

My Greatest Friend. My Greatest Revenge

I've been walking for weeks looking for signs of other survivors, yet I can't find any sign of life anymore. It had been 24 days since the virus, Sundrilla, wiped out the world and seemingly every human along with it. Except me. Of course I'd be the one person to survive the freaking apocalypse. I continue down the road, talking to myself as commentary as I'd been doing for weeks now.

BANG! I suddenly heard behind me. I whip around and my vision tunnels, focusing directly in front of me. My mouth falls open and my eyes go as wide as saucers. "Oh, you have got to be kidding" I hear fall from my mouth, followed by a scoff from the person opposite of me. Jane. I roll my eyes just thinking of her name. Jane was my childhood friend till high school came along and she found some better friends. Friends that decided to bully me relentlessly, Jane included. "Out of all the people" she says in a snarky tone. I shake my head in astonishment. The end of the world can't even stop her from infesting my life like an insect. Some part of me begs to hurdle insults at her and walk as far away as I can. But she is the only person I have seen in 24 days. I can't just walk away. Maybe just maybe we can find other survivors. I tell her this, seeing if she'll be the bigger person as well. After a long argument and many insults thrown, we decided to continue together.

She's watching me... I know she is. I can feel it but when I look, she is already looking away. We don't talk. We don't talk for days... Until the dam broke. This happened during the 4th night together, Jane looked at me and broke down. Tears streaming down her face and hiccups escaping her throat. She scatters for words and rambles about how sorry she is for how she treated me. She tells me about how she wanted to fit in and how scared she is. I listen while comforting her and we stay up all night catching up, we cry, and we laugh. Just like how it used to be.

Even though we made up, I think a part of me will always resent her and crave revenge for what was done to me.

After another week of searching, we start to lose hope. I can see this affecting Jane. Poor girl, crying at night, sleeping in the daytime. She's going to drive herself crazy if she continues. I stay up to make sure she's okay. She thinks I sleep. But I watch. I have to watch. What if there are people? Watching keeps me safe. I mean us, it keeps us safe. Jane would do the same. Right?

Well, she told me we would always be friends then left me... But no, that's different. Jane won't leave again. She won't. Of course she won't, I'm all she has.

"Are you ok?" I snap my head up. I meet Jane's careful, unsure eyes. I smile "Perfect," I say, my fingers twitching. "Just perfect." She watches me warily as if i'm a wolf who has found its next meal "You're talking to yourself." she says slowly. "Oh" I laugh "I'm just singing a song while thinking of what to do tomorrow" the lie slips easily past my lips, relief floods me as I watch her shoulders relax. "Why don't you get some sleep?" I suggest. She nods in agreement and goes to lay down.

Close. That was too close. If Jane sees, she'll think I'm weird. As she and her friends used to call me, what would Jane do if she thought I was weird. A gust of wind blows, and her bag falls off the chair. I watch as a knife falls out. A knife...

Jane has a knife. I knew this was affecting her. She's going insane. Jane is going to kill me. She's going to kill me.

I'm weird to her.

She does not like weird things.

I grabbed the knife. Jane is not getting to me. I won't let her. I slowly walk towards her.

She thinks I'm weird.

She bullied me.

And I forgave her.

I comforted her.

I *trusted* her, and this is what she does.

Suddenly, I am bent down beside her. The knife weighs heavy in my hand. She won't get to me again. I won't let her this time. I brought the knife down and her eyes blew wide open. I brought the knife down again. She screams and flails. I hold her still as I bring the knife down again and again. She won't turn on me again. She won't get the chance. Her body goes limp. The fresh grass is now stained crimson. I dropped the knife. Giddy with relief. Cheering for my revenge. I mean my safety. Of course that's what I meant; A wide grin stretches upon my face. Yes. I'm safe now.

Finally safe.