

## THE STONES: AN APOCALYPTIC TALE OF HORROR

I remember the first day as though it were yesterday. The day the world would come to an end I thought. It was on a Tuesday, June 14 to be exact when it happened. I was walking down a hill toward town when I witnessed the first stone. It was floating high above the shoreline toward the ocean beyond the hill. The stone was at least the size of a small town. Far in the distance toward the city I could still hear cries, moans to be exact. It was happening. The end of the world perhaps?

As I crept closer to town, entering the high road toward town, I noticed there were no cars on the streets. Since I usually took long walks along the beach at 6AM, at around 7:30 there were usually cars by then. None whatsoever now. As I looked toward the sea, I spotted more of these immense stones rushing across the ocean waves towards town.

By the time I reached the town of Morrisville I saw cars crashed along the sides the sidewalks and along the roads themselves. People were running. As I ran into one of the delis, which was empty, I noticed the television on the corner of the deli was showing an except of the news.

“—It appears as though entire mountains are being ripped out and headed in mid-air across the county to nearby townships.....thousands have died as the ground has been ripped open by unseen hands. Many religious organizations are calling this the hand of God punishing man. None are sure what forces are at work in this terrifying nightmare.”

For what purpose was this attack? Who was behind it? I scrambled out of town, watching thousands flee back and forth in fear of those immense stones. One of them came close to the town, and as I escaped from whence I came, back toward the beach that is, the stone slammed over the town completely, killing everyone who was still there.

Night fell as I slept in the far northeast woods. I wanted to reach the big city of White Plains....hopefully I could find some refuge there. Surely the stones would not attack a big city. There would be no way to crush it??

I saw herds of people forming in the woods. Thousands have now died as entire mountains ripped off the ground and stones of unknown origin began attacking and crushing towns all over the continental United States.

As I got farther into the woods, I saw crushed trees and bodies every now and then, including a poor couple still holding each other and their baby along the rocks and grass.

Now what would transpire next I could not tell you. For whatever reason I had become resigned. I simply did not care about the outcome of what would occur. There seemed to be no escaping these stones of terror. They were coming for everyone.

People began forming herds trying to make their way to the big city. So I followed them as I would definitely do. When we finally arrived there, there were fallen buildings, and bodies everywhere. Everywhere!!

As soon as the herd arrived and noticed the carnage, we began to break up as groups. There was literally nothing I could do. I saw the stones arriving in fleets. Immediately the murdering began. People fled in hordes. I decided to be clever and make myself scarce. I simply did not panic, but slowly slipped away. I noticed that perhaps it was my apparent lack of fear that was keeping me alive. Others began to notice that too. The way I walked, the way I talked, my total resignation. It was keeping away the stones.

Other travelers began to follow my lead. The ones who were clever and the ones who were smart. When night fell, the stones stayed away. The survivors wanted to know my secret. So I told them. I simply said,

“The stones will not attack those who show no fear. Who are resigned to their death and their fate.”

“But why?” One asked as we sat by the fire in those dark woods.

“I do not know.” I said coldly.

Those people stood by my side and made me a leader. I could not refuse them. They simply followed me wherever we went. While thousands died by the stones, this group became resigned and accepting of the stones, and strangely enough the stones went right around us.

In the middle of the night one evening I was awakened by the sound of thunder. As I awakened, I saw a single stone shadowing me. I could hear a voice in my head say, “We are the Osiris. We come from another galaxy. We came to annihilate the herds who care not for this world, who suffer nature’s destruction. Those who are spared will accept their fate. The world is yours now. Do not make their mistake or suffer like they did, you will.” A very dark chill crept up my spine as I heeded their warning. They killed all of mankind. Except us!

So eventually I stepped down my leadership as a colony government was formed. But I was never forgotten. I thought it was the end of the world. Actually in retrospect, it was the end of a world and the formation of a new one!