

HOPE

Everywhere I turn, I can only see death. Emptiness. Darkness. How could the world have come to this? It feels like it was only yesterday when everything was balanced and everyone was equal. Now, there is only destruction. There is no hope.

It all started one very average day. Everything was the same. We were all going about our simple routines. We were happy that way. Things were simple. Carefree. But, of course, not all good things can stay.

Something came to us. Something complicated that no one could quite understand. But, with them, they brought a darkness. A darkness like no other. It spread quickly, devouring one place after another leaving nothing but ashes. No trace of the truly magnificent world that once existed. We turned on each other. Our mouths became full of empty words. Our hearts turned to stone. We became ruthless.

The world split into two. The merciful and the merciless. The merciful were scarce. Endangered. Exterminated by the merciless, the darkness. Turning what was pure into pure wickedness.

Years passed and the plague was spreading. The already dark world became black. That was when all hope was lost. All the good in our hearts were gone. The only thing that existed to anyone was 'I'. That's all anybody had room for in their egocentric worlds.

In a matter of years, there was only me left. One good soul and millions evil. That was when I knew it was over. I had to give up. Surrender. There was no hope left for me, for the world.

But that was a different day. A different time. I was young then. I was also wrong. There is hope in the world and we are worth more than what we think we are. There is more to the world than just darkness. There is a small light in every single one of us. All we have to do is turn them on.