

Transcript of:

"Loving those we lost but never knew", 2017

by Rasmus Myrup

All was well in the late Cretaceous 65.5 million years ago. Leptoceratops were taking a nap in the shade. Banji was hesitantly tasting a Magnolia flower in Mongolia. Sauropods were grazing the steppes of Argentina and T-Rexes were cuddling in the summer sun. Just a little while ago the lotus had begun to flower and soon the water lilies would decorate their floating leaves with unfurling petal beauties. While our prehistoric relatives were burrowing in the ground, the Ceratopsians, Thyreophors, Pterosaurs, Sauropods and Theropods were enjoying life.

Million of years later, I was in a club, with some friends. Bakken, in the meatpacking district of Copenhagen was booming with some kind of techno – I didn't care.

I was 21, I was horny, I was drunk, I was happy and I had to pee.

I went to the bathroom, I don't even remember if I had to wait in line, I probably peed all over the floor, and tried to wipe it up. Honestly - I have no idea. I was just drunk, and happy and had no special reason to remember this part of the evening.

After pissing, I probably wobbled out, bumping into a few strangers, and apparently I was looking for my friends. So for some reason I went outside, in front of the club, to text them about where they were. Maybe I was about to go home. I don't know. I was apparently all alone out there in the starlit November night.

If the Theropods or Sauropods had looked up at that same night sky, on one of their starlit nights, they would have seen what could amount to a new star. A bright, beautiful gleaming glimmer would have lit yet another dot in the dark for the past nights.

Back at the club, I was mid-drunk-text when, I am later told, someone runs right past me.

This I have no memory of.

What I do however remember is for some reason looking up at the opening door of the club, and seeing a guy come out. Backlit by the glow of the sweaty club behind him, he is a beautiful young man, wearing nothing but a white undershirt. The young man looks down on his torso, slowly lifts up his undershirt and looks at the place where his contoured abs meet his sculpted chest. I look at his body too.

On this very day, the star in the sky is visible even in the daytime. The star that the creatures of the cretaceous would have seen was in fact a very real piece of rock. An anomaly in the intertwining paths of the solar system had knocked it out of orbit, straight towards earth, which gave it the appearance of a growing, glowing star.

The rock, which was the size of mount Everest, would stab earth with 30,000 kilometers per hour on this day, and destroys life as the terrestrial dinosaurs knew it.

From between his two upper abs a stream of blood is gushing, quickly reaching the lip of his pants, drenching them in blood. Right beneath his solar plexus is a choppy round, unfurling hole, which is what is painting him red. I remember it later as a jagged, fleshy, opening

flower, spewing blood. He looks up at me with wide eyes as if to confirm that this is really happening. I look at his to do the same. I run to him.

The asteroid smashed into the heart of what is today the Chicxulub crater off the coast of Mexico, between the flowering of the lotus and the flowering of the water lilies. The asteroid plowed 30 kilometers deep into the surface of the earth, tearing, ripping it open.

I rip off my dark blue buttoned shirt while I run towards him, so the buttons rain down mid-stride. I reach him, hold him and lift him to the side where he hits the ground. I slam my shirt onto his naked stomach, trying to keep his viscous blood inside his crater. I look in his eyes which look like deep and desperate black holes torn in the white bloodshot surface. I remember holding his hand, and how we mixed his and my samples of his blood in our palms. Someone else has arrived. There's yelling now. His eyes look away.

With the power of 100 million hydrogen bombs going off in one spot, it created a gigantic blast zone, giving millions of life forms their end in a scorching death engulfed in a ball of fire, thousands of kilometers across.

A guy who I am guessing knows my new friend is yelling. He is saying his name I guess. "Jonas!". Now another person has arrived and she starts to shout as well, while she is putting her hand on mine. We both are in charge of holding the bundle down to his wound now. I am on the left, she on the right and the guy is straddling my new friend's torso.

The impact, releasing a blast of energy a billion times greater than the bomb dropped on Hiroshima, would send pummeling, debris filled, air blasts and enormous, destructive waves of tsunamis halfway around the globe, smashing or drowning everyone here who weren't already charred by the engulfing blasts.

A lot of stuff is happening, while I let go of the blood bundle. I'm pulling out my phone. They pick up immediately. I shout "Bakken", "blod" and something else too I'm sure. The girl and the guy are still shouting and doing weird shit while I'm on the phone and I just sit there half-naked holding my new, bloodsoaked friend's hand.

Enormous Earthquakes over 10 on the Richter scale shook the earth, collapsed continental shelves, created massive mud, mountain and landslides wherever it went. The earth was already burying its dead.

Suddenly he is dozing off. His eyes flutter. This makes the girl very alarmed. This makes the guy very alarmed. This makes me very alarmed. I push the shirt again and squeeze his hand tighter. He closes his eyes and his still face rolls over towards me. For a moment everything is quiet.

The immense force from the asteroid impact created a concentrated ball of gaseous super hot rock 4 times hotter than the sun. This shot out a vicious plume of molten minerals all the way through to beyond the Earth's atmosphere.

Parts of the vaporized blowback reached the moon. Even reached Mars.

We all freak out and the girl starts slapping, almost punching my new friend in the face while she shouts his name. She holds his face upwards, and puts her ear to his lips. Listens. The guy looks at her and starts to push, punch my new friend's pecks. The girl is counting, shouting numbers. I hold my friend's hand. His face is again rolled over towards me. I stare into the closed eyes.

The molten, gaseous super hot rock cooled beyond the atmosphere and turned into microscopic, glistening shards of glass. They started to lose momentum, until they stop completely. Earth is pulling them back.

Suddenly his eyes open and a loud inhale with a screechy quality is produced by his mouth. He stares at me again. He looks at me with intent. He is not done. He stares at me as if the intensity of his stare is what will determine whether he lives or dies. The girl shouts again, the guy shouts again, I squeeze his hand again. His eyes close again and we all get quiet...

The tiny glass shards turned around, as the gravity of the planet attracted them. Trillions of crystals started raining down on the planet of the dinosaurs. The glass shards burned up in the atmosphere, creating a spectacular meteor shower of glistening shooting stars in the billions.

The spectacle created so much heat, that the sky turned a bright red.

The guy punches, the girl counts, slaps and listens and his head is turned towards me. The eyes are still closed.

The glass rain is pummeling, burning up, adding heat. Everywhere on the surface of earth the temperature is rising to 50 degrees celsius.

He looks. He sees me. He is back. They shout, I squeeze. It is all I can do.

I squeeze his hand.

100 degrees and eyes dry up.

I squeeze his wound.

300 degrees and scales incinerate and peel off.

I squeeze his determined eyes with mine.

600 degrees celsius everywhere on the surface of the earth and all blood boils in its veins.

The ambulance comes.

He will close his eyes again in this ambulance.

There is no trace of any dinosaur after the impact of the asteroid.

And my new friend will die for a final time in this ambulance, and be gone forever.

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