

Staff Meeting

Daniel Prior

In the teachers' facility were Mary, Eve and Anne.

Mary had given her first grade students a homework assignment to do a short essay on climate change, perhaps simply hoping that they would ask what that was at their houses.

But Manuel had other plans.

Mary put a two-page essay on the table:

—Attention, because this is terrifying.

The others paid attention to her and Mary began to read:

“Climate change: Great remedies for great ills. With em from Misilité.

Climate change is defined as the increase in global temperature, that is, of our planet, the Earth, due to the accumulation of carbon dioxide and other greenhouse gases...”

"You're kidding, aren't you?" Eve intervened.

—You listen:

"Greenhouse gases accumulate in the atmosphere, concentrating the heat that the planet receives, as in fact an artificial greenhouse dedicated to horticulture would...”

"I don't believe it," Eve continued. Anne was simply stunned.

—Seriously.

—But she's six years old, Mary, six fucking years old, his parents did it.

"But have you heard him speak?" He is like this! It goes on:

“If the temperature rises two or three degrees globally, we will find ourselves facing catastrophic consequences such as desertification or the melting of the poles.

But I am not satisfied with posing the problem, I also want to propose a solution:

1816 was the “Year without a summer”. This was so because various volcanoes erupted, which caused a layer of dust in high areas that, reflecting the sun's rays, significantly lowered the temperature also globally.

This is why the solution can be to detonate a nuclear warhead at the base of one or more billet volcanoes.

Because that would allow us to continue as before, which is honestly what is going to happen,

having an ace up our sleeve”:

»Thoughts?

"He's creative, really clever," Eve said.

"Nothing of his age, of course," said Anne for the first time.

What are you going to do?

-What are we going to do? It is not clear?

»This fucking dwarf is dangerous, he can get us on the hump. For now I'll put a... 20, a 20, exactly, to this shit. He has to think you're worthless. He has to believe it.

“Then we have to put him on the target of his peers, make him different. We have to go “rampageous” on him, but what the hell will he have believed?

The three of them laughed and Mary and Eve took another drag on their cigarettes.