Everything was wet. The ground was covered in worms destined to find their place of refuge. The earth was throwing up its creatures into the cold dark dampness that was the Earth. Everything else was coming to a close and there was nothing anyone could do about it. Yes this was how the Earth survived for decades to come.

Joe was a peace giver. He wanted nothing more than to make the human race believe in that which they should believe in. To him life was short. Life was meant to be something more than it ever was. Life was something to be determined as useful.

It always irritated Joe that people were out there to destroy other people. What did they do to deserve any of this? He wasn't sure. There was one thing constant about the whole situation. Life continued on no matter the cost.

It was a stormy day outside. Joe was walking across campus to his home. Classes were over for the day. He looked forward to getting some rest and finding something to eat. It was a simple life for a college student, considering that's what it even was. Life was yet to be determined for him. He had so many opportunities once he was out of college. It was quite a satisfaction to behold. His parents were pleased with Joe's accomplishments at least. That's all that mattered these days.

As long as his parents were happy, Joe could slip under the radar as it were. He could continue on and move about without being brought down by the government. If it were up to him, Joe would retire and hide in a well secluded area far away from everything else. Of course nothing was up to him. He wasn't able to make that kind of decision without someone looking over his shoulder. It's just how things were.

Walking into his apartment, Joe realized something was wrong. The typical chirping of his beloved pet bird was absent. Upon further inspection, Joe noticed his bird was dead. Dead. Joe took a step back from the bird's cage. Joe hands started shaking as he realized the shock and truth of what was happening. He was alone.

The bird Joe loved so much was now gone. Dead. It wouldn't chirp its good morning tunes ever again.

Joe walked over to his couch and sat down. His book bag fell to the floor. What use was it to continue on in this manner? What use was it to want to try something new? He didn't know the answers to any of the thoughts going through his head. What he wanted was to bring his bird back to life. Blinky needed to come home. There was no other way around it. Joe was determined to make that happen.

Picking up the phone, Joe dialed the best possible option known to him. He waited as the phone started to ring. It continued to ring. There was no response.

Joe threw the phone across the room. He turned on the TV maybe the news would help relax him.

It didn't.

Joe learned the truth about all birds everywhere. They were dropping left and right. There was no explanation given by the government or any other agency as to what exactly was going on. Just the case of mass death.

Joe's phone rang. He picked it up. “Hello?”

“My goodness Joe!” The voice of his mother came over. “Have you seen the news?”

Joe laughed. Had he seen the news. Of course he had. “That and my pet bird is dead.”

He began pacing around the house.

“No, not Blinky!” Joes' mom began crying. “That poor little bird did nothing to anyone!”

Joe nodded. “Yes Blinky is dead mom.” He said. “I'm going to get to the bottom of this if it's the last thing I do!” Joe hung up the phone.

Storming out of his house, Joe hopped in his car and began driving north. He wasn't sure where he would end up exactly, north just felt right. Birds flew north so why not drive north? Yes it felt right. It felt right to him. So off he went.

Driving through the canyon Joe's car came to a crawl. There were several cars in front of him which included, small cars, large cars, trucks, semis, BMW’s, and a handful of VW bugs.

Joe looked at the sea of cars ahead of him. What in the world was going on? Birds die and everyone wants to leave for up north? Guess he wasn't the only one who had that thought. Joe chuckled.

Turning on the radio all Joe got was static. The canyon had a way of doing that. There would be no getting any news today aside from what he had already heard.

There was a knock at the passenger door.

Joe looked over to see a man standing outside the passenger side of the car. The man looked confused at best. Joe rolled down the window.

“Can I help you?” Joe asked.

The man nodded. “Yes, well I think you can.” He was in his later forties. Roughly twenty years older than Joe.

The man's long hair had gone white. Compared to Joe's it was like snow. Joe had dark hair with green eyes.

Joe leaned over and unlocked the door. The man opened the car door and sat down in the passenger seat.

“Oh thank you kind sir, thank you a lot.” He said.

Joe nodded. “Uh huh. Why are you walking through he canyon old man?”

The man reached out his hand. “Name's Jessup.”

Joe smiled and shook his hand. “Joe.”

“Nice to meet you Joe.” Jessup said. He rolled the window up of the car and placed his hands on the header vents in an attempt to warm up.

“What I was doing out there.” Jessup started “Well I'm not sure. You see I was at home down south. The birds started dying. I felt the need to come north. I don't understand why.”

Joe nodded. “We're in the same boat.” He laughed. “We and a bunch of other people it would seem. Makes me wonder where we're headed.”

Jessup shook his head. “I don't know. I tried to turn back and go home. I mean you have to admit it's rather foolish.”

Joe nodded. Indeed it was. Foolish and crazy at the same time. But yet here they were.

“I couldn't turn around.” Jessup explained. “Something was pulling me towards this canyon and through it. I'm just grateful to you that you were kind enough to let me come with you.”

Joe nodded. “No worries Jessup. No worries. I just want to get to the bottom of this. Whatever it is.”

Jessup looked out around the car. They were moving again. It was a slow crawl, but they were moving. He wondered what would compel him to do such a thing. It made no sense. No sense at all. Pulling out a small portable radio, Jessup turned it on.

There was static.

Joe looked at the radio and smirked. “Yeah I wasn't able to get a signal either.”

Jessup listened to the static for a moment. “There's something here.” He said quietly. “Something is definitely here.”

Joe looked to his new traveling companion and raised an eyebrow. Had the man gone nuts? Or was he already like that? Hearing things from static. Yeah that was new for sure.

“What do you mean?”

Jessup looked back to Joe and shrugged. “Can't you hear it Joe?” he asked placing his ear right next to the radio's speaker. “Can't you hear the sound that is coming from here?”

Joe looked at Jessup for a moment. Maybe picking up the stranger wasn't the best of ideas.

They continued traveling for a few more yards. There was a fork in the road. On the left all of the cars were headed that way. The right side of the split was completely empty.

“Turn.” Jessup said. “Turn now.”

Joe shook his head. “No. I'm pretty sure we're suppose to be following everyone...”

Jessup reached for the steering wheel and pulled it hard to the right. “Turn now young man!” He yelled out. “We can't miss this exit!”

The car veered towards the right. The road with no cars. Joe quickly put on the brakes.

“Are you crazy!” Joe yelled at Jessup. “You'll get us in an accident if you keep that up!”

Jessup appeared to not be listening to Joe. He was intently focused on the radio with the static. Jessup began tapping his foot on the floor of the car as he listened. The radio signal became louder. The static more intense.

“Oh we're on the right road now boy. Drive.”

Joe looked at the sea of cars still headed to the left. He turned his attention back to the empty road that laid ahead of them. Drive. That was all he was suppose to do? Drive. He reached over and picked up the radio from the man and looked at the station, 93.1.

Joe set the radio down and turned on his cars radio again. Tuning it to 93.1 he listened closely to see if he could pic up what Jessup had been getting.

Deep within the signal there were small beeps. Something Joe hadn't heard the first time before. Something quieter. Beep beep beep. Beep beep. Beep beep beep. It didn't seem like Morse Code. There weren't long or short dashes. Just beeps.

Joe looked at the road ahead of him. Jessup was right. They were meant to go on this road instead. Who knew where everyone else was going. They probably didn't have the message Joe and Jessup did. Probably had their radios off considering the static.

Joe smiled to Jessup. Putting the car in drive, he revved the engine. “Let's go find out what's up shall we?”

Jessup smiled and nodded back. “Oh yes my friend. Let's find out what is going on indeed.” He placed his hand on the seat next to him. Holding the now silent portable radio.

They were on their way.