

# Slowly Descending



Period 2

July 10, 2020  
(age 8)

Today Mom is taking us to the playground. It's a little muggy outside, but a low breeze cools us off. The streets are filled with water just at our ankles. Sometimes, Carly, my little sister, and I go outside and jump around. When we are at the park, we pretend like the water is lava. It works perfectly because the water is kinda warm. Sometimes Carly will act like its a sea an try to swim. Mommy teases that one day it will be high enough to make a pool. She is funny.

July 10, 2030

Today me and Carly decided to go to the Y and play some basketball. We were going to go the park but the basketball court is covered in water up to our shins. All of the businesses in town had to build little walls, about knee height, to keep the water out. Some people are moving into higher ground homes so that there isn't any flood damage. The water has made our city more of an island rather than a city. I think it's kind of cool. Just think....Pensacola Island.

July 10, 2040

The more years that go by, the higher the water gets. I never believed my science teacher when he said, "One day, we won't need pools because our life will become one." I am now expecting my first child. I am struggling financially because now I have to make money for a penthouse home off the ground. Our city has gotten to the point where we need boats to get thru the streets. Businesses are closing down because the have been completely washed out. We have to rely on imports for our food an clothes.

I fear that if I don't make it through to my natural death, my child surely won't.

July 10, 2050

Kayla is now 10 years old. I heart is heavy because she only knows our once colorful world as vast sea with homes on wooden docks. We are only 5ft off the surface of the water. News casters have said that the docks that hold our homes can't be built any higher. Everyday, we hear about children and elders drowning left and right. In some cases, families come together and sink themselves down underwater because the thought of a slow death breaks their heart. I often find myself trembling at this idea. The more I think about it, the more I begin to hope that it will all fade away. As the water grows higher, the temperature gets warmer. As I paddle the boat, my face becomes drenched in sweat. Several times do I lose grip of the oars. My back is so hot, it feels like someone through lava on me and I am beginning to melt. I do my best to shield Kayla from it. Lord knows I would never want her to suffer as I have.

July 10, 2060

The days have become so hot that no one goes out unless they NEED food. You may think "if it's so hot, why don't you go swim?" That would be ok if the water weren't boiling. The boats had to be remodeled to fit the high water temperatures. We wear special boots to avoid the water as we walk through our living rooms. When we shower, we let the water set for an hour to cool off. I fear that we don't have much longer.

July 10, 2070

As my family stand here watching the water fill our home, we shed tears and pray to God. We only have a few minutes left of life. We take a few minutes to share memories and get everything off our chest. We have said "I love you" at least 50 times in the last 10 minutes. We pray to God that in our next life we don't endure this extreme terror. One thing for sure, we are about to find out.....

*The following diary has just be recovered from White River in Muncie, Indiana.*