



Highly Commended

# Science Writing

## Year 5-6

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# The World in 2050 - Air Pollution

One raspy breath after another. It's all I need to stay alive. My family, my friends. All dead. Because of you. Yes, you reading this story. Generations of humans have disturbed the planet. Now nature has taken its revenge.

The air we breathe in is disgustingly poisonous. You can't see anything more than a metre away. The pollution in the air is caused by pollutants. These pesky invisible chemicals are toxic gases that contain sulfur dioxide, nitrogen and mainly carbon monoxide. Humans who have been breathing in many of these gases have suffered the pain of carbon monoxide poisoning. Carbon monoxide is a deadly chemical that builds up in our bloodstream until our bodies replace our red blood cells with this fatal gas. Carbon monoxide has caused us serious problems, like life-changing tissue damage and torturous deaths.

The world is still in disbelief. We all have to wear special particulate masks, which filter 90% of airborne particulates. Well, all the wealthy people at least. Us poor children live underground. Only a handful of us made it out alive. Scientists truly believed that we would all die. But we are still living. Just. But humans can't live like this anymore. I must save myself and this once beautiful world from this grief. But how can I solve this horrendous problem?

That night as I was trying to get to sleep in my underground cell, I racked my brain for ideas. Tossing and turning, I remembered something I once overheard my grandmother saying before she passed. She used to talk fondly to her friends about the year 2021. The golden age, as most people old enough now to remember it call it. They had an outbreak of a virus, coronavirus I believe it was called, which in itself was disastrous for humankind. But the positives of having a worldwide pandemic? People stayed at home more, my grandma reminisced, cutting out travel with less plane and car journeys which meant less fuel used. More people grew their own food so that factories closed down and less pollutants entered the sky. Cigarettes were a thing of the past as more people exercised. I wish that I could be living in that time. They had the best air quality, my grandma used to say, but that all changed too quickly once a vaccine for the virus was discovered and the disease was soon stamped out. People went back to their old ways, polluting the air with all of the nasty chemicals.

I sat bolt upright. That was it! We needed to go back to the way things were in the golden age. No more planes, forget the cars, and definitely close down all those factories. I needed to get the word out to all the other children living underground. We would start a revolution to make these changes so we could enjoy our future, and not endure this mess that others called a world.

I silently crept through the dark and smelly sewers hoping that fellow children were awake. Us children are so ridiculously skinny that we can fit through the metal bars separating different sections in the sewers - we call these doors. The 'room' I have just entered is what we call the meeting room. This is where we have serious meetings about what is going on

in the outside world. As I enter, I glance around the room to spot 12 pale and skinny children sitting on the floor staring up at me as if I was a giant.

"Ahem, fellow children", I begin, "we need to change what is happening to us down here. We need to change the world so our air quality is as beneficial as it was in the golden age. We need to get rid of airplanes, close down all the factories and certainly dispose of all the cars that use fuel. We need to regrow how us humans live. We can use electric cars, that run on batteries instead of fuel. We definitely have to use sustainable and renewable energy sources such as hydropower, or geothermal power or even wind turbines!"

"Yeah!" All the children shout in unison. "We need to save the earth!"

I have started a revolution. All of us charge to the closest hatch leading to the outside world. Deep down all of us know there's a high chance that we will all die in a few minutes. We have to get to an enclosed space immediately. As we open the hatch, we all start furiously coughing. We sprint to the nearest factory with 3 children falling to the ground clutching their chests. We know we have to keep going. As we arrive, we charge in to demand to see the factory owner. Because we children know that we can change the world.

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\*Story text is 800 words (excluding titles, referencing and labels)\*

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