

Reportage 1

by Guy Benjamin Brookshire

Good evening ladies and gentlemen, we're coming to you live from the edge of the world

I feel as though there is something I should do but I don't know what it is

Let me just see if I can describe what I'm seeing here

The gathered press and dignitaries are all a bit confused there's some milling about,

And we're just waiting for the sunrise, as you might imagine, just waiting for the

Horror Movie to start.

Oh,

Yes,

Here it comes,

A massive fusion reaction, a constant detonation of the most basic elements in the universe is rising over the edge of the earth here now

My word, what a sight

And below us here what have we?

It is as though the great piano player were recording only his mistakes

It appears to be

Yes it is, a vast valley, a field down in the vast valley, a cultivated field it appears to be

A vast field of what? What is this? Corn or wheat? Well I suppose right now it's just mounds of dirt.

I just don't know what to call it, Not being agricultural. I just.

Oh my word.

Yes there appears to be a great stirring in the earth as if the earth were opening, or no, it appears as if the soil is crawling, no, I see that the earth is yielding or disgorging, or what have we here?

The soil is made of women

And men

The rich black soil appears to be pulsing up in its billions and billions of little mounds billions of them, it looks like the valley is boiling and something is rising out of the valley floor

Oh my goodness ladies and gentlemen I can see human beings are coming up out of the valley, billions of children with soil falling off them their bursting up out of the ground like pop corn now oh my goodness oh my goodness ladies and gentlemen a great gush of humanity has flushed up out of the valley floor and they're gushing up out of the valley floor it is a great wave of humanity rolling like wheat in a wind and the unbelievable uncanny un-everything this is most horrible incredible sight you just couldn't believe it ladies and gentlemen the smell is indescribable and they appear to be tearing each other to pieces or perhaps this is a vast orgy, no its both its everything the sound is deafening and I could you can hear me I can barely hear myself there is screaming and wailing and laughter and cackling and grunting and just you wouldn't believe it's just sounds like just floods of humanity rolling and tumbling and crashing with teeth and bones and blood and guts just everywhere, the towers are swaying and it's all just a maelstrom of idiots we've locked up in an attic. And it sounds like this wave is sweeping a whole planet full of apes off the side of a cliff and they're all hitting the rocks continuously, and my goodness ladies and gentlemen I don't know what

And now and now something is happening, I don't know what, they're dying ladies and gentlemen, they're dying, the whole field of them is just withering, a great blight appears to be rolling over them like a mold growing at the speed of sound and their crumpling and graying and shriveling and the roar is dimming the roar is dying and they curl like burnt matches oh my word ladies and gentlemen the whole valley is dying the whole valley is just withering away just

withering away and wailing and there are so many fewer of them now and they are reaching out to each other at the last and calling one to another with weakened voices but many just appear stunned ladies and gentlemen I am sorry to say that they are just failing and stunned and many appear to just be withering and waiting for death.

But oh my goodness ladies and gentlemen, out from under the vast reeking field, under this generation another generation has been rising and they are bursting up out of the soil of corpses they were boiling under there all along and they are bursting up out of the filth and detritus of the dead and dying and they are overtaking the vastness of this putrid field the sweet smell of death is becoming the sick smell of sex and the musk is unreal ladies and gentlemen it is a potent liquor it is a potent and intoxicating liquor and I am drunk and I am staggered and I am flat on my ass ladies and gentlemen and the innumerable crowd is fighting and swiving and screaming and living and dying and rocking and jumping and they can't get off of the bodies of the dead and they appear to be trying to stand on top of each other perhaps to climb away anywhere ladies and gentlemen to be anywhere else or to see something else anywhere or those are just the ones I can see climbing others are eating the dead others are singing and loving and rocking babies and wrestling and dancing and vomiting and even as some are starting to wither I see another generation sprouting up amongst them they are confused and angry ladies and gentleman and they are attacking each other and the dead in their confusion and the living in their desperation and yet they too are humping and hopping and swinging and wringing their hands and stomping their feet and great waves of head turning or wallowing or what have you makes the field ripple and boil and pattern and snow like you cannot believe ladies and gentlemen it is as if a trillion bees had lost their wings and were thrown onto a vast griddle.

I cannot express the chaos ladies and gentlemen, there are now towers of the dead, the valley is a sick mesmerizing forest of collapsing and rising towers of dead and dying gushing like geysers towering jets of offspring they are almost blocking out the sun like a

vast flight of arrows and the sound is deafening all you can hear is the roar and the crush and the field of the valley is now totally dominated by this thicket of the spires of the dead that appear to be erupting the living like a volcano raining ash and damnation and it is the most beautiful and horrible thing you could ever just imagine.

