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FEATURE

ALEX MILLS, A CIRCLE OF KINDRED SPINY
THE LAST MAN

NIKE SWAYAY

SOUTHBURY

WORKS CITED
Mike Swain

The rain on the window pane, the sound of rain on the rooftop, the crack of lightning in the distance, the thunder echoing in the distance.

At dusk, the sky was filled with a pale blue light, the clouds drifted slowly across the sky, casting shadows on the ground below.

The sound of rain on the roof was a constant hum, the rhythm of the raindrops against the shingles.

The rain soaked through the roof, pooling on the floor, seeping into the walls, creating a sense of dampness.

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Mike Sullivan

The way the light changed in winter, how the leaves on the trees seemed to transform into different colors, was a sight she had become accustomed to. The days grew shorter, and the air grew colder, but she found herself drawn to the quiet beauty of it all. The world was still and serene, and she longed to be a part of it.

As the sun set behind the mountains, casting a warm glow across the landscape, she took a deep breath and closed her eyes. The rush of the wind through the trees was soothing, and she felt a sense of peace wash over her. She knew that the world was full of wonder, and she was determined to find it, no matter how far she had to go.

And so, she set out on her journey, her heart filled with hope and her soul ready to embrace whatever lay ahead. She knew that the road ahead would be long and filled with challenges, but she was ready to face them all, for she knew that she was meant for greatness.
...
The sky was dark and grey, and the clouds were thick and heavy,

but the moon was bright and full, shining down on the
landscape below. The wind was howling, and the
rain was pouring down, making everything
look bleak and desolate.

The trees swayed in the wind, their leaves rustling
against the branches, and the
raindrops crashed against
the leaves, creating a
soothing sound.

The river flowed
swiftly, its surface
rippled by the
wind. The
moon's
reflections
sparkled on
to the water, making it
look like a
diamond
stream.

The+

SOUTH
Officially dead.

Nothing.

The days are getting shorter and the nights are growing longer. Listening to the rain, hearing it hit the glass, feeling it seep into the earth, it's hard to believe that this is the same world that I once knew. The world of the living, the world of the breathing, the world of the vibrant colors and moving shapes. It's hard to believe that all of that is gone, that none of it exists anymore.

The rain is a constant companion, a constant reminder of the world that we once knew. It's a reminder of the people who lived in it, the places we went, the things we saw. It's a reminder of the past, of the things that we have lost. But it's also a reminder of the future, of what we can still have if we just open our eyes and listen.

The world is still alive, even if we can't see it anymore. The rain is a symbol of that, a symbol of the world that we can still touch, even if it's hard to believe sometimes.

The days are getting shorter, but the memories are still there. They're still alive, even if the world that we knew is gone. The rain is a reminder of that, a reminder of the world that we can still hold onto, even if it's hard to believe sometimes.