

Student's Name or Students' Names

Professor's Name

Course Name and Number

Assignment Due Date

The End of the World

My family and I live in a remote village in the middle of nowhere. I say nowhere because there is no well-known area or even a next-to-decent town for miles around. My mother usually likes joking that the geographers forgot to put us on the map. I like living in this village. It is quiet and peaceful, and everyone knows who everyone is. Nothing much ever happens, except for the occasional gossip and scandals. For me, gossip, scandal, and adventure are necessary ingredients to survive the dreadfully long days. However, some rather scary moments have made some days unbearable. Many people have imagined the end of the world to be a dreadful experience. Not far from it, my experience of the end of the world surpassed my wild imagination and shook me to the core so much that I am still reeling from it.

In the local shopping center, there is a man everybody calls Beep. No one knows where he came from or who his family is. He lived and slept in the corridor of the only grocery in the shopping center. Some said he was mad, and others said he was probably possessed. However, to me, he appeared intoxicated almost all the time. One Sunday, as I was walking to the grocery store, I noticed a group of people crowded, murmuring in measured tones. I moved closer to see what was happening. In the middle of the crowd, obviously, the center of attention was Beep. He had a bewildered look on his face. He was shouting inaudibly and uttering obscenities, which everyone tried hard to understand. Suddenly, he jumped up in the air and bellowed horrendously. Everyone was caught unawares and scampered for safety.

"He is coming!" yelled Beep, "you cannot hide! The Lord is coming!" At this new piece of information, we all concluded he had finally gone berserk. Others laughed and started walking away. I lost interest in what I considered drunken murmurs and decided to go about my business. I bought my groceries and started the long work home. It was a beautiful day. The sky was clear, and the sun was out. Butterflies fluttered about in the bushes, from flower to flower and petal to petal. I decided to rest for a little while in a clearing a few miles from my home. I lay on the lush grass staring at the sky and slowly fell asleep.

I do not know how long I was asleep, but when I woke up, everything had changed. There were dark clouds in the sky, and there was a strong gust of wind blowing in virtually every direction. Before I could comprehend what was happening, a loud thunderclap had my heart racing within seconds. It was like nothing I had ever seen. This was not a storm. It was like the sky was in a fit of rage. Lightning struck a tree a few yards from where I stood, and it fell with a thundering crash. "This is it," I thought, "Beep had been right; maybe the Lord really had come for us!" I had never been that scared in my life. With all the strength I could muster, I started running home. Along the way, I met people running in a panic too. One woman was kneeling, praying fervently, seemingly surrendering to whatever power was causing all the destruction around us. I decided to keep running.

It had just been a storm. A colossal one compared to any we had ever seen. The next day, people came out to recount their experiences. One elderly man said that God had decided to punish us. Some people had lost their houses while others had ended up injured. Many people who had heard what Beep had said, just like me, had thought the world had come to an end. I told my mother what I had thought, but she just laughed. "The Lord? Come here? I am sure He has forgotten about this village too!" However, the most bizarre thing was that no one ever saw

or heard from Beep again after the storm. It was like he had disappeared into thin air. There were whispers in the shopping center that the storm had taken him with it. For me, it was the longest day ever. I still shiver at the thought of the raging sky to this day.

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