

Prologue

Young Olivia Denver was a witty 14-year-old girl with long brown hair and emerald green eyes, abandoned by her parents at an extremely young age, she turned out as one of the smartest people in the world. But it was too late, global warming had killed most of the planet in 2051, and so the world left to space in the great evacuation of 2117 where they went to Mars which was now in the Habitable Zone, though thousands had to be left behind due to overcrowding and scattered to different “Plantations” around the world which are now refugee camps for those left behind. Plantation #9 is located in Tampa, Florida where Olivia has built an air filtration system to clean the air that resides within her plantation.

Chapter 1 - Olivia's Predicament

Olivia's hands quivered as she desperately tried to connect the last tube within the smoking machine, The machine abruptly stopped smoking as she connected the silicone tube, she sighed in relief, but moments later she'd hear a click, and the machine would puff out smoke, contaminating the whole room. She'd run out beading sweat while the machine would destroy the filter. “Oh, no, no, no this can't be happening!” She'd grab a gas mask from the wall rushing in try to see if she can save the damage, she'd look at the wiring as it had burnt into ashes the silicone band left colorless on the floor. She'd try and fix the damage. She'd contained the damage as best she could, but they'd only have about one week until the filter died out. “What am I going to do!?” She was beginning to have a panic attack; Olivia would run into the town announcing to everyone the news about the filter. Some older folk would say, “I guess this is the end for us.”

Chapter 2 - The Countdown

Olivia would run to her home panting grabbing tools and a few schematics for her generator. Her older friend Percy would walk in saying “What are you doing, the generator can't be fixed without the tank.” She'd drop all the things she grabbed “My goodness why didn't I think of that!” She'd run to the tank storage gasping and having a mini heart attack. “It's out!” Her friend would walk up exclaiming the same thing. She'd have a quick thought wondering, “That's it!” She'd exclaim as she'd run to a dusty old machine that would have rat poop in all over, Olivia wouldn't care as she placed the tank at the end of the machine. “What is this old thing going to do?” Her friend would doubtfully say. Olivia would churn the machine as she'd grin as the churning would stop churning as she quickly took the tank from the machine. She'd run to the machine as she'd trip on her shoelace dropping the tank. It would burst as she'd feel a sense of dread and doubt fill her. She'd quickly get over it remembering her Grandmothers old words “Never Give up, unless you want to be a fool.”

Chapter 3 - The Build

Olivia's mind would be racing as she'd grab metal, wires and things to build a new machine she'd come up with in her head. A Carbon to Oxygen machine, she had to make a synthetic tree in three days. She'd sigh getting right on track building the machine. Percy would secretly go back to his home taking his pill for his Stage three Liver Cancer. Olivia wouldn't know about Percy's illness as he was

going to tell her the day the generator broke. So, to keep morale high, he kept it a secret. Percy would go to Olivia's side providing tools and such the whole night. Olivia would be working super hard as Percy would fall back snoring. Olivia woke Percy up with a start, "I did it!" the Carbon and Oxygen machine would be there completed. "Does it work?" Let's hope she'd grab a tank placing it down and connecting the machine to it, it would start to buzz and create Oxygen. A sigh of relief would pass through her. "How long have we got?" Olivia would say. "Not long, about 24 and a half hours." Olivia would sigh another sigh of relief. "Well we've saved the town!" Percy would nod his head.

Chapter 4 - Is Percy Alright?

Olivia would check on the tank every hour or so. She'd hear Percy coughing, and she'd run over. "What happened?" "I'm fine." she'd see a red liquid in his hand. "Is that blood!?" She'd open his hand up finding thick blood running over his palm. She'd gasp. "It's fine Olivia I'm just a little ill, that's all." Black lines would be on his face as her eyes would widen. He'd start coughing again more aggressive as he'd black out, she'd panic performing C.P.R and doing everything she could she'd bring out to the town to see if anyone could save him. No one could, she'd make medicines and antidotes still nothing.

Chapter 5 - The "Savior"

She'd hear a click from the machine feeling to down to do anything about it. She'd lay at his body crying to herself. An old man with a French accent would walk in saying "You know this town is yours' too." She'd look back at him "What do you mean?" "I mean that we have 5 minutes left and you have a tank to fill." She'd get up running towards the tank seeing others start falling because of the poisonous air. She'd reach the tank and run to the generator; she'd fall saving the tank, but she couldn't get up, the slot for the O₂ would be right there. She'd crawl as fast as she could placing the tank in as she'd breath in her last breath crumbling to the ground as she hyperventilated dyeing on the ground a tear dropping down her face.

The End