**Question 5 Dystopia Frame:**

Nobody dies anymore.

[link to task]

I am alone in the waiting room of this squat grey clinic. There is a poster – to distract us or something. It is a strange choice… [describe picture].

How did we get here? They had plucked at the strands of DNA that played the chords of eternal life. Strung up the troublesome aging gene and (for the lucky few) silenced it. So now in this symphony there was one minor note: children.

These places used to be crowded but now children were an indulgence. Not everyone has the marker that enables aging to be suspended so they brought in a test for all pregnancies. Makes sense; no-one wants to live knowing that they are the only one who is going to die. Makes sense until it is your child.

So here I am… No, here we are. Alone. Awaiting the results of the sequencing test for you.

****Will you live forever or will you be discarded before you even have a chance? Why am I even talking to you? You barely exist yet.

[Link to task/picture]

They are calling me in.

Nobody dies anymore but will they let you live?