

Green Flash 2016

Holly White



Green Flash

Holly White
March 2016





I had taken to eating rice cakes with peanut butter throughout the day, although I was worried about whether this was nutritionally sound. But I had all this Sun Chlorella which was probably what was keeping me going.

Because all the lighting had been designed to be powered by a mix of wind and sun power, the lights still came on every night at sunset, although only faintly. The lights were rainbow coloured and moved in circles around the trees.

A fox had died in the bushes on the side of the motorway. We had to walk up the hard shoulder 3 times that week and the smell got worse each time. But eventually it didn't smell anymore.

We remembered when people lived here and talked about cities we could move to. Later we walked through the village and found a button that, when you pressed it, played recordings of people applauding.



Even though it hadn't been used for a long time, the emergency test announcement still sounded at 2pm everyday in the empty stadium. You could hear it for miles. It was followed by a 7 second siren.

We rode through the village until we came to the perimeter wall. There was a faded photo of a cityscape printed on it and we looked at how the buildings had changed. We walked up to the tower and tried to find a way in so we could get to the top but it was all shut off.





I remember when I walked you to the bus to leave and I wondered if I would cry. Instead I told you about someone I knew who had cried when I had left them. You joked that I was really talking about you leaving me. You never came back.

Eating instant rice noodles had been okay. I added peanut butter when I could find some and I kept half the noodle flavour powder in a box to use in case of emergencies.



The only places you couldn't see from a helicopter might have been under the bridges over the canals, but they had covered the bridges with mirrors so you could see underneath. The mirrors were still there and they were beautiful now there were no helicopters.

I had heard you were thinking of going up North and felt disappointed you hadn't made contact to tell me. Not that it mattered anymore. I made a bowl out of tin foil and saved some rice for you in case it wasn't true.

I had heard people used to climb down the outside of the tower on ropes but now there wasn't anyone going up or down. I thought about what you'd told me about climbing and wondered if I could get to the top with my bare hands if I needed to, and I missed you.

Sometimes I saw the tower in the distance moving in the wind and I wondered whether it had suffered any structural damage over the years. I never spent too long close to the base.

We tried to set up camp but there was no shelter because the whole area was originally designed to have no hidden spaces. There was nowhere without wind.





I remembered when we watched the sunset from the roof, when there was no tower to block anything. We had cut the bottom off the fire escape to stop anyone getting up. Then I remembered the day the buses stopped and I sat on the roof and looked at the unfinished car park and wondered where you were.

The village seemed the kind of place you could find a sundial because there was so much public sculpture. I never found one but the sun was never bright enough anyway.

