

Anew

Annika Lauer

“You know, I never really liked the thought of being cremated,” Astrid tears her eyes away from the bright sky, “there was something comforting about the idea that my bones would still be there.”

“Oh yeah?” Victor asks.

“Yeah, like centuries from now, my great-great-great-whatever kids could come to my grave and that’d be proof that I existed. That I was remembered.” She sighs.

“But I guess there’ll never be a centuries from now,” he closes his eyes to think, “I dunno, being cremated may not be too bad.”

“How so?”

“We’ll become dust, all of us, all the buildings and trees, return to the star stuff that we came from,” he turns to look at her, “and maybe one day, somewhere out in the universe, we’ll become something again.”

“Ah that’d be nice,” Astrid responds, her skin growing paler and paler with every second the sky gets brighter, “you think it’ll hurt?”

“No, not one bit.” Victor smiles as the light engulfs them both. “We’ll be the new beginning after the world ends.”