

Saturday

By- Chloe Oakley

The plants died on Monday, the animals died on Tuesday, the trees on Wednesday, the kids on Thursday, the bugs on Friday. It's Saturday now, I fear we are next. We, the adults, female and male. The only living thing left on the planet. The only surviving species. We all knew what happened, what is happening, we are all terrified for our lives, no one wants to feel the pain of this death that is inevitable. We are all going to die, and soon. The pain will be so excruciating we will want to kill ourselves, but for this planet to survive, we must be strong and not give in, we mustn't.

I hear the first scream far off in the distance. *Be strong, be strong.* I say in my head. "No! No, please don't take me, don't kill me. Not now." A woman to my right yells. The hallucinations have started. I see them too. The crippled twisted bodies lying at my feet. Bloody, broken, and beat. The bodies of people *I don't know*. I scream. There are bones protruding from their purple skin. Organs and intestines spilling from their stomachs, or what's supposed to be their stomachs. Covering the ground in blood. *So much blood.* Their ribs stabbing their hearts, like heads on a spike. Like something out of a horror movie. The screams are so, so overwhelming. I can't, I can't, I can't. The world as we know it is ending, dying just like the people surrounding me. I can feel myself drifting, floating, *soaring* into a place I'm not familiar with, a place that makes me feel calm, tranquil. A place I must escape. A place that is the face of death itself. It feels like meeting someone you find familiar but can't quite place from where you know them, just that you do.

"NO, don't follow the light. Look at me!" Someone yells in my ear, snapping me from my daze. I look at the person who just screamed at me. I know her. *I know her!* "Brit?" I ask. "John!" She yells excitedly. "I thought I'd never see you again!" I say. "I can't believe you are alive!" I yell, giving her a hug. "Oh, one little problem. I'm not, alive that is." I take a step back in confusion. "W-what do you mean, you aren't alive?" She looks at me, evil gleaming in her eyes. Mischief, chaos, nothing like the person she used to be. Nothing like the person I used to know. Still looking me in the eye, she reaches upward, grabs a fist full of hair in her hand and pulls. I can't look away, I try, but I'm not able to. Not even when her scalp begins to peel from her head, not even when blood starts pouring down her face, not even when, instead of screaming out in pain, in torture, she laughs. Laughs as if it is the funniest thing in the world, as if she isn't holding her scalp in her hand, as if she isn't dying, bleeding out. As if she didn't just do something horrific, something you shouldn't be able to do. "Is that something a living person could do?"

"I think you should leave now John." She says. So, I take her advice and run. Run away from the dead bodies that are real, not hallucinations. Run from the very one chasing me. I can hear screams and laughs, see people dying and going so crazy, they too are trying to rip

out their hair. I smell the sharp odor of blood, like metal. Practically taste it on my tongue. I feel the pain of burning muscles, ripping nervous system, melting bones. All happening at the same time, with no end. I fall to the ground. I try to yell, scream, anything. But my lungs are collapsing inside my chest, my vocal chords aren't working. They feel like they're being scrapped with rusty, old, scissors. Brit stands over me, smiling down. "You should have been faster. Faster than death, but you're a weak human. You aren't greater than death, none of you ever will be." I look up at her, gasping for life. The pain of these last breaths are killing me faster. My limbs are going numb, it feels as if my body is tearing itself apart, from the inside out and from the outside in. *Maybe death would be nice*, I think. These are exactly thoughts I didn't want to think. Exactly the pain I didn't want to feel. Look at me now world! Dying in a heap, doing exactly what I said I wouldn't do.

I'm dead. I know because I can't feel, see, hear, or do anything but think my thoughts. But the hallucinations haven't stopped.