

End of the Earth By: Keira R.

Amanda Taylor had it all, a boyfriend, rich parents, a huge closet, and a part in the newest blockbuster. She even had a Corvette to drive around in, even though she was only 15. That is, until something went horribly wrong.

She was on the movie set talking to her dad, the director, while her mom, a makeup artist, did her makeup.

"Do you think we should add a little bi-" she was cut off by her brother, Holden.

"Can I talk to you about something, Dad?" Holden asked.

"Sure Holden, why not cut your sister off in the middle of her very

important sentence?" Amanda snapped.

"Amanda!" Her mother screeched.

"Be nicer to your brother. He may not be here forever!"

"Sorry." She said sarcastically.

This was only the beginning. Day after day Holden made sure he did something to make her mad. Until he wasn't there anymore to make her mad.

He was gone. Just gone. Dead. No more Holden to make her mad. No more Dad to direct the movie. No more boyfriend either. Dead. They were all dead. Freak accident, the news lady had called it. Some kind of experiment by NASA gone wrong.

Women made up less than half our population. The world was going to end. No men means no new generation. Even boy babies were doomed. Now, as soon as any boy was born, he would die. This is how the world would end.

Amanda was forced into doing physical labor. No dresses, no makeup, and definitely no heels. Everyone wore tank tops, shorts and tennis shoes. No fancy dinners, no jet rides to different scenes, and no more fan boys. She thought about running away, but realized there was no where to go, except for Mars.

Mars, she thought. The accident wouldn't have affected Mars. But, she remembered, there is no atmosphere.

Well, it was an idea. But Amanda had no extra time to think through the science to save all humankind. She went back to her grueling work.

On Friday, News Day, Alaina Rockwall had some special news. A group that called themselves WASA, Women's Aeronautics and Science Administration, said they were looking to hire girls from ages fourteen to twenty-five, with an interest in science. *Perfect, she thought. Now I can tell someone about my idea.*

"All applications are due by 5:00 p.m. tomorrow." Ms.Rockwall said.

"See you next Friday!"

Amanda wrote her application with a little bit of her mom's help. At the end she said,

" I, Amanda Taylor, would be very honored to join such a wonderful group. I have a very exciting and innovating idea that just might save all humanity. Thank you for considering me for this position." Amanda was very proud of what she wrote.

The next Friday, Alaina announced the twenty-five winners. Sadly, Amanda was not one of them. She went to her room and cried all night.

Her mom tried to comfort her, but to no avail. She was mad at everyone in the world. The boys, for dying. WASA, for condemning humanity because they rejected her. Those other girls who got accepted, for taking her spot on the WASA team. She was even

mad at herself for not being good enough to save the world.

She couldn't keep her focus all week. The idea kept popping into her head, and she tried to push the thought back to it's dungeon, but failed every time. Amanda had to tell someone about her idea. Her mom wouldn't understand. Her brother and father were dead. She couldn't contact WASA, and they probably wouldn't listen to her if she could. She, and the rest of the world, were going to die.

Amanda freaked when she heard that her best friend had died. It was all over the news. Another accident. This time it was caused by WASA. A plan to inoculate baby boys as soon as they were born. It was tested by Mariah,

her friend, and it killed her just like it killed them.

Next News Day, the lady from WASA said, "To fill the slot, we would like to ask Miss Amanda Taylor to come to WASA and present that 'exciting and innovative idea' of hers to the Science Council, and we might just hire her to be a Director of Innovations!"

She was so happy! Amanda was going to WASA, they wanted to hear her idea, and she might get a promotion on the first day! Amanda Taylor was going to save the world.

"They loved it!" Amanda yelled into the phone. "They are going to make me Director of Innovations just like they said!"

"I'm so proud of you!" Her mother yelled back at her. "That's great!"

Two long and hard years later, Amanda was sitting in the cockpit of a modern Z-43 jet shuttle. The babies were ready in their stasis pods for the month long journey to Mars. The habitat was ready and waiting, and the Caretakers were monitoring the children.

Three weeks into their journey, something went wrong. One of the stasis pods had malfunctioned; it replaced all the oxygen with carbon dioxide. The Caretakers weren't able to get the boy out fast enough. When Amanda heard that Baby Sol, named for our sun, was gone, she erupted

into tears. Amanda was determined not to let another person die.

It only went downhill from there. Artificial gravity was off on two decks. Protein sequencers were reserved for babies only. Twelve boys were running around and diapers were pilling up.

Amanda pushed the limits until the engines went down. They had to crash land. Metal tearing, babies wailing, Caretakers trying to calm them. They were safe, but Amanda was losing blood. She tore the hull open and shoved the final Caretaker into the habitat. Her last words were "By saving them, you are saving me."