Climate fiction – Short story

Lars woke up early and looked out of the window. The red sand slowly blew over the dunes. The sun lit up the red atmosphere, as Lars routinely searched the sky for the faraway blue dot. As he locked eyes on the dot, he sighed *“my old planet”*. The planet Mars was nothing like the earth lars used to know. Although it was better than the earth lars left back in 2059. The mixture of tsunamis and forest fires had destroyed most of the civilian areas around the planet. He clearly remembers his countryside home. The smell of fresh air, and the sound of birds singing in the early morning hours.

As he was standing by the windows, he heard a sudden knock on the door, “Time for work” his boss shouted. He quickly jumped into his work clothes and headed to work. Lars was working in the garden centre and was responsible for supplying the newly established and its inhabitants, with fresh vegetables. On the way in he stumbled upon a girl named Angelina. She was working in the station’s kitchen, and lars got to know her by the countless times he has delivered vegetables to the kitchen. Angelina became his girlfriend around 4 months ago, and they had been together since then. She was the best thing that had ever happened to Lars, and he found himself lucky that he had met her in an otherwise critical situation. Lars and Angeline are both in their late 30ies, and had both, before mars, lived in the US. They were both selected to go to mars, and start the new colony.

As the day went by, and lars was finishing up his shift, a sudden loud bang occurred. Before Lars had the chance to figure out what had happened, the alarm sounded, with meant that he needed to find an oxygen mask quickly, because the station has suffered an oxygen leakage. The harsh Martian environment outside the station is not suited for human beings, with means that an oxygen leak could be catastrophic. When Lars had quickly suited up in his oxygen mask, he ran towards the kitchen to find Angelina. He had to make sure she was okay. As he was approaching the kitchen, he was greeted by Angelina, who came running out the door. Together they ran towards the station's main hall, as instructed in case the alarm went off.

At the main hall, a group of other people had already gathered, and the man in charge of the whole station was trying to calm them down. It was a minor leakage caused by a faulty window. George, the man in charge of the station, told the group that everything was under control, and everybody could continue with their day. Lars and Angelina looked at each other. Angelina could tell that Lars was in shock. She knew what Lars had been through on earth, and he spent the whole night laying in his bed, reflecting on his life. Thinking about the alarm, and his mother.

He was scared. Scared of what could have happened today. Scared of losing one more woman in his life.

He was not prepared to lose someone so close, again.

It was now over 5 years ago, Lars lost his mother in that tsunami. He was in Europe for a climate event in Paris, at the time of the event. As the news ticked in about the major tsunami along the east coast of America, Lars grabbed his phone and called his mother immediately. But it just went on the answerphone, and he tried again and again over the next couple of hours until he got a call from his sister; *“mom is dead”* she said.

That night, after the oxygen leakage, Lars was grateful for his life, and for what he had. But still pissed by the fact that climate change has killed both his mother and his planet.