

The broken world in which we live

A creative story about Alexander Fleming

By Max Amott

I have a little bit of a concern for Alexander Fleming, a dear friend that is deeply troubled with the loss of his wife, Sarah Marion McElroy. He has locked himself in his room. He doesn't sleep, he barely eats, and you can hear him talking to himself for extended periods of time. I don't know what to do, I have called a doctor but Alexander never lets him in to his room. I have called a locksmith but the door is bolted from the inside. "I'm sorry Charles, but there is nothing we can do, we will just have to wait this one out, he's bound to come out eventually, right?"

"No, you don't know him, he will only come out when he is finished what he is working on, and by the sound of it, it's not going to be anything for the good of this world."

"Well," says the locksmith, "call me if you need me, and call Doctor Skullurn if Alexander comes out, okay?"

That was the last time anything had a hint of normal. Something that I wish I could say again and mean it. As me and Alexander cower in this hole, in the cold and the dark, I wish I could have done something sooner. Alexander turned his faith from God and made a deal with the Devil. The Lord of Hell was untrustworthy and possessed him, forcing him to create a virus that eats away at the sanity of human beings, and eventually turning them into insane, terrifying slaves to the darkness. The world is in pieces, millions of infected swarmed the cities and towns, not eating or drinking until they die of dehydration and rot away on the cold, hard winter ground. I was fortunate to escape, and with an unconscious Alexander over my shoulders, I managed to flee into some woodland near London. He was sick, but when he got better, he told me it was him that started the virus, and he told me his story...

"I was shattered when my wife died, I prayed to God those long weeks before her death, hoping she would get better, but no salvation came to her, and she died in my arms, crying, scared and heartbroken. I asked God why should this come to her, she was innocent, she was a nurse! She saved people! But God never replied, and for that I turned my back on him and lost my faith in him. But the devil tempted me to put my trust in him, and foolishly I did, I made a deal with him; he would take control of me and create something that would make people immortal, to save more people from pain and suffering, all in the name of science, he assured me. How stupid I was to agree with him. And now look what has happened! I have created hell itself!

I started out making something to save people... something that would change the world, and even that was by accident! People would be writing creative stories about how I didn't end the world, or how I did! People would think of me and feel lucky to be alive. I have ruined all of that, I have summoned hell upon this earth and I feel it is my job to fix it!"

He got up briskly and started to climb to the edge of the pit, peeking over the top with squinting eyes, trying to make out something in the night. All I could hear was the sound of us breathing, I was confused about what he was trying to find. "Alexander," I whispered, "what exactly are you trying to find up there?"

He looked down at me and sighed, "I don't know," he replied, "I guess I'm just paranoid." Deep down, I felt pity for the poor, broken man, but I didn't let it show. I knew that Alexander was not in the mood for people to be pitying him, he was going to fix what he had started, and by the determined look in his eye, it was going to be for the absolute goodness of the broken world in which we live...

