

# Failed to Save the World

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Van Dante Conrad had lost everything. After having fought the most important battle that he would ever have to fight, and after having lost it, there was just nothing left for him. Everything that once mattered was completely gone, as well as everyone else that it mattered to.

Van Dante wanted so much to hear some condolence for the fact that he had given it his best. He wanted to hear how despite everything, he was still a strong and inspirational leader even in the most dire of times. But the people who he was supposed to be leading were all dead. How he wanted to hear that friendly voice, a voice that knew how very hard he had tried. But despite all efforts, the only voices that were left to him were the angry ones screaming guilt at him. Despite all efforts he was alone.

Despite everything, Juno's Paradise was gone forever.

Through the ongoing Exodus Project of the past four years he of all people had gotten to know Juno the most- except for maybe the Saviors themselves. In any case it was Van Dante who ended up loving her the most.

Van Dante's eyes had almost finished adjusting to the room without the light of the computer screens. All that was left was the illuminating blue glow from the night sky that drifted through the window behind where he sat at his desk. The way he slouched, he was practically lying there, motionless. But off in a hospital bed somewhere Juno was laying even more still than he was. And quieter.

Van Dante's stomach rumbled again. He knew that he would have to eat soon or else he'd end up dead as well. And although no justification came to him for such an action, Van Dante wanted to live. After many failed attempts to get up, Van Dante finally caved to his hunger and forced himself through the physical deed. That was the first movement he had accomplished in longer than he cared to keep track of and the shock of it forced tears through his eyes.

Looking down and watching his tear drops fall from his face and quickly vanish in to the darkness below, Van Dante let out a shudder, more violent than he had anticipated. And then the world started moving all of a sudden and the feeling of dread that had him consumed for so many hours finally found manifest in his body. He noticed that the dull ticking off on the far wall was a clock. The howling behind him was the sound of the wind outside and the chill on his neck was that wind come through the window he had left open. Now that the world had realized itself to his senses once again, the reality of his colossal failure really hit home. Van Dante then heard an agonizing roar and vaguely noticed that it was his. Needing a physical scapegoat to punish with destruction, Van Dante ripped his monitor from the cheap wooden desk it sat on and hefted it up in to the air above him.

Whether he intended to smash it against the desk or throw it to the floor and kick it, Van Dante could not tell for sure, nor did he care. The monitor sank to the floor with him as he collapsed in a sobbing heap of failed attempts and bitter memories. This was, he reflected, the first time he had actually cried in four years.

Four years ago, a little girl was discovered who possessed psychic powers unlike those of anybody the firm had encountered before. The powers that she wielded manifested themselves in the form of an imaginary, yet very real world. Her name was Juno.

Roughly at the same time (in fact it was because of these people that the firm had found Juno) tens of young men and women with some sort of psychic connection to her were somehow chosen to try and save that imaginary world, for Juno was dying. These people were all around the age of nineteen, the youngest being fifteen. The Saviors.

Van Dante and the rest of the people at the firm had put forth what he remembered as being their best efforts to try and save that world – and save a the life of a little girl.

The Exodus Project started when it soon became evident that the world of Juno that Van Dante had grown so fond of was all but lost. Using the most sophisticated technology available to the wealthiest and most advanced nation in the world, the firm devised a way to re-create Juno and relocate all that inhabited the original. Fighting within her world, the Saviors did battle against the disease that plagued the little goddess that lay in her private hospital bed. The Saviors did their best and failed. Had they not failed...had Van Dante not failed them, things may have been different.

Juno's gift was a beautiful one. Van Dante did not bother to pretend it to be a curse, for he had seen its beauty. He had even christened it "Juno's Paradise". He had seen it and the Saviors had walked it, and died for it.

Once he had gotten a grip of himself, Van Dante washed himself in preparation for the mandatory trip he was about to take. It was late next morning when he finally donned his suit and coat and walked outside, armed with his umbrella. Van Dante entered his black sedan and drove off in the direction of the hospital for one last goodbye. The midsummer downpour didn't even seem at all surprising given the circumstances. After the death of a world, it only seemed appropriate for the other to cry.

## **Author's Comments**

Another prompt piece. This time I had to write about a protagonist who had just failed to save a world.

## **Details**

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