



The scene is set in 2015. Due to excessive carbon emissions, the UK has imposed carbon rationing. Laura Brown, 16, keeps a diary.

Sat, Jan 3rd

Dad sat us all down again tonight to work out what our family CO allowance actually is. It's heavy. Basically, we've got a carbon allowance of 200 Carbon Points per month to spend on travel, heating and food. All other stuff like clothes or technology have already got the Carbon Points built into the price, so say, you wanna buy a PC but it's been shipped over from China and built using dirty fossil fuel than you're gonna pay a lot more for it in Euros – cos you're paying for all the energy that's gone into making it.

At first they set up a free trading system so that if you were rich, you could just buy up carbon in cash and live how you wanted – but after the riots last September the Gov backed down and changed the rules so that no one's allowed to buy more than 50 extra points a month. The car's gonna be cut way back, all of us get access to the PC, TV, HD, stereo for only 2 hours a day, heating is down to 16° in the living room and 1 hour a day for the rest of the house, showers max 5 minutes, baths only at weekends. We've got to choose – hairdryer, toaster, microwave, smartphone, e-pod, fridge or freezer and on and on. Flights are a real no-no. It's all kind of a choice.

Mon, Jan 5th

Carbon cards came today... They've got those little blocks down one side going from green to red and as you use up your year's ration they fade away one by one till you're down to the last red and then you're all alone sobbing in the dark.

Thurs, Jan 8th

Back to college and I got in late cos I had to take Mum to her bus stop.

We missed the first bus so we had to wait 15 minutes in the drizzle till the next one. When it finally came I leapt on, swiped my card and was scooting upstairs, only to see Mum behind me going thru her purse, bag and pockets.

She looked up at me.

“Laura, darling. I can't find my card. Can you lend me some ...”

The driver shook his head. “No carbon card, no ride, love.”

“But please...”

A woman out in the rain shouted. “Get off, yer stooped cow! You're holding us up!”

Adapted from The Carbon Diaries 2015, Saci LLOYD (2009)