

The Hunt For Power

An Original Campaign by Andrew Martin

Ding The Bells could be heard from the tower of St Mary's Church. Quarter After 3. July 16th, 2022. The funeral goers sat in silence, praying for their beloveds newly lost. The day would play out as a normal day for most. Like any other day, the lights worked, you could cook on your electric oven, use the microwave, keep things cold in your fridge, everything simply, *worked*. This was normal life, and it seemed as it would stay this way forever. The ecologists of the decade had determined that the earth would be left in a horrid state if we kept going on this way, with fossil fuels ruining the environment, heating the ice caps, causing mass flooding. That was the primary issue at hand. This was the primary push used for renewable energy. The issue, of course, is that some did not believe this was true, despite the scientific statements released proving otherwise. The real problem they should have used for their "push" of course, is that the energy would someday stop flowing, everything would stop being normal, the world would change. The Earth, would run out of Fossil Fuels.

Tick... Tick... Tick... As the man's watch ticked away, watching the seconds fly by, he wondered what was happening. The man did not want to stare at his watch too often for the anxiety of the situation was practically killing him. *Tick... Tick...* The time was 3:15 PM, on 16th of July, 2086. The man sat up in his seat as his name was called from the hologram in the corner. He had, of course, thought nothing of this. This was a normal day, and it would play out as so. Like any other day, the holograms flashed, the cars drove themselves, and the electricity flowed through the central network that made up our grid. Everything was normal, and it seemed as though it would stay that way, forever. Nothing would change, everything would be fine.

Thump... Thump... Thump... The woman sat up from her seat. She wondered what the noise had been. It was of course, as usual, his neighbor walking their 20-tonne cy-dog. The woman placed her finger in the middle of the air and was greeted by the time on a hologram in the middle of her room. 15:15, 07-16-2122. She stood up from her bed, and looked around her. As she rolled her eyes throughout their sockets, the room sprung to life. First slowly, sensing the level of light her eyes could healthily intake per second to ensure a painless wake up routine. The woman would then snap her fingers and the holo-shield which covered the passway from her room to the hallways became translucent, then seemingly disappeared. Everything was fine, everything was perfect. This would seem like a normal day, but it was not. It did not play out to be. As the woman walked through her passway into the hallway, she felt something odd flow through her. She felt, different. Nothing had of course, seemed different but rather just felt as such.

As the woman walked out of her housing unit, she noticed something odd. Everything had seemed fine, but she knew it was not. This woman *felt* different. Then, out of seemingly nowhere, the world, became dark. All lights became black, all things flying were now crashing towards the ground at high velocities. Everything, stopped mid-stroke. *What had happened?*

The woman asked herself. What *had* happened? The world, went dark. This was the moment the world would change, forever. It would change from the utopia that it was, into a dystopian dark age. What would come from this? *A hunt for power.*