

The End

By Carmen Mills

There are five words that can make anybody wonder about the future. The world's strongest people can get lost in their thoughts. It's what truly terrifies us. All of our advancements, revolutionary ideas, are lost in the void of time. "The end of the world." That is how we disappear, how we restart. That was how the universe meant it to be, but it came too soon.

The bell rang, echoing down the halls of San Antonio Highschool. Within seconds, a flood of teens rushed to the exit. "Luna! LUNA!!" my best friend, Katherine squeaked. "Knucklehead" I heard someone mumble. Lots of people in my school hated Katherine for no reason. Her existence just bothered them. "Did you hear the news?" she said, gasping for air. "Um, no. What's the 'news'?" I don't know why I even bother listening. 99.9% of the things she says are just gossip. For about the next five minutes, I blandly nodded my head and said things like "Really?" and "Oh my gosh." That was until she mentioned having I sleep over. "So are you gonna come?" At that point, she may as well have grown a tail and wagged it as frantically as a puppy. "Sure. Tonight good?" A look of joy rushed over her face. "Yeah! See you then!" I gave her a hug and she followed the others toward the exit. I wish I did more. Maybe I could've saved her.

Night dawned, and I started to pack. My mother was downstairs, and as soon as she said "LUNA!", I knew something was wrong. I rushed down the stairs to find her sitting on the couch with the TV on. I sat next to her, and I saw there was an emergency alert broadcast. I thought it may have been an earthquake alert because those are quite common, but as soon as the reporter came on, I knew it was much more serious.

"Good evening everyone. This is the reminder that tomorrow is population control." My mother's eyes enlarged. "No, no. It came too soon! No..." Our living room seemed to become smaller, darker, and sadder. Big tears enveloped my mom's eyes. "You're staying in tonight." she said through shaky breaths. I didn't know what was happening, but the panik levels my mother reached, told me not to fight her judgment. "Mom, what's happening?" Dread filled my mothers face. "Don't be scared. I promise it will be ok. Now get some good sleep."

I woke up to banging on our door. I hopped out of bed to see who it was, but my mother beat me to it. We were escorted out of our house and thrown into a van. Sacks were thrown over our heads and we were knocked out.

I awakened and found myself on the side of the road. I was in the town center, but no one was there. I got up, dusted myself off, and made the journey home. I passed by several usually busy streets and offices, but there was no one. When I finally made it home, our door was barricaded, and all I saw inside was the static of our television. I didn't know how to get in, until I remembered the back door. One shattered sliding glass door later, and I was in. "Mom?" No reply. "Mom?!" I ran through the entire house and she was nowhere to be found. I decided to lie down for the night. I was scared and confused.

I think it's been 64 days now. I've traveled from city to city, but I was only greeted with death. It turns out "Population Control" meant trapping all of the poor in a zombie infested area until they all died. Well, here's the thing the government messed up, of course. They let it go rogue. They couldn't contain it. I curse them for it.

Eventually, I did find someone.. It horrifies me to even think about her. Her name was Angela and I was so happy to find someone else. Until the stairway. Her screams still echo through my ears. Everyone else is dead, and the only person I found, I didn't save. I just stood there, paralyzed with fear.

I could've taken being the only survivor as a way that I could do everything I ever wanted. There were no laws anymore, no one to tell me what or what not to do. But I didn't do that. I kept searching for a ray of sunlight. That is why I am here. I do not deserve to die filthy rich or doing something awesome. I found this room in the middle of nowhere. Four concrete walls, and one window. The paint is cracking, it smells of mildew, and is always slightly damp. There is a folding chair in the center of the room, so that is where I stay. I am the last survivor. I miss my mother, Angela, Katherine, and even the girl who bullied me. I don't care. I'm very slowly going insane. Update: I do not know how long it has been. I sit and think of what life could have been, vs what it is now. I'm a post-apocalyptic teen and I am just waiting to die.

I have to make this final entry quick. I do not know what to do. Please help me. There is something knocking on my door...