

BY MYSELF

The lights flickered and went out. Somehow I knew, and I'm sure everyone else in the whole of ~~the~~ world knew too, that they were never going to flicker back on again. That's how this nightmare came to happen upon this "one person"; ME!

I got up and found one of the many candles I had in my apartment. I lived on the tenth floor of an expensive apartment house in New York. I was a successful model and had my own Interior Design studio. For some reason though I kept getting a feeling that no one was going to care about that anymore.

Coming back to the real world I decided to lay back in my bed and "wait"!

I woke up the next morning laughing at the previous night. I got up and looked out of my window. There in the streets below I saw nothing; "Nothing"! No sign of anyone. It was just like a dream I had had many nights ago. I dreamt that I would wake up and be the last person on the earth. I know that deep down I had always wanted it to come true, but never in my wildest dreams did I believe it would happen.

I don't know why, but I ran to my front door, and there lying under it I found a letter. Written in a very neat handwriting were these words.

Yasmine,

You, and you alone are the last person on this earth. We certainly hope you don't mind this inconvenience!

Pertaining to your wish we have chosen you to be the last person on this planet. A certain time limit has been made of course! We have decided on one week. It is quite clear to us, and hopefully to you also, what is going to happen at the end of the week. You may choose your favorite place that would best suit our purpose.

Everything for your needs is at your disposal.

Use your time wisely!  
sincerely your's,  
Us!

I didn't know what to make of that letter, but I knew for sure that it wasn't a joke.

I put the letter away, and started contemplating on my favorite spot on this earth. I finally decided on the Jung Frau Joch in Switzerland. The memory of the time I had spent there in my childhood was coming back to me, but I quickly put it away.

I had a few of my favorite clothes packed in the car. I stood for a long moment in my doorway breathing in the peaceful tranquility of my apartment. I hated to leave it, but there was nothing else for me to do.

I got in my powderblue Mercedes sport car and drove to the harbor. The thought of leaving my car behind all but killed me. Everything was quiet and deserted, not at all like the New York I had come to know and love.

Finally I reached the harbor. There I found a good sized speedboat which looked like it was waiting just for me. As I boarded the boat I had the feeling that someone or something had just finished preparing it for my long journey.

It took me three days to reach the coast of France. A feeling of complete loneliness was beginning to set in on me. I was trying hard not to let it completely control my feelings.

I parked the boat in the harbor of some French city. I got off the boat and started walking around the city. I was looking for a car that could possibly withstand the last stretch of my journey. I liked this city. There was something mystical and eerie about it.

I was about to give up my search when I came upon a parking lot. There in the middle stood a red Mercedes sport car. I ran to it and found it with keys and a full tank of gas. I had always thought of life as one big coincidence, but this was too much to swallow. I put my belongings in the car and drove off.

There were plenty of roadmaps in the car, and I had no trouble finding my way to Switzerland.

Gorgeous tall snow covered mountains began to appear everywhere the deeper into Switzerland I drove. I had the feeling that my heart was on its way to finding something it had lost

My favorite spot  
at the harbor.  
I wandered  
about it for  
a moment,  
but then

all along  
81  
18  
32 34



long ago.

It was 12:00 p.m. on the sixth day. That meant I had a day and a half to "go"! In my opinion it was 12:00, but to tell the truth I really didn't know for sure. Finally I was just a few kilometers from the Jung Frau Joch. I was down in a valley, and between two mountains I had to drive through I could see the majestic peaks of the Jung Frau.

I drove on and finally came upon a little village that I had once stayed in. I pulled in to the driveway of a Pension that my family and I had once stayed.

I took all my belongings out of the car and walked up to the house which I found unlocked. I went upstairs to one of the rooms, and layed down on the bed and fell into a deep sleep.

I woke the next morning to the sound of the waterfall that was behind the house. I felt quite refreshed. I got up and put on a German walking outfit. It consisted of a wool sweater, leather knickers with suspenders, thick wool knif kneesocks, walking boots, a light jacket, and a cap. I packed a lunch in my backpack, grabed my walking stick and took off.

It took me the whole day to reach the spot I wanted. It was so peaceful; a paradise in it's own way. The spot was on the top of a hill overlooking a small village. The grass was green, and there were flowers all around. There was a wooden bench by a small stream. A few hundred feet away was the foot of the glacier.

I sat down on the bench and waited. The sun was setting which made the snow on the mountain turn a brilliant red. I was becoming very impatient. Just before the sun set I thought of a silly poem.

Patience, Prudence,  
For it will come;

When its over  
It'll all be done!

Ana Maria Hays