

The Crack

Chapter 1:

In the beginning, there was nothing. There was less than nothing, everything was nothing and nothing was everything. Life as we know it was not yet to exist. As time went on the universe began to become something, but not just any something. It began to evolve into something that you really could call something, something that you could call a world. This new "world" as you would call it was still not the same "world" that you and I lived in. No, it was a world where everything was hot and hostile, a world where nothing but the small life forms named Kantons could live in. These Kantons were something like a god, they built everything in the universe such as the planets, stars, etc.. These Kantons were something extraordinary, they set every rule of the universe that we can now see in effect in our daily lives. They were also responsible for forming "The Crack". This crack was a thing in the center of our planet that was the reason for all known religions, it was also a defining factor that caused our downfall. This crack made the world quake, the animals have fits of suicidal rage where they would walk around the plains of the new world and kill any and all of the fellow animals that they saw, then their instincts would draw them closer to the crack and they would jump in with large enough numbers to make entire species go extinct. Let's fast forward a couple of thousand years to the time where the Kantons decided to create the species that they liked to call "humans". Nobody knows why they chose this name but it stuck. This new race of animals would go around calling

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themselves humans and kill and maim each other to further some purpose that they had in mind. Of course, the Kantons had no desire to make these humans do this. That was supposed to be the point of the crack. The crack was the central control for everything on this planet. The crack was supposed to thin out the herds of animals when they got too large by eliminating the ones that the crack deemed unfit. These new humans were a creature that saw the crack as something to worship as a god. They would sacrifice their own and some of the other creatures roaming the land to the crack. The humans thought that this would satisfy the crack, they thought that the crack was only making the animals want to kill each other and jump into it because it was hungry for the soles of the living. This could not be further from the truth though. The crack was an entity that was meant to keep the world in check. The humans feeding the crack was only throwing the balance of the world off, the humans were doing more harm than good by feeding it. The cycles that the crack had laid out to thin out the population every year or so was being delayed by centuries. The crack was just eating what the humans gave it and was sleeping until the next time it was hungry. This was until the other day. The crack runs through the center of my city, it is seen as a sort of tourist attraction because of the way that we built the city around it. We have bridges and buildings that go over the top of it with glass bottoms so that you can see down into the infinite darkness of the abyss that is the crack. People who are adventure seekers or just plain crazy try to do stunts that will most likely get them killed over the crack in an attempt to gain fame or wealth. These people often fall into the crack and would never be seen again. This was becoming such a big problem

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that the city had to put a net over all of the exposed parts of the crack in order to catch the people who were dumb enough to bypass the rails. The crack had been dormant for my entire life, only really being active last in like the 1690s. The crack was due to come to life again soon because you could see the bottom of the crack start to glow faint amber, the light would slowly get brighter over the years. Scientists said that the crack was going to awake any time now and start to make us all go crazy, they told us to stay inside and to never look directly into the light of the crack or we'd become one of the people who go on those killing sprees that you hear about on the news. You could feel the days count down to day zero. Day zero being the day that the crack would awake and kill us all. The doomsday preppers were ready for what was to come, or so they thought. Shelters were built to hold massive amounts of people that would be put out of a home and a job by the impending apocalypse, experts said that this awakening was going to be the biggest in the history of our universe. The crack began to glow brighter and brighter, people were being sent to the hospital for third-degree burns from standing in a two-mile radius of the crack. The days were numbered to prepare for what was about to unfold. Let me tell you my story after the awakening.

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Chapter 2: The day before

We could all feel the presence of the crack at this point, the people who lived in the houses close to it were already either dead or hospitalized, a very small portion of these people was transformed into the suicidal killers that the legends told of. Today was the last day of our universe, we could all feel it. The Kantons were getting ready to sit back and watch the crack unfold all of its power onto the human race, they were excited to see what kind of destruction could come from their creation. They wanted to witness what they had made. The humans down below began to experience some very awful things as the light from the crack began to come out from the top of it. The light began to start slithering along the ground like water moving from low to high tide. The light was flowing like a gentle mist along the ground, swallowing anything or anyone that was still outside. Most people by now had either bunkered themselves and their families in their homes by locking all of the doors and windows, and blocking all of their windows off with wood so that they could not see the mist coming from outside. Others were inside one of the government build bunkers, these bunkers were pretty pricey for the average person, but for veterans, this place was heaven. All of the food, ammo, and space that they needed, plus it came to them and only them at the low low price of free. The government gave all of it's active and retired vets a place to stay where they would feel warm and protected. The only catch to this low price tag was that the government only let each vet bring one person along with them. One family member to be specific. This could be

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your wife, kid, brother, sister, mistress, anything. But you could only bring one. This caused a whole lot of stress between the families before the day to load in arrived. Families were torn apart. People were forced to choose between whether they wanted to leave their kids for dead, or if they wanted to leave their spouse. After the fog started rolling in I decided to hunker down on the top of a small convenience store in a tent, I had put newspapers over the few amount of windows that the tent offered. I had my arsenal of a twelve gauge, a machete, and enough bullets to win me a war. Some of these soldiers went insane in the bunker however, the crack was a thing that started many cults around the world, the worst one that I've ever seen was after the crack began to take its victims, some of the people who were in the bunker began to become affected by the mist, the problem most likely came from the fact that the government contracted out the building of the bunkers, the bunkers had one major flaw that started one of the most powerful cults I could've imagined, the flaw was there was a vent on the top of the bunker that was meant to let off the exhaust gasses of the engines which powered the generators inside the bunker, these engines were wildly inefficient and had to be repaired quite often, one of the repairs included taking off the exhaust manifold of the engine to clean all of the soot and carbon out of it to make the engine run smoother. The only problem with that was once the vets took the exhaust manifold off, there would be small amounts of the mist that would make its way into the bunker, this mist was small enough that it did not make the vets suicidal, but it did make them have the desire to murder their fellow humans and give their bodies to the crack. The one catch with this was that the cult that grew

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from these insane people wasn't just about killing people and throwing them into a bottomless pit, oh no, it was much worse than that. The cult members would lure survivors into their bunkers where they would take them to the medical wing and strap them down onto a table. The cultists would then take scalpels and other surgical tools and slowly skin the victims alive, using morphine and some of the other drugs they had in the bunker to keep the victims alive while they were doing this, after skinning the people they would crucify them just beside the crack, making them face into the crack so as they would go blind with suicidal rage and attempt to jump into the crack with no avail, the people would break limbs and break their crosses, they would even bite off parts of their bodies in order to jump in. What the cultists did with the skin they took was even more gruesome. They would take the faces of the victims and make them into masks, these masks would be worn for every ritual. They would also take the torso skin and make them into ritual robes to wear while they were skinning another helpless soul. If you think that this story is chilling you should just wait until you hear some of my other stories that took place throughout the three years that this took place, I mean I think that it was three years, it's a bit hard to pinpoint days when the only thing that you have to tell the day is the date that the last newspaper was sent out and adding days from that date to the scratches on the roof of the building I am sleeping on. This world is going very cold very fast, it is almost as though the people in this world are losing their will to try to make this whole thing end. Most people seem to be enjoying this end of days type of situation by going out on joyrides with their gangs and shooting anyone that they can

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find on the streets that haven't already killed themselves or been killed by one of the street gangs or sick cults that are out there. It seems as though I have not thoroughly introduced myself to you. My name is Clark Bell, I am... Or was I should say a high school wilderness survival teacher so I am very well aware of the basics that you need to know in order to survive off the land and what you have at your disposal around you. I am not too big on conflict so these days I tend to stick to my tent and listen to my HAM radio and try to figure out everything that is going on in the city around me. I am not too sure if the crack is affecting people elsewhere because the cloud of thick smog created by it is blocking my radio signals to only local traffic. I am talking to small business and homeowners who have locked themselves and their families inside of their property in order to stay out of the mist and to keep their eyes off of that infecting light that is shining through the city. The smog doesn't help very much when trying to not get infected because it is very good at reflecting the light from the crack into the sky for all to see. People from just outside of the city are becoming insane even though the mist has not yet got to them for the sole reason that they can look up in the sky and see the light emitting from the crack. This light seems to be just as bad as the actual mist its self. Up until this point, I have been trying very hard to resist talking about my father. He just tortures me with all of the crap that he says. His name is Dave and he is the bane of my existence in this whole debacle. He just keeps pestering me about how I should go outside more and collect resources like he does, and I just think to myself that at least I'm not the one dieing in this situation. He just wants me to leave the safety of my tent at the top of this

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building to go down there where the mist and the crazies are just to scrape together a measly two portions of food from the all of the looted supermarkets. I hate him with a burning passion to the point where today, in the midst of him screaming at me to go out hunting with him, I took the hammer that was sitting on the side of my cot and swang it at his knees striking him. He was on the floor with blood gushing from the wound. I hit him so hard that it broke the bone right through the skin. He was screaming in pain and I told him that the only way I would give him a morphine shot is if he told me that he was sorry for putting me through all of that crap when I was younger. The only morphine patches are locked up in our first aid kit at the other end of the tent. I put a tourniquet on his leg to stop him from bleeding out, but in the process build up blood pressure in his leg to make it ten times more painful. He screamed and cursed at me like a sailor about to run aground, and gave me a dead look like he was going to kill me when this whole thing was done. I even asked him "are you going to kill me if I patch you up?" and he just slowly nodded at me while his eyes turned bloodshot and his face glowed brighter red than the ripest tomato. I looked at him and thought to my self if it would be a good idea to patch him up or if I should just hit him in the head with the hammer and just ride solo from now on. I decided that the best idea was to patch him up, the sole reason I did this was that I didn't want to have to go out and collect food. He was the one who did that and I wasn't about to put myself in harms way more than I had too if I could do something about it.

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Chapter 3:

The following days were, to say the least, nerve-racking. I was wondering if Dave was really going to honor his word with the fact that he was going to kill me. I wasn't really sure. But at the same time, I didn't really know if I wanted to know. The way that he would do it would probably be very quiet and while I was in my sleep. That is the way that I'd want him to do it anyway. Quick and painless, they always say that that is the best way to go. The next day flew by with nothing too notable that went wrong. Life just seemed to be going slowly downhill for what I could see. The days were short and the nights were long because you would never be able to get to sleep with all of the gunfire and screaming. The people that didn't get killed from the crack seem to forever be going insane. It is slightly frightening now to see a person at the bottom of the building with a mask and a machete, but these days it's so common that you kind of get used to it. I just aim my rifle and ping, one shot to the forehead, quick, just how I like it. No screaming, no bleeding out, none of those really gross noises people make when they're bleeding out too. Those noises are the worst. Anyway, the building is currently

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secure, I have the door to get to the roof locked and blocked with cinder blocks so that nobody could get up here short of using a rocket launcher. I went on my HAM and was trying to get a signal, maybe it's too early in the morning to get anything or everyone in the city is infected. Whatever it is there is an eerie buzz that is coming through the radio and it only gets louder sometimes with a government emergency broadcast that goes on every day at the same time. "Attention all citizens, the crack in the center of town has started to release mist into the city, keep all doors locked and keep all windows covered, the light and the mist coming from the crack can cause insanity or death. Please stand by for military assistance." The military couldn't come quick enough, they seemed to be taking their sweet time coming to save us, or, maybe, their dead. I'm not too sure if anybody is actually alive out there anymore, they might just be zombies for all I can tell, trying to kill each other for food or sacrifice others and themselves to the crack. I've been held up in my tent during the day for the last little bit to try to avoid seeing the crack's light. It seems that I must start going out during the day now because our food rations are running low and my father, the only one who brought home food, was still crippled in his cot in the tent. The days seem to be becoming numbered for us, but the government "experts" say that the crack's sort of tantrum should only last a month at most, it's been about two weeks so I guess we'll just have to see where it goes. I'm running out of space in this notebook but when I manage to find another one I will bring everyone up to speed with what has been happening.

Stay safe everyone. Sincerely Clark.