

Embers

Flowers have bloomed into beauty, but soon they wither into blackness. Trees can sprout into titans, but soon they descend into ashes. When a fuse breaks, it flickers into smithereens. The air hauls tighter, the blinding light drifts closer. Heat starts to erupt, the war has begun.

Liquids begin to dissolve. Individuals choking while being powerless to escape. Oxygen sources are very scarce. We must run. A wall of flames has built up over the hours. I feel like it's going to disintegrate into fragments and rule over this land.

Animals have fled. We are beginning to run now. The race has begun. The wall starts to chase us. Sputtering devilish words. Help arrives. They try to extinguish it. But, it's too late. The wall engulfs them.

We keep sprinting. We look ahead, a small village in dismay. We all run into the abundant evergreen forest. It incinerates instantaneously and starts to catch us. We look ahead. The saviour of our lives is ahead of us. We run.

A few weeks later. The commemoration for all that had perished occurs.

A year later. We accept that our relatives are gone.
We look to the future. It is time for life to resume the way it was.

But abruptly, someone asks for my name.
I respond.

James.