

Life After the Crash

The bombs went off like it was the fourth of the july, except this time there was nothing to celebrate, nothing to be smile about; the world was over.

A few hours before the apocalypse I hijacked an airplane only to realize there was no one on board. I did my best to get the plane off the airstrip and into the free sky. On my ascent I realized I was leaving the world for good, never to set foot on mother earth again. What a relief to know that I would never have to work anymore, pay taxes, worry about my ex-wife, take care of the dog. It was bittersweet.

Once I reached a constant elevation I ran to the back of the cabin and slowly opened the emergency door so I could jump into what was left of the world. I lifted the lever and the door burst open as yellow and red particles rushed throughout the plane. The blast from the wind was so strong that it knocked me over and I quickly grabbed onto the side of the wall before the air sucked me out. As I gained strength to stand up I stared out the window and witnessed the bombs exploding in a hauntingly beautiful massacre. A blinding light seemed to go off on a beat, every three seconds; and in those explosions were millions of people dying at that very moment. I was witnessing what people had been prophesizing for centuries; the end of it all.

I wanted to jump but something made me stay. Watching the apocalypse right before my eyes was the most glorious thing in my entire life. I had to hold on. I clenched my fingers as tight as possible against the wall and stared for what seemed like an eternity.

From the cockpit I heard a warning sound so I rushed back to the cockpit and