

Prologue

The year is 2040. Approximately 65% of the world's oil supply has been used up since 2006. Petroil, the world's leading oil company owns 75% of the world's remaining oil supply. The other 25% is owned by F.O.Cs (Federal Oil Company), oil companies that are regulated by national governments. Only F.O.Cs can export and import oil. Therefore, Petroil is now illegally exporting and importing oil across the border with help from the mob. Now, since 2023, a massive World War has taken place with country against country starting with Petroil helping China to steal Federal Government owned oil from the U.S. Since then, 32 other countries have been involved in this war. Some are on the U.S. side due to being trade partners, others with China, and some smaller countries are fending for themselves. 23 nuclear bombs have been launched, and millions of civilians are now dead. The only people benefiting from this war is Petroil, who is still involved with secretly giving oil to the F.O.Cs around the globe and making billions of dollars a year from F.O.Cs alone, and even more from consumers.

Consumption

June 7, 2040

Phil Peterson splashed some water in his face. It was noon, and like every other day, it was his lunch break. Times have been very stressful now that the war was going on for 17 years. Considering he had been responsible for it.

He dried up his face and walked back to his luxurious office where a very important meeting was awaiting him.

He walked in to be greeted by Emmad Muhammad, the CEO of the Petroil Middle Eastern branch.

“Good afternoon”, said Peterson who was adjusting his tie as he sat down at the long table.

“ Good afternoon, Mr. Peterson.”

“ So what is the current state in your division?”

“ Well”, Muhammad said hesitantly ” Japan has dropped 12 nuclear bombs in Kuwait. Destroying seven of our largest refineries in the area. But we began reconstruction of several of them last week and plan to have them replaced in no more than three months.”

“I see”, Peterson said as he rubbed his chin “ Exactly how much oil was lost?”

“It is in the millions sir” he said with a sense of cautiousness “ A substantial amount.”

“Exactly how much!” he was beginning to become impatient.

“ .5 billion.” The room fell silent. Peterson fell back into his seat. He knew that many more incidents similar to this would occur. Considering how this was not the first bombing.

August 16, 2040

Peterson was resting in his office on a sunny afternoon in his New York office. Then the intercom came on.

“ Hello?” Peterson asked.

“ President Jackson is waiting downstairs, what should I do?”

“ Bring him up immediately Debra.”

He put his feet up and grinned being pleased with himself. Five minutes later, the President of the United States walked in.

“ Good morning Mr. President!”

“Good morning,” he was very stern.

“So what can I do for you now” he said eagerly “ Cheaper gas prices? Pay more to privately run my business? Or perhaps more oil to your F.O.Cs.”

“I want you to stop this war.”

“And how do you propose I do that?”

“You started this war, you more than half the oil supply, do something!” He pleaded, “ Millions of people are dieing because of you. Oil cannot be remade; it is going to run out eventually, but let us save what we have. Using all this oil so willingly, giving to anyone with the pocket that can hold it is only going to make this crisis worse.”

“So what do you want me to do?” Peterson asked, “There is not much I can do!”

“Use what little you have,” the President said sincerely, “use the money you have to put to research alternative energy. We have to be mature in these situations. 17 years have gone by and we cannot let it continue. Are all these lives worth letting your car run, letting people beg, suck up to you? Why are you doing this?”

“Because,” the tone in Peterson’s voice changed to dark, “ they ask for it, they want it. The world is rapped around in its guiltless addiction to the object that runs this world. And because of it, I am the richest man alive. I make trillions of dollars a year. Because these peoples love for oil, I run the politics, the media, and the crime. I more powerful than you, the President of the United States. And you want ME to give that up?” He sat back into his seat and continued on his cigar. The president walked out without even saying goodbye.

Times were hard. Peterson thought about what he just said and his beliefs on this. Did he really feel that this lifestyle was the right choice? Killing all these people and laughing about it was not the intentions when he started his business. He had the opportunity to change the world, find ways to save energy. Instead, he chose the more corrupt path. A path that could end the world. 45% of earth’s fertile land from 2000 was now gone due to the World War. Peterson new that something had to be done, but did he want to take those measures?

January 19, 2042

Over a year went by since Phil Peterson, head of Petroil, the largest oil company in the world, thought about the precautions of this oil crisis. A crisis that has become so grave, it could result in the destruction of earth.

Peterson was in London having a meeting with the head of all the different areas of Petroil around the world.

“It is a pleasure to have you all here” said Peterson, “considering the circumstances of our company during these hard times the world is going through. But what such prosperous times our company is experiencing. 2040 was our best year so far. We are the number one employer, our stock has never been better, we still haven’t dipped into our crude oil supply in Alberta and we made almost seventy five percent profits. Times have never been better! So, how have we been doing this past year? Mr. Jackson, how has our stock been?”

“Well,” Mr. Jackson stood, “ Stock has fallen 25% in the past month now that more refineries have been bombed. People are starting to realize what is happening to our oil an-“

“What,” said Peterson’, “exactly is happening to our oil?” Jason Hopkins, head of the oil supply stood and said, “Nearly half of the company’s oil is gone. We are losing approximately 2-8% a month. The world’s population has gone up and a greater demand is now occurring. We can’t continue to keep this up.”

“And what do you suppose we do?”

“Raise oil prices up five percent,” said the CEO of the Europe branch, “ If we raise the price up then consumers will be more hesitant to buying, but we still make profits.”

“But,” Peterson said, “Are prices are already at twelve dollars a gas, a reasonable price for gas, but if we raise it any higher are prices will be the same as F.O.Cs. People will start buying their oil instead without a price gap.”

“No they won’t. They trust our oil, the majority won’t change.”

“I will think about it.”

January 26, 2042

Peterson was flying with his assistant and advisor, Mr. Nickleson on his plane.

“How far are we from Italy?” said Peterson

“Three hours sir. Do you know what your future plans on the company will be?”

“No.” Peterson sighed, “ part of me wants to stop it. I know what I am doing is wrong. But can I? I just cannot leave such a powerful position like the one I am in.”

“The world is in critical state sir. And you are in a powerful position. Which means you can go two ways. You can keep on the path your going, or change the world forever. So, do you know what your next move is.”

“I think I do.”

February 2, 2042

Peterson was in London at his secret hide out, where he was meeting with various mob leaders all over the world.

“It’s been a successful career of Petroil working with you to accomplish the goals we’ve made. The billions of dollars we make a year should show how pleased I am with all of your work. However, it is time for a change. We cannot keep doing this. When I started this company 30 years ago, I wanted to help the world in it’s oil crisis. But what I have *really* been doing is making the world worst. Since petroil went global and united with you all, the crime rate in Italy, Britain, France, the U.S, and many more countries have had their crime rates rise over 60%. More liberal politicians trying to help the oil crisis have been murdered because of me. Because of my greed. So I am sincerely sorry.”

One of the men stood” Sorry!” he said,” for what! WE-I, risked MY LIFE, MY FAMILY! Everything I had was put on the line. And you want to tell me it is all for nothing! It can’t be, it *won’t be.*”

“It’s not up for discussion Mr. Mill,” said Peterson,” the decision is final.”

“Then so is mine!” Mr. Mill snarled,” You’re not going to get away with ruining my, with our lives!” He stormed out the room. Peterson stood up,“ That is all, you all may leave now.”

May 9, 2042

Phil Peterson sat in front of the cameras awaiting them to be turn on. He was finally going to go and address the world. And use the Petroil money to help find a cure to alternative energy.

“ Hello World, today is a day where we start a new future. For nearly one hundred and fifty years, we have been consumed by using non-renewable sources for energy. This main source is oil. This one substance has caused us to cheat one another, hate one another, and kill one another. Something that was intended to help make our lives easier is ultimately going to end our lives. Unless we do something, take action to solve this problem.

First, we need to be cautious about our use of non-renewable sources. We cannot continue to use it how were using it. If we do, we will eventually run out.

In the past year Petroil has used up, no, wasted forty five percent of its oil. We are partially responsible for letting this crisis continue, but no more can we do this. We are, and have always been in an oil crisis. But now we can get out of it by finding ways to use electric cars and less SUVs. We all need to contribute if want anything to be done immediately. We need to start now, with you, to make a future where humans can co-exist without such resources that can divide us and make us question our ethics. This must be done NOW.”