

The End Of Everything

The sun burnt across the horizon, leaving the grassy plains soaked in orange. The trees of the field left shadows that stretched back upon the land as the lone silhouette breezed among them, heading South with their head hung low. Their head was barren, they weren't thinking, and why would they bother. There was no point in remembering when the only thing you can remember is the end of everything.

They continued, and they continued continuing, and everything continued. Their head remained blissful and zoned out until in the corner of their vision they saw movement. Suddenly they stopped and readjusted their senses. It was a small group of rats burrowing underground. The scene was gripping on their mind like velcro, eventually they gathered the strength to look away and continue the walk. The rats lingered on their brain after they snapped out of their trance, they couldn't resume the bliss.

It etched on the back of their mind. 'What else will you think about?' They thought
"Nothing, there is no reason to think" they quietly retorted to themselves.
'There is no point in not thinking about it if you're trying to think about nothing'. They paused for a moment and looked at the sun.
"The rats won't survive" They said and continued walking.
'They might, who knows how they will adapt' The internal said in hopes of conversation.
"But that's just it they won't adapt, they'll be dead" They said in hopes of ending the conversation.
'What did Jeff Goldblum once say? Life uhhhhhh, finds a way?'
"Jurassic Park isn't the quintessential study on evolution that you think it is"
'That's not the point'
"Ok then, how will the rats survive?" They rolled their eyes.
'There might be oxygen trapped underground or something? Maybe some air producing plants will make it?' Suggests the internal.
"That was a very educated and in depth response" they say mockingly
'Why do I feel this isn't about the rats?'

"This distraction conversation was made specifically in response to seeing the rats burrowing underground and you negged me into it"
'I am you, you got yourself into this conversation.'
"Ok fine! Why don't the rats make oxygen tanks while they're at it! Maybe they could build air sealed cities where they foster trees so they can eventually re-enhabit the earth!"
'Shut up'
"No, why don't they!?"
'We both know where this is going'
"They could reinvent social structures, maybe even genetically enhance themselves to withstand extreme heats"
'Ok let me lay it out for you, they are animals. They don't have a grand plan, they aren't even capable of critical thought.'
"Well clearly they are since you're making a big fuss about it."

'You're projecting, stop'
"I KNOW, PISS OFF." The wind stopped, the walk continued, the world continued.
The walk continued. The walk continued to continue.
'Well at least the end of the world is scenic' The internal piped up.
"Why are you conceptualising and imagining a vocal argument between yourself?"
'Because you internally block yourself off and speaking to yourself makes everything very conceivable'
"I know what you're thinking"
'I really don't think you do'
"Piss off"
'The entire world is ending and you're spending it neglecting your own internal dialogue'
"There is no reason to listen to it"
'There is all the reason to listen to it. Nothing will come after this, you will become nothing. The least you owe to everything and yourself is reflection'

That old emptiness set itself in their core, the cold dead that started this walk came back.
'I want to sit down, look at the sun'
They sat in the field, their shadow shrunk behind them and the orange light bled fully over their face.
"Why did you have to say it like that, I already knew it was the end"
'Because you were running away from knowing. Bliss is not a state I want to leave in when everything is gone. I lived a full life and got to the point where I got to see everything die, do you know how statistically improbable that is? This sun, the warm cradle that held this earth for all of its life — it won't appear behind you tomorrow.'
"Yeah that kinda calls for the mood"
'Does it have to though?'
They hunched their figure and held their chin in both hands.
"Oh should I be happy?"
'Maybe you could be'

"I don't really appreciate the self righteous virtue"
'Only we are here, we have nothing to prove to anyone.'
"...yeah"
They gazed off, the will to continue the walk dissipated. They ponder.
'Do we remember the day where nothing went wrong. When everything was falling around us and we just somehow ended up on a day where we felt both nothingness and peace at the same time, and nothing ruined the day?'
"Yeah"
'That would have been a great day to die. We could have died that day and it would be alright'.
Nothing continued, and it all continued to not happen. It stopped. They allowed one tear and a broken smile as they leaned back on both arms.
"I wish that day could have been today" they said, and the internal thought for a bit.
'There were great days since' they thought
"Then I'm grateful we got past that day." Responded the conscious mind aloud. The light strained and withered.
'such is life'

The world once again was consumed in darkness. The final cold happened as the heat was expelled from the dirt and soil.

“Y’know, this ain’t half bad”