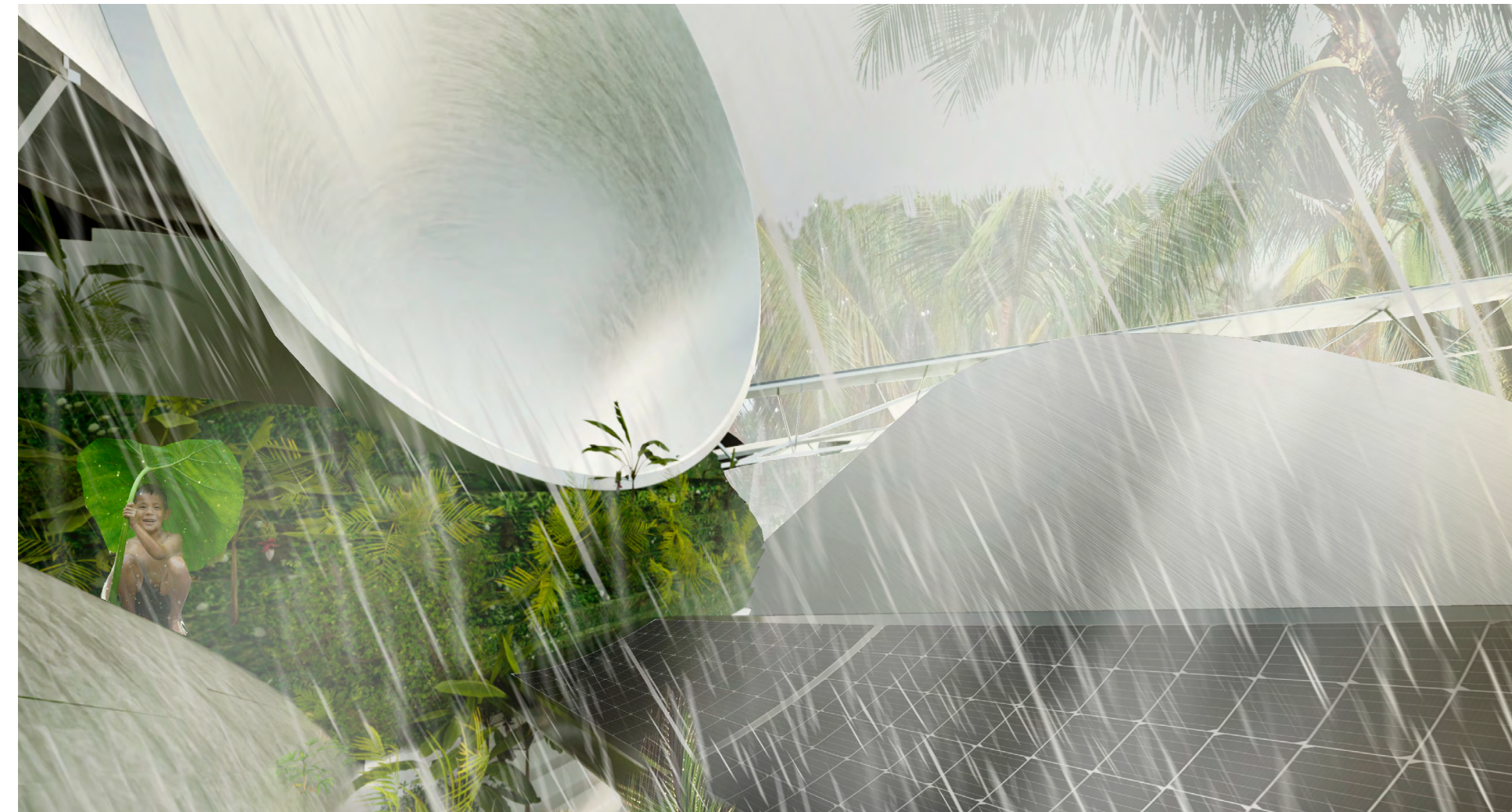




The installation has grown wilder than the blueprints promised.

At noon, when the desert sun glints off the solar sails, the team gathers where engineering meets Eden. Maria kneels between cucumber vines that twist up support beams, their fruits fat with reclaimed humidity. Jamal—who once only calibrated airflow sensors—now knows exactly when cherry tomatoes will burst sweetest between teeth.



The boy presses against the structure's cool supports, as if hiding beneath a giant metal leaf. A true downpour rages overhead, but only scattered drops reach him here—the rest, obedient, funnel down curved channels into reservoirs. He stretches out his hand, catching what even this clever machine failed to claim.

