

The Scientist

His eyes gazed into the distance, his mind enraptured by the malevolent elegance of indecision. Beads of sweat flowed down from his skin, as his legs trembled and quaked, imbued with discomfort of the decision that laid in front of him. In front of him was a machine; an innovation sculpted intricately by his genius. It flashed and flickered menacingly with its warm and bright lustre, changing from blood red to a tranquil blue. The invention was filled with a tapestry of wires, each and every one complex in its own way. It befuddled its users, who had to decide whether to use it for good or bad. The universe's fate lay in its hands, and the scientist's hands. In his head he was tugged by greed and selfishness and kindness and selflessness. A twirl of intricately crafted emotions spun in his brain erratically, each choice a confounding juxtaposition of outcomes. The scientist, Martin Green had to choose whether he would use it for good or bad.

His sweaty hands rested on the mahogany table, its aura engulfed by his family's workmanship. He was the son of a poor carpenter, and the table he rested on was his only inspiration and token he had to motivate himself. His father's mind flooded with worries of destitute. The weight and burden of his family's welfare laid on his weary shoulders. The sole breadwinner he was. Martin was then driven to the other side of mental conflict. A disease besmirched the world, killing all those who were infected with it. A pandemic so severe, it threatens to rip the world apart, destroying humanity. Unfortunately, the disease was a creation of Martin's; a simple experiment gone wrong. He had to make it up for the world. The renowned scientist couldn't choose whether to help his father and family from destitute and certain starvation or the world's most perilous illness that he brought upon the world.

To make matters even worse, Martin can't use his invention once, meaning he has one chance to save his father and the world. His father is an inch away from death, while millions are dying already. The coal to the fire; or the people who require it. The spark that ignites the inferno, the genesis of his intellect was on the brink of starvation, while his dear mother hung off the precipice as well. He wondered why he was the one to be cursed with such an impossible decision.

So it's up to him to weave his intellect and creativity to create a solution for saving the world and his family. If he can't create a solution with his cognizance, then the choice is his. Tears flow from his bloodshot eyes, as the lives of billions, and his dear ones, lay in his trembling weary hands.