

Life After Death

By Neshelle Savoy

Journal Entry 1

Life after death is heartbreaking. The atmosphere had become extremely toxic, killing off most living things. I'm one of the survivors from the catastrophic event, though many of us that survived had also gotten sick. The other survivors I knew of I left behind in the hospital nearby. I didn't want to spend another day near lifeless bodies, whether they were motionless or walking. Those who were in charge at the hospital let me leave with a blanket, two bottles of water, and a couple rations. I didn't need more. I was sick too after all. I also left some flowers at Louis's grave. He saved me and took me out of the mines when the earthquakes hit. Several severe weather incidents had happened that day, the reports said. Flooded lands, burning rainforests, dried up beaches....if you could imagine it, it probably had happened. It wasn't before long until the news and radio stations cut out. None of that mattered to me anymore. The only thing that mattered was the crumbling world left behind. The crumbling world I had to live in. It wouldn't be for much longer. I could feel my life diminishing day after day. I don't want to waste the rest of it. It was a gift from Louis after all. I'm going to be writing down what I see and my thoughts. It helps me ignore my sorrow and keep moving. It brings me solace.

Journal Entry 2

The hospital had been dreadful and heart-wrenching, but the city was much worse. The city life and busy roads I knew became still and abandoned. Broken vehicles packed the streets. Their windows shattered and sides crushed to oblivion. Glass and metal coated the cracked roads along with bits and pieces of collapsed structures. The city was nothing but a disquieting stillness and the image of a hollow shell of what the world used to be. It was my first time walking outside

since I had been in the hospital. It was as if the city I knew had its heartbeat stop and its heart crushed over and over again. I felt like I had nothing left. Something in me pushed me to go further. I had to believe there was more to see. I don't want to waste the life Louis gave me.

Journal Entry 3

Many would probably call me a fool, smiling the way I was. I am sure anyone else would do the same if they went from a dreary gray to a miraculous green. I was happy to be taken away from black filled cracks in the ground to having nothing but lush greenery and trees fill my vision. The grass was so welcoming, too, it greeted my fingertips ever so gently. It felt like I was brought into a whole other world entirely. It was like meeting an old friend. The trees stood tall, overcoming odds only humanity could dream of beating. I was astounded to find that for the most part, these fields still contained life. Calama had already been experiencing severe droughts for the past couple years. I drank down a bottle of water, leaving me with one left. I won't have much longer to enjoy the rest of my life. It hasn't bothered me much as I already know where I'm going and where my journey will end. I just hope at the very least that place fills me with as much hope and life held within every blade of grass and every leaf or petal in this field.

Journal Entry 4

You would think a desert has nothing to offer. The stillness of the night, everchilling winds, almost eerily quiet. I feel like most would hate it but I did not. The cliffs in the distance rose above all, creating the boundaries of a small world. Different to the world I left behind, but similar to the world I lost. The sand, like the mines, had beauty hidden under its depths. And the sky, it was hard to tear my eyes away from it. It was so beautiful, the glistening white lights in the sky. There were so many. I replaced every lost and broken soul with a star I saw in the sky.

One of them caught my eye. Shining brighter than the rest. To me, that one was Louis. I was shivering while I stargazed. Under this single thin blanket, I was cold, but all I could really feel was the warmth of thousands of suns keeping me company as I rested.

Journal Entry 5

The ocean was as beautiful as I remembered it. I used to come to this place with my mother, but I don't want to think about that. The sound of crashing waves were calm and soothing, like that of rain drops hitting a window. They placed a blanket of tranquility over me, relieving me of my deeper thoughts. The setting sun shone brilliantly despite being partially covered by clouds, giving it a hazy appearance. Its blinding light consumed the horizon and parts of the sky above. Further up, the red and yellow streaks gave way to a light and pure blue. The ocean water mirrored its beauty, a red and purplish light aligned in its center. They created a perfect image and blend of colors, a mixture of melancholy and contentment. I didn't want that moment to end, but I had to accept it would. In the end, I had to accept that all good things come to an end. I didn't want to think about it. I wanted to continue writing of the gloriousness I experienced today and many others. But I couldn't, it was too difficult. Especially with tears blurring my eyes.

Journal Entry 6

I suppose now would be the best time to write the rest of my thoughts. I hate to see it all come to an end. Throughout it all, I tried not to think about my family much. Thinking about them made my heart sting and my throat feel squeezed, like I was about to cry, because I was. Every time I tried to think about the situation I was in, I felt tears forming. I didn't want to spend the time I had left crying, so I didn't. This time, however, it could not be avoided, and that was okay. I feel better now, having written all that down. It's hard to write anymore so I won't push myself

further. I want to say one last thing. Thank you to my parents for the first life. And thank you to Louis for the second. Thank you to everyone else who came along. It was all quite lovely.