

Provident, Beneath and Beside #1

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We didn't make it far hidden away in the hull of the old ship. We were far enough out that as we tried to make our escape there wasn't any land in sight, but just miles and miles of storms.

I wasn't sure what the device was we were dropping for our escape, but the ship was coming down and we didn't have much choice. There were several dozen of us on it as it dropped, but as the large body hit the water most of us lost our grip and slid down into the raging water. I was able to hold on, but that meant I had to watch them all sink. Eventually one by one they sank out of view, only to be seen again as a burst of light shooting into the sky. I was one of the last ones to slip off, Arisha, the best of us, tried her best to get me. I quickly hit the water.

They told us to keep our light buried inside. None of us thought we were going to die out here, but they didn't have much of a chance once they hit the water.

I remembered her being on a smaller one of these buoys before. It was shaped more for one person, and not a giant tank. It was still rounded and with a railing around the top of it. I'm not sure if there was a way to propel it around, or if it was something that the Arisha, we'll the Chinas models, could do by themselves. I just remembered her shooting past someone with one of those things, rescuing them from the water. She was able to twist the buoy on its side and grab them, and tossed them over the railing. But I guess she couldn't do that this time. If she did, she would have lost more people.

As I got farther down I felt the pressure from the water, and it started to crumple parts of me. I was just waiting to burst into light like the others. I was still clinging to life as the cable shot down beside me. I wasn't able to move, but it swung around beneath me and clasped together. The man and woman in suits were there, they helped pull me out. Arisha, she had the device that shot the cable slumped over her shoulder. She looked upset, violently even, but I don't think It was directed at me at all. She just looked on through me, into the black sea.

When I saw this girl pass through my door, battered and completely lost in herself. It reminded me of that night. Of not having anywhere to run , and nearly drowning in the sea. Camille stumbled through after her, emotionally more of a mess of what happened.

She told me about the fracturing, the city collapsing into the sand, the nuclear stations erupting throughout the sand storm. She slipped out of a 4 story building they said, It was a miracle she hit sand and not rock. Slid down a dune and lessened her fall, and clung onto a curtain for dear life as the wall started to crumble. Some of it felt eerily similar.

There were people who cared for me during the incident, rescuing me within minutes, hoping to save us all. She'll have to deal with the aftermath like I did. I let Camille keep her here, and started working on a replica of the buoy I forgot about so long ago.

They didn't let me drowned at sea.

They didn't let her drown in the desert.

What an interesting, yet horrible world we live in.

Where did we go wrong?