[Your Name]

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[Course Number]

[Date]

The Last Memoir: The First One

**(PART-1)**

“What’s th’ time?” James in white coat murmured sitting behind my bench.

I turned my attention from the window to James and said: "it’s half past 5”.

He had an outlandish smile on the face. "You will have a time you will have time". James was behaving like a naughty Eliot. It made me doubtful rather conjectural, he knew something. I looked around my classroom in biology class. Everything was fine like it happens in Floridian school. All the benches were in place and the lights were on. Some of the students had gone home and the others were on the way. I was waiting for my mom's call and I don't know what James was doing there. "Look, that skeleton is smiling at you", James murmured again. I looked at a figure on the front wall. "I really don't like you, James!" I shouted but with a low voice. James was a nasty classmate of mine, he often tried to intimate with me, but I never let him get acquainted with me. I stared at the figure and thought there was nothing odd in that. It was a simple human skeleton figure. Then I started staring outside. My classroom was on the 3rd floor of our school building, and the main entrance of the school was visible to me. There was little light and much fog outside that few things were visible. I could see through the window pane two palm trees standing tall like giant shadows outside the main gate. Blurred human figures were also noticeable walking in the lawn. There was a killing silence inside the room and the voices from outside were unable to reach my ears. Some headlights were visible moving like lanterns in the hands of sloths on the road behind the boundary wall. I was in deep distress until my mom called me: “I am reaching outside Eliza, come on!”. I gathered up myself and came outside the room, James followed me.

**(PART-2)**

I was standing confused in the lawn where students, and teachers, and everyone was running towards inside the main building. There was fog everywhere and shrieks of people mixed with the bangs of firearms. Two guys of my age appeared suddenly before me. They were holding heavy guns with flames coming out from their muzzles. I was numb with cold and the howls. Suddenly, a flame rushed towards me and passed through my right shoulder. I fell on the mossy ground and lost my conscious, but my eyes remained open. I was yelling when I looked through my eyelids. I looked James who was standing upon me. "I told you that I wouldn't spare you", James shouted. Then he heard Police sirens and ran towards the building. I looked around with agony; scores of human bodies were lying wherever I saw, some of them were crawling like zombies. Palms were looking like the giant devil. The smiling face of the skeleton appeared on both trees. In a flash, a zombie fell on me; her arms were motionless and the body was shattered, one limb present and the other one absent. Her face fell on my face showering blood. I tried to remove her from my body and held her face first; there was no skin on her face: only shattered bones. I shrieked for the last time and closed my eyes.

A peaceful room full of lights, one woman is sitting with a man in a white coat. A skeleton figure hanging on the wall and a dead body lying on a stretcher, "there is fog outside!" the doctor said in despair. "So, it was her last memoir", he murmured again. "If it were doctor, she never wrote a memoir!” the weeping woman spoke for the last time before she fell to death.

**References**

Derry, C. (2009). *Dark dreams 2.0: a psychological history of the modern horror film from the 1950s to the 21st century*. McFarland.