

3) The setting is important b/c it is a symbol for her inability to leave.

*The Factory* The setting is a character in my story it is where she dwells & worked & also it is one of her antagonists

Symbolism The world is an empty cage but is still occupied by one person. A woman scurries under her lead umbrella and once again returns to her shelter. It's an old factory one which used to make some form of amiable robots. And as she kicks the door in she grunts a curse under her breath "Rusty bastard, never opens. Owh." Despite her precise kick she is still too feeble to efficiently open it and manages to inflict a measurable amount of pain to her left foot. Once she has closed the door again she lowers her makeshift, outdated umbrella and sighs, placing the umbrella on the ground and revealing her new book. She really had no true understanding of time anymore since there was nothing to base it off of. The room was very dark, she made sure that it was darkened with newspaper and other flexible dark things like some of the scrap metal and solar cell blobs.

She dashed down a flight of stairs and left the room that reeked of rust and dust. And headed to her little cocoon and the basement of the old factory. When she had first moved in here she had much more company. There once were survivors who she accompanied in the living quarters now it was only her and her room. She sat now in the rocking chair that she had found on the fourth floor but since the accident had happened she never found herself having the courage to go all the way up there now. No she much like it down here where it smelt of earth. Bending forward her hand fumbled in search for her book and a pen and began to write while rocking.

I

*Once a long time ago my life was perfect, well not perfect but at least normal and consistent. Now my life is estranged and isolated since the world ended, well it ended for every one except me. Now I'm alone in a old factory where I once worked and at a time where people lived, if you could even consider what I'm doing as living. I'm barely surviving. Even if I do survive what's the point now that there's nothing left. Once I had a name but now it has no meaning to me and I lost it long ago along with my sanity.*

Alicen sat rocking back and forward upon her throne of a rocking chair contemplating what would come next. Her mousey brown hair sweeping across her face with every movement she made and arched as she met the end of her pendulum like movement. She had once had pail almost fish flesh colored skin but now she had an immense amount of pigment deposited in her skin which was now a light earth color. Her figure had once been full but now it had shrank away due to the lack of food. Alicen abruptly stopped her decent forward and backwards and stood up from the chair. And began to walk through her room and stopped at the southernmost wall and made allong *Symbolism* line along with all the worm like lines that lay on her wall representing yet another day. Sometimes she liked to pretend they were worms that would slither across the walls and talk to her pleading that they bring them their sisters in the ground. It was at this time that Alicen would remember that they no longer exist and she would weep and write so the thoughts would go away from her head.

*It all happened nine years, three months and 16 days ago. That's when the dust came. No one saw it coming but a few had guessed. Global warming and the deposit of dust on the earth would trigger and endless loop of positive feedback and soon the*

earth had lost all of its ability to reflect light from the sun. So the light just kept coming and never bounced back due to carbon in the atmosphere. First the dust came, if you would even call it that, it was more like sand. It drooped to the ground and eventually it settled to the crust of the earth the earth was no longer a planet of green but of brown, that's when the birds disappeared. Normally the wind would have brushed it all away but no dice, for it had left also. This effected the birds most negatively for breeze and wind is a necessity to them. The birds began to walk instead of flying and at first it was just one species just robins that disappeared. We thought who needs robins anyway, turned out we did because shortly after the robins had gone so too had the songbirds and after that there were no longer any birds at all. The amphibians went next but reptiles and mammals fared much better they were better at dealing and found ways to live with the dust. The dust had been settled for a year and after it became apparent that the dust was no good a clean up began.

Most countries began to clean up their land and for some places it was a success but in places such as the poles it was relentless. Many months later the people gave up and learned how to live with the dust.

Animals were the new hot topic and people were becoming concerned as to if they would survive if this heating trend continued. People were strongly encouraged to go out into the world and help. People were spending more money on animals then on cars not that anyone used those anymore. Although authentic animals were favored they had a tendency of dying so soon the synthetic bussnies began. Soon the animals(if you could even call them that) became mass produced and soon every one wanted their very own pet and Robert being the wise man he was had the perfect pitch, make the animals

powered by the sun, since were coming into a whole lot of it and the idea stuck. We called them Animals and these ones were so much better because they were robots they could do things that normal animals would never have been capable of. Animals could do your laundry and make dinner for the kids but they could also talk. That was the part that made people pay more money for them than they ever would for a real animal. People liked to think them an improvement of a genuine animal rather than mimicry of one.

The pen had stopped working and despite her numerous attempts it became clear to her that she would need to acquire a new one but that would mean work and she wasn't fond of such pointless extremities. Instead she decided that she was done. She laid down her book and began to look for something of true importance food.

She hobbled towards an empty bookshelf and pushed it from the wall. A safety precaution that she had once come up with a long time ago although it had no real use now that there was no competition for food. A hollow hole stood before her she had first made this hole when searching for other life but now she stored food in it. Well she usually stored food in it except today because it had been systematically eaten by her. This would mean another trip. On the short walk back to her nest of blankets she found a dulled pencil took it in her hands and began to pick at it while sizing it up. Just how long it would last and if it was even worth the energy of using it for a few words just for it to break in which case she would need to find a sharpening device or another implement for writing. After a minute of deliberation she threw the pencil onto the ground allowing it to rest in a new place.

Alicen continued on her way to her blankets and slept. Her dreams were the most astounding things. She dreamt that the world was reawakened again by a man in a blue

(4)

suit and that the people she had once known had somehow again to live together with her.

But most of all she dreamt of Robert, her one true love, who was always so kind to her. He had been the boss of the company and she a factory worker but he had always meant so much more to her. Alicen didn't always have pleasant dreams though sometimes she dreamt the people in masks had reappeared in the flesh again. There to kill everyone again who worked in the factory. She and Robert had hid for quite sometime in the basement but eventually the people had come down stairs to search for the manager of the bussnies or at lest some valuables. She had not cried though then because that would be the end of her also. No she just kept quite hidden under a lose floor board. Watching them drag him up the many flights of stairs to the factory floor and also to his death.

building  
conflict

Suddenly Alicen fidgeted and opened her eyes caked with the remnants of her dream tears. Groggily, her tired hands searched in the darkness for the handkerchief with the embroidered RS which once stood for Robert Smith. While lighting a candle she pulled the handkerchief towards her face and took a deep breath and then placed it again of the shelf pretending she couldn't see that aged black spot of flakey blood. Standing up she talked herself through the day.

problem | "I must find food..... And a pen for they both are my livelihood. Food means outside and pen means fourth floor | And since neither are places I want to go I will let you decide for me Robert."

She looked down at the floor of her room trying relentlessly to find some device with which to make the decision for her. After scanning the room twice, her eyes landed on a weathered deck of cards.

"Red means food because food can be red and black will be pen because they are

customarily black.”

She placed every card face down on the dirty floor so that it was impossible to take a step in any direction without her foot falling on a card. Spinning around in what could only be called an oval she slowly counted to 37 out loud and then flew forward landing on two cards. She picked the one attached to her knee first. Black 7 of clubs. Alicen then picked the one she was currently sitting on. Ace of diamonds.

“So it is to be the pen first and then the food. Shoe?” she called “Shoe I enquire thy where be my shoe.”

Alicen had already placed her left shoe on her bruised left foot but was still unsure as to where her right shoe could be.

“There you are. Have you been hiding again? Couldn’t blame you if you were.”

Now that there was a shoe on each of her feet all that Alicen would need was her spork and a good knife. Finding both quite easily in comparison to her shoe she took a deep breath and then coughed a little and began to climb the worn stairs.

*a yoy star*  
After reaching the fourth floor Alicen took out her spork and knife and trudged to door 492. 492 was the room that housed all of the stationary paper, pens, pencils, erasers and staples but along with that it also housed Mr. Death, the company's first robot pet to have been created. Mr. Death was once called Mr. Fluffy but after he had killed eleven people including Ms. Kitirage, Alicen had changed his name to Mr. Death, much more fitting. Mr. Death was a small white Siamese tabby whose yowl could be heard throughout the empty building. One thing that no one knew about Mr. Death, except for Alicen, was that although the kitten was dangerous, he also had a love of shiny things and so was drawn to the spork and knife.

*the yoy star controlled my greed*

As Alicen stepped into the room in shambles she first noticed the putrid smell of cat piss. She then noticed that Mr. Death was currently preoccupied by what was in his mouth which from a distance appeared to have once been a gold Rolex. Timidly glancing at Mr. Death she coquettishly crept to the storage room and with her hand stretched towards the pile of pens near the floor. Suddenly there was a loud crunch Alicen looked up only to see that Mr. Death had finished the Rolex and had now moved on to her. Mr. Death had his small fanged mouth attached to the spork which Alicen held in her other hand. Noting how fast and quietly her foe had moved towards her had rendered her motionless. For a long moment Mr. Death and Alicen held eye contact and then Mr. Death broke it as he pulled the spork out of her hand. Alicen dropped the knife grabbed a handful of pens and then bolted out of the room vowing to herself never again to go to room 492.

high climax

On her way down the stairs Alicen heard Mr. Death yawl loudly and Alicen resorted to running down the stairs. Once she had safely gotten to the ground floor Alicen took up the heavy lead umbrella and heaved the door open wondering if what lay outside the building could match what resided in it.

eyes with

no satisfaction

hours up

for interpretation

if she lives or not.

change from being afraid of the outside to the factory