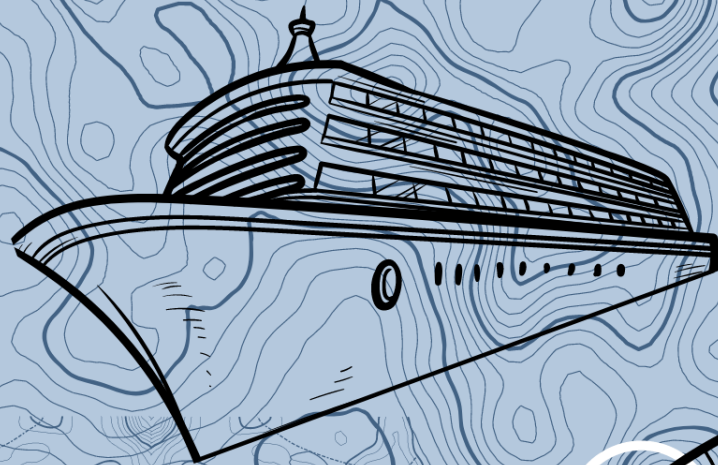


WHEN THE RAIN STOPS FALLING



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L'Influence du Pouvoir

Power. The thing you need to control those around you. If they don't have any more power than you, they can't break out of that control. Influence. The thing you need to blind others around you. If they can't guide themselves out of the shroud they find themselves in, then they will suffocate in the lies. When you have those two things, you are unstoppable. There's nothing that can stop you. Everyone is in the palm of your hand, their fates are for you alone to decide. For you to bless or curse.

And that was what Miller had. As the Gouverneur des Eaux, Miller had control of absolutely everything. As the Overseer of the Waters, Miller had a firm grasp on everyone. Nothing and no one could hide from her eyes. As the screens of the room shined bright, reflecting onto her, almost blinding her eyes. All around her were screens, each showing different rooms and areas. Some had people in them and some others didn't. Some screens showed really nice, fancy places. Marble fountains and modern architecture. Some other screens show some basic buildings, nothing too special. And some others had broken down buildings. Decayed buildings. Littered grounds. As much action happened on the screens, no sound was produced; it was all silent. This was the Yeux du Messie. The eyes that watch all over the city that floats. And Miller was the Messenger du Messie. She was the one chosen to relay the message of the Messiah to humanity after the world had plunged into water. She was the one blessed by the Yeux du Messie. The one who united everyone. The one who holds everyone together, in deep control yet also comfort.

"Everything is in place," Says Miller as she flips her brown hair back, her round, bronze glasses falling back into position in front of her venom-green eyes. Miller walks towards a certain screen, she presses a button on a gray controller-like thing, which released the sound seal

on a certain screen. And on that screen, chaos was brewing. In the central park were representatives of each class, Lower Class, Middle Class, and the Upper Class. People were yelling, and screaming.

“You Upper Class have sooo much yet you decline to share! While we have nothing!” Said the bald yet bearded man. The veins on his dirt-filled head enlarge as his face turns bright red. “Oh, if only you knew what it was like down here. Here with the filth and trash, we have to live with and breathe in every damn day!” The man says to a young woman with long, curly hair. Her face unfazed through her pitch-black sunglasses.

“There’s a reason why you filthy rats have nothing while us noble royals have everything. And the same goes for you basic Joe Shmoes. None of you are worthy of the glory that we have. You all are lame and pathetic. And let me tell you one more time, speak to me like that again and I’ll make sure your little sorry excuse of a boat gets sunken down all the way to Atlantis!” Says the pale woman as she turns away, after spitting a mouthful of saliva on the man. And that only fueled the fire even more. The crowd that once was quiet and in union turned into a huge mob of fighting and screaming. Yelling about who decided what amount of resources and who didn’t.

“Hahahahaha!!!!” Miller’s head rose up to the Heavens as she laughed out a squawky laugh. “Oh this is so unreal, I’m quite thrilled with how my plan is turning out.” As Miller watches the chaos continue, a figure from behind approached her.

“Madame Miller, I apologize for interrupting but I have some urgent news.”

Miller turns around and sees a blonde figure, her hair in a braid cascading down her shoulder, ending right at the strap of her overalls. Although her cowboy hat covers her face, Miller can tell that her face was showing only seriousness and urgency.

“What is it, Alexandra?” Miller replied in annoyance, the corner of her eyes trying to catch what was happening with the mob fight in silence.

“I’ve been looking at our data, and we just realized something... We’ve been losing resources. Too much. Our resources have been decreasing at a faster rate, but not a high enough rate for us to have noticed earlier. With that drama going on, I fear it’ll be harder to avoid an uprising from the Lower and even Middle Classes if they don’t get the number of resources they demand. And I fear the Upper Class won’t agree with sharing their own.” Alexandra bites her nail, patterned with many greens and jewels. “It won’t be long until we have to intervene.”

Miller knew the situation. She knew the sudden rapid decrease of resources. Yet she decided to remain quiet for those years. For she already had a plan in mind. She was always prepared. As Gouverneur des Eaux, Miller would know how to maintain the power and influence she had.

“Alexandra” Miller says, taking off her glasses for a moment to wipe them, then putting them back on, “There’s nothing to worry about. The situation is still within control. They’re still far away from clawing at us. And even still, they’re all under the watchful gaze of the Yeux du Messie.” Miller says calmly. “And besides-” **BOOM!** Alexandra jumps and shrieks, almost falling over.

“Hey! I thought I told you to stop doing that!” Alexandra said.

As a figure comes through, Miller’s mouth shifts to a deep V. Her eyes changing from a calm gaze to a devious glare, no longer trying to focus on the screen. She already knew what this upcoming conversation would be. From start to end. The figure starts to become more clear as she steps out of the shadows. Her side ponytails going far and down. One side blond and the other brown. As they cascade down her back meeting to a braid on the bottom of her feet. The

figure bows down, her right hand crossing her heart as she descends. As she goes back up, she swiftly threw Alexandra a face full of disgust, causing Alexandra's eyes to bulge in anger, but that was all she could do. For she also knew how this conversation would go. From start to end.

“You're back Dean, so that means you found what I wanted you to find,” Miller starts.

“Yes, Gouverneur. I have found what you requested. After so many years of searching, we have finally found a solution. A level 7.5 storm that's about 28.7 miles northwest from our current location. Currently, it's still in its rising process, we predict its climax will be a level 10 storm. Perfect for our plan. This storm should be able to do just enough damage to create the chaos you have envisioned. I suggest now is the time that we alert the Upper Class as well as the other rankings of the government so they hand over their precious items and confidential documents. We'll also add some extra protection to the Yeux du Messie.”

Dean grins as she finally releases the stress of her mission. Luck had finally decided to bless her and allow her to find Le Trésor Perdu de Dieu. The true treasure left hidden away by God. The final piece of the puzzle, the puzzle of complete control and power of humanity. The puzzle that will finally reveal the Yeux du Messie and shine its glare upon the people. To finally be able to watch beyond the humans in the birdcage.

“Soon, nobody will be able to escape your grasp, and we will ensure it'll stay like that no matter what.” As Dean finishes her verbal barrage, Miller brings out a grim, daunting grin.

“Finally, after so many years of searching for a solution, we have finally found it. The claws of the Messenger du Messie have been slowly waning out of its prey. But now, its claws shall strike even deeper in the flesh of its unaware prey.” Says Miller. Her patience and endurance have finally paid off as the fruits of L'Arbre de Dieu have finally fallen into her palms.

As Dean and Alexandra leave the room, Miller goes back to the array of screens. With a click on her controller, a massive control panel with many buttons rises from the ground in front of her. And in the middle of it all, is a wall of microphones. Miller smashes a few buttons, as she types in combinations of buttons and letters, her face and body in total focus. Soon, a bright blue screen appears from the edges of the control panel. Casting an eerie gaze to her face.

“Membres de le Sainte Classe des Royaux et le Gouvernement du Saint Messie: I, the Messenger du Messie have obtained a message from the Saint Messie. In a couple of days, the Tempête de sa Sainteté shall rain upon us. Now, as the Sainte Classe des Royaux et Gouvernement du Saint Messie, the Saint Messie has chosen to spare you all. So within the next 24 hours, those of you who have precious items will turn them to the Gardiens de la Terre. Make sure to fill out the item form that will be flown to you by our Pigeons Voyageurs. They’ll also be waiting for you to fill them out. Once you have done that, the Gardiens de la Terre will come to pick them up. Then, the Gardiens de la Terre will guide you to the Cages Aux Oiseaux located in the Government Boat's ordinal-direction sections. Show your IDs to the facilitators to enter.” Miller says, then pressing a button, ending the broadcast to the Sainte Classe des Royaux.

“Every member of the Gouvernement du Saint Messie must hand over all confidential paperwork and documents to my two Aides du Messenger du Messie who will be located at the entrance of the Forteresse de la Connaissance. Then, proceed there to the sea-level bunkers and shelters.”

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It’s been a couple of hours since Miller sent out her broadcast. Shortly afterward, she sent a summoning demand to Les Chefs des Gardiens de la Terre. They were currently handling a level 10 situation so she had to wait a while. After a yawn, Miller looks up, immediately seeing

two kneeling figures in black in front of her. Their faces were masked with white canvas with symbols that gave off ominous, empty auras.

“Bonjour mes agents, my mission to you two is to disperse your Gardiens to pick up these items in a timely manner,” Miller says. And just with a simple nod, the two shadow-like figures lunge backward into the empty void of the room without any trace of sound.

Power. Influence. The two things required to have absolute control over people. And that’s what the government had. That’s what Miller had. And she was going to use those two elements to the maximum. She’s going to use all of her power to bring forth the Imminent Storm. To bring disaster and chaos to reap all that has been laying around. She’s going to use all of her influence to strengthen her Yeux du Messie. To further blind the people who have been naively following her. The false illusion of power will soon turn to ash in the end. Humanity has run away from its predator long enough. It has run out of places to run to. Soon, it’ll be within the grasp of the Dieu Illusoire. Miller has already set all the playing cards. Now all she has to do is wait for the perfect time to play them. To control. To maintain. She’s going to grasp that power no matter what. And no one would escape her grip. For the Yeux du Messie watches all, and no one would escape its doom. For this is L'Influence du Pouvoir.

# Gardiens De La Terre

So foolish. Do they think we would ever share? No way. After a while of a fat poor red man shouting at us from his broken down boat, I swear I could see his veins pop out.

“Y’all are so pretentious, y’all won’t even share. Wait until we sink your boat and kill you all,” The fat man spat and glared at us. I stand outside of my boat by the edge and just watch the fat man. They’re quite amusing, better than the dumb Great French Cooking show that’s always on the big TV for everyone.

“They’re pretty self-centered,” chuckled a slim man in a suit. “Tsk the poor are usually a bit,” he says in a French accent as he points to his head with his pointer finger and makes a circular motion. Nearly knocking off his monocle. I didn’t realize he was standing there. He really looks like the monopoly guy with the suit, monocle, and top hat.

A loud blaring noise interrupts us. We turn around to see where the noise is coming from. Then, a huge red flashing light begins to flash over and over, nearly blinding us. The natural disaster alert. Anxiety begins to eat me alive. The big screen monitor at the center of the boat switches from the great French cooking show to a bunch of green short lines on a black screen. The crowd goes silent. Someone begins talking on the screen, and the lines follow along. It’s coming from the Government boat.

“Membres de le Sainte Classe des Royaux et le Gouvernement du Saint Messie: I, the Messenger du Messie have obtained a message from the Saint Messie. In a couple of days, the Tempête de sa Sainteté shall rain upon us. Now, as the Sainte Classe des Royaux et Gouvernement du Saint Messie, the Saint Messie has chosen to spare you all. So within the next 24 hours, those of you who have precious items will turn them to the Gardiens de la Terre. Make sure to fill out the item form that will be flown to you by our Pigeons Voyageurs. They’ll also be



waiting for you to fill them out. Once you have done that, the Gardiens de la Terre will come to pick them up. Then, the Gardiens de la Terre will guide you to the Cages Aux Oiseaux located in the Government Boat's ordinal-direction sections. Show your IDs to the facilitators to enter.”

People begin to murmur in fear. This has never happened before, it’s almost like this was planned.

As the announcement was over, Pigeon Voyageurs begins to glide over the sea through the skies. With the weight of a stack of papers. They fly around the boat and we look up into the sky in awe. They fly around in circles dropping papers onto the boat. Everyone rushes to get to them. It’s like a mob. I wait for the crowd to die down before getting the papers. After like two seconds the crowd is gone, they rushed to their cabins to prepare their items for the Gardiens. There are hardly any papers left. I quickly grab one before they’re all gone. I grab a pen and sign my signature without a second thought. I glide the pen across the paper, line across the J and the little curved U connecting to the loopy L, then finally the line across the two Ts. Ah, Juliette Monet. I love my signature so much. I spent years perfecting it. I look around to see where to put the paper. Stacks of paper lay on the railing of the boat. I assume this is where we place them. I place mine on top. What’s going to happen with the Lower classes? Surely they don’t have the Gardiens like we do. Pigeon Voyageurs come back and grab the papers with their feet and glide through the skies again.



I sit at a high table drinking a Margarita and enjoying the cool summer breeze.

“Hey girl!” A girl with black silky hair to her waist waves as she takes the chair across from me. Her red lips curved into a big smile, showing off her pearly white teeth. The sun makes her green eyes and tan skin glow. She puts her hand up and waves for a server. “I’ll have what

she's having," she says with a big grin. A man with a white polo shirt and white khakis and a red apron wrapped around his waist nods and walks away.

"Hey Adrienne," I say with a soft smile.

"Can you believe what's happening right now? This has never happened before." Her eyes widened with shock.

"Yeah no I can't believe it either, I mean at least they're helping us out."

"Yeah, they're probably not helping the Lower classes," she snickers.

The stomping silenced us all. We turn to see what is going on. A group of people, in a black trench coats, black sunglasses, and black boots with their hands in their pockets. They walk around, so synchronized. Gardiens De La Terre, Guardians of the Earth. We all stand and put our hands to our foreheads to show respect. An old lady with hair that's like a box on her head begins to take off her shiny pearl necklace to give to the Gardien.

"My husband made this for me before he died," she sniffles as she gives her necklace.

"Come on follow me to my cabin, I have tons more to be kept safe." She waves her hand to the Gardien as she nearly trips over her long sparkly blue dress. He follows after her. A little boy with a propeller hat whimpers as he gives his toy airplane.

"It's okay little Johnny, this very nice man will keep your airplane safe and you will get it back very soon," said an older version of little Johnny as he gave a hug to his young son.

"I bet they're doing this because of the fat man," Adrienne whispered into my ear.

"Yeah definitely," I say as I let out a laugh.

"Juliette Monet?" The Gardien shouts while he moves his head around the crowd, looking for me. Completely catching me off guard.

"Hi. Yes, that's me."

“You signed the papers for me to store your items. Do you still wish to keep your items in a safe place?”

“Oh, that’s right yea sure okay.” I had completely forgotten about that. These people are actually scary. It feels like we’re all being watched. Someone is watching every move we make. “I have them in my cabin, just follow me.” I lead this creepy-looking man to my cabin. This definitely feels weird. Nothing like this has ever happened before. Every time I walk through these halls, I feel like I’m being watched through these paintings. Especially this one, the one with carved gold framing at the end of the hall. A man with a very slim face, so slim you could see the outline of his bones. A very white cat with a boat-like shape face lays on his lap. His long and bony fingers are on top of the cat's head. Looking at this picture sends shivers down my spine. Nobody knows the story behind it.

“Ma’am?” The Gardien says as he puts his hand on my shoulder. My heart skips a beat as I jump, I nearly forgot he was there.

“Oh, sorry I kind of spaced out there. Here’s my cabin.” I point to the door next to me. Room 361 in gold carving. He nods as I turn the gold knob. He holds out an empty black box.

“Pick out your items and place them in this box. Please remember that the items you choose will be kept safe during the storm. Any items that are left out will be at risk of being damaged by the storm. Choose wisely.” He stares with a straight face. Jesus do these people not have any emotion? I scan my cabin. Something about my cabin eases me, it could be the pink fuzzy walls, the warm vanilla smell, the fireplace, or the cozy feeling I get here. I never want to leave. I walk towards the kitchen island and pick up the shiniest diamond a man has ever seen. The diamond clatters in the tin box as I look for more items.

“Is there a time limit for how long I pick out my items?” I shout from the other room as I tear apart my cabin.

“Other than the 20 hours we have to prepare, no ma’am.” I pick up my sky blue blanket with “Éliott Monet” sewn in yellow at the bottom corner. My dead father’s blanket when he was a baby. I fold it up and gently place it in the box as I hold back my tears. Then, I place my jewelry box with my most expensive and precious jewelry into the box.

“That’ll be all, thank you.”

“Ma’am, are you sure that’s it?”

“Yeah, those are the only items I really care about, I don’t care about the rest. Plus I doubt a storm will wreck a ship like this.”

“Okay ma’am,” he sighs. “Follow me.”

I look ahead to see where we’re going. Dark and thick clouds begin to appear. The thunder rumbles, rocking our cruise very slightly. It seems like it night time over there. Lighting streaks through the dark skies. The storm. Our boat makes a sudden turn, towards this giant boat that is guarded by the Gardiens. There’s more of those people? The air pushes me down to the ground as the boat reaches the side of the Government boat. The Gardiens from the Government boat opens up a wooden pathway connecting both of the boats. A very muscular man, with muscles that are twice my size, lifts up a huge anchor and tosses it into the sea. I stare in awe, I’ve never seen muscles so big before. A group of 5 Gardiens stands after us.

“Follow us!” One of them says as he stomps. They turn and begin walking to the Government side of the boat. We follow after them. As we board the boat, I notice a towering building directly in the center. Something doesn’t feel right here. I feel as if, we’re being watched. The Government ship is mainly made of steel, everything is either steel or just really

fancy tech. It feels illegal to be here. It's swarmed with guards on patrol. A Gardien bends down and opens what seems like a secret passageway. We follow them down the stairs, and to no surprise, everything inside this weird-looking passageway looks exactly the same as the outside part.

“ID?” A woman with a slick back bun and in black skin-tight clothing says in an annoyed tone as she stares at me with a blank face and half-opened eyes. I hand her my ID she takes it and swipes it through what looks like a cash register. She hands it back to me along with my room number and gestures for me to go ahead. Room 52. I continue walking through the halls of this very robotic place looking for room 52. There are millions of rooms. To no surprise, the doors are steel and electronic. The number 52, carved on a gold plate catches my attention. As I reach for the doorknob, a slim figure with bronze glasses over her venom-green eyes stands in front of us, waiting. She then lifts her arms up whipping her long brown hair in excitement, catching my attention away from my room.

“Welcome!” She says while flashing her biggest smile to the crowd. I feel the color fade away from my face as I stand, frozen in shock. Gouverneur des Eaux, Miller.

# TEMPEST

The smell of the rain has been getting more and more stronger ever since we've changed course. I've been feeling drops of what I think is rain but I can't tell if it's just me or the fact that I'm standing so close to the boat. I look around me, moving around the sides. Trying to see if I could find anything different; but everything feels

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Different

No matter where I go I get slashed in a different direction. So I can never tell where it's coming from. I continued my patrol around the boat to make sure nothing was wrong. Then a hear someone shout my name, but was faded by the waters

“JAYDEN! YO JAYDEN WHER— oh there you are i was looking for you.”

I turn to see Mika. she was a short girl with black hair and fair skin, as she ran she would always slip and fall due to her having no sense of gravity. I turned around and looked at her, as she tried not to fall by holding on to the guard rail. She was trying to catch breath as I looked at her. Wondering why she was running towards me in such a state, I started to ask her a question.

“Mika? What's wrong? What are you doing out here? Aren't you meant to be on cooking duty?”

She still was catching her breath as she must have ran here from the kitchen. When she had finally calmed down she looked at me, still holding the guard rail.

“ The chief wanted an audience with you.”

“Eh? That old man,what does he want now?”

“ I don't know, but he said it was important.”

“ ok, well let's go. You gotta go back this way anyways, right?”

As we start to walk off the deck i yell back to the Aaron who was on the other side of the deck

“YO AARON,HOLD DOWN THIS SIDE WHILE IM GONE”

I couldn't tell if he heard me or not so I just moved forward with Mika right next to me. As we were walking I was having a small talk with Mika about how she's been recently. The only times I've seen here are at the mess hall and when it's time for bed. So I could never figure out how she was doing or feeling. I was half paying attention to her and half not when one thing she had said caught my attention.

“ those damn rich people make me f\*cking sick. You heard about the fight earlier right?” i

nodded

“ Those people make me so mad thinking, just cause they got a better boat with more resources. I bet you they’re living larger than life with all that food and luxury...”

I started to tune her out. She was right though, those damn Gouvernement du Saint Messie thinking they're better than everyone else, especially the Gouverneur des Eaux. It's only caused there, blessed by Gouvernement du Saint Messie with wealth and power. We can't let those people get to us because sooner or later something is going to give them a reality check. I started thinking of the other boats. The High class boat never really said anything, it made me wonder a little bit if they're in the same situation, just hiding behind luxury. Then again I doubt it. The Lower class made me scared, with such few people, and resources. I know they're barely surviving. I keep walking, setting my attention back on Mika, and where we're going

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We reached the chief's door before parting our separate ways. As she continued down the dimly lit hallway I turned back to the door in front of me. I put my hand on the door handle and walked in, knowing it was unlocked for me. Sitting in a chair right in front of me was the head of our boat, its captain and original owner. I walked up behind him, he was looking at a big blue screen in front of him. It's where all the communication throughout each boat is stored. Standing almost next to him I looked over his shoulder to the board to see why he was so hunched over. I couldn't tell what I was looking at, but looking at the chief it couldn't be something good. He turned around, finally noticing my presence before he spoke.

“It's not graçon. Not good at all...”

He started. Our captain was always one to speak french in dire situations; and this one seems to be one of them. He looked me in my eyes before motioning me to look at the screen he had been hanging over since god knows when.

“My graçon, do you see what I'm looking at?”

“ not really sir, i'm not much of a navigator. So i have no clue”

“ Tell me,” he looks at me with a stern eye; but it starts to soften as he looks back.

“Have you've been smelling

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rain lately, or

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Felt extra wet?”

I contemplated for a minute. Instantly I wanted to say yes but at the same time I was hesitant. He looks at me almost in a knowing look. He's tying his gray-ish black hair in a bun. His hands almost looked like they were shaking but I couldn't tell because of how he was tying his hair. He

turned to look out the window. As the sun goes in and out of the clouds his skin goes from a brown-ish gray to a light brown. Something was going on and I can tell from just how long the sun goes into the clouds. As we kept moving we sat in silence. I guess the chief was trying to figure out the best words for the job. Then he started to speak in almost a troubled, yet worried tone.

“Graçon

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A storms a coming, and a bad one at that”

I was almost shocked. Storms usually happen towards the winter months, because of that we call it the tempest season. As the word tempest means storm, but a storm in the middle of july. Rain isn't uncommon as it keeps most of the crops that we have on top of the ship watered.

“ But a Storm?!? This early into the year. It shouldn't be possible, rain i can understand, but a storm? Isn't that a little out there?” I said in ...

“ That's the exact reason as to why I'm worried, boy. The sun has not come out and I can see the waters start to move wildly. Like a stampede is about to come through and the ground is shaking.”

Out of nowhere I heard a bang on the door turning around, we both faced the door to be met with Mika who was more wet from both rain and sweat dripping down her body.

“ CHIEF we have a big problem!”

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We all rush outside pushing through the multiple doors that line the hallways outside. We finally hit the last door and what we were greeted with I don't think any of us could be prepared for. In an instant we were greeted with heavy winds, loud sounds, yelling from around the boat, and faint yelling from the other boat. We blocked out ours from the rushing winds carrying rain at who knows how many miles per hour. We tried to push forward.

Hoping we could get to a point where we could see the type of storm we were dealing with. I looked to the front and saw it. It looked like a hurricane, but smaller. As we kept moving towards the front to start to see people and items falling off the ship. I wanted to say something but in all honesty I could barely hear the screaming over the wind let alone try and tell the chief that our supply had fallen off.

We finally get to the front of the ship with multiple things going on. People trying to grab others before they fall off the sides. Slipping with them as water washes under them. Making it harder for them to get any sort of grip. I looked to see Aaron struggling to get one of our members back on the boat, and he looked like he was slipping.

I rushed over to help him before he could fall any more. Not trying to fall, I got behind Aaron and helped him pull the person up from being dropped into the sea; but as we were pulling the boat started to tilt. More and more of our cargo had been falling off and we were losing resources by the minute. I looked up to see if I could see any of the other boats; but I couldn't see anything for miles. I looked back, noticing I was losing grip.

I grabbed on tighter praying that we could get them up. As more people started to fall, the ones almost falling tried to see if they could get to them before landing into the ocean. Some were successful, and the ones pulling them saved more than one person, however others weren't. We finally got the person back on board and with them came 2 others who he had caught a long time ago. I was glad we were able to save more people, even though we had lost a lot more. I moved towards the cargo next, trying to see if I saved as many boxes of food and other resources as possible.

“ WAVE. WE GOT A BIG ONE!”

I looked in the direction of what the person was saying. Never in my life had I seen something like this. I've only heard of this from old boat stories from our older members and sailors. I never thought I would see it in person. A huge wave, almost the size of the upper class but big enough to swallow both us and the other boats whole. In an instant the wave came crashing down. Sweeping away any and all things that were on the front of the boat. The whole crew swept away, and the last thing I saw was the broken pieces with all of our supplies.

## The Aftermath

The whole community was in shambles, boats were sinking and others were utterly destroyed. Amongst the debris, the community members searched for their friends and loved ones, The survivors were left with nothing but the clothes on their backs and the memories of their lost friends.

Despite their grief, the community rallied together. They salvaged what they could from their damaged boats and shared resources. Some community members lost everything, including their homes and loved ones. The grief was palpable as they sifted through the debris of their damaged boats and remembered the friends and family members they had lost. Many were left without shelter and struggling to find resources to survive.

The Lower-Class and Middle-Class people travel to the biggest boat, hoping to find anything that will benefit them in a time like this. The upperclassmen call a meeting for everyone to regroup and see where everyone is and what they have left. "Everyone!", said the well-dressed Upper-Class man with nice, expensive clothing. He steps up onto the wooden plank on the higher

ground of the boat, looking out over the crowd. He can see everyone standing on the boat, completely devastated. “Most of us have lost a significant amount of resources, and it’s going to be hard to move on, but with everything we lost, we will need to share what we still have.”

The crowd speaks in low whispers as this is something they have never done before. This brings the Upper-Class man to the conclusion that the storm may have made them compassionate. A good portion of the public nods their heads and agrees that this is the way we need to act going forward. But for some reason, the Middle-Class disagrees and tries to argue.

“Why should we share? We still need to care for ourselves, Not to add you’re in a much higher social class than us and you aren’t doing anything. Why should we?” shouts the Middle-Class lady.

“Because it’s the right thing to do! You don’t need everything and you can afford to share.”

“No, I don’t want to, it’s unfair to me and everyone else in the Middle-Class,” she yells louder. As they continue to argue the rest of the community start to become frustrated. Especially the Lower-Class man. And when they show no signs of stopping or ending this argument anytime soon, the Lower-Class man finally steps in and proposes an offer.

“Alright, Alright! I have an idea that could make everyone happy.”, the Lower-Class man shouts.

“I’m a decent swimmer, how bout I just go jump in the ocean and try to retrieve some of the lost resources and debris while there’s still time”. Everyone looks around at each other and nods their head as he speaks and to them, it seems like an idea that can.

“Well...What are you waiting for? Go ahead.”, the Middle-Class man says rolling his eyes.

The Lower-Class man preps himself to jump into the deep blue sea terrified of what's going to happen as he didn't even expect people to take him up on his offer. He has people set down the red and white lifebuoy on the side of the big wooden boat and plans to jump into the ocean without anything safety precautions set. His fellow lower classmates are anxious and very concerned but he has them convinced that this is the only way.

“Are you sure you wanna do this? This is kinda extreme.”, the Upper-Class lady asks.

“Yeah, I'm sure. I'm willing to do what I can to help, even if I don't want to.”, he says.

The Lower-Class man waits for his call to jump. He gets stares into the ocean's soul, regretting his offer to jump into the deep, deep ocean.

“You're all good to go!” the Upper-Class man yells.

The Lower-Class man takes a deep breath and rethinks his decision, he dives into the ocean starting his search for resources.

He feels surrounded. Not only is he surrounded by the water, but by the hopes of all the people on the boats. His whole body is moving in slow motion but his heart is racing. He finally opens his eyes and finds himself in a big blue void. He feels the bright yellow light from the sun beaming down at him through the ocean. He spins, looking for anything around him but struggles to find even the smallest materials. After being dazed for a couple of seconds, he finally starts to swim around. He takes a final look below him, desperately hoping he finds anything, therefore, he doesn't have to go back up empty-handed. But as soon as starts to give up and lose all hope, he gets extremely lucky. But the way in which he got lucky, he didn't think was possible. He looks forward and through the ocean, and he sees a palm tree rooted in sand from a very long distance. He doesn't know what it is but he hopes it's what he thinks it is. With

this new knowledge and a new motivation to k, he decides to swim up above the water with a smile on his face.

Everyone's on the edge, waiting for the Lower-Class man to pop his head up and save them all. After a stressful, nerve-racking two minutes, the Lower-Class man finally raises his head above the water. But when he raises his empty hands above the water, their smiles slowly start to fade away.

"What happened man? I thought you were going to save us." says the Middle-Class man as he starts to rile up the community. "Yeah, you failed." a lady yells.

"Calm down, everyone. I may have found something worth checking out." the Lower-Class man says as he tries to get back onto a boat. Everyone engages and gets closer to him.

"Look east, I think there's land we've never seen before. I saw a tree and some sand. We should go over there and check it out." The middle-class man seems furious, he yells, "Why should we listen to—" but stops talking as he sees everyone detaching their boats and heading in the direction the Lower-Class man told them to go.

Everyone sails in the direction of the Lower-Class man's interesting sighting. On the way there, the Lower-Class man and his mother get permission to sail on the Upper-Class boat because of his bravery. On the way, the Upper-Class man and the Lower-Class man sit next to each other and talk.

"What do you think it is that you saw?"



“I’m not sure but it looked like something that could help out.”

“I sure hope so. It would be a bumm-” the Upper-Class man attempts to say but is interrupted by the beauty of what they come across. It seems as if they’ve found the jackpot.

The Lower-Class man sent them in a direction of a beautiful island. Everyone parks their boats by the docks or in the sand and they all walk onto the beach where they find food, water, plants, and cabins. They’re both amazed but bewildered by what they’ve come across.

“What is this and how have we never been here before?” the Middle-Class woman says while her head is on a swivel.

“I have no idea but this has everything we could possibly need.”

The kids go and run on the beach as they’ve never had space to run around on the boats. The adults are jumping for joy and ecstatic about their new find. And the boat leaders are excited because they can finally relax.

The Upper-Class, Middle-Class, and Lower-Class leaders all go clear out their boats and head towards the cabins to load their belongings there. But when they get there they see drawers full of clothes, a full refrigerator, and a TV that’s turned on. This makes them beyond confused.

“So I’m assuming that there are people already here.”, the Middle-Class lady says.

“Or someone set up a room for us”, the Upper-Class man says

But while they’re trying to come up with a theory on why this room is full, the Lower-Class man finds something and yells, “Guys look what I found.”. They walk out the cabin and look towards the bright white light flashing from the open, green woods into the sky.

“What is that”, the Upper-Class man says with his hand in front of his face trying to reflect the glare.

The Lower-Class man steps closer to the light in caution and says,

“Im not sure, but we should check it out.”

They all nod in silence and slowly walk towards the light. As they get closer, they start to hear voices.

“Start the storm simulation in 3,2,1.....”



## Appendix

Gabrielle:

*Annotation #1 - In 50-100 words, describe a technique you use in this piece. Why did you make that choice, and what impact does it have on the reader's understanding of the story? Make sure to quote a phrase or sentence from your writing. Bonus points for explaining how another author influenced your choice!*

*Something readers will notice after reading my book is how my dialogue is spaced. When I read books there are lots of ways writers try to structure their books. For me I like it when authors such as ( ) make spaces and long pauses are put to add suspense. For example*

*“Have you’ve been smelling*

*.*

.  
. rain lately, or  
. .  
. .

Felt extra wet?" from the chief." I structured my dialogue this way because for the reader it's meant to add a sort of suspense to the story. It also allows there to be gaps in between words and paragraphs so that the readers won't be stuck reading stories that are bunched together. I wanted it to have spacing within the story.

*Annotation #2 - In 50-100 words, describe a technique you use in this piece. Why did you make that choice, and what impact does it have on the reader's understanding of the story? Make sure to quote a phrase or sentence from your writing. Bonus points for explaining how another author influenced your choice!*

*Inner monologues/ first person pov.*

*For my part of the story I chose to write it in a first person pov. With multiple main characters within the story I felt as though mine should be in first person so that readers can differentiate between when one character's story ends and another begins. For example when the main character was talking to a friend he had said in his head.*

*"I started to toon her out. She was right though, those damn elites thinking they're better than everyone else. It made my blood boil, but I tried not to show it. We can't let those people get to us because sooner or later something is going to give them a reality check. I started thinking of the other boats. "*

*I wanted the main character not to talk a lot so I also used first person as a way to get inside the main character's head, without him having to speak a lot. This allowed me to write more inner thoughts and monologues than person to person conversations.*

*Annotation #3 - In 50-100 words, describe a technique you use in this piece. Why did you make that choice, and what impact does it have on the reader's understanding of the story? Make sure to quote a phrase or sentence from your writing. Bonus points for explaining how another author influenced your choice!*

*It's not very noticeable but for a background character within the story he starts to speak a different language. Like when the character had said "it's not graçon. Not good at all..." This part of my speech was added because my table mate and partner Luan had added parts of his story to be mixed with French in with some of the words and names of the groups, places, and technology. The french part of our story is also embedded into our titles for each of our stories. Mines tempest means storm/ weather in french. This affects the readers of our story because it shows our based languages for our story and how everythings is surrounded by that language.*

Luan:

***Annotation #1 - In 50-100 words, describe a technique you use in this piece. Why did you make that choice, and what impact does it have on the reader's understanding of the story? Make sure to quote a phrase or sentence from your writing. Bonus points for explaining how another author influenced your choice!***

One technique I chose to use was Third Person's POV. I was inspired by Octavia E. Butler. I liked how although the story was in Third Person's POV, you could have a vivid guess of what was going on through the character's minds through their detailed actions and how it impacted others. In a way, it indirectly told the "thoughts" of the characters when those detailed parts come. I wanted to mimic the Third Person's POV which limits to only the surface, but also parts where you could "see the inside" "As a figure comes through, Miller's mouth shift to a deep V. Her eyes changing from a calm gaze to a devious glare, no longer trying to focus on the screen."

***Annotation #2 - In 50-100 words, describe a technique you use in this piece. Why did you make that choice, and what impact does it have on the reader's understanding of the story? Make sure to quote a phrase or sentence from your writing. Bonus points for explaining how another author influenced your choice!***

Another technique I chose to use was using metaphors. I chose this because I wanted to have a more in-depth feeling of Miller's thoughts while maintaining the Third Person's POV. By having metaphors, I can add in some parts of Miller's perspective in the situation which blends into the Third Person's POV, which allows the reader to read not only the surface actions/thoughts of the characters but also a metaphorical perspective that blends with one of the characters. "The final piece of the puzzle, the puzzle of complete control and power of humanity."

***Annotation #3 - In 50-100 words, describe a technique you use in this piece. Why did you make that choice, and what impact does it have on the reader's understanding of the story? Make sure to quote a phrase or sentence from your writing. Bonus points for explaining how another author influenced your choice!***

A technique I chose to use was having some of my segments in French. My story follows Miller, the president of the Government, the group on top of the "food chain". They and the Upper Class are basically royalty. And I want to really emphasize that, I choose French because in my experience, a lot of things that are connected to the word "fancy" and "bougee" are french. I want to really have that impact of the power and richness that the exclusiveness of the Upper Class and Government. "Membres de le Sainte Classe des Royaux et le Gouvernement du Saint Messie:"

Sophie:

***Annotation #1 - In 50-100 words, describe a technique you use in this piece. Why did you make that***

*choice, and what impact does it have on the reader's understanding of the story? Make sure to quote a phrase or sentence from your writing. Bonus points for explaining how another author influenced your choice!*

*I was inspired to use the first person point of view to show the main character's thoughts in the story, Caught in the Organ Draft. The main character is narrating their thoughts and feelings about donating their organs. They mention that they want to escape this world. This made me realize that I should use the first person to really show my character's thoughts and feelings and have the reader connect with them and understand them. For example, "Something about my cabin eases me, it could be the pink fuzzy walls, the warm vanilla smell, the fireplace, or the cozy feeling I get here. I never want to leave." She talks about how her cabin calms her since it's her home and she doesn't want to leave when she has to for her safety.*

*Annotation #2 - In 50-100 words, describe a technique you use in this piece. Why did you make that choice, and what impact does it have on the reader's understanding of the story? Make sure to quote a phrase or sentence from your writing. Bonus points for explaining how another author influenced your choice!*

*A technique I used was short sentences. I used that to create tension to get the reader hooked. Sometimes even one-worded sentences when my character is realizing something. I use that to show shock to get the readers hooked as well. For example, in the end, Juliette and all of the higher class are staying at a shelter in the government boat and they meet Miller. Juliette is shocked because she had never seen Miller before. "I stand, frozen in shock. Gouverneur des Eaux, Miller."*

*Annotation #3 - In 50-100 words, describe a technique you use in this piece. Why did you make that choice, and what impact does it have on the reader's understanding of the story? Make sure to quote a phrase or sentence from your writing. Bonus points for explaining how another author influenced your choice!*

*A technique I chose to use was visuals to show a time jump. Since the story is basically about life on a boat and there is no land. So I designed one to show a time jump. It has squiggly lines to show the waves and a boat character so it looks like a boat on the sea. This helps the reader to know that there is a time jump. "Pigeon Voyageurs come back and grab the papers with their feet and glide through the skies again.*

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I sit at a high table drinking a Margarita and enjoying the cool summer breeze."

Bryson:

Annotation #1 - In 50-100 words, describe a technique you use in this piece. Why did you make that choice, and what impact does it have on the reader's understanding of the story? Make sure to quote a phrase or sentence from your writing. Bonus points for explaining how another author influenced your choice!

3rd person point of view

Annotation #2 - In 50-100 words, describe a technique you use in this piece. Why did you make that choice, and what impact does it have on the reader's understanding of the story? Make sure to quote a phrase or sentence from your writing. Bonus points for explaining how another author influenced your choice!

One technique I chose was to write my sentences 20-30 words long. With 20-30 word sentences, it allows me to go more in-depth about the story as a whole. With sentence lengths that long, I can both tell my story and add dialogue. And with the addition of commas in the sentence, I am able to add more details and descriptions about everything that's happening in the story.

Annotation #3 - In 50-100 words, describe a technique you use in this piece. Why did you make that choice, and what impact does it have on the reader's understanding of the story? Make sure to quote a phrase or sentence from your writing. Bonus points for explaining how another author influenced your choice!

One technique I chose was to write a deep, thorough description of what the Lower-Class man both saw and felt while he dived into the ocean. I did that to show how big of a role his jumping into the ocean was in the story. The Lower-Class man jumping into the ocean was crucial to everyone making it to the island so I used a lot of detail and description to show how serious and important that scene was.