

Goodbye

by Adam Sifre

By Splinker

In the end, he knew he wasn't going home. He'd held onto a kind of crazy hope that he'd survive all this. Now, in these last seconds, he let even the crazy go.

People were screaming. It felt like the whole world was screaming, making it impossible to think. Still, he managed to find his phone, and start typing.

Later, someone would collect goodbye messages — texts and emails — and they would make a documentary. Many people would cry. Then everyone would more or less forget. His message would never make it on television. Not all of them did.

Someone was screaming in his ear, and he absently shoved them away, his mind focused on his last, important task on earth.

“i Lovee you. So sorru about so much. You were rite.”

Soon some would start jumping out of windows, others would burn. Like him. He closed his eyes, trying to hold on to a memory. Any memory that took him away from this. It was useless. There was nothing left to do, except hit “Send,” which he did.

Well, one last thing. He opened his eyes and started to shout as the building seemed to race to the plane. “Allah is —

