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December 21, 2012

 The apocalypse. December 21, 2012. 6:10 am. I thought it wouldn’t happen. But it did, and it was the most terrifying event I have ever witnessed. And I wished I didn’t. The Mayan calendar, I should listen to the evidence right in front of me.

It was pitch black. I could only see a little bit, but enough to see my beloved friends, in the album I have had forever. But then I heard something off in the distance so I got up and ran towards it. I run as fast as I can, I am hopping over the parts of the building that have fallen and all of the dead people that had died during the…the… end. But the sound stopped and I had no idea where to turn or what to do. I slowly walked back to my hiding place with the photo album in my hand. As I looked upon the photos remembering my best friends and family I slowly started to fall asleep, surprisingly with all the craziness that just happened about 16 hours ago.

The earthquake and the red sky were horrible. The ground was cracking and the power was dying.

I remember it clearly, my brother yelling at me, “Farah! Farah! Get up!! We need to go!” We ran and ran like a cheetah running for its food. Then suddenly there is a huge earthquake……. Then Johnny he... he … he died.  *CRASH!!* The tower fell down like a lion screaming all alone. I was terrified I could hear nothing, like being in an abyss at the bottom of the sea. I ran and ran. Then I finally came to the underground shelter where there were about seven people there and the ground was shaking and kids were crying; that horrible, terrifying, bloodcurdling cry that will be with me always

I woke up, and the door was wide open and every one was gone. So I got up and I walked and walked passing the huge powerless buildings. They represented nothing now. I saw the same N.Y.C. graffiti sign about three times, because I am walking in circle. I broke down and cried I have not seen people for hours. I have walked and walked and have gotten nowhere. But I suddenly got up and sprinted back to the underground shelter, and grabbed my most precious album. I sat there and stared at my pictures, remembering all the great times I had with my best friends.

I drifted off into a deep sleep like I haven’t slept in years. The nightmares I had that night were the worst of them all. My brother constantly went through my mind and that building, that enormous building. I miss him so mu-

I woke up immediately for no particular reason and I could not go back to sleep, so I grabbed my dear album and left the hiding place. I had no idea where to go or what to do. All of the buildings lay down next to the dead bodies. It was repulsive. Then my tummy growled so loud that even if there were people in this dead city they would hear it. I looked around. I don’t think anyone heard it or they would come running after me like I would to them. I looked for a grocery store and hoped that the door would be open. Yes, I do remember this place. If I take a right then a left, there is a 24/7 gas station. I could get some food there. I walked in slowly as if I was stealing and people were here. I saw doughnuts. I missed them so much; I ran over to them and stuffed my face like a pig that hasn’t eaten for months.

After I ate the entire store I started to walk the streets again. But then I heard a jingle of a collar of a dog. I stopped in my tracks and I whistled. The jingle got louder and closer and here came a huge Saint Bernard nice and fluffy. She jumped on me and I looked at her collar and there was no name on it just an address. After some long thoughts, I named her Hope. To me, she represented hope. If she survived the end of the world, maybe others did too.

I went to go stay in this building it was old and it was creaky. Every time Hope walked around it would creak. It really scared her, she would jump up and run like a deer hearing a gun shot. It was just about the only building that was still up, the paint on the outside and inside was chipped off like your cheap nail polish that chips after you have had it on for days. The wood was rough and you could get lots of splinters from it. The floor was very hard like concrete and it was tearing off.

I looked at my album of all the fun times I had with my best friends. Yes, here is the one where Ashley went on her first date. She was so excited and she came up to me at school and yelled, “Oh My GOD!! Josh just asked me to go to the movies with him!” I never really liked Josh but she is my friend so we went to my house to fix her up. I fixed her long blonde hair into a waterfall braid and made her eyes pop with some of my make-up. As we stared at her in the mirror, very excited for her date, she complemented me on my pale blue eyes and my brown hair. I thanked her and we took a picture, and she was off to go see a movie.

I hope my friends are still alive. I need to see their faces one more time. I want to help them through hard times once again ever where they may be I hope they have it easy, unlike me. I can find no one and I just barely got food. But at least I have a dog for warmth. It is really chilly outside, and I am glad I grabbed my coat before it all started. I hope my friends have coats. Maybe I should go to a store and get some. What am I thinking? I am not going to find them. They could be on the other side of the city. But then again, I could find them; I will just get one coat. What if I find two of them? Okay this is what I will do: I am going to get one jacket and if I find another I will rush to get them one. I will also get Hope a jacket. I know she has all that fur, but just in case.

I got up, and I walked to the nearest mall. This by the way was not close at all. I walked nearly three miles. I finally got there and I got some cute snow pants for me that were bright pink and a new coat to match them. I also got one other jacket for if I find someone else. I also got Hope this cool jacket, it matched my outfit!

Then I went to go find a place to sleep. Then I remembered it was Christmas Eve. I had no one to give gifts to, just Hope and I know she would like some food so we stopped at a store and I grabbed us some food.

We got to this old run down building just like the one we were in earlier except this one wasn’t so creaky and didn’t scare Hope so much. We sat there together and ate, longing that we could find someone. I prayed with Hope that night, I don’t normally pray, but I thought we could use it. I prayed we could find someone somewhere, and we would be happy.

I slowly fell asleep, with Hope right next to me I could feel her nice warm fur I could tell she hasn’t taken a bath in a while but I cuddle with her anyways. That night I had no nightmares or even dreams but when I woke up it was peaceful. I got up Hope gave her the rest of her food. So, we already had to go the store once again.

As we were walking once again, I heard something off in the coldness of the city, suddenly my head jerked up like a mouse hearing a person. It was like falling bricks, like someone throwing them. I called Hope. I started to run. I ran as fast as I could but not as fast as Hope, but I tried. Then the sight of that person was like a mom seeing her baby for the first time. Hope went charging, I had to call her back before she tackled her like she did to me. I was way behind, she didn’t hear me or she chose to not listen. I ran as fast as I have ever run in my life.

I stopped… “Hi, my name is Farrah evergreen.”

She replied with a voice like silk, “Hello, my name is Jackie Rodriguez. Would you like me to show you around a bit?”

“Would I ever! I mean that would fantastic. I never thought this ever happen. Did you see my dog her name is Hope. Just like I knew there would be some. I was lost and scared and, oh yeah I got a coat for someo...”

“Okay, we will have a while to talk during dinner just wait.”

“Oooo dinner I haven’t had that in a while!”

 The big bunk beds were light blue. There were matching sets to each one of them. There was a big pile of clothes for new comers like myself.

In the end, or should I say the in the beginning, it was a lady that lived a couple of blocks from me. I didn’t know her but I do now. There were the seven people that were in the shelter with me and a few others. It may not be a lot but it is worth every breath I take with them.

I got a new album for my new life. I am starting over. I will have a great life now. And we lived happily ever after.

 I guess the calendar was right. It didn’t say the world would end it said the world would start over. And it did. I have good friends and now a dog. I can now watch over these friends now and will have fantastic memories with them.