

Desolation

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This is a very short part of a recurring dream I had a few years ago. I wanted to write the entire thing down, but I never got around to it. =(

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Marisyn/26779/Desolation>

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1 - Transformation

Prologue

There were few people brave enough to step outside their homes once the terrors that wreaked havoc upon the land began. Or perhaps, there were few people left alive. The once beautiful sky, illuminated with twinkling stars in the night was now dismal gray brought about by a combination of smoke and ash. Frequent explosions reigned terror upon the world and sheathed it in darkness so pure that even the brightest lights were left unseen. The earth trembled more violently with every passing moment. Fences crumbled and walls shook, unable to withstand the imminent destruction that awaited them. Even the greatest and most treasured of man's architecture was destroyed in a single second. Entire countries were wiped from existence. People panicked and ran for their lives, but there were few places mankind was safe.

In her hiding place, Marysol heard the explosions that wreaked havoc upon her once charming land. Dust crept through cellar door, so thick that she could not see her own hands. As every passing moment made it harder to breathe, Marysol knew she would have to brave the terrors on the other side of the door, or she would suffocate. Yet, her parents had told her to stay here, where she was safe. They had said they would join her in the cellar, but they never came. So she continued to wait faithfully for them, refusing to believe that she was the only one of her family left. Deep down she knew the truth; she knew she would never see her family again. Stubborn and afraid of what lurked outside the cellar door, Marysol remained in the cellar, trying to sustain the safety her parents had last wished for.

Breathing became laborious and what must have only been a few minutes seemed to stretch into hours. The lack of oxygen made Marysol more aware of her senses, and she was soon able to discern a sort of rhythm from the turbulence. Instead of being terrified like she was only moments ago, she felt a state of relaxation sweep over her and was oddly reassured by the earsplitting noises. Slowly, she drifted into a semi-conscious state. Dreams of times before the war transfixed her mind.

She was at school with all of her friends. They were gossiping excitedly on their way to class.

"Marysol!" one of her friends said, "I finally received a letter of acceptance!"

Her friend had gotten into a highly sophisticated college: the one they all dreamed of attending.

But the school ceased to be and she was left standing on an empty field. Fire blazed around her. She could feel the smoldering heat from the trees. The flames crept alarmingly close to her, and she began to run in circles, searching for a way out, but there was none. The flames continued to draw nearer. She could feel them burning her skin.

All at once, the explosions ceased. Marysol cried out, rubbing her arms intensely. She blinked rapidly

and looked around her confusedly, remembering where she was. The fires were on the other side of the door and she was safe.

Marysol, suddenly realizing the lighting in the room was brighter, turned toward the door. She saw the shadowy figure of a man with a gun, aiming at her. She scrambled behind a barrel, but it was too late. She knew he had already seen her.

The man spoke in a deep husky voice, "Come with me."

Hesitantly, Marysol peeked around her barrel. She had no choice but to follow the mysterious man, as she could not continue to live in the cellar without food and clean air, so she rose to her feet and traipsed toward the door.

She had set only one foot beyond her haven when she stopped in shock. The beautiful houses and plants and roads were all gone. There was water as far as she could see to her right and in front of her. The land which still remained was disguised in sheets of dust.

She is not dead, but she will never be the same again.

She is one of the lucky ones to survive, but is she really all that lucky? Foundation of man's existence lingered on her every action.