

“Last of Mine”

by Verlow W. Junior

“You must rest. It is a miracle that you are alive, and that we found you at all!” Said the holographic image of the being standing in front of me. A being that chose to appear as human so as not to scare me. He said there was much I had yet to learn before it could reveal itself in its true form. Could it be that it felt its form would be too hideous for a human to see? Surely this people, if I could call them people, had some knowledge of human psychology, because it had chosen an elderly form, not too short, but not taller than me, in white robes that reminded me of someone pacific. And the choice of ethnicity, well, he was clearly a blend of every race I could remember. The eyes had a wise yet almost sad look, denoting sympathy.

“You are thinking of your loved ones, I presume?” He asked all of a sudden, waking me from my painful thoughts. I had already puked, wept, tried to kill myself, twice, had been restrained, drugged, tried to escape, drugged again, for several days now. However, in the last couple of days or so, I had been displaying a more resigned attitude. Especially, after he had shown me the debris. The entire solar system had been destroyed. It hadn’t registered. It couldn’t. So for the time being, my body had decided that the best response was to block my anger, desperation, fear, and leave me only in shock.

I had locked into a stare again into his eyes, but clearly looking like I had gone somewhere. This had taken place often during my interaction with the hologram, and I would suddenly return from my private thoughts to hear him inquire, more like guess, what was in my mind. Could this being before me have the capacity to read my mind? As if doing it again, his face changed to one of comprehension at my bewildered look.

“You have tears in your eyes. I wish I could help you not feel such pain, but unfortunately, I cannot. We couldn’t begin to imagine how much pain you are feeling

right now, especially because it is not something that we, the Genari, feel.” He said, again, forcing that look of sympathy and sadness.

“The Genari...” I repeated the words, as if able to taste them, but nothing coming to me as to where I had heard that name before. Surely, I had heard of something similar, in some movie or novel. Or perhaps he had already mentioned it to me before during one of our earlier conversations – the ones that ended up with my breaking stuff in the room and hurting myself.

“Yes. And now that I have told you who we are, perhaps I should tell you more about why we are here.” He said, looking at me expectantly, searching for any signs on my face to confirm that I was indeed ready. I wasn’t. Not one bit. But there was a difference between not being ready to hear the facts, and wanting to hear them. I figured I could throw up some more later. A container materialized from the white floor for me to vomit in. It was there and then that I became convinced that these people could read minds. So if he thought I was ready to hear the truth, it was because he had sensed it deep down somewhere in mind that I was.

Chairs materialized for us to seat, facing each other. A small table followed, with utensils also materializing from the same material - a jar and two cups -, their colors fading to crystal clear, and water filling them.

I would be lying if I said I was not impressed every time that happened, or that I wasn’t thirsty every time, only this time, I did not care about the water, the utensils, the chairs, any of it. To hell with the impressive high-tech and my thirst!

“Please, tell me! Why did you save just me?” I managed to say, finally, ready to listen, noticing his expression of relief, followed by contentment, as it began to sink in, much to my grief and horror: *I was the last human being in the universe!*

Taken from the upcoming novel *Soul Travellers*

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