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Warnings We Do Not Heed

July 13, 2023

777 Words

Before the Apocalypse

Dear Mother and Father, Brother and Sister,

Before the apocalypse, we sat around making elaborate plans to survive the zombie apocalypse - debating who could come up with the better survival guide. You know, what to hoard, where to go, what gear was needed, who you would take with you. All the myriad of ways to be prepared when a global pandemic or some such infected everyone and turned them into brain-hungry, zombified living dead. We thought it was harmless – just a few intellectual exercises taken way too seriously - arguing deep into the night during Friday night Dungeons and Dragons campaigns. As far as the actual apocalypse, we meant no disrespect, saddened that we came across as insensitive – about human cultural implosion, the deaths involved, and even the horrible examples of inhumanity that were so prevalent after. It's just, like most of our peers, we grew up watching entire genres of film specializing in post-apocalyptic depictions about the end of days. Raised on Night of the Living Dead, Dead Alive, Night of the Comet, The Road, Zombieland, and literally hundreds upon hundreds of extinction films playing

across four decades till we no longer believed the end of the world was anything but a cinematic trope.

But then the official apocalypse did happen in the year 2023. A real life human extinction event that was no joke and nothing like what the movies depicted. Hard to explain considering the trivial politics behind it, but I'll give you the broad strokes. A Russian Oligarch named Vladimir Putin, what you at home would call a *delets-osvoenie*, initiated a full scale land invasion of Ukraine for no other reason than his ego. When his country failed to claim victory, something they pridefully believed could be done within a day, and were driven back across their borders, Putin, the Napoleonic *luzher*, instigated a nuclear war. He fired off 1,250 tactical nuclear warheads into the country of Ukraine – the obvious message being, “if I can't have her, no one can.” The Americans, along with numerous European countries including recent NATO member, Poland, returned fire and launched missiles of their own back at Russia. And a global chain of events unfolded. Nearly every remaining country with capability, country after country, let loose their small, medium, or vast nuclear arsenals till, for one whole hour, the entire world glowed brighter than the sun. Hundreds of thousands of atomic explosions lighting up the sky. And so World War III occurred in the ninth hour of the sixth day of the eighth month in the twenty third year of the twenty second century on the planet Earth lasting sixty-two minutes and fourteen seconds in duration. The world was scorched brown and black with no human survivors that we can determine.

Now here's what you never knew, along with most of the human population before or after the apocalypse. My friends and I survived the apocalypse – all fifteen of us – because we lived deep down in the bunkers of Colorado's Cheyenne Mountain Complex where we had been moved a decade earlier. And because we weren't native earthling terrestrials, our bodies were able to absorb the nuclear fallout without fatality. Of course, we no longer resemble the extraterrestrials who landed at Roswell in '47

thanks to all the radiation we've imbibed, but that's to be expected. The human scientist, Charles Darwin, was right about adaption - our bodies did modify themselves to meet the new environmental demands. So much, I doubt even you, my family, would recognize me now.

After the apocalypse, Jeremy, Platius, and Ford Lincoln Mercury wanted to leave for Sentius. Ellen and I voted to go home. And the rest, including Baby, wanted to continue exploring the galaxy since we now have the necessary fuel and our ship has long been repaired. Despite the hardship, everyone believed they had the answer to the dilemma - what to do now that the human civilization we were supposed to study had expired.

So now, during our Friday night games, we debate the merits of staying versus leaving. If we should stay together. Leave together. Or simply split up. Who should stay. Who should go. What equipment to divide. What merits or disadvantages in doing so. What the chances of surviving together or apart would be. On and on. And in between, when we needed something to chuckle about because the debates had grown heated, we harkened back to our pre-apocalypse zombie plans and laughed ourselves silly. What fools we were. And how wrong our thoughts on the subject.

I hope we arrive at a decision soon.

Yours in Perpetuity,

"Lizzie"

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The End.

