

BOIRA

THE WORLD WE KNOW AND THE ONE TO COME

The world we know and the one to come was hidden in the clouds that never stopped being formed.

Dr. Lucía Rojas, a meteorologist turned into a reluctant informant, was watching the satellite images with the kind of fear economists feel when observing collapsing markets.

Over the Pacific, a swirling gyre, gorgeous and brutal, was dancing with a tropical depression that had been ignored by most agencies — except hers. The storm had no name yet. But it would.

Lucía lit a cigarette — old habits from her storm-chasing years. She wasn't supposed to be smoking in the basement lab of the Intergovernmental Center for Atmospheric and Fiscal Equilibrium. But, then again, this wasn't just a weather report. This was murder.

Rainfall had patterns, winds had memory and ocean currents told stories. Fluid dynamics didn't lie. Over the past year, there had been anomalies — long-period Rossby waves behaving erratically, jet streams breaking into chaos. And now, a massive surge of equatorial upwelling that mirrored the global inflation curve. The models were correlated. Too correlated.

"It's no longer climate modelling", she whispered to her recorder, "It's market manipulation through meteorology".

The door creaked behind her. Commissioner Hayden stepped in, his coat dripping with what might have been rain or blood, or both. "The Fed knows", he said.

Lucía didn't flinch, "About the pressure cells in the Atlantic? Or the artificial cooling near the Shanghai shipping lanes?".

He nodded. “Both. And more”, he added, “Someone’s geoengineering for profit”.

It was no surprise. When inflation met precipitation and interest rates surged with the tides, patterns emerged. Fiscal storms were forecasted in millibars now and GDP maps came color-coded by barometric pressure.

Lucía turned to her board — a sprawl of red string, equations, satellite paths and stock market crashes. “They’ve tied the energy markets to the Indian Ocean Dipole. Every monsoon shift moves billions. They are betting on droughts, flooding economies while the land floods too.”

Hayden took off his hat, sighing. “It’ll get worse. The IMF is involved. They’ve been suppressing volcanic aerosol data. It keeps the skies clear for their cloud seeding operations in developing nations.”

“Climate colonialism”, muttered Lucía.

The room darkened. The power flickered. Outside, a thunder cracked like a gavel. The storm had reached them.

She stood. “We’ll release the report. Tonight.”

“They’ll kill you”, Hayden warned.

She smiled grimly, “They have already ousted me from NOAA”.

The storm howled louder outside. Systems, both atmospheric and political, were spiralling. But Lucía had the code, the proof and just enough of a signal to upload the files.

Enter: low-pressure heroine; high-pressure truth.

Justice was brewing, somewhere between entropy and equality.