

When the World Stopped Blooming

My alarm starts blaring as I hit my hand on the top of my clock. I woke up this morning feeling warmer than usual. I hear a small knock on my door, and soon my mom walks into my congested room. "Good morning Stacey, how'd you sleep?" My mom begins opening my blinds.

"Not well, it was so hot in here," I reply as I use my hand to fan myself.

"Same with my room. We had to turn off the air conditioning due to the conditions outside." Outside? I gave her a confused look, not knowing what she was talking about.

"Take a look." She points out my open window. Oh. My. Goodness. The sky is cloudy and gray, the grass is no longer green but black. All of the trees were cut down and the only remnant left was the dead stumps. A disgusting odor reeks into my room, making me plug my nose.

"What happened?" I inquire. Nothing like this has ever happened in Sinter's Valley. It was extremely unusual.

"It was all over the news. A disturbing fire happened up in Connecticut, and somehow it affected us," my mom answers. It seemed as though she knew more.

It was clear that there was no fire. Something or someone tampered with our ecosystem. Nothing this destructive would be caused by a fire 6000 miles away. My mom walks out of the room with a nervous look on her face.

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I jump out of bed and quickly get changed. Soon, I'm stomping down the stairs to get breakfast. There, I see my mom making pancakes.

"You hungry?" She asks as she flips her pancakes.

I ignore her and ask, "How could this even happen? There was no fire anywhere near here."

"I don't know honey, but it's not up to us to find out. All we can do is carry on with the rest of our lives," my mom replies.

"What about the wildlife? Are they affected?" I ask with a worrying tone.

My mom slams the spatula down and glares at me. "Listen, I told you not to worry about it. So let's drop it okay?" She picks up the spatula and continues to pour the batter onto the pan.

I don't know why she got so mad. I mean, she cares about the environment just as much as I do.

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I decided to further investigate. As soon as I step outside, that same smell burns my nose, making it almost impossible to keep looking around. As I walk along the dead grass, it almost turns into ashes as I take a step.

Weird. It was clear that the air was much quieter than it usually is. Instead of the routine of hearing the squirrels chatter and the birds sing, it was dead silent. I go over to my flower garden to find that all of my flowers are dead. Tears start streaming down my face as I bend down to look at the state of my flowers.

They took me 4 years to grow and to know that all of the time and effort was wasted was really upsetting. I hear the door creak open and I see my mom step out. She walks toward me and sits beside me.

"What's wrong?" I ask as I use the back of my hand to wipe my tears.

"Well, I wasn't fully honest with you," she begins, "This didn't happen because of a fire. I was scared to tell you at first because I know how much you care about all of this." She gestures all around us.

"What actually happened?" I inquire. She seems to be stalling.

"Okay. What really happened was—you. And me, and everyone on this planet." I look at her in utter shock. How is this my fault?

She was almost reading my mind and added, "Pollution, global warming, climate change. That was the whole reason for this."

"I get how this could happen, but how did this happen so suddenly?" I didn't understand. Everything was blooming just yesterday.

"We don't know. Scientists are still trying to figure it out. But what we do know is that it will never return."

"Will what never return? Nature or this disaster?" My mom looks away, unable to look at me. She stands back up and gives me a kiss on my forehead. "You will soon know the answer to that."

What does that mean?

I still can't handle all of this. I mean, it seems as though animals and nature will never come back. That still can't be right.

I put my hands down on the ground, and feel something tickle my palm. I pick my hand back up, and there I see a small green sprout. This is the start of a new beginning.

THE END