

End of the World satire

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Creative Writing

4<sup>th</sup> hour

12/12/12

So if someone told you the world was ending tomorrow you would think they're the craziest person in the world right? Yeah, my thoughts exactly! Well today is December 20<sup>th</sup> and the predicted date of the end of the world is December 21<sup>st</sup>. Tomorrow. I don't really think much of it considering that the expiration date on my Twinkie is for February 21, 2013 but all the lunatics at my school are all for it, including my little brother Oliver. He's even made up his own little fort in the living room with blankets and pillows and everything. This afternoon his new thing was acquiring every single can of food that we had in the house because apparently Tommy, the all knowing 3<sup>rd</sup> grader, told him that he needs to stock up on food if he's going to make it through the end of the world.

“So you got all these cans...how do you plan on opening all these?” I asked, kicking at a stray pillow on the floor.

“Your right! I need a can opener! Thanks Sammie!” I growled at him and he skipped off to the kitchen.

“And what did I say about you calling me Sammie?! My name's Samantha. Call me Sam if you must call me something else!”

“Lighten up! You've only got 2 days left on the earth anyways!” he dug through drawers, looking desperately for a can opener.

“The only can opener we own is the electric one connected to the cupboard there bud,” his eyes grew with terror as he looked back at me.

“OH NO! I'M NOT GOING TO SURVIVE WITHOUT A CAN OPENER!” he wailed, falling on the floor in a heap.

“Idiot,” I muttered and walked up the stairs to finish my homework. I closed my door behind me, locking it so Mr. Save My Butt wouldn't be able to get in and lecture me more about how I shouldn't be wasting my time with the things of the world and be preparing for tomorrow. I heard him clanking around downstairs as I opened my laptop and turned it on. I rolled my eyes and logged into my online textbook and Twitter. I scrolled through the millions of Tweets that my friends had tweeted. They had to do with the world meeting its end, what people were doing with their final hours and how they were going to save themselves. The more I read the more it worried me. All the facts were making sense and lining up perfectly. I began considering the fact that tomorrow may actually be my last day on this earth. I shut down my laptop, putting away all the bad thoughts that swarmed in my brain and settled back into my chair.

Why did we have to die? Would any of us survive? GASP. Why am I just sitting here?! I need to prepare!!!! I leaped up and dashed over to the door, knocking over my desk and chair as I did it. I sprinted down the stairs and into the kitchen where my family was all sitting.

“HOW CAN YOU BE SITTING ON YOUR BUTTS DURING A TIME LIKE THIS?!?!” I screeched as I ripped open cupboards, searching frantically for something that could possibly save my life.

“Has everyone in this family lost it besides me?” my older brother Will muttered to my parents.

“No, no honey. Don't say that about your sister at a time like this,” my mother started sobbing.

“Highly inappropriate,” dad said as he put an arm around my wailing mother, “These are our final hours on this earth William! We should be joining together, becoming closer as a family with the little time we have left!”

“I have to call my parents and sister!” my mom gasped, jumping out of her chair. She disappeared down the hall, leaving only my brother and dad sitting at the table.

“We need to create a plan,” my father said as he grabbed a notepad and a pen from the counter.

“I'm out of here,” Will stood up and made his way to the stairs.

“Looks like it's just you and me then Sam.”

“Are you kidding me?! Now is NOT the time for a plan on paper! We must act!” I yelled as I finished gathering things from the cupboards and stormed into the living room where Oliver had made his little set up.

“Finally come to your senses?” he questioned, pausing from stabbing at the can he had on the carpet. I nodded as I dropped all my supplies next to his pile. He let out a little laugh and continued stabbing at the can with his butter knife.

“We could just go buy a can opener you know...” his eyes grew wide. We both made our way out the door to head to the supermarket.

“Where you going?” mom asked as she entered the living room.

“The store to buy a can opener,” I answered.

“Ah, be back soon!” she called.

“Honey, I got a great deal on selling the house!” I heard my dad say as we walked out the door.

We made it to the store and started walking to the back. I walked past a woman who was holding onto a milk carton. She let out a gasp and it fell to the ground, splattering milk everywhere. I picked up the carton and examined it. My stomach dropped to my knees.

The expiration date was December 21, 2012.

Today was the 21<sup>st</sup>.

11:45 PM. My brothers and I didn't go to school today, along with practically everyone else at school. We sat in the middle of a corn field in our tents, considering my parents sold our house so we could have more money. Our two cars were filled to the tops with the food we bought from the store. I'm pretty sure we took almost all the food from their shelves. Oh well, guess we'll be the ones to survive this thing.

11:50. Dad started a fire with our bed frames. Mom busted out the marshmallows, graham crackers and Hershey's. Oliver got Will out of his tent and I sat in my chair, looking up at the sky.

“Well kids, we did good. We're gonna make it through this as a family!” dad said. I poked a marshmallow on a stick and held it over the fire.

“I'm gonna miss my friends,” I mumbled, watching the marshmallow brown.

“Now dear, you need to forget about them. Time to move on and accept the fact that they're all going to die,” my mom said. I nodded, taking my marshmallow out of the fire. I put it on a graham cracker and square of chocolate and took a bite.

11:55. We were all sitting around the fire now, talking about memories that we've had with our time on this earth. Will let out a sigh next to me.

“You sad?” I asked.

“No, I'm wondering when we can get out of this freakshow and go back home...oh wait! We can't go back home because our lunatic parents sold our house!” he dug a hole in the dirt with his boot as he talked.

“There is no going back home. The world is coming to an end!”

“Well if the world is ending, who says that we aren't going to die too?”

Silence...

11:59:50. I held my breath, my eyes locked on the horizon.

12:00. I looked around the circle. What was it waiting for?

“What happened? Did the Earth not get the memo?” Oliver asked. I scrunched my eyebrows, Will let out a laugh and my parents faces paled.

I stared at my watch.

It was 12:01 and the world was still spinning, on December 22<sup>nd</sup>, 2012.