

SUBMERGED Vol.1

Chapter 1

By morning, the tide had taken another house. The debris floating away in the never ending sea reflects a population in sorrow. A population that once was living freely out of joy, not out of survival.

Looking at the daunting sea, lights flicker beneath the ocean waves, the lights that once were illuminating, guiding us through our cities. The lights we are not forbidden to glance at, as we stand on the few remaining lands.

July 13th 3026, the day the dreadful clouds and the deep waters took over. Families watched as their homes collapsed, kids watched as their schools fell into ruins, whilst the government watched their own control grow. The rising sea levels destroyed everything in their path, absorbing all of the wastes, causing pungent smells; forcing land animals to hide and sea creatures to swim deeper, slowly cutting the food chains. The waves crashing and washing on the sand became more violent and threatening to humanity.

The menaced society turned the government into a totalitarian system, limiting our rights and decreasing our individual spaces. The few deemed as “lucky” were the elites, considered superior in the hierarchy because of their wealth. They got to live at the center of the island while the rest were doomed to perish below the waves. The lack of food sources had forced us to ration our nutrition. Cruising outside of the boundaries was strictly forbidden, nobody had ever made it out, or back, scared of the consequences that could fall upon their lives. “Lives”, what a strange, distant word. It used to be so meaningful and freeing. No one dared to talk about it or question the government. Freedom was put aside.

Hunger has made us weaker, and fear has made us obedient. Every night is a reminder that the sea is still rising, relentless and merciless. Whispers spread through the camps that the water will soon reach us, that even the elites won't be spared forever. But hope is a symbol that can't be **submerged**.

My name is Lou, I was born after the waters had already claimed the world, and this is my story.

My mom and I live on the outer space of the island, where the ground is sandy and crumbling. The walls of our so-called 'homes' are patched with debris washed ashore. From a young age, we were ordered to seek refuge whenever waves came too close, living in constant fear of the waves that were one day going to swallow us. But I do know this, the sea is coming for us all, and I refuse to stand still and wait for it, because survival isn't enough anymore. Not for me. Not for any of us.

I was staring at the deep sea, when all of a sudden an alarming sound went off, echoing across the entire island. That siren was only used for one thing...

