

Dystopian Sci-Fi

(an extract)

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I checked over my belongings for the last time before letting out a weary sigh. Today was the day, the day I left everything behind. I slipped on my hazmat suit, bright orange in color before stepping out of the front door.

I looked back at my house, one that held so many bittersweet memories. It used to be so much more than a block of concrete. Now it was just that, a block of concrete. Despite its state, I felt reluctant to leave. I stood there for a little longer.

Finally, I lifted my hand and did a little wave, feeling a little silly. I could forgive myself just this once. I was never coming back after all. I got into my solar-powered hovercar, enjoying the feeling of the faux-leather seats. I would never feel them again. I pulled out of the car park, glancing at my house one last time before joining the hover-way a little bit outside my estate.

This felt strange, the feeling in my gut. I wasn't quite sure what this was, but it was weird, nonetheless.

Was it nostalgia? Excitement? Fear or just the general feeling of change?

That was probably it. My life had been monotonous for a long time, ever since I lost them.

I idly looked out the window at the barren road, remembering a time when it would've been full of people driving down the hover-way to get to work and the like.

Another strange feeling entered as I idly watched the road pass by. It hadn't been too long ago when everything was fine. When the world had spun the way it was supposed

to. There had been a time when the empty, tattered city I was about to enter was full of life.

I pushed down the feelings churning in my stomach and focused on the now. I couldn't afford to dwell on the past. I had a job to do.