



# NARRATIVE IMPERATIVE

**NARRATOR:** Tracie Lark

**GOAL 13:** Climate Action

Science Lab

Space is evenly distributed between desks plotted like islands.

Time ticks on the wall, tick tock, tick tock.

The whoop of gas and the gush of water join the rhythms and sounds of time and space.

Energy and light from the sun is blocked by thick mustard-coloured curtains, holding the smells of gas, chlorine and other chemicals hostage; a gap in the window acts as a hole, much like the one in the ozone layer, for the pungent smells and light to eventually seep through.

Metal stools swing back and forth, wedging squares in the soft linoleum tiles like small mine accesses.

Gravity forces a piece of string to weep from the ceiling; it extends from one side of the lab to the other, and tassels curl around it, torn at the edges where science projects once floated above the island desks.

Mercury rises in the barometers set aside today, reads 38.

Heat has curled corners of posters on the wall; diagrams of the Antarctic melt down a pin board. A lone cartoon polar bear wears the wicked witch's hat and green face paint, bearing the speech bubble, 'I'm melting'.

Elements in the periodic table are displayed in large font on a poster which has fallen to the floor, stamped with the black outline of a human shoe are symbols for learning how to defeat or compete with time, space, energy, gravity, heat.

Charred test tubes scattered in wonky wooden racks are proof of the students' efforts in alchemy, in turning the basics from a worn and torn classroom, in to golden experience, one which nature hopes will extend beyond the four lab walls.