

The World Continues On and On
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Futuristic, Fiction, Short Story

Bright yellowing autumn leaves fall slowly from their homes on trees. Sounds of cars rumbling by are very loud, yet they don't disturb anyone for they can't hear. A distant barking is heard from our place in the park, yet no one quiets it down for they have no voice. No one is seen walking by, for they can't move. The sun starts to set while machinery continue their jobs. At last something can be seen walking by, except they aren't what is first thought of.

The world is much more quieter without the noise that inhabited this planet for thousands of years. The thing sitting next to me stood up and turned towards me. I nod as it's eyes search my face for approval before turning and walking away slowly. My companion's gears turning noisily while I watched it walk away, wherever it's going to that is. Soon it reached the park gates and disappears after rounding a corner.

The sun has fully set with the brightly shining moon rising from the east. A series of beeps go off from my arm. I look at the digital screen installed in my arm which told me I need to recharge at home within an hour or I could faint. I stand up, stretch my arms and legs before going the same way as my acquaintance but going around the other corner. Clouds begin to roll in, yet no rain falls. Ash continues to fall from the sky, landing on my head and all around.

My feet fall softly upon inches of ash, creating a trail of footprints behind me. As I walk further and further into one of the cities, it looks more ruined with each passing building. Slightly darker piles of ashes are slowly being buried underneath the ash falling from the sky. More ash continues to fall persistently, making the air around more blurry. I glance up before seeing my refuge, my place that I call home where others don't.

I hurry inside for another series of beeps go off more quickly this time. The grey walls and floor shine bright from the moonlight. I stumble over a bag, taking objects from a table next to me down as well. I see my charger blinking longingly at me, quite memorizing if I say so myself. Another series of beeps go off, much quicker than a heartbeat.

My eyes flutter to keep open, holding on to the little energy I have. My mind starts thinking about how the world used to be, all the noise and crowded places. Then emotions and feelings take over my thoughts, as tears spring up in my eyes I gasp in astonishment, not even knowing that was possible. *Oh if the world can only go back to how it was, but the world continues on and on without us...* Was the last thing I thought before everything went dark.