

Post – Apocalyptic wasteland

It's 50 years in the future, and the world is at war. Luckily, when the nuclear bombs dropped, you had a bomb shelter under your house to hide out in. When your monitor tells you it is safe to go outside a year later, you find out that the area where your house once was is now rocks and wasteland...

You climb up the mossy metal steps to get a better view of your new found home. Nothing is left.

The air around you is thick with damp heat whilst a cool whistling wind breathes down your neck (an odd sensation that you somehow had missed). The putrid smell of burnt flesh rose up your nostrils making you gag uncontrollably. You fall to your knees and start sobbing quietly, wondering how all this happened?

Out of the corner of your eye you see something move. Human life? You stagger to your feet and clamber over the sharp slippery rocks to where you thought you saw something. You reach the peak of your small rocky mountain to see a figure below that is dressed in animal hides.

WHOOSH!

An arrow as fast as lightning sinks deep into your leg. You fall head over heels down from your peak, crashing into everything as you go...

Isabelle

Surprise on the doorstep

The doorbell rings. You check the alarm clock and notice it's way too early for someone to be visiting; You crawl out of the warm bed and scuffle across the house to the front door. You crack it open and no one is there. Upon opening the door, you notice an unmarked package... Sitting quietly on the doorstep. It looks lonely and vulnerable; the edges are wet and soaked by the melting snow on the ground.

'What is it?'

You look around trying to seek the owner of the package, but when you take a closer look on it, your name is clearly printed in black ink on a brownish paper. You take the package carefully and close the door behind you without noticing there's not even one footprint on the snow covered ground.

With a knife, you cease the package and your nose is filled with a moulded smell and what comes suddenly into your sight are pictures – the pictures of a person who you've been looking at in your whole past life time; a person who you know very well. In the pictures, this

person is just waking up in his bed, he's walking downstairs, opening the door with a confused face.

And it's you...

Your hands start to tremble; the pictures go blurry in your hands. Freezing winds creep through the door gaps and you get a shock wave of fear ripping down your spine.

'Who did that? I didn't see anyone just now.'

Jumping up from the sofa, you close up all the curtains, locking up the door and throwing all the pictures into the bin. You go quickly upstairs and crawl back into the cold, hard bed, hoping hard that everything was just a dream.

When you just manage to close your eyes again, the sound of the doorbell invades your ears...

Joyce