

MINE TONIGHT

BY
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PROLOGUE:

A Doomed Romance

YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT I GREW UP IN THE LAST FLUSH OF THE COLD WAR. I DREAMT OF HARD RAIN AND SHADOW PEOPLE.



IT DIDN'T HELP THAT MY OLDER BROTHER HAD ME CONVINCED THAT THERE WAS A CERTAIN DATE ALREADY DETERMINED WHEN THEY WOULD BLOW UP THE WORLD.



EVEN AFTER THE MAGIC DATE CAME AND WENT, I WAS A PARANOID WRECK. EVERY HEADLIGHT IN MY BEDROOM WINDOW WAS THE HELIUM FLASH.



THE COLD WAR ENDED, AND I BECAME A TEENAGER—THUS IMMORTAL. MY PARANOIA TURNED INTO FATALISM.



I STILL THOUGHT THE WORLD WOULD END, BUT NOW I THOUGHT I'D BE AROUND TO WATCH IT GO. AND PERHAPS EVEN HELP IT ALONG A LITTLE BIT.



THAT WAS FUN FOR AWHILE, BUT AFTER A FEW RUN-INS WITH IT, I REALIZED THAT THE WORLD FIGHTS BACK, AND IT FIGHTS DIRTY.



