

A Million Miles

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I was experimenting with different beginnings for a story i'm planning on writing, and i came up with this. Which is weird because the story has nothing to do with this... lol and i was not depressed when i wrote this by the way

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/dare2try/2800/A-Million-Miles>

Chapter 1 - A Million Miles

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1 - A Million Miles

It was a Thursday. Winter was just beginning to take its icy hold on the world. The temperature was slowly dropping each day, and the sky growing darker. Pushing against the ever persistent wind, a young male of 21, no more than a boy, was staggering across the pavement, hugging his jacket tightly. His head down, he drove his way blindly forward. His knees weakened and he stumbled, barely managing to catch himself before he was thrown backwards by the invisible force. He was not ready to give in; it was not his time yet. Regaining balance, he continued on this seemingly impossible journey, towards what? Not even he knew, he just prayed. For one more day, one more hour, one last minute. Suddenly, he was thrust backward. Knowing this was how he was to pay for his momentary lapse; he threw his hands toward the sky and shouted to the air to take him. A blinding beam of light flashed down from above. Screaming in pain, he collapsed, his whole body shaking as he plummeted into deep, deep darkness.

Slowly opening his eyes, he looked around him. The sky was no longer an endless pool of black, what he saw was light. Lights of white, yellow and orange, shining from all directions. Fluffy clouds of peach and cream floated all around him, brushing against his limp body. Lifting his left arm, he touched one of these clouds. Instantly, he felt safe; this was home. Waves of comfort emanated from it, wrapping him in a warm blanket.

He sat up. A bubble zipped past his face, startling him. He leaned back and looked up. Bubbles, millions of bubbles whizzed around. There were at least a hundred different colours, all bumping into each other. A low "pop!" was heard, and all the shiny spheres stopped. They did not move for a few seconds. Another pop. Suddenly the bubbles flew toward him. The boy scrambled up and tried to run again. Just as he took his first step, everything went silent. Closing his eyes, he thought of life. He opened them with a jolt.

Why could he not think of life? Why was the only thought in his head, death? He knew nothing of death, so how could he know so much? Lifting his hand to his face, he tried to look, to see himself, just to make sure. Nothing was there. Recoiling, he looked down at where his body was supposed to be. His eyes wide with terror, he stood up and ran. He had no idea where he was running, he just was.

Miles later, the boy sat. He breathed in deeply and slowly blinked. He saw a crowd of people, shrouded by a layer of thin mist. The people were laughing and talking with each other. The noise died down and all eyes were focused on him. They beckoned him over.

Right at that moment, he knew where he was. He was ready to accept it: he had passed. He was ready to go and join the rest of his family. Smiling, the man walked forwards into the mist,

"Hi Mum."