

# Just Some Guy

## By Mohammad Khan

I wake up in a comfy log cabin. The snow gently falls outside. It's warm here. I lift my face off the table. Why am I here? I feel a card in my pocket. Phil Connor, Plumber at Allstar plumbing. I'm a plumber? Why am I in a log cabin? I don't remember why I'm here. I feel a ring on my hand, I guess I'm married. I look around the cabin, but I'm alone. I don't see anything familiar. I bumped into a bottle on the ground. Huh, guess I was drunk. I look through the windows and see mountains in the distance. Grabbing my coat, I head outside to breath some fresh mountain air.

The mountain surrounded my cabin as I looked standing in ankle deep snow. Why do they need a plumber in the mountains? Why am I here?

Anyway, I'm standing in the mountains admiring the view until I see more mountains in the distance rising from behind. Then I saw it. The lands begins to recede like the ocean water receding before tsunami. The mountains from behind travel towards me.

I turn towards the cabin to run for cover, but the cabin too bends. Not just the wood, but the space around it. It's all bending and caving in. I look around to see all of the terrain and space fold and turn towards me like waves emanating from an epicenter but flowing towards the epicenter. I am the epicenter and I did the only thing I could think of.

I curled into a ball hoping the crushing force of all space and reality wouldn't hurt for long. I peaked from my crouched post in to see the fabric of space tear revealing another reality beyond. I could see large lamps, wood that stretched for miles. What is that? Another world enveloping mine or tearing it apart?

Soon the mountains, the air, the rivers, the cabin all converged on me. I felt the crushing force of reality on my back. I kept my eyes on the torn fabric of reality helplessly observing the more powerful reality dominate my own.

In this moment, I thought why. Why was I here in the first place? In these cabins? Surely for some divine purpose I was here.

I heard mumbling, but not from my own thoughts. The voice came from everywhere. As if the heavens themselves heard my calls and were answering.

"Not this one", said the booming voice.

What? No?! I'm down here, I shouted. Help me. It's Phil. But reality continues to crush me, until, suddenly, I felt myself being lifted. I feel the weight lift off my back and I become weightless. Reality retained a rigid boundary around me, but I could move freely for a few cubic meters. Am I flying? I thought. I couldn't see to where I would land or for how long I would be flying.

Through the hole in reality, I witnessed the lamp quickly vanish from view and many other objects fly in front of the hole. I am moving fast, I thought.

Then I felt it. The hard impact of cold metal, and the enormous crushing force of reality shattering my bones.

I lay twitching from pain and stare at through the tear for one last glimpse of some respite. I saw metal bars and large wooden planks. This is it. This is the end. Reality soon starts to tear everywhere. The layers of snow beneath me soon tear away. I could see the core of the earth, my earth as the layers of reality disappeared. I felt my own cells begin to tear and dissipate at the molecular level.

I heard the voice one last time.

"No. This won't work. It can't be just some guy."

Just some guy? Just some guy. That's all I was to the stronger reality. All of my memories. My family. My life. My career amounted to being 'just some guy'. My final thoughts traveled through my synapse of my brain. Just some guy and with a whimper. I die.

A writer scribbles on a piece of paper a story. They write. " I wake up in a comfy log cabin. The snow gently falls outside. It's warm here. I lift my face off the table. Why am I here? I feel a card in my pocket. Phil Connor, Plumber at Allstar plumbing". The writer continues to write feverishly as if possessed by another being using their body as vessel to express its powers.

The writer stops abruptly. They crumple up the piece of paper and toss it into the trash bin. "No. This won't work", says the writer, "It can't be just some guy". The writer resumes writing another story on a different piece of paper unaware.

THE END