

Pathogen

by Ali Wardak 6D

I was just sitting in my house, well really it was a flying hovercraft. The human population had boomed in the past twenty years because of better farming techniques used to make a hundred times the food using genetic modification. Anyway, my name is Kernel, my grandfather liked to call me Corn. Unfortunately, he died a couple of months ago from radiation that leaked from a nuclear power plant. Apparently, someone released the remaining radioactive waste from a nuclear fission onto the road. My dad was a bio-chemist, so basically he created medicines and found ways to help conditions, so we got the latest treatments for sickness. Our family was very wealthy, I mean that's why we had a flying hovercraft as our house. We also had seven robot servants who my mum made. A.I. (artificial intelligence) have developed minds of their own which means they are like humans, but they are solar powered. My mum worked for Energy Corp. , a company which created new tech and robots. She was an engineer so we also got the latest gadgets and tech. Due to the human population boom, scientists around the world worked hard to create levitating land so that there would be more land for people to live on until we could find another planet.

I was in my bed, lying down, I couldn't sleep properly. I was just used to hearing my little brother Sam cry, and my mum and dad discussing very important matters, well... at least that's what I had thought. A thought had sparked into my mind- Why couldn't I hear any of these things? I wasn't too scared until I saw my mum climbing the escalator spitting blood out from her mouth and gagging on what I thought was

her own blood. I immediately rushed to her and screamed at the top of my lungs, "DAD!!!!".

There was no response. One of the robots rushed upstairs to my mum's aid. He was dialling triple zero. At the same time, another robot rushed upstairs and exclaimed in a low and sorry tone, "Your father has lost too much blood and has bled to death."

I slammed my hand against the wall and started to tear up. I fell to the ground. "Couldn't you have helped him until the ambulance arrived?" I questioned as I stormed into my own room.

The robot tried to stop me, "But Mr. Kernel-

"Shut up!" I sternly interrupted.

"95% of the human population has died in the past 2 hours." One robot said quickly to catch my attention.

"How?" I asked.

"A lethal pathogen has somehow been released and it is spreading quickly, killing basically every living thing it touches," the robot explained.

"Then how come I'm not dead?" I inquired paying my absolute full attention.

"Because, you're immune. Less than 1% of the human population is immune. Everyone who is immune shares a peculiar strand of D.N.A. named CpH³Hg," the robot answered as if he were the smartest being ever to exist.

I thought to myself, less than 1% population immune... most people who are immune are probably helpless or aren't ideally smart... humans have met extinction... lethal pathogen which could take forever to cure is also moving faster than the speed of sound.

I sat on my bed crying. Everyone who could have the knowledge to cure and eradicate the pathogen is probably dead. Corruption would grow among the

remaining people, teamwork wouldn't work. The remaining people would start to fight each other for supplies and power. Humans won't become extinct just because of the pathogen, humans will end themselves! Even if everyone did work together, people would go insane. We are across the world from each other, how would we connect? The only thing I could do was to make a final stand, go to my dad's lab and find the cure with the help of my robots. Using all my abilities I would try to rebuild humanity just like Adam and Eve did. If that doesn't work, well humans will just have to accept the fact that their time has come and that nothing can be done stop extinction. Pathogen breaks out of a lab... humans die... remaining kill each other. Well. What'd you expect. We all go to happy land on unicorns?

In my final stand for human kind I put on my dad's lab coat... well it didn't fit all that well. My robots go to work preparing everything for me. First of I booted up my dad's computer, I recovered the data that had all the information about me, possible allergies, gender, blood type, D.N.A. etc. I found my unique strand of D.N.A.

"Hey!" I asked all the robots. "Can any of you replicate and create a copy of this strand of D.N.A. of my body?"

One robot responded vaguely, "You don't need to."

Before I could respond he continued, "The pathogen is in your dad's body. Contain it, weaken it and then give it to the infected but still alive, so their bodies could have a chance to fight back the pathogen."

"So basically a vaccine?" I timidly asked.

"Yes," the robot answered with full confidence.

"Sir, winds are increasing in speed," another one of the robots informed me.

"Of what importance is that to me?" I rudely asked.

"Do you recall that we are on a hovercraft?" the robot replied.

“We will do what we usually do, increase power on the engines,” I answered.

“The power grid has been shut down,” the robot said in a concerned voice.

“WHAT!!!??” I roared.

“We are currently running on battery,” the robot told me.

“Something has to happen, quick, ‘cause the engines are gonna malfunction with too much wind,” I told every robot.

I start to hear the engines stuttering and failing to work, suddenly I stopped hearing the engines. I thought to myself-The engines must’ve failed. The hovercraft was falling hard. Now humanity had absolute no chance of survival.