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The School’s Apocalypse

It was a normal day. I was awoken by that annoying alarm clock. I started getting myself ready for the horrendous school day. I don’t know what it was about it that made it so horrible. Was it the teachers? All the hard work? All the homework and stress that goes with it? Probably all of it. But it didn’t matter. Because school is school, and I have to go. I got all my books, and folders, binders and all that other obnoxious garbage and put them in my backpack. It must’ve weighed at least 70 lbs. And I owe it all to that stupid math textbook. The darn thing was 400 pages of a pure torture that I would very much never like to ever open again. Of course, if I could, you can bet your bucket I would.

But the last kid that failed a class, Mark, disappeared the next term. And he wasn’t the only one this has happened to. No one knows what happened. His parents say that they shipped him off to military school, but I don’t buy it. He wasn’t a delinquent, he was a good, nice kid, but he got distracted easily. Homework was just too hard to focus on for him. If he got as close as 10 feet of a computer, the next thing you know he’d end up on the weirder side of Youtube, we’ve all been there --

"Honk honk!"

“What? How is my ride here already?” I muttered to myself as I looked out the window to see my carpool was here. “I was only day dreaming for --twenty minutes!”

I quickly grabbed my backpack and my wallet. I didn’t have time to make lunch.

“Another school lunch today. Yuk.”

There’s got to be something in that lunch, because not even the worst of foods taste that bad. Most days I didn’t even bother eating I’d just go hungry until I got home. As I climbed into the car I knew something wasn’t right.

“Where’s James?” I asked.

“His mom told me he went to live with his dad in Oklahoma.” Rob replied

“Funny, since he never talks about the guy, and when he does it’s always hate.”

“Yeah, I thought the same thing.”

We started driving to school like we do every morning. It was about a fifteen minute drive, ten if traffic was good. As we were driving down the road,the car in front of us stopped. This road never had cars stop, so we got out to take a look. Cars were backed up as far as I could see.”

“You gotta be kiddin’ me” Josh stormed

“Seriously” I grunted “This has never happened on this road.”

All of a sudden we heard an ear-splitting roar, almost that of a bear, but way noisier. It came from the direction that the traffic was backing up from. I then heard deafening crashing sounds, almost as if a huge accident happened ahead. But then a few seconds I heard it again. It repeated itself, getting louder and louder every time. When all of a sudden the first car I could see flipped up into the air, and landed on it’s top, it kept moving towards us, almost like a giant snow plot was coming towards us.  
 “Run!” I screamed, as we all turned the other way and started running. We all bolted the opposite way, hoping to find somewhere we could hide. The sound kept getting louder and louder. I didn’t want to look back, but I could tell it was getting closer.

“Ouch! Help me, I tripped!” Yelled Rob from the ground. I turned around and ran to him to help him up and then I blacked out.

I woke up in my bed.

“It was all a dream. Just a dream.” I said

“It was no dream” I heard from an unknown voice “In fact, this is the dream.”

“What’s happening? Tell me right now” I ordered

“The time is now.”

“What time? What’s going on?” I was scared, and confused. I didn’t know

what to do. The man turned around and I saw his face.

“Mark?” I stuttered. I couldn’t be him. Mark wasn’t as old as this man, but I

recognized him.” Nobody had seen Mark for almost a year, after her failed that class.

“It’s time for you to end this” he responded “You need to end this.”

“How? What am I supposed to do?”

“You’ll know.”

I felt a tired dizziness, and my head collapsed on my pillow,and I fell asleep. When I awoke, it was a wasteland. Everything was either burnt, or on fire. My clothes were perfectly clean. I started walking down a path of broken asphalt. I didn’t know where I was, but I knew where I was headed. Towards the only standing building left. The School. I knew that it was somehow connected. It had to be.