

A World at It's End

By : Fern Snecker

Dear Diary, SEPTEMBER 1ST A gigantic Tornado is stalking us. I am not scared, rather sleepy, I know weâ ll make it. Along with that, Jean doesnâ t look the least bit concerned, it is the reason why I am so calm. Honestly, I just want to rest, once we find safe grounds, I am going to sleep until afternoon. Jean, if there isnâ t anything happening, is, in no way allowed to wake me up whatsoever. Jean tells me that we will be at our destination shortly, so, I shall say goodbye, but before that I will say: Mother and Father, I miss you, and if this diary is published and what not, I want to say, I miss you. With all due respect, Halle Francesca Burner



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Chapter 1: The Start of the End

CHAPTER 1

I grip my book bag, the air is biting at my now pink nose and my winter coat isn't holding against the icy wind. The wind picks up, forcing my hair in all directions, and making trees merciful.

I turn to my best friend, Quincy, "When is the bus coming?" My air showing heavily, I take in the arctic air. She leans in and a small breath cloud flows out of her mouth, indicating her soon to be speaking, but she interrupted by a firm and husky voice.

"Well, kids, the bus will be here in five minutes." The huddle of students, beside Quincy and I, moan. The voice belonged to our matter-of-fact Mr. Wall, the Science teacher. We, along with everyone else, heavily grunt.

I stare down at my feet; I am wearing my old, ragged, sneakers. The cold is seeking through the holes at the soles. I pigeon toe my feet, and stare up into the sky, the sun is not even up yet and we were standing outside waiting for our field trip bus.

"Can you believe it's August?" I glance at Quincy; she is biting her lip, a bad habit of hers. Quincy shakes her head solemnly and shoves her pale hands into her pockets.

Soon, the bus grumbles down the paved road to our schoolyard and brakes. We pile onto the bus, in no orderly fashion whatsoever. Quincy and I slide ourselves into the last seat in the far back.

Quincy slips out her phone and checks the weather. "20 Fahrenheit," She reads aloud, doubtfully. "More like 10 Fahrenheit," She muttered.

Quincy and I converse through the bus ride, mostly about the recent news claiming that the world would be at its end today. Quincy ponders if that was true; we wouldn't be at school this moment.

"Well-" I start, but I am stopped. to

Start to play Lincoln Park: Burn It Down

We are sliding briskly across the Golden Gate Bridge and we are thrown forward. The bus' brakes screech, forcing stop that won't happen. It seems that was it was happening to everyone else.

Suddenly, half the bridge collapses into the sea below us. Shrieks echo the bus walls, alarming everyone.

Our bus brakes just at the edge, saving two teachers, two classes, and one bus driver. I take a sigh of relief, but soon held my breath, the rest of the bridge was sinking into the depths of the sea.

The bus driver's eyes widen and we swerve uncontrollably, the slippery ice is truly glued to the road. My best friend and I clutch each other out of fear.

But, just like the gravitational pole promises, we went down and there was no way we could stop it. The bus filled with water and the kids in the front held their breath.

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I pushed our window down and swam to the surface for air. My heart was not seizing to stop racing, it continued to pound my chest. Fellow students followed and soon enough we were bobbing in the water. I watched as cars and trucks descended into the body of water like bombs.in

Stop Playing Lincoln Park: Burn It Down

"Surface!" Mr. Wall calls out highly. We turn to our teachers and swim for land just before the city continues.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OdIJ2x3nxzQ>

Quincy and I lay side by side, watching the remains of the bridge floating on the surface. The small woods behind us echoed with squirrels and woodpeckers." Quincy, do you still think that end of the world stuff is still a bunch of BS ?" Her eyes glittered in the sunlight, which was peeking into the sky.

"Who knows?" Quincy shrugged carelessly, as if nothing had happened.

"Who freaking knows." Quincy grew quiet and wrapped her hands around her knees.

Hours past and Quincy never spoke another word, the hospital came, and gave us blankets. The scanned us for injuries, apparently I had a scar on my back from crashing, but, surprisingly, it didn't pain me until they told me I had it.

While wrapping my back, Mom came running up. She was wearing a brand new suit, and pointed black heels, but she didn't mind going through the muck.

She hugged me, and kissed me all over my face. She clasped my hand and dragged me into her car that was sitting just before the bridge started. Mother put me in the front seat and hopped in next to me.

Quincy became a lean figure in the woods as we turned in the opposite direction of the bridge. I couldn't see all her face details, but I knew she was smiling thinly, a sign of hope for her.

Mom turned onto a street and appropriately braked at the light. "So, what happened anyway?" The occurrence played in my mind repeatedly, always making my heart, skip a beat.

"The bridge split," I spoke, using the littlest amount of voice. Mother's eyebrows formed a sideways "C", going along with her big eyes.

"WHAT?! HOW?!" At the moment, Mom was slamming her hands on the steering wheel and rambling on about how "crappy" and "(a-word-I-can't- say)" the construction workers were.

Chapter 2: The Indescribably Hot Jackass

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=epUOoPuiyZM>

That night, I gently brushed my hair, neatly putting tucking it behind my ear. I placed my brush down and settled on my bed, what had happened earlier played vigorously, scaring me. I stared at my self in the mirror, the terror in my eyes just alarmed me.

My eyes, a pale emerald, were filled with terror, blocking my keenness. My high cheekbones,(usually making me look mature) cascading shadows along my jaw, were puckered. The soft pink lips of mine were barely open, and showing my uneasiness.

I backed up and carelessly flew onto my bed, back first. I stared at my ceiling, almost crying of pain and happiness.

The rain struck my windows, my eyes fly open. I blearily take in my tacky room. I shift my attention to my window, I swung my legs over the edge of the bed. I stumbled to see what was all the noise.

Outside, rain was flooding the whole town. Streets became somewhat

rivers, a heart-breaking sight. One-floor houses are drowned in the water and people were trying to escape with their cars. I try to locate Quincy's house, I find it and realize, the first floor is ruined and the second floor was dry. Quincy's room was on the second floor, like mine.

I rushed to the phone and quickly dialed her number. As the phone rang, I prayed for her to pick up. Please, please, please, I thought pick up.

"Hello?" Quincy's voice was slow and dragged out.

I had to wait to catch my breath," Look outside your window."

"Jolly, I hope it's a flash mob." Quincy joked because she was unaware of what was occurring just outside.

"Not the time to be a smartass," I stated, with a touch of annoyance . There was no response. Quincy dropped the phone, I knew because the carpet of her bedroom muffled her screaming.

It hit me, what about my parents? I mean, who was to say my parents weren't screaming. I bolted to the steps to see a stream forming in the door crack and the rest of the water was banging on our front door.

I shoved my parents' door open and found them sleeping peacefully. I pounced on their bed and pushed them. Mom fluttered her eyes and Dad gave me a WTH look. I gripped their wrists and dragged them up into my room.

On the way up, Mom caught a glance of the stream coming from the door." What's happening?" I turned to Mom, but something intervened.

The water succeeded at busting the door and a huge wave gobbled our kitchen. I rushed my parents up the stairs, but because of their aging and drowsiness, they weren't fast enough. The wave devoured my parents, disappearing them.

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The wave grew strong and pushed farther up the stairs. "Mom, Dad!" I cried in fear, tears fell from my eyes faster than I knew it.

Cold air was breezing through the door and flowing into the house,
making me cold just for a nightgown.

I sprinted to my room and locked the door. I sighed heavily, and began to pack a bag. I forced necessities into my luggage, put on a raincoat, left my luggage in the room, and ran to get food, plus, look for my parents.

I waded in the water, that progressively grew higher and higher. And occasionally a wave would crash over me. When I finally reached the kitchen, the water was up to my neck and it was hard to see.

Since our cabinets are regularly locked, I just punched through the weak wood. The sycamore wood split, revealing several canned goods. I hastily grabbed four and tucked them in my under arm. Next, I grabbed: bottled alkaline water, several mini chicken platters, refrigerated vegetables, bowls, cereal boxes, milk, baloney, and cheese.

I grasped the food and hurried up the stairs, the waves crashing along my ankles. I slammed the door open, and set all of the food on my bed. The foods fumbled everywhere. I started to cram everything I needed.

I slipped off my clothes and put on my bathing suit, before leaving I also strapped on my luggage. I pushed my door open and dove in the water. I saw no sign of my parents, although I heard several screams.

STOP

All of a sudden, something caught my collar and pulled me above water. I turned to see my captor. His eyes were an interesting grey, he had a tight jawline, as if he was mad, his lips were relaxed in a casual smirk.

I coughed, a small amount of my lungs took in water. "Let me go." I barely spoke, my lungs just yearned to take in air, not talk. He threw me over his shoulder, and led me upstairs.

"How about being in the dry part of the house, hmm?" He joked.

I clenched my jaw, "Hey jackass, don't you think I thought of that?" He came into my room and set me down on my bed. "What brings you here?"

He settled himself, "I knew this was going to happen two years ago, it's TEOTW." I looked at him skeptically, my eyes leaking with doubt and confusion.

"Isn't that like 'The End of the World' of something?" I asked, checking my luggage.

"Correct." I went to my mirror above my drawer and dried my hair. "C'mon let's go." I ignored him. He grabbed my luggage and grabbed my hand, rushing me.

Outside the waves were crashing harder, but he struggled through the water. As we neared the door, the water became higher. Soon we were swimming through the door opening.

Fortunately, outside, the waves died down and we were in a small puddle of water. I coughed violently, my lungs were grasping for air. He picks me up and carries me away, bridal style. I actually appreciated him carrying me, sort of.

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He led me to a small woody area, several people had also set up tents, his tent was resting calmly on an evergreen tree. He pulled back the flap and set me on a sleeping bag. I stared around, the warm fire was lighting the whole tent, reminding me of how every year me and my parents would go camping.

He placed my duffle bag next to me and quietly observed me, as if I were some Science project.

After a comfortable moment, and I could breath properly, I sat up. "I'm Halle." He sat back, his eyes still studying every inch of me.

"Jean." Of course the guy with the name 'Jean' is totally hot, I thought. "Halle is a beautiful name." I thanked him.

Chapter 3: My Diary

"Why do you find me so interesting?" I reached for a bottle of water.

"I want to study the human mind and the human anatomy, plus, I love to draw." I was impressed.

"So you can describe every inch of me, and my personality?" I asked, pretty interested in what he was going to say.

"Ready?" I nodded. "Your eyes are a jaw-dropping emerald/teal, your high cheekbones age you severely, but really you're no older than fifteen. Your lips are a beautiful pastel fuchsia, small and subtle. Your face is sharp and cutting, almost frightening. Your eyelashes are big and bold, being it's own mascara, yet there isn't many, and just above that are your thin eyebrows, when relaxed looking timid. Your hair, a dirty blonde, is naturally wavy, but really curly when wet. Your shoulders are short, yet not stubby, your posture is poised, your breasts are a tad bit bigger than usual for your age, but simple." I blushed; unaware he was even looking there.

"Your body is lean, you eat small meals, and you are active, you're have a caved in belly button." Jean smirked, knowing he was on point.

I swallowed my pride," My personality."

"You're a daredevil at times, a rebel; you grow up way to fast, but you manage to catch up, sarcasm is your main target when you're mad at someone, but, at the same time, you're keen."

"How do you know this?"

"I pay attention to the way you talk to me, look at me, and act towards me." I nodded and finally took a sip of my water." Oh, and you like me." I gulped loudly.

"I do n-" I stuttered, but I could barely finish. Jean was kissing me, his lips were soft and gentle, soothing also. I was kissing back, at first, I thought I was just caught in the moment, but soon it hit me that I undeniably liked him.

He pulled away," You do so."

Later, that night, I brushed my hair gently. I had only packed a small mirror, but I made do. After several slow strokes, I braided my hair. By now, I slid into more casual clothes and was completely comfortable with Jean being around.

He told me that if we were going to survive, I had to follow him. For my life, in was worth it. Jean also wrapped my knuckle in wound tape, and asked what had happened, but I didn't feel like telling him.

Jean was constantly looking into a small book, with words in it. I asked him about it, and he told me it was our survival book, but that term was rather irrelevant to me.

"Hey, Halle." I turn to Jean, who is clutching our 'survival book'. "I'm going outside to confirm some things."

"Okay." He left. I sat there, thinking of life. Usually, at this time, I would post my blog about anything happening in the world.

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I loved to write; I had a way with words, as my piers would say. I even had created a few novels on my computer and had printed them. Fortunately, I did not forget to bring them, they were tucked under all my clothes.

Jean crawled in, two books in his hand this time. He tossed one my way, " I got you a diary, I know you love to write."

"How?!" I stammered.

"I'm reading your story: 'Undeniable' and I got to say, your good." Jean remarked. I blushed, but steamed at the same time, I was excited that somebody besides my parents enjoyed the story, yet I was angry because he had rummaged through my stuff.

His innocent eyes glittered in the light and somehow I couldn't stay furious at him." What is the date?"

"August 31st." Jean answered.

Dear Diary, AUGUST 31ST

It has been at least four hours since I have seen my parents, and worry has taken a hold on me. The end of the world has struck and Jean says there is more to come. I'll leave the problem to him, for know I shall remain attentive.

Jean is reading my novel, and apparently he is enjoying it.

The fire is almost out, so I should make this quick: I am scared; Jean obviously isn't because he has such a courageous spirit. But, me, at times like this, I am not the bravest person; I'd rather be safe.

Well, Jean has told me the fire is burning out in a few, so I might as well say my goodbyes.

With all due respect,

Halle Francesca Burner

Chapter 4: Me and Jean

My eyes peek open and realize that Jean is shaking me. His eyes are hurried. "What?" I say blearily.

"C'mon! Let's go, get your bag!" Jean demanded. I slid my bag into my arms and found my balance. Jean put me into mini-van and heavily placed his foot on the gas. The speed of the car was not perfect for resting.

I turned around to see a monster tornado running towards us. It was ripping weeds and such out of the ground.

To fasten the car, Jean placed a boulder on the gas, and we began to go at the least one hundred fifty miles per hour. We were cutting wind as my eyelids went heavy. Yet, I still couldn't sleep.

So, I pulled out my diary.

Dear Diary, SEPTEMBER 1ST

A gigantic Tornado is stalking us. I am not scared, rather sleepy; I know we'll make it. Along with that, Jean doesn't look the least bit concerned; it is the reason why I am so calm.

Honestly, I just want to rest, once we find safe grounds, I am going to sleep until afternoon. Jean, if there isn't anything happening, is, in no way allowed to wake me up whatsoever.

Jean tells me that we will be at our destination shortly, so, I shall say goodbye, but before that I will say:

Mother and Father, I miss you, and if this diary is published and what not, I want to say, I miss you.

With all due respect,

Halle Francesca Burner

Jean brakes at a campsite. A fire is burning in the middle of the tents, lighting the whole area. I blearily jump out of the car.

Jean set up camp and welcomed me to sleep. I crawled in and rested my mind. "What are you doing?" Jean asked quietly.

"Sleeping," I whispered with confusion. Jean turned his back on me and clutched a sandwich. He's waking me up just to eat a sandwich? I stammered to myself.

To my surprise, he didn't eat it. "Not on an empty stomach." Jean slowing pushed the sandwich in my mouth and told me to chew; it was tuna, my favorite. I chewed the sandwich rather gradually, but Jean didn't seem to mind. After I finished, Jean sat me up and helped me drink some water.

When it was over, I went to sleep, hearing Jean devouring a sandwich himself.

In the morning, Jean and I ate our breakfast. "Hey Jean, do you think I could change clothes or you know wash my hair?"

Jean sat back, " Well, I could wash your hair, and you can't undress outside, so."

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I sighed. Finally, I gathered all of my courage and unbuttoned my blouse, and fortunately, Jean was turning away. I wiggled out of my jeans and unhooked the clasp of my bra. I slipped out of my panties, and suddenly realized I needed to bathe.

"Hey Jean?" Jean peeked his eye open to see a towel tightly wrapped around my body.

"Yeah?"

"Can I bathe?"

Jean grabbed my hand and pulled me outside. We went into the woods, finding several buckets full of water, a curtain giving it protection. I stepped in, shut the curtain, and placed my towel on the rack beside me. I turned on the water and steamed water flowed out.

The water was striking my shivering skin, and it was relaxing. When finishing, I stepped out. My clothes were clean and fresh, thanks to the soap. Jean took me hand and led me to our small tent.

As I entered, I noticed a pale gray sliver, shining in the sunlight. I recognized it to be a brand new Apple Mac Pro. I stared at it in awe, wishing to press the keys, to type. Jean caught me gazing at the computer, slipped it out slowly, teasing me. Surprisingly, Jean slid it over to me." It's solar powered."

I nodded and opened it, and hit the power button. The screen came on, the gray apple showing. I clicked on Pages. I was elated to see the typing page.

Later that day, I turned the computer off and thanked Jean. I still ached to write so I found my pencil and diary.

Dear Diary, SEPTEMEBER 2ND

I am so happy with Jean at the moment, he let me type, something I ached to do for these past few days. Usually, I have a decent respect for Jean, but now it's unspeakable.

Also, in a way it makes me like him even more.

Yes, maybe to some, it's a despicable to do such, but here's why:

1. His looks
2. His bravery
3. His jokes, which come very often
4. His protective side

All of those are respectable reasons. Well I better read this before Jean does.

With all due respect,

Halle Francesca Burner

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I peek my eyes open to see Jean, skimming through my diary. My most recent one. I tap him; he turns to me a satisfactory smirk on his face.

He leans towards me and locks lips with me. I held my breath, stilling kissing Jean. This moment lasts for about three minutes.

Jean pulls away and slips between me. His hand rested calmly on my waist, I didn't mind. We drift off.

Chapter 5: Pierre

"Halle?" Jean whispered. "Halle wake up!" I wake. Jean picks me up and slips on my luggage. He leads me to the car. I turn around to see a massive tsunami engulfing the towns.

Outside, the wind is cutting through everything. I stared out the window blearily. "Please don't do this again." I stuttered.

Jean didn't look at me. "Look, to survive-"

"Jean, shut up! I haven't eaten in several hours, and I've gotten six hours of sleep total! So shut the fuck up!" I swore. I was clearly upset. I had never spoke so boldly nor loudly.

"Halle, I was going-" Jean started, disappointed at himself.

"No, stop Jean." I intervened, covering my face with my hands. We braked at another camp sight. Jean carried me and my luggage into the tent. He placed me down.

Jean began to push food down my throat. After he stretched me out and we took a walk outside. Then he pushed me into a shower, found me some new clothes.

I slipped on the clothes and trudged into our tent. Inside I sipped on water. A moment passed before me and Jean communicated, but until then, Jean rarely made eye contact with me, which slightly scared me.

Jean turned to me and locked eyes. "Halle?" I settled my bottle, and raised an eyebrow at him.

"What?" I sighed. Jean gulped and gazed through the roughly open flap.

"I don't say sorry just to anybody okay?" Jean stated, I already knew what trail he was going down. But, as he was about to say a word, he stopped right in his tracks.

Smoke wafted in the air, seeking through the tent. As soon as my lungs took in the fowl aroma, I began to cough. Jean took a deep sniff into the air.

Out of concern, Jean headed me out of the tent to see fire trapping us. I covered my mouth as I wheeze.

Suddenly, a tall, lean shadow appeared out of the smoke. "Get every single one of them." The voice snapped, it was a man.

Finally, he stepped in our sight, showing himself. He was striking a defiant pose and wearing a pale grey suit, matching Jean's magnificent eyes. His hair was pushed back and his face was cleanly shaven. He took a long glance at Jean, who owned a smug smirk on his face.

"Oh, regarde qui c'est, le rebelle de la famille,"(Oh, look who it is, the rebel of the family) He spoke boldly. I knew a wide amount of French, and several other languages, and was alarmed to hear his words.

"Je pensais que je vous ai dit de foutre le camp, Pierre."(I thought I told you fuck off, Pierre) Said Jean. The man chuckled and gazed over to me.

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"Maintenant, je dois savoir, Êtes-vous les gars, vous savez?"(Now, I need to know, are you guys, you know?)
The man asked.

"Pierre!" Jean boomed.

"What? I want to know if she understands me," The man named Pierre joked.

"Je pense qu'il est temps pour vous de faire marche arri re,"(I think it is time for you to step back) I spat.
Pierre's disrespectful smile faded from his shaved face.

"Take them," Pierre said coldly. Men rushed towards us, I yelled at the top of my lungs. They held me tight as we followed Pierre, walking a distance from the smoke.

Our footsteps crunched the leaves below us. I cried as our fate dawned on me like a shadow. Pierre stopped and turned around on his boot heel.

"Just because I want this to be fun, I'll make it a surprise." At the moment, I didn't understand what he was trying to say. The buff man capturing me nodded.

His gloved hand came to my face; it had a mysterious gel on it. As soon I sniffed the gel, I became woozy and my eyelids went heavy. The world went blurry and lost all sanity.

Everything went dark from there         

Chapter 6: Wrong Side of the Law

My eyes gradually reveal. When woke, I see a small enclosed room, never varying from a pale grey. There is a washbasin too unsanitary to use and a cheap bunk bed Goodwill probably wouldn't accept.

I pulled myself off the floor, taking in the bootleg prison cell. I look around the room, searching for Jean. Jean was lying peacefully next to me, I lightly tapped him.

Jean pounced up, alarmingly, just like a pointer. Once he saw me and everything else, he cursed under his breath. Soon, he looked me into my eyes, and said, "I'm sorry."

"You're related to that asshole?" I asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Sadly, yes."

"Well, I'm listening."

Jean huffed and spoke, "Okay, look, I was born into the family that wasn't exactly on the right side of the law. My father, Dwayne Peterson, wanted to own the whole world in his hand; he believed in that monarchy bullshit. So, a couple of years ago, he planned to destroy Earth and rebuild it in five/ten years as him, the leader. These past years, he plotted for it to seem geographical so he wouldn't get arrested. Right now is just the affect of his scheme, that's how I knew when to leave."

"How'd it get on the news though?"

"Some accountant, that actually was a spy, slipped the word out so he could get arrested. It didn't make it to the FBI nor did she continue to live, he figured out and drowned her in the lake nearby."

"Let's go!" We turned to Pierre standing impatiently by the door. Jean and I followed Pierre down a long narrow hallway." Thanks for telling our family's life story, Jean."

"Well, I answer questions." False. Jean has denied answering questions since the minute we met.

A Sycamore door came into our view. Pierre peeked his head through the door.

"Д34Ñ ДμÑ ?"(Father?)Russian. Pierre called out.

"Д Д34Д1Д´Д,Ñ Дμ!"(Come in!) A scratchy, raspy voice boomed. We entered a massive room with a desk, taking up at least a third of the room.

A man was sitting at the chair. Streaks of gray showed in his neatly combed hair and beard. He was wearing a sharp sky blue suit, and expensive Calvin Klein shoes. He uncurled from his chair and stood up.

He strode over to Jean and I." Jean, you've finally grown some sense!" He cried. Jean clenched his jaw.

"Yes, father." Jean grumbled between his teeth. I gasped under my breath. This man, now thinking about it, looked somewhat similar to Jean. This man was Dwayne Peterson.

Dwayne smiled. Dwayne clapped his hands together and two maids zipped into his sight.

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"Yes sir?" They said in unison.

"Take the girl," Dwayne took a long glance at me, I was shivering in fright. Dwayne hugged Jean, a genuine smile on his face, but not a true smile on Jean's face.

The two maids dragged back down the hallway and into another room. This one was exceedingly better than the last. They sat me down by the mirror; on the drawer below it was a large amount of makeups.

They spent hours working on my hair and my face.

Later on, I laid back first on the luxurious bed. The maids had spent their time cleaning, by then; I knew their names, Matilda and Fuchsia.

Matilda stopped dusting the bookshelf and gazed at her watch. Fuchsia leaned over to see the time also.

Simpers grew across their faces. "Dinner, Halle!" They beamed in unity. I crawled out of bed.

They ran to the closet and snatched out a Global DJ Gold sequin dress, I knew because I wanted it for my birthday. "Put it on!" Matilda and Fuchsia shrieked in harmony.

In half a second, I found myself in the dress, looking as if I had as much money as Katy Perry. My hair was twisted into an elegant yet tight bun.

Matilda rushed me out of the room and Fuchsia slammed the door shut behind us.

Once Jean saw me, his eyes gleamed. He was too wearing something fancy; Jean greeted me with a tight hug.

"Run," He whispered firmly into my ear.

"But-" I questioned. Jean kissed me on my neck.

"Go."

I pushed away and gave him a skeptical look. "Go." He repeated.

"I'm not scared!" I stammer.

"You're lying to me, I can tell." Jean remarked.

I turned my attention to Dwayne, who was kindly pulling out a chair for me. Jean reluctantly escorted me to the chair.

I sat down and waited for dinner. Jean sat close to me, really close. Just before the pea soup was served, Jean leaned in, "Here's a gun."

All of a sudden, I felt his fingers run up my dress. Something cold was in his hands. A gun. He clipped it unto my dress, right at my thighs.

"So Jean," Dwayne began. "May I ask you who this girl is?" He sipped his soup. I could tell Jean though quick.

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"I met her, five years ago," Jean answered rapidly.

"I see you've got a young one, what, 3 years the difference?" Dwayne inquired.

"Two." Jean corrected. I was uncomfortable already; I wasn't very sure what to call the relationship between Jean and I. Acquaintances with slight benefits? Possibly.

"May I be excused to the restroom?" I asked. Dwayne nodded.

"I'll go with you," Jean added. We rushed to the bathroom. Once we enter the bathroom, Jean pulls me close and runs his fingers up my dress.

"Jean-" I pull.

"I checking for any cameras, calm down."

As his hands search everywhere around my dress, I start conversation.

"You were wrong," I say.

"About what?"

"My age, I'm sixteen."

"Oh, okay."

Jean grips something under my dress and pulls it out. A tiny camera. "Let's go." Jean rushes me out. And instead of going back to the table, Jean pulls me for the escape, in heels.

Obviously, as we were running, my heels made an unexceptionally loud noise. I heard a call out in Russian, and men began to sprint for us. Jean shoves me into the janitor's closet, and shuts the door.

"Got to take those heels off!" He shrieks. He slips them off and tosses them in the dirty bucket he fills with the water he cleans. Jean grips my hand and runs out. Now, I can catch up to speed.

"Where's the exit?" I asked, heaving. I turn around, trying to locate the men chasing us.

We're stopped. I turn to Jean, giving him a look. Suddenly, I see what he's focusing on. A glass window, there was no escape. No-there had to be, how'd we get here.

Chapter 7: I Died With a Bang

Jean pressed his hand against the glass, "But-what?! No!" Shrieks echoed down the hall, they were getting closer. Someone had to think fast.

Jean pushed his hand away, and spread it wide. In a flash, the wall broke, he had cut through glass.

No time for questions, because Jean pulled me into his arms and threw himself off the edge.

Any other time, suicidal, now, the complete opposite. As we cut through the wind, I thought of everything in life. What brought me to this state, a psychotic old man, or me? I mean, I didn't believe a real live meteorologist, someone who studied that shit for a living.

I always assumed that, just like in the movies, life would flash before your eyes, you know. I was wrong. All I could think about was Jean, and how I loved him to the depths of my confused heart.

While I reevaluated my feelings for Jean, I just kept falling. Falling, falling, and I wasn't stopping. This was the end? This was spectacular ending I was hoping for?

Okay, I guess falling dramatically with your love is sort of romantic, a Juliet and Romeo twist. Yet, obviously, this wasn't exactly the happily ever after.

But, one thing did happen correctly. I died with a bang.

Chapter 8: Jean2

A light peeks through the crack of my eyelid. Was this it? The light? Finally, I open my eyes, to find life. A lady is standing over me, scanning my eye. She smiles at the sight of my dilated pupils.

Everything seemed wider, brighter. "It works," She says, showing her French accent. She puts a shriveled hand on my head and strokes my hair.

A holler bounces off the walls. It deep and toned. It was Jean's.

I sprang up and struggled to break free. "Jean!" I call out. The doctor was pushing me down while I tried for my get away.

"HALLE!" Jean calls back. I smile as he recognizes me. The doctor presses me firmly unto the bed, and comes into sight a gas mask.

"Where are you keeping him!" I spat. She doesn't answer. I pulled when she gripped. Faster than I knew it, I was bolting down the hallway calling out Jean.

In the distance, there he was. His interesting grey eyes stood out as he ran for me. We linked hands and ran for the exit.

Almost there, I was struck with pain. My leg. Although I could barely move it, I continued. Jean realized my change in walk, and turned to me. "Are you okay?"

"Fine," I lied.

"You're lying," Jean remarked.

I shoved the exit open and ran, running from Jean, limp and all. Jean hacked into a car by the exit and started the engine. I pushed my mass into the passenger seat.

Jean revved the engine and zoomed of the lot without a second to lose. "We'll be on the road awhile, most of Quad 7 moved to the forest region." This was relieving to me.

I sank back into the seat, never wanting to see the world. I closed my eyes while Jean rubbed my leg.

I wake to kissing. They're soft and gentle, like Jean's. Once I get a look at the face, I see the interesting grey eyes I found to love.

He smirks, "Finally, awake." I smile. His smirk was a happy sight.

Finally, I notice the scenery. We're at the riverbank to my favorite river. I named it Swanlike River, because of it tends to attract a lot of swans.

"Wow, it really is beautiful," Jean, whispered. He grabbed my hand.

"Halle, Jean, dinner!" Called a soft, yet firm voice. Was it my mother? No it couldn't be.

A World at It's End

I turned around to see our house, a lilac selection, very sweet. I ran for the back door. When I entered, I saw our usual. Gray and Yellow scheme.

Even though I was enjoying this, I was still very much confused. What was this?

"Hey honey," Mom came over and scuffed my hair. She loved doing that, no matter the age.

"So, how's college going?" Dad asked from the sink. College? What? College was awhile away.

Jean handed me some orange juice from the fridge. I kindly accepted and sipped." What?" I said after finishing my OJ.

Dad laughed nervously," Honey, the one you've been at for three years." I was 20. What?

This didn't seem right, something was wrong. Seriously wrong.

" She just a little out of it, probably still thinking about our engagement," Jean commented. I flipped my head to Jean, this wasn't him. The Jean I knew was observant and protective, a-a-and was slightly awkward.

Jean reached for my waist. I pushed him away," Who are you?!" My family looked at me strange.

" Are you okay?" Jean titled his head strangely.

"NO!" I screamed." Where are we, what is this, STOP PRETENDING!" Wait a second- Dad loved to scuff my hair, Mom hated getting it ruined. And we didn't drink orange juice; it had too much citric acid. The creek I named wasn't in our backyard; it was behind Quincy's house.

What was this?! Jean tried to console me, but I just pushed him. I ran upstairs, in hope of locking myself there.

I successfully kicked my door open. Unfortunately, Jean (or Jean2, I'll call him J2) was following close behind.

I landed on my bed to see J2 plop right next to me. " Who are you?" I whispered, for the final time. I was beginning to remember the gun stored at my thigh.

" Your fiancÃ©," J2 said, pretending to look hurt. That's it. I jumped on him and pinned him down with my elbow. With the other arm, I pulled out my gun and stuck it up to his head.

" Who the fuck are you!" I hollered. J2 flipped me over, reverse mode, his knife placed on my cheek.

" You fucking bitch," He laughed." I knew you would do this." I struggled to break free. " Here, just to make it suspenseful, I'll tell you where you are!"

" You're in a fucking mental institute, they need you to relax. We've been studying you for weeks, I told them you were to smart. Now, they look like fools, bitch put a gun to my head."

" You're lying," I say uneasily.

" Really? Okay then, walk through that wall."

A World at It's End

I came close to it and put my hand on it, as a result, my hand went through. I gasped.

" Bitch," He said under his breath.

I turned to him, aiming my gun to his head. " Call me bitch one more time and I will fucking shoot you!" He laughed.

Suddenly, he got me in an arm lock and pinned me to the bed. I grasped for air. He put his knife on my stomach, and in one sharp cut, blood spilled everywhere. He pressed on my wound, it hurt like hell.

Suddenly, something grabbed ahold of me. Power? The desks on each side of bed drag themselves right towards J2. He smashes into the wall.

I sprang of the bed and bang unto the wall. " Get me out!" I scream. I hear a chuckle behind me.

"It will never work," J2 smirked. My breathing became heavy and tears began to stream down my face. I fumed, forcing my face to turn a deep red.

" Fuck you," I whispered, blurred by my tears. I banged my head on the wall and let tears fall.

" You think I care about you?" He made a revolting face as he edged in closer. "You think I-?"

Bang. Fuck him. My hand trembled grasping the gun. I had used the only bullet. J2 lay lifeless on the floor, a single bullet to the heart, drenched in a pool of blood. His eyes wide open in shock, a hand on his heart.

Chapter 9: Quincy

The world blurred, and my room became a medical office. I lay on the usual slightly uncomfortable bed. Surrounding, surgical tools, an eye-blinding light, and me. What is this?

A doctor walks in. A tall, buff man with stubble, orange as sunset. His bright hair, neatly combed into gentle waves. His eyes, pale green, though hard to see through his thin eyes, and to tie it all in, a cleft chin.

My eyes focused on him as he paced into the room. He smiled thinly and put a broad hand on my cheek. " Are you feeling alright?" He asked observing every inch of my eyes. I nodded. " Everything?" I nodded again.

" Dr. Whitman, we have the scan for her," said a lady, peeking through the tinted door. He immediately took his gaze off of me, and ran towards to the lady.

" Great," He whispered to her. " She says she's fine, but she's leaking gamma ray and toxic acid. This ultimately can kill her."

I stared at the ceiling. If I were to die right this moment, I wouldn't even be with my parents. Not even Jean.

I took one psychotic man to have this happen. Who'd think one person could literally change the world?

"Maybe we can set her up for experiments," Dr. Whitman continued, below his breath. " I can't let her die."

Dr. Whitman followed his gaze with the lady's, who was staring at me. His eyes laid on mine lifelessly. Am I going to die? I asked him with my face expression. He took his glance off of me and whispered to the lady.

Dr. Whitman walked towards me and gripped my hand. " Where taking a trip." He tugged at my arm. I steadily found my balance and walked with him.

Outside of the medical room was like a prison. The hallway was colored with a dark grey, screams and shouts came from every room, each shrieking for help.

My bare feet pattered against the cold stone, sending even more chills up my spine. No shoes.

In front of our eyes, one gray door squeaked open. Two skimpy nurses came out, carrying a tall figure, a girl. Her head drooped at shoulder level, her blonde hair swaying carelessly. Her hair was tangled and in small clumps in certain places.

Suddenly, I noticed a burgundy strand sticking out. It was the same one I had.

When Quincy and I were seven, we begged our parents to let us get our hair dyed. They said no every time. One day, they got sick of our whining and pleading and promised us that we could get one strand dyed permanently. After serious thought, we chose burgundy.

"Quincy?" I whisper, blinking away my tears. Her head lifts to reveal her unusually beautiful lavender eyes. Her eyes were swollen from tears.

Suddenly, I feel a tug on my arm. I turn to Dr. Whitman. "What did you do to her?!" I screamed at him.

A World at It's End

I snatched my hand away and tried to break Quincy free. The skimpy nurses fought against me, although my real challenge was Dr. Whitman. He had me in a body lock as I screamed. Quincy pushed the odds with me.

Finally, Quincy struggled free and ran for the exit. I caught up to her and ran alongside. After a few minutes of running, we reached a dead end.

We could hear the shouts from the medical people. I fell to my knees, tearing mercilessly. "Jean," I cried. "If you can hear this, get me out, please." I went on carelessly, by each please my voice became even more raspy.

Quincy slowly dropped to my level, crying along with me. Quincy joined me in pleading.

Sadly, Dr. Whitman caught up. He put his hand on our shoulders and led us away.

Was this it? The end of my life? Had Jean forsaken me, but I loved him. A very deep and dark part of me knew it was true.

Why couldn't I die? I had two chances at it. Maybe it was him.

In front of us was a long sycamore door, freshly waxed. Dr. Whitman led us to our death. He sat us on the surgical beds and secured his hands with gloves.

Quincy's eyes shimmered in the light that came close to her face, she was about to cry. Dr. Whitman sighed and trudged to us.

He held up his hand to reveal a thin, sharp needle consisted of a mysterious blue substance. Without warning, he stabbed us with it as we both shrieked.

The room became a blur and thoughts of worry trailed away. I gripped the bed because I had suddenly lost my balance. Without a doubt, I was drugged and high as a motherfucker.

Gradually, my eyes closed shut.

Chapter 10: Answers

I woke in a blank room, there was nothing. "Do you know why you're here?" Asked a bold, firm voice. I turned to see a tall, bony structure strutting an elegant white gown. Her face one of a models, defiant and scary. She had her long blonde hair free and casually half-blocking her almond eyes.

I shook my head timidly. "You're here because you're smart, and strong," She remarked.

"I don't understand," I replied.

"See, since you've created strong feelings for a supernatural one, named Alex, going by his middle name Jean," She crept closer to me. "you've absorbed part of his powers, for example: telekinesis, and the ability to recreate yourself after deaths. The stronger your love becomes, the more you will absorb."

"But," She continued. "The powers you are absorbing are becoming too much for you to handle, especially because of your lack of food and water, so you're dying slowly. In just two days time, you will be permanently exterminated."

"But, don't I have the power to recreate myself, why won't it work?" I objected.

She gazed away from me, "Because, the more you spend away from him, the stronger you realize you love him, but, by the time it gets that strong you will have loved him so much that you would want to die, you would be suicidal."

I looked down at my feet, shaking my head doubtfully. "But I haven't known him that long."

She turned back to me, her face solemn. "Halle, you've known him since you were eleven, he was supposed to be your body guard all these years." She placed her bony hand on my forehead.

A flashback came to me. There he was Alex Walters, my middle school, and high school crush. How did I not know him? He had the same interesting gray eyes and dark curly locks that hung over his boxy forehead and the same tight jawline.

I had known him all along.

I fell to the floor, so this was really it? Wow, the other times I was sure to die, now it's literally unavoidable. "So you're not going to help me?" I sniffed, tears streaming down my face.

"That's what the doctors were for,"

Chapter 11: I'm Alive.

No. This wasn't happening. No.

I sprang up and ran, I didn't why or how or even where, but I just ran, like I wasn't trapped in my fucked up life already. "Jean!" I screamed at the top of my lungs.

With that, from a deep part of me came out a pierced scream so high and sharp it shook what was, somewhat, walls. I grew higher and higher playing with my thin vocal chords.

Suddenly, the walls shattered into millions of pieces. Once in restraint, my heart pounded furiously and fell.

"She's going to die!"

"Calm down, Jean."

"No, I can't let her die, help her!"

"Jean. There's nothing-"

"Shut the fuck up! I love her, and I won't let her die."

I wobbled and shook, trying to find my balance. My eyes were slightly open, open enough to see our orange worn tent and through the flap I could see Jean. He was yelling and causing a racket. I couldn't exactly make out the words.

Jean took a breath through his teeth and walked towards me. He smiled wide when he saw that I was awake. Jean crawled in and gripped my hand. He had grown a little stubble in front of his casual smirk.

"Halle, are you awake?" Jean said anxiously. I couldn't speak a word, instead I just smiled.

My world starting to shake and tremble and pain came from all over. My soul felt as if it was going jump out from my nose and my insides began to burn. Out of pain, I screamed. My grip on Jean's hand grew strong and I felt like I might break his hand.

I screamed and trembled, the pain grew worse as my heart pumped uncontrollably.

That feeling of anger released once again and I began to bang and shout and curse and even grit my teeth. That was it, I wasn't going to live, but I kept fighting.

Until, it stopped. I stopped. I was back to normal just slightly sweaty. "Halle!" Jean screamed.

"I love you, too," I whispered to him just before giving him a kiss. Jean smirked and laid a wool blanket over my body.

Jean slipped in between me and rested his hand on my waist. "How long was I gone?" I asked him.

"Three months."

Chapter 12: She's back

In the morning, I could feel the light tapping of a feminine finger. I woke and turned to the figure.

There, I saw her. Her hair curly blonde hair tucked neatly behind her ears, bringing out the strange lavender in her eyes. She smiled wide with her thin lips. And through her gorgeous face was a long curly strand of burgundy.

"Q?" I asked, breathing heavily. 'Q' was my nickname for Quincy. She laughed and hugged me.

"I missed you, Halle," Quincy whispered into my ear. I sat up and Quincy sat next to me.

"How'd you get here?" I asked her.

"You."

"What?"

"Remember, you broke me free."

I remembered. I thought I had just taken her away at the time, not freed her.

Our conversation was interrupted when Jean came in with a brown leather book, and opened it. I recognized my short and stubby handwriting. He tossed it to me. Only three short entries.

Jean sat next to me rested his head on my shoulder. Quincy giggled.

Dear Diary, DECEMBER 2ND (probably)

The paper feels amazing, I missed this. Lots to write about, I'm only going to say one thing though. Through this whole experience, I've cracked, loved, and even murdered, but I still kept strength.

Strength. I like that word, it feels rough on the mind, but easy and beautiful on the eyes. Like Jean.

All I know is, this world needs to be saved.

With all due respect,

Halle Francesca Burner

I closed my book. Jean lifted his head, "Hungry, girls?" I nodded along with Quincy. Before leaving, Jean planted a kiss on my cheek.

"Does he like you?" Quincy asked me. I sat back.

"Probably," I told her. Lie, I was certain he liked me.

"Probably? Have you seen the way he looks at you?" Quincy sassed me.

A World at It's End

"No, I actually haven't." I actually haven't. Maybe I should see how he looks at me. For the rest of our time alone, Quincy and I talked of the old days, where we could go outside and play.

Jean came back and held up three sandwiches, three bottles of water and six pieces of beef jerky. He split the food equally and sat down to eat himself.

He watched me as I ate. I suddenly caught him off guard and stared back at him. The look in his eyes was beautiful. His interesting eyes glittered and shimmered with his dilated pupils. He blushed when I stared back.

"I love beef jerky," I told him. He smiled to himself in satisfactory.

Chapter 13: This Is How It Will End

I stared blankly into Jean's eyes, my captor. I couldn't see anything anymore, his interesting grey eyes were just grey. I looked over at Pierre, he smiled fiendishly. I teared at the corners of my eyes.

"Halle, you don't- you just don't have too." Jean whispered.

"Do it," I told him. He could see the hate and anger in my eyes. I put my hands behind my back and sighed as my face reddened.

Not so much of a happy ending.

At that moment, every piece of information rushed back to me. Jean was supposed to kill me, but fell in love with me. I fell in love too, somehow, my parents and Pierre fought over me for a while. Now, I stood heaving with anger, two seconds from being shot by the only person who really cared about me.

Quincy, Pierre, Dr. Whitman, my parents, all of them.

Jean closed his eyes filled with tears and shoved the gun his mouth. The bullet flew out the back of his head as he dropped. I screamed. Pierre frowned and was quick to pull a gun on me.

"Bye, bye, Halle."

Bang.

It was only a game.....

Hello Readers!

I know some of you are confused, but what you lack to understand all the information of the plot and reason of the story has all ready been given to you. You can understand the story, the little pieces tadbits of info was infact vital to the story and served as the plot, therefore this was the perfect ending to this story.

I knew, that readers would not point out the things that would effect the story.

If you still don't get it, go back and read the story again. While your reading, keep in mind that Quincy is the villain and is trying to kill Halle and Jean is sent to assassinate Halle.

Oh yeah, and Quincy is Dwayne Peterson(something I forgot to mention in the story). If enough still don't understand afterwards, I'll make a sequel from Quincy's point of view.

THE END

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