

The Time Machine by Akarsh Suresh

Voices cheering and shouting. Beaming faces everywhere. Excitement. Nervousness. A door shutting. Darkness. Then light. A gentle humming. Humming turns into whirring. Vibrations. Pressure. A weightless feeling. Then a FOOMP! I have landed in the future.

The future looks very...bright and colorful with greenery. There are many plants and trees. Only one thing is missing in this future, however. Humans.

That's weird. I walk into one of the buildings and there the humans are. They all sit in couches with VR type headsets covering their eyes.

Suddenly, one of the humans moves forward on his couch. The couch rolls over to the side of the building, where there's lots of food. A bionic arm extends out of the man's couch, picks up some food, and feeds the man.

Then I notice something. There is no lever that the man is pushing to use the couch or the bionic arm. I look up at his VR headset. It's connected to his head with transparent wires.

This is amazing! In the future, we will discover how to control objects with our mind! We won't even have to do anything! But who does all the work, then? The answer to my question comes right then. Cyborgs, part human part machine, come in to replace the dish the man had taken. As they move away, one of them sees me. Her eyes widen in astonishment. She starts walking towards me. Something's wrong, so I do the logical thing: I run. I run out of the building and enter another one. They won't find me with so many buildings in this world.

The new building I have entered is dim and shabby. I see something on the floor: a book. It looks out of order in this technological place. I read the cover. It says Amanda Fern. I open it up to its only entry. It says:

I hate this Life Just because I'm a cyborg, I'm discriminated. All the other people just sit around doing nothing while we're running out of resources and trying to save the world. We make artificial replacements of resources. This entire world is just a fake Even the greenery is artificial! This is all just because of that one guy named Wilfred Graham. Hey, that's my name!

He time travelled to the future and brought back blueprints of how to make all these machines. Since then, we have all been doomed. No. That...can't have happened. Me? I started this? "Doomsday" is coming up fast. Soon, resources would run out, and we will all die. That is going to be the only time I'm going to be happy.

Feeling dizzy, I run back to my time machine and go back to my world. Humming. Then whirring. Vibrations. Pressure. A weightless feeling. Then a FOOMP! I have landed in the present. Beaming faces. Voices cheering and shouting. I'm back. I smile.

And pat the blueprints in my back pocket. The blueprints that will lead to Doomsday.