

Destruction and Renewal

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Wave after merciless wave of debris-filled seawater crash into the shore, breaking apart the land into tiny pieces of sedimentation with every attack, washing bits and pieces of plastic rubbish on the polluted shore back into the water. A young girl clothed in darkness sits by the seaside, silently pondering.

The wind blows the girl's hair back almost majestically, like a sign from fate. Her senses tingle, and she knew that **it** was about to happen. Closing her eyes, she takes a deep breath, anticipating the inevitable.

As the floor begins to corrode, she stands and silently makes her way to the other side of the island, then sitting again in her old position, with her arms wrapped around her legs. She knows that if she stays in one place too long, the earth will break apart around her. The ground would fall apart, and the air would turn putrid with rot. The island would become nothing but dust. This seemingly innocent young girl represents everything that is wrong with this world. She is sin. She is immorality. She is destruction.

But she is not invincible. Even she will fall victim to this terrible disaster this world calls global warming. The prickly warm atmosphere and the glare of the sun scald her skin, and the sea rises with every second. She knows that soon, the ocean would drown her increasingly small island, taking her with it.

Pangs of terror clenched her heart when she thought of death. Even with the knowledge that the world was cursed with her existence, that countless had died at her touch, or even by those addicted to the power she provided, the thought of never feeling any emotions, the thought of never being able to experience the world around her again

absolutely terrified her. She was nothing like what the world thought her to be. She was fragile, weak, like a human. Her heart can be cracked open and her soul can be broken.

On this island made of nothing but sand and rubbish, what else was there to do except escape into the depths of her mind? But thinking was something she hated to do. When she does, it only brings her sadness and depression. When she thinks about everything she had ever done and all the harm she had caused to people, along with her loneliness and the knowledge of being hated by all, one question always comes to mind, “Why me?”

Yes, why her? Why was this young child cursed with so much power? She, like all of us, was born to human parents. They all were. But they were born as overseers, the few special humans born with only one purpose in life. Hers was destruction.

This island had been her home for what she felt was like eternity. Ever since her destruction of the only place that people cared about her, she has found herself afraid of being seen in public again, afraid of being loathed. As if she wanted to kill all those people. She loved them so much. Everything she did to them hurt her so much more than they would understand. It made her feel as if her core was being ripped apart piece by piece. Her hands had moved on its own, slaughtering the people one by one. And all she could do was watch. She hated herself. She knew that, but she couldn't bear to end her own life. Everything would collapse. Darkness would erupt. She closed her eyes, as tears escaped them, letting waves of darkness flow from her body.

As the darkness seems to overwhelm everything around her, completely shrouding the island from view, a hand reaches out towards her, breaking her trance-like consciousness. The darkness disappeared, revealing that the hand belonged to a young boy, who had a small grin was plastered on his face. A gentle smile of innocence and purity. Of love and sincerity.

A snarl appears on her pale, moonlight face. “Who are you?” she demanded.

“I am your counterpart, and I’m here to save you. You will die if you stay here.” He stated, simply. He watched the girl, curious. He had heard so much about her, but seeing her in person, it’s a whole other story. She was nothing like what the people described her to be. Wisps of faded dark hair shrouded her face, her eyes lit up with so much emotion, filled with fear and doubt. Her lips were drawn in a straight line. She was beautiful. He couldn’t believe how even though he had never seen the girl before, he somehow knew that they had a connection, and that it was fate that brought them together.

“Don’t you think I know what will happen? I’m prepared for the consequences.” She spat out, turning away from him and returning to her old position, squeezing her eyes shut as tears threatened to flow. All she wanted to do was to take his hand and go with him to a place where she would be safe, where she wouldn’t be alone, but she knew, deep inside her dark, black heart, that it was not possible.

“I came to take you to the mainland.” He repeated. “You’ll be safe there.”

“I appreciate the offer, but I’ll destroy the land... Can’t you see? Everything dies around me. This island was once covered in greenery and wildlife, but they all died out, all because of me...”

He chuckled softly, but it was not one that signifies joy and amusement, but a forced, painful one. Her words made him feel sick to the stomach. She was so naive, so innocent. It’s a wonder how she didn’t realise how ridiculous and false her words were. “That’s where you’re wrong. This world is already destroyed beyond what a single person like you could ever do. It was the pollution, the work of billions, that killed this island, not you. It was the atrocious actions of the human beings on this planet who brought about this catastrophe.”

He thrusts his hand back out at her, insisting she takes up his offer. When she just glances at him coolly, with her eyes glazed over, he urged, “Don’t you understand? Only you

and I can do something about this destruction. Come on, we can save this world. Together.
One person at a time.”

She switched her eyes between his hand and his face, then looked out into the ocean behind her. Then, her own selfishness and hope for a better future overcame her common sense... and she reached out.

Marking the start of a new era...