

## The Diaries of Sahara Leroy

February 18, 2032, 4:50pm

It is just another day here in New York; except for the fact that the city is taken over by robots. I can tell you now that robots do not know how to run a city. There is no food, there no light, and no control. Laughter, I suppose, is what spills from the pits of your soul; well ha you do not have to believe me; you will see what is coming. I, Sahara Leroy, am not a white liar; I am simply just here stuck in 2032 trying to tell you ignorant people in 2010 that robots will take over. I have never been known for lying and I did not plan on starting now. Well beside the point, if it will assure you that I am telling the whole truth and nothing but the truth then fine, I am Sahara Leroy and as governor of New York City, I will say this place is out of control! The water does not run anymore, so bathing is pretty much impossible, and the sun is the only light we receive, so once it gets dark there is not much you can do but sleep. You might wonder how I at such a high rank, ended up here. Even the president of the United States would be right where I am if he had to deal with the crap I have experienced. It is hard, but there is nothing that can be done, at least I don't think so. Anyways if there was something that could be done I sure as heck wouldn't be able to do it. Alrighty its sunset, I have to scrounge for food before it gets dark, tomorrow is another day.

February 19, 2032, 3:39am

Ugh, I hate how early the sun goes up in the morning. I literally do not get any sleep anymore, and it is ridiculous! Well, anyways Good Morning world, if anyone is out there. It is always so lonely these days, I mean there are people around, but everyone has turned into this

disgusting, shaky, dirty, rodent type of person; honestly it freaks me out. I mean it is not that big of a deal but man it would be nice for some company. Ugh I'm tired I think I might crash for a while longer.

February 19, 2032, 8:47am

Yawn, yawn, yawn, finally I got some rest. Ah well, today is the day; I will go out for a little while, get into some trouble. Hmm I feel like a teenager again; it is ridiculous. Well the sun burns in that sky more harsh than usual, I swear we must have moved closer to the sun or something. My thermometer or thermostat whatever floats your boat reads 126 degrees, I guess about five degrees cooler than most days. It is about 7:30 am-the hottest time of the day. It is pretty extreme.

The park has never looked so, disgusting; the grass is burnt and water fountain looks like one micro particle could touch it and it would disintegrate. The trees droop as if something heavy was just placed upon them, these trees are bare, nothing but wood. Crap! I have been spotted, stupid robot, now I have to run. ---Okay I think I got away, but who knows these things are crazy. Shhh! I hear rustling around the corner; I guess this dark bare alley was not the best of all hiding places. I love how I'm talking to my diary, shoot like it understands me. Wait, that's not a robot. What is that? There is nowhere to go! HELP!

February 27, 2032, 3:46 pm

It is been a few days since I have written; I have been plenty busy. Now that I have time I might as well explain what happened to me, ah where do I start, as I said I was plenty busy. Okay, you know how I was stuck in that alley, well the person coming was Eaglebird Schnitzer.

He is the guy that invented the flying cars, and the accomplice of Sherry Manston, the man who created the robots. Eaglebird is the most intelligent scientist/inventor of 2025, and honestly, I never realized it until I met him. Well, anyways at first I thought he was a robot coming around that corner; but he pretty much saved my life. Although, when he did come into the alley I did kick him, I' am surprised he helped me. Ha. But yea, well I' am here in his laboratory, where there is food, yummy, water, and even electricity. This place is cleaner than most places and most of all not invaded with robots; haha and by the way I have come up with a new name for them; I call them lamebots. I know it's a stupid name but why not? Right? O Eaglebird is back, I'll write ya later!

February 29, 2032, 12:56am

I can't sleep, I feel so overwhelmed, for some odd reason. Today Eaglebird showed me how he has electricity. It was the cleverest and amazing thing I have ever seen. There were several little contraptions that he had providing the energy for his electricity. Okay, there was this panel thing, I think he called it a solar panel, he had it outside where the sun could reach it. I do not know how that helps, but it does. He told me it was probably used when I was a child. Then he took me miles and miles away in his hydro-car to the ocean, where there was this tall windmill looking thing, it was quite large I would say. But somehow it created enough energy for electricity. Then there was this damn looking thing at a river, in which the name I forget. All of which I do not understand how they work. I am usually not the most idiot of a person, but today was way over my head. One thing I did notice is that Eaglebird is quite smashing. For being in his 40's he is looking good; his big green eyes, tall muscular body, he looks like Gerard

Butler, well in your generation. Wow, I'm amazed. Maybe I have been alone for too long. Maybe I'm desperate. I do not know anymore but, Wow...I got to go.

February 29, 2032, 1:00pm

Eaglebird woke me up with breakfast this morning. I stayed up so late I almost did not wake to my name. He made me eggs, bacon, and bread; classic. After I munched down Eaglebird grabbed me and we went for a walk. It was funny how he knew which roads to take, so that the "Lamebots" would not find us. Although I thought this was going to be a romantic walk in the sunrise well, it was something more serious. He asked for me to give him YOU; my journal. What an intruder, what makes him think that I would give him my only personal item, my life story; besides I have better plans that to give you to some attractive old man who's an accomplice to the reason we're run over that the robots. Hmm I do not think Eaglebird is the man I thought he was!

February 30, 2032, 3:47pm

He's gone. Maybe I was too harsh, but he's nowhere to be seen, or even heard. I've checked closets, bed rooms, the balcony, and even the bathrooms. I'm alone again, and it's all my fault. I might as well be dead now I have nothing to live for, I finally found a normal human being and I screw it up. I'm so immature, I over react like a child.----wait what is that noise? It's coming from his lab. Should I go down there? No, that is his personal space. What if he's in trouble and need help? I do not know, it could be dangerous for me to walk in. What if he yells at me like I yelled at him for wanting my journal? I guess we all have to sacrifice how we feel. Here I go. (*Squeaky squeaky*) Of course I cannot be quiet, I'm such a ditz. Okay, just breathe

Sahara, you can do this. The noises keep getting louder as I walk slowly down what seems to be the darkest and longest set of stairs I have ever seen in my life. "Hey Sahara!" Eaglebird says, "How are you this morning!" Okay, and I thought I was immature. He scared the crap out of me, and all he says is hey! I'm so mad right now, but not at him. I'm mad because I didn't want to be alone. And for a second there I thought I was.

March 2, 2032, 5:48am

Time machine, literally you have to be kidding me. All they do is cause black holes, nothing but trouble. Besides, they are stuff we hear about in stories, time machines are not real; but fine okay, I will listen. Blah, blah, blah, Eaglebird says, future blah, saving lives blah, blah, blah, wait what! Eaglebird says that this time machine can save us. How you might ask, by my journal. I mean I have not written much, but somehow this can help. There's no way this will work, no way.

*Dear Past Generation,*

*My name is Eaglebird Schnitzer, and as I can see by the time you get to reading this you've read much about me. I am a scientist with NASA, and I helped make the robots; this you already know. But I do not have much time. The robots we are inventing at your time will take over. Yes, sure the government may say that everything is under control, but no; these robots are smarter than ever imaginable. They will kill, they will take everything you have ever owned, and worst of all, once they get started, no one can stop them, except the creators. And that is me. Okay, everything is going to start off by electricity disappearing all over the world. This happens because the robots require an electrical charge to stay active. And there are so many that they*

will use up all the electricity, and they will keep making themselves, so the electricity is being used faster than able to be produced. Although you may think that nothing can stop this, there is a way, and it involves the renewable energy, which are thing such as: Wind power, Hydropower, solar energy, geothermal energy, and biofuel. These are renewable resources because they are naturally replenished by the planet we live on. Now you will probably get your electricity for local generators with the help of wind power and such. The generators will not fail, and neither will the robots. So here is my brilliant most extraordinary plan: fry them. How you might ask? Well by giving the robots too much electricity; no it will not work on all but the majority it will. The government's army tried to fight them off, but there was just too many, so this is plan B in my case but in yours, it is plan A, and it will work. Most of the robots charge themselves at dawn, and awake at dusk, so between those times is when you'll want to send the electrical serge. The way you will get the extra power is from the renewable sources. You will start off will a solar panel. In your generation these are more that easy to be found. I'm not a thief, but take one if you have to, as this is an important mission. First you will find me. The reason you need to find me is because I can help you. At first I may disagree with you, but show me this journal. Okay next you are going to have to make a giant solar panel. Of course you don't know how, but that's okay, that's what I will be there for. Then we will need to collect power from a hydroelectric generator, and transfer it in to another generator. It will take about three weeks to collect enough power but for you that's just enough time. Then as soon as we have all the power needed, in about three generators, we will connect it to the main generator to the area most live in. I would like to say this plan will be ready before the robots take over, but wait until they start turning on us. Maybe in your generation they don't turn out so bad but who knows. This may sound like a joke, but it truly isn't, I need you, whoever you are. You will create history in the

*making; the world needs you. Trust me. If you won't do this, please pass this to someone who is serious about this please, or you will lose everything you once loved. I didn't turn out so lucky; let's just say I had a family. I was divorced and had kids, but they were everything. I don't know who may receive this, but please if you have any kind of heart; save us.*

*Sincerely,*

*Eaglebird Schnitzer*

*PS. Maybe if you can introduce me to Sahara Leroy. She lives in New York, she's beautiful, and I think I fell in love these past weeks we've been together, but she has no idea. She tries so hard it's cute; she's the one. Thank you.*

*2040*

*2032*

*2075 (whoops wrong year ha)*

*2010 (ah got it)*

"Daddy! Daddy!" The little girl says, "Look! Look!"

"Baby, go show your mommy. She'll know what to do with it. Okay sweetie?" the girl's father replies.

"Okay. Mommy! Mommy!" she repeats over and over again.

"Now sweetie, use your indoor voice. Jonathan's trying to sleep. You know how hard it is to get your brother asleep. Go play outside, okay?" the mother says in an annoyed tone.

"Well, now what do I do with this diary?" the little girl sobs

A car door slams. Sahara Leroy steps out of the vehicle looking young and fresh.

"Sahara! Sahara! Look! Look!" the girl says to her neighbor.

"Yes, Gabrielle," Sahara says.

“Here you go!” Gabrielle quickly says then runs home.

“My diary, seriously what an invasion of privacy! I’m talking to her parents!” Sahara says starting to look through her diary.

“Wait, 2032...Eaglebird, robots...what! What? No way! Not again! Here I go saving the world one more time,” Sahara mutters under her breath while she drags herself into the biggest experience of her life.

THE END