

Title:

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*Creative story
entry*



FORMAS



Gaborone 2220

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It was still morning when she was staring at the sea of green sorghum growing in her backyard, the dew still glistening on the leaves, the drones were buzzing over the crops spraying puffs of water over them, and as a backdrop to the green facade but still complementing the glistening leaves were large solar panels on the hill which supplied electricity for her village. She stood at the doorway of her zero-impact government house which was a bit of a long way out of Gaborone.

She was still contemplating if this was right, she thought she had convinced herself but still wasn't sure if she was ready to go back there.

It had been her qualm for the past few weeks now.

But at this time, it was almost too little too late to refuse to leave, the car was on its way and she had already asked her neighbours to watch Morena for her, for the few days she would be gone. Not too long after, the Land Cruiser had entered her yard, her duffle bag in hand, her large afro held back in two puffs, her dark green long skirt with a bright white shirt screamed maturity and class and more importantly in a subtle way..rowth.

“Dumelang, Mme Mma Mbulani” the chauffeur said opening the door to the vehicle,”Dumelang” she said in her composed nature. The car ride wouldn't be long, in no time they would be reaching Mochudi which was now a part of Gaborone.” Wow it really had grown she thought, “I heard that you can see the skyscrapers in Gaborone when on the hill at Mochudi”, her helper once said, she let out a slight giggle remembering it, the driver peeped at the rearview mirror to see what the joke was about. Although he tried his best (with little success) to mask his nerves, he was shaken that he was driving the Great Warrior woman Masego Mbulani who had fought for many reforms to Gaborone's increasingly pollutant ways. It took him back to the day when she stood at the parliament building chanting and shouting just before she was yanked by security off the premises.

The car ride was very quiet, the Land Cruiser was electric, also one of her suggestions, all government cars were now electric, she smiled.

She was lost in her mind looking out the car window at about three combine harvester's, they had no one at the wheels, moving about kicking up dust in the field, it took her back to an eerie time.

Sometimes it was hard to breathe when she walked in the taxi rank, dust from the land port landed everywhere. On that day she knew something had to change, someone had to be the change, she would be the change. Thanks to her Gaborone was very different now. They now approached Mochudi.

The white windmills with black tips on the blades popped up like sentinels. They were not white because of the fiberglass exteriors which were hard to recycle. But rather they were actually wooden but clad with a compound that took in carbon dioxide, and the black tips were solar panels, two in one, it was her vision made reality, she smiled.

Just after the myriad of windmills passed. The shiny roofs appeared on her left and right the government houses, all had solar panels on them in the eleven o'clock summer sun they dazzled and shone, also one of her suggestions, but suggestions is an understatement it was more of a demand, but even that is a bit toned down in all honesty. It was a scream, a stomp, a jutting of the fist in the air, while saliva frothed at the corners of her lips while staring a police officer down through his darkened visor while he had a tazer in one hand and a baton in the other.

Then just then seemingly rising in the horizon like a tall silver sword, Gaborone Tower stood high surrounded by a few other buildings but it dwarfed them all. They were now entering the city and green was everywhere on the sides of the roads adorned with motopi trees on each side.

The buildings were clad in white tiles, the same used on the windmills, there were electric kombi's about, still swerving about in a rude manner, that was one thing that would never change even though transport was now free. Though some vehicles were not electric but rather the more progressive hydrogen-fueled cars.

The roads shimmered a bit, she let out a Mona Lisa smile once again, another one of her ideas. The roads were no longer asphalt but rather made from recycled plastic, it was a big ask at the time, but considering what she had lost it was not too difficult to pass it through. It was never about just her, it was about everyone that would come after. The death of one man and the cry

of the widow in 2160 would change the course of Gaborone, the news reverberated across the world, they were heard. Would any of her dreams for Gaborone materialised if she hadn't in a way lost.

The car cabin became dark as the car quickly descended into a tunnel where sensors could detect a car and turn on the lights as it needed. She was admittedly impressed. Just as quickly the car went out of the tunnel and on each side of the mini highway were trees growing tall, even though this was technically central Gaborone. Masego looked through the windscreen, it looked like a long thorn jutting out of the canopies of the trees. She could only see the upper half of the building and it was just as her plans that she submitted a few weeks after the protests had stopped. It was covered in greenery, vines dangling from the balconies. Just as she was looking through the building two hover taxis zoomed past the building, she smiled.

They weren't too far off now, just a kilometer and they would reach the tower. Then she saw it, she saw the place where it happened. 'Stop!' She screamed; Thato braked so hard that Masego got jerked forward held only by her seat-belt. She unbuckled herself opened the door and ran into traffic narrowly missing two cars. Thato ran right behind her. She didn't know where she was running to but just ran. She soon got tired, mentally she could've ran forever but her body failed her, she sat by a bench, she was in Gaborone Park.

She sat there staring through the parting between two trees, panting trying to catch her breath, there was an open field, some people were playing soccer. Masego then realized where she ran to was the same place where her husband was shot during the protests. She noticed because of the two buildings that were now shrouded by trees.

She remembered staring at the one then the other to try and not look at him as he took his last breath, even though her tears made them blurry at the time she remembered them well enough. She took a deep breath, and tried to make her way to the car and noticed that Thato had been standing a couple of meters away. They then made the quiet walk back to the car.

In no time they reached the building. Just by the entrance in large lettering it wrote GABORONE TOWER: MASEGO. She immediately felt the tears coming on but she quickly composed herself as a few ministers came to greet her.

She shook hands and waved, smiled, and let out a few giggles to the many jokes the MP's, Councilors, and many other elites and delegates. She later met with the president and after many orations on the Commemoration of the day, Gaborone went green and Commemoration of the protests that led to Gaborone turning a new leaf and dedicating itself to being a pinnacle example of a green city in Africa. It was time for Masego to take to the stage she was one of the last to give a speech, after all, part of this was in her honor. "I would like to thank everyone for being here on this momentous occasion", a bit of a cheesy intro but she was a bit lost for words. "Years ago I joined in on a fight for a better cleaner future, a future where this city could be a leading example for a green city in Africa, where the economic gain is not sought after at the expense of the quality of life of the people living here. When I joined this fight I never expected to lose my husband in the process!", tears were now welling up in her eyes, "...we wanted to breathe clean air and drink clean water and walk on clean streets! Well, now I am proud to say that is exactly what we have achieved today! I would also like to say thank you to all those who marched with me and the decision-makers who heard our plea and cries and committed themselves to create the gorgeous city we see today thank you".

She was later led up to her room, high up in the tower. After a night of quite meaningful conversations and many many congratulations she video chatted or rather holochatted with her son for a bit before stepping out on the balcony, shrouded with beautiful vines, "Babylon like" she thought to herself as she moved apart the vines and looked at a new Gaborone from a view and she was proud of what she saw. We did it she thought, It wasn't in vain, she took a deep breath, and smiled cause it wasn't heavy on her lungs like it used to. She looked and she saw the hover taxis hopping from building to building, Gaborone had grown so much, it had spread out, but in a sustainable way. She let out a Mona Lisa smile again.