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# BIOPOCALYPSE

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“RMMM” as Dwayne starts his “insurgent” armored vehicle with spikes and metal bars to protect his home from whatever this new world has to offer. his windshield is blown out, from when a pea shooter launched a double shot at his car not too long ago. He was happy it wasn’t his life. Dwayne lights up a Marlboro red, his favorite cigarette, because he loves cigarettes and cigars. But he also is smoking them a lot more now, because of the current state of his life and what he has lost. He pulls up to his old works warehouse, to stock up on supplies. He used to own a local distribution center that delivered everything from groceries to medical supplies to almost every place within the tri-state area, so it’s not a problem for him to get whatever he wants and needs. When he gets there, he uses his 4 keys to unlock the 4 locks on the only door he uses to go in and out. When he gets in, he looks at his list to see what he needs. “Shit, I’m running out” as he gazes over the almost fully run-through pallets of products. He runs fast over to his case of cigarettes and makes sure he has more. He then goes into his personal office, where he has a picture of his daughter and his wife. They were both lost in the donnybrook of the evacuation. He sees them get on a helicopter to escape, but it is shot down by pea shooters and explodes, killing both of them. When he sees the picture, he rethinks this situation, and drops to his knees, trying to hold himself from crying. He then sighs as a single tear dribbles down the left side of his face. On this day, far into this disaster, he realizes the mission he has and he feels the rage in him motivating him to do so. He plans on getting rid of the entire race of psycho plants. He knows that they make their burrows in the fields and that the colonies of them only come out during the day. He plans to lace their fields with gasoline and burn them to death. When he leaves his warehouse, he leaves with an armful of cigarette packs, 45 gallon buckets and lids, and a brand-new semi-automatic long-range rifle. He hops into his car and decides he is going to scout out the plants. He drives by the field about ½ mile from his house, the one most threatening to him. He sees that there is actually a new type of plant that seems to be hucking things at the car in an attempt to damage it. As he drives by, pieces of corn start hitting his car. He realizes that these plants were throwing these at a fast velocity, as fast as a pitcher with a baseball, and this makes him quite startled. He sees that they grow out of the ground, and they can’t move at all, only throw. They are defending something hidden in the middle of the field, “are those... seeds?? They can reproduce??” exclaims Dwayne to absolutely nobody. He then realizes how vital it is that he burns it down. When he pulls up to his house, and into his garage, he has another breakdown. Thinking about his daughter and his wife. Later that night, he is in his planning room, where he sits, he has a filthy ash tray filled with cigarette butts, and some beer on the counter. He ends up getting quite drunk, and he thinks about how he wants to burn down the field. “Well what have I got to lose” he says to absolutely nobody again. He then stumbles around packing up some guns and ammo, as well as putting his sprayer pump and gas buckets into the back of his truck. He then hops into his truck, hoping it won’t be his last time leaving the house he has spent so much time and effort at. As he drives off from his house, he hears a shriek towards the city, as if a larger sized monster was in pain. But this doesn’t take him off of his mission. When he arrives at the field, he immediately is being attacked by more mutant plants, which aren’t lethal to his vehicle, but can sure make a dent. He hops out of the car, moving frantically, goes to the back of the truck and opens down the hatch. He grabs a one gallon tank of gas, and gets ready to throw it as far as possible towards these plants. He winds up, and launches it towards the field. He then whips out his pistol and shoots the tank right before it hits the ground. “SCREECH-” The field erupts in flames as some of the plants start to cry of pain and death, since most of them were killed or scorched. His eyes light

up with the eagerness to make that same explosion happen again. He decides he is going to go hit more fields and buildings where he knows he might find some more mutant plants. They like cool, dark places. That being underground, or in abandoned buildings. The sad thing is that most buildings are abandoned, so Dwayne decides he is going to hit the biggest ones. He pulls up to bioenergy.inc's skyscraper, where the a of the plants reside because of the lab resources. *Pitter patter* as the plants scuttle around from all around the building, Dwayne then takes 4 2 gallon tanks and throws them into the lobby of the building— SMASH— breaking the layer of glass, alerting the plants inside. They immediately start laying down fire, but Dwayne takes his favorite pistol out again, and blasts the inside of the building into a barrage of flames. He can feel the heat on his body from the flames, but he doesn't get burnt. He laughs with a little bit of nervousness, "hahahaha..." He then hops back into the car to go make another hit, which is the football stadium for the highschool football team. Although he is getting tired he hits the stadium too, causing the whole place to burn down over the span of 12 hours. When he arrives home, he is tired of doing this work, and immediately falls asleep once sitting down at his table. He somehow is now back at the start of the disaster and he turns around and sees his wife and daughter going up in the helicopter. He yells "Lauren! Jasmine!" and then "POP" as a peashooter not even 10 yards from Dwayne fires a large shot at the helicopter. He then shoots up at the table, right before he sees his family being killed again, and he cries. He then looks out the window, and sees that the building he had lit up yesterday was completely engulfed in flames, looking ready to implode. He doesn't regret what he has done, but he decides he wants to keep making it happen excluding its dangerousness. He then hops in his car and heads to his warehouse where he grabs some gas tanks and heads to the gas station to fill them up. He then decides that he is going to start trying to take down entire city blocks because of the amount of abandoned buildings being inhabited by mutant plants, and also being the breeding place for them. He travels far from his own house and decides to just hit a random block. He gets out of his truck and puts gas containers on the steps of a bunch of the houses. He gets back in his car and starts to unload fire. Within minutes, half of the block is in flames and he hears the screams and cries of the plants inside. Finally, he is getting some sort of closure, which is soothing his mind. For the next couple weeks, all he does is blow up blocks and take down plants. He has completely lost his habit of smoking cigarettes and is now more of a happier person. Not to mention, after all of the attacks, the plants have started to stay inside, and he is less in danger out in the day and night. This is almost as if he has become the danger. He does not answer the door. He is the one who knocks. Although, there is one worry that he has. Are there other humans in the apocalypse area that he may be affecting? He has been lonely for a while now and hopes he didn't accidentally hurt anyone. He does want to have a companion. Maybe a dog or something. But he is too focused on surviving the night. But one day he goes out to make some more hits on some of the infested buildings, and something strange happens. He had just lit up a block, and a lot of smoke was coming off. Across the street he sees a head in the window of a building, but then the head disappears and the window appears to be covered. Dwayne is very confused...

**Annotation #1 -**

*I (Sam) am using onomatopoeia in my story because my character is supposed to be kind of quiet and not really talkative. In the story, instead of only using words to describe things, I use the sounds of things happening in the story to show and not tell what is going on. "RMMM" as Dwayne starts his insurgent"*

**Annotation #2 -**

*I am using Dwayne as a sad feature in the story so that the reader may feel empathy or sympathy for him, and want to see how his story ends. I set his story up to be kind of cliché, but also a very unfortunate situation. He lost his wife and daughter to mutant plant attacks. "When he sees the picture, he rethinks this situation, and drops to his knees, trying to hold himself from crying. He then sighs as a single tear dribbles down the left side of his face. "*

**Annotation #3 -**

*I use a 3rd person point of view mainly because it isn't too appealing—to me— if Dwayne was in the 1st person. Him narrating his own story would kind of be odd and not really work, because he is best viewed from the view of a third person omniscient because of his feelings. "As he drives off from his house, he hears a shriek towards the city, as if a larger sized monster was in pain. But this doesn't take him off of his mission."*

The thundering clouds above violently pour on her small makeshift home. Instead of the calming pitter-patter of drops, it is the sharp, loud, angry sound of knives trying to get to her. *Tomorrow the flooding will be high*, she thinks to herself. No use going out. She wishes for the days when she stepped outside and thought to herself that she wished for some rain instead of the balmy heat of summer. But now she just hopes for silence. Not complete silence, the kind that has that comforting amount of chatter of the city in the background. The soft whispers of the buildings settling in, the slow roll of cars out front growing steadily louder and then gone, and in its place stands silence soon to be interrupted again. Untangling herself from the covers Caroline rises to a stooped position so as not to go higher than the single windows sill above her cot. Through the window streams the bright light of midday. *I really should cover that up at some point*, she thinks just as she follows that thought up with a new one, *but I will miss the sunlight*. Caroline stands in a medium-sized concrete basement that is completely bare to the bone except for a few tables, bookshelves with assorted items, her cot, a bunch of equipment, and a radio. So not very bare. The basement has a small concrete stairway leading to the entrance and exit (one of the ones with the rusted metal doors) of the basement on the street above. She moves to the other side of the room and checks to see how much canned food is on the shelves and she finds she is having a hard time reading the labels. She looks up and sees that the whole room seems much darker now. She follows a small sliver of light around the room as it seems to be outlining something and then she sees the clear definitions of a large leaf. She runs to her cot, trying to leave the view of the window, the only source of light in the room. Caroline grabs her pillow and stuffs it against the window and everything goes dark. She can feel her slick hands grasping, but she can't see them. She feels the

smooth cool plasticky fabric of the pillow but she can't see it. There's movement outside but no movement in, only a statue. The rustling grows faint and the statue starts to breathe again. Caroline thinks nothing at first. She lays back down with the rough hard plastic strands of the cot underneath her. Now without a real pillow, she grabs her blanket, scrunches it into a ball, and tucks it beneath her head. She thinks to herself *I mustn't remove that pillow, it's too dangerous, I should have thought of that sooner, so stupid, so stupid so... dark.*

"Wake up! We'll be late for class! Come on Carol!" She awakes with a film over her eyes. One blink. Two blinks. She lifts her hand to rub her eye. Her hand presses down and the inside of her eyelids erupt with the static of a tv screen stuck in between two channels. She walks down a hall and there are lots of people around her all with backpacks and notebooks in hand. She looks down at her own hands and sees a green notebook titled "Caroline Benjamin - H. Charles University - Intro to Biology".

Caroline, now awake after a long and dreamful nap is rustling through her store of supplies. Running low, *need to go get more*, she thinks. As she is already dressed Caroline grabs a few things for her trip, a backpack, the last can of peaches, a flashlight, and some other assorted items, as well as the most important thing: her notebook. She takes a peek behind the pillow blocking the window and scans the area outside. Looks clear she thinks. Now at the entrance hatch to the basement, she slowly unlocks all of the locks on the doors. After the last lock stubbornly releases its hold, the process of leaving her safety zone begins. The hatch is nestled in the outside corner of the house so she doesn't need to look behind herself. With a slight lift and a loud screech, Caroline peeks out from under the false comfort of the nest. Clear once again. She climbs the last step and spreads her wings. This is her first time out for a long period of time in a while after a run-in on her last expedition. With a little shudder, the remembrance settles in.

She's creeping through the small wood, notebook in hand, attempting to get a glimpse of... well anything, anything that will give her an explanation for this green destruction. Pushing forward she comes to a clearing, nudging through the leaves gleaming in the midday sun with the leftover rain from novice monsoon the night before she looks through the foliage. Out in the clearing looks to be a mound with some strange-looking, small, moving figures on it.

"What is that", she thinks out loud, much too loud. Stepping closer Caroline trips on a root and something snaps behind her, but it is not a stick. She looks over her shoulder and the jaws of something that shouldn't have them is staring down at her. The monstrous plant lurches forward on its root-like legs, snapping at her with a mouth of razor-sharp bark, stained red. But no redwood trees exist in this area.

The wind rushes by her helmeted head, pedaling as fast as she can she's headed for a large building in the distance. Her bike's chain rusted, working as hard as it can in its brittle state. The sun shines on the overgrown landscape of the once-busy city. Foliage and vines now take the place of her neighbors, growing everywhere and anywhere, watching her speed past. She hears the faint sound of barking behind her, with a quick glance over her shoulder she sees a pack of dogs run across an intersection in the distance, luckily they didn't pick up her scent because Caroline has observed unusual and inconsistent behavior from the fauna in the area. A few minutes later she rides past a large field and slows down. On the side of the road lay the bodies of two plants burnt to a crisp, almost so that she would have shrugged them off as street filth. The plants lay with their legs of twisted vines sprawled out and their arms of leaves limp. *If only she could have done*

*something*, she thinks. She takes a quick sample and somberly continues on her way. As she leaves, a few more plants emerge from the bushes on the side of the road. They stand around their fallen kind and in a way lower their heads. 20 minutes later Caroline reaches her destination. With her legs on fire, she dismounts her cycle and looks up at the looming warehouse. Parked outside seems to be a large modified truck but she pays it no mind just her surroundings and the task at hand: finding supplies. She steps through the side door of the building and follows the deeply shadowy walls to the very back where she begins checking off her shopping list. Food, water, medical supplies, a new pillow, duct tape (always handy to have), some candy (just for the energy I swear), and other assorted articles of items. With her bag bursting at the seams, she thinks it is time to head back, and it's almost midday meaning the city will be the most active and the most dangerous. Just as she was about to make her leave something bursts through a door on the other side of the warehouse. Caroline freezes. Sounds grow closer. Caroline on the other side of a large storage shelf peeks through and sees the silhouette of something. It stands on the other side of the shelf and picks something up, it sloshes with its contents. The thing turns and walks to the exit. As it grows closer to the door and therefore the source of light she sees a man holding a red gas container and a large gun. Just before leaving he turns and looks around, scanning the jungle of shelves. After a moment he leaves. Moments later an engine is heard outside, it grows loud, and then the sound fades away. Caroline stays still for much longer after the noise is heard, she stiffly moves her muscles to the exit and peers out. No truck. But her bike remains although she should not any longer than necessary. She jumps on and quickly pedals off. Nearing the spot where she saw the plant bodies she sees that they are no longer there but in the grass placed in a more comfortable fashion. She rides her mind racing with many things.

She slowly closes the metal hatch doors and carefully fastens all of the locks securing the doors. She drops her backpack to one arm, the weight so immense it almost pulls her down with it. Caroline lines her items up on the shelves bordering the basement. *Enough to last a while*, she tells herself. She takes out the sample that she grabbed and lays it on her workstation for another day of study. It's now dusk and she lays down in her cot to rest her aching body and mind. She lays her head down on her new pillow and closes her eyes, now opening them she sees a strange pulsing light on the far wall sneaking through the pillow covering the window. Confused, she gets up, moves the pillow, and peeks outside. Standing across the road is a man, the man. Watching buildings burn in front of the night sky, Caroline sees his face holds no emotion. The man hucks another small gas can at the vengeful flames, even through the walls she hears screams like the boiling of water in a kettle coming from the buildings, she sees plants of all kinds burst through the widows of the homes and fall to the ground on fire. As a zookeeper feels for the hurt lion who would gladly make a meal of them, Caroline understands the plants would attack her in an instant but she can't help but feel their pain herself. The man slowly turns his head and looks right at her. The sweat on his face gleaming in the fire's light. She quickly covers the window back up and slides her back against the wall down onto her cot. Now, holding her legs against her chest in the darkness of her makeshift home she wonders if balance will ever be restored. She hears the eerily comforting crackling noises of the raging fire outside, and she sees a sliver of the warm glow of the intense heat creep through the window and onto the floor in front of her.

**Annotation #1 -**

*The main technique I (Miles) used is that of descriptive language. I made this choice because I am good at getting in-depth about surroundings and the things in them, these detailed descriptions of characters' feelings and things around them allow the reader to be more attached to the story as they can really grasp the feelings of the world within the story and visualize its contents. Here is a good example of some of my descriptive language: "Her hand presses down and the inside of her eyelids erupt with the static of a tv screen stuck in between two channels."*

**Annotation #2 -**

*I used lots of inner dialogue and not a lot of vocal dialogue. I used this technique because it allows me as the writer to work to my strengths and for readers to see a wider picture of the character's thoughts and feelings. You can see some of my inner dialogue here: "She thinks to herself I mustn't remove that pillow, it's too dangerous, I should have thought of that sooner, so stupid, so stupid so... dark." Another story and the author gave me a little influence on this technique. That is "Speech Sounds" by Octavia Butler as there is much inner dialogue used in that story.*

**Annotation #3 -**

*Another technic that was utilized in my writing was sentence length. For many of the descriptions of places the sentences are longer to emphasize the setting but for actions, sentences usually are a lot shorter to show tension. Here is an example of a longer sentence for the setting: "Caroline stands in a medium-sized concrete basement that is completely bare to the bone except for a few tables, bookshelves with assorted items, her cot, a bunch of equipment, and a radio." This is an example of a shorter sentence for actions: "The thing turns and walks to the exit."*

Humans were created to live among and in unison with my creations. But as soon as they stepped foot on this earth everything was thrown out of balance. At first I was ok with the murder of plants as the animals that I created would do the same. The food chain was normal and humans had found their way to the top. It made sense they had evolved much further than my other animals. I believe that my father made them that way, my father being god of course. A few years down the line they make cars? Smoke stacks? Literal rockets that blast them into space the amount of damage that does to the earth alone is immeasurable. I don't even know how in the world my baby can take that much. Really just shows my incredible prowess at creation. I find it interesting that humans think that they own the earth and that they can do whatever they want to it. Landfills full of trash and the ocean treated like trash. Yet they don't think that the ocean won't flood over and ruin all of their lives. Look at natural disasters; they are a warning, a precursor to what will come. So I have now decided that the human day of reckoning shall come. I've turned my plants into weapons of pure destruction able to withstand any of those high firepower weapons humans like to use on each other everyday. Starting with America it's been a pain ever since they first decided to free themselves from Britain and stole the land of the natives, which don't get me wrong it wasn't even theirs to begin with but they lived side by side with nature while the Europeans lived to do as they pleased with it. So I'm giving my plants different abilities to fight against the humans and even turn the humans weapons against them. As I said before each plant has something different to them to

rebel against the humans, like my sunflowers who can harness the power of the sun and turn that into laser beams or cacti being able to shoot out their Glochids. A simple house plant now can think and act according to my will. My trees are walking giants that could crush a person in a second, and I think we all know what my oceans are capable of, able to sink an entire island without a second thought. Animals that could already overpower a human I've just made them stronger. I'm certain that the humans will fight back like they always do but it will be quite interesting to see how they make it out of this one and even if they work together or not they will fail. The earth will be rebuilt into my image like it used to be. Maybe I'll even find a purpose for the humans if they don't all end up dead.

### **6 Months after mother nature's attack**

The humans have begun to realize the severity of my attack and have begun to fight back. They use all kinds of methods to kill my plants, flamethrowers, guns, swords, anything they could get their grimy hands on. It takes a lot more than just that to truly take them down though many have died for my cause and their sacrifices are not in vain. They are the true fighters. In the half of a year that has already passed we are growing closer to almost 1 Million deaths. The humans scream like a serenade to my godly ears. Yet the humans still find a way to perplex me. One would think that they would fight for their lives which most or they might hide away and try to live out the rest of their lives. Though there are humans that give their lives away like it's nothing, some even say that they are giving themselves back to the earth. It almost brings a tear to my eyes that people like this could exist. I understood that there were many humans that loved nature but not to this level. It doesn't matter though I'm someone that punishes the many for the few and the few for the many. Though those humans gave me an Idea what to do with their bodies after they die, make them the earth's new plants. While not only that people that I find to be true violators of nature will not be killed but morphed into a human-like plant where they still feel the breath of every normal thing a human can do but they are now like trees and bushes unable to fight back for themselves. Stuck in a stationary position not able to think about what they were going to do later on in the day but stuck only in their minds. I want them to suffer as they have made me suffer and made my babies suffer. Then I'll rebuild everything and make my own humans that live side by side with plants and nature. They'll never have to know about their ancestors and their sins, but only about their lives and the future of their new civilization. Another shock that the humans have shown me is that they can work together in some situations and everywhere else they fail. When given a common threat they still decided to fight each other. I have seen them leave babies in favor of their own lives just to die anyway. They would leave their loved ones instead of fighting for them? They are the reason why I'm doing this to show humans to care for everything they are given because in a second it can turn on them or just be taken away. I would also like to state that I have and will not harm any human under the age of 18 as they are the future and what I believe are the perfect people to live in my new world. I'm having my plants and animals take them away until this fight is all over. My plants have informed me of a broken man, one who cares little about anything around him and just wants to live out the rest of his days. They say that he doesn't know who to blame for this fight but he's looking for something or someone to blame for all of this. Now first of all who the hell does this man think he is murdering my plants like he's some judge, jury and executioner. Next trying to blame me for all of this which he didn't outright say but it felt a lot like it. You should be blaming Humans for all their monumental mistakes, such as not giving a damn about the planet that they live on. Does he even



know who I am? My plants say his name is Dwayne sounds like one of those names that they would give to a protagonist that is somewhat dumb in anything educational but really good at anything that relates to strength. Though Dwayne has given me an idea there is another human that I have been watching for quite some time now. Her name is Caroline, someone who I have seen care for plants quite a bit and generally seems to love the world around her. Like a mini version of me but not as beautiful and powerful. I want to know how two humans that are completely different view my actions. My plants have notified me that they have found two people that match their descriptions near a burning city. Of course it was that man named Dwayne who would hurt my plants so vile and evil. I have asked them to bring the two to me so that we can talk in a civilized manner. I want to know how humans interpret my actions and then I'll kill them.

### **The Meeting With Mother Nature**

Mother Nature sits in her grassy throne as she watches the two humans be dragged in. They both look up in fear and awe at her beauty. "That's right you foolish humans look up at me in fear and in faith as I am mother nature." Dwayne then begins to speak. "Listen lady I don't give a shit who you are but it seems like you were the one who started all of this so as soon as I'm out of these vines I'm going to get my flamethrower and-." "That's enough out of you." as Mother Nature sends vines to gag Dwayne's mouth. She then begins to finish what she was going to say. "Now you may be asking why I have brought you here. You both have shown me two sides of humanity one where you only care for yourself and less about everything and one around you and only cause a path for destruction. While the other actually has some semblance of effort to care for the place they live and have hope for the future which is you Ms. Caroline." "So you're doing all of this because humanity seems to no longer care for the earth." Says Caroline. "Yes, for the past 200 years Humanity has been creating thousands of machines and destroying hundreds of forests, and ecosystems all for the benefit of who? Yourselves my earth has been put through hell or high water just because you wanted to talk to your friends who are walking distance away instead of enjoying the world that I have given to you." After some constant biting Dwyane is able to chew through the vines over his mouth and begins to yell. "SHUT THE HELL UP MY WIFE AND DAUGHTER WERE KILLED BECAUSE OF YOUR DAMN PLANTS AND YOUR TRYING TO MAKE A BETTER WORLD WITH MURDER!?" "It's the only way that you humans will learn I'm sorry for your daughter she shouldn't have been killed whatsoever she should have seen the world I'm going to create." Says Mother Nature. "Wait Ms. Nature." Says Caroline. "Wouldn't it make sense to end this senseless killing and just work with us humans to create a better world." "When would that ever work? You people can't even work together on a problem you have created for yourselves." "But can't you see how many people you have hurt, look at Dwyane, look at the people hiding away trying to survive, Children stripped from their parents all to make a better world? Instead of bringing pain and destruction wouldn't you rather work with us to create a better world? Think about it: If you were to incentivise us with your better world plan first, maybe we would have been inclined to work with you. Not all humans are self centered s.o.b's I mean you even said it yourself." Mother Nature begins to really take a look at the outside world and just sees destruction she begins to reflect on her actions she turned into the thing she was trying to stop. Dwyane and Caroline are freed from their vine restraints and the various plants begin to head outside and undo their giant mess. Mother nature sends out the ocean to put out the many fires. "Thank you Caroline". She says with tears flowing down her face. "I'm so sorry I became the one thing I didn't want. I became a puppet of destruction. War only brings pain even if you were to win.

You were right now I'm only going to help make this earth a better place for the benefit of everyone." Mother Nature heads back to her astral plane and begins to help the humans rebuild the earth she was going to destroy. Caroline is now known all over the world as the woman who saved the earth even winning a Nobel Peace prize. As for Dwayne he has decided to help out with the injured and the rebuilding of society. Then he is going to head out and live the rest of his life as a farmer in the west. As the sun sets humans have learned the lesson of caring to what has been given to them and care for their environment. While Mother Nature learns that war is the last possible option as it only brings pain and destruction for everyone.

**Annotation #1 -**

*The first technique I chose was a first person point of view considering the fact that I wanted people to understand mother nature's true thoughts, feelings and meaning behind her actions. As in third person, someone would be reading and everything that is going on wouldn't be as impactful or have as much meaning behind it as if it were done in first person.*

**Annotation #2 -**

*For my next technique I wanted to use much bigger and more complex words for mother nature and have her speak in much longer sentences as she really wants to get her point across. In the best way that she knows how. Being that most people would view her as some divine or godly being I wanted her to speak like one while also having a very sadistic antagonist personality to her. "The humans Scream Like a serenade to my ears" Though making the reader ask if what she is doing is right or wrong Or someone doing what they think is right.*

**Annotation #3 -**

*For my final technique my part of this final dystopian story is shown to have three parts. I wanted this sort of idea to something like the matrix which is inherently a dystopian story. As in most stories with three acts the story or character comes full circle. With mother nature she wanted humans and nature to live side by side in unison but then she sees what humans do to nature. So she does it back and believes what she is doing is right. She is then shown the error of her ways and beings to realize everything she did was blinded by self benefit.*