

Forever Existing

Death. It's an inevitable thing. It's certain to happen. Nothing can live forever. It's the amount of time it takes that truly matters. Something that you can and yet can't prevent. It seeps in through the cracks like a creature that claws at your insides; ripping away the things you love the most and the things you didn't even know you needed.

The gums whistled, like a ghostly foreboding that travelled through the valley. The breeze was a welcome gift while the undesired heat shone down upon all. Fingers blister with the touch of the window, the heat so powerful the world was almost melting. Desperation in me for cold only rises. The fridge opened dispersing a shivering blast that immersed my face sending relief over my whole body, the sticky sweat disappearing in seconds. I grasped for an iceblock at the bottom of the freezer as though it was my only hope and placed it on the bench. The fridge door clicks back into place the numbing cold gone as quickly as it had come.

The sun gone. Replaced with a bleak kind of grey like a monster darkening the sky. It was as if the blistering heat had turned the concrete to lava. The building remnants, a skeleton left behind by the beast that ripped away everything in the blink of an eye. Fiery red trucks begin to reverse, leaving behind nothing but melancholic ash. People dispersing the last of the flames. Others sobbed in dark corners. The unlucky. Some were lucky enough. They didn't lose everything.

The heat was inescapable, no place to seek refuge. Fan and air conditioners were nothing against the temperatures from the sun. The juicy lemon taste from the ice block was like a burst of flavour exploding in your mouth satisfying each and every taste bud, thirst quenched. My dad's voice bellowed through the house;

"We won't be going out to the cattle today kiddo"

"I would hope so" my brother yelled back his voice dispersing into all the rooms.

"No one's going out in this heat". I think of the cows, huddled under a tree attempting to reach the cool but there was no escaping the heat. Scrambling for safety like we soon would.

I pressed my eyelids together, attempting to escape the horror of the world. But images formed in the back of my mind almost resurfacing from the dead, the unwanted. Images of horror; picture-perfect forests and a house in flames. Burning. Burning. Burning. A voice creeps through, "You all good?". Reality floods the room, the world pulled from underneath me. The image tucked into a box in my head the furthest corner possible, along with everything else I'd rather not think about. My mind seemed a total mess. Eyes shifted with the light. I noticed a tattered chair, black, probably once a florescent orange. Like the fire dragged from hell.

Puffs of grey smoke drifted through the sky. Backburning. Hopefully. A flicker lay in the corner of my eye. A flicker of red. The blistering heat turned to a suffocating beast. Laughs turned to screams. Oranges as bright as the stripes on a deadly tiger, falu red sparks prick my pale skin. Hell is let loose and it rips through the house tearing up the floorboards. Feet giving way beneath me. My throat closed up. Choking on nothing but smoke. The sweaty palm of his hand grasps my wrist pulling me through the flames which creep like a redback up the side of the walls. Destroying everything I ever loved.

The damage that had been done could never be undone. Loved ones engulfed by nothing but smoke and fire. But whether other people are ready to prevent this destruction from happening again was the question everyone had been silently asking themselves. Beasts like these could continue destroying leaving only wreckage shattering what will be left of civilisation.