PEN NAME: FF

CLASS: C 2nd (Year 11)

TITLE: SHE RIPPED OPEN THE ENVELOPE

The last prophecy

She ripped open the envelope.

It had arrived with no postage, no name, nothing but her own address scrawled in ink so dark it seemed to absorb the light. The paper felt heavier than it should have, as though burdened by the weight of something unspeakable. Her fingers trembled as she unfolded it. Inside was a stopwatch, its glass face reflecting her pale expression.

The second hand wasn’t ticking. It was counting down.

7 days.

A single sheet of paper lay beneath it, words etched in deep crimson:

“As it was created, so shall it end.”

She swallowed hard. The words churned in her mind, bringing with them an unfamiliar sense of dread. Seven days. Seven days for what?

Then, the rain began.

Day One: The Abyss Awakens

It started as an ordinary drizzle, innocent in appearance, barely worthy of an umbrella. But by nightfall, the heavens gaped open. Water fell in torrents, flooding streets, sweeping away cars, drowning homes. It came from everywhere—oceans swelling beyond their borders, rivers bursting through their banks. The rain did not fall; it roared. It came in endless sheets, hammering against rooftops, slamming against windows with the force of a god’s anger. It did not patter gently against the pavement—it drowned it. Water surged through the streets, swallowing sidewalks, clawing at buildings, turning the familiar world into a vast, churning sea. People waded through it at first, laughing nervously as their shoes were soaked, but soon the laughter turned to screams as the rivers overflowed, as the ocean itself seemed to rise up and reclaim the land. The sky wept with a sorrow too vast to comprehend, its blackened clouds hiding the heavens from sight. Streetlights flickered, then died, and in the growing darkness, the world began to dissolve.

The news called it a freak storm. The scientists scrambled for explanations. But she knew.

This was the first act.

“Let there be water.”

But this was no creation. This was unmaking.

She clutched the letter, the stopwatch cold against her palm. The seconds bled away, a relentless pulse of time’s indifference.

Day Two: The Great Divide

The ground moaned. At first, it was distant—an uneasy shifting beneath the soles of her feet. Then, the streets split open. Cracks ran like veins through the city, widening, devouring. Buildings tilted, fell. Bridges snapped like brittle bones.

She watched from her window as skyscrapers leaned toward the earth, as if bowing in resignation before they collapsed into ruin. The air was thick with dust, with the cries of the lost.

“Let there be land and sea.”

The earth had obeyed once. Now, it rebelled.

The countdown read: 5 days.

Day Three: The Fire from Above

She woke to a sky ablaze.

The sun, no longer gentle in its warmth, scorched with unrelenting fury. Wildfires devoured forests, flames licking at the heavens as though desperate to consume the very air. Cities burned. Smoke choked the clouds, turning daylight into an eerie, crimson dusk. The sun burned too bright. It was no longer a source of warmth but a vengeful eye glaring down upon the Earth, peeling away its skin. Metal twisted and screamed as buildings collapsed into ash, the once-living forests now nothing but skeletal remains. The heat was unbearable, suffocating, as if the sun itself had come down to finish what had been started.

She felt it on her skin—the wrath, the judgment, the weight of something far greater than human comprehension.

“Let there be light.”

And now, the light was punishing.

Day Four: The Unmaking of Stars

The night should have been a relief. Instead, the darkness was worse. There were no stars, no moon, not even the faint glow of distant city lights. It was a blackness beyond the reach of human understanding, deeper than mere shadow. It was the void, pure and infinite, pressing in from all sides. The horizon had vanished, and with it, the illusion of safety. People turned on their phones, their flashlights, their candles, but the light barely reached beyond their fingertips before it was consumed. Sound itself seemed to falter, swallowed by the emptiness. The sky, once a map of ancient stories, had been erased. The universe was unravelling, and nothing remained to bear witness.

She looked at her phone. No signal. No power. Only the countdown remained, glowing dimly against the black void of her room.

3 days.

She pressed her forehead against the window. The world outside was silent, as if existence itself was unravelling.

“Let there be lights in the sky to govern the night.”

But now, there was only emptiness.

Day Five: The Living Fall Silent

She wandered through the ruins of the city, stepping over the wreckage of a civilization crumbling beneath divine hands.

The streets were littered with abandoned cars, their occupants long gone. The silence was unnatural. No sirens, no voices, not even the sound of wind.

At first, she thought the city was simply abandoned, the people having fled in fear. But then she saw them—frozen in place, as if time had forgotten them. A man stood mid-step; his coffee still clutched in his unmoving hand. A child on a playground hung suspended from the monkey bars, her hair caught in an invisible wind. A woman, her face twisted in terror, stared at nothing with unblinking eyes. They did not breathe, did not move, did not decay. They were trapped, preserved like statues carved from flesh and bone. No heartbeat, no whisper, no rustling leaves. The world had not merely been emptied; it had been paused. Existence itself was holding its breath, waiting for something final.

The People, frozen where they stood. Their eyes open, their lips parted in mid-sentence. Motionless, breathless. As if God had simply… paused them.

She tried shaking one, screaming into the void, but they remained statues, untouched by time.

“Let the earth bring forth living creatures.”

Now, the living had ceased to move.

Day Six: The Final Separation

She was alone. The last human left.

The oceans had drained, leaving behind miles of cracked, dead earth where waves once roared. The mountains had crumbled into dust, their peaks flattened as if smoothed by an unseen hand. The air was thin, brittle, as if the very atmosphere was unravelling. Above, the sky had torn open, a vast and gaping wound that revealed something beyond—something endless, something watching. Gravity itself seemed uncertain, the ground shifting beneath her feet, no longer bound by the laws that had governed it since the dawn of time. The world was a hollow shell, an abandoned stage where the last act had already been performed. Nothing was left but silence and waiting.

The stopwatch ticked on.

24 hours.

Her breath came in ragged bursts. Had she been chosen to witness this? Was she meant to understand something before the end?

She opened the red letter again, searching for answers. The words shifted before her eyes, rearranging themselves.

“Return to where it began.”

And she knew.

The church at the city’s heart still stood, defying the destruction around it. She ran, past the frozen figures of the lost, past the broken world, through doors that creaked as if sighing in relief.

Inside, a single candle burned.

And there, at the altar, another letter.

Black this time.

She tore it open. The same watch lay inside, but now, instead of counting down, it had stopped.

00:00:00.

She barely had time to breathe before the air itself unravelled.

Day Seven: Let There Be Nothing

She stood at the precipice of existence, staring into the absence of all things.

The land beneath her feet dissolved. The sky folded inward, compressing stars, light, time, and matter into a singularity of unbeing.

“Let us make mankind in our image.”

And now, unmake them.

She closed her eyes as the last vestiges of creation unravelled.

The stopwatch shattered.

And then, there was silence.