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Tango

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Tango

Jessica Lewis

I am alone. I walk down one of the many streets in this nameless town, the streets known only by numbers. I, too, am only a number. I am one of the overlooked fools whom God forgot on Judgment Day. The end did come in fire and flood as predicted, but it was a rain of fire and a flood of noise that took the good. I don't know why I was forgotten and left in this hell. I was never truly a bad person, just a busy person who had little time for others. I sleep where I can, away from the gangs that are everywhere now. I often contemplate joining one of the gangs, but I guess I still have some kind of conscience because I cannot bring myself to do some of the things that they do. I was never really smart, but I was taught right from wrong, and even though I am not innocent, I am not a sinner such as those in the gangs. Yet. I don't know how much longer I can survive on my own, for the winter has lasted many months and does not seem to be going away. It is far too cold to sleep outside, but almost all the buildings that are still intact house the gangs, and I dare not go there, for they take prisoners who then become their slaves. I would not mind the trade off if it meant lodging, but I have heard screams in the night from those who are forced to serve, and I am too fearful of what they would do to me.

I suppose I should leave the city, but nothing leads me to believe that things are better anywhere else. In the city, I can at least find food most of the time, and I can escape through the sewers if a gang comes after me.

I wish I had known before this happened. I thought that the war was a great way to bring glory to my country. I thought peace was for the cowardly fools, and those who tried to bring the peace were traitors who deserved to die. Now I see that those who wanted peace were brave, for it was nothing to hide behind the pretense that the war was glorious and a divine cause. Those who stood for peace and were willing to give in and look decrepit to save the lives of the country's children were much more noble and divine.

Now it is too late for me. I suppose that I will join the judged soon enough. If I am sent to Hades for my sins, it will be a better place than this, for my soul will at least have some kind of detachment from the loneliness that I feel here.