

EPOCH DAWNING: THE BLIP

In the future, the man painfully awoke from the recurrent nightmare that plagued his sleep for the past few weeks—he remembered being in the village square when the tribal elder blew the ram’s horn, alerting all to imminent danger. The weaker villagers who were unable to reach the island’s peak were left stranded, and consumed by the massive influx of water that engulfed most of the land. He could remember all the cries, all the pain, and all the chaos. On that day, in a matter of minutes his reality was thrust from paradise to a living hell. The cataclysm came without warning—the earth had not shaken, the rain did not pour, nor was there a strong wind in the air. He reasoned to himself the ancestors must have been angry, and exacted their judgment swiftly.

In the now decimated village, the few remaining villagers looked weak, broken, starving, and near death. The man feared he was the only one left with the stamina and strength to endure the future. He felt unsure what to do in the new misery, and came upon the shores of the beach one morning, hoping the warm tropical air could provide him with a new breath of focus.

He walked out from the jungle onto the desolate beach he had known since he was a young boy. He looked from left to right in the hope that the destruction may have been brushed away, but the once ideal scene appeared tarnished with the scars of a tsunami’s aftermath.

In the distance over the water, a strange being rapidly approached him. The being, an odd and strange creature, zipped through the air, but it had no wings. As it came closer, the gentle buzz coming from its insides went from a subtle whisper to a loud rumble. The creature had no eyes, and its skin was grey and shiny in the bright sun’s rays. The creature soon hovered next to the man as the two stood motionless, contemplating and examining. The man took a step back, and his muscles tensed.

A small circle of fire flashed atop the creature’s skin and some sort of green mist began to shoot out of an eye the creature appeared to have on its belly. It made a series of strange noises, before extending a long arm with hooks on the end that opened and closed. The man cautiously watched as the hooks moved closer to him. He withdrew, knocking them out of the way. The creature then began making even stranger, louder noises, and the man wondered if the Gods had sent him a drunken messenger. Alas, the creature persisted in its course and advanced towards him. In turn, the man became alarmed and afraid—he retreated to a nearby rock, which he threw at the creature. He then picked up every other projectile in sight, and began to furiously hurl the objects at the beast.

The creature momentarily stopped, then continued its advance. In a minute, its noises ended. It then opened its skin, and a blowpipe emerged from the top of its head.

After a loud charge and then a high-pitched whoosh, the man looked down at his chest and saw the gaping hole where his heart had been located. In his final seconds of life, he looked up at the creature and wondered where the strange beast had come from, who sent it, and what had happened to the world he once knew.

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