

Changing of gears

The lights flickered past generating a monotonous appearing and disappearing repeating shadow across the windscreen from the street lamps adjacent. I looked to my right, the seemingly endless barrier waded on and on. As I power forward in my peripherals the barrier becomes warped, shrinking out of sight into nothing, like a black hole sucking matter out of existence. The constant revs of my engine persist, pressure builds and builds, forcing explosions of four horizontally lined pistons to shoot down. The crank turns and turns and turns, on and on it goes. I read the road sign 'London Orbital Motorway M25 junction 24'. London - the gateway to the machine. As I enter I am welcomed by shrieking gears, turning cogs and toxic fumes. Thousands flock everyday to feed the machine that is the engine of a dependable yet replaceable system. Animals made zombies, captive of our need to live. We feed the fire to the ever growing beast who becomes more powerful and more hungry everyday. Resources become scarce and the population grows. Automation increases and our lives become mute and meaningless. A system made by us and will be destroyed by us. The end is imminent.

'Ahhh' I think to myself 'One more day until the weekend'

The radio buzzes 'This just in: top stock holders around the world sell off shares as share prices plummet due the world pandemic'

The end had come in a sudden, the engine had stopped at once. The mundane despair had faded out and to the vacancy sparked a flame of life.