

The Event

By : Scarletbloom

Living. Such a cruel sick joke it was. I didn't want it. Something, anything had to be better than the twisted way this town was controlled. In just seconds the air you breathed became your worst enemy, and the scorching acid droplets melted your skin. The door shook violently, even with the couch holding it back.
"Open the door! OPEN THE DOOR!" The chorus of screams ripped at my shields. I couldn't take it, I couldn't, I couldn't!



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Chapter 1

Today was the first day of spring. The season of new beginnings, but the leaves remained an infected brown, a dirty orange and a bloody red as if stained by the very blood that soaked the grounds. I sat up in my bed and looked out the window. I'd given up searching for squirrels that had been so plenty in the not so distant past, there were none left. At least not living ones.

I moved away from the window, the only thing letting light into my otherwise darkened bedroom. I pulled the covers away from myself, shifting toward the edge of my bed.

Haâ "My". Such a sad and lonely word. I was still not used to it, no, not really. It was just over a month after all, still not enough time.

Never enough time.

I heard the alarm start ringing from my mother's room, notifying me that it was six-thirty a.m.

I always got up before it. I had no need for it, but I refused to break the routine of my past life before the event. I had nowhere to go, nothing to do. No one to say "hello" to in the morning, no reason for livingâ "

I got out of bed and walked toward the closet. I looked over to the nightstand where I had laid out my older sister's school uniform. She always laid it out the night before to save time in the morning. I turned my attention back to the mirrored closet. I could see myself, even in the dark. I'd gotten skinnier since after the event. I smiled. The first in over a month. My mother would be proud now that I appeared as skinny as my sister.

I slid the closet door and pulled out my uniform. I changed out of my sleepwear and into my school clothes.

This was the same. The same as before. It brought back a somewhat calm feeling letting me imagine that everything was the same, an illusion that nothing had changed.

But that's all it was, an illusion. The knowledge of that doubled the pain to the point of suffocation.

I opened my bedroom door and stepped out into the darkened hallway. I made my way to my parent's room and opened the door, the alarm still ringing.

The bed was still neatly made, untouched by anyone. It'd been like that since my parents last slept in it the night before the event. I paused before the nightstand and switched off the alarm clock. My hand hovered over my mother's necklace, the necklace with a crucifix on the end. It was her favorite. My favorite.

I slipped it on over my head; the chain was long enough for that.

I glanced around the room and inhaled. It still smelled like them, my dad's strong, yet compassionate essence intertwined with a light sugary smell, which was permanently etched onto his skin resulting from the thirty years he had spent working in a sugar factory, and my mother's soft and kind floral scent that always warmed me to my stomach.

I kept the door closed most of the time, trying to trap at least a small part of them in here.

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I walked out of their room, and turned toward my eldest sister's and younger brother's room. It always scared me coming in here. So I avoided it as much as possible. Still, my undergarments and other necessities were here and in the bathroom connected with this room.

In less than a minute I was out of the room and locking it from the outside. This was the only thing I had changed. Even before the event, this room always managed to make my hair stand on ends. I walked forward, to the hallway bathroom, and turned on the light switch. Instantly, the light blinded me rendering me temporarily vulnerable. I didn't like it.

I opened my eyes, blinking away splotches of rainbow colors from my eyes. I continued down the hallway, leaving the bathroom light on, and found the living room switch.

I froze. This always hurt the most.

As I let my finger flick the switch up, my heart clenched into its safe zone. I didn't want to feel.

Never want to feel.

The feelings hurt; loneliness, sadness, panic, and, most of all, the fear of not knowing when I would die next.

But I didn't think about killing myself. I never would. As so many others had shoot themselves with guns or stabbed themselves. I admit I did contemplate it at first; ha-ha I had the knife in hand already, but she stopped me.

Her last request. Her last words to me.

So many things had changed, though the couch and the coffee table remained, along with everything else including my pet beta. It was all just there. A big blanket used to cover up the stench of death that hovered around this town.

Even the people, now getting few in numbers, the first week they had all locked their doors, nailed down there windows, and just waited for death to come.

But it was suffocating; a reminder that they were probably next.

Things went back to normal after that week, as normal as could be. If someone unaware of what had transpired here observed us, ignoring all the dead bodies that were not yet picked up by the garbage trucks, they would think everything was normal.

Not wanting to just sit around waiting for death, the community decided it would be better to continue their everyday lives.

Except for school.

No, there was no need. After all, none of the kids got infected by this dark, killing shadow of death.

Except for me.

The age twenty and down were all supposed to be immune, but something went wrong.

I went wrong.

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And now, I would pay the price with my life.

Chapter 2: New Arrivals

Chapter 2

I sat at the dining table, listening to the blaring radio coming from the living room. My mother, she always loved to listen to Spanish music. She was always worried that we would forget about our Mexican heritage so she would always listen to the radio as loud as it could go. I didn't mind it, not at all, in fact I loved it. I'd look forward to visiting my family in Mexico every summer, unlike my sister who detested the very thought of venturing to such a technically deprived area.

I glanced over to the bed in the corner.

You might think it odd but this was my grandfather's room and our dining room.

He was lucky.

Two weeks before the event, he had decided to visit his children in Mexico, not knowing that the trip would save his life.

I wouldn't get to visit. Ever Again. Even if I managed to survive until summer, they wouldn't even let us out of this town, let alone country.

I turned my attention back to my usual breakfast, a packet of microwaveable mini pancakes with a glass of chocolate milk.

Funny, it used to be my favorite, the sweet little pancakes soaked with syrup with some butter spread on top, now tasted almost as good as cardboard.

I finished breakfast and washed them just like my mother always told me. I looked at the stove's clock that read eight a.m.

Regardless to what others would think, since my mother's absence, I had taken it upon myself to continue her list of daily household chores. It wasn't hard, considering there was only one person I had to look out for.

I went back to the dining room and stopped before the white door. This room was full. Not only was it shared with my grandfather, but his roommate was a dinosaur of a computer that we no longer used. It was also our trophy and awards display.

I avoided looking directly at the names, since no doubt it would bring painful memories of the "happy" times before the event; instead I looked at the calendar I had stapled beside the door.

It was March twentieth.

I opened the door and grabbed the broom as well as the mop and bucket.

I always cleaned my room, the hallway, the hallway bathroom, the living room and the dining room. But I didn't dare taint my parent's room with the smell of 'sparkling wave'.

I finished sweeping in less than twenty minutes, and proceeded to dumping the water in the bucket.

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This was the only time I went outside.

I opened the door only to receive a slap in the face by the angry sun. It blazed with such intensity as standing in front of an oven.

After finally seeing something other than the color yellow, I saw my friendly African neighbor waving at me from across the street. I returned the wave. He was like an uncle to me. Even since before the event, I would always visit his house and just talk about the current occurrences in our lives. After the event, he had taken it upon himself in place of my family to provide me with meals and a credit card to buy anything I needed off the internet.

Along with my elderly neighbors to my right and my father's Cuban friends on the left, they managed to take at least some of the loneliness away.

"Hey girly, I'd get back inside now if I were you," he said shuffling to my front yard.

"What do you mean?" I asked, curiosity seeping into my question.

"If you'd bother to watch the news every once and a while I wouldn't have to tell ya now would I?" He turned and pointed to the large stone gate that stood between our town and the rest of the world. "Got some new arrivals com'en in from other towns in a few minutes, if you don't want a bunch of 'em knocken down your door I'd suggest you lock it tight." He turned back and headed back to his house.

An earsplitting ringing pierced the air as the gate began to shift to the left.

The new arrivals had come.

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