

Another Day In the world

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A Groups efforts to find a new home

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The rain was pelting them, causing them to find shelter under some of the larger vegetation. It had knocked them off their feet a few times. The journey was made even more difficult by the little rivers of water the rains had brought with them. After almost three days they had crossed a large clearing and had spotted the immense structure ahead of them. Their leader had said to head for it; they might be able to build their new home there. They headed for the vegetation across the clearing; he was taken by a large creature just as dusk was setting the day before. They had paused only long enough to eat some of the more appealing vegetation throughout the day. The rest of the group had managed to avoid being taken by hiding under some of the larger leaves and debris on the ground.

They stayed just off the edge of the clearing while they made their way. It was the only way they could think of to avoid any more losses to the group. It was tough going as they made their way around obstacles, but after another day's journey they were close, it shouldn't take that much longer for them to get to the structure. They knew they didn't have much more time before the cold forced them to stop.

The structure loomed over them, reaching almost to the sky as they looked up. Looking at it from closer they now thought it also seemed to stretch in both directions almost as far as it did into the sky. Reaching another clearing they decided to stop until the next day. Dusk was coming again and they knew the creatures would be coming around that time also. Staying in the vegetation just at the edge of the clearing they watched the creatures as they ran around or flew in all kinds of directions. They did their best not to attract their attention.

The cold that settled in overnight made the morning difficult for them to get started, and then the rain came again. It had started in waves, and continued throughout the morning, as they moved across the clearing. They found the crossing very difficult, watching as the waves of rain came towards them, knocking them down or off their feet, pushing them back towards the vegetation they had spent the night under. It was a tough journey for them that day, but by late afternoon they had almost reached the other side of the clearing. Fear was starting to grip them, they had to make the edge and get undercover of the vegetation before the creatures could come back.

The sun was gone and the rains came again. This time lighter than before, but had a strange odor to it also. They were soaked and after a minute it started to hurt. They continued to try for the edge of the clearing, one of their group finally reached to edge and looking back found he was alone. The others behind him were all lying in different positions, all were dead or dying. He managed to make it almost to the vegetation before he also collapsed and died.

He walked into the kitchen of the house, "Honey, would you put bug spray on the shopping list. I just used the rest of it." He said as he threw the can in the wastebasket.

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