

Blanca
September 14, 2021

un·ex·pect·ed

/,ənək'spektəd/

adjective

Not regarded as likely to happen.

This morning I am the force of nature. The strength I feel is unbearable, but I understand I have been chosen. I work for the universe now. A lot changed in one night. I was a girl in eleventh grade eager to please and aching to fit in. My biggest worry was a science test the next day, now I have the weight of the world on my back. I feel it squeezing me into tight decisions. The prickly sense of billions walking on me is new and uncomfortable. I am sore from roots growing through my surface and I'm in need of a stretch, but my situation is unavoidable.

When I say things are different, I mean life changing. I have been selected to act as Earth for the next thousand years. My first task: make mountains move. This is tricky. People don't understand that the Earthquake is not to be blamed for its destruction, that's simply the price you pay for putting value in tangibles. I know that now, but I also know the devastation it causes, and it makes my job a whole lot harder. With the utmost sorrow I begin to push. I start stiff and slowly rumbling to life. The population will experience large waves of land, similar to the ocean, making it strenuous to run away. It is heavy and difficult, but feels like waking up after a good sleep or showering after a bike ride. The cracking of cement is the satisfying crackling of a campfire. The shattering glass is itching a mosquito bite. I am energized and focused, but I'm killing hundreds. Families are torn apart. Friends are lost. I grieve in great relief.