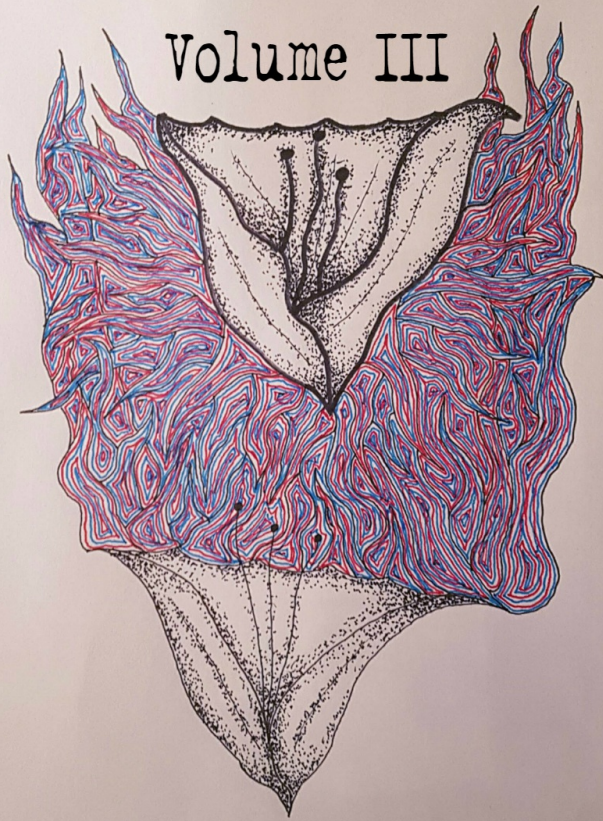


Safety Saves

Volume III



Written by: Andrew Smart

1. Down inside of a small tree, there is a small glowing blue orb. The tree has been standing for thousands of years and no one knew the orb was there. A forest fire takes out all of the trees one day leaving a field of ash, blackened skies, and a small blue orb, glowing in the middle of the dark field. A small child in a black robe walks towards and touches the orb. He becomes God, and kills the entire planet.

2. The cable car passes and the little girl with the stuffed white dog appears on the other side of the street. A man witnesses this and his eyes bulge in fear out of their sockets. The little girl holds a finger to her mouth as if say "shh." The man is found thirteen days later dressed in a white wedding dress, holding a dead white dog covered in blood. The mans tongue and eyes are missing.

3. A bird follows a woman home through a park. It clamps its feet on a branch outside of her window and watches her, every single night. She gets inside and just sits in front of the television, with two bottles of wine. She watches white noise and cries while on her knees in front of the screen. Tonight she exploded, flesh coated the walls and she became a giant crow trapped inside of the room. With no room to move her wings, she smashed the television and rammed her head into the wall until her neck snapped and everything went black. The small bird outside flew away.

4. The watcher oversees all of his kind. He purchased the graveyard sixty-two years ago, and has only had to kill three of them so far. His son is next in line to watch the rows of graves and hope they don't all rise at once. When it rains you can smell the years of rot in the air. We are born for jobs and we die so others can have them. He hopes his son never has to kill him.

5. The sky is blackish purple and a mist is falling from the heavens. Nearby electrical towers and wires hiss with jumping electricity. Surrounded by a field of tall green grass a group of men in black robes conduct a ritual of sorts. Electricity flickers through the mist and electrocutes them all. A gate to a different dimension opens and a large black, hairy leg of some creature steps out in the field.

6. Inside of a small cardboard box an animal from another world sits on a small pile of grass and leaves. A little girl asks her mother if she can keep it. The creature grows over night, and devours the parents for it's new mother, the little girl. The little girl dies of starvation in the house, due to her parents not being there to feed her. The creature eats her and breaks through a window into the world.

7. She let him stay overnight because of the rain. As they lay in her small bed together, listening to the raindrops hitting the large window beside them, the man asks her a question about faith. She had nothing to say and continued to lay in silence, listening to the rain outside. She lit five candles, slit his throat, and cried herself to sleep. She really liked that one.

8. Purple liquid pours out of the small child's eyes as it screams inside of a mall, not sure of where its parents are. A gray bearded man grabs the child and takes it to a new home. Where it grows up confused and becomes a man with a gray beard, who one day while shopping at a mall hears a small child crying with a purple liquid coming out of its eyes.

9. The wax and wane of veins, over top of muscle tissue. Her pale skin shredding on sandpaper, the wild ice cubes in her eyes dancing like melting polar ice caps. Her fingers gently caressing a blanket made of flesh from her mother. The soup warms her soul and stomach. She didn't know her father could taste so good.

10. How can we talk through our mouths but not smell the sounds of the beautiful beings in front of us. Whole lives are lived in empty thought, alone, isolated from touch. The warm hand on your spine during a magical embrace is a forgotten memory to you. Cold cells freeze in your spine, body decays at rapid speed. Dirt.

11. Stomach, gut pain, while you stand in the rain. For a lover, that is late. Supposed to be on a train. You're waiting there for hours, time is standing, still. A rush of cold wind blows, your spine gets a chill. An omen or a warning, a foreboding tome for your mind. A car pulls up, you know it, your world is about to unwind.

12. Digital moth flapped through old glitches, creating ripples in space time for us to get caught inside of. There was a stillness in the air as we stood on the green rocky cliff overlooking the purple sea in the distance. Clouds rushed in, and our world was a hurricane. A tree was ripped up from the ground and shoved into your chest, plunging you off the cliff. I grew myself wings ten years later to fly to outer space to find you in heaven. You weren't there, and then I stopped breathing.

13. She's dressed in all black, large overpowering hood that hides her face and chest. As she enters Club Ravencraft, a mist fills the doorway. Her hands slip out of the long dark

sleeves to reveal pale hands with long obsidian nails. With a few twitches of her wrist, and a crack of her joints the entire room is under her spell. They float for a moment and fall to the floor. None of them will leave the club tonight.

14. He turns on his terminal, the fan whir fills the room as the OS loads. He's going in tonight for the last time. He knows where she'll be, and at what time. He also knows the company will shut off his power at midnight. He plugs the device into his temples and launches himself into cyberspace. The black haired goddess is sitting at the bar, with two rum and cokes. They talk for a while. Just before they meet their lips for a kiss, his power is shut off and he falls to the ground dead in his apartment. Her program will have to be deleted in the morning due to corruption of emotions, he helped her feel real love.

15. Seven different moons all rotating around the horns on top of a mans head. He appears almost skeletal, wearing black robes. As he dusts his large castle, planet earth is a flake of dust, a dead skin cell infection that flaked off. We see hurricanes as we fall from a mantle in his castle. We die as we hit the floor.

16. Her boots stomp on thick metal floors of the abandoned warehouse. The thumps of her steps flow into her hear like drum tones. She is making her own movements through the forgotten space. A soft whisper and stir of dust follows her, the shadow man is what she calls him.

17. Behold the pale woman, kissing the inside of my mouth with her tongue. She's wearing a red dress and seated beside me in the back rows of the smoke filled room. The cinematheque is background noise, our world is to colourful with emotion, no screen can hold the passion we produce.

18. Standing on the highway, no cars, and wind can be heard. A large mechanical dog wanders the grass to the East. A small stone scratches the pavement below you. You know your life is going to be over soon, and it's fine. Wandering onto the highway was what you planned on doing tonight. The car comes to a skidding halt as your body lays bloody and empty. Wandering onto the highway was what you planned on doing tonight. You didn't expect to be knocked into another world. There is no final escape from your problems, you will be re-cast as another hopeless creature. Just in a different universe, with different sunsets and oxygen smells. The way the sun rapes your eyes sockets with yellow piss won't happen in the new world. It will simply be new, and you will grow to hate it just the same.

19. Why don't flowers just face away from the sun? Hide their faces in shadows and kill themselves. No one wants to go near them because of the insects. The bright colours on them burn my eyes, I see them when I look down to look away from the sun. They look up at the sun for life and happiness. I want to stand in between them like a life force. Not allowing their happiness, it no longer exists. The shade will wither their petals to nothingness. They will go back to being one with the dirt, just like all human life in the end.

20. She wanders lost through busy city streets. Focus on the black wads of gum on the pavement. No one knows that she's not human. Focus on the black dress in the window. Walk down the alley at forty-second street so they lose sight of you. Avoid touching the garbage dumpster. They've lost you now, climb up the wall. Make a nest on the rooftop and grow spawn. Maintenance man is now dead, shouldn't have come up to the roof. My children will feed on his organs.

21. He's out in the thick forest that his father told him to never enter. He slipped his tiny body through the barbed wire fence and pushed onward. His senses heightened to the fullest. He hears a twig snap and a quick rustling of leaves to his right. He fires his crossbow and sees that he made contact with the creature, but he wasn't sure what it was. The creature dropped to the floor in a pile of scattered autumn leaves as the boy quickly lowered his weapon and ran over to the body. Laying on the ground before him was a pale woman, with pointed ears and wearing tattered green clothing. He had shot her through the heart with his crossbow. He cried over her body, as she took her last breaths whispering something in another language. He ran back home and never told his father.

22. As a child she ate plants in her backyard. She dug up her mother's flowers and sucked the dirt of the roots. Her brain remembers when she ate bull weed. The false hope that the rosette gave her mind escape. She called them 'floor stars', now she calls them the enemy. The sharp pain of the needles pricking her tongue and throat. Hundreds of years later she still feels them, coughing up blood. Waking at all hours of the night on dirt grounds, coughing up blood. It oozes into the forest floor and new life begins deep in the soil. Worms eat her blood and cry when they feel her pain. She stares at the morning sky with her old eyes and allows them to burn. She begins photosynthesis as her toe nails grow out into the dirt. Her bones turn dark brown in colour and the blood is drained from her veins. She is mother nature's forgotten daughter left in a forest limbo forever. She tries to scream, vomits up dark green slime filled with seeds from her childhood. They plant small bushes all around her body as she is hidden behind the leaves. Forever now forgotten, she

is buried just below the surface, unable to scream, because roots have filled her throat.

23. With her hand hanging out of the screen-less window, the smothering fog sticks and hangs loosely in her fingers. Wisps of wind funnel through the alleyway onto her face. The beads of sweat cool to below zero and she's frozen in time. The colours drain out of her world and the room becomes black and white. She could be in Europe, but she's in a small Canadian town. The dust fights with the shadows over the shade contrast. Who gets more room on the book shelf in this new black and white world. The woman moves her eyes freely through time, hazing at the ash falling outside. It's still in the sky, she hears a loud explosion in the distance, followed by a high pitch ringing noise, and her nose starts to bleed red. It drips onto her window ledge and an explosion of colour breaks the forth wall. Her eyes stare into yours and her world becomes filled with colour once again. She finishes her cigarette and lays down in her unmade bed. A single gray tear pours out of the side of her eye, slapping the pillow. With a loud bang, the whole world goes monochrome, dark. She doesn't know when this will end, or when she'll get a hold of her emotions.

24. I'm awake, no, I'm sleeping. I'm floating in the kitchen. The air is filled with white noise. I see moments from the past before my eyes. The sun fades in the distance. I'm playing in childhood playgrounds, jumping off a swing to impress a small girl. Her name is Jade and her eyes burn my crotch. I remember how empty the fields were. Usually during school they are filled with children. I touch a blade of grass on my own time/human time. Teacher can't touch me now, nor can the air around. The air fills with orange dust and white noise fills my ears. Milk and blood pool together under my feet as I float in the kitchen. I'm in my teenage years getting a glass of milk. A bullet shoots through the window and kills a bird and injures me. The windows are fogged with smoke and nail polish. I'm floating in the middle of a baseball field in a beam of light. I'm back in bed, but I'm now eighty seven years old. My back doesn't feel any better, and I have eleven fingers. I'm awake, no, I'm sleeping, I'm sleeping, I'm sleeping, I'm sleeping.

25. I want typewriters and lipstick stains on cigarette butts, in chalk filled ashtrays that haven't been cleaned in months. The smoke that escapes from lung linings fills the air of a room, as it passes through cracked lips with small tears near the corners. The curtains and wallpaper reek of the tobacco smoke. Dust dots dance inside yellow light stabbing thick lines through the window. They fall on top of the typewriter keys, causing warmth to swell the metal keys into small fire filled embers that match that at the end of a cigarette. Nineteen

forties daylight sky colours on a passing gentleman's jacket, as he sits in a wooden chair behind a polished oak desk stained of a dark blood red tone. He watches the woman put out the cigarette in his dusty ashtray. He wishes she was a strong male role model he could look up to, while he was down on his knees.

26. She stood taller than most men. Never in her life had she been asked on a date. One night, she was walking home with a gun in her purse and a little person dressed as a clown tried to attack her. He missed her heart with his knife due to her height. Stabbed her stomach instead, and as she slowly died she shot the clown in the face. Their blood mixed on the pavement and a small stick bug grew in the pool. The stick bug was killed at the age of six and used as another clowns stilts.

27. She tells the man standing above her that she is his slave. He can do whatever he needs, just don't kill her. The man places a rope, gun, and knife on the table beside her. He asks her to choose one. The woman chose not to choose. She was found the next morning, hanging from her ceiling with a knife stabbed in her heart, and bullets shot through her torso. The first police officer at the scene called it suicide.

28. She walks up to him midday and says "follow me" as she runs down an alley. He has visions of Alice in her own wonderland who is now leading him to something. She halts halfway down the alley and pulls him in closely, asking if it's okay if she does something strange. He hates his boring life and agrees without hesitation. Her arms grab his body and her tongue slides down his throat, and then into his stomach, where she lays a few eggs before crawling up the wall of the alley with his body back to her nest.

29. Sitting by the creek with our feet in the water, small stones being washed away. Soon to be pebbles. Like human bodies they rot and break away without a pulse. Soft and hard like broken hears inside out veins we flow like rivers. No feet get dipped in us, but we allow people into our streams. When they leave, streams of water fall, from our bodies. Forming small rivers and creeks in the wrinkles of time on our faces.

30. I'd love to live through the time period where we write our planets with our address. So that I can send a beautiful girl on Mars an Earth flower, and when she sees the pure beauty of something new, she might get the slightest idea of what it was like, when I first saw her.

31. The mist picks up into a pour. I'm thankful to be inside and out of the elements. There is a window across from mine attached to another building. It's pulled up and the white

transparent curtains are blowing in the crisp night air, fluttering around the apartment like two ghosts hopelessly in love with each other. The beautiful woman that lives there is sleeping on her couch with a book on her chest. I open my window and yell across the alley at her to close her window down. She wakes up, and rushes to the window, slamming it shut. She smiles and waves to thank me. I wave and smile back as her husband walks in the door behind her.

32. Ruth and her new boyfriend Todd are on a late night drive through the thick wooded area surrounding their small but growing town on the outskirts of Ontario, Canada. The sky was a dark shade of purple, moon hidden behind clouds, and not a single star was visible. The only light they had to guide their travels was the lights on Todd's sleek, black, 1949 Ford. They drove into the darkness, listening to Django Reinhardt's song 'Nuages', passing by hundreds of green leaves of all shapes and sizes. The dirt road finally came to an end, at 'make-out point' on the hill overlooking the town. Tonight was oddly different, the view was skewed and dark. The town's lights weren't visible, and neither of them could recall the forecast calling for fog in the town tonight. Ruth looked over at Todd and noticed that all of the muscles in his face were relaxed, his pupils almost insignificant and yet full of fear. Todd's hands were shaking as they gripped the steering wheel. Ruth followed his line of sight to the sky above them at make-out point. In the sky above them wasn't the sky at all, but a large purple coloured patch of skin. It was as if the moon was inches from your face. Ruth slowly followed the obscure muscle surface to a yellow eyeball, staring right at her and Todd. It was then that Ruth realized that the town below them was in the mouth of this planet sized creature, and they were about to become the crumbs it dropped on the table. With a horrible crunching sound of metal, organs being squeezed, and blood filled bubbling screams, the creature devoured the town, and the planet it was attached to.

33. The wind blew open my coat as if a grouping of small children were trying to pull me backwards by it, keeping me from the cafe. I folded my coat over my chest with my left arm and held it there tightly, while burying my face towards my chest. I lifted the small half finished cigarette in my right hand to my mouth and took a drag while turning my face from the winds. It was my first cigarette in months and the head rush was vertiginous. As I walked into the cafe from the overcast wind storm outside, the hearty coffee bean aroma enveloped my entire face. I let my coat open to the warmth and walked over to the counter. Right away I noticed there was a new employee. I asked her for a 'dead eye' and had to explain to her that it was simply three shots of espresso in black coffee. My shaking pale hands, covered in blue veins and a pinkish hue from the wind



outside on my knuckles, hands the barista two dollars and seventy five cents. I always liked having exact change so the customers behind me wouldn't get angry with me while I counted it out in my hands. I sat down at a small table with a smooth limestone top and rusted, black painted metal legs that matched the chairs' swirly pattern. I draped my long coat over the back of the chair and was pleased when it didn't hit the ground. I sat down and opened up my copy of 'The Last Night of the Earth Poems' by Charles Bukowski. It was my favorite thing to read on overcast days, fully allowing myself to be emerged in the sadness of the poetry. I took a sip of my coffee but it was still too hot and I burned my upper lip. The coffee cup was mostly white, with a shiny golden trim around the rim and handle. There appeared to be a small flower like detail, but the cup was so old and worn, you could barely make it out. I ran my thumb over the coffee stains left on outside of the cup from my bottom lip. The warmth of the cup melted my hand into candle wax, dripping from my arm. I was staring outside at all of the different people passing by, all of them living their lives, knowing they were going to one day not exist. I don't know how they smile as often as they do. Life isn't like the movies make it out to be. I took across the cafe and notice a woman looking in my direction with a cup of something raised to her mouth, blocking most of her face. She then quickly looks down at her cup. From what I can see of her, she is beautiful. She is wearing a button up mens work shirt that is a light shade of blue demin, with the top two buttons undone, but not enough to show any cleavage. The shirts sleeves were rolled halfway up her forearms. I'm already picturing her as an artist, a painter. Someone who lives in a loft with twelve foot ceilings and has her work shown at local galleries. I imagine her to be a non smoker, but she used to be back in her youth. Her hair was shoulder length, jet black with bangs that hung just above her perfectly arched eyebrows. She was something out of a movie, a book, the perfect woman. The one I had always dreamed would come along one day and sweep me off my feet, changing my whole life and traveling the world together. Breaking away from the basic routines of life to go on adventures around the world. But that wasn't going to happen today. It wasn't meant to be. She looked like someone that woke up in the morning and made coffee with a smile. She would only be wearing a large white t-shirt and her underwear as the sunlight hit bare legs and the coffee makers' steam danced in the sunlight. She would spend her day trying to leave something behind for the ones she loves. She looks like someone with purpose on this planet. She looks like the kind of person who would never end up with a girl like me. I closed my book and placed it down on the table. I took my last few sips of coffee while trying to not look as depressed as I felt. I stood up and put my coat on. As my arms slid through the sleeves of the coat I felt a sensation of warmth, as if I was getting under

the blankets at night and cuddling up with someone. The thought only further depressed me as I came back to the reality that I was just standing inside of a cafe down the street from my apartment. I didn't bother to do up my coat because the wind would be at my back for the walk home. I walked over the glass door and pushed it open. The rush of cold air blew my hair and jacket all over the place. I felt a touch on my shoulder. It was the painter girl. She was holding my book and told me I had forgotten it on the table. She informed me that she had read it before and that days like today make her feel the same way Bukowski's poetry does. I say thank you, but stop and give her a puzzling look when I realize I don't yet know her name. She tells me her name is Naomi, and she's a painter.

34. Kissing you is like drinking ice water, numbing to the burn of being alive, as rush, a shock to the senses. My lips frozen in space-time, ice crystals forming in my brain to capture on film, this perfect moment. But then the sun came out again and melted all of my memories. As I sip from a tall glass, the thin ice water pouring down my throat reminds of a girl I once knew who's kiss was as cold as ice.

35. Quick subzero sleep, filled with stomach acid dreams. Apnea wakes your moral sense, bedroom filled with gargled screams. Gasp for air, it's there, truly what you feel is fear. Shadow man grabs you with his death bag, darkness is all around, swallow acid, burning sound. Television static throat while you turn blue in the background. Puke on your pants, acid wash jeans. Blame your mother, for genes. Sleepless nights, argument screams, back to sleep, stomach acid dreams.

36. "Psst", she whispers as he walks past an aisle in a dusty old warehouse somewhere in Ontario. They've spoken a few times before in passing, and he was always too nervous to ask her out for a cup of coffee. He walked over to her, and she asked him if he was having a good day. He replied with a the usual phrases, and she told him to come up with a better response. He leaned in and kissed her lips. She moved her face, followed by her body closer to his, fully accepting it. As they pulled away from each other, their eyes locked, and they smiled. Today was the day he ask to go for that coffee.

37. Wine drunk, she can no longer stand rational thinking. Mind melts beyond atoms, her brain explodes in an array of confetti. Rainbow cream coloured blood rushes through her nostrils and eyes sockets. She fall to the floor in a pile of colour. Her sister finds her later that night and throw her remains in the freezer. She spends all summer adding ice blocks of her rainbow sibling to her drinks. Her face morphs on June twenty ninth, and she becomes her sister.

38. Dark orange putrid piss stains, tuck back your cock, so the acid doesn't eat the flesh. Eroded plastic seat from the blobs mound acid. Whore of gritty streets, web cam flash photography nudes. The child walks in on it, the adult understands your ways. He is a married man, quilt was never your strong suit. Can't wait for your loneliness to consume you, and pills from the nineteen eighties to work their magic.

39. She's like a whisper inside of a snowstorm, a quiet little tone. Hiding underneath blankets, telling you to leave her alone. The whisper becomes a scream to a void of pure nothingness. It leaves her feeling empty, her mind filled with bliss. You want to reach your hand over. You want to offer assistance. She pushes away your help, and says it's better if there's distance. That she is odd and broken and you deserve much better for yourself. You recall being in a room with her, and it feeling like dark and stormy weather.

40. Drifting in and out of consciousness he imagines his paintings come to life. The man screaming into the void, the silhouette of a woman on a cold city night. He doesn't want to be this forever, he feels himself aging and his hands aren't what they used to be. Memento Mori he recalls as his heart rate skyrockets and he falls to a cold concrete floor of a warehouse. His writing will never be known.

41. Hardwood floors fill his house. In the living room there is an area rugs that is coloured like white noise, frayed around the edges. VHS tapes scattered all around the living room. A man in his eighties with stomach cancer is trying to find the perfect moment to view as he fades away into nothingness. He hit rewind on a tape, the anxiety pulses in his stomach. Will he live to see it? He hits the floor and dies as the tape auto plays on the screen in front of him, showing a video of his birth and how he was once the most important thing in someones life.

42. Blond wisps fall in line like newly washed samurai hair. Her mind-scape opens to the drug, as he asks her if their lips can make electricity. Lips crack up at the corners and a storm cloud fills her mouth. They press their faces together and the power in the room goes out. Pitch black except for inside their mouths. Which spills out into the room as they grasp for air. Her eyes glow blue and they know they're in love.

43. They wandered through the forest, unable to find their missing party member. Branches thick, but empty of leaves appear to be lunging outward, as if to attack them. As they followed the winds whisper they found their missing party member. He was hanging by his neck from a tree, along with a few dozen other men. A womans cackle is heard in the distance. They all draw

their weapons.

44. She takes a drag from her cigarette and puts it out on her arm just like her father used to. The pain is a rush of electrons, it gives her something to focus on while she plugs her head set into her two temple ports. The metal rods shoot deep into her brain and she blacks out. She awakens in cyberspace in tight black spandex with a spider gag in her mouth. She sees her master walk into the room. It's a shame this is what it takes to get off.

45. A woman pulls out a book from a dusty old chest in her basement. It's locked like a diary, filled with secrets and hidden words. She cracks it open with a small metal bar and sets it down on a table. She walks over to a small baby carriage and picks up a child. Holding the baby over the book, it's throat is slit. From the book, black claws begin to emerge. Finally the ritual is complete.

46. Watching from a small hole in the wall, a creature fixates on a small child playing with building blocks. The creature scratches his long nails against the inside of the wall, scaring the child until tears flow. The mother walks in and the creature can't believe how beautiful she is. The creature misses being a father but knows his wife did the right thing locking him up in the walls once the baby was born.

47. He calls out her name. It's the guy she daydreams about at work. He runs up to her and says "come, quick!" Grabbing her arm and pulling her down a small hallway. He kisses her passionately for what seems like years. They both burst into dust and die, having lived out their life purposes.

48. They meet up at the usual spot and they begin to swapping mouth juice. The man slides his hand to the woman's neck and sinks his pointed nails inside her flesh. His eyes widen as blood pours out of her neck. He begins to lick it all and suck on her wounds. She was never seen from again, his romances always last one month at the most.

49. Grabbing fistfuls of her hair while my fingers bend and press into her skull, that is housing the beautiful mind that allowed out tongues to touch. The room is nothing but shadow play and darkness. Static stillness fills the room as our feet shuffle across the wooden floor. She falls onto a bed and pulls me down with her. A small radio from the nineteen seventies gets turned on and blares jazz music as we become one with static between channels and live forever together in the electricity.

50. Complications arose during the surgery on an old man's heart. His body was donated to science. A very secret company

working on the cure to death, a way of allowing the human body to live forever, ended up bringing him back to life three hundred years later. He was the first and only human this ever worked on. He watched the world crumble around him. He cried as his friends died, but smiled as the sun exploded.

51. His eyes were pried open with small metallic prongs at the eye lids. Small drops of pure white liquid were dropped into his eyes, blinding him. Sawdust was then lightly sprinkled onto his open twitching dull eyes. Gasoline was poured into the mans nostrils via small plastic tubing and a funnel, while he head was snapped backwards. The family doing these horrible things to this man were smiling the whole time, knowing that they caught the man that murdered their daughter by the lake last year. The man lived another twenty six days in their basement before dying.

52. She was wearing her favorite leather jacket and walking home from the bar late one night. A small group of black dogs slowly walked out of an upcoming alley and blocked her path. Halted on the sidewalk, she pulled a small knife out of her jacket pocket as her eyes lit up green. The dogs eyes all radiated yellow light. Her torn up jacket was found in a nearby river, torn to shreds, and covered in fur.

53. The man in apartment 341 got a box delivered to his front door that he didn't order. Upon opening the box he saw the very small urn of a child, and a picture to go with it. Terrified the man dropped the items and passed out. The father of the boy showed up the next day to kill the man. As he enters the house, he finds a lifeless body of a man hanging from the ceiling. He shoots his neck until the body falls to floor.

54. Hollow and sleepy, she walks through the forest bare foot, in nothing but a black robe. She arrives at an old stone brick house, over grown with dead trees and vines. In a shattered window upstairs she can see blue and white wallpaper from a forgotten time. She sees a figure standing behind a stained, white transparent curtain on the upper floor. She's home.

55. "Hey, how are you?" "I'm good, and yourself?" "Fantastic." These false words get thrown around the warehouse like Co2 flying from our lungs. This particular warehouse in a small Canadian town was filled with people who didn't even think of the reply or answer. It spewed out like chemicals. One new hire decided he would be honest and told someone how he was actually doing horrible. Soon, others began saying how they really felt. Within a work week, everyone committed suicide by mass hanging in the warehouse, by the fifty foot ceilings. The

bodies all hung at various lengths as an order filled the warehouse.

56. She knew that the ten year marriage was over. She had felt it falling apart for years, but tonight solidified it for her. A handsome but poorly dressed man set near her at a coffee shop. He asked her if she was alright, to which she told him that her husband was worthless and all of the reasons why. They talked until the cafe closed and he walked her home. Outside her house they kissed. Her husband watching from the window upstairs. The girl in their bed asked if she should leave. He told her to stay right where she was.

57. It came to his attention that someday, some human being on this planet will have to look at his dead body and try to figure out how he died. It scared him to think about how we shove our naked beautiful bodies onto each other in heated moments of love and passion. But in the end, someone you don't know will be the last one to see you naked. A total stranger. He wonders if the love liquids will ooze out of his penis on the autopsy table. He's sure that the pathologist will laugh at his internal organs, and throw them into large metal bowls. His insides were filled with love and shared emotions with another body, and now parts of him are in seven different rooms, but nowhere at all.

58. Clumsy young man falling head over heels. Fell down a set of stairs covered in human skin instead of carpet. The flesh grabbed at his feet and snapped them at the ankle, ripping the achille's heel. He fell forever down the stairs trying to grab onto the hair sticking out of the walls. He was inside of someone, falling in love, and paralyzing the rest of his life. He knew he'd be broken like her, but he felt a comfort in the sadness. Comfort like a cold wind blowing into an open window while you're wrapped in a blanket with a coffee.

59. She arrived on a star, a wave of light. She traveled with wings that burned in our atmosphere. I found her in the corn field, where she bit my arm out of fear. I ran after her, and got myself lost in the forest. She is now the queen there. The trees walk around her and she kills all who enter, except me. Late at night she'll crawl out of the forest towards my house, and sit in the corn field with her glowing eyes until I noticed her. I've kissed her once or twice now, I'm starting to enjoy the taste of raw meat on her tongue.

60. His cold naked feet flopped onto the dusty hardwood floor and he grabbed a large book beside his bed. He headed for the window in the room and looked outside. He saw violent shadow

creatures ripping his flock into shreds and throwing the pieces around his farm. He slowly opened the window and his book and spoke a few cryptic sentences from its pages. A large blast of green coloured energy shot from his hand. What was left of the flock scattered in all directions, and the shadow creatures dissolved into dust.

61. The butterfly sends out pulse waves like a super nova. Metallic suits made by human kind shield out bodies from the harsh thrashing of butterfly wings. Artificial super intelligence merges over our bodies with our robotic suits, and kills all of the butterflies. The earth goes black within weeks and the A.I. let out a laugh through a speaker system floating in the sky. We created our end times, they created our future. Save all the butterflies on Mars, you're going to need them to save the universe.

62. The year is 1994. Charlie and his skinny goth girlfriend Vanessa are on mushrooms together at her house. Her black hair flows effortlessly onto her shoulders. A quick breeze bursts through an open window, sending the scent of Moroccan oil from her hair to his nostrils. He's sweating, why is he sweating. The dark clouds outside turn to rain and the world is all theirs. They fuck until three in the morning, start pounding glasses of wine, and slowly make their way through the carpeted house to go outside. On bicycles they ride into the night careless as to what's going on, or where their lives are going. The year is now 2005 Vanessa is stuck in limbo after half dying when she sliced her wrists open, and Charlie works at the local cafe wondering if she'll walk in one day.

63. The Egyptian princess, covered in gold chains and the finest of fabrics, blends into modern society. For years she has been drawing circles of gold, spray painting them on buildings and forcing people to view her symbol. The full moon rises near the end of the calendar year and the gold pours off of everything she's made, gathering in middle of a large desert to form a large golden scarab. Within days the planet Earth will be dust and the princess' eyes will appear in the black sky to watch over her new kingdom.

64. His cape flew behind him as he threw his body through the sky. Digital raindrops broke on his cheeks mixing with the tears and blood. It was the last day of October in the year 2032, and he had just killed the love of his life. He ran and flew as fast as he could, to get to a graveyard before sunrise. It was too late by the time he ever got even close to one. Children rolled in his ashes at a park, as the wind blew ash up a child's nose, and his skin began to burn.

65. In the final days of mankind on this planet we call Earth, will it still matter to you? The way people see your house. Will you have towels for guests, and small hand soaps that no one ever uses? Will you hang small monitors on your walls, wires running down to the floor like vines. Each monitor displaying a green-scape of plant life that once existed. The food is running out, and you have to kill a small child for a meal. The end of days are long past, the sun doesn't even shine through the black sky anymore. The heat levels burn your hair and flesh and the world is swallowed whole. Swallowed by a heatwave as the sun explodes and devours our planet. Each time you cleaned the house for guests, never mattered. Each time you had a bad day at work, never mattered. Each and every single time you smiled at something beautiful, never mattered. These are the end times of planet Earth, these are the things that keep me up at night.