

Sky and Earth

By InsomniacAce

Published on Stories Space on 20 Nov 2015

The forces of nature come alive to decimate a town.

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/flash-fiction/sky-and-earth.aspx>

It was always raining, maybe it didn't use to, but now, it was. Heavy rains, that drowned the ground and turned the mountain side to a slippery slope of mud. Cold rains that chilled the body faster than the snow. Rain that flooded the streets and made driving impossible, let alone walking. It wasn't smart to be out in the rain right now, or for the past few months actually and it was surprising that the town hadn't gone under yet. But, despite the extreme weather, two souls were wandering around, no coats or boots or umbrellas to speak of, dressed in thin sweaters and baggy shorts, bare feet slapping the slick pavement. Their skin bronze, kissed by the sun, godly in the way they seemed to shimmer in the dying light from the lamp posts. They didn't seem to mind the rain so much as everyone else who had locked up their homes and sealed the windows and worked to prevent basement flooding. The two ran up and down the road, right down the middle, in the yellow line that divided the direction lanes. If one listened through the thunder that rolled above the clouds, they would hear the soft laughter coming from them. The high and clear sound rattled the windows, but those inside thought it only the rain smashing against the glass panes. "Is it time brother?" the girl asked, staring curiously through wide eyes. "Be patient," he snapped, voice as cold as the rain drops that fell around them. The girl stamped her feet in a tantrum, and thunder roared in the sky, shaking the already worn foundations that the town stood on. "It is time, brother, it must be." she said impatiently, the lightning reflected in her eyes. "Let us go higher, and then you can go about your work." he conceded. The two made their way to the high hills that surrounded the town. Half way up, the boy turned to look to the town, allowing a grin to spread across his lips as the water sloshed over the pavement and onto the sidewalks. His sister raised a delicate eyebrow and rolled her eyes, continuing up. By the time they reached the top, the thunder and lightning were paced, evened and patterned. "Oh, it's so beautiful," she breathed as a white-blue web of lightning covered the town in contrasting shadows. Bare feet buried deep into the mud, she let out an ear-piercing shriek, and a stray bolt of lightning struck the church spire. Again and again, until her voice died out. "It is your turn brother," she rasped, tipping her head back to catch rainwater in her mouth. He rolled his neck and popped his knuckles, then his wrists and elbows and shoulders, ignoring the look of disgust he received from his sister. With each pop, a crack in the middle of the street, right along where they had been walking, it grew in length and width until a massive fissure began to appear. The earth shook, and those who went to church every

Sunday took to their prayer beads and candles, pleading and begging with God to save them. Other families sat huddled together, lies of the promise of safety uttered from scared lips to even more frightened ears. Was this the end of the world for them? Was this their last day on God's earth? Or was this some sick dream? The siblings stood atop their hill as the buildings crumbled and slid into the fissure, falling as the ground beneath them tipped vertical, like some cartoon mountain split open. Screams intermingled with the rolling thunder and the patter of rain that washed away any traces of humanity in the town. When the ground leveled out, there was nothing but a clear field of jade green grass, the sky overhead dotted with wispy clouds. Small hills surrounded the area, full of healthy trees and other vegetation. No one remembered that there was a town there. And of course, no one ever saw the strange white-haired children, one with the eyes the color of the clear sky and the other with eyes of the deepest earth.