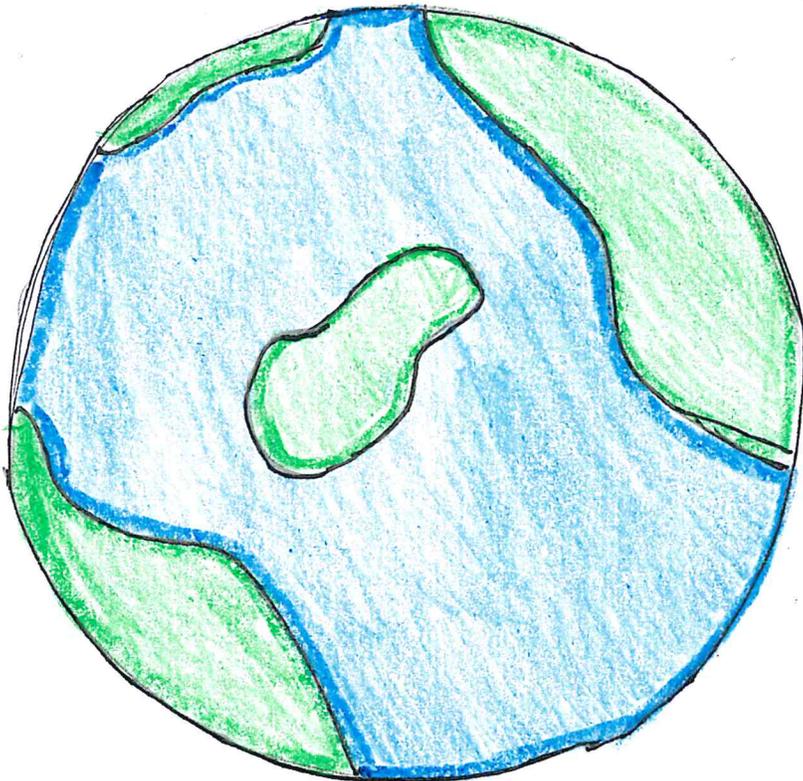
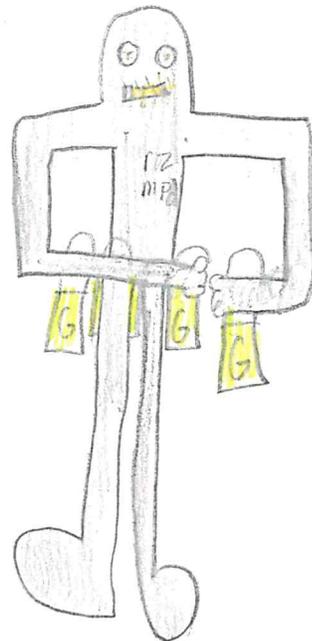


This World Now

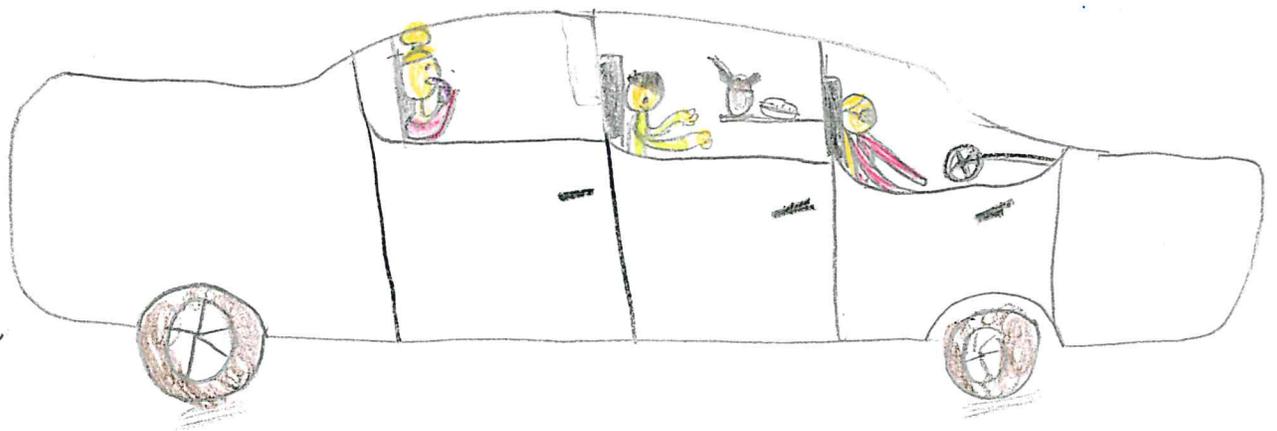
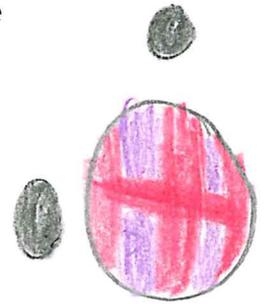
By: Aleena Knudson



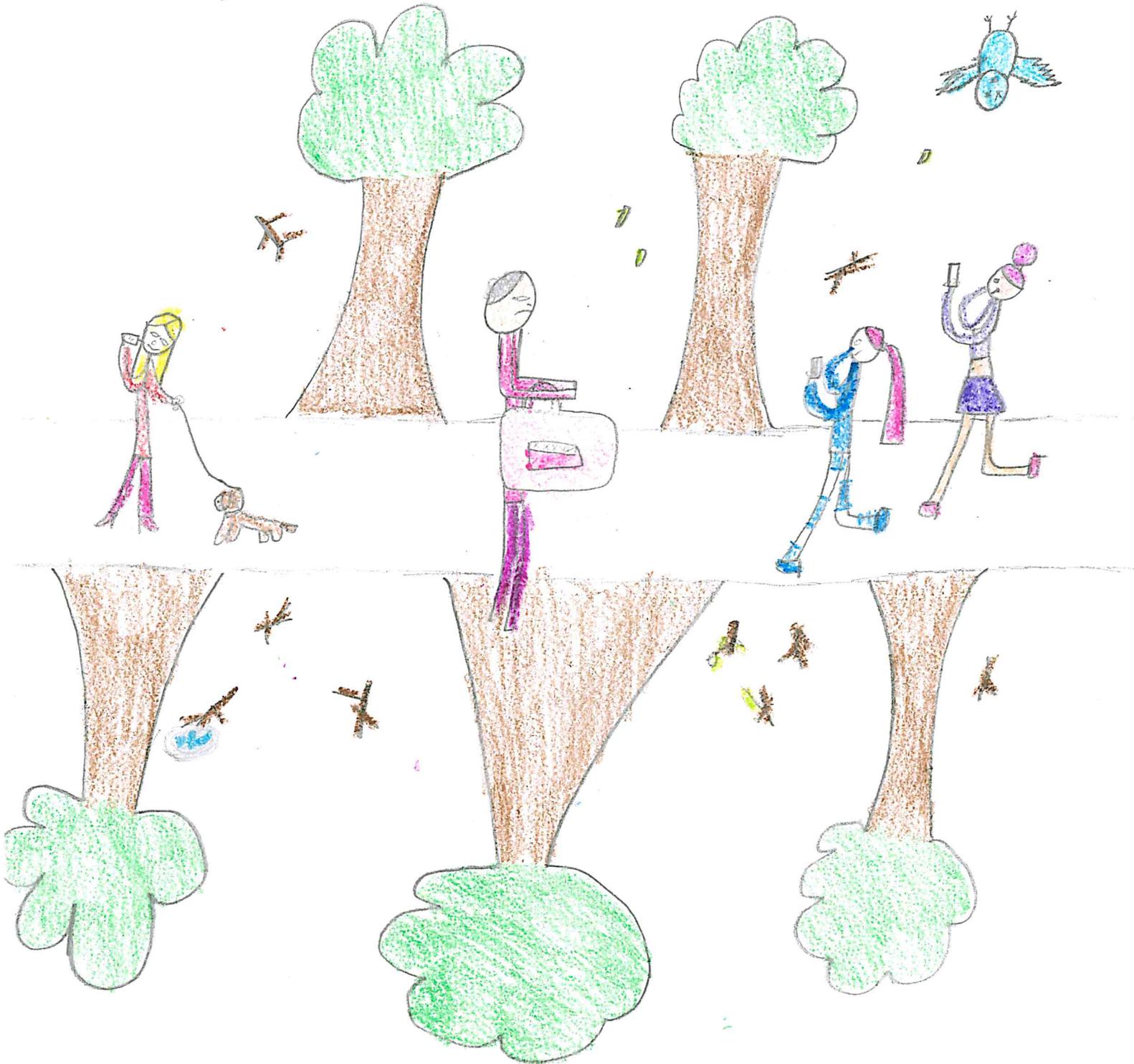
The year is 2115, I'm officially 100 years old. Instead of pretty golden hair, I have short wiry hair. I know I'll be leaving this world soon so I want to bask in as much as I can before I go. There have been many new inventions since I was little, including one that has ruined the world - robots. They're now working and programming and doing everything for humans. Humans aren't leaving their homes anymore, unless they're making robots. Robot factories are being built all over the world, wiping out animals' homes and animals themselves!



Another new invention is flying cars. These cars do everything, if you want food you simply press a button. The car will drive itself while you take a little rest. Everyone is flying in their cars to a new planet, another huge discovery. Many people are moving there due to part of the Earth being unlivable; you can't even see the sky anymore. If you're wondering what I am going to do, I'm going to stay put. I'm going to move into the forest to live where I'm happiest for the rest of my life. I love nature, I've always felt that's where I've belonged.



This world is crumbling as we know it and not one person pays. All people these days are selfish. They don't care if animals or the planet are in danger. All they care about is money, money, money. I want to get away from all of that. That's why I'm packing a bag and leaving this wretched place.



It's been two months and now there is not a single person left on this crumbling planet, except me. I have this whole world to myself. If this world is going to die, I'm going to die with it. I'm happy and I'm where I want to die, the wild. I want to die wild like all the surviving animals. When I die my soul will go up there like all the other wild souls. Now I say my last words I'll ever say, "I love you world and I always will."

