

Edge of the Unknown Future

Today was normal but everything seemed awfully strange. Something wasn't right. Then with a sudden urge to not jump, the phone rang. As she went into the kitchen and approached the phone, she picked it up. "Hello?" A familiar voice said. "Hi....?" she replied, unsure of who it is. "Celeana I'm warning you about a looming killer, he's coming. He is to attack you," the voice said. Frightened and with the need to not scream, she started shooting questions. "Who are you? How do you know my name? And why the hell would you tell me about a looming killer who is about to attack me when you can easily call 911?" Strangely, calmly, and remarkably, the voice said, "Look I don't have enough time to explain. I need you to grab as many weapons as you can to defend yourself from the killer. I'm going to warn you one last time, Celeana, be careful and do what you need to do in order to survive." The call ended. Celeana, who was blooming with thousands of questions to ask, realized that the voice sounded familiar, too familiar. In fact, it sounded very much like her own.

As she walked up the stairs, Celeana stopped. She understood now- not too much but just understood. She didn't think anything would happen that day, so she decided to take it chill. She went outside to take a run. 30 minutes later when she reached the house she stopped, this time deadly. The lock of her front door was jammed and the handle was broken. My possible self could have been right, she thought. Were the killers inside th- before she could finish her own thought, gunshots fired, not one, but two. This was a matter of life and death. She ran, ran faster than ever, than her entire history of track. When she finally thought she was safe, she stopped and hid at a nearby store.

She picked up her phone and dialed her own number. "Hello Celeana, this is Celeana." It sounded weird and crazy. "Hi," she heard her own voice say. "What's happening, you didn't tell me they're coming today and-" Her future self stopped her, "Wait, what do you mean 'they're'?" Celeana quickly explained the attempt that happened. As pale as she is, her voice sounded paler. "You're dealing with the deadliest killers. I wasn't sure who the killers were but now that I do you're on your own. I'm your future you, I can't possibly help you do anything to save yourself or anyone, but here is one last piece of advice before I leave you. There's a gun on the side of the cabinet in the store, get it, there's also a knife in a blue bag, take both, grip your hand to the knife, walk to the owner and kill him. He's in on it too. Also don't stab him but throw the knife directly to his heart. The killers are headed your way, Celeana, do this as quickly as possible and GET OUT." Then the call hung up.

She did everything as asked but when it came to the boss she didn't want to attempt her first murder. She took a deep breath and aimed from a corner she was hiding in closest to the boss. Then she threw the knife, and without looking back at all the screaming and shouting she ran fast, really fast. The security seemed like they were going to run after her but they ran to the boss instead. She could taste the ash and smell of the dead world on her chapped lips as she

kept running, settling on her leaden tongue. Inside she couldn't hear the worst question of all; had she brought this upon herself?

Hiding in a bush she could see two men with guns shooting in the air as if to frighten people. She can hear screaming everywhere. She knew they were the murderers, just with one look. Jail as a new home, trust as a new insecurity, hope as despair, and life as death she takes the shot.