

Bang, bang, bang, gunshots, that's the only thing it could be dazed I woke up from a bed and a unfamiliar room, screaming, lots and lots of screaming. I ran out of the room and stood amongst a young girl who looked like she was hiding her children in a closet. Begging them to stay quit she closed the door and as she did a man burst in armed with a riffle and aimed at her head, she fell to the ground blood falling all around her but her children made no sound. They didn't seem to see me or care that I was there, he walked right by the doorway to check in the room and I ran for the doorway leading outside. All that surrounded me was defining gun shots and the screams that followed, my blood turned cold in my body and that feeling shot through me like I was falling off something tall. I turned looking for something around me to understand what was happening, my eye reached far and saw people being dragged out of there houses and being shot, women, men children being thrown on the ground and shot. At first the soldiers paid no attention to me acted like I wasn't there, but all of a sudden that changed when he looked at me directly in the eye, and I wasn't watching from a third person view anymore he yelled get that one, and I took off running faster than I could run. A surrounding of trees encroached on the small wooden houses being raided I fumbled through them broken branches painfully catching my shoulders but I keep trying to move quickly as I could her him chasing behind me. And then without warning I got pulled back, my dress caught on a torn branch I pulled as I hard as I could on it to tear it off and it did only as I moved ford he jumped in front of me and threw me back over the long. The gun was pulled up at his face ready to shot before I could even look at him. I lunged for the gun, throwing it out of this hand and knocking him off balance, my hands hit and clawed and tried to get him as much as I could, he pulled his pistol on me and his finger hit the trigger without remorse. My body flew back with the force of the bullet I couldn't breath I felt it go threw me, this strange feeling at first like an electric shock spreading throughout my whole body and this feeling of cold corsing adrenaline. And then I thrashed my body against my bedroom wall, coming back to consisness I understood with a sharp breath that it was a nightmare. My bedroom door crashed open and my grandmother rushed in, "You STUPID girl!" She screamed.

"Why do you insist on trying to get us all killed!" She frantically waving her hands at the book that lay opened amongst my ruffled sheets. Normally she would not get this hysterical about just any ordinary book, however she could tell it was old. "You know if they ever found this.." I cut her off "Is that why you still were your necklace? Because you so afraid for our lives?" This granted me a smack across my face. "They have taken many things from me but they

wont take my faith. As for you what is your reason other than defiance?! You just don't want them to own you but guess what? They do! They own everyone and they will kill you and me and your brother just by this being in our presence she held the book up and threw it in my trash can also grabbing a burning candle to follow with it, Slamming the door behind her and yelling into the hallway. I rubbed my eyes heavily hopping to take away the last of my drowsiness, this life was not easy for anyone but least on my Grandmother, she raised me and my brother pretty much from the start of our lives, and we will never know why she had to. Our mother hasn't been seen in nineteen years and we don't expect to see her anytime soon. Unfortunately me and Quinn didn't make it easy for her to raise us. Like she said I never wanted to be owned, but they make it clear I am. Everyone inside before nine pm, or your shot on sight. So there were times I didn't come back at nine and they would wonder and cry and I'd be back at six to watch the glass open. I started this when I was fifteen but now I do it less often and it makes them happier. Quinn on the other hand was worse than me and we don't really know why, or what is motivation was to tempt is life, apparently my lust for freedom wasn't what drove him. It was something deep in his mind that only surfaced when I saw him at his worst. Angry, violent. When he would push me into walls and yell in my face, when he would brake everything he could throw. He had so much rage, she said that if we had a father he wouldn't be like that, but somehow I don't really think thats true. Quinn is gone a lot now, I walk past his empty room everyday hoping to see him in his place amongst his grainy bedroom walls. Its strange loving someone so damaged, they can break you but you still hold on to that hope of them being what you need them to be. My grandmother is glad he's gone, she never said it and she never will, but she is it would be fair if I left to because she's been through enough and I can't change being how I am. I seem to think like this everyday as I walk through the shadowy halls of our small apartment, constantly thinking of the past as much as I hate to think about it I can never seem to stop myself. I find myself sitting at an empty breakfast table as soon as the glass opens she avoids me, rushing out to buy what we need as she would say. I wait for the news cast, people usually gather outside the district hall for it most people cant afford to have television to see it, I know we couldn't, we have this radio instead, normally we only get one update as they like to call it broadcast to us daily. In reality we don't find out much of anything this way, and thats how its supposed to be. I hear it its a loud frequency nose at first and then it blears. UNITED WORLD, STANDS STRONG. We see our flag flash over the face of what you would call our leader, however its not a face at all,

its a mask, the man that runs our entire world will not even show his cowardly face to his people. His mask fully gold painted that his grey eyes crept through

The world I survive in today is nothing alike with the stories I have seen talking about the old world. The predictions for the world today were the even further from reality. My reality a land broken by chemicals and soil and sea poisoned, nature is no longer for humans we have destroyed it. We are the new world that emerged from the rubble of the old, from what I know at one time many countries were peaceful and the world continued on a cycle of minor problems, perhaps major in their minds at the time. But to what followed the people of that time produced for themselves, wars and chaos erupted and humans became how they were at the beginning of time, animalistic killers, except there were less food, the animals and plants were dying. People were fighting their sisters, sons, brothers, daughters and mothers just for food. Surely this was it this was how the world would end, we would all just kill each other? However it was not, a person rose up with others who seem irrelevant in our minds now, claimed he could stop all of it, he could unite the world and bring peace to our war torn lands. And they did, the world became stable, food could be grown again artificially. The faith that the world was restored was clear in the beginning, a faith that slowly dwindled across time. The new united world was a front for complete control, all people wanted was the world to go back to how it used to be before, it was clear that could never happen. Their schemes fooled the world into compliance, at first it was small a flag and a name for our new world, then it progressed, they blamed technological advances for our wars and said to prevent this from ever happening again we must give up everything. And the people didn't even understand that they were taking away the most important things we had, our freedom of speech and our connection with each other. And with that they had us, only one other thing that truly meant destruction of our freedom. A laser looming up in space attached to a satellite, orbiting until a click of a button and an entire country could be obliterated into nothing. Fast forward to present day it is 2500 April the 19th, many things are kept from us, we are told that our minds are not fit to understand certain information. So we stand in the dark no one is allowed to know how many countries are left, but people suspect that there isn't many. I live in what is determined as the heart of the world, Ceriszan. It's a small island now but it may have been bigger before all the weather, the streets are paved with white stone and the shiny metal towers are all

competing to be the tallest.