

## Highly Commended Outstanding LGBTIQ Short Story 2017

### Apocalypse Story by Mira Schlosberg

#### Apocalypse Story

My date says that the world is ending. We have passed the Ecological Tipping Point and now no matter what we do the world will continue to heat up until it is the same temperature as Venus. No one is talking about this even though it is a fact, and it is happening now, and it is happening fast. We are probably the last generation of people on Earth.

My date also says that, as a regular New Zealander, she has been drinking since the age of thirteen and can drink anyone under the table. I don't doubt this because I am already too drunk to tell if the apocalypse thing sounds true or not. I say don't tell me the world is ending, I only just recently realised I'm going to die. I used to think I wasn't afraid of death, but that was only because I had never thought about the actual moment when you realise this is it and you are about to die. She says she can't believe more people don't already know about the Ecological Tipping Point.

She says do you want to kiss and I say what even though I heard what she said. She says do you want to kiss and I say ok and we kiss. While we are kissing I think about all the straight people around us and if they are watching and if anyone will say anything, and I think about the earth reaching out and out and out from beneath us in every direction, all round and full of hot lava. When we finish kissing I leave my hand on her knee so that she can tell I like her and I wasn't just kissing her because she suggested it. She says I like you. I say I like you too, too bad the apocalypse is coming. She says well not in the next year. Then I wish I hadn't said that because now it seems like I have imagined we will be together long enough for our relationship to be interrupted by the end of the world, which is at least more than one year away.

I go inside to buy more drinks. In the bar there is band made up of all men and they are playing a cover of 'Untouched' by the Veronicas. While I am waiting for the drinks I have an emotional flashback to when I used to hear this song on the radio in high school and think about how much I loved my best friend.

When I come back outside it is brighter than it was before, which is strange because it is the late evening and it should be getting darker. Everyone is looking up at the sky and they are all looking kind of freaked out, and while I am standing there looking at everyone looking at the sky it just keeps getting brighter and brighter. I walk over to my date and say what's going on, but before she can answer I look at the sky finally, and I see that the thing that everyone is freaking out about is a huge, huge comet, on fire and hurtling towards us. I feel a melting feeling in my stomach. I take a sip of my beer, but it only makes the melting feeling worse.

I say well it looks like you were wrong about how much time we have. Then I wish I hadn't said that because we are probably about to die and this isn't really the time to be rude, even in a joking way. She takes the other beer

from me and takes a sip. I wonder if she has the melting feeling too, or if knowing that the world would slowly burn up anyway has prepared her slightly more for this moment. She says do you want to kiss again and I say ok. While we are kissing I think about how I will never get to tell another person I love them because the world is ending while I am on a third date. I think about how much vast emptiness the comet flew through before it got here. I think about God and being a part of God. All my life I have been one part of God and now I am about to find out what being a different part is like.