

Inhale. Exhale. Those chanting words kept me going, they permitted my feet to linger loping, and the crunching of autumn leaves to become never-ending. Was it even now autumn? That I didn't know. No matter how many days passed, lifeless the leaves had become. Run-down buildings scarcely held to the terrain, cracks covering the ground, and debris of once-perfectly built structures dispersed endlessly. Due to the rise of sea levels, the area below me had been flooded by the murky water that was left from the terrible crisis in the year of 2076, when the world came to an end. *The trees quavered as a festering gust of air blustered past them. Those trees, they weren't filled with the nimble splendor I had once seen. They were merely bare. Having experienced their poise to be taken away from them. However, I sought to see that exquisiteness once more.* The Earth that once was occupied with mesmerizing green, blue crayon-colored seas, and beings that roamed the land freely was no longer safe to live on anymore. *My throat was sweltering, the essential necessity to breathe was too fervent. My chest constricted, the hammering heartbeat resonating in my ears. The palpating pressure applied to my shoulders simply too much. But, I kept going.* The level of CO₂ in the atmosphere had increased tremendously, the highest in millions of years. And to live in a biosphere of despair was surely no place to adapt. Pollution had taken over, causing the many saddening death of wildlife that had formerly existed. *I was so near, yet I was so tired. But, my feet had to impel themselves to run faster. My throat that tightened at the thinning air had to possess the ability to endure the lack of oxygen. Just a while longer.* Could the garbage we littered onto the sea have been successfully ceased? Maybe the atmosphere would have progressed for the better, not the worse. *And with my arms dropping to my side, my throat's smothering clutch subsiding, and my constricting chest now loosening, I had reached my destination. High upon the reverberating precipice, I stood to see my new world.* Why had it been so difficult to attain an evocative solution to all this? *I hadn't taken note of my tiring legs that relinquish their will to continue, and gleaming eyes filled with exhaustion. Then I felt it. A prickling sensation on my ankle that laid on the ground, and my eyes wandered to the source. Never in my life had I seen a more divine sight on such disheartening days that passed by. My heart lifted in spite of the grim surroundings, my eyes shimmered with an emotion I had longed to feel once again; happiness. Because, there within the cracks of the shattering cliff, grew a life. From a seed it had become a plant, even in such conditions the Earth was on. There was still a life clinging to an impending future. So, I hoisted myself from the floor, optimistic and dignified. Then, I ambled to the edge of the precipice of what I would once call doom, and now called a blessing. So why had it been so difficult to attain an evocative solution to all this? Because I had been striding in the wrong direction. Because I was blinded by futility and a monochrome landscape. But I knew what to do the now.* "Would you like to ask any other questions?" A senior woman sent a wrinkled smile at the gathered children in front of her, who listened at her story in veneration. A young eight-year old girl, raised her hand in elation. "Did she save the world only by recycling?" Her eyebrows furrowed in curiosity, and the elderly gave a hearty laugh. "Well, there are many ways Samantha. For one, everyone made sure not to make the same mistakes. Harvesting all the trash from those oceans, making sure to lower the making of CO₂, replacing it with renewable gas. This includes planting trees, of course. They absorb CO₂ and produce oxygen." The older lady responded, informing the young scholars on the current topic. "We all have to work together?" The little girl continued her inquiry. "To overcome all this, we have to let everyone know what's going on in the world. Even the generations following up. We can't do this all alone, can we?" Yet, before any of the students could query, the group had be discharged from the museum that was on the verge of closing. The elder's lecture was done for the day, however, before she could leave as well, her eyes admired the petite plant, though feeble & frail on the outside, potent on the inside. "You saved the world."