

She walked.

And walked.

And walked...

Not a living thing in sight—just her. Faced with the harsh wind blowing against her sun-damaged face—yet, not harsher than the reality of the current world: doom.

She looked at the Sun—past radiance long lost to the ever-lasting smog. The air, now a murky mixture of thick smoke and a cocktail of odors, hacked at her lungs.

The waters deserted them long ago.

The ground? Scorched. Hard. Her parched throat mirrored the lifeless earth beneath her.

How long had it been? She'd stopped counting.

It reminded her of how much they'd lost: streets barren, cities bare, hearts once aflame with thoughts of civilization, now burned by the same fire—indeed, a bad master.

She glanced at a statue—formerly a monument, now unrecognizable, courtesy of years upon years of acidic torture.

“Do we deserve this?”

The earth—scorched, dying— whispers back:

“Yes.”

Laughable.

They'd traded their Utopia for profit. Now, what's left? Barren lands and the ghost of what used to be a flourishing world.

Some nights, she dreams—of lush trees, flowing streams, fresh air. But morning comes.

And with it, the harsh reality:

THIS WAS THE WORLD THEY CREATED.