

A Flash

I clutched to the pen, the ink flooding out to a field of white, tainting the pureness of the page. I stared, a look nearly intoxicating in other's eyes. I whole-heartedly hoped that the puddle of black would squiggle themselves into letters, even if it could only form a single word. I glared at it as if sentences would suddenly pour out of my eyes and complete the page. And knowing how bizarre my hopes were, I balled my hands, crumpling along the wasted page with me and in one long swipe, cleared my desk of the families of ruined paper, nearly knocking down that beloved robot figurine of mine.

I know my frustration would end up nowhere and any pent up anger would perhaps drive me more insane than I already am, but I couldn't help it. Being locked up in this room for the third day in a row trying to write was not as simple as I hoped. I had successfully debuted with my futuristic fiction novel yet and enjoyed several weeks of temporary fame, but now it was time to secure that fame. Something I was failing horribly at.

I took a deep breath, hoping it would stop the demon inside me from growing. *Breathe in, breathe out. Breathe in, breathe out.* My breath hitched as I felt something foreign, something unbelievably choking enter my lungs. I clutched at the cotton material by my chest or practically anything I could hold on to. I took one look at the closed window and ran for it. I slammed my elbow into the thick layer of glass, a piercing sting zapped through my blood veins, yet my attention never seemed to leave that glass pane for a second. I hammered towards the window with my full force again and again. With the 4th time, the stubborn glass gave in and shattered. I threw my head out, taking in the oxygen, yet something revolting entered my system.

A waft of smoke drifted through the sky. I looked up attempting to trace its origins, which finally led me to a dense forest that I've never once noticed in all the years living in this house. I scramble out through the window, not bothering to clean up the mess and venture towards the newly acknowledged woods.

I stood nearly in awe as flames danced between the branches. Flocks of songbirds zoomed out of the columns of trees. It was horrendous how no other spectators have gathered around these undignified flames and yet no one has planned to eradicate this hellfire? *Utterly unbelievable.* The sound of wheels suddenly perked my interest, I turned around expecting a bright red truck to enter my range of vision, yet a yellow machine with claw-like arms rambled by. It grasped onto a tree trunk and plucked it out like it was a mere leaf. I gawked, completely disgusted with this behavior. *So this is what would happen once machines become the dominant force?* I couldn't bear it.

In fear of seeing anything more brutal, I escaped. Running in fear of this nightmare. However, I was quickly distracted by a stunning sight. A fire had sprouted from the side of the lake. Yet, this lake I remember so clearly now ceases to exist. On top the pool of murky black was piled upon piles of polymer material. The foul scent of burnt plastic and rotten flesh invaded my senses, reminding me that nothing had survived this possible oil spill.

I was caught in a trance by this loathsome display until a tingling sensation awakened me. In disbelief, I was covered in an abnormal amount of sweat. I was perhaps on my way to resemble that of a melting popsicle. A sudden burn caused me to resurvey my surroundings. To my surprise, in a mere flash, I had been encompassed by flames.

I sighed. Laying down as I admired the final patch of green beside me until a flash of light engulfed me, feeling every one of my senses melt away with me.

A sudden bright flash woke me. I glanced around. Still in that cramped room, that big chair, that messy table. I looked over at my paper as my mouth closed to a thin line. My focus landed on my pen. My lips finally curved up as I connected the nib to the page. In the words, a vision of the fires flashed before me once more, yet, it remained there, perhaps in a more satisfied way.