

Time passes by, and all of a sudden no life stands. Time has passed. Though life is still among us. How long it will last? We can't tell. If we start to take action, things could change. But only if we want them to. In this case, no one wants to anymore. That's the problem. You see the problem is us, we don't take care of our earth. More filth in the air. It comes year round. It used to only be a threat. Now that threat has taken people's lives. The air's so bad.

My family has been killed. They have died from the pollution. What kills me the most is the death of my sister. She died right in my arms, only after taking care of her for months before her death. I don't know what happened to my parents. One day I saw them. Then one night I sat on the couch waiting for them to come home. They never did. My sister asked and asked again. All I could say was, "Their gone." I saw her as my only hope in this world. Now without her, my life is nothing. Shortly, months after I found a girl my age, just a bit younger. She looked like my sister and for a moment thought she might be my sister. The golden lockets of golden hair. How long and wavy it was.

She was looking in a dumpster. I bet for food. After I got to know her, she shortly told me her name. Samantha. She didn't tell me her last name, and I still don't know. Were only friends because we have so much in common, and not enough to live on. Samantha owns a dog. His name is Rex. Yet how jealous am I? Not at all. I much rather stab it, then eat it. Just because food is so hard to come by. Pollution is so bad, food cannot be produced anymore without it becoming contaminated. The streets reek of old food in bins people search for. Stuff that won't kill you.

Lucky for me. I had food stocked up in my house. People come knocking at my door all day long. All I can do is turn them away. I feel selfish. Some part of me always wants to just end my life, and say no more. But what holds me back is the fact that things won't get better, and if I don't help who will. One person cannot make a difference. But one person can help make that difference. While others follow. I want to start something, and end up having many people following me in the end.

“Jamie,” Someone was calling my name. I moaned, and I rolled over in my bed. “Go away.” I plead. “No, Jamie. Don’t make this difficult. I finally got us booked for a meeting with the council.” The person said. I knew who it was. William. Or Will as I call him. “You know they never listen, and what are they going to do? Nothing.” I sigh and roll back over. My eyes still glued shut. “It’s worth a try Jamie. What’s the worst they can say. No?” Will says. I sit up quickly, my eyes flying open. “Don’t you say that. If they say no, then no it is. It’s over. Say goodbye. Everyone thinks so negative anymore. I can’t wrap my mind around it.” I slouch back onto the bed. “Sorry.” I apologize. I can feel tears coming down my cheeks now.

Will leans over my bed, then finally sits down on it. “Don’t cry.” Will says brushing away my tears. “We’ll make a difference. You’ll see.” Will slowly leans down and touches his lips to mine. I move my head up so I can kiss him back. But he pulls away before I can. A grin is spread across Will’s face as if something is funny. I smack his arm. “Go.” I chuckle. “Get out. I need to change.” I push on his arm even more. “Alright, fine.” He says his hands up in the air, while backing away slowly out my door.

I place my hands on top of my forehead. He’s right though. No followers, no life. It used to be that everyone could live on earth and there wouldn’t be a problem. No, there was always a problem, just not about deaths. All I need is some big group who works with government to say yes, and we can get things started. If I don’t get it, then nothing changes. Nothing moves forward. I don’t wear my mask because I feel it doesn’t matter anymore. I slowly sink to the floor with my hands over my face. Hoping and praying that this will all turn out.

Letting myself go for a few mins, I finally decide to get and get ready for today. Talking to the government. Not fun stuff. My hair is now fluffed up, my body is packed in a tight dress they have given me. It’s supposed to make me look beautiful. I don’t feel beautiful, I feel like a doll. I pull down the hem of the dress. It may be a very beautiful dress, but this is not the beautiful I believe to be true. Someone knocks at my door.

“Come in!” I yell from the bathroom. The door slowly slides in. It’s Will again.

“Ready?” He asks me. I love how he makes no comment on how I look, but just looks at me. Then away. As if nothing changed at all. I nod. “Alright.” Will mutters. I follow him out the door. “Wait.” I say grabbing him by the shoulder. “Shouldn’t we be grabbing our guns?” I ask Will in a whisper. He shakes his head, then smiles and opens up his jacket. Inside are three guns. I give a small smile back to him. “Let’s go,” I say as I swing my arm in his.

Where I will be speaking is a place where no one knows about. Almost a secret. Yet it’s a place everyone can go too. It’s open, just like our air. You see it’s a church. I place it side by side with air because as a church. No one goes. As air, there’s no good air. Everyone has the chance to go there as much as they have the chance to save this earth yet they choose around the problem. No one ever reaches the problem. I want to be that person who reaches for the problem.

Will looks over at me. Gives me a general smile. “What?” I whisper over into his ear. “I hope someone will show up. You have a good voice, use it for something good. Don’t lie, do not down play it, for they know what they need to hear. So by all means, let then.” He muddles on the last words. Never have I ever heard him say anything like this before. “Thank you.” I whisper back clinging onto his arm. “Anytime sweetheart.” I laugh, and Will laughs back.

We take a seat in the first row of the church. It has glass windows surrounding us at every measure. Paneled by wood, glassy as ever. The front of the room is a cross placed dead in the center, and it’s like it takes it’s place there, it owns it’s spot. The right to be there. I have never been in a church before. So looking around me is wonderful. I recently have come to church, to see if my situation would become any easier. It hasn't. Up front of the sanctuary there’s a man that stands there. I recognize him. I get up, and make my way over to him. Will slowly gets up. But I shake my head. The man sees me coming and smiles. “Hello Jamie. It’s nice to see you here today.” The man smiles.

How does her know my name? Then I recognize him. His voice. I heard it over the loudspeaker days ago. He said, we know it’s lasting no longer, so why do we try. His

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name is Thomas Vanhooose. To make this simple. He's deciding whether or not to say yes to helping the world.

"Mr. Vanhooose." I nod at him. "I hope you find my speech today very resourceful and take it to a higher level." Thomas looks at me. "How do you expect me to like something, when it hasn't even been said yet." He's making me angry, yes. I would like to punch him. Not helping, not helping. I keep saying to myself. Punching him would not help me win this argument, only make it worse. I twist my head. "It will be said, and I hope you enjoy it." Without Thomas being able to say another word, I turn around and walk in the opposite direction. "All my wishes to you then, Ms. Arias!" Thomas yells back. Just keep walking. I do, but the only thing that sticks on my face is smile.

I sit down next to Will. The only thing I say is. "Were going to need the guns." Will looks over at me. "Why would you say that? What did you say to him?" I glance down at my fingers. "Where's Samantha?" I ask dodging Will's questions. He shakes his head. "Jamie you're dodging the question. Samantha is on her way but you need to answer my question. What did you say to him?" He pleads with me. "Nothing really. I just said hi. He's lucky I didn't get to punching him. I would have.

"You're lucky you didn't do it. We wouldn't stand a chance." I sigh, still playing with my fingers. "We still won't." A new voice chimes in. Samantha. She sits down beside me. "No matter what you say today Jamie, you can't change their minds. They've all been brainwashed or something. I went around asking today, everyone has said yes to pollution. The only question I was asking myself all day is why not us?" He golden eyes look up at me. Looking over at Will. I know what the answer is. "Samantha, were not brainwashed because we believe in the opposite, we always have." I pause looking up at Thomas, such an innocent man by look but such an evil person by soul. "They never knew what to think. Everyone always struggled for who's right. No one thought for themselves, or thought what this might do to them if it's stopped. There are some out there, who still believe. Just not showing it." I stop talking. I'm making sense to myself, but to no one else. "I've never stopped." I heard Sam murmur. I smile at her shy comment. The meeting starts.

"I would like to welcome you all here today, to hear from Jamie Arias. She has come to you today to persuade you why we should save our earth, and not trash it away.

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Now by all means, lets give Jamie Arias the respect she deserves.” Thomas finishes strongly. Everyone starts clapping. I am guessing that is my cue. I get up and make my way around Sam. As I make my way up I see all of their smiling faces looking up at me. Brainwashed. I keep saying. Thomas gestures me towards the pedestal. I nod at him. My way of saying thank you without actually saying it.

“Hello, my name is Jamie Arias as you may all know. Speaking here is a great honor, even though it is only one state. I wish you will consider everything I say. Let me start with something. Why can’t you see that. Your world is falling to pieces and you can’t see it. I want this to change. I want you to change. I want us all to change, because this.” I point around to each and everyone of them. “Is not right. Look at you. You’re all wearing face masks, so you won’t die from the air. Yeah I’ve given up on wearing one, because I’m not brainwashed! You are, you all are, come back!” I scream. A hand grabs me around the arm.

“We can’t allow this.” A man in armor says. I turn around to look at him, then back at the people. “No!” I yell and yank my arm away. He grabs my arm right back. Then another man comes up behind me and grabs my other arm. “NO!” I scream. “Get off me!” I scream again and again. They keep pulling me back. “Leave her alone!” Will shouts. He has his gun out and pointed at the two soldiers. Samantha is beside him with her’s pointed as well. The man to my left grins. “We can’t do that.” He shoves me away from Will and Samantha. “No!” I almost pout. A tear is running down my cheek. Will looks over at Samantha. She looks back at him and nods. Raising their guns they shoot both of them in the legs, being careful not to shoot me. Will grabs me by the arm and pulls me away. “Run,” Will yells. Handing me a gun, that was stashed in his pocket. The three of us dash down the center of the church, strait out the door. On my way out I hear one of the guards say. “We need them alive or dead, you decide.” My throat chokes up at the words.

We make it to the outside of an abandoned house. It was locked but there was a sight of a candle lit in the house. We knocked several times. We started to walk away when a woman in her twenties answered the door. “What do you want? I have done nothing wrong so you have no right to this house.” She starts to shut the door when Will places his foot against the door. “Please ma’am. Were not brainwashed, we are just

running from them.” Will pleads with her. “Were you followed?” Is all she asked. I answer before Will. “Yes but we lost them. They don’t know we’re here.” She looks at the three of us. Then nods.

“Come on in, quickly now.” I make my way into her home. When I walk in, I notice I’m not the only one here. I look around and see at least a hundred people surrounding. Either sitting or standing. Will stands behind me, murmuring something to himself. “I have invited anyone not brainwashed to live here. I bet there’s more out there. Just we can’t find them.” The woman starts. “If you don’t mind me asking,” I start. “Who are you? What’s your name?” She hesitates for a second. Then says. “My name is Shanley Arias.” That’s my last name, I think to myself.

“Mom.” It’s the first word that comes out of my mouth. I see Will’s eyes bright on my face with a curious look. She gives me a sad look. What if I’m wrong, what if she’s not my mother? “Jamie.” Is the only word that comes out of her mouth. It’s all I need. I grab her into a hug. She wraps her arms around me so tight that the air slips away from my body. “I knew it was you. I knew it was you.” I kept repeating out loud. My mom keeps patting the back of my head. Then I realize everyone is watching us. Blushing, I pull back from my mother.

“Mom, these are my friends. This is Will.” I tell her pointing at Will. “Over here is my other friend Samantha.” Then I look back at Will. “Will is actually my boyfriend.” I look up at my mother. She says nothing. I thought I lost her. Now I know I was wrong. “Jamie?” My mom asks for me. I look up. “Where’s Casey?” She asks. My eyes start to weld up with tears. Did my mother expect me to take care of my sister with them gone. Where’s my father? I want to ask. Yet I already know what the answer is. “The air was too much for her lungs. She never made it. I tried, I hope that’s what matters?” I feel like I’m acting rude. Yet why would she ask a dumb question? Casey’s obviously not here. If she was alive she would be. My mom looks away from me, like she doesn’t want to look at my face. I do look a lot like Casey. But I didn’t think that much though. “Mom. We have things we need to do. It’s nice to know there are more than three people helping, but we need something to eat. Then we need to go.” I try so hard not to be rude about it.

“Jamie, I will help you. don’t make me send you away. We need you.” She stumbles over her words. “I need you too mom, but not now, not in this lifetime.” My moms eyes bulge on my words. “I’ll get you your food.” She says and backs away to the kitchen. I turn around to Sam and Will. They don’t say anything, they just look at me, and think. Will’s the first to ask. “What do you mean you mean by not in this lifetime Jamie? Are you planning on dying? Is that your goal? ”Will keeps throwing questions at me. Sam looks as if she is about to jump into the situation, but I cut her off.

“No Will, I thought I would stick around for the great finale. Yes Will, that is what I am saying. I can’t handle it anymore than you can. I have done my part to this world, I have tried over and over again and all I get is some crappy brainwashed people who don’t care anyway!” Will’s eyes bulge. “So you’re just giving up. Just like that.” He yells at me. I want to scream. “No, don’t you ever say that to my face again. I will never give up! This is not me giving up, this is me saying no more!” The difference in giving up, means you’re done, over it. No more means no more of that. That thing we are all clinging onto. That is nothing.

“Jamie, I don’t think Will was trying to say you were giving up its just that-” I cut Sam off. I look directly at her. “You too, I’m not giving up, and that is exactly what he was saying! I need to think.” I push my way past Sam. Will walks around both of us and is now in front of me. “Get out of the way Will.” I say threw my teeth. He shakes his head. “They find you, and they will kill you. Do you understand?” He’s giving me the option. “Of course.” Is all I answer, pushing him away.

I open the door and run out the door. “Jamie wait!” I hear both Will and Sam call out at the same time. I keep running with my gun in my right hand. Ready to shoot. I don’t look back, the wind is in my face and I have never been so alive. Then I hear a gun click in place. “Jamie watch out!” I hear Will yell. I stop in my tracks, and circle my feet around. “Boom.” A shot goes. Pain makes it’s way thru my chest. It burns, I wonder why it does. Of corse. I’m shot. Someone shot me. Then the words come to my head. “We need them alive or dead, you decide.” Thomas is the one who shouted it. I crumple to the

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dirt ground. My breathing becomes heavier. Another shot sounds. “Jamie, no, no.”
Someone cries. Will drops his gun beside me.

“Jamie, you're going to be okay.” Will keeps repeating. He pulls me in his arms, and snuggles me close to him. Will starts to kiss the top of my head again and again. “I love you.” Is all I manage in a tight whisper. “I love you too.” He whispers back against my forehead. I picture comes thru my mind. Me holding my sister as she died. I’m dieing, and Will is caring me in his arms. I smile places across my face.

I hope the world can change, I hope I made a difference. I hope they make a difference. If they will, they can live just a bit longer. There lives can be happier. Mine has been happier, because I know I made a difference. I have made that difference. My heart beats slower, slower, slower. I have lived once, and now I will live again. But in a clean place. I will never be dirty ever again.

Three: I Live Earth.

Two: I love Earth.

One: I’m gone on Earth.