

Science Fiction and Me: A Journey Through Time

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Title

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Subtitle

Reflections

Abstract

This is an article about my journey with reading Science Fiction.

Introduction

Science fiction did not enter my life with a bang. There were no ray guns, no silver spacecraft streaking across my childhood sky, no sudden epiphany that I would one day write about the future. Instead, it crept in quietly, almost shyly, disguised as curiosity. It arrived through questions rather than answers, through wonder rather than spectacle. Long before I knew the term "science fiction," I was already inhabiting its territory—that uneasy, exhilarating space where imagination interrogates reality. Science fiction, at its core, is not about the future. It is about the present, viewed through a distorted mirror placed at a careful distance. It asks: What if? But more importantly, it asks: What then? And perhaps most uncomfortably: What does that say about us? My journey with science fiction has been inseparable from my journey through time—personal time, cultural time, technological time—and the intersections where these timelines collide.

Concept & Approach

This is a test article

Creative Output

The First Sense of Wonder

My earliest memories are not of books but of questions. Why does the sky change color? Where does electricity come from? How can a voice travel through a wire? These were not scientific inquiries in the formal sense; they were existential puzzles posed by a child trying to reconcile the visible world with the invisible forces that governed it. Science fiction, when I eventually encountered it, felt like an extension of that instinctive questioning. In many ways, science fiction is born from dissatisfaction—with the limits of the present, with accepted explanations, with the notion that reality must remain as it is. For a child growing up in a world where technology was beginning to accelerate but had not yet become omnipresent, this dissatisfaction was fertile ground. Televisions were heavy furniture, telephones were tethered to walls, and computers were distant, almost mythical objects. And yet, the promise of something more—something faster, smaller, smarter—hung in the air. Science fiction literature provided language to that promise. It did not merely predict new machines; it imagined new ways of being human. It suggested that time itself might be elastic, that identity might be fluid, that intelligence might not be confined to biology. These ideas were intoxicating, even before I fully understood them. Discovering Science Fiction as Literature For many readers, science fiction is first encountered as spectacle: space battles, alien invasions, heroic voyages. For me, the deeper attraction lay elsewhere. It was in the quiet moments—the philosophical digressions, the ethical dilemmas, the subtle shifts in social norms that authors embedded into their imagined worlds. What distinguished science fiction from fantasy, I slowly realized, was not the presence of science, but the presence of consequence. Fantasy often asks what would happen if magic existed.

Science fiction asks what would happen if this existed—and then traces the ripple effects through society, culture, politics, and individual lives. It is speculative, but it is grounded. Even its wildest ideas are tethered, however loosely, to the logic of cause and effect. As I read more, I began to notice a pattern: the best science fiction was never really about spaceships or robots. It was about loneliness, power, fear, hope, and the persistent human desire to transcend limitation. The future was simply a canvas large enough to paint these themes without restraint. Time as the Central Obsession If there is one concept that unifies science fiction more than any other, it is time. Time travel, time dilation, alternate timelines, frozen futures, cyclical histories—science fiction returns to time again and again because time is the most fundamental constraint on human existence. We age, we forget, we die. We are haunted by the past and anxious about the future, while rarely inhabiting the present fully. My own fascination with time deepened as life progressed. Childhood treats time as infinite; adulthood reveals its scarcity. Science fiction became a way to explore that transition. Stories that bent time allowed me to examine regret without despair, nostalgia without sentimentality, and progress without blind optimism. Time travel stories, in particular, are rarely about changing history. They are about understanding it. They ask whether knowledge of the future would make us wiser or merely more fearful. They probe whether fate is a prison or a pattern we unknowingly reinforce. In writing science fiction, I found myself returning repeatedly to these questions—not because I expected answers, but because the act of asking was itself illuminating. Technology as Character One of the great misconceptions about science fiction is that it worships technology. In truth, it scrutinizes it. Technology in science fiction is rarely neutral; it behaves like a character, complete with motivations, flaws, and unintended consequences. The internet, artificial intelligence, surveillance systems, virtual realities—these are not props but agents of change. As someone who lived through the transition from an analog world to a digital one, this aspect of science fiction felt deeply personal. I did not need to imagine a future where technology altered human behavior; I was living in it. Email replaced letters. Chat replaced conversation. Screens replaced faces. Slowly, imperceptibly, the boundary between the physical and the virtual thinned. Science fiction gave me a framework to examine this shift without either nostalgia or technophobia. It allowed me to ask: What do we gain? What do we lose? What parts of ourselves are amplified, and which are diminished? Writing science fiction became a way to document not just imagined futures, but lived transitions. The Internet Generation and Speculative Identity One of the most profound themes in modern science fiction is identity. Who are we when we are no longer confined to a single body, a single name, a single location? Long before social media normalized curated personas, science fiction explored fragmented selves—avatars, clones, uploaded consciousnesses, parallel lives. For those of us who encountered the internet in its early, unstructured days, this fragmentation was both liberating and unsettling. Anonymity offered freedom, but also temptation. Distance allowed honesty, but also deception. Science fiction did not judge these contradictions; it examined them. In my own writing, identity often emerges as a question rather than a trait. Characters are defined not by what they are, but by what they choose to reveal, conceal, or invent. This preoccupation owes much to science fiction's insistence that selfhood is not static. In a world where memory can be altered, bodies replaced, and realities simulated, identity becomes a negotiation rather than a fact. Science Fiction as Social Commentary Every era writes the science fiction it needs. Cold War science fiction was obsessed with annihilation and invasion. Post-industrial science fiction interrogated corporations and automation. Contemporary science fiction wrestles with climate collapse, artificial intelligence, and surveillance. These are not predictions; they are reflections. Writing science fiction, I discovered, is an act of cultural diagnosis. You exaggerate a trend not to sensationalize it, but to make it visible. You extend a technology not to glorify it, but to test its limits. The genre allows writers to say uncomfortable things indirectly—to bypass defensiveness by relocating the problem into a speculative context. This is why science fiction often ages better than more literal social commentary. While its imagined technologies may become obsolete, its underlying concerns remain. Power, inequality, freedom, control—these persist, merely changing form. Science fiction endures because it speaks in metaphors large enough to survive technological change. The Discipline of Speculation Writing science fiction is not an exercise in unchecked imagination. On the contrary, it demands discipline. Every speculative leap must be supported by internal logic. If a rule is broken, the writer must account for the consequences. Readers of science fiction are remarkably unforgiving of laziness; they are willing to accept the impossible, but not the inconsistent. This discipline was transformative for me as a writer. It forced clarity of thought. If a society functions differently, why does it do so? If technology solves one problem, what new problems does it create? If time can be manipulated, who controls it—and who is excluded? Science fiction trains the mind to think systemically. It encourages writers to see beyond individuals and examine structures. In doing so, it becomes not just a literary genre, but a way of thinking—a habit of asking second-order questions. The Emotional Core of Science Fiction Despite its intellectual reputation, science fiction fails when it forgets emotion. The most memorable stories are not remembered for their concepts, but for how those concepts made us feel. Awe, dread, melancholy, hope—these emotions anchor speculative ideas in human experience. In my own journey, I came to understand that science fiction works best when the science recedes just enough to allow emotion to surface. A story about immortality is really a story about grief. A story about artificial intelligence is really a story about loneliness. A story about space travel is really a story about exile. This realization reshaped my writing. I stopped trying to impress with ideas and focused instead on resonance. The question became not “Is this clever?” but “Is this true?”—emotionally, if not literally. Science fiction, at its best, tells emotional truths using imaginary tools.

Analysis/Reflection

What does this mean?

Conclusion

Thank you.

Acknowledgment

This is my work

References

None

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References

None

Keywords

Science Fiction

Writing

Reading

Listing

Ocean

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