BACKGROUND Year 2050. The Earth’s average temperature is 5 degrees higher than in 2019. The last time it rained in your town, it caused terrible floods and hundreds of people got killed… tomorrow is the second anniversary of that appalling occurrence.

The silence filled up the room.

I was sitting in the centre of the kitchen alone, staring at the void. My mother had told me to clean the house during her absence; however, I could not do anything. I just had one thought in my mind that paralyzed me: it was 2 years since the hurricane had destroyed the town and the inhabitants had been deeply scared by the shocking event. I had lost my little sister and since then, I had been living with my mother in the countryside, nearby the town.

My memories dominated all my existence and I felt suspended in a sort of prison of the past. Moreover, the muggy weather suffocated me: the temperature had been rising since I could remember, and the hot weather did not enable anyone to spend some time outside.

A solution to that miserable and unsustainable state needed to be found; therefore, I started dancing on the rhythm of a song that my sister used to listen.

At the end I was so tired that I forgot to get prepared for the memorial representation in honour of the victims of the tragedy and I just fell asleep.

Eleonora Barile