

Part One

The beginning

I needed to ask red panda girl a question. But I didn't know how to approach the question. So normally I just lurked and watched her from afar, rolling the question over and over in my head until it drove me crazy.

She's very cute and adorable, but that's not what the question's about. It's a more complex question. I'm not really sure how to explain it.

Anyway, she seemed like anyone could just approach her and talk to her, so I tried to do that once.

I walked up to her and was in the middle of the question when I realised that she would probably think I was crazy. I told her, "Nevermind, you'd think I'm crazy."

And she said, "I wouldn't. You're crazy already."

"How would you know that?" I asked.

"I've seen you watching me through the bushes. Every day."

"Oh."

I needed to just approach her normally, and just say the question.

So, I wrote a script and printed it out on a piece of paper.

The next day, I walked up to the red panda girl and asked her,

"Have you ever seen a ghost? And do you think life is a simulation?"

She responded, "Uh, I've never seen a ghost before. And for the second question, can you explain how it *could* be a simulation?"

"Well, the universe is massive right? It's growing every second. And sure, we know about chemical reactions and all that. But how did those come to be? And sure you could say nothing made it, which would be antimatter, but what made that? And why? Someone must have made our society, right? Who started that? There were a whole bunch of civilisations, so who decided? I mean, maybe it could've been all of the leading civilisations, but Greece and Rome were enemies so I really doubt that they would team up together to decide something in the future. So I suppose everything just happened. If that makes any sense, which it doesn't. So, that's how we could possibly be living in a simulation." I explained.

Then I kissed red panda girl and ran.

I'm not sure why I kissed her. I know she has a boyfriend. I don't know, I'm just stupid.

A few days later I was just walking around when I saw red panda girl's boyfriend walking towards me. I started running because I thought he was going to slap me or something stupid. He eventually caught up with me and explained that he *wasn't* going to slap me, he wanted to talk to me about my theory. I explained it to him, and it seemed like he had something to say.

"Well, Possibly society could've been originally made up by England, then spread across the world because of trading and pillaging. And then all of these inventions sort of boosted that and changed it." He explained.

"Hmm, Interesting. Thank you."

Then he slapped me across the face and said, "I can't believe a year 8 girl kissed my girlfriend before I did." Then he walked away.

My face hurt, but that didn't stop me from adding his input to my theory. He seemed like a nice person; the slap was deserved so it doesn't make him mean.

Then the rest of the day, people kept on asking me why I was blushing and I had to explain that a year 9 slapped my face. I didn't explain further.

The next day, I was climbing a tree when red panda girl shook it. I fell off, and simply started climbing again. Red panda girl shook it again, making me fall off. I knew she would just shake it again if I tried to climb again, so I walked away and climbed a different tree.

The next day was National Furry Day. I expected red panda girl to be there, because I figured she was a furry.

She wasn't there. Oh well. I wasn't a furry either, so I went home.

At my house, I found a note on the table. It said, "We made society (and the worlds to a large extent), but please don't tell anyone because that would start World War Three."

Hmm, I thought. Yes, they were right, it would definitely start a religious war. I wouldn't tell anyone, apart from red panda girl and her boyfriend.

So next day, they were there. I walked up to them and told them everything.

They asked, "Why are you telling us this?"

"Well, you're the only people I've talked about the other part so I sort of need to follow up."

Then I walked away and continued on with my boring, uneventful day.

When I walked home in the afternoon, I noticed that the note had been taken and replaced with a drawing of a red panda. Why would she take the note? I'd told her everything hadn't I? Or maybe she was adding more information too it, in which case she would've made the world.

I also found a red panda plushie in my bedroom, which was quite odd.

Then I went to sleep.

When I woke up the next morning, I noticed that there were way more red panda related objects in my house. I liked my things the way they were, so I went to ask red panda girl about it.

"Stop replacing my things with red panda stuff!" I told her.

"I thought you liked it!" She replied.

"It's nice up to a point. I rather liked my things."

"Sorry, I was just trying to be nice."

"It's ok, just please don't do it again."

"I won't. I'm sorry."

"Did you make the world?"

"Yes."

"Why though? All your work is just being trashed."

"Well, we made it but now we can't un-make it."

"Ohhhhhh."

"Yeah."

I gave her a gentle hug, then ran away again to collect my thoughts.

I soon ran back, and asked her, "How old are you?"

"Well, we don't age."

"Are you guys like, God or just workers?"

"Uh, we're just workers."

"But could you change things? Like if you wanted to, could you change the temperature?"

"Please stop rapid firing questions at me, I haven't talked about this in ages."

"Oh sorry, Amy."

I let her collect her thoughts, and then she started speaking, "We were created by God, and told to make the Earth. Me and my boyfriend. So we made it. It took us one week. Then we went down to Earth and pretended to be humans. We enrolled ourselves at this school when it was created."

"If you wanted to age, could you?"

"No, we couldn't. God determined that, and he died a long time ago."

"Oh."

"Yeah. That's it though. I'm the red panda girl because I created them. I imagined the cutest thing ever, apart from my boyfriend, and that was it. Although now there's one more cute thing. It's curious and used to watch me every day."

I ran away as fast as I could because I needed to get to class.

When class had ended and I'd walked home, I found a red panda curled up on my couch.

I googled what red pandas eat and decided to feed it.

It nipped my finger a bit and made it bleed, so I put a bowl out for it instead of hand feeding it. That seemed to work better, and the red panda was happy.

One night I was going to bed, when I saw the red panda crawl into my bed with me. I let it stay there and sleep with me.

Then the next day I woke up. Amy Pearce was in my bed, she made the world, and she could turn into a red panda.

I thought the red panda was a gift, like the others. It never crossed my mind that she was the panda.

"A-Amy. Get out. Please." I asked her.

She was blushing. A lot. "It's nice and warm with you. I'm cold."

"I don't care. You can stay here but promise me you won't creep into my bed again."

"Ok." Amy jumped out of my bed, and we went to school.

After that I started hanging out with Amy and her boyfriend a lot more. She talked to me about things that she couldn't tell her boyfriend. Things like how she couldn't cope with not aging, never dying.

She said that she'd tried to kill herself. A lot. She wanted to die, not just be floating in nothing for eternity plagued with all the memories of her friends and loved ones who'd died a long time ago.

She told me that when she met me, she immediately knew that I was the girl she wanted to spend eternity with.

I told her that I thought she was too cool. Too amazing to like me.

But she thought different. In her mind she just made the Earth, followed God's orders. She wasn't the people who found all that out, who discovered how the world works, who shaped society, like me.

Amy used to sleep on the couch in my house, but one night she crawled into my bed again. I was really cold at the time, so her body warmed me up. I appreciated it and let her sleep there.

One afternoon I asked her about what she said about wanting to spend eternity with me.

"How will you be able to spend eternity with me if I'm dead?" I asked her.

"There's a special ritual you have to go through. All of the prior people I tried to make live for eternity died. I've killed a lot of people; I don't want to lose you too."

"I'm strong, I can take it." I reassured her.

"Are you sure?" She asked.

"Well, what is it?"

"It's complicated. I'll explain it to you in the morning."

"Ok Amy."

The next day, Amy explained everything to her boyfriend. Well, not *everything*, but enough for him to make sense of it.

He explained it to me. It was a practise involving multiple killings of the person, reviving them after each. Eventually, the person's body would get used to the pain, and not die. The killings would involve a lot of pain, not simply just giving them a pill and then reviving them. Things like hanging them, putting them on a firing range, etc.

I agreed.

So that night after school, Amy and her boyfriend led me to a room. They said that this was the room where they had tried to make countless people live for eternity, and where they had all met their death.

Amy really didn't want me to do this. She believed that the building was cursed.

I did it anyway.

I screamed when they smashed my head with a metal water bottle, I screamed when they cut my heart open, I screamed when they hung me, I screamed when they put knives up my ass, I screamed when they blew me up, I screamed when she choked me. But as I resurfaced, I realised it was all worth it. I was alive. Forever. With her.

Amy was crying. She hugged me tight and swore to never let go.

And that's when he punched her.

"You said you wanted to spend eternity with *me*, I thought you loved me Amy."

"This is why I didn't tell you. I knew you would act like this, you abusive bitch."

I had to do something. So I grabbed a pistol and shot it at his head.

I knew it wouldn't hurt him, but it was worth a chance.

He dropped dead.

"Only people who are immortal can kill other immortal people." Amy explained.

"o h" I said, still in shock. "He seemed nice, though."

"He was nice, but I knew he would kill me if I ever betrayed him. I gave him too high expectations."

"So I guess it's just us."

"I guess it is."

Part Two

The beginning (again)

I woke up the next morning to find that Amy was still asleep. I got up, made her breakfast and set off to school, leaving her a note so she knew where I was.

When I got to school, everything was normal. But at the same time...It wasn't. I didn't have anything to do. So I sat in a corner and cried until school started.

My first class was history. It was interesting, I guess.

I couldn't think straight.

A lot had happened.

I tried explaining it to my teachers, but they all told me I was delusional.

So at lunchtime I wandered home.

Amy was *still* asleep, so I woke her up.

It was basically nearly the end of school so there was really no point in going.

So we just talked.

About everything. About events, about the future, about if we could stop everything from eventually dying.

We stopped going to school, me and Amy got jobs, we kissed a lot, and we tried to fit into normal society.

It didn't work.

Someone at work touched me while I was showing them what I'd done, and the next day they texted me saying, "You're an angel."
I replied with, "Yeah sorta."
He'd found us.

That afternoon, I told Amy about it and she said we should go meet him at my work.
So the next day we went to my work and met him.

We asked him how he knew, and he said he just sort of sensed it.
He told us that we gave off a certain energy, one that's always been associated with mythological beings. We asked him to not tell anyone else, because that would probably start an all-out war. He agreed, understanding that other believers of God might not realise that they're actually angels. He was an agnostic, so he fully believed us now that we had proof.

As we went back home, Amy asked me if we could trust this guy. I said yeah, we could trust him.
For the longest time ever, nothing much of note happened. I stayed 14, and Amy stayed 16.
We got married, but nothing else really happened.

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Everyone was panicking. The sun was edging closer and closer, it was burning our skin as we watched.
Nobody could do anything about it.
Then a massive boom was heard and for a second everything was dark. I looked around; everything was destroyed.
We were floating in space.

Just us.
Two lovers floating. Forever.