

2024

Anchor

R. J. Davies



Copyright © 2024 R. J. Davies

Visit my website at <https://rjdavies.ca>

All rights reserved.

No part of this fictional work may be used or reproduced by any means, graphic, electronic, or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, taping or by any information storage retrieval system without the written permission of the author except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews. This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, names, incidents, organizations, and dialogue in this novel are either the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.



R. J. Davies

Contact through <https://rjdavies.ca>

Anchor

R. J. Davies

Sipping coffee and sitting on my sofa, I see we have reached phase five of Anchor relocation. It was on every news broadcasting. Fifteen years ago, scientists discovered a doorway to another world. Much like earth but it has three suns and shares the galaxy with fourteen other planets. It's twice the size of the Milky Way galaxy. They quickly called it Anchor. Phase one was to explore it and make sure it was safe for humans. Phase two was to transplant plants and veggies in Anchor to see if they would thrive. They did better there and were tastier. Phase three was to try animals over there; they transplanted a few and then a few more. Our animals were thriving in Anchor. What more could we ask for? Phase four, build homes, buildings, create cities. There were several small, mid-size and three large cities. They didn't waste any time, working day and night. Phase five, transplanting humans there. There was a large waiting list for this.

Earth had hit an all-time low. The storms and weather were growing more violent. Food shortages, smog was at an all-time high, the planet was in bad shape. It was dying. Soon it wouldn't be fit for any soul. Many people were just waiting to jump ship. When they started the relocation list five years ago, they were overwhelmed by the people who signed up for it.

Watching the first set of humans with their packed bags and cargo in tow as they crossed over and headed to their assigned homes. I wasn't sure if I wanted to be a part of this. Anchor seemed too good to be true. My grandma always said, if it sounds too good to be true chances are

it is. And that woman knew things. Tucking my feet under myself I continued to watch. It was hard not to watch.

Two months have passed and 80 percent of the people of Earth left and relocated to Anchor. Some of us who were still here were wondering if we should make the move. Everything seems like it was working out for the others. However, on the upside, Earth was starting to recover from all the shit we put it through. The storms were getting less and less. Maybe Earth just needs less humans?

The people of Anchor seemed to be happier and living a good life. I thought about moving and decided against it. My family grew up here on Earth and I didn't want to just get up and leave that all behind. I would go and visit my mom and grandma at the cemetery once a month and bring them flowers, I miss our talks. Well, I still talk to them even though they don't answer back. My ex-husband and his new bride left for Anchor yesterday. It's another reason I don't really want to take the plunge, let them have the new planet and galaxy. I'd rather stay here since it's now Darren pollution free. Chuckling at my own joke. I turned off the tv and headed off to work.

Work was a bit rough since we're short staffed. Most of the city left for Anchor. Good riddance I thought. Finally getting home I kicked off my shoes, locked the doors and heated myself up some leftovers. Sitting on the sofa I turned on the tv and checked on the news for Anchor. It was what we Earthers did, checked to see how the better half were living. Did we want to join them? Nope, not yet. They were celebrating a new holiday they came up with called Lighting the Skies. Fireworks, musicians, food, everyone was dressed up in their finest. After eating my food, I passed out right there on the sofa.

Houses were a blaze, people running and screaming, it was on a small street. Much like mine but when I looked up at the night sky I saw two moons, it wasn't Earth, it was Anchor. Looking around me, people were running for their lives. Big birds were swooping down and lighting houses on fire with their mouths, like dragons! Were they dragons? Oh my god! Dragons! I began running as fast as my legs would carry me. What kind of craziness was this? It couldn't be real. I found an alley and ducked down behind a garbage bin. Cars were driving by and running into each other. Loud screeching rang throughout the night skies as the birds or dragons were swooping down raining their wrath upon us.

An alarm went off, jerking awake. I looked around and realized I had fallen asleep on my sofa. Okay that was weird. I stared at a blank tv screen and realized I must have bumped the sleep timer on the remote again. Turning the alarm off on my phone I sat up a bit straighter. Turning the tv on, and finding the news channel for Anchor, everything was fine, and beautiful like an amazing postcard. That was an odd dream, I thought. It wasn't real. Of course not, dragons! I snorted a laugh at my foolishness. Getting up I started to get ready for work again.

Two weeks have passed since I first started getting the dreams. They were always the same, the dragons would come and terrorize the people of Anchor. It was almost medieval times all over again except in a more modern world. Watching the tv, Anchor stated that the doorway to their new settlement was getting smaller. The doorway to go there or come back to Earth was starting to shrink. Why now? What was causing that? It had scientists baffled.

No one knew why after all this time. It didn't make any sense. The pressure was on for the rest of us. Did we want to leave a dying Earth and make the cross over to the new world? I couldn't see myself leaving this place. It was the only place I knew. Sure, Anchor look good, but I couldn't shake these nightmares. Was there more to it?

There was a knock on my door, I went and answered it.

“Hey, did you hear?” Nancy, my friend from work asked as she entered my home with pizza. “You know it is such a line up for just pizza. People are getting crazy.”

“I heard,” closing the door behind her.

Following her into my living room, I handed her a bottle of beer. Sipping my own bottle, I sat down as we watched Anchor on the tv. People of Anchor were urging the rest of us to just join them. A couple of people were saying if we wanted to stay on Earth and die with our dying planet then do so, they weren’t being very nice about it.

“What are you going to do?” Nancy asked.

“I’m not going.”

“Yeah, I have a bad feeling about Anchor,” she shook her head and started in on the pizza. “I haven’t told anyone this, but I have been having nightmares of dragons attacking the place.”

“What?” I dropped my slice of pizza as it fell on my lap I turned and looked at Nancy. “Say that again.”

“Yeah, it’s bizarre. Dragons start attacking the place. Houses and buildings are on fire, people dying. It’s a bloody mess.”

“Nancy, me too.”

“You too what?”

“I’ve been having the same dreams.”

“No,” she laughed, then paused staring at me. “Seriously Sam, you too?”

Nodding I stared at the tv screen.

“Well, that seems weird. Do you think it’s weird?”

Nodding again.

“I wonder if anyone else has been having the same dreams?” she asked quietly. Then pulled out her phone and started calling our coworkers. Two, six, ten, everyone she called had the same dream. It couldn’t be a coincidence. What did it all mean? Was something bad going to happen to the people on Anchor?

“We should tell them.”

“Tell them what?”

“Well, it can’t be a coincidence that we all have been having the same dreams or something similar.”

“No, it’s definitely weird.”

“I’m going to call them.” She began dialing the number on the tv screen, it was the number to call if you wanted to transfer there.

“What are you going to say?”

She shrugged.

“Good evening lucky citizen. I am glad you made the choice. Can I get your name.”

“Listen I don’t want to move to Anchor but I think you should know that there are several people I know all having the same bad dream, that dragons are going to destroy the cities and Anchor.”

“You know what’s not funny you self-righteous idiots who think you are better than the rest of us. Well listen up sister, I am getting sick and tired of your prank calls tonight. There are no dragons, birds of prey or dinosaurs that are reigning terror on our people. If you don’t want to join us don’t! We don’t want you over here anyway!” She paused and stared down at her phone. Then looking up at me, “he hung up on me.”

“That was weird. Told you not to do it.”

“Well, pretty sure we weren’t the only ones who called in. That means others are having the same nightmares.”

“I wonder what that means?”

“It can’t be good.”

We sat and watched the news from Anchor, no one mentioned that Earthlings were having nightmares of destruction for Anchor. They just went on how wonderful the place is and that the rest of us Earthlings better hurry up if we wanted to make the crossover.

Three months later, the portal was closed. We haven’t heard anything more from Anchor. We hope they are all doing well. On the upside the nightmares stopped. So, either it was a warning, or it was something else. The rest of us that stayed behind were starting to notice little differences in our planet. It was healing, at least we were going to be okay. it was a warning, or it was something else. The rest of us that stayed behind were starting to notice little differences in our planet. It was healing, at least we were going to be okay.