

Chapter 1

“Beep, Jeff Cinnamon is calling you.”

“Beep, call declined.”

I am at volcano valley, the most popular tourist attraction on the planet. This planet is mars. The year is 2090 and everyone wears headsets that produce what you see. They can make calls, send and receive texts, show public walk ways, tell you when it is safe to cross the road and show you your shopping lists to name a few.

“Beep, here are the top five things to do in your area.”

“Headset, call Mars-O-Taxies.”

“Calling Mars-O-Taxies.”

In the distance, I hear the familiar sound of a volcano blowing off.

“Hello, Mars-O-Taxies customer service how may I help?”

“Hi, can I get a taxi to collect me from Volcano Valley?”

“Sure, it will be here in 10 minutes.”

“Beep, call ended.”

I start to walk to the nearest taxi landing bay when yet another explosion takes place. People think this place is dangerous but every volcano is surrounded by reinforced glass. I am starving hungry so I decide to get a take-away.

There is no McDonalds on Mars and I really miss their chicken mayo sandwich. Instead, though, there is Lava foods. Lava foods is a take-away company that specialise in 3D-printed food.

“Headset, call Lava foods.”

“Calling Lava foods.”

“Hello, lava foods take-away service.”

“Hi, can I order a cheese deluxe burger and a kiwi milkshake please.”

“Of course, your take-away will arrive in 30 minutes.”

“Beep, call ended.”

3D printed food is now more popular than human made food and making food is a very treasured art. In fact, only 2,000 people on the planet of earth know how to make food.

“BOOOOOOOOOOOOM!” Suddenly, a horrendously loud boom shatters the tranquil peace and nanoseconds later, I hear the screams of despaired tourists charging to the nearest taxi landing bay. A volcano explosion had shattered the protective glass that surrounded it. At that moment, my taxi lands. I hurl myself in screaming at the A.I

to take me to Redville, my hometown. My taxi hovers a meter above the ground. As we start to fly a mob of people catapult up and cling for dear life to the under carriage...

Chapter 2

Volcano valley is still closed due to repairs to the glass surrounding the volcano that caused the closure. Even though it was a year ago, I still get nightmares about that traumatic night. The members of the emergency service Mars(esM) have been awarded the Jeff Flinton outstanding bravery award for their help on the night of the disaster.

“Beep, you have a doctor’s appointment today at 4:15”

After that dramatic night, there was a day of mourning across the planet to remember all of those who died. I am in a meeting with the board of directors of volcano valley and minister of tourism safety. We are discussing ways to protect tourist at volcano valley. Also in this meeting, is the president of mars, Boberoni Le Stupidus. “We could install a water bucket that is triggered when the lava explodes at a force of 10.” I suggest. It was at that moment, I was fired from my job.

I leave the boardroom in dismay, thinking of what jobs I could do. I walked outside, eating pringles, the only food that they eat on mars and Earth. I flag down a taxi, and head home deep in thought. Then I had an epiphany, I could be a gadget maker for MI47! I love inventing things, I once made a book that could change what book it is. For example, it could be a Harry Potter book one day and be a CHERUB book the next day. When I get home, I look on the internet for gadget maker jobs in MI47. Success, there is only one place available. I sign up. They say that I will find out in 10 days whether I have the job. I decide to make a new gadget to show MI47 if I get the job. I have an idea. I could make a flavour-changing pringles can. I get my trusty pad of paper out and create some blueprints for the can. The idea was that in the lid and can there were storage areas that held the seasonings. Then when you pressed a button for a flavour, the appropriate seasonings coated the heavenly potato wafers. Then when you had finished the potato wafers, you would put the can under the maker machine and it would refill. I head down the garden towards my workshop.

I grab an empty tube out of the garbage can. And cut the materials to their appropriate sizes. I set to work, unaware of the lengthy process that awaits me.