

I turned around, and looked at my mother. Holding her plate in one hand, and a large plastic spoon in another, I proceeded to pile heaps of fish into her plate, along with various types of seafood. It was her favorite, and I knew. Soon her plate was full, and finally, I stopped. I glanced at her again, and through unspoken words, she thanked me. This was the last time I would eat with her.

I screamed. My mother was on the floor, barely breathing. The blood drained from my face. I fainted. This would be the start of a very long night.

Later, I woke up in the hospital, leaning on a chair. Both my father and mother were in beds beside my chair, as my eyes slowly adjusted to the light. What was wrong with them? Then it hit me like a tsunami. It was the fish. It was my fault. I had given them poisoned fish.

I woke up suddenly, breathing fast. Here was the nightmare, again. One that had occurred so many times that I was scared of going to sleep every night, for fear that it would come back. Unwillingly, the nightmare replayed again and again in my head as I drifted fearfully back off to sleep.

Was this the way I wanted to live? I stared at the heaps of trash outside, the thrown out cars, old buildings, electronic waste, probably everything that had ever existed. It was truly terrible. Who wanted to live in a landfill? Well, I told myself, it was 2060, and the humans haven't gotten away with what they had done. They had made a dumpster for themselves to live in. Piles of trash were everywhere. Sure, they had done it to themselves, but it was terrible. At that fleeting moment, I felt bad for the humans. My parents had been poisoned from runoff from one of the biggest dumpsters in the world. So big, the architects had to build a waste compactor and dig one of the deepest holes in history. Almost as deep as the now polluted Mariana Trench. Because of that, they had ingested poisonous plastic in the fish. Because of that incident, I had almost lost my whole family. I never ate seafood again after that.

I picked my way through the trash that, even now, lined the once green city. My neighbor, Aero, waved and called out, "Hey, Izyn! How are you?"

I smiled at him and after a quick, "Hi," continued walking, walking through the trash and tossed out food and everything else that the humans had disposed of outside their windows. A single green plant had sprouted out of a thrown away apple. Out of nowhere, a plastic bag blew and covered the apple, taking it away. This was our trash-filled country, but no one seemed to mind. Why was this? They all seemed to only care about themselves, and never about others. It had become a selfish world, with little feeling, and even less courage to change it. I kicked a water bottle and it flew away in the harsh wind.

“Dad?” I called, opening the door. He wasn’t there. It was dangerous for him to go out, and I was worried. However, I assured myself that he was fine. Pacing around the living room was usually my favorite hobby and the best way for me to think. I looked at the metal door leading to my room, my VR headset, and then the window. Outside, there was a big commotion. I sighed when I noticed that they were rioting. Again. Outside of the gates of Motor 600, the company that was responsible for most of the waste that was dumped. Motor 600 had caused so much pollution, and people were angry. Motor 600 was the company that owned the fastest selling objects in the world. Their items were cheap, they sold virtually everything, and polluted the most in the world. People used Motor 600 products daily. At least, until the Poisoning had started. Now people started buying Motor 600s less and less, because of the continuous deaths caused by pollution that these cars were causing. These people were protesting for a close to the company. Many of their loved ones had been poisoned by the chemicals in their food, and been seriously diseased. I sighed. I needed to end this somehow...and come to a compromise with everyone. But...how?

I threw on my shoes and coat, and rushed outside, ignoring the crowd. I knocked on Aero’s door, and to my disappointment, his dad answered.

“Go away, freak,” he snarled.

“But, I need to talk to Aero! I need his help!”

“My son doesn’t associate with outcasts. Now, go away.”

Of course. Aero’s dad was never concerned about the environment, and neither were many people before the Poisoning. Then, they had switched sides once their loved ones had been poisoned. I sighed, disappointed. I knew Aero never mentioned me to his dad, but Aero was my best friend. Or, the only person outside of my family that I could trust. I ran to Aero’s window, pelting it with bits of metal. He opened it, then rolled his eyes, clearly wanting me to leave.

“What do you want?”

“Some help.”

“With what?”

“Restoring the earth.”

“Lovely,” I grumbled as the crowd started shouting again. I had told Aero about my plan. We would gather in an organized group to strike. But that didn’t seem like enough. People were striking, and nothing was happening. We would have to make something happen. I slammed my fist into a soft piece of styrofoam, and Aero nodded. Our plan was clear, and so was the way forward. Now we could take action.

“First, we’ll go around and talk to the protesters. Get to know them, you know?”

“Sounds good,” Aero nodded.

“Then we can gather them. The more people, the better, and easier it will be.” Coming to my favorite part, I started smiling. “Then we can plant trees, and take the first steps to restore the environment!”

“Right,” Aero said. “I’d forgotten what nature truly has, and what beauty it carries.” He seemed to daydream for a second, then snapped out of it. “Next?”

“Then we’ll start the cleanup. We can sort all the materials if a lot of people are on our side, and we’ll clean out the dump. Fill it in, and start converting the materials to being biodegradable. This way they can fit in with the environment!”

“How about the rest of the things that we are using today?”

“We’ll put a stop to overconsumption. Make sure the companies that are releasing huge upgrades to try and get money, then making people throw the rest away are changed. Everything needs to change for the better for a better environment!” I concluded with a sigh. This was a perfect dream, but the problem was how we would make it happen. Huge machines? Probably hard to get. Large workforce? Also hard to get. Machines? Hard. But we had the materials all around us, I realized, looking down at a large piece of metal I was using as a podium. Together, we could do this.

My head spun. I sighed. It had been three months, and me and Aero had made huge progress. But there was the question of where to go next. I was tired. Ready to move on. But...how? There was nowhere to go. I needed to figure out how to change something. Suddenly, my eyes widened. Like a phoenix in the ashes, a flicker of hope, the apple came back to me. The small green plant, shooting out of the apple. I knew what I had to do.

Of course. Why hadn’t I thought of this earlier? I stared at Aero, and he fidgeted uncomfortably. “If Motor 600 doesn't want to shut down, we have to make it shut down.”

Aero tilted his head backwards. “Of course! The government! We need to change the law! But...how?”

I smiled. I had the perfect plan.

Four long years, I thought, looking at the government building. For four long years, me, Aero, and others fought. Fought in court for laws that would force Motor 600 to stop polluting, along with other companies. The government had finally set laws to end pollution in the ocean, to clean the environment up, and to make food clean for all to eat. This seemed like the ideal world, for all. I closed my eyes and, for the first time in 4 years, I felt content. Content with what I had done. Now, people would truly be safe from the toxic chemicals that had killed so many. They would live in a green environment, like it had been before. Aero grinned at me, and for a fleeting moment, I remembered the apple. The apple that had inspired me. The apple that

carried my hopes and dreams, and started this long revolution. The revolution toward Mother Nature.