

Sayumi

Everything around me is quiet. I stand preliminary to the remains of my former home. My hair is singed by the fire and countless parts of my grey, knee-length skirt are ripped. Every part of my body hurts like a bastard, makes me want to scream it out loud. No matter how hard I try, no noise will leave my mouth, except my intense husky breath. At my back a long cut severed my shirt and I can feel the gore on my skin. My legs are numb, I can't move. All I can do is gaze into the distance.

I look at the ruins, that once was my gorgeous hometown. I can see the giant houses, deflate into themselves. Unhearable they break down from their own weight. Dust and rubble cloud the horizon. I'm not really sure, what happened. All I know is what I lost: my family, my friends, my teachers.

After all ends, you'll think, all of it happened so suddenly. Life will elapse and I never had the chance to move on, from my barely completed childhood.

I can't smell anything. I can't feel anything. All I hear is my own breath, bullying his way out of my lungs.

I can feel something... something strange. I nourish the feeling, that I'm not alone any longer. I can hear something. Steps. Slipping, tripping steps. Are these my paces? I gaze into the distance and can see, the ripping of the steelropes. They belong to the pendant bridge, which connect the north and the south of the city across the river. With a soundless jolt they rip and get thrown to the red dyed air. The toast of the town collapsed like a house of cards. Decades of survive and final destruction united in one moment.

Now I'm sure: I'm not alone anymore. I start heavy breathing and look on my left. And I see the eyes. My eyes. There are so much harm, poignant grief and black despair into them.

Harm. Grief. Despair.

And there is one word formed into my head like fire:

...Armacom...