

It was a big city, one of the only ones left. It had at least a few thousand occupants and what you would expect from a regular city, suburbs big buildings, and a few reactors here and there.

Jeffery was also a regular occupant in the city. He had bottle cap glasses, dark brown hair, a small pointed nose, green eyes, and glowed like everyone else.

The elevator was out of order so he headed down the stairs. On his way down the stairs after breakfast he began to wheeze, which sounded just like his grandfather before he died of the radiation, when he noticed a worn glove. He picked it up and studied it. It had a stitched eye on the top. He thought if someone would pay good money for it. He put it in his backpack and continued down the stairs.

While he was on the bus he noticed Dirty Joe walking and waved to him; Everyone called him Dirty Joe because he had a case of amnesia and forgot his name and no one else ever knew his name either, he also had a stench he couldn't get rid of no matter how many times he took a shower, so everyone called him Dirty Joe. Soon, the bus dropped him off at school and he walked in forgetting about the glove. The school day went by quickly with nothing that stuck to Jeffery's mind. On the walk home (his mom couldn't afford the bus both ways for him) he completely forgot about the glove in his backpack.

While digging through his backpack for his homework that night, he saw the glove crumpled up at the bottom; he picked it up and put his hand in it to uncrumple it. He found it to be quite comfortable and left it on as he got out his homework. He sat down on his chair he noticed his glow went lower, nothing strange this would sometimes happen. Then his glow went out completely. He dropped the book and ripped off the glove! His glow slowly came back. He looked at the glove lying on the floor and thought, "Let's try that one more time."

He bent down and picked it up. He put the glove back on and watched as his glow lowered then disappeared yet again. This time he felt the sensation of not glowing. He breathed deeper and felt his mind grow quiet and clear.

He remembered the lesson at school that day; radiation basically makes you glow.

“This glove drains radiation!” He thought.

He was a pretty smart kid so he thought maybe he could make two more with his dad. If they could make more gloves, then maybe they could sell them for cash and people would stop glowing and then stop dying. He turned the glove inside out and saw that there was a layer of cloth buffering the inner mechanisms from his hand. He carefully took the cloth off and looked at the small machine.

He remembered another lesson he had that day on a substance that acted like a magnet to pull the radiation out of your body. It looks like green goop. He looked at the device for some of the substance and, sure enough, he found it. He wanted to use the it for the other two gloves, but thought that if he took it out of this glove, it might not work properly. Plus, only using a small amount might not make the new gloves work at all.

He decided he could go to the junkyard for parts and possibly find some of the glorious goop. He told his mom he was going to take a ride on his bike. She agreed, but then said he should be back by the time dad got home.

“Don’t over-tire yourself, honey” she smiled and looked at him with sad eyes.

He took his bike to the elevator and saw that it was working again... once out of the building he began to ride to the junkyard. Wheezing all the way there, he gladly locked his bike and walked to the other side of the junkyard.

As he walked through the junkyard he saw Dirty Joe rummaging through a pile of trash, he also noticed a puddle of green stuff! When he got closer he realized it was the

liquid he needed. He reached into his pocket and took out a small bottle with a cap. He scooped up as much as the bottle could hold. Screwed the cap on tight, and continued on. He found tools, springs, and eventually everything he needed.

As he was about to exit the junkyard to go home Dirty Joe walked up to him.

“Hey Jeffery, I’ve been looking for that glove. Where’d ya find it?”

“How do I know it’s yours?” Jeffery asked suspiciously.

“Whoa chill Jeffery, I have the pair to it right here” Joe pulled a glove that was identical to Jeffery’s out of his back pocket. “See?”

“Yeah ok... here you go” Jeffery slowly gave Joe the glove. “ I thought that me and my dad might be able to make copies of them and sell ‘em. How come you never made any copies of the gloves or even use them? I always see you glow.”

“Well, if I always wore them then of course people would notice that I’m not glowing and so in that case, if everyone saw me not glowing then they would all ask why and I of course wouldn’t tell because if I did then I would have big competition in trying to make more of them. Which leads me to explain why I haven’t made more; you know the green stuff on the inside of the glove?”

“Yes”

“Well that is liquid uranium which is used in power plants. And I can’t get in to one of the power plants to get a uranium rod because worked by robots only to prevent another nuclear disaster. Besides, melting the uranium down would take around 350 degrees Celsius.”

“Why didn’t you show the idea to the government?”

“I’m a hobo that might’ve stole the glove from someone.”

“Good point. Hey! Why don’t you have my dad show his boss?! His boss has a lot of influence.”

“What an idea! Of course!”

He and Joe hurried to his house as fast as they possibly could and when they got there burst through the elevator doors and into the apartment. The next day when his father went to work he presented the blueprints to his boss. Seeing a great chance his boss took the blueprints and gathered the resources and the production of the gloves began.