

The Greatest Opportunity

I stopped as in my hands was the one thing I had risked so much for: The Cure. Nobody had believed me, nobody wanted to be my friend but here I was with it. I could save the world with this, but then again why should I?

If you have been living under a rock the past while or just dont believe whats going on then i will try to explain everything i know to you. It started late last year when people started getting sick, it was as if they had a cold and the flu at the same time. It kept spreading around towns and villages until someone died, that was when people started to question it. What was it? What it was going to do?. Was it going to kill more people? I even asked questions but nobody seemed to answer. Slowly more and more started to die. It started spreading around the whole world like news. Doctors and Scientists started to do research about this virus. Soon almost every country had it. They said that it affected the elderly and people with underlying conditions and other things therefore people who didn't have these conditions or who were not elderly didn't think that it affected them, so they didn't see it as a threat but they were wrong they could still carry the virus and they kept spreading it. Governments got scared and spread panic which woke people up. Everyone washed their hands so much more, they cleaned things that before were something that could just be cleaned another day, they stared at people who coughed, people started stocking their houses with food in case of emergency that's how bad it was. Governments cancelled flights, stopped social gatherings, closed schools, closed restaurants, closed shops, stopped visitors going to hospitals and nursing homes, made special care wards. It was a pandemic. It was only a matter of time before the whole world was going to shut down but the question was when? Nobody knew but everyone knew it was going to happen soon, even i did. They said that they would have a cure in 12-18months but I knew that by then it would be too late. There wouldn't be a world, it would just be a rotting planet that a creature had inhabited. I had a theory that it was mother nature's way of telling us to stop global warming, you could see from space the difference the virus had, it stopped people driving and going out and factories were less productive than before. In some ways I thought we deserved it for the way we treated our planet. Me being a 12 year old led people to believe that it was adults who would fix this, that nobody else would. But I decided to change that. I was fed up waiting while more and more people died, my friends, my family, people i knew. I took it upon myself to go find a cure, I needed help and the only help I knew were my friends. I emailed each and every one of them telling them about my plan, how I

could fix this with their help. I waited a few days for people to reply but what I got back was the opposite of what I expected. They all said no. I guess fear had taken over and they had lost all hope but were not willing to fight for it. I didn't care, well maybe i did but i didn't let it stop me from doing what was right, i had to keep going. I packed a bag that would last me long enough. I ran out the door and sprinted through the bare streets. I just kept running and after a while I couldn't feel my body. I Had to get to the one place that was closest to my heart, my father's grave. I had dreaded this moment for so long but I knew that I needed to get to him.

My father was a scientist and had put hours upon hours of research into the virus. I hardly ever got to see him but it was because he had found a cure but had told the wrong people. They chased him everyday until one day it was too much for him to handle. He gave himself the virus and let it eat away at him until his last breath when he injected The Cure into his blood so that the wrong people wouldn't use it. I only found this out when reading one of his diaries that he had left to me, he had only written it minutes before he died.

I stopped and looked up. It was the building where my father had been buried. I slowly walked in, plants were growing around the door. I hadn't been there in so long. I looked around and saw the coffin and I walked over to it hesitantly. I carefully opened up the coffin and there he was my dad, the one person that had always been there for me and I couldn't even save him. I had to hide my emotions and concentrate. I took out the needle and took blood. I stopped as in my hands was the one thing I had risked so much for: The Cure. Nobody had believed me, nobody wanted to be my friend but here I was with it. I could save the world with this, but then again why should I?

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