

An Eye Opened to the World

I turned up the radio dial in my Corvette as I rode through Cherry Avenue. The trees swung to the rhythm of the wind, and the sun served as their dancing light. I stuck my hand out of the convertible and let the wind tickle my hand. I turned right to exit the delightful neighborhood, and it brought me to the industrial side of the city, a shortcut to my financial building. I came to a halt at a red light and took a second to look around. I saw many stained and rusted buildings, some from the outside up to code, some were not. A commotion was happening at a building that seemed to be abandoned. The bricks were covered with moss, the glass was all broken, and all the grass seemed to be covered with dirt from failed gardening and landscaping work. The commotion, however, was ten construction workers digging a hole in the upturned grass, each worker fitter than the next. I decided that a few minutes being late couldn't hurt, and I turned into the pebble and dirt filled driveway. I got out of my car, and dodged some miscellaneous nails scattered in the grass as well as some steel bits, to the front entrance.

One door seemed to rust filled with no door handle, however there were something written on the top of the entrance. I swept my hand across the dust filled top, and saw three words,

"Pollution Control Center."

A kicked the door to force it to open, and the inside had me in shock. People with white coats and construction hats running to each little apparatus in the building, checking, monitoring, and cleaning. A man in a white coat reading a book closed it and looked up at me with his gold rimmed circular glasses. He walked over to me and said,

"So, you have stumbled upon something you wish to find out eh."

I nodded and he pushed my back toward the right of the building, he opened up a door, and lead me inside. It was a room with many tubes, leading to the machines, which I had no clue whatsoever of their operationally descriptions. The man opened his arms up and confidently said,

"This is the physical separation room for particles."

He went over to some machines and wavered me to come over.

"Here, are the settling chambers, fully operational, fully functional. As you can see, the tubes here are linked to air outside, which pump in the outside air, into the gas inlet right here."

I steadily watched and oohed and ahead at everything he said,

"Then the air goes into the center of the machine, where the dust settles into the hoppers beneath the main apparatus, due to gravity of course, and the clean air gets pumped from this tube from the machine out into the outside air."

He signaled me to come to another set of machines and boasted loudly,

"Now these are the cyclone collectors, my personal favorite. You see, the air tubes from before from the outside air get pumped into the dirty gas outlet, on the left of the apparatus right here. Then inside the mechanism, the spiral sloped top directs the air current downward towards the underneath the machine. Then with tornado-like action, centrifugal force sends particles toward the walls of the collector. The clean air comes out of the top, back out into the open air, and the dirty polluted particles get disposed in the dust outlet underneath."

"What's next?" I asked.

"The wet scrubbers, right here sir."

He directed me toward the right of the football field size room and stopped me at certain point. He then said,

"These are the wet scrubbers my dear boy. The tubes from the outside connect to the cylindrical apparatus, where inside, water is sprayed on the trapped air, and the wet particles separate and go out

into a disposal tube on the bottom. The clean air comes out of the top, and out into the open air. Now, onto the Gaseous Physical Separation Room.”

We went through a doorway on the end of the room and headed into another town sized room filled with pollution control machines. He stopped me and said,

“Condensers, a tubular machine able to clean gaseous emissions. So, same as before, the tube of unclean air comes from the ceiling, goes into a tube in the machine. With the help of increase in pressure or drop in temperature will help clean out the air. The condensate that is most dense will come out of one tube, the disposal tube, and the less dense air will come out of the tube which will go back into the open air.”

“Amazing, just, purely amazing.”

“OH, we have one last one, the incinerators, however these machines come in parts. There are several parts to this machine, each one playing a major role. First, the unclean air comes in one tube and goes into a combustion chamber, there excess air is added to drive the combustion, leaving the result not to be air, but water and carbon dioxide.”

I stroked my chin and wondered how so many people passed this building thinking its run down, but the only thing it is running down is the pollution rate.

The man in the coat then said to me, we have a gift shop if you want to buy any, souvenirs.

“Sure,” I said.

He then took me out of the room we were currently in, and took me to a medium size room, not as big as before, but probably the size of a big bedroom. He then asked me,

“Would you like a custom 3D print of you face.”

I didn’t even know they did that at pollution control plants, but I responded with a,

“Yes.

He sat me down in a chair, and put a mask on my face, he then muttered,

“Let me just take a couple of measurements.”

He typed something into his computer, and he pushed some sort of button, and a light flashed in my eyes. I was blind. He took the mask off, and whispered in my ear,

“For what you have done to the environment with all your cars cannot be undone, however, I thought I would teach you a lesson.”

He pushed me while I heard a door open, he threw me against the hard pebbles of the outside. I laid, belly flat, in the grass for a second when I saw a glimpse of green, I could see again. I got up; I saw everything. I saw all of the polluted particles and gaseous emissions in the air, each one, covered up my view of the nice blue sky. A car came by and I saw all of the gaseous emissions and particles it was emitting, and I laid down and clasped my hands in my face, I whimpered to myself,

“What have I done...what have I done to my poor little soul.”