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Story Title: Somewhere Only We Know

The dying light of the sun nipped against your shoulders, beaming upon your cotton back like a spotlight, promising a drowsy blissfulness that would diminish as the day-blind stars sprouted from their hiding spots among the cosmos. The gentle huff of the breeze dappled over the rolling hills, causing the foliage on the sparse collection of trees surrounding you to ruffle. And it was a wonder to your eyes to watch such a phenomenon. However, you couldn't help but allow your eyes to drift towards Farrah, who sat next to you in haze of blonde hair and skin like the glow of the moon. And you drank in the sight of her as if she was the finest glass of wine you had ever encountered and ever would.

"What are you thinking about?" You asked, your eyes locking in on hers, which were like fragments of the sky caught between her lashes. "I can practically hear your mind working from here."

Farrah flashed her pearly whites at you, but a smile would not shape her lips no matter how much you knew she willed it. "I can't stop thinking about how this is the last sunset I'm ever going to see."

And that was the paralyzing truth of the moment. The truth was that in a matter of hours, humanity would be a mere memory, you and Farrah and everyone you had ever known and heard of and would have ever known. Because a meteor was coming. And although the human race had fought a valiant battle, every attempt they made against their vicious competitor had barely caused a scratch against the massive pile of rock. And it was funny, it really was, that the human race had survived for thousands of years; they had stained the world with blood of their brethren, breathed life into the world and into humanity, had enriched the world with culture and our essence, yet they would die due to a meaningless lump of stone.

It had been a week since the news had spread across all the nations of the planet, carried by the reliability of social media. Countries of the world were thunderstruck on how to handle the issue, some, like yours, thought that the best way to proceed was to brush the whole thing under the metaphorical carpet and try to deal with it quietly as to not cause a wild ruckus. Others, however, felt the need to alert their societies of their impending doom. And as soon as the news reached the world, civilization imploded, fear and panic and frenzy spreading like an airborne disease. Scientists throughout the world teamed together, experimenting with all sorts of technology in order to find something, anything- but there was nothing. There wasn't enough time. The human race had survived for thousands of years, lounging around in their path of progress, but the grains of sand had disappeared from their hourglass. It was the eleventh hour, the darkest hour, and everyone wished for just a few more minutes. But life didn't operate like that; Farrah always had her own ideas about the true nature of life, that it was just a random alignment of coincidences, stringing together in the way humanity shaped it; she believed that life didn't create life, human beings did. But if she was correct, no one you knew or heard of or would've ever known could manage such a thing.

As the apocalypse slowly drew nearer, you noted in the ways people chose to handle it. More people had died in the last seven days than in the last seven years- the suicide and crime rates had rocketed, now that society had no rules since it would crumble before justice could be done. You acknowledged how people lowered their standards and it was sad to you, it was sad because in the dying light of the world people went drastic distances in order to not die alone, when you felt that merely being with your brethren was enough to accomplish such a task. In your country, the government had tried to enforce a regular life style, but people refused to attend school or work, they had no purpose to anymore; in light of that, the grocery stores had been raided and transportation of all forms had been disconnected, among other things that had once seemed or were vital to life. Life was falling apart at the seams, clutching at the thinnest of strings to hold it together, which would make it all that much easier to pummel once the meteor came.

A frown quirked your lips downwards. "I thought we were trying to be optimistic."

"That was easy to say a week ago when this whole thing sounded like a whole joke, but this is real. This is the end, you're the last person I am ever going to see," Farrah told you. And she turned away from you, but you understood. At this moment, she couldn't handle the sight of you, for she had chosen to spend her last moments alive with you and not her family.

Farrah's father had always been a paranoid man and when the news of the apocalypse came to light, he was fearless for he believed he was prepared. He had installed a bunker in their backyard years ago and he felt secure that their family would survive the blast. The family had busied themselves with gathering supplies, past the ones that had been hoarded by Farrah's father for years beforehand. And for one week, Farrah had prepared herself to possibly spend the rest of her life in that forsaken gray hole if it meant surviving.

But Farrah was intoxicated by life. She was an adventurer, a wanderer, a warrior of the living. And the mere thought of spending the rest of her days in a grey hole was the most unbearable thing. So when she saw the poster, advertising a small film festival at the cusp of the apocalypse, she called you. You, who life without was like an endless winter, endurable but terrifying.

Then came the darkest moment of her ending life: telling her parents she was committing suicide. Because in a way, that was what it was. Farrah's parents weren't like her, they couldn't so easily accept the fact that they were going to die, and their fight wouldn't be over until their final breath left their lips. She explained to them her wishes on that final day, several hours previous. Her mother screamed at her, clawing at her arms at an attempt to hold her to her bosom, as if her embrace could keep her safe for an eternity. But Farrah's father knew and he knew he couldn't treat her like a child anymore. Tears streaming down his face, a sight Farrah had never seen from him before, he held his mother back while she left, requiring one simple promise: that if she somehow survived, she would find their way back to them. Farrah agreed, of course she agreed.

"And you'll be the last person I'll ever see," you murmured, words finally escaping your lips after a vital moment of silence had extinguished its necessity. "But I wouldn't want to be with anyone else, Farrah. I love you."

Her lips stretched into a smile. "I love you, too."

Those words were like a symphony, a war cry, a spell . . . they enchanted you, the spell stirring within your very bones. You fell in love with the music in her voice and the ferocity in which she declared her love.

The sun had fallen by then, the last wisps of its warmth lingering on the horizon. You knew it was the last of the golden light that either of you were ever going to see. Others had emerged by then, others much like you and Farrah who had wished to end their lives surrounded by their brethren and a simple display of humanity. Someone had set up a patchwork collection of white sheets across a span of several trees, a projector precariously balanced far enough away in the trees to display the movie.

The movies were classic creatures, the type that made you laugh and cry and cause nostalgia to buzz in every nerve of your body. Farrah's arm brushed against yours, the silken tendrils of her hair tangling with yours, and you were in bliss. Your eyelids grew heavier as the night wore on, serene in the environment of your species, the air smelling thickly of the floral scent of Farrah's perfume and the mellow aroma of the night.

Your head lolled over, capturing the architecture of Farrah's face. And that moment stretched on for an infinity and you couldn't help but feel that she was the most beautiful thing you had ever seen. And you were glad it was your final sight before your eyes closed and you never opened them again

