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Mr. Wisemen
English II
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I Don't Know Anyone.

I've heard of people before. I know them from the books I've read and the songs I sing. I've watched movies that illuminate the power of human contact. Before I had seen anything on the TV I didn't even know I was a person, but after a few years of me watching myself through my mirror I've come to the conclusion that I am in fact a person. I think I'm a girl. I have the features that the girls on the screen have. Long dark hair, a button nose, and curves that I noticed boys don't have.

I know the idea of people being lonely, but I don't feel lonely. Maybe it's because I have nothing to base the feeling on. I'm content with my life. Plus I have Beatty, my pig stuffed animal who has been with me for my whole life. Whatever I need just shows up right in front of me when I need it, I think what that is called is magic, but I could be wrong. A lot of the books in my library talk about humanity as scary and horrible. I've gone through many articles about people ending other's lives and how countries would fight each other over conflicts they had with one another. It makes me thankful for the Separation Act of 3015. This act makes all people be put in glass like enclosures with enough space for them to live and lead happy lives without worrying about others. It's nice here.

I named myself Gracie, I'm not sure why but for some reason when I was looking through my book full of names that one stood out to me the most. Not like anyone is going to call me that, but I like that I now have an identity.

Today I decided that I would make chocolate chip cookies. I can't say that they're the best, they're good though.

As I was finishing the dough, I hear a loud bang followed by the shattering of my home. The pieces of glass sprinkled everywhere and they glistened all around me. I stood there motionless. My feet felt as if they were glued to the ground. As some of the shock left me, I started to turn in a slow circle. Taking in everything around me. Not only was my pod destroyed but also all of the other items in my

house. My books were ripped up, my shelf was split apart, and my tv was shattered. All that was replaying in my mind was, “How could this happen?”

I was in the middle of the jungle. I knew this because of the endless tropical trees surrounding me. I looked past the trees and in the distance I saw a boy. The feeling of guilt gave me a sharp pain in the pit of my stomach. This was not allowed. Our bubbles were supposed to be indestructible, but somehow mine broke. His must’ve broke too. All I could think about is how much trouble we were about to get in. But there was no one to get us in trouble. We were on our own.

Normally the pods break when someone dies. But I’m not dead, and this boy isn’t dead either.. My home got sucked up into the sky and was gone. I just sat in the middle of the forest hugging my knees to my chest. Pretty soon tears started stinging my face and they wouldn’t stop. I didn’t know what to do. There’s nothing I could do. I was going to die out here. As I was thinking of all the ways my life was coming to an end I felt a shadow standing over me. But I didn’t look up.

Pretty soon he was sitting right next to me. Suddenly, I couldn’t breathe. This time it wasn’t because my whole life just disappeared into the sky, or because I had no food or water and was probably going to die out here. But because I’ve never seen an actual person up close. I turned my head to the right to study him. He had tanned skin, dirty blonde hair, bright blue eyes, and from what I saw before, he was tall. Was I supposed to talk to him? This feeling was weird, my stomach was tying into knots. I couldn’t get any words out of my mouth no matter how hard I tried. Then he broke the silence.

“We’re going to die.... Aren’t we?” these words stumbled out of his mouth and sounded shaky. I couldn’t bring myself to answer honestly. Of course we were going to die out here. We had no meat to eat due to all the animals becoming extinct in 2907, and there was no way either of us would be able to decipher between plants that are okay for us to eat and plants that aren’t.

Our whole lives we spent locked up with everything catered to us. The food we ate came to us. Ingredients we needed to make meals just came to us. As I’m sitting next to this complete stranger, the first human I’ve ever seen up close, and the first person who's ever talked to me. I was just glad I wasn’t facing this alone.