

Charlie (Year 9, The Charter School)
DLF 2017 Winter Short Story Competition entry

Climate Control

2050, December

Oh, I know what you want from me. Frosted trees, perfect snowflakes, glassy skies. But the truth is, it's not that easy. Not now.

It's been so long since I managed some snow that I can barely recall the process. Every endeavour of human excellence has been a thorn in my side: Cars, computers, factories, fuels, every advance chipping away at my powers. Nowadays they journey up faraway mountains to experience the white spectacle. Skiing, sledging: each plane-load only damaging me further. Ironic, no?

Welcome to the modern era. I suppose these days I have to introduce myself. It's me, Winter.

2085, December

Why does everyone keep talking about snow? Who cares? Apart from those crazy campaigners and Ms Ancient from Geogistory class, that is. Sure, it might look good on a Christmas card or crunch under your feet like Ancient is always going on about, but really, what use is snow? Why bother with winter when you can have endless summer inside a Grantham Dome.

I'm Jack by the way. I want a tan and sun-bleached hair, not icicles dripping from my nose.

2110, December

Winter here: Just about. I can still muster a gust of wind or a slight drop in temperature. Right now I'm hanging on, but I know I'm running out of time. Sapping my abilities accidentally I can understand, but I never imagined that humans would actively try to exterminate me. Scientists are almost there. The only thing in the way of physical, theoretical and legal elimination of my activities is the campaigners, who are losing support by the day.

2115, December

Hey, Jack's back. Big day. The unveiling of the newest edition of the Grantham Dome: Time travel with new, improved climate control and reactive holograms. Of course, I queued for hours to get into the grand opening. I couldn't wait to visit the future. The adverts promised perfect conditions; even hotter, totally rain free and definitely no snow. Humans literally can control everything.

But. It didn't quite turn out as expected. I skipped the demo. Why bother? I was pretty sure I could work it out. I must have pressed the wrong button. I was gone in a flash, thoughts, sights, sounds clashing and swirling around me.

2017, December

WTF! I only went and wound up in the past. God, it was freezing. Looking around, I spotted a group of children playing, throwing snowballs. Snowballs! They looked so happy. I couldn't believe it, but I just desperately wanted to join in. In the distance stood a Christmas tree, but it was brilliant green, not brown like ours.

What have we done?

2115, December (today)

I sprint through the crowd of campaigners towards the city centre, waving my banner, screaming at the top of my lungs. "Don't do it!" The clang of Big Ben announces the news.

Too late. The season, theory and existence of winter is henceforth abolished from past, present and future. Hope you like it hot.