

I awake with an annoyed groan. The familiar electronic beep of the alarm on my windowsill blaring repeatedly into my waking mind. I had left it out in the sun to charge the day before and I fully regret that decision now. I sigh, shifting my weight and placing my feet to the wooden floor and wincing at the unexpected cold. I squint my eyes and direct them to the window, raising my hand to block my eyes from the sun. Just as expected, snow, bright and glittering across my previously dead front lawn, thankfully covering up the painful reminder of having to patch up that old dang hose...

I bring my hands over my head in a big, showy fashion. A deep yawn coming out of my lips as I stand. Leaving my room and walking slowly down the stairs, still a tad achy from waking up. Well, not achy, I just really hate that alarm.

I slowly make my way to the kitchen, rubbing my eyes and shuffle-step towards the fridge. I get out an apple and move to the stove to turn on a small electric tea kettle to make myself a cup of herbal tea before walking towards a stool to sit and enjoy the breakfast. Though not before taking a quick glance at the calendar and-... oh... crap... I'M LATE!

I quickly realise my terrible mistake and rush to the doorway, stuffing my apple in my bag, slinging it over my shoulder and rushing out the door. Running to the side of my small house I grab my bicycle and push it onto my driveway. I bike across the streets as fast as I can, weaving past the occasional car or two. Though most of the time it's weaving past pedestrians and bikers that are rushing to work similar to me.

I unfortunately am not able to stop and enjoy the dazzling snowy landscape covering the usual leafy greenery as I rush on a tight time limit. Eventually making it to my destination, a small, grey, squared building that looks to be at least three decades old if not older. It's outfitted with a roof of newish solar panels partially covered with snow, and a small garden in the front. You can tell from the chipped stone walls that the building had a long history. I looked up at the large sign just above the entrance that read, "Wolfe Island Wind Farm Maintenance Post 001" and in smaller text under that, "Powering generations since 2009" Almost a century old now! Heh... wonder what life was like back then...

I quickly hop off my bicycle, locking it to a nearby bike rack and heading inside. A small bell rings as I walk in, looking around at the small waiting room I stood in. It was definitely on the smaller side of an even smaller list of small waiting rooms I had been in before, outfitted with a row of not so comfortable looking seats and dimly lit by the sun shining bright through the windows and casting a shadow across half the room. I walk quickly to the front desk, seeing no one but a chair in its lonesome behind the countertop.

I look down at the cold stone counter, seeing a small, very pushable looking old fashioned brass bell on the surface. I bring a finger to the top of it and press down on the button, a short high pitched ring resonating throughout the room and stopping after half a second.

Almost on cue, a quiet shuffling noise can be heard from a room just beyond this one, followed by an annoyed huff as a short, fluffy haired woman walks through the door to the back room. She gives me an annoyed glare and states in an unimpressed tone, "You're late", before walking back through the door and motioning for me to follow.

"R-Right sorry!" I say, briskly walking past the counter and towards the door, "I completely forgot the date an-"

She looks back, stopping me with another glare and a finger pointed at me annoyedly. "Hey! No excuses. Don't be late next time. Got it?".

"Yes ma'am! Got it.." I reply with a mix of anxiety and annoyance at myself. I take a moment to shake these thoughts off and examine the new room, filled with monitors and wayyyy too many buttons. My train of thought is broken as my new boss pipes up again, gesturing towards a seat.

"Alright, you'll be working here from now on. If there are any problems with the wind farm you'll see it on here", she says as she gestures to certain points on the main monitor. "You can check the status of each turbine, blue means everything is

working, Green is the same but due for a maintenance check, Yellow is if the turbine isn't working properly, shut it down if that happens and call for immediate maintenance. And red is... well lets just say if it's red call the fire drones m'kay?"

I give a small nod, "Simple enough! Blue good, red bad, right?", I say as I sit in the chair, getting a feel for the station. "What are all the buttons for?", I ask, looking up to her.

She gestures to the controls, "Each button set is for a different turbine, their colour coded and each one puts you through to either the maintenance crew or the fire department. Got that?"

I nod again, "yep! Think so.. And If I have any other questions?"

She gives another annoyed huff, pulling out a massive, dusty, and barely holding together book from under the desk and setting it on my lap, looking to be almost as old as the building itself! She gives me a sarcastic smile. "Here's the manual! Have fun reading!", she says, turning to leave. "I'll be heading out now, lock the place up when your shift's over okay?"

I give a third and final nod of confirmation before turning back to the manual, opening a page and looking in astonishment.

"What is this? Paper?! Whoa this must be really old heh, haven't seen a paper book in forever!" I close the book, making a mental note to look at it later before looking at the monitor and stretching my hands out over the cold stone desk, similar to the countertop in the waiting room. I hear the front door open and close behind me as I reach for the manual one last time to check the amount of pages, a little peeved by the size. I let out an exasperated huff and flip through the pages, realising how much "homework" I now have.

I lay back in my seat, flipping to the first pages when I suddenly heard a loud beep from the monitor. Taking a concerned peek at it over the book, I was absolutely just jumping with panic to see a bright red flash on the screen for one of the turbines.

“Oh dear!.. Well that’s not good!”, I exclaim, quickly dropping the manual back on the desk and just staring at the flashing for a second, all sensible thoughts leaving my head as a slight panic sets in. I quickly come back to my senses after a few more beeps. “Right red button, red button, second turbine where are you...”, I say trying to find the colour coated button for the second turbine. The warning beeps sounding particularly angry at me. “There!”, I exclaim, seeing the button and pressing it quickly. I grab the phone at the side of the small desk and press it to my head.

The line almost immediately picks up, a robotic automated voice speaking through it to me. “Hello, you’ve reached the Kingston fire drone service. How can we be of help to you today?”

I quickly explained the situation, saying we’d need drones at the site immediately as there could be a fire on the turbine. The artificial responder assesses the situation and immediately sends two drones to the site. Thankfully it was just a small fire but I had to call for maintenance immediately after it was put out. It was a strange conversation considering it was my first day on the job and I hadn’t read the manual. I could barely understand half of what they were saying!

The rest of the day passed quite uneventfully which I was honestly happy about. The fire put so much stress on me my hands were shaking all day.

Eventually my shift ends. I quickly packed my stuff again, throw my apple core into the compost, and head out. Locking the door along the way, I grab my bike and ride home.....Finally having the time to enjoy the snowy landscape.