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Occupy Climate Change (OCC!)

*Creative story
entry*



FORMAS



“The Last Frontier, The Final Survival”

Anonymous

“Welcome to The Last Frontier”, read a sign as it flew by my peripheral vision. I entered the state on my single passenger hover car going thirty-five, rain rolled down plexi-glass windows that gave me a 360 degree view of the nature around me. It had been a little over 200 years since I had been in my home state. Yet, like always, the atmosphere was nostalgic, like entering a childhood home. Alaska was my childhood home.

Everything's changed now. While it still feels like a home, it's now more of a safe haven, a place people go to escape the plague. So far, after two hundred years, it had only been reported a few times in the largest state. In 2019, as you know, Covid-19 had taken its toll on the economy, laws, and most importantly, the lives of everyone. After a quickly patented vaccine came out in the beginning stages of 2021, life slowly began to shift back to normal. By the end of 2021, a third of the population in America had been vaccinated, and rightfully so, it had shown great results and Covid was rapidly declining. The economy was starting to get back on its feet, and the constant fear of being struck sick by an airborne disease had diminished greatly. It wasn't until 2023, two years later, when Covid-23.2 emerged. Completely changing the course of human history, Covid 23.2 was discovered in the same facility the original vaccine had been produced. In an attempt to beat the course of nature, scientists from around the world came together to produce simulations of different strands of a Covid virus, so that they may produce an anti-virus, if this disease or one like it were to appear naturally. Everything had gone according to plan, according to the reports that blasted every TV in the world. That was until one rogue scientist took it upon himself to attempt to end the human race. There was one Covid Strand created, that was so powerful, and contagious, that no vaccine was effective against it. With nothing but ill intentions, Dr. Albs, of New Mexico, took a strand of the virus home with him, and distributed it to his family of three. Within 8 hours they were dead. According to reports, after killing his family, Dr. Albs only got so far, he was found dead in his car, just a few hundred miles away. These were the first four deaths caused by Covid-23.2, and the effects took action quick. All of them being found only hours after their death; their skin was partially shedded, covered in sores, and colorless. Within six months, four million people were dead. In a year, eight hundred million. In two years, a global pandemic

was a polite term. Utter desolation of the human race left all but an estimated one billion people on earth by the time a effective vaccine was distributed, three years later. Well, two billion people, but I will get to that another time.

As I entered into Alaska, by way through Canada, up the Al-Can, tall Titanium walls standing 100+ feet surrounded by nothing but green forest blocked my only entrance into the city of Anchorage. I stopped at the entrance doors, about twenty feet away, at which point a red laser beam protruded from the front of the doors, scanning my car, and me along with it in search of one thing, Covid-23.2. Once I was shown to be clear of any disease, I was allowed access through an opening that appeared within the walls, only slightly bigger than my hover car. It had been nearly 30 years since Covid had hit Anchorage. For other places, they cannot say the same. I was running low on electric fuel so I stopped by the nearest Hover Car station. In fact, that's where I write this now. Hover Car Stations and Transit are unique to Alaska. Every Hover Car station is similar, having a few diners, a hotel, a movie theater, a small grocery store, local pharmacy, and a McDonalds. Every twenty miles, you'll find at least one Hover Car Station. Depending on your hover car, it could take up to three hours to fully recharge your vehicle, so people will often get their weekly shopping, dates, or long lunches at Hover Car Stations, and let their car charge while doing their daily tasks. Transit Hover Busses also stop at these Hover Car stations constantly as they make their way throughout the city. Since it is public transportation, these busses are allowed to hover much higher than most other vehicles, and therefore, can travel throughout the city much faster. It is still bewildering to me how busses have made such a comeback.

In fact, most things are bewildering to me, for I have only been awake for 6 months, I still am getting used to what a lot of people consider normal today. Along with hovering cars and red laser beam city access, in the last six months, I have learned that racial injustice has presumably ceased. At around two in a half billion people lost, a treaty was signed amongst all nations to cease any conflict, debt, or issue in the sake of Humanity, to band together as a human race, to survive. So far, this treaty has been the greatest action ever overwhelmingly agreed upon. America has sent many care packages, safety suits, and survival kits to once frowned upon enemies. Likewise, doctors in Pakistan, came across a critical enzyme that was crucial in the development of a temporary antibody, in which they shared with American doctors immediately, as everyone

worked together. While nations came together, skin color became less problematic. I'm not sure, I guess something about two billion people dying in what seems like a blink of an eye can make you appreciate humanity a little more, even if they don't look exactly like you.

Climate change took a devastating turn of events by 2082, even with a third of the population gone, Mother earth had seen too much damage, Northern Alaska was now heavily submerged in ocean water. And most, if not all indigenous people to Alaska, either died on their land, or were forced to migrate down to Palmer, and below. From what I've heard, they were welcomed openly. After all, they were here before any of us.

In 2100, America announced that in 2200, money would no longer be a means of transaction amongst the middle class. Only the rich, and those on disability would have access to money. When I first read this a few months ago, I was just as astonished, but the explanation made sense. Those who do not use money, simply work for whatever expense they want. Rather than working for money, you work off in the amount of hours, however much your purchase is worth. Since I classify as the middle class, I had to learn how this worked, quickly. If I want some Coffee, that's eighteen minutes. That is, eighteen minutes of work. Then I go to the mall to buy a shirt, twenty-six minutes. Twenty-six minutes of work. Now, instead of going to work for a set amount of hours to make however much money, you just work for as much time as you rack up on your iTab. iTab is your work bill that follows a person wherever, like a social security number.

The complications you might be having about this new law, or form of currency, is not without reason, and while I'd like to explain, to be quite honest, there is still much I'm finding out myself. As of right now, I am just happy to be returning to Alaska, my home state. And I am blessed, it has been easier for me than it has been for others to enter into this land. Since I was born here, I do not need to fight for access. It now homes just over 3 million people, all covid free, and most residents being of the current time. Montana, Texas, North Dakota, are some other covid free states in which there are major cities, but what makes Alaska special is the nature that's protected. In most of the lower forty-eight, forest fires, earthquakes, and abandoned land has caused its scenery to be painful, a memory of what once was. However, Alaska has remained beautiful as always, its scenery for the most part has remained the same. While the city looks more modern, the open

wilderness is vast and exciting as always, When the sea level rose due to global warming, causing northern Alaska to be submerged, many animals fled to lower Alaska, where more inhabitants dwelled. After a few grizzly bear maulings and polar bear sightings in the city, it was decided to relocate these animals to better environments. Many polar bears were taken to Antarctica, where their population has since thrived. The ice is much more plentiful there, and there is a surplus supply of penguins and other common land animals. Grizzly bears, as well as other animals, were taken to parts of Canada, and others were relocated to the remains of Northern California, fifty years after the San Andreas Fault Line collapsed.

I write this In a Hover Car Station just off Muldoon, in Anchorage Alaska. It is July 22nd, 2221, 10:31 Pm. The sun is bright in the Alaskan sky. I am 25 years old, and everything I am telling you since 2023, I have only learned in the last six months. I have been asleep for nearly 200 years, by choice. It is why I am able to write to you today. My Hover Car is done charging now, and I have some hours of work I must pay off for my expenses. I write this for those who may wake up later than me, or for those who may not wake up at all. It is urgent you read to the end...

Benjamin Goodwin's personal notes.

It feels weird being awake again, at least certainly at first. After 6 months, the only thing that is still weird to me about society is how people haven't really changed in the last two hundred years. I mean sure, laws and the way people have appreciated the humanity of others has changed. But deep down, the intentions, heart, and deception of a man still lies deep within them. If anything, the people who are most hated are people like me. The "sleepers". That term is associated with quitters and the rich and pompous. I've received weird looks and stared downs since I've awoken, even by a few nurses. But I was not rich, I was lucky to get the opportunity at the time, and if you want to call me a quitter, I rather call myself a survivor, and time traveler.

Dr. Albs was the world's most hated man. Distributing a simulated virus that killed over five billion people in two years, put him as the undisputed #1 mass murderer, especially after documents were released of the doctors coming together and determining the effects, if such a virus was to be released. Unfortunately, those with the covid vaccine were most susceptible. The new virus strained with the covid vaccine which is connected to the bodies DNA, breaking down the body

literally from the inside out. Most who had the covid vaccine did not survive. As if it mattered, most did not survive anyway. You would think there would be violence in the streets, rampant floods of robberies and looting, fights and those fighting for the last of grocery items. But there was no time for any of that, there was too much mourning, loved ones, famous celebrities, notoriously recognized people were dying daily. Tv shows were ending, stores were closing. There was chaos, but there was mourning that overwhelmed everything else. I saw it all before my very eyes. I was affected too. I did the tearful task of finding out how many people I knew were still alive a few days before I went to sleep. As a matter of fact, it was the deciding factor of why I chose to go into the capsule and sleep in the first place. I personally knew 11 people that were still alive.

As billions had died, The United States was a lot emptier and quieter than it was before. You'd be surprised how quiet it can get when suddenly millions of people are missing in your nation. I was home one day when I got a letter, enveloped in a special coating supposed to lessen the likeliness of the virus spreading, claiming to reply back with my yearly income and phone number for a chance to have your capsule paid for by Jeff Bezos. They were upwards of five hundred thousand dollars, but after Jeff Bezos had passed away, his family had agreed to donate all his funds in research and providing/paying for capsules for those who could not afford it. I replied and forty-eight hours later I was getting a phone call from EMO, Elon Musk Organization. They had teamed up with government officials to create a coma-like capsule, in which a human can live for upwards of 500+ years, without signs of aging. EMO worked alongside Jeff Bezos, to create this plan for those desperate for survival. I certainly wasn't desperate. In fact, I was so exhausted, so tired, so lonely, too afraid to catch the virus, knowing its brutal effects, yet part of me was ready to commit suicide and never see the light of day again. This capsule would be the next best thing. I'm not sure how that letter got to me, but I sent it back with the proper info, and that's why I am able to write to you today. 14 days later, I was on my way to sleep for an unprecedented amount of time.

Of course, like anything, there were risks with the capsules. The first calculations supposed that there was 60% chance you would never wake up, a 20% chance to wake up in the first two hundred years, and another 20% in the next three hundred years. After five hundred years, you will be considered unable to wake up. For the rich, choosing this method was an expensive way to die.

For the middle class, choosing this method was a result of bringing all your families funds together after everyone else was dead. A billion people chose the capsule, I considered myself one of the lucky ones. I woke up in the first 200 years, feeling tired, surprisingly. The first person to arose only sixty-one years later after entering the capsule. Hannah Coleman, of the Coleman Coolers, was one of the rich who chose the capsule. She returned to life during a bad time globally and did not live for more than 2 years afterward. Another woke up a hundred and thirty-three years after, he just died a few years ago, in his eighties. So far, only 14% of those supposed to wake up in the first two hundred years, have. This is discouraging for doctors and scientists alike, but for everyone else, no one really cares. Everyone on earth alive today does not know who these people in these capsules are. And vice versa. Like me, they are entering this world knowing no one.

I write this in a Hover Car Station again, this time in Chugiak, Alaska. It is September 13th. 20221. 3:22 PM. It is a rainy day here in Alaska, the sun is covered by clouds. This is the first time I've had to charge my hover car since the last time I wrote in late July. And this may be the last time I do. For those who may wake up, I know this will find you before they find it. We are not the same. I know I am not the only one. We were promised to be unbothered during our rest in these capsules that lay in science labs in Antarctica. That's obviously not true. Your memory is spotty like mine, your childhood is someone else's. You do not feel like you. They did something to us! I'm not sure what, but I am not the same, and you know you are not either. I don't think the same, my mannerisms are off, I am not me. I have been replaced, I feel artificial.

My name is Benjamin Goodwin, and I am conducting a war formed by every awoken sleeper, past, present, and future. Our bodies and minds were promised to be unaltered, yet they were in drastic ways. I am determined to get myself back, and destroy EMO, for what they have done to us. We are the final survivors, but we are dead, dull. I am the only known sleeper in The Last Frontier, I know many more will come across this soon. Do not fight the urge to listen to this. You know where to find a sleeper, I'll be there.

- *Benjamin Goodwin*