

99 WRITING

The Great Under

by Kayla Edwards

TYPE
NARRATIVE

“And that is what Kolantia used to be, the sinking city of New Orleans,” my history teacher, Mr. Thomas, said. All week he had been teaching us that our civilization wasn’t always like it is now and how environmental issues brought us to where we are today. I looked out the window, as a great blue whale passed by. I always liked them, but they were rare these days.

Ringg! “Alright, don’t forget the homework, 1-7.”

Everybody, including me, scrambled out without paying attention to what he said.

My mom had been waiting outside in the sub for 2 hours because I made a mistake and told her that this Friday was a half-a-day, when it was actually next Friday. I knew she was mad, which is why I was trying to hurry.

“Chanel, wait!” Louis said while running down the hall. Louis was tall and chocolate. He always had a

fresh haircut with a crisp lining, and his puff was always perfect. Just the right amount of curls and the right amount of fluff.

“You left your headset in class. How were you going to go outside without it?” Louis said laughing.

“I don’t even know. I’m in such a rush, I nearly drowned myself,” I said.

“Well, I’m glad you didn’t,” said Louis. I blushed, put on the headset, and ran into the sublimator where Louis locked it and made sure it was airtight. I looked at him and he gave me a thumbs up.

I opened the last door and a ton of oily water pushed me against the cushion in front of the door.