Zakaria

Mike sat down on a corrupted stone pillar. It was relaxing to feel such smoothing and fresh air at a height as far as the eye could see. However, he couldn’t feel at ease. The sirens were deafening, peoples shouts and cries were booming. He had to get down, he steadied his feet against a crumbling house, and he ran down to the floor, it was surprisingly luxurious to get to ground, as he walked, jagged stones spiked him in the ball of his foot. Just then, a missile fired towards him at an alarming rate. His swollen eyes widened, his pale skin was stunned, his mouth gasping for words, his hair on his neck stood up. Finally, his body moved.

He speeded across the deathly array of fallen houses, the missile stabbed the ground, and it unfolded into a brilliant orange ball of flames, flames leapt in a simple pattern, Mike was flung eleven centimetres from his spot. His rolled onto the floor, smoke emptied his nostrils, his ears ringed and his eyes were covered in dust like he was about to flake out. He crawled to his feet, he regained clear hearing only to hear the scream of bombs. He quickly hid his ears, a stream of tears fell of his dirty, polluted face. Mike heard it again, more deafening than ever before, it was getting nearer.

He started to run.

He sped across the destroyed separating lines of houses. Trickling bricks, shattered metal, scattered dirt and jagged planks of wood. The sky was a blank crumpled piece of paper shielding the Earth, silhouettes of the corrupt houses loomed over him, it filled him with a dark despair. He couldn’t find an ounce of happiness or hope, he was dragged into where joy rarely happened. His pace slowed down, his head was aching, and his legs were slumping against the floor, his arms in drastic pain. He could no longer stand. The siren grew fainter and fainter, the explosions died down. He was growing attached to the floor. “Someone, anyone, please help me…” squeaked the boy, he gasped for breath, no one came. He knew he couldn’t continue, he wasn’t going to die of despair, he was filled with determination. He stood up drowsily, his head gazing at the floor, he took a step. “I’m going to a shelter, I know I can, I can do it!” he thought, Mike weakly took more steps than his skinny body could hold, his eyes were soulless, he was just a vessel to survive. Suddenly. His body smashed onto the floor.

“Hello?” The warm voice settled into his ear buds. Mike slowly rose from what seemed to be a stale bench, he recognized it at once, a shelter bench, smooth and somewhat warm. The only thing he didn’t recognize was the girl in front of him, flickering golden hair, and a caring face that you would remember for as long as your death, and maybe even beyond what lies past death. Her name was Lucy. Then he heard a dreaded sound. Sirens. “There is an air raid outside, you shouldn’t dare go out.” From what Mike had just been through, he wouldn’t even hesitate to move from his spot.

“So, how are you?” questioned Lucy, Mike scuffled back, “F-f-fine” stuttered Mike, he hadn’t had any proper human contact in a while, he even forgot the basic rules of talking. The sirens where still screeching, Mike was surprised his ears never bled. “I have some supplies if you want some” exclaimed Lucy, Mike was heartfelt, no one had ever been as nice to him ever since his parents. The final bomb dropped, it had a deafening scream of fire, and Mike could barely make out the gasping smoke, polluted and unwanted. The safety sirens boomed out, “I’ll get some more supplies” “W-wait! I can come with you!” “No its better if I go alone, I know my way around” She spoke with a frowning face, In Mikes opinion, she was a serious as an eagle but had the face of a kitten, as sweet as a buttercup, and as deadly as one. But still he had an overwhelming world of thanks to give to her. She ran off into the plain city, Mike was tempted to go after her, but his senses did otherwise.

Quietly he sat alone, feasting on a small portion of bread, he waited for her to come back like a dog scratching at the door for its owner. His empty eyes looked outside, a grey landscape, nothing but it. Blank. No sound, no people, just grey. He felt like he was in a world next to another, he had finished his bread, he wanted something acute, but he knew he couldn’t take things without permission.

Finally, he decided to set foot, he stamped on the rocky floor with his naked foot. He ran across the path she walked on, then he swiftly turned.

It was her, Mike was scared out of his skin, he did a wobbly smile whist Lucy looked down on him with disappointment. “I can e-ex-plain!” slurred Mike, “I thought you might be hurt and that I could help y-you!” “Fine I forgive you” Lucy said softly, her voice was calm and as sweet as a lily. “Did you eat all the food?” questioned Lucy “Of course not! I only had a small portion of bread…” They both sat down, “This shelter is really isolated, and that’s why I use it.” Pointed out Lucy, Mike didn’t dare to speak. “Take as much bread as you want” Mike felt like he was being guided by an angel.

Suddenly.

Sirens screeched.

Planes were looming over the shelter. “Quick get out! Carry one of the bags while you’re at it!” Mike manually knew what to do. He speeded after Lucy as she raced across the blank city, they sprinted through the dead houses and shops, and they came across a chart of crumbling bricks, small rocks trickling down the cubes. They crushed the bricks with their bare feet, fragments flying. A duo of missiles launched at them, they increased their speed despite their aching legs. The missiles crashed into the floor, unfolding into a red hand of fire. Finally they caught up to an underground station, the stone stairs led down to a dark room. Lanterns with flickering flames lit up the room, they lay down their food. Dozens of random people with shadowy black faces gazed at them. This was the opposite of belonging, they felt like dispatches in a school of perfects. They quietly sat down, eventually they ignored the staring faces and they ate their food drowsily. The mob of the orange lit faces slowly raised their dark hands like they were gaping knifes about to stab at their enemies like scorpions. They shot their hands at the bread, snatching at a mouldy lump of it “Hey! That’s our bread!” boomed Lucy, without hesitation, they started to flee in worry of the distant sirens.

They speeded to be where-ever necessary, they didn’t want thieving strangers who would snatch and grab, and they wanted people who they wanted to share with. They came

\*2 days later\*

They slumped their sweaty flesh against the stone, Mike’s arm was broken and so was Lucy’s collar bone, they walked straight forward, nothing else.

\*5 days later\*

Darker. Yet darker. Yet darker. Their sight grew blurry, and their pupils were now a corrupted circle sliding across their eyes. Their hands and feet dangled in distress, slowly nibbling on food, savouring each bite.

\*2 weeks gone\*

Death neared them, judgment stood before them. But hope guided them. What was that swirling tower of bricks in front of them? A house? A mansion? Or maybe just a standard tower of bricks? They dragged their weak bodies over, whatever it was, they certainly thought of home.

“Hello?!” A group appeared in their sight, a swirly meat puppet with wormy fingers and arms, a chest that looked like a meat shield and stiff dangling legs, that’s what they saw before they passed out.

They woke up in a soft, comforting bed. Earl Grey tea stood on a white table beside them, the floor was a light yellow, and they didn’t know what to do, but the group of people did. They swivelled into the bed and closed their eyes. A day later, they found themselves in a crisp morning, the sun was a perfect disc, airborne in an azure sky with whispering clouds. Mike rose from his comforting bed like a lone warrior who ascended from a gladiator ring, he calmly walked over to the oak wood door. He found some clothes, a plain T-Shirt and blue jeans. He got dressed within the time the Earl Grey tea became Luke-warm, when he looked like a classic child, he gulped down the smooth tea. Feeling fired up (literally) he went across to the door, he turned the golden knob, the door slowly opened despite the amount of strength that he put in. He saw two men quietly chatting away over a nice cup of tea and a dozen chocolate biscuits, “Oh! You’ve finally awaken!” the man on the right stated, he was a tall, balanced man with brown hair and eyes, he also had the same clothes Mike had, just 10x the size. His voice was jolly and had an English accent, he always stood with a smile.

“Mine name is John!” He exclaimed, “Meet my friend Dan!” he pointed his hand at the man next to him, he had green tinted glasses and dazzling blonde hair with azure eyes and a green shirt with brown trousers. Extremely handsome. “Hmm...” Mike realized that the man (more teenager) was examining him like a stuffed goose for Christmas, “Hello. Welcome to our house” His voice was bold and clear, he spoke without any hesitation, “H-hello, t-thank you for letting me in!” spurted Mike, “Have some tea if you like! If tea and biscuits isn’t *your cup of tea*, then have some helpings from the refrigerator!” Mike giggled nervously, “Nice *bun…”* Mike spotted the bun that Dan was scoffing, Dan blushed immediately, and put the bun down on the plate, its cream gently oozed out.