

BY: EVAN AND GUS



**FACTORY
RESET**

BY: AVORY AND ZARIN

COVER
ART BY
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Factory Reset

Part 1

The air was musty and tension rose in the air. The room was unusually bright. Silas looked at his exam and wondered if he would pass. He wants to become an environmental scientist so he could achieve his dreams. He always asked himself why he wanted to become an environmental scientist so badly. Was it because he wanted to protect the tree he grew up climbing, swinging on them, and getting shade, or was it because of the beautiful plants he helped grow, his favorite the eucalyptus?

He sighs and tries to focus on thinking about it later. Right now he had an exam to tackle. After he was done with his exam, he packed his stuff, handed his paper to his professor, and left the room. He roamed around campus and sat down and checked his calendar to look at his assignments. He looked back at the notes he had in his old journal, it was funny to him how he had never used it but kept most of the notes he took in it and a piece of paper he used as a calendar. He can never forget that that journal is a momentum from his little brother August before he went to the academy for training in the army.

Silas looks at the picture of his family. *"I really wish that I could meet you guys."* He looks at his mom's face in the picture and thinks out loud, "Ma, I miss you and your home-cooked meals a lot." He caresses the picture a lot and then stares at his journal. "I have to get a new journal cover." He looks at the sky and smiles, "Well no point in moping." He stands up and heads to a small cafe. Silas looks at his phone and smiles as he texts his friend, Ryan.

Where are you? - Silas

I'm on my way - Ryan

Traffic jam, be there soon - Ryan

Okay, see you soon - Silas

Silas orders his sandwich and coffee and stares at the blank screen of his computer. As if the exam wasn't enough; he has to type a 4-page essay. He waits and waits, but nothing comes to mind. His head slowly starts to throb and he rubs his temples. While he thinks about his essay Ryan arrives.

"Sorry, There was a lot of traffic."

"It's ok Ryan. But it's strange that there will be a traffic jam." He sips some coffee and asks.

"I know it's strange." Ryan sighs and continues. "It was a protest on taking care of the environment and something about a virus. I couldn't tell. Too much honking"

"I'm sure it's nothing serious."

"Yeah I mean when does half of it ever become true."

"I know, but the way the environment is lately it could be true." Silas looks at his phone and shows the news to him, "Look at this, I saw the news on how pollution is affecting the oceans and the trees are consuming too much of the toxins that one by one they are dying. If things continue to happen like this then it'll be bad for the planet." Ryan looks at him.

"I get what you're saying but scientists and doctors are doing something to help the planet, and what are the odds that something will happen? Tell me, what are the odds?"

"I guess"

"Don't let it get to you," He gets up and leaves.

Silas looks at his friend as he leaves. He goes back home to do his essay and as he browses the internet there is some sort of news about a virus outbreak. The president made a speech saying that everything is under control. He never believed the president but the health administrator declared that everything is under control and the situation is being handled. He thinks for a while, *"Well if the health administrator is saying that everything is under control then it should be. He can't hide something this big, right?"* It seems skeptical but what can he do? He looks at amazon to buy his journal cover. Never wanting to let it get ruined. Having an extra cover helps with that.

As the days change and shift. The news about the virus still spreads. His life is still the same but now as he can't contain his excitement and contentment; he packs his bag to go meet his parents and his little brother who is also returning home. Silas can finally show his brother that he kept the journal safe, and after showing his brother who is coming home safe and sound, with ease in his mind he'll start writing in his journal about anything personal.

As he is about to leave he receives a notification about his plane getting canceled. **We are sorry to inform you that, due to the virus roaming around, there will be no contact with other people soon, and any vehicles will stop moving. The cars will stop crossing borders.** Silas is shocked. It is true that he hasn't kept up with the news but this is outrageous. He quickly takes out his laptop and searches for the news. Thousands of news reports say the virus outbreak is going wild and people seem to be dying as quickly as possible. Simultaneously his phone starts ringing up notification after notification its as if the words will burst and fly away. The news continues about the virus and how the thousands are multiplying into millions.

"How can this be?" Silas wonders out loud. "This is not possible."

Then suddenly his phone starts to ring again, a video call from his family. "Hey, Silas!" His family waves at the screen.

"Are you ok?" His mom nearly shouts in his ears. She looks around the house through his phone the best she can, if it was possible, she would bust inside the phone and use it to go to her son.

"He should be, we heard that the virus hasn't been affecting the people around where you live." His dad replies, looking around.

"What is mom doing? I have to be deployed soon, because of some fight breaking out over the virus." August also chimes in. Silas stays silent but then.

"Everyone be safe, mom and dad stay inside. Only leave for necessities and try to stock up on food. As much as possible. And you stay safe while helping others, I want you back home safe and

sound." He looks at his phone, "Guys I have to go. Please call me when you guys get the chance. They are stopping transportation, and I don't know if they will stop cell communication or not."

"Aye, Aye. Captain." Said August. Then laughs a little and salutes.

"Ok stay safe, Silas. We love you." Everyone slowly leaves the video call and Silas turns off his phone and throws it on his bed.

He sighs and rubs his temples again, slowly slumps near the end of his bed and leans against it, he closes his eyes and covers them with his arms. Wishing that everything would be back to normal. A few days later, nothing changed. Instead more news about death happening across the city. Silas doesn't get out of the house for any reason. No interaction with others and communication is getting weak lately. He gets up and checks one more time if he needs anything and sees he's missing toothpaste and quickly goes to the store. No one is there, everything is deserted except the workers. Wearing heavy masks and shield protection. He grabs his toothpaste and leaves.

He hears a cough and everyone frantically runs away. As he reaches his apartment he gets an announcement in his apartment saying all campus departments move underground until further notice. As the announcement finished there was a loud siren shrieking, Silas quickly looks through the window and sees everyone packed their stuff and left for safety.

As Silas grabs his bookbag and the black journal as he leaves he encounters his professor.

"Professor Blake, what are you doing here?"

"Leaving for safety." He looks at the journal and points at it. "That is a very nice journal."

"Yeah," Silas smiles at the journal. "My brother gave it to me. It's very special to me."

"It's nice, makes you feel like you're close to your family huh?" Silas nods his head.

"You should go to safety. It's dangerous." The professor looks far ahead and looks at Silas once more. "Actually follow me."

"Ok, where are we going?"

"You'll see, just follow me." They went downstairs and around the corridor and went down through the basement, finding a secret basement. "This is my laboratory."

"How did you get a secret laboratory in here and why a second basement?"

"My family moved to Philadelphia and settled here, wanting to give students a better future. But right now that is not the case. There is a greater threat than the virus."

"Wait, wait hold up. Didn't that happen too fast? I mean you can't drop a bombshell on me and expect everything to be ok."

"Apologies but, you are a very passionate student involving plants. I expect you'd understand. The threat is that soon there will be overgrown plants. Covering the whole city no, the planet." He looks at Silas. "And I need your help."

"Me! How?"

"To help find a cure to the virus. That way one issue will be solved."

"Ok, do we have a name for the project?"

"You name it."

"The eucalyptus tribe."

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!

Third person point of view - I used the third person point of view because I thought it'll help with connecting with the character more. I have not experienced a sudden turn of events (besides Covid,) in my life and I wasn't sure if I would be able to portray that well here. And making the character feels similar but also a stranger who is different helps the reader stay on edge and look for clarification in the story. In this quote, "Silas smiles at the journal." Indicates that the journal is special to him, but we still don't know how much is it special to him or what is the big reason.

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!

Different font/descriptive words - It's inspired by sound cloud for its descriptive body language. I used a different font in the text scene to make it more realistic. The descriptive words were inspired by a book that I'm reading called A Snicker of magic. My favorite book and one of the reasons it hooks me on is because of its descriptive words, it's also inspired by Geronimo Stilton Series, both the font and descriptive and figurative language makes me enjoy the series. 'she would bust inside the phone and use it to go to her son.' I used this figurative language, because in most scenarios moms or sometimes my mom would try to look at the places my sister would live in when she is away.

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!

Long dialogues - "Apologies but, you are a very passionate student involving plants. I expect you'd understand. The threat is that soon there will be overgrown plants. Covering the whole city no, the planet." Inspired by Perfect match. Perfect match had long dialogues that kept the story engaging. The long conversation gave me information on what was going on and why is it happening.

Part 2

I remember that night like it was just yesterday, me and my younger brother Daryl sitting in a field of dead grass and dead dreams. We talked about the virus that consumed almost all of humanity, and the nature that took over our home, Philadelphia. The entire city was abandoned, and consumed by nature making it almost impossible to get supplies. The bridges collapsed keeping us from making our way across the Delaware river to escape this lost wonderland of a city.

I was told that a Virus consumed the world 500 years ago, and the only reason why we are here now is because we have some sort of immunity to the virus keeping us from getting infected. The virus allowed planet earth to return to the times when the human race never existed. It was like it went to the times, before global warming, and before the human race ruined their own lives just for fortune and power over the weak and lower classes.

We are taught at young ages to survive, and fend for ourselves so that we don't get devoured just like everything around us. We learn how to use knives, how to cut down trees, and find ways to heal wounds. We are taught how to live and respect each other. We are taught that the mind overpowers the body, giving us total control over most aspects of ourselves. That gives us an advantage in this world, showing us ways to survive, cope, and escape death.

Me and my younger brother banded up with a faction we met while we were scavenging for food. The faction name was The Hollows. They spared us only because we didn't have much supplies. They needed an extra hand. They brought us back to meet everyone else. To our surprise it was a pretty big faction.

This was 3 years ago, now it's just a distant memory to us. No one is safe anymore, the lack of food and supplies has killed a good handful of us, making our faction weaker by the day. That's when we heard it, a voice yelling at us and the others. As the commotion grew near, we jumped up to see what was going on.

The elder of the faction got the news that there were supplies, and enough food to last us for more than a few months. The elder spoke to everyone, with a loud serious tone; Seth and Daryl listened to what they had to say.

"WE FOUND IT! A WAY OUT!" says the Elder

A wave of whispers flowed throughout the crowd.

“THE CITY, THERE’S FOOD, SUPPLIES AND EVEN WEAPONS!”

“THERE ARE ONLY A FEW PROBLEMS WE MUST AVOID IF POSSIBLE. THE SUPPLIES ARE DEEP INTO THE CITY, AND WE FOUND OUT THAT WE ARE NOT ALONE.”

The crowd of people grew louder as they argued.

“WE HAVE BEEN ALONE FOR YEARS ON END, HOW IS IT POSSIBLE THAT WE JUST NOW FIGURE THIS OUT!?” Screamed one of the faction's members.

“WHAT IF THEY WANT US TO DIE, AND TAKE IT ALL FOR THEMSELVES!? WHAT THEN!?”

The Elder grew angry at the group.

“THIS IS A ONCE IN A LIFETIME OPPORTUNITY, WHY NOT GRAB IT WHILE WE CAN!? WE WOULD NO LONGER HAVE TO SCAVENGE THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY FOR FOOD AND WATER!” The Elder shouted back out of rage.

The crowd filled with whispers once more.

“I THINK WE SHOULD GO FOR IT, WHO CARES ABOUT THE OTHER FACTIONS? WE’LL JUST KILL EM’ FIRST!” Daryl blurted out

The crowd continues to whisper, discussing to make a decision.

That day that we decided to go for the supplies, to hopefully end our suffering was the last time we ever felt at peace and happiness in this accursed world. The group of people came to a decision, they were sick of eating rotten vegetables, and whatever they could snag from their gardens. We packed our things, grabbed what we could use to fend for ourselves, and headed for the city in hopes of finding a new way of life, one without hunger or hatred among the faction.

We all started to head to the city in hopes of surviving and getting what we needed. We walked for half a day to get to the city. By that point, we were low on water, and had almost no food. We split up into a few groups and set a rally point somewhere close to the Supplies we came for. A few of the groups went for food, and supplies while the other groups went for water and other drinking sources. Me and Daryl got put into a group that went for food and supplies. We searched through old apartments, houses, and even hospitals for supplies and the food we needed.

That was when we started to face some problems. There started to be more obstacles to pass, and places to avoid making it harder to get through. Our group kept pushing despite the challenges we faced. We started to head towards the rally point to meet back up with our group. That was when things started to go wrong. Two of our group members died while heading back. They both were walking alongside the group, not too far when all of the sudden they fell into a trap that was placed. We didn’t know who, but it was deadly. Their corpses laid there, skewered by wooden spikes planted at the bottom of the

hole. It was covered up by grass and leaves with flimsy sticks holding onto it. That was when it hit me, the other factions the Elder told us about. It was them who placed the trap along our pathway because they knew what we were going for. They wanted the supplies for themselves, and we couldn't let that happen.

Our group carefully made our way back attempting to avoid more traps. Lucky for us we didn't run into any others, but when we got to the rally point no one was there. We waited for two hours in hope of our group getting there. But that's when we realized that they were dead. They were killed by another faction that they crossed paths with, or that's what we believe. That was our call to get to the supplies quickly and smoothly. We then made our way to where the supplies were said to be.

We found the supplies and noticed no one was there. It was left untouched just as it was before. We started to make our way towards the supplies but we noticed something was off. It was quiet, very quiet. Especially for a city, no animals, no birds. Just nothing but silence and wind. We knew it was a trap, we backed up and waited for something to show us where the other faction was.

In the distance we heard someone yell. That was when we made our first move. We used the weapons we had. We had people with bladed and blunt objects to charge, and ones with guns and ranged weapons getting cover from above.

“CHAAARRRGEE!!!” Screamed the group leader

“FOR THE HOLLOWS!!!” screamed some of the combatants

We caught the other faction off guard, taking out one by one while losing a few. In the distance we heard yelling. Both factions stopped fighting and quickly looked up the street. There was another big group of people running at us. That was when we heard it coming from behind us too. It was another faction. The two other factions ran at us creating total chaos. We all fought and fought and fought. It was as if they just kept coming at us. It was like there was no end to the factions. That was when I realized that we weren't fighting for survival, but for greed. We wanted everything from those supplies. We knew if we got them, we wouldn't need to worry about hunger, or survival for a long time. There was more than enough for everyone to live for ages. We were killing each other just for greed, and just for a perfect life that wouldn't last us forever.

Just as I had these thoughts, Daryl got shot in the lung. I realized that there was no helping him, even with the supplies we were fighting over. Our doctors and medics were dying in front of us. Just body after body falling around me. It made me go insane. That was when I decided to fight. I was no longer going to try to show mercy to the other factions.

"An eye for an eye" Seth mumbled.

He let go of Daryl's corpse to pick up a rifle.

"No more holding back, this is it."

"I WILL FIGHT TILL DEATH!! IN THE NAME OF THE HOLLOWES!!!" Screamed Seth

As the dust settled I realized that I was one of the only survivors out of all the factions. That was when I chose peace instead of war. The blood bath finally ended, and yet the supplies stayed untouched. That day that I lost everything was the day that things changed. The place we call home was ruined by greed. That showed me that no matter what happens in life, there will always be conflict among the people. After mother nature took over our planet, I realized that even after death, there will always be a new beginning. This showed me that Love is Death.

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 was using character dialogue to have characters talking or yelling back and forth. I chose this technique because it gives the reader a sense of alertness, or makes them more hooked to that part of the book. I also wrote in all capital letters to make it seem more intense for the reader. This could hook the reader more into reading the book because of the intense lines of vocal dialogue. For example, in the text the characters say, "THE CITY, THERE'S FOOD SUPPLIES, AND EVEN WEAPONS!" and "THERE IS ONLY A FEW PROBLEMS WE MUST AVOID IF POSSIBLE. THE SUPPLIES ARE DEEP INTO THE CITY, AND WE FOUND OUT THAT WE ARE NOT ALONE.,". These techniques make the book seem more intense and alive, making it more fun to read.

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!

In my story I decided to use the writing technique of shorter sentences in each paragraph. I used this narrative style technique because it allows me to add more information without it being way too long of a sentence. This technique gives the reader the idea that the character has quick thoughts and has the whole story in mind at the same time. For example I used this technique in this paragraph: "Me and my younger brother banded up with a faction we met while we were scavenging for food. The faction name was The Hollows. They spared us only because we didn't have much supplies. They needed an extra hand. They brought us back to meet everyone else. To our surprise it was a pretty big faction." This is made up of shorter sentences showing some intensity for the thoughts, or how quick they show up.

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!

I used another technique which was narration. The main character in my story named Seth uses narration as if it was him thinking. This gives a perspective of someone who is very serious and worried about the future. He talks about his younger brother Daryl, and describes the world they live in throughout the book. For example in the first sentence of my story, it's created as if it was someone thinking back on a moment that happened. "I remember that night like it was just yesterday, me and my younger brother Daryl sitting in a field of dead grass and dead dreams."

Part 3

The people who survived the virus can't come to an agreement which causes a war

I listen to the rainfall as it drops on the roof of my tent thinking about my family and how they didn't deserve to die. That virus took away the people I love most. I had to watch my little brother die in my arms. I know that I have to fight in this war but I don't want to. It's what's best for me, it's what my family would want me to do. And one of my friends who survived the virus is going to have to fight in this war and it could be deadly, it could be the end of the four factions. The faction where I live is stationed at an old hotel that has been abandoned for years. I sit down on the bed thinking about how my life could end soon. Just then my friend David walks in, what he doesn't know is that I've had the biggest crush on him.

"Hey," David says

"What's up"

"What are you thinking about?"

"Thinking about how the war could end badly for all of us"

"Yea Sid I know"

"This could be the end for all of us"

"It is really crazy, but this is what we have to do"

"You're so calm"

"I'm trying to be calm because I don't want to think about it"

"You're pissing me off"

I walk out to the front of the hotel and David follows after me.

"Why are you acting like that?"

"I'm just scared okay I don't want to die"

"You're acting like a wuss, now man up and grow a pair. Oh wait, your a girl" he chuckles

"Whatever man."

Things have been really weird since the plant outbreak, they are everywhere and the factions don't know what to do about food. It's crazy we have no source of food because we don't know what's okay to eat anymore. It's been a while since the plants started to overgrow in the world and crazy is an understatement people have been going crazy and dying of starvation. And I've just been really sad because most of the people in my faction have died due to the fact that we have to ration food so that we all don't die and some people need more food so they die of starvation.

Flashback

Me and my dad are at the grocery store to shop for thanksgiving

"Dad, what are all the can goods for?"

"You never know when you will need them."

"I'm not worried about that let's get the turkey"

"Ok daughter,"

I think about that day all the time, thinking about how I overlooked that conversation when it happened. But now I think about it all the time, because my dad was right you will never know what you need until you need it. And now can goods are a necessity to survive right now. Today we have to go out and check for any more survivors that survived the virus, I doubt that we will find anything. Me and some others get in the van in hopes that we will find some more canned goods. We are going to the food pantry about 5 miles west of the hotel. We get to the food pantry and some of us get out and two stay and watch. We go into the food pantry and it is stacked with food we grab as much as we can and fill up the bag we bought. I think to myself, this should be enough to last us at least two years. We go back to the hotel with all the food that should last us until the war.

Five days later

I'm really scared of what's to come. This is going to be the end. I lay in bed waiting for the day to pass, it was just one of those days. I fall asleep and I wake up yelling "EVERYONE WE ARE PREPARING FOR THE WAR." Wait, this is happening sooner than expected, so we have to get ready. We all pack in the different vans to raid the armory, when we get there we get all the supplies we need and head back to the hotel. The war is supposed to happen in two days, I'm not mentally prepared for this, I have bad anxiety and it is getting to me, I can't sit still. I stand up and walk to the door. When I open the door I see Sasha, she used to bully me and call me a nerd just because I was smarter than her and got better grades.

"What do you want," Sid says

"Uh, what's your problem? I just wanted to see if you were okay. You seem sad." Sasha says

"I'm fine, and if I wasn't it would be any of your concern, we have never been friends, you're up to something."

"Rude"

Sasha walks away as Marcus walks up to me

"Drama alert, what was that about?"

"It wasn't anything, just Sahsa being Sahsa."

"Oh, do you think she's single?"

"Probably but why would I care"

"Just asking for a friend."

"Okay, just watch out for her"

"I definitely will"

Marcus walks off and starts to go down the steps

"Hey wait up"

"What is it Sid"

"I like you."

"I like you too, as a friend."

As he smiles and walks away

I can't believe he just friend zoned me, I built up all that courage to tell him and that's all he had to say. He dropped his pocket watch and I picked it up. I followed him down the steps where I saw him kissing. SASHA! I'm so angry, and it's the fact that they are devouring each other's faces. I ran the other way crying, thinking how I just told Marcus that I liked him and he just didn't care that made me so mad. I go back up to my room and flop on the bed and fall asleep. I wake up a few hours later to go find some food because I haven't eaten in days trying to make sure everyone else ate. I go down to the kitchen and as I'm walking down the stairs, I see Marcus and he says hey, I just ignore him and give him the side eye and continue to the kitchen and eat.

The next day

"Hey Sid, what was up with you last night?"

"You know what you did"

"I'm so confused right now"

"You kissed Sasha."

"You're jealous, I didn't strike you as the type."

"I told you that I liked you and you completely ignored me, and went on about your day."

"It wasn't like that I just didn't like you back."

"Well you could have at least said that you didn't like me back."

"I just didn't want to mess up our relationship as friends."

"I hope you and Sasha are happy together."

Marcus walks away angrily

One day later

I can't believe I left things like that Marcus is my best friend after all. The war is starting later today and I have to talk to Marcus before then. The faction leader says that we have to be ready at any moment because they could attack us from all sides. I spoke too soon, he yells everyone get in position now. I look at Marcus and BOOM!! I open my eyes and my ears are ringing, they dropped a bomb on us, we see people coming from everywhere, some of our members are dead so we have to fight for our territory. I see an ak47 on the ground and I pick it up, and I start to shoot everyone I see that is in the other tribe. POP POP POP!! That's all I hear as I shoot the gun, not even thinking, just acting on what I think is right to save our faction. I run out of bullets and I grab my knife and I start stabbing people. I get shot in my arm and I fall to the ground.

Marcus runs over

"Omg god what do I do"

"Apply pressure to it, here rip a piece of my shirt off and wrap it around the wound."

"Okay"

As Marcus is doing that he gets stabbed in the back by Sasha. She's been working for the other side this whole time. I can't believe she stabbed Marcus like that. She says it's nothing personal and I flip her off, as Marcus is bleeding out in my arms. Marcus say "It's okay I'm dying," as he closes his eyes. I start to cry but I get up and wipe my tears, knowing that I'm going to sacrifice myself. I grabbed the rest of the knives I had and started to throw them at peoples heads. POP POP POP POP! I get shot four times and I hit the ground and take a breath knowing it will be my last.

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 used the first point of view in order to let the voice of the narrator be heard, and I thought this was the best way to let his voice be heard. Marcus says, "I think about that day all the time, thinking about how I overlooked that conversation when it happened." This displays one technique that I used from Christine Kendall's Riding Chance, that technique is the First 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!

I went for shorter sentences and straight to the point because I thought that would fit best with the character story I was trying to tell. Sid says "I get shot in my arm and I fall to the ground." This sentence is about twelve words long and it is showing how I used Christine Kendall's Riding Chance, as a reference when writing.

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!

I used a lot of dialogue in my story because I thought that it would be interesting to use mostly dialogue. Sid and her dad are talking to each other "Dad, what are all the can goods for?" "You never know when you will need them." This shows how I used Christine Kendall's Riding Chance, as a reference when writing.

Part 4

Date Unknown (Roughly 500 years in the future)

Day 1

I walked out of camp today. I couldn't take the constant pressure from my father, the leader of the Bear tribe. He constantly tries to teach me how to use a spear so I can one day rush into battle and probably die. When I told him that I didn't want to become a soldier, he essentially made me an outcast of the tribe saying that I "wasn't tough enough" and that I "needed to man up and fight". As I walked away I heard faint calls from my fellow tribesmen screaming, "THABO WHERE ARE YOU?" but I simply ignored them. I walked through 3 ancient settlements, before eventually deciding to stay the night at some ancient place called "Jerry's Pizza". (I still have no idea what this "pizza" thing was. Maybe it's some weird clothing item that people used to wear) I've been considering going back more and more, but I'm going to at least wait until tomorrow to make a decision.

Day 2

I woke up this morning screaming back in the direction of the camp. Fearing the worst, I decided to hide out in this weird ancient structure behind the wall of trees that line the paths. I knew that all four tribes had been getting into more disputes over land and food, sometimes leading to fights and death. I found some berries growing on an ancient pathway, it should be enough to last for a few days.

Day 3

An uneasy silence engulfed the screaming. When it happened I felt a chill rush down my spine. I could sense that the worst had come. As soon as I returned to camp, my assumptions proved correct. I saw hundreds of lifeless bodies dotting the camp, including my father. I felt all my hatred for him and everyone else vanish within a second. I sat there, feeling remorseful for the deaths of my tribe, but also fearing the idea that everyone had died but me. I could see people from all four tribes dead on the ground, proving that this could be the end of humanity. I decided to go to all the other camps to see if all of my thoughts are true. I approached the Eucalyptus tribe cautiously, as they were the Bear tribe's biggest rival. However, as I got closer, I could see that the exact same thing had happened here too, not a single soul was left.

Day 4

I've gone to all of the camps now, and every single person is dead. I haven't slept or eaten at all, I've just been thinking, sitting in the middle of ancient ruins. I'm still trying to hold out hope that someone is still out there, but in my mind I can feel that it's the end. I built a fire and finally ate some food, but I still feel nauseous at the thought of living my life alone. I tried, and failed to build a shelter, so I'm staying on a small grass patch surrounded by densely packed trees for protection.

Day 6

I woke up today feeling unusually pleasant. After treating myself to a lovely breakfast of berries. I felt that the best idea was to hunt when I actually had any morale. Ever since I was 5, my father had me do hunting drills daily, in case of an emergency. However, he never taught me how to make any kind of weapons whatsoever. I created a makeshift club out of a large tree branch, which was noticeably worse than the ones dad used to have me train with. I attempted to ambush a deer, but the club snapped in half immediately upon hitting the deer. I suddenly grew an appreciation for all of the bear tribe hunters who would sometimes bring back 20 animals a day. After my failed hunting excursion, I explored to find a place to camp. I walked to a nearby ancient settlement where I found a Jerry's Pizza that was different to the one I camped at before. Jerry must've really been running a clothing empire all those years ago.

Day 7

It was pouring rain this morning. However, I hadn't eaten for almost a day, so I went to go forage for berries. As I walked towards the vast forest, a massive bolt of lightning shot across the sky. Frightened, I decided to rush back to Jerry's Pizza for cover in the hopes that the storm would die down later in the day. In the meantime, I decided that I would make this Jerry's Pizza my permanent

home, rather than constantly traveling around. It wasn't until almost sundown when I felt confident again. The rain had cleared up enough and the lightning had stopped so I went into the forest to forage for berries. As I was collecting my berries, I noticed a dark shadowy figure in the distance and it appeared to be slowly approaching me. By this point night had fully set in and, so I decided to rush back to Jerry's Pizza. As I went back I noticed the shadowy figure behind me was following me, but much quicker than it was before. I sprinted as fast as I could to get away from the shadowy figure, nearly running into a tree on multiple occasions. When I finally returned to the ancient settlement, the shadowy figure was nowhere to be found.

Day 8

I woke up still in shock and confusion over what happened last night. I had several nightmares, where I thought the shadowy figure had followed me home and killed me. Nevertheless, I decided that I would try and make an actually usable weapon to hunt. I mostly did this because I really don't think I can survive off of only berries for much longer. I went to the forest to collect branches and sticks before I headed back to Jerry's Pizza. I then crafted the wood into a few different clubs. I tested my new clubs on an old chair I found in the back room of Jerry's and surprisingly, a few of them seemed to work. I went out to try and find some animals to hunt, but as I approached the forest, all I could think about was the shadowy figure. As the sun started to sink into the horizon, I felt myself become an entirely different person. Fueled by my built up fear of the shadows I was able to kill a deer with surprising efficiency. I immediately darted out of the forest, I was moving so fast that I eventually lost track of where I was. When I realized this, I felt a sense of dread that I hadn't felt before, including when I found out I was the last one left. I collapsed, as a result of my panic and because I had just sprinted faster than ever before. My legs felt like they had grown roots in the ground. My panic grew more and more until I eventually passed out.

Day 15

Ever since my encounter with the shadows, my life has been literal hell. I've been lost in the forest for days upon end, and every night my fear drives me to the point of passing out, just for my night to be full of nightmares about the beast (that's what I'm calling "it" now). I miss my family. I miss my tribe. Hell, I even miss Jerry's Pizza. I don't know what to do anymore. I tried to make a fire, but my hands were shaking so much that I couldn't do anything. When night hit, I once again began my now daily routine of fearing for my life. I can almost feel my brain melt as I violently shake while hiding in a nearby bush.

Day 20

Somehow it's become worse. I've begun to see visions of the beast during the day. Every day, I have to fight an internal battle just to go forage and get water. I've given up trying to hunt. It's too much of a hassle for me. I've been desperately stumbling through the forest like a never ending labyrinth,

just trying to find any ancient settlement, but to no avail. I feel as though I have to keep on the move however, because if the beast begins to chase me again, I don't know if I'll be able to survive.

Epilogue

Over time, Thabo began to see more and more visions in his head. He spent every day living in fear and regret. As his condition worsened, he began to see what he thought were spirits of his family and tribe who had come to haunt him for his desertion of the bear tribe. One day, as he was running from "the beast" he accidentally ran off the edge of a cliff, unfortunately resulting in his death.

Humanity has officially come to an end, and mother nature returns to where it was before the existence of humans.

Annotation #1 - First Person POV

One technique I chose to use was a first person point of view. I chose this because I felt it would allow the reader to view more of what's going on in Thabo's mind as he slowly starts to go crazy. This helps communicate the idea that he's alone in the world and has nothing but his thoughts to keep him going. One example of this in my writing is "I'm still trying to hold out hope that someone is still out there, but in my mind I can feel that it's the end." I also included a third person conclusion, as it was the only logical way I could write the end of humanity into my story.

Annotation #2 - Commas

Throughout the story I used commas to try and communicate when Thabo was going on long rants in his head. The reader can dissect how Thabo is thinking by looking at the heavy use of commas and sentence length. I used this particularly towards the end, as he slowly began to go crazy. One specific example of this is "I've been lost in the forest for days upon end, and every night my fear drives me to the point of passing out, just for my night to be full of nightmares about the beast"

Annotation #3 - Visuals (Journal/Day Count)

I utilized visuals to give my story a journal feel. I did this because it gives the reader context as to the timeframe of Thabo's life and as he slowly goes crazy. I also used this because I think it adds to the first person point of view and is a unique spin on the style. This also provides the reader a deeper understanding of his thoughts. Parable of the Sower by Octavia Butler inspired me to do this, as in that book, there was a similar journal style. There are also larger time gaps towards the end of the story to help communicate how Thabo begins to spiral.