

## **It's the end of the world as we know it (and I feel fine)**

*Day 1*

*This is it. The end. Everything has been leading up to this, probably. Yup, you guessed it. The world is done for, or at least America. ALIENS and ZOMBIES and ZOMBIE ALIENS! Nah, I'm just kidding, it's just nuclear war. Like no one saw that coming. Hmmm, should I be, documenting dates or something? For when a new race uncovers my journal and thinks "The hell happened back then?"*

*My name is Jones Koet it's 2029 and yeah, nuclear war... I mean zombie aliens would have been more interesting but what can you do? It started with Covid. It always seems to start with Covid. But with heavy economic strain someone had the bright idea of world domination. And the best way to do that? Blow everything up. Anyway, I thought I should start a journal so that way if I go absolutely bonkers, I can look back and be like "Oh, that's who I was". But for now,*

*- Jones, signing off*

Jones had zoned out while scanning the items coming down the conveyor. He did this often. It was the same old, 'scan, BEEP' 'scan, BEEP'.

"It's enough to drive anyone insane," Jones thought. He looked up at the woman in front of him, realising she had been talking the entire time.

"-And she turns around and says straight to my face, 'buzz off', with the nastiest look on her face. Can you believe some people? Honestly."

Jones was glad he missed the rant.

"Uh huh," he mumbled.

"Right, so I stand up and go-" She started to continue, but something outside had caught Jones' attention. A large mass of people gathering outside. People running, shouting and screaming.

"-The way I see it, the house burned down because-"

"Hold that thought," Jones said, cutting off the woman. He got up and walked out of his nook and over to the open doors. Confused, Jones grabbed someone's arm,

"what in the world is going on?"

"I don't know!"

Suddenly a colossal boom and intense heat wrapped around him. On the other side of the city a mushroom sprouted into the sky. Jones stood still. Through the screams and the terror, he could only think of one thing... “*No more work!*”

Looking at the people around him, he thought that they were panicked before. That was nothing compared to the horror that had taken hold. Scrambling and falling they were covered by the swarm of terror in the form of people. The air was filled with screams of horror and smells of death.

Jones turned and went back inside.

“*My house is, was, over there,*” Jones thought to, “*and so is, was, my car... and my cat.*” He shrugged. “Thing was a demon anyway,” he said aloud.

Jones wandered up and down each aisle inspecting different tools that may provide some use. He settled on a few things that could come in handy and a sturdy looking backpack.

All this fear and panic had worked up Jones’s appetite. Heading off down the road Jones eventually came upon a supermarket. Inside was a mess. There were empty packets torn open and discarded, cartons of milk leaking out onto the floor and droplets of blood splattered about.

“*Heh, Black Friday,*” Jones thought. He wandered the aisles picking up canned and packeted food when he heard sprinting footsteps behind him. Jones whirled around to see someone thrusting a knife at his chest. Jones narrowly managed to dodge to the side and throw a blow, sending the person sprawling onto the ground but not before he felt an intense sharp pain in his arm. The guy scrambled up.

“What are you? A Ninja? I’m outta’ here!” the guy snarled at him, swiftly leaving the supermarket.

He looked at his right arm. It appeared he hadn’t fully dodged the attack as there was a deep graze leaking blood.

“Huh,” he guffawed, then threw up.

### *Day 3*

*I think I need to get a goal in my mind that I can aim towards. That way I can avoid walking around aimlessly. That got DAMN BORING! The only interesting thing was watching people*

*scamper about, looking stressed out of their mind. Like bro, relax. It's not the end of the ..., oh wait, yeah it is. Ah well, I for one embrace it as a refreshing change from the normal and dull pace (even though it's starting to seem boring again). Although the dead people probably won't see it that way but... who cares? They're dead!*

*Maybe my goal can be to set up my base of operations. You know, I always wondered how I would fare if the world ended. Apparently, what I should have been thinking of was how to keep myself occupied. Before, I had my job, and as much as it pains me to say it, it did give me something to do.*

*I kinda miss my cat, Roger. As annoying as he was, if he was here right at least I could look after him... I need a calling.*

*But who's to call for you when there's no one left to sing?*

*I don't know, man. I think my calling before all this happened was my goal of becoming an author, but I don't think that's gonna happen now.*

*Well, regardless. If I keep my head down for too long, I'll eventually walk smack bang into something.*

*And that would hurt.*

*Just like my arm.*

*-Jones, signing off*

Jones meandered the streets. He thought to himself how he was never much of a people person. And now that everyone was gone, he felt a little at peace, but he thought that would change eventually. Thoughts like that replayed themselves with each step. And each step Jones took marked the passing of time. The seconds growing into minutes, the minutes into hours and the hours ... into days.

"HAH. I wish," Jones thought to himself smiling. "Can you imagine if time passed that quickly? That would be sick!" Jones turned another corner and saw a man with a young boy next to him. They were pushing a shopping cart full of supplies. Jones smiled and waved at them; the boy waved back, though he didn't smile. The man did not. Then Jones saw that the man was holding a revolver. He stopped smiling very quickly and scurried away into the closest house.

"It's lootin' time", Jones thought happily.

His happiness was not long lasting. After searching through five derelict houses, he gave up sitting down in a garden chair and started sweating. He looked up into the hot afternoon sun that was beaming down onto him. "God, I hate the heat."

Day 7

*Found a bookstore. It's a neat little place that I can relax in. So that's good.*

*Oh, and I found a pen...*

*Yeah, I uh- I lost my original pen. And it took me a bit to find one. But here we are.*

*While I was looking for a pen it gave me even MORE time to think. I know, and I thought I couldn't get enough of it. What I did find out was that I'm probably going to give up on the whole, everyday journal entry. I'll still be keeping up on my journal just not as regularly.*

*Because absolutely NOTHING worth talking about happened in those past 5 days. Like literally nothing.*

*So I guess I'll wait for something to come up-*

*Wait. Somethings come up.*

*- Jones, singing off*

Jones was sitting on the windowsill of a bookstore he had found in his travels. He had always liked bookstores, there was a relaxed, comforting feel in them that just made you want to curl up and sleep. And the potential and mystery behind all the stories and books that lined the shelves. This store, however, was quite sad looking. The majority of the books were missing and the few that did remain were on the floor in pieces. *"Ummm, I don't really know what to talk about now, guess this will be a short one,"* he thought. The door opened. Jones shot up, fearful that someone would find him and his writings. *"How embarrassing."* But he didn't hear anything. He turned back to the door and got up to see if there was anyone around. He caught a brief glimpse of a small run figure run around behind the picture books. Jones was used to people running away from him, but somehow, for some reason, this was different. He had an urge, no, a *need* to help the person. Jones was being... called. Crouching behind the shelf he saw a young boy staring at him. *"I must be terrifying"* Jones realised. The boy wasted no time. He turned and ran towards the door. *"Jeez, that boy is fast"*

Jones ran diagonally towards the entrance. He grabbed the boy mid run and held on tight. The kid clawed and kicked but remained silent.

"Hey, HEY. It's okay. Listen to me. It's o-kay." Jones struggled. "I'm not going to hurt you." He kept murmuring words of comfort until, slowly, finally the boy went still.

Day 10

*I'm now officially a party of two. So, how do I explain this, I found this kid. He's only a small thing, like 10. He's got cropped mousy brown hair with a lot of freckles around the bridge of his nose. He looks like he hasn't eaten for, well, his whole life. And he's got this, like, glassy thousand-yard stare.*

*Remember how I was talking about a calling? Well, I think I found it. I don't know what it is about this kid but something in his eyes tells me he has been through HELL and back. For now, I've just given him some food, God knows he needs it, and I've just been with him. I don't know if he's grateful or just kind of – dead.*

*I guess time will tell.*

*- Jones, signing off*

“How long have you been alone?” Jones tried again.

The boy didn't reply. He just kept munching on the crackers Jones had given him.

“Do you at least have a name?” Jones attempted.

The boy remained mute; gaze fixed to the ground. He started humming. Jones was beginning to get annoyed. After he had gone this whole way to help him. And what does he get? Nothing.

“Fine. If you don't want to have anything to do with me then I don't want to have anything to do with you,” Jones said roughly. He got up and went to take the crackers away.

The boy pulled away from Jones.

“Where are your parents?” Jones asked. The boy winced at this question.

“Alright, bad question. Do you have anyone caring for you?” The boy shook his head.

“Well, that settles it. I'll be your new guardian. Guard-ian? Care... taker. Care giver! Jones joked and thought he saw the slightest hint of a smile on the boy's face.

*Day 19*

*Today I killed upwards of 8 people, have been chased through a hospital, got shot and smashed through a roadblock – while being shot at. Hamish is starting to really trust me now. Oh yeah, he told me his name. God knows he needs someone to lean on. But then again, we may have saved that exact person.*

*Hamish has a friend, Charlotte, who was kidnapped by this terrorist gang. I have a theory about them, the terrorists, I'm sure they're the reason as to why there has been no help*

*coming in. I reckon, they've decided that the city is now theirs. They've set up roadblocks to prevent aid from getting through. But that's just my theory. And they're not making life easy for us.*

*Hamish followed them all the way up to Blaunt Island, so we went for a stroll. Then, I had an idea. I mixed up some chocolate syrup and cochineal, splattered it all over my stomach and waited for one of the gang's trucks to come by. I jumped out and start screaming for help.*

*This actually worked decently, as they got out and came over to me. When one was close enough, I grabbed his gun and shot them all. It was nuts. I put on one of their 'uniforms' and drove on, easy peasy. Once on the island I asked for the medical centre and was eventually led away by some doctor. Unfortunately, he recognised my clothes and tried to kill me. BUT he wasn't ready for my awesome moves. Then had to rush to save Charlotte.*

*Quite the eventful day. But she's going to wake up soon. I think Hamish's life is finally gonna take a turn for the better.*

*Me on the other hand. I can feel there is something more. Almost crushing me. It's almost like every time I look at my hands, I see a slight red tinge. What was it Lady Macbeth said? 'All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. What's done cannot be undone'? Maybe there's something to that. But I must stay strong for Hamish.*

*- Jones, signing off*

"Anything you like to read?" Jones asked the boy, looking around the bookstore he had found him in.

No answer. He was humming his song again.

"I'm a big fan of dystopian sort of things. Y'know like, uh, 'I have no mouth and I must scream'. Actually, that's a little adult for you. Never mind." Jones looked down to the shelf in front of him "What's a kid's book? Uh, Charlotte's Web?"

The boy suddenly looked up.

"That one pique your interest?"

"I had a friend... Charlotte," a small voice whispered.

"HE SPEAKS!" Jones exclaimed. "Dost, thou have a name?"

The boy looked at him puzzled.

"A name, do you have a name?"

"Hamish."

"Well, Hamish, proceed with your story"

"I have a friend; Charlotte, Charlotte Loeruck she's been taken."

“By who?”

“I don’t know, some people just took her. A group of people in white coats with guns took her away.” Jones saw the glistening of tears in Hamish’s eyes.

“Where did this happen?”

“Near here,” Hamish said, turning and walking out of the store. Jones followed on.

They walked along the edge of the city harbour for the better part of an hour. Jones looked out across the water noticing its opaque green tinge. Across the entire surface Jones could see specks of grey and white that he soon realised were dead fish. Both he and Hamish were forced to breathe through their mouths to avoid the constant waft of things dead and rotting. Eventually they came across a bridge leading out onto an island.

“This is it,” Hamish perked up suddenly. “*It does look like a decent refuge,*” Jones thought. “How do we get onto the island?”

“I guess we walk or driver over- “

Jones suddenly grabbed Hamish, pulling him behind a nearby car, as a huge military truck drove past. He peeked out once the roar of the engine had faded away.

“That was a close one. Listen, if we want to get onto that island, we’re gonna need a plan. I may have one, but we need to go and get a couple of things first,” Jones said.

Jones hunched down behind a car as the distant sound of a truck engine grew louder. He waited until the truck got closer before he suddenly jumped out and started crying out for help. The truck came to a sudden halt, his injuries looked real. Four armed men got out and walked towards Jones.

Instantly, Jones reached up, grabbed the gun from the man behind and pulled him down while opening fire on the other three. Turning, he finished off the last one. He looked down at the gun wondering for a brief moment how his life had led him to this. He felt so heavy he that he could be crushed on the spot. He dropped the gun seeing the red stains that had splashed onto his hands. He felt Hamish’s hand on his arm, and instantly came back. Jones looked down.

“C’mon, let’s keep moving, you want to save your friend, right?”

Hamish nodded “Let’s go get her.”

Jones looked down at Hamish, suddenly seeing his ten-year-old self. He’d never trusted anybody since he’d run away from his parents. His dad was a mean man.

He'd lied to Jones over and over again. But Jones still loved him, thinking that deep down his father loved him as well. Jones' mom was never really present but he could tell that when she was, she wished that it would stay that way forever. But something had happened and one day his mother stopped appearing and his dad became more aggressive with him. So, he ran. And never stopped to look back.

Jones bent down and embraced a confused Hamish, squeezing tightly. "You can't come in to get her with me" Jones said after a couple of minutes, letting go of him, Hamish fought off Jones clasp. "What do you mean?"

"There is a high chance either us or Charlotte will get killed."

Hamish didn't say anything. He finally let out "...Okay."

Jones hugged Hamish again, before moving over to one of the bodies and grimacing as he removed one off the jackets.

Jones tipped his hat to the man at the checkpoint and drove on towards the building he had gestured at. He pulled up outside and stared at it. The building seemed to be in its final stage of life as the paint had long since peeled away leaving a slight brown tinge. The brick that lay exposed was showing signs of cracking all around. Inside was quieter than Jones had suspected. The people moving about seemed too preoccupied to care about him. Nonetheless Jones tried to blend into the background.

"Watch it!" someone in a long white coat yelled at Jones as they bumped off him.

"Sorry... hey, do you know where I can find someone named Charlotte?" Jones asked hesitantly.

The man turned and looked Jones up and down.

"You new here? You don't look familiar."

"Oh... yeah. I arrived a couple of days ago, er, joined."

"You don't say..." The doctor noticed the nametag on Jones' jacket, "Cassidy. Come with me." He man turned abruptly and started to walk off. Jones didn't know what else to do. He followed on.

After going down a few corridors and past a set of stairs, they finally entered an office. "Have a seat," the man said, going in behind his desk to open a draw.

"So, uh, is Charlotte here?" Jones asked, cautious now.

"No" The man said turning and pointing a revolver at Jones. "Where did you get that jacket? Huh?!"

"What the hell are you talking about?"



The man pulled back the hammer “That name tag on your jacket. You’re not Cassidy.” Jones’ eyes widened. He quickly dived, under the desk as a bullet whizzed past his head. He reached out and grabbed the man’s leg and pulling him down with the gun. They both scrambled for it, but Jones was quicker and pulled the trigger next to the man’s head. He froze as he saw the splattered pieces of meat and bone in a growing pool of red. Jones turned and threw up. He forced himself to get back up and pocket the gun. Not looking down, he turned back to the desk, opening the filing cabinet. “*Please be here.*” He sifted through files until he found the L section. From the end of the hallway shouts of people. Just when he thought it wasn’t there, Jones saw it. ‘Loeruck’. He grabbed the folder, scanned the file and saw ‘B1 Room 26’. Jones snapped the folder shut and hurried out the room to where he saw the stairs. He heard shouts of alarm behind him. Turning, he saw a large group of men chasing him with all sorts of weapons. Jones jumped as a bullet hit the wall next to him. He reached into his pocket to pull out the gun and return fire. A couple of people fell but they kept pushing forward. Jones turned back to focus more moving forward. He flew through a door slamming it shut behind him. He slid down the banister of the first flight of stairs, turning to run, stumbling as he almost fell down the next flight before catching himself. Just as he closed the second door behind him, he heard the one above him fly open. Running down the hallway counting the doors to either side of him, Jones skidded to a halt as he reached Room 26. Inside was a standard clinical room complete with a drawn curtain closet, nightstand, a closet and a sterile smell.

“Who the hell?” a doctor exclaimed, looking up from a document.

“Search each room!” someone shouted from outside.

Jones pointed the gun at the doctor and motioned to the closet. Dropping the document, the man held up his hands and shuffled over as Jones scurried to hide. He waited. he heard the door open. Footsteps passed the closet followed by the sound of the curtain being drawn. The footsteps then grew closer and stopped right in front of the closet door. Jones held his breath.

“HEY! We’re moving on. Let’s go.” The footsteps left. Jones waited a little longer before pushing the doctor out. Jones held the gun steady on the doctor as he crossed the bed. Lying there was a young girl no older than ten. She had cropped blonde hair. Bruises covered her face. She was hooked up by wires to all sorts of machines. Her eyes were closed.

“What’s wrong with her?!”

“She’s asleep. Comatose,” the doctor replied covering.

“Well wake her up.”

“Ah,- you see... it’s not that simple... “

Jones pulled back the hammer.

“Okay... Okay- just calm down.” He hurried over to Charlotte, pulling out a syringe and a vial of mysterious liquid from the drawer. He sucked the liquid into the syringe before injecting it into her wrist. “She should wake up within the next 12 hours.

Though I can’t say for certain. Her body and mind have been through a lot. I can’t say for sure whether that stress won’t kill her.”

“I’ll take that chance. But not this one.” He pointed the gun at the doctor, pulling the trigger. The sound of the gun was instantly replaced by the sound of the man’s head hitting the hard concrete as he fell. Jones felt nauseous again and quickly turned to pull Charlotte out from the tangle of wires. He stopped as he saw another folder lying on the nightstand. A neatly printed label read, *‘Brain-washing Subject 07’*. Jones hurriedly stuffed the folder into his bag and, yanking out all the wires, scooped up Charlotte. Then turned for the door. Sprinting, he made it up to the ground floor without seeing anyone and started to feel uneasy. He reached the main exit and peeked out only to hear bullets whizz past his head. Ducked back into the doorway he could see the truck he knew he had to reach. He took a few deep breaths to gather his nerves. He bolted, hearing more bullets fly past him. As looked over to the bridge his heart dropped when he saw the blockades that had been set up. He reached the truck; he felt a jolt of severe pain in his right calf. Crying out, he fell against the truck, looking down at his leg to see a long gash, oozing blood. He could still hear the gunshots rattling against the other side of the vehicle. Gritting his teeth against the pain, forced Charlotte into the truck before climbing in and pushing her into the passenger seat. Reaching into his bag to pull out a bandage, he wrapped up his leg, watching as bullets hit the so-it-would-seem bullet-proof windscreen. He started the truck, took a few more deep breaths, and floored it. He drove right through their improvised barricade sending people flying. He was free. Jones let out a cry of victory as he felt adrenaline race through him. When he arrived back where he stole the truck. Hamish rushed out looking worried and confused.

“Get in quick!” Jones exclaimed. “They probably won’t be giving chase after I rammed them, but I don’t want to take that chance”.

“You don’t have to tell me twice.” Hamish climbed into the back seat noticing Charlotte with relief.

"We're going to need a place to hide, and I need to rest this leg."

Hamish looked down at Jones' bloodied leg and tried to hide his shock. "The bookstore?"

"Perfect."

They drove for on for 45 minutes. Hamish occasionally tried to start up conversation a few times, asking about Charlotte's rescue but Jones didn't feel like talking. Deep down he could feel a growing sense of something sinister lurking in him which partly came from the girl he rescued. Jones looked at her. She started twitching rarely. Hamish started humming again, happily.

"What's that song you've been humming?" Jones asked after a couple of minutes.

"It's a song I heard years ago. But I don't remember what it's called. I'd whistle it but I don't know how." Hamish looked down sadly. "*For all the times he can be so strong and mature,*" Jones thought smiling, "*He is still just a kid.*"

"Maybe I can teach you one day".

"I'd liked that," Hamish looked up happily "But I can remember the first verse, I think."

"Go on then."

Hamish cleared his throat.

"We met in the springtime when blossoms unfold  
The pastures were green, and the meadows were gold  
Our love was in flower as summer grew on  
Her love like the leaves now have withered and gone  
The roses have faded, there's frost at my door  
The birds in the morning don't sing anymore  
The grass in the valley is starting to die  
And out in the darkness the whippoorwills cry  
Alone and forsaken by fate and by man  
Oh Lord, if you hear me, please hold to my hand  
Oh, please understand... That's all I know."

"Jeez. That's a really sad song."

"I guess, yeah, but It calms me down when I'm stressed though.

"I'd love to be able to write like that." Jones said, almost to himself.

"Anything's possible if you set your mind to- Hey, I think we're here". Jones was taken aback by this sudden remark as he pulled up outside the bookstore.

"Allow me to show you in, Jonesy."

“Jonesy? Thanks H.”

Hamish giggled.

Jones manoeuvred through the doors, to fit both himself and Charlotte in. They had set up a whole home for themselves having pushed most of the shelves aside and put two mattresses in the corner each with a sleeping bag and they had a table and two chairs with a deck of cards in the middle. Jones lay Charlotte down and took a seat, sighing and putting the gun on the table.

“Why the sigh?” Hamish said, walking over to sit with Jones.

“Just been a big, stressful day.”

“I’d imagine. Considering everything that happened and all those people you- “

Hamish stopped himself, “Couldn’t have been easy.”

Jones looked away. He could see the setting sun through the window. “It’s getting late. We should probably get some sleep. You take the other mattress. I can sleep in the car.”

“But...”

“Spend some time with Charlotte”.

“We have a spare blanket. Want that?”

“Yeah”

They said their goodnights and Jones headed back outside. He rolled down one of the seats, tucked himself in and closed his eyes, waiting for sleep to come.

*Day 20*

*-I didn't know what to do.*

*It wasn't my fault.*

*It all happened so fast that I just-*

*I couldn't help him. Or her.*

*I lied.*

*I never should have lied.*

*It was my fault.*

*If I had just-*

*Why?*

*Why me?*

*Why couldn't I do anything?*

*Please.*

*Someone.*

*Help.*

He awoke to screams and pleads. His eyes snapped open, and he shot up covered in sweat, breathing hard. The screams then faded away to a distant memory. "Just a nightmare," he said to himself. He opened the door and got out of the truck. It was a heavily overcast morning with a slight chill in the air. Jones took in several deep breaths. Watching his breath in the morning air, the sickening feeling in his stomach was to the point where he felt like he might throw up again. But he didn't. Regaining his composure, he looked for his journal. He spied the folder he had taken from the hospital. He pulled out the paper in it and began to read. Most of it was just scientific terminology that Jones didn't understand, however, one sentence caught his eye.

*'Forced memory wipe is irreparable, subject is now hostile. Likely solution = death.'*

Jones stared at the sentence, re-reading it over and over again. He kept looking back at the word "*likely*". Then he heard it. Faintly. He listened carefully to what sounded like Hamish greeting someone. "*She's woken up.*" Something wasn't right. Hamish's tone changed, rose. Then he heard something crash to the ground and shouting. He leapt out of the car and sprinted towards the door but suddenly...

A gun shot rang out. Then there was silence. Jones slammed through the door, praying that what he was about to see wasn't as bad as he'd imagined. But it was. Hamish stood, blood spattered across his chest and finger marks on his neck, over the body of Charlotte. He looked up at Jones.

"She... just... came at me." Hamish faltered.

"Hamish just-

"She pushed the table over and... pinned me down." He looked down at the gun

"And I... didn't mean too." He looked back to Jones.

"Hamish," Jones held out his hand "Just give me the gun."

Hamish looked back at the gun. "I didn't... mean... to." He slowly put the gun to his head.

"HAMISH, HAMISH NO DON'T- "

The gun fired.

Jones fell to his knees to scream. But no sound came out.

Day 24

*It's not real. I feel numb. This is a dream. I'll wake up to His smiling face.*

*Please?*

*This can't be happening to me, right? After all, it never has. I've always been happy go lucky, right? So, it's impossible that this is happening to me. I can't accept it. I WON'T ACCEPT IT. I don't know how to accept it.*

*I don't know what to do. I'm lost.*

*Lost in a sea of grey, white, black, and red; unable to decipher them from each other. The more I struggle against these waves, these torrents, the deeper I sink. I don't want to sink, because sinking means it was my fault.*

*My... fault?*

*No, it wasn't. Right?*

*I couldn't have been, after all, I was just serving His best interests. Was I? Who was I serving? Myself? Was I? I don't know. Why don't I know.*

*It's not real.*

*Why didn't I do it?*

Day 26

*This whole thing? For what? Why? Tell me! How is it fair that someone as young and hopeful as him ends up the way he did? I didn't do anything for him, in fact it's almost my fault. It's basically my fault. But then again. Isn't it his fault?*

*He pulled the trigger, he shot the gun, he left me behind. Leaving me to deal with everything. How could he? Why? Why would he?*

*Because of her. It's her fault.*

*It's her fault. How dare she attack someone who cared for her! She's the one who made him act the way he did. She forced his hand. Why did she do it?*

*Why did he do it?*

*Why didn't I do it?*

Day 29

*Maybe I'll kill myself and go up to heaven, I can bargain with God for a trade. My soul for His. I should leave. If I leave then, I'll... move on.*

*But I can't leave him.*

*If only I had have...*

*I should have...*

*Why didn't I?*

*What can I do?*

*I wish I could go back in time, I'll do anything. I'd give everything. But to who, for what?*

*If I had have gone with Him and been with Him. Things would be different. Right?*

*'...forsaken by fate...'*

*How could it happen like this?*

*I should have told Him. I should have warned Him. If I had have done that, then things would be different. Right?*

*Why didn't I tell him? What was there for me to gain. For Him to gain.*

*Why did it have to happen like this?*

*Why didn't I do it?*

*Day 31*

*I put the gun into my mouth pulling the trigger but, ironically, it seems it was out of bullets.*

*It's dark.*

*Looking out through the willow trees, hoping to see a light but-*

*It's dark.*

*The ever-churning tides of that multicoloured sea, stained my clothes and my sleep. Leaving nothing untouched.*

*Looking into a mirror at my black, grey, white face-  
and red hands.*

*But who's to call for you when there's no one left to sing.*

*Your voice carries through the vacuum with everything on its back.*

*Crying and trying and dying and lying.*

*It's all on your back.*

*So... we go-*

*On?*

*Why?*

*For what purpose?*

*I can't seem to find that purpose, that something.*

*Why is something seeming to be nothing?*

*It's dark.*

*It's too dark to see something.*

*Why did I do it?*

*Maybe I just need to-*

*Turn on the lights.*

*Day 35*

*I've had a look back on my first entries and it made me realise something. I've lost myself. Heh, I couldn't have said it any better:*

*'Anyway, I thought I should start to keep a journal of some kind so that way if I go absolutely bonkers, I can look back and be like "Oh, that's who I was"'*

*So that's who I was. But I'm different now. I can't go back to who I was before, even if I wanted to. Because these past 3 months have helped me to grow and teach me how to say what needs to be said.*

*Hamish. I'm sorry.*

*It pains me to know this but yes, it was my fault. I could go on for pages with all the things I should have done but-*

*I'm sorry.*

*I buried them, when they died. I buried them together because I know that's what they would have wanted. I also know that Hamish would not have wanted me to sit on my ass and cry and complain for months on end. Crying won't bring him back. I know right? Duh. But I can take him with me moving forward. As you said Hamish, or were going to, anything is possible if you set your mind to it. When you said that it made me realise that I want to be a writer.*

*And I think I can be one. Remember what I was saying about those terrorists on Blaunt Island? Yeah, bad news for them, the army finally showed up and they've started to rebuild the city. It'll take time. But I plan on fixing up the bookstore, make it my own. After all, I'm sure there will be plenty of people with stories to be told, and maybe I can help with that.*

*But I digress, I can't turn back time. I can't bring back all the people I killed, and I especially can't bring Hamish back. I'm the last one left, whether I deserved that or not isn't up to me.*

*But one thing I learnt for sure is that I'm never, in my life, going back... to work retail.*

*I'll go and, ah what the hell, see if I can get this published. That way I can do what I want but also keep Hamish immortalised within in me and my life.*

*It's a plan. So...*

*Until next time.*

*-Jones, signing off*

Jones closed his journal. He looked back at the grave. "Well, you two, it's about time I set off. And besides, I doubt you want me here cramping your style." Jones smiled sadly. He picked up the daises he'd found and put them on the grave. "See you kids



later.” Rising, he hesitated for a couple of minutes before he turned, exhaled, and walked towards the truck. As he got in and started driving towards the camp, he wondered what he should call his book. “Hmm, how does that one song go? *It’s the end of the world as we know it. And I feel Fine.* Yeah, I like that.”