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World full of Dreamers

When the world collapsed, it was not a sudden development. It was more like a result of many things, which to many would seem a recent thing.

It had been going on from the beginning of time, really, due to the fact that only the highborn were considered worthy to be rulers, meaning they had no idea how everyone else lived. It got taken a step further when the world unknowingly (or, perhaps, knowingly) elected leaders that did not consider all their people equal, or people at all.

Perhaps this should have made the people stop and reconsider their values, but it only escalated the problem. Some took this to the extreme and started movements dedicated to hating others.

The dream of many was equality, or the end of oppression for a start. Unfortunately for them, their words were not heeded.

But, sure as the sun rises every morning, history was doomed to repeat itself. Unjust leaders were once again chosen, but this time, the stakes were much higher. Either people didn't know, or didn't care. If it was choosing the lesser of two evils, why choose at all?

And such was the beginning of the end.

The only people who were safe, or so they thought, were the "normal" people. Pale skinned, wealthy, otherwise "flawless". Oh how wrong they were, because war does not discriminate.

As the so-called leaders sent others to fight their battles born of greed and pride, the common people suffered. Husbands, sons and fathers were sent to war, and the women and others deemed "unfit" to represent their country, were left to hold normal life together. Hope dwindled in these times.

Such was the cycle for centuries, until science took a step forward and invented even bigger and more destructive weapons that could wipe out entire countries. It was agreed they would not be used, but is an agreement ever useful if not all will honor it?

This made peace the dream, hope and belief of many. Unfortunately, yet again, people disagreed and they were discarded, like one might do to an annoying fly.

As usual, men were destroyed by their own arrogance. Injustice and war continued reigning over the lands, and some felt the rules did not apply to them, for they were above everyone and everything else. The hubris of these men resulted in the forbidden weapons being used.

This meant that their opponents had to abandon their honor and let self-preservation guide them into retaliating. Soon their actions had destroyed the world, which would have been destroyed in time anyway due to their inaction and refusal to believe the people.

Many smaller countries were completely wiped out. The rich and privileged hid in their mansions, behind their gilded walls of gold and silver, and the rest suffered. Hope was lost.

It didn't take long for the survivors, who had with time risen from the ashes and come together, to notice that the rich had supplies and protection, which they did not offer to the

common people. Someone once banged on their gates of wealth, and were told to stay back, lest they lose their life.

This incident spread like wildfire, and for a little while, everyone got scared to even approach the elite's residences. But as always, the peace was only temporary. The "insurgents", as they had been dubbed, realized they outnumbered and outwitted their yet again oppressors. The ember of hope was reignited.

And so an unofficial leader was declared. He was young and healthy, but (looking back, thankfully) did not qualify for the military. Apparently, his husband made him a flawed man. His biggest dream had always been to change the world for the better. This was not the way he dreamed it would happen, but he accepted the leadership cast upon him.

In the dead of the night, they laid siege to the nearest mansion. Due to the variety of people, and by extension, the variety of skills they had, it was easy. They surprised the owner of the residence in his bed, and, due to their leader's mercifulness, gave another chance to the man.

He begrudgingly became a member of the group, after a little difficulty adjusting to the current way of life. From one of their insurgents, came forward an idea. What if they could, by overtaking more of the elite's property, have enough resources to repair the broken world? The flame of hope soared in their hearts. Maybe all wasn't lost?

Over the course of time, and almost a generation, they found themselves living in a stable environment with crops growing and life blossoming, as much as it could in the charred earth. Grass had begun to slowly rise through the ashes, like a phoenix after a defeat, and the pyres of hope burned bright.

Many had dared to begin to dream of a world united, a future free of war and inequality among people. This time, they were not regarded as a hindrance to the society, but as paragons of a better world.

Eventually, after the rise, fall and new rise of civilization, such things could be achieved. The people had broken the vicious cycle of history, or so they hoped. One could only dream, and work towards making that dream a reality.