Glitch

Word Count: 979

 It was a normal day. A normal day where all of the kids go to school. A normal day where you’d meet up with your friends, learn new things, and possibly practice a new sport. It was a simple, normal day. But for some reason, it became the world's worst and last day, except for one single person. Their name was unknown, but we’ll call them One, as in the only person left.

 First, One didn’t know what hit them, what hit the entire world. To begin, they were building a diorama about the five stages of grief. When “The Glitch” happened, One didn’t even notice. But when they did, they were dumbfounded. They saw that everyone was still, still to the point everyone in the room wasn’t even blinking. One thought it was a goof since their birthday was last week. But pretty soon, they realized that no one wasn’t joking around for giggles or surprises. The students and teachers were frozen in Time. When One looked outside, they saw their Schools lacrosse team practicing. One brushed it off, but they soon saw that the Lacrosse team’s signature ball was stuck in mid-air as if it was stuck in jelly. One was shocked even more when they saw a crow stuck in the middle of the sky, in the perfect position where One could see the glint of dew on its wings, for the sky was incredibly wet that day. One was scared, afraid, mortified by what had overcome their school. But suddenly, a thought burst into One’s head, making them book it to the other side of the school; what they saw lit a fire into their heart.

One saw their girlfriend frozen in time, being administered her overdue vaccines. The only girl they’d ever liked in their entire life was gone, archived, in a world where its track was paused. One was infuriated. Who or what was doing this to them, trying to put them through hell, and Why? To get a sick laugh? To watch One’s life unfold in an infinite loop of madness? Even then, why keep One, a practical nobody, as the only person alive on this earth? To remind them of their unpopularity? Their closed-off life? One was getting more fired up each second they were thinking about it. One started to trash the room; they were opening medical cabinets, unraveling bandages, breaking thermometers, and stomping on syringes. However, in One’s rampage, they slipped on some alcohol they had previously smashed and slipped into a heap of syringes; One shrieked in pain. Suddenly, a calm voice whispered behind them, “Stop.”

One spun around and noticed a little white Orb floating in front of them; its gleam of white hurt their eyes. When One tried to speak, the Orb quietly hushed them and said, “Don’t worry, One, I won’t hurt you.” In an instant, One felt a surge of assurance run through their spine. Again, One tried to speak their mind, but the Orb cut them off again, “I know what you’re going to say, One, so one,” the Orb chuckled. “Sorry, I can’t handle myself around puns, you know?” the Orb squished out through chuckles. “Let’s call you, um, what do you want to be called?” One shrugged. “Okay, fine. I guess I’ll still call you One. So first off, no, I can’t stop any of this. Second, I’m extraordinarily sure I can’t stop any of this, so don’t try to bargain with me, okay?” One tried to speak again but was instead given a subtle look of “Let’s take a walk, shall we?” As One and the Orb walked through the park, the Orb being its usual, classy self, tried to make some small talk. “Nice weather we're having here, eh? Well, I mean, ah, crispies, I didn’t mean it like that One. I’m only trying to prepare myself to say something to you.” One stopped giving the Orb a look of disgust and instead switched to a confused face. “Look, One,” Orb said, “I can’t keep going the way I am unless I tell you this.” One immediately tried to start bargaining with Orb but was instead cut off with the direst news a person could hear. “One, I

have to say this, I have to, even though it pains me so much.” The Orb started to shake. “One, you're dead, this is Limbo.”

One crumbled down and wept. Their entire life was over? But One didn’t get to live their life, they were only fifteen. Worst yet, One was in their final year of high school. How could their life be like this? “Listen, One,” the Orb spoke into One’s ear, “I know this is a hard time for you, but it happens to the best of us, all of us, frankly!” One wept even more, feeling as if the Orb was trying to tell them to “grow up!”. “Aw shucks, One, I didn’t mean it that way.” the Orb replied. “I’m so, so sorry for you.” When One cleared their eyes of depressed tears, they saw that the Orb was dripping water. Feeling as if One had hurt the Orb's feelings, they hugged the Orb, burying them in One’s warm, soft hoodie. “Aw, One,” the Orb said, still muffled in the hoodie. “You didn’t have to do this!” One let go of the Orb and saw that it wasn’t crying anymore, they then looked down at their hoodie and saw that it was drenched in tears. After that, One and the Orb sat in the moist, dewy grass for what seemed like an eternity. But something was riddling One’s mind; How did they die? After this thought was troubling One forever, the Orb softly whispered, “They dropped a bomb, One. Those horrible dogs dropped a bomb on us.” But this information didn’t trouble One; it gave them clarity.