Climate Creativity Collaboration

Artistic Expressions of the East Lothian-Wide Vision for a Thriving, Sustainable Future

Imagining the Year 2040

Title: The World is Going to be Okay!

Category: Short story

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Twisting and tumbling my head burning and my limbs numbly flailing around , my eyes are squeezed shut and I feel sick. damp grass brushed my skin and all of a sudden the ground is hard beneath me, no pain filled my body but the blinding gold and white light that had swirled around me just moments before had disappeared and now the crisp atmosphere was clear and my lungs filled with fresh, clean air. I turn my head to the left to see the school, ‘Knox Academy’ the sign reads in grey capitalized writing. This is my school, but I'm confused because above

Above my head, stretch huge wide branches filled with bright green leaves in which the dazzling sun sparkles through in beams of light. Trees as towering as forest giants grow up from the soil, I'm stunned though because Knox Academy (well the one I know), has no trees in its grounds! I stay sitting, a breeze brushes the back of my neck and I realise with the widest grin, it worked…

The time machine worked.

I stand up cautiously, if the time machine had really worked then the year should be 2040, excitement pulsed through my body and I felt truly alive. As I look up I notice out of the corner of my eye a large rectangular black board that seems to glint in the sun. It's attached to the corner of the school roof and healthy looking birds with sleek white feathers flutter round them. “Solar panels!” I exclaim to myself in surprise. “sustainable energy for our school, that's brilliant.”

My attention snaps away from the roof as a bright yellow creature buzzes past my face. I smile as the little bumble bee trundles away and leads my vision to a large green house with a little garden gate. Flowers grow up from the side in every colour, lilac blue bells, pearl coloured snow drops, sunshine yellow daffodils and deep red roses. Inside the protected glass room plants grow up from the ground in twirling patterns. An area of undug soil was lined by wooden planks and the surrounding garden and shrubs edged the corners. Children sat around with trowels and mini spades and one boy held a newly grown potato above his head “my twelfth tattie” laughed the boy “I grew the most” he bragged cheerfully.

Next to the boy sat a teacher with short silver hair *‘Mrs Laudi’* I exclaimed in my head with surprise and delight. She must still be teaching at my school and running the Eco-Committee even in 2040! She held a bucket of carrots and rinsed them with a hose, ‘fresh’ her warm smile seemed to say. I covered my face in fear she would recognize me and then I remembered I'm just another one of the hundreds of students she has taught here, so I waved briefly and then I walked over to a different corner of the garden that seemed calmer. A big green plant was covered in a net to protect it from animals and drooping beautifully from many of the branches were bright, red delicious looking tomatoes. I reached my hand through the netting and plucked one off the pretty bush and popped it in my mouth. Cold, sweet and zingy juice squirted down my throat and I marvelled at the sour unique taste. It was warm and friendly in the greenhouse so when I stepped outside the chilly, bright air engulfed me and I gasped at how lovely the air was to breathe.

Instead of hanging round in clusters having a vape, older students walked around with notebooks and textbooks pointing out different flowers and trees. A tall male teacher was overlooking a game of football in the field and boys and girls passed about a ball grinning with freedom and enjoyment at the fact of playing and learning outdoors in the sun. After walking past the car park that seemed to be full of super cool electric cars, I came to an area filled with the peaceful noise of birds chirping and singing in the breeze. Bird feeders and little homes hanged from branches and a girl with wavy brown hair hung hers up on a high up branch as her friends did the same they tool a step back and happily watched little Robins and Blue tit's and one tiny bird with a golden underbelly flutter strongly and healthily about the feeders. ‘They must have made them CDT’

I thought to myself, intrigued by all the bird species flourishing right within the school. Jingling rang in my ears as a long music chime swang and joined in with the songs. I sat down on a bench that had patterns and pictures carved in the smooth wood and ivy that clung to the arm rests and watched it all with curiosity and longing. I sat very still as a red-ish brown coloured squirrel came and sat right by me nibbling an acorn in his paws.

‘I really hope it's really like this in the future when I send my children to school’ I whispered to myself. ‘We can *all* do this,’ I thought. ‘We *can* save the planet and nurture and be nurtured in this environment that we love and need to look after.’ ‘If we work hard and have hope, the world is going to be okay’.