

the final hours

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a story about the final hours of the earth. Wow

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Last stand

I stood there on the edge of the world that day. Who would have thought it. We survived. All the cancer, global warming the great plague of 2056. And here we are 2097. The end. The sun grew larger. Something like a slow super nova. That's all I really know. Its taken mercury and Venus and were next. Nothing we can do, no escape.

I stand here now with nothing but a backpack on, my favorite shirt simple trouser. Sirens blasting a fowl monotone to try and tell the people to return to there houses. Nothing to see here?! No, just the end of the world. I stood on the cliff I had once stood on with my parents. Younger sister next to me. Face purposeful and almost ,well, there's not really words but ready came pretty close. Maybe lost maybe even calm but certainly ready. The cool sea breeze meandered slowly as an ancient person coming to their last breath.

Before long the sirens stopped, and the earth itself seemed to hold it's breathing in waiting. A crowd began to gather and we all stood. Each of us had our own world to be in. Some lost in childhood, some in lost love from another time. No one here, not yet.

The cliff began to fill in a single strand of people stretched out like pins on a pincushion as far as the eye could see. Cars abandoned. Homes with doors wide open not opposed by an onslaught of the nimble handed nor investigated by those of critical eyes.

As the time grew near many wept held by the strong and the brave as many cried out farewells to the departed, sang songs of good and bad times that echoed in a crescendo of stolen notes and some whispering to there gods and begging for redemption.

It began as a light. The sun appeared to set giving off a threatening red glow of foreboding nature. Silence guided by intimidation soon claimed the tears of many and stifled even the most merry of tune. A ripple of white light then blasted itself with and undeniable clarity around and through the mind and body of the human race. I felt a hand lightly grasp mine in a fearful yet accepting motion. I looked over to see the brown eyes of my sister confiding in my glance. I gave a gentle squeeze and an unspoken connection became apparent.

The sea began un uproar of waves as a strong wind marched along the ground carrying a vanguard of white cloud in harsh contrast to the scarlet sky. They sun grew into a mutant of it's former carefree self. My hand tightened. Then it began.

The earth shook. The sky thundered with the intensity of which I have never seen. The bird cried a magnificent final sonnet to the first 50 foot wave as it landed to sweep salt and terror upon the panicked rabble. A scream ascended as the light started to spit at us from all angles. I had never seen her cry before. My sister in my arms we knelt. I was the last guardian to the fallen throne of mankind. Some ran. Most didn't. Those who did soon succumb to the unspoken message. If we die together we will all be remembered.

My sister stood to the notion as the light came. Indescribable. A sound that was the pinnacle that we all stood for before descending into white noise that was unbearable. As a touch, sensual and scraping your very soul itself. A taste fresh as water to the desert wanderer but as scolding as the kettle is to the ants. The sight was amazing. Just that. Something man women child had ever seen or dare to believe. Purity.

A feeling? Rage, hate, love, passion, bravery, foolishness, lust, bravado, joy, confusion, longing, jealousy, envy, contempt, fear, safety, smugness, puzzlement, life, death, freedom.