

# Really?

The year is 3023, a millennium after the great bag scandal performed by the WWG (Worldwide Government) in attempt to get rid of rubbish bags. The world is grey. The sea is dead. Man is in danger, trying to get resources to supply for families all across the world. Continents have reformed, being pushed from the pressure of underwater plastics. The rubbish bag has been banned, yet they are still being used by bag smugglers across the former UK and US.

If you walk around streets at night, it looks the same as day. The sun has been blocked by greenhouse gases. The moon too. Dust has covered the sign of Starbucks and people wander by, bored to death, waiting for new life to arrive. Humans are nearly extinct, as there are no food factories, no seeds for crops and all lakes and rivers have almost dried up. A traditional bed is now cardboard boxes with a rag if you're lucky. Plastic AI has backfired and burnt, destroyed buildings are the obvious aftermath of their potentiality.

An old cruise ship floats in the mass of bottles, paper, and plastic that one could now practically walk across. Over 8 million tons of plastic is being thrown into the ocean each year and no one has done anything to change the fact. Mars can now permanently be seen from Earth because of the plastic that has been sent to the terrestrial plane. Plastic bags are floated into space and drifting through Earth's atmosphere slowly decomposing.

The deadly disease known as Willoughby Virus has wiped out over 26 million. A counter disease has not yet been found and people are still suffering from the sickness. At first, people thought it would just be a replay of Corona Virus but not long into it they realized it would be FAR worse.

In a hut just outside of the CBD, a family orientated mother tells a story to her children about life in the early 2000's and how the people of Generation Alpha took their life for granted and did not look after Mother Nature and her children. Earth and its luscious green habitat; Wind with its own way of moving the world along; Fire being demolished in its own heat and finally; Water, having helped people through the rough times, now being stabbed right in the back.

In a bomb shelter underneath the Sydney Opera House, a lonely man sits, reading his book on COVID-19 and how it impacted the Earth. People tried to use this as a no plastic time seeing as they had no use for it, yet everyone was afraid of reusing

items because they could catch the deadly virus. He sighs as he closes the book and thinks that there was so much we could've done, yet we were all cowards.

A homeless grandmother sits under a cardboard box sipping a cup of murky brown liquid that everyone will pass as drinkable stuff nowadays. She thinks about her great - grandmother, an old widow living through COVID-19, at the height of rubbish bags, now resting in a place under the motorway. Although she had requested in her will to be laid to rest in the Pacific Ocean, it was no longer possible when she finally... well, went to the heavens.

In a space shuttle, an astronaut looks back at the life he left, for a one-way ticket to Alpha Centauri. He left his run down seven-eleven and family to go to a better world, that they will now ruin with pollution of all kinds. Again.

Back on Earth, a building slowly crumbles to the ground and a dry, shallow shriek rings through the city. Nothing comes after.

The year is 3023, the world is dead. And all hope is lost.