

Solitary Friend

By : AmieNoo

What if 2012 really was the end of the world? What if over a thousand years later, what was left of the world finally fell to crumbles? What if a man stuck in a man's body were to pour his heart out in a journal that he stole? What if he finds the reason to it all? What if along the way, he discovers a new specie walking the earth, yet resemble so much who he seems to be. What if this was the end of the world but you knew you weren't alone?

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Hello from me. to you

Chapter 1: Hello from me, to you

Entry-16 (In honor of Maddie)

January 16th, 3036

Time: 03:14

I'm sorry. I never meant for this to happen. This isn't my journal. This belongs - or belonged - to Madison Smith, unfortunately, she didn't make it. I hope there really is a heaven because Madison is only one of the thousands of hundreds of people I know have died. Gone. Within hours. I know I shouldn't have, but I read some of Madison's previous entries and this is what I know of who she is - or used to be. She was a seventeen year old girl with dreams of becoming president of the 'remarkable' zone she inhabited (She must have been one of those innocent girls, who knew nothing of the truth). She wanted to be the first woman to rule an entire zone. There was or is a boy (I say both because I have no idea if he is still alive), his name is Connor Windfrey and there are about four entries where Maddie (I'm not sure if I should be nicknaming a dead girl, but hey, if she has a problem, she can come haunt my ass.), pours her heart out about this fellow Connor. His hair, his smell, the way his biceps- Okay, I've never felt more like a girl than right now, so I will stop telling you (You, meaning the journal, I suppose..) about Maddie's life.

Who am I? I am someone you wish were dead. I've already stolen a dead person's journal and now I'm up in a tree, a scarf wrapped around my mouth so I don't die of this infected air. I notice that Maddie hasn't told you about what has happened. I assume that she was one to die on impact or maybe she was eaten by those rodents. Just the thought of it sends shivers down my spine.

Okay, there isn't a lot of ink left in this pen. How ironic, pens never seem to run out of ink, but the day fate decides to let the motherland destroy what humanity has tried so hard to preserve, I'm missing ink. I guess since this is my borrowed journal, I have, one, continued with the entries (considering she stopped at 15), and I will introduce myself right now because Maddie has done the same thing, so here I come, journal.

My name is James Peter Alexander Stone, I'm twenty years old and was a student at the University of Vandergreen, working to become a biologist. I want to cure this world, you know. I want to cure this madness. Or maybe I'm the one who's mad for wanting something so far fetched. But anyway, this pen is really starting to wear out so, hopefully I'll be able to find something to document my work or simply talk to you because, as cliché as it sounds, you're the only friend I have right now, so I'm counting on you to make me feel better like you did Maddie.

Hopefully not alone in this God forsaken world,

-James Stone

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