

Hope

The year is 2077. Human civilization has descended into chaos. Countries have been submerged due to rising sea levels. The intense heat has turned most areas into scorching deserts. With a depleted ozone, deadly UV light, making it dangerous to venture outdoors. Landfills are all over the planet. The term forest is only a figment of the past. Few animals have survived these drastic environmental changes. Due to a lack of food surpluses, many people from around the globe suffer from hunger and disease. Fortunately, you work at the Noah's Arc Foundation (NAF), an international organization tasked with saving humanity from extinction. However, NAF has come up with no viable solution to solve this crisis. As anxiety boils within NAF, many can't help but feel hopeless. Suddenly, your pager buzzes in your pocket and you pull it out of your pocket.

"Classified meeting in sector 7A. Get here ASAP (202) 407-0076."

A message from your boss, it's a bit unusual as you haven't had a message in quite some time. You gather your stuff and make your way to the designated sector passing by many colleagues from different parts of the world. China, Japan, Africa, Germany . . . You can't help but feel impressed that these countries put away their differences and banded together in order to solve the global crisis. You arrive at sector 7A and push open the large reinforced doors, only to reveal a glowing portal situated in the middle of the room. Around the base are the top members from all of the departments of NAF, as well as the founders of NAF. Noticed by your presence, they all turn around to face you.

"Good, you've arrived."

Shocked at this mass gathering you can't help but ask, "What is going on?"

Your boss emerges from the group, his face showing concern.

"You may want to sit down while we explain this to you."

You take a seat at the end of a long table, as the rest of the people choose their seats. One of the founders stands and begins to speak.

"Thank you for taking the time to come for this unexpected meeting. For the past 50 years, our planet has slowly deteriorated. Many people believe that this calamity was caused by a disease, the government, or aliens even. However, the answer to this disaster is one that has been a problem for a long time, and that is global warming. The world neglected global warming, and many believed that global warming was a hoax. Slowly, the Earth became less and less inhabitable, leading to our predicament"

He pauses as silence fills the room.

"Now, the majority of the human population, and many of our own staff, have given up hope on this situation, and I can't blame them. However, the top officials of NAF have come up with a solution, a risky one nonetheless."

He turns around, facing the portal, and sighs.

"We have successfully created a time machine, capable of sending one person to the past."

You are caught by surprise and look around the room. Strangely enough, no one else is astonished by this statement and all look grim.

"Everyone in the room is here because they contributed to the construction of this machine. Everyone except you of course."

His eyes look directly at yours.

“M-Me?” You respond with a shaking voice.

“Yes,” Yob replies, “You have been selected to be sent to the past in order to help fix humanity’s mistake.”

Confused, you ask, “But why me?”

Yob smiles.

“Despite the amount of despair and hopelessness, you have maintained a positive attitude throughout the time you’ve worked here. You’ve encouraged many of your peers to continue with their work in order to save our planet, and helped spread hope throughout NAF. We couldn’t have thought of a better candidate for this mission.”

“B-But, I don’t know what to do.”

“Isn’t it obvious,” Yob replies, “Just do what you are doing now, help spread awareness in the past in order to prevent global warming from continuing.”

Silence fills the room as everyone’s eyes fall on you. Remembering the beauty of the Earth and its diverse ecosystem, you feel a desire to help save and bring it back. Now, filled with confidence, you look back at Yob and the other founders.

“I’ll do it.”

The founders of NAF smile at each other, as Yob speaks up once again. Then let’s get you ready. As a team of researchers help you into a suit, butterflies fly in your stomach, as soon you will enter the past. You take a step to the portal, noticing how it looks quite like the night sky: a dark void, but dotted with glowing spots. Yob steps beside you and gazes into the portal.

“Beautiful isn’t it. I was almost chosen for this mission, but unfortunately I’m too old.”

You turn toward him, words unable to form on your tongue. Yob sighs again and puts your hand on your shoulder.

“The fate of humanity lies on your shoulders. Farewell and godspeed.”

He turns around and leads the rest of the researchers away from the portal. You turn back to face the dark void and take a step inside, mentally preparing for what’s about to come next.

Writer’s response: I wrote a story because I felt that writing can better communicate my feelings toward my audience. Though the story doesn’t connect with PGC, I attempted to illustrate a possible future if global warming/climate change isn’t dealt with. If we continue to burn fossil fuels, fill up our oceans with plastic, deplete our ozone layer, our world may become a dystopian place like the one described above. I understand that the actions we do now greatly affect the future generations and I want to help in the battle to save our planet. That’s why I decided to participate in the PGC because I can learn ways to improve my way of life to benefit the Earth. Although my impact may be small, PGC allows me to help spread the message for a greener future.

-Matthew W. of Team Bob and Yob

Instagram



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scparadox954 Day 1 of PGC. Short story written by moi. Protect the Earth people. Link to full story is here: <https://docs.google.com/document/d/1c82ivlF6FRcQNeGImd9YjaO2R6nCaJMpduoFVb4b1TU/edit?usp=sharing> @turninggreenorg #pgc2021

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