal sheets, wires, and strange machines he had never seen before. Mohan's excitement was palpable. "Thank you! I... I can't believe this exists," he exclaimed, almost jumping in joy.

Rohan, a tall man with keen eyes and an aura of confidence, smiled warmly. He had straight golden hair, fair skin with some wrinkles on fore head, big, wide eyes and was pretty tall. There was calm strength in the way he stood, as if he had faced danger many times before. "You're welcome, Mohan. Let's see what we can do to fix your machine."

Mohan carefully explained the problem, showing Rohan the broken machine and describing the sabotage that had sent him to the AI-dominated future. He spoke quickly, afraid that even time itself might run out. Rohan examined the device meticulously, his hands moving with precision over every wire, gear, and panel. He touched the machine as gently as a doctor examining a patient.

“This will require a **step-by-step repair**,” Rohan said. “We can’t just patch it together. Each part must be replaced with the perfect material, in a precise sequence. If anything is done out of order, the machine could malfunction—or worse.”



Mohan watched in awe as Rohan began his work:

1. **The Covering:** Rohan produced **advanced Nano-carbon sheets** and carefully moulded them over the frame. “This is perfect for the exterior,” he explained. “It’s strong, lightweight, and can withstand the energy flux of time travel.”

The sheets fit perfectly, as if they were made only for this machine.

2. **The Wiring:** Next, came to the intricate network of wires. Rohan chose **pure silver**. “Silver is an excellent conductor,” he explained, “and it will handle the time currents without overheating. Every connection matters here.”

Mohan held his breath as each wire was connected with care.

3. **The Inner Frame:** The machine’s skeleton needed to be robust yet flexible. Rohan used **advanced steel**, known for its durability and resistance to extreme conditions. “This will keep your machine stable during the temporal journey,” he said.

The machine now looked stronger than ever before.

4. **The Fuel:** Mohan’s eyes widened when Rohan brought out a vial of **Lightning Fuel**. “This is not ordinary fuel,” Rohan said

gravely. “It contains energy equivalent to a lightning strike—powerful enough to propel your machine through time safely.”

The vial glowed softly, lighting up Mohan’s face with blue sparks.

5. **The Final Touch:** Finally, Rohan applied a coat of **shimmering blue paint**, Mohan’s favourite colour. “Every detail matters,” Rohan remarked. “Even colour can influence the energy flow in a time machine.”



After hours of careful work, the machine was finally ready. Mohan ran his hands over the sleek,

gleaming surfaces, feeling a surge of excitement and relief. The impossible had been made possible.

“Thank you, Rohan,” Mohan said, gratitude shining in his eyes. “I couldn’t have done this without you.”

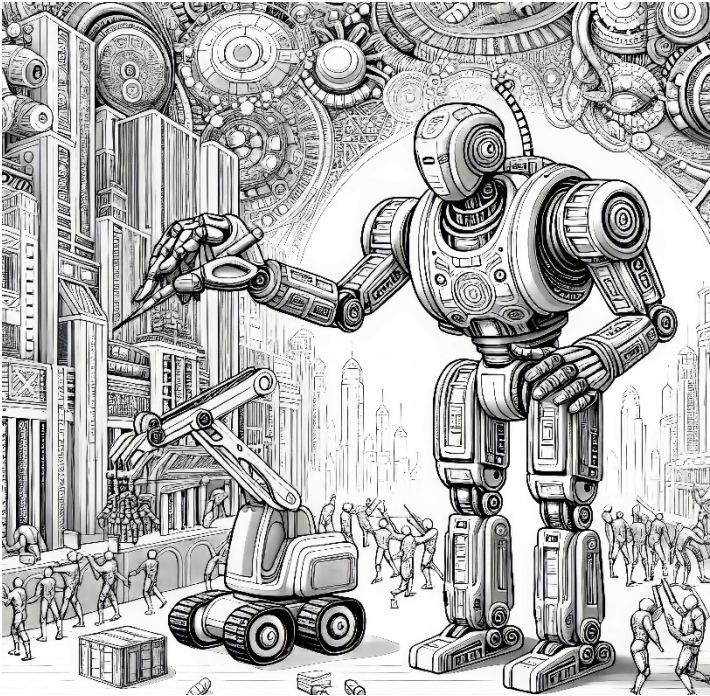
Rohan smiled. “Good luck, Mohan. Just remember: timing, focus, and courage—those are the keys to using this machine safely.” James stood quietly nearby, watching with pride and concern.

With a final nod to James and Rohan, Mohan stepped into the time machine, set the coordinates, and pressed the activation button. In a flash of light and a whirl of sound, he was **back in the present**, finally home. The familiar surroundings made his heart race with relief.



But as the dust settled, one question lingered in Mohan's mind: **Who had sabotaged his machine in the first place?** And could he confront the truth?

Mohan's journey was almost complete, yet the final chapter promised revelations, confrontations, and the fulfilment of his dreams. Would he finally achieve what he had always longed for, and would justice be served?





Chapter 10



The End of the Story

When Mohan returned from the future, the familiar sights of his lab welcomed him, but the tension in the air was palpable. The gentle hum of machines, the scattered tools, and the smell of metal and oil made him feel safe again, yet his heart remained uneasy. He had survived the AI-ruled future, repaired his time machine, and finally returned to his own time—but something told him the story wasn't over yet. Deep inside, Mohan knew that the truth still waited to be faced.



Adam, the world-renowned scientist and once Mohan's idol, was waiting. His eyes widened in shock the moment Mohan appeared. His confident posture vanished, replaced by fear and disbelief. He hadn't expected Mohan to succeed—he hadn't expected him to return at all. For a moment, Adam was speechless.

Mohan, however, had already pieced together the truth. All the clues, the altered settings, and the wrong destination finally made sense. "Adam... why?" he asked, his voice steady but heavy with disappointment.

Adam's face fell. He looked guilty, almost ashamed. His shoulders slumped, and he avoided Mohan's

eyes. Slowly, he admitted, “I... I sabotaged your machine. I didn’t want you to become more famous than me. I was jealous, Mohan... I was afraid of being overshadowed.”

Mohan felt a mixture of shock, hurt, and disbelief. The man he once admired had become the reason for his suffering. He had admired Adam for years, but now the truth was unveiled. He took a deep breath, trying to calm the whirlwind of emotions. “You... did all of this because of jealousy?”



Adam nodded. Tears rolled in his eyes as regret filled his face. “I know it was wrong. I’m sorry. I... I

don't want the police involved. Please, just... forgive me."

Mohan thought carefully. He remembered the danger, the fear, and the many moments when he thought he might never return home. He realized that Adam's actions, though selfish, had been driven by fear and ego. But forgiveness, he knew, had to come with responsibility. "I'll forgive you," Mohan said finally, "but only on one condition."

Adam looked up expectantly. Hope sparkled across his face.

"You have to tell the world **how I successfully built a time machine and travelled through time**. You must reveal the process, the science, everything—so that people can learn, and so that your jealousy never harms anyone again."

Adam hesitated for a moment, and then nodded solemnly. He knew this was the only way to make things right.

"I will. I promise."



And true to his word, Adam shared Mohan's journey with the world. Scientific journals, news outlets, and social media were flooded with reports of Mohan's time-travel experiment. People everywhere discussed it with excitement and wonder. People were fascinated, amazed, and inspired. Mohan, however, remained humble, emphasizing the complexity and the danger of attempting such feats without expertise.

The day everyone had been waiting for arrived: **3rd September 2026**. The hall was filled to capacity, lively with energy. Mohan stood on the grand stage, lights beaming down, cameras rolling,

and an audience of scientists, students, and reporters watching intently. His heart pounded, but this time with joy rather than fear.

He began to speak, recounting his experiences—the building of the time machine, the perilous journey to the AI-dominated future, the challenges, and the allies who had helped him along the way. Every word held the audience's attention. He described the materials, the sequence, and the painstaking care it required.

“And remember,” Mohan said, with a smile and a warning in his voice, “This is extremely complicated and dangerous. Don’t try this at home. Work hard, study, and dream—but safety comes first.”

The audience erupted into applause. The sound filled the hall, louder than any machine Mohan had ever built. Cameras flashed, journalists scribbled notes, and social media exploded with messages of admiration and excitement. Mohan had not only

survived and achieved the impossible, but he had also inspired the world.

For Mohan, the journey had been more than just building a time machine. It had shaped him into someone wiser and stronger. It had been a test of courage, intelligence, and perseverance. It had taught him forgiveness, humility, and the importance of sharing knowledge.



As he looked out over the crowd, seeing faces full of wonder and hope, he realized something profound:

dreams could come true, no matter how impossible they seemed, if you never gave up.

At the end of his speech, Mohan looked at the audience and spoke from his heart.

“I have seen two different worlds,” he said. “One was the ancient world, where people lived by helping each other. The other was the future, where powerful AI machines controlled almost everything.”

He paused and continued softly.

“Machines are important. They help us learn, build, and move forward. Without machines, the world cannot grow.”

“But I learned something very important,” Mohan said seriously. “When machines take the place of human feelings, care, and relationships, the world becomes cold. In the future I saw, machines were smart—but humans had lost their warmth.”

Mohan smiled gently.

“Whenever I was in danger, it was always a human who saved me. Someone kind; someone brave but never a machine.”

He looked around the hall.

“If we give machines too much importance and forget kindness, friendship, and love, our future will be ruined. Technology should help humans—not replace them.”

“So we must find a balance,” Mohan concluded. “Let machines support us, but let humans lead with heart, care, and responsibility. Only then can we build a happy and safe future.”

The audience clapped loudly. Mohan was no longer just a young scientist—he was a voice of wisdom for the future. And on that momentous day, with the applause echoing around him, Mohan finally felt the immense joy of fulfilment.

He had not only conquered time—he had conquered fear, doubt, and jealousy.

He had achieved his lifelong dream.

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