I Care

2048 AD

The man got out of his car and glanced around the surrounding smoggy city landscape, bathed in early morning light. As he walked up the footpath in his comfortable Nike shoes, the man looked back at his large four-wheel drive parked on the side of the road. The salesman at the car yard had said that he didn’t need such a large, fuel consuming car just for driving around town. As he continued up the street, one of those electric cars drove by, how dumb must the guy behind the wheel feel? Those cars are worth a fortune, way overpriced. An office block came into view, the man was first to work this morning. He stepped inside the office and noticed the lights were still on from last night; he didn’t bother to turn them off. The man walked across the heated floor towards his desk. He sat down in a new ergonomic office chair and sighed, thinking about all the work that he had to get through today; he might even have to skip lunch. He had such a hard life.

Thousands of kilometres away, in the Arctic a young polar bear cub clung to her mother. The mother looked around hopelessly, and took a few tentative steps forward; her stomach rumbling cruelly. They were on the only ice in sight, isolated, in the vast ocean. The poor cub groaned and looked up at her mother, the mother looked into the cub’s eyes and hugged into her even tighter. The two bears were on a slowly melting iceberg, one of the few icebergs that remained in the Arctic Ocean. Those two bears were the last wild animals of their kind.

The man browsed a news website on his phone. The page was flooded with headlines like ‘The Arctic Melts’ and ‘Global Warming Heats Up’; he hated negative stuff like that. He locked his phone and eagerly got out of his chair; it was knock off time. The man rushed out of the office, forgetting to turn off the lights, air conditioning, computer, and too busy to worry about saving the last polar bears.

The polar bear cub slipped; there was now only enough room on the iceberg for one of them. The mother took one last look at her cub and dived into the ice cold water. Instead of attempting to swim back to shore the mother remained close to her cub, who was yet to learn to swim. The tired, hungry and fatigued cub let out a cry of desperation. In the distance the mother saw a cluster of black clouds gathering on the horizon. A storm was building.

After a long hard day at work the man arrived home. He sat down on the couch and swung his legs up off the floor. He turned on the television to see the news headline, ‘Last Wild Polar Bear Dies’. “That’s so sad,” he said aloud to himself, “I wish there was something I could have done.”

The sea was angry at the polar bear cub, she didn’t know why, it had taken her mum and was now about to take her. Thunder rumbled in the distance as huge waves battered the poor cub around like a rag doll. The polar bear cub lost her grip as her small struggling body slipped below the surface of the raging ocean.

In the Arctic the last wild polar bear had just died, but the saddest thing of all was nobody in the world cared.

I care…

By Luke Muir
Reece High School
Year 7/8 Category