

BrockSci-Fi: 2105: Plague

It was 2095. I was 7. Everything was great. I remember the backyard and when I would throw baseball with my dad. I remember when my mom would teach me how to cook so my future wife wouldn't have to do everything. I remember when me and my brother would get into an argument and fight but we'd always make up. I miss those times. Now it's 2105. I'm 17. And it's hell out here. There's a terrible plague and it's killing everyone. It's causing people to go crazy and hide and the hiding is causing business to die and the world is falling apart. Recently my Mom and Dad passed away and it hurts. Really bad. My brother also disappeared so now I don't have my best friend. It sucks but I have to keep pushing. It looks like a ghost town out here. Businesses are emptied out but now I'm able to just go in and get whatever because no ones there. There might be like one or two people in there that are desperate to earn respect from their job at the local Walmart but I'm pretty fast so I just outrun them. What are they gonna do? Call the cops on me? There are no cops. I have this little site where I stay. It's pretty close to the big Walmart that I always rob, so I can keep robbing it. I've seen other survivors but I don't know what they look like because we all have to wear masks so we don't get the plague. I made this little mask that's actually comfortable for when I go to sleep so I don't risk anything. But I wanna help. I don't wanna live like this anymore. I teamed up with a group of scientists near me and my job was to go out and get sick people so they can get results off of them for a cure. It was risky, but I was willing to make the sacrifice. They gave me a brand new and nicer mask though so that's nice. I brought back several people who were severely sick for them to run tests on. It was hard but I got it done. My next task was to go and get healthy people so they could compare the results. I brought back several healthy people too. My final task was to Take the cure and drop it off at the Main Center. It's what we call the building with the most powerful people in the world. The Main Center only opens up when the world is in desperate need of help. That's when all of the powers come from all of the world. It is located in Washington. Not like the White House in Washington DC. Just Washington. The only problem is, I live in Colorado. I started my travel and tried my best to hitchhike but reasonably no one was willing to take the risk. Until I find this one guy. He had this old van of some model I had never seen before. He offered to drive me all the way as long as I pay him. I only had 150 dollars but with the state that the world was in, it seemed like a million

dollars. He said that would do it and we started our journey. Over the course of this drive I learned a lot about the guy. He had a wife and two kids, but they passed away from the plague unfortunately. His belongings, his family's belongings, his memories, and his van were all he had left. I felt bad for the guy but I knew what it was like. He was 42. A very wise guy and nice too. We finally arrived and I gave him the money but he seemed off, like he was heavy about something. Then out of nowhere he takes a knife and tries to stab me with it, yelling "Give me the damn cure!". I dodged the knife, knocked it out of his hand and took him to the ground. He was so much stronger than me but I was fighting for my life. We wrestle on the ground for a little bit until he gets me in a headlock. I think to myself, "This is it". Memories of me and my dad playing baseball in the backyard, me and my mom cooking, and me and my brother fighting but then getting over it. They all came back to me as I thought I was about to die. I start to lose consciousness until I see the knife out of the corner of my eye. I grab it really quick and. I killed a man. A man that I had empathy for, that I thought was wise and nice. I killed him. An overwhelming amount of guilt ran over me until I realized I had to, or I'd be dead and who knows what would've happened with the cure. I hide his body and continue my journey. They spray me down as I walk in and put me in a protective suit. I head where I give them the cure and they take it and reward me with a safe place to stay and 10,000 dollars. "But I didn't do this alone", I told them. They didn't care but I did. Instead of taking the safe place, I journeyed all the way back to Colorado and split the cash with all of the scientists and people who helped. The sick ones were dead by then unfortunately but I did what I could. I finally felt like I meant something in this time of need and I made some new friends. Life was going to be good again. Hopefully.