Children of the Dust

Creative Writing

*Character: Catherine*

I’m getting sicker and sicker day by day. I’m starting to lose hope and eating is a struggle in itself. I’m blind, sitting on the chair every day, every hour, every minute, and every second. It’s not boring. I would pore over the years I battled through to get here, amazed that I’m still alive. I remember clearly the memories with my siblings, their names, don’t know now. I have no idea of the date or time, sleeping when my body allows it. I don’t know anyone that can help me, everyone’s dead. I am unsure whether i should try and get out of my chair and walk out if i could even find my way out of this room. Whether it was still a grey, dead world and i would die within minutes of smelling the fumes? It’s been years now. I’m old, living the last few years or maybe moments of my life. Maybe I should try and get outside and hope for sunshine and fresh smell, a new beginning. I highly doubted that after many years with no action enforced to help the nuclear breakout, the world would’ve changed. All I can do it sit in my dusty chair and wait for the moment my body will break and leave me to perish. Death is always at the back of my mind. One day, I’ll live my last and be transported to my afterlife.

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One day, I was woken from my deep sleep and heard loud banging on my door. How many years have I not heard or seen a single person knock on that door? But then I knew what if they were criminals or kidnapper. But they also could be long lost family members or social workers. “Come in,” I shouted, with my crackly voice.

“Hellooo!” said the ‘someone’ in a nice, caring voice. Maybe that could be a trap. You see, over the years I’ve become a very pessimistic person, being scared of whatever is yet to come. I didn’t answer.

“I’m Livvy. I work at the local church. Help the poor, disease- stricken or anyone that needs help. What’s your name?” Could be another trap.

“Catherine,” I said in a neutral, slightly evil tone.

“Ok, then Catherine. So you’re blind. I guess you sit here all day with little or no food. I’m harmless you know. I’ve helped people like you for years now. I’ve kept them alive for longer.” That last sentence caught me. I couldn’t let that slip. After all these years, that was the one thing I wanted to do. Live for longer.

“Live for longer. Live for longer,” I whispered in contemplation. For a few minutes, we just sat there in silence.

“Tell me, how did you find me? How did you know I am blind?” I questioned. And then came the long answer.

“You see, Johnson, died a long time ago. Before his body started to break down slowly, he left a document, a legacy. In that stated, that i was to take care of you, young or old and keep you alive for as long as possible. I also said you could inherit this property.” Livvy explained.

“Johnson and I were never close,” said Catherine.

“I know. He told me that. But he still wanted you to live. He had hope in you when he died just like everyone else,” explained Livvy.

“So, you’re going to take care of me,” questioned Catherine.

There was another long period of silence. No one dared make a sound.

“Ok!” Catherine finally said, breaking the silence.

Everyday was the same. Breakfast, newspaper, lunch, newspaper, conversation, walk, dinner, bed. There was really nothing else to do. Livvy told me conditions were a lot better than it used to be but the risk of nuclear infections was still severe. A lot of the time, we would just sit down and talk. She fed me and treated me well. After a month, I started to gain full trust in her. She wasn’t my servant, she was just my helper. I wish i could give something back to her but I had no money and could do nothing on my own. I would be dead by now without her. Still, every day the thought of death always passes my brain. Maybe, the more I think of it, the closer the time is coming…

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My last few moments…

That morning my mind was confused, noise was muffled and I felt like I was living in a whirlpool. Livvy came around, as usual, took care of me. Only something was different. The usual happiness and glow in her eyes and tone was gone. I felt like she knew it too. It’s been two whole years. She’s taken care of me for two whole years. The time has come for me to leave the universe and take the struggle out of my life and other peoples. I had trouble breathing. I could feel my body shutting down. Livvy led me to my bed, what would act as my death bed. She tucked me inside my blankets and sat by my side. She looked me in the eye for a few minutes. My last second on earth, my eyes closed, my brain shut and my body lifted. The blanket was pulled up. It was the end.