

Letters from the end of the world

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Introduction

An old journal was found some days ago. It is believed to belong to one of the witnesses of the end of the world that devastated our planet about three hundred years ago. This finding will question what we already know of this terrible event, based on the official records written by the other survivors. Even though this journal was deplorably burned, researchers have managed to retrieve important information from it that might change History forever.

Note: The first two entries were given a title by the researchers.

Seventeen days before the end of the world or *ignis fatuus*

Today I felt the earth tremble seven times. The moon eclipsed the sun and a cold wind blew strong, almost like a hurricane. Birds combusted in their flight and fell from the sky. It snowed and blood dropped from dark clouds. Almost every electric system shut down. I don't know what is happening. No one knows.

I fear what may come.

The end of the world

I saw the world end today. The sun is gone, it was night all day and it still is. I cannot describe what happened; only that it was the most horrible thing I've ever seen. Everyone seems to be gone or dead. I believe I am alone. Outside, everything is desert and aflame, but what scares me the most are the noises in the night. What can it be that makes those dreadful shrieks?

Day 2

It's the second day after the end of the world. The hours pass but night has not left the sky. Everything is dark. I still have food and water for at least five more days, but eventually I'll have to look for something else. I fear what might be outside.

Day 4

Two days have passed. There is still darkness everywhere. Something strange happened last night. I was sleeping, heard a thud and woke up. I found most of the food gone and I glimpsed yellow eyes that bolted in the shadows. I believe it might be some kind of animal (yet, I'm not so sure).

Today, I'll go outside for the first time.

Day 11

I spent most of last days outside. I piled all houses in my neighborhood for food and water. Most of them had lots of it, everything untouched, as if their owners had simply vanished; others had everything moved out and I remember I saw their owners go away when the world ended; others had some things destroyed or broken. I don't understand what might have done it.

I also grabbed lanterns and batteries, first-aid kits and things of the sort. Along with the food, I stored it all inside my house. I hope it lasts me a while longer than the last. I found out some guns, hunt knives and a samurai sword inside a house. I took them with me as well, but I confess I don't know how to use them.

I'm thinking about exploring the surroundings and find out what is happening in the village. I'll start tomorrow and carry this journal with me, to register what is happening and what I see. I must gather some provisions and take them with me. I think I might take the sword too...

Day 26

I finally arrived into the beach. I believe the wolves are far behind me, now. My leg still hurts, though, but it healed fine. The first thing I saw startled me: birds, black birds everywhere. Hundreds of them; thousands of them. Half stood still on the sand, the other half were flying above the sea, but each and every one was cawing, screaming or shrieking. Then, I saw something even stranger. Fog came from nowhere and covered everything in seconds and a flame burst in the middle of the water.

I write this inside an abandoned lighthouse. There are still no signs of any person anywhere. Tomorrow I'll take a bath in the sea. I plan on finding out whom or what is producing that flame.

Day 43

I'm still lost in the woods, but I finally was able to come back to the cave where I hid the food. Fortunately, it was undamaged. I have also killed some of the creatures for the first time. After the attack, I wouldn't believe they would die so easily. Those men I killed said those creatures don't like any kind of light and fear fire, but a blade through their chest is what truly does the trick.

There is the scent of blood in the air and it isn't just from my clothes. I need to go back home, but the monsters are still moving in the night.

Day 72

I'm starting to have hallucinations again. Now I see the people I killed in the forest with the yellow eyes of the creatures surrounding me. I hear them say I'm mad and I'm starting to believe it. The only thing keeping me from going totally nuts is this journal. Or so I tell myself.

Day 81

The hallucinations stopped, but I am growing weaker day after day. Also, I noticed that the air temperature is getting lower and lower. I have no idea why.

Day 103

Finally something changed: the fires started to fade slowly. Hours passed as I watched them fade away, randomly one by one. I believe it might be something to do with the red moon that appeared in the sky days ago, but I can't be sure. Yet, even though the moon lights the ground, with all the fire gone the night has become darker. And colder. I'll have to light a fire of my own.

I also managed to hunt two birds. I might survive this, after all, whatever this might be.

Day 150

They couldn't see me nor hear me. Their boat passed right through me. I've lost all hope that was left in me. I don't know where I'll go next. For now, I'll stay in the lighthouse.

Day 153

(...) but at least I managed to get the lighthouse to work. Its sound keeps me safe from
(...)

(the rest of this message was burned)

Day 200

I found something so amazing in the ashes I thought I'd go mad, but Molly saw it too. Some plants are blooming, even without light. It is truly wonderful.

We've talked about traveling south, try to find Bill and Jake and tell them about our discovery. Maybe we

(the rest of this message was burned)

Day 283

Everything is getting back to normal again, even though we don't know what star it might be, it is very similar to our sun - except a little colder. Everything is a little bit colder now. But light! Oh, it's so magnificent.

I finally believe I won't need this journal anymore.

No date (written on the back cover of the journal, some of the words very blurred, and most of the message unperceivable)

(...)

I never thought this would happen. We could not imagine such tragedy. (...)

Molly, forgive me. (...) It must be done. (...) might be the only way. (...)

We'll burn, oh, we'll burn but (...)