The Summer of 2036

The summer of 2036 was tough for everyone–humans and animals and plants. Drought for some, flooding for others. Rising oceans washed away coastal areas. And the heat. Dreadful heat, surrealistically bitter cold every freezing winter. Followed by summers that scorched.

Pierre lived near Paris. One morning he looked at his large vegetable garden. For two weeks the daylight temperature had been over 35C. Heat and a violent rain storm destroyed his first set of seedlings. The heat burned the second set in its first week. Pierre looked at the struggling shoots of the third set, three inches high but already withering.

The heat was the worst disaster in a sea of them. France had more air conditioners than ten years ago but not nearly enough (especially with the rotating brownouts.) His clothing was already soaked from sweat. His empty stomach growled.

Market shelves were frequently empty. Harvests grew increasingly poor. Scientists rushed to develop plants which thrived in extreme heat, but results were years distant. People and animals starved, populations dwindled to a fraction of their former selves. Pierre regularly heard rumours of cannibalism.

He looked at the struggling garden, sighed, lowered himself to the earth and ate the seedlings.

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