

Ice

Day 13 in the Month of May in the Year 2076 A.D

As we left school that day, I knew something was going to happen. The school bus was late again, because it's snowing really hard here. Everybody was shivering in the cold, and the bus finally pulled up and let us in. Some idiots who sit near me were being loud and obnoxious. They screw around, standing up and making the bus driver mad. I sit back in my seat, waiting for the ride to end.

When the bus comes to a stop, I get off and walk to my house. It's not far, but getting there in this storm is terrible. It takes me a full ten minutes to walk around two blocks, navigating through the ice. This storm is the worst I've ever seen. I mean, it's always cold these last few years, but this one's just terrible. Since the government shut down all research about climate change, we can't call this giant ice age thing humanity's fault. There's actually a law against it. If you even mention "Global Warming", they'll fine you. The only place people believe openly is in South America, and even there you're only allowed to believe in a few places.

Let me back up. In 2065, I was born to two Climate researchers, unusually small and weak. My name's Aesa. People tend to not like me very much. When I was younger, the Ice Age wasn't so bad. People dealt with it. The entire world was essentially like the arctic circle, but people were okay. The United States, where I live, eventually was taken over by people who were bordering on crazy and were on the far right of the political spectrum. They created new laws that caused a massive portion of the population to die, including my parents. The laws were a more extreme version of the laws now, and so killing anyone who spoke out. They banned all talk of global warming and climate change. Now it's gotten so bad anyone who doesn't know how to move through snow can't live here. The "United States" are now the "Republic of America", and they've declared themselves supreme and all other countries inferior.

Anyway, back to me. Being a girl living in the Republic of America, and secretly hating it, is hard. I've become really good with computers, and that helps me to survive. I can manipulate servers and code easily, and I also do research.

If you look at all the evidence, humans polluted the earth so much that the weather went crazy. The weather caused a massive disruption, making the earth very hot for a year, and then plunged us into the eternal winter of hell we're living in. Saying this out loud me get me beaten and then fined up to \$10,000. This stuff is crap. I just got home and already I'm thinking about things that could get me killed.

Day 14 in the Month of May in the Year 2076 A.D

I wake up today and go to get on the bus. I have to walk up and down the steps I shoveled earlier to get to the bus stop. The snow is almost above my house now. The bus comes and I get on, find my usual seat and kick the idiot in it off. This is my seat. The government may be able to repress my beliefs, but they can not take my seat on the bus. The buses in these times actually hover over surfaces, and inside they have seats everywhere. My seat is near a door, so I can get on and off fairly easily. I like the bus. It's heated, and you can almost forget about the ice and snow outside.

When we get to school, we get off at the bus dock and walk through the clear glass tunnel into the building. My first class of the day is history, which I hate. I might like history if they didn't tell lies about the ice. At our school, history is taught not by a live teacher, but by a government official who appears on the blue screen to give lectures and give us homework. Since he can't collect the homework, he asks us to hold it up in the air for the camera to see. This means we don't really have to do the homework, just write random things in barely legible handwriting. My favorite history paper was a typed essay in which I was supposed to write about the history of the republic. I wrote a paper about how corrupt and stupid the government is and gave it a big title reading "History of the Republic".

My next class is winter survival, which is compulsory and takes up almost the entire day. I don't complain. I like it. Hands on stuff out in the cold. The teacher is always wrapped up in a big wool coat and a facemask, so we don't really know what he looks like, only what he sounds like. We call him the

Boomer. Some kids say he's a government spy, looking for rebels. Honestly, there are no rebels but me and my friend Lucy at our high school.

Finally, the day ends and the bus comes, hovering eerily over the snow and ice. The bus driver is smoking, which annoys me, but I still get on. If you don't get somewhere heated fast in this cold, you die. Like, completely frozen and dead in around ten minutes. In Winter Survival, we have build fires and shelters really fast so we don't die. We've all heard the warnings. And so, despite the idiots and the smoking bus driver, I get on, find my seat and sit down. Lucy, who has a giant scar running across her face, sits down next to me and whispers "Did you hear that lecture today, Aesa? That dumb-ass government goon wouldn't know Climate Change if it hit him in the face. Oh wait. It did." At this, she collapses into mad giggling at her own joke. I don't like hearing my name just thrown out there like that, and I'm even beginning to tire of Lucy's jokes. So I respond with a look that says "I get it. Now SHUT UP." She understands and stops jabbering.

When I get home, I unlocked the door and throw away the notice about how I should really move to the orphanage. I know how to survive. I've lived by myself for almost eight years now, and I know how to barter for essentials, cook, run the electricity and take care of the house. Luckily the house was already all paid off when my parents died, or I would have had to go to the orphanage.

Day 20 in the Month of May in the Year 2076 A.D

They know. They somehow know that Lucy and I don't like and mouth off about the government. Today, I got called to the Headmasters Office, which is basically the same as a death sentence here. The headmaster introduced me to some government official named Dawson in a crisp black suit. Dawson took my pulse and did some sort of DNA test on me. They then called Lucy up and she says they did the same thing to her. We think they are going to find some problem with us.

Day 2 in the Month of June in the Year 2076 A.D

We got the results of our tests today. They called us and told us very nicely that we were going to be flown to a facility in The Apex to be examined more

closely. The Apex is a small asteroid which is known for having the biggest government facility in the solar system on it. Flying there will probably take a week, and I'll be glad to escape the cold.

Day 13 in the Month of June in the Year 2076 A.D

Lucy and I are in The Apex. We have been treated nicely, SO FAR, and they've done tests on us examining our hearts, our reflexes and or muscle control. They say we may be able to return to earth soon.

I however have been scheming. There is a room near ours that contains videos of our hometown, and I want to see exactly what they're monitoring. I think they hid cameras all over the country to monitor the people. In that room, I could monitor the government buildings and search for corruption. If I can find anything, I could document it and show it to people, proving my beliefs. The room is unlocked, but there are guards in front of it.. I whisper to Lucy "Can you cause a distraction so I can break into the camera room? If we get some evidence of corruption, or some videos of them plotting, we can break the government apart." She looks at me, her scar flashing in the artificial light, and grins that mischievous grin of hers. "How long do you want them distracted?"

Our plan is a simple one. Lucy distracts people while I break into the camera room and find incriminating evidence. If I do, I put it in a file and send that file to my computer. Then, whether I find something or not, I destroy everything. "Go!" whispers Lucy. "Alright. Good luck." I say. Then Lucy takes off, and I continue acting normal.

About ten minutes later I hear a crash. The signal. Everyone bolts towards the sound, including some very scary looking guards that were outside the camera room. I sneak out into the hallway and slide open the door. Behind it is... another door. Damn, I didn't think of that! It's locked too. I pull my hair clip out of my pocket. I rarely wear it, and so it doubles as my lockpick on many occasions. Luckily, this is an unreliable keyhole lock, so my makeshift pick should work.

After a couple of breathless seconds, the lock falls open. I swing open this door to find a huge room full of screens and holographs. I run to the main computer, easily recognizable because of the keyboard in front of it, and start

looking through files. First, I access the security system. I lock all the doors on with scanner locks, and make me and Lucy the only ones able to open them. Then I start looking for evidence. I find a video of a meeting where the government is talking about some plan to isolate the press and take it over. That's evidence of corruption. I send it to my computer. Then I bring up my file. AESA JUND. BORN July 8, 2065, Republic of America... It's pretty boring until I get to the header title NOTES. This is what I read. "Known for not liking the government. Lives by herself in house formerly known by parents. STATUS: WATCHED. Spy LUCY SANTRO employed as follower." At this, I freeze as the door opens and Lucy walks in, surrounded by armed guards. "Hello Aesa." She says, and then she laughs.

Day 24 in the Month of June in the Year 2076 A.D

I'm in a maximum security prison in America. I'm the youngest one there by far, and it's ridiculously cold. I'm sure that Lucy wanted me to have a better prison, but I am too much of a threat to the government. They threw me in here and there is no way out. The prison is named Icicle, which I find perfect. There are so many Icicles hanging from rooftops and even in the cells. These icicles might be my only hope for escape.

Day 25 in the Month of June in the Year 2076 A.D

The icicle freezes my hand as I hold it, but I have no other choice. This will be my escape, or it will be my death. The guards don't watch our area, so I have already picked the lock of my cell. The icicle I'm holding is 6 feet tall, and it has a sort of handle extending from near the base, so I have decided to use it as a lance.

I open the door to my cell slowly, trying to look around. There is one guard, his back turned to me, on my right. I sneak up on him, then knock him over the head with my icicle. He groans softly, then falls to the ground unconscious. Good. One less to go.

The next guard is more careful. He knows a prisoner broke out, but he isn't expecting a young girl holding an icicle. He walks towards me, reaching for his gun, when I poke him. The icicle sends him back a few paces, but he is still conscious. He grabs his gun, which I know will kill me. I run and kick the gun out

of his hands as he gets off a shot. Thanks to my kick though, he misses me and I have enough time to knock him out. I feel kind of bad about knocking these people out, but they are my jailers.

I've made it to the exit hall when I hear footsteps. Time for fight or flight. There are several boots heading my way, and I don't think I can beat them all. I run as fast as I can towards the door. I get there just as the first guard comes around the corner. Thank God, his gun isn't out of it's holster yet. I get to the doors and try to open them. Locked. Of course. I know how to open them though. The doors have a scanner on them, and I set all the doors in the world to accept my hand that day in the Apex. I scan my hand. This is it. Will they open?

With a hiss, the doors start opening as the first bullet rockets past my leg. Interesting. They fired a warning shot before actually killing me. I guess they are reluctant to kill a 15 year old girl. Suckers. I run through the doors, throwing my icicle behind me to trip them up. I run into the woods, away from the prison, and into the hell of the ice age. But suddenly, I realize that I like the ice. It is cold, true, but its nice, crisp, shiny. It feels right for me.

I slowly make my way to my hometown. When I get there, there are government officials surrounding my house. I try to get all the supplies as I can without being noticed, and pack these wimpy possessions as fast as I can and head out into the wilderness. using my knowledge from winter survival class to help me. I find a suitable place, deep in the woods. I settle down, and start a small fire. I slowly build a home from my supplies and from natures bounty. The government will declare me dead, and I can live in peace out here. This is my new home. My new place. And my friend? The Ice.