

# Life Against Time

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This is something I wrote for a project and I was supposed to write under 250 words but knowing me, that is impossible. I hope you guys enjoy this, it's just about a person battling death within them-self.



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The world no longer kept the colors of the rainbow within her reach. Vanished was the deep blues of the ocean and the bright green from the grass. The sky could no longer be seen; just a hint of a bright star was left visible through the new shades of grey. So much smoke, we couldn't possibly breathe through all of this if we had taken our masks off. Inside broken down houses and torn apart grocery stores is where we found shelter and made our homes for the night. Always moving, always wandering with the wind. There were times when we would see another, another human being just like us, but we would just pass them by. We gave each other the same look, the same pity, gratitude, and strength that kept us alive through this war. I would stare into their eyes as they bored theirs back on mine. That same feeling of being alive and dead all in one was held within our gaze until it broke as another massive building part fell in between.

What was life really worth living for if all we have left is our fight against death itself? The war between us and them was nothing compared to the war between our souls and our afterlife. An expiration date was always built into our wrists; we knew that with each and every passing moment our termination was closer and closer. It wasn't like the old days, where we could live how we wanted without ever really wondering when we would die. We all knew we would, but it wasn't as if we had this machine planted into our bodies telling us how much time we have left for the rest of our wretched lives. That's when it all begun. The demented, the suicides, the murders, the people going insane. We all knew how much time we had and with every minute passing by our minds would itch and burn for we didn't know how we would die, but it was coming close. My mother had wrapped a single scarf around my wrist so that I wouldn't end up like our father, murdering anyone who got near for he was afraid they could be the ones who caused his foretold death. I, to this day, don't know when I die, and I guess that is why I can stay alive, why I am fighting for life. People gave up when they knew death was near and they began to believe nothing they did was worth living for if they only had this amount of time left. But if only we didn't know, if only these machines planted into us at birth were never created, this war between ourselves would have never had come to pass.

And at this exact moment in time I heard a loud beeping sound coming from my wrist. My curiosity got the best of me in this moment too because this was the first time I had ever removed my scarf, just to look at the time. I promised myself I never would, I promised if anything would happen I would just let it be. Never look, never glance, never peek, but I couldn't stop myself. I slowly unwrapped the scarf that I can't ever remember thinking about let alone taking it off to look at. But as I unwrapped my scarf, I could already see the numbers set in place. 0hrs0min0sec was the only thing I remembered as the beeping began to get louder. And that was also when I realized, that beeping noise, was my own heartbeat. The mask flew off my face as I sunk low onto the ground. The smoke filled my nostrils and lungs, causing me to start a coughing fit. The world turned black and as I slowly lied on the ground and shut my eyes, my eyelids flew wide open again. There was no smoke, no shades of grey blocking my view from seeing their true colors. It was a beautiful day, a nice cool breeze blowing through my hair as the warm sun gently looked down upon me. There was no machine connected to my body and as I laid there, thinking back on how I passed out under the big oak tree in my backyard as I cried myself to sleep asking why I must live, why can't I grow up now and live life the way I want? I realized then that it isn't time I'm fighting against, I'm fighting against myself, the one wasting how much time fate has given me. I am my own clock.

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