

YOUR WORLD

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Prologue I

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Question

IF YOU COULD CHANGE THE WORLD WHAT CAN YOU CHANGE?

IF YOU COULD CHANGE THE WORLD WHAT WILL YOU CHANGE?

HOW WOULD THE WORLD GO ABOUT THAT CHANGE?

WHAT JUSTIFIES THAT CHANGE?

WHY DO YOU WANT TO CHANGE THE WORLD?

CAN YOU CHANGE YOURSELF?

WILL YOUR CHANGE MAKE PEOPLE CHANGE TOO?

WILL YOUR CHANGE CAUSE MORE PROBLEMS?

WILL YOUR CHANGE CAUSE MORE SOLUTIONS?

HOW DOES THE WORLD CHANGE GRADUALLY?

CAN PEOPLE CHANGE?

CAN YOU SAVE THE WORLD BY CHANGING THE PEOPLE?

CAN YOU SAVE THE PEOPLE BY CHANGING THE WORLD?

*DO YOU BELIEVE THE CURRENT SITUATION OF THE WORLD WAS CAUSED BY
SOMEONE'S CHANGE?*

CAN THE WORLD CHANGE?

ARE YOU THAT CHANGE?

DETAILED STORY

“Your world” is a fictional novel by Ahmed Y. Haruna. This story follows the unknown invasion of a highly organized and intellectual alien race called the “arbiters” in this story. This is neither their official name nor are they called such in this book. They are referred to as such because the reason for their invasion is to observe intellectual species and judge the current society they have established. The arbiters are responsible for the extinction of most species in the solar system. Thus, this answers humanity’s question of whether they are alone in the vast universe. This incident has been occurring since the establishment of every society and now it seems it is the planet earth’s turn. The story is named “Your World” because the world is being observed from a foreigner’s perspective in the body of a native. This story attempts to answer focal philosophical topics in the writer’s view. This story follows and judges the justification of existence and elimination. After questions comes observation then analyzation and finally judgement. What will be the fate of the planet after the unnoticed alien invasion?

THE VISION

“One day, I dreamt about a world so different yet so similar. Beautiful yet so eerie like a storm in the heart of a forest. I couldn't recognize the atmosphere but I could tell a story about the surrounding. I wanted to feel like I can adapt to that environment. So, should I choose to overcome its harshness or rather be harsh enough to survive its toxicity? What makes a man, a woman, a child, a being, and most importantly ‘a human’. If there's a world where these concepts can coexist then can I call that entity a human?

The surrounding in my world consists of humans, animals, light & darkness, time & space, mass, and definition. However, what makes my environment harsh is the matter that I question the most. What makes me a part of that concept?”

THE DREAM

I have a simple yet complex dream that engulfs the entire populace of creation.

A perfect combination of all that matters into one even amalgam.

My dream can never be achieved nor implemented. Rather, it can only be imagined by an intellectual in the world of complexity.

What possibly can I imagine that can be implemented into the two separate and parallel worlds of nothingness and everything?

There is no equality nor partiality in this world of mine but as a being that puts wisdom and rationality as a primal, what can I achieve with this approach and how will I achieve it?

What I try to see and what I imagine is beauty and an art piece that no man can be capable of illustrating.

What makes the people in this dream world so powerful is their individuality and social coexistence. We make up the universe and we are separate universes on our own.

A world with no pain and suffering, a world so delicate and daring, a world fit for only the imaginable thinkers and self-dedicated regulators.

In this world beauty and wisdom are the only things that can survive. This is an Armageddon for many and salvation for some. A world that can only be described by the principle of flames to fire. A world so beautiful that the only way to acknowledge it is by staring at it from a safe and comfortable location to avoid getting burned.

MY WORLD

The world I am speaking of is a world with unlimited beauty. A place with no desire but passion, a place with love without lust, a sphere of individuality not collection, a haven for the strong and dedicated. In this world, laziness is no longer practical. Pleasure is extinguished by happiness. Is this world a utopia or a dystopia for civilizations?

Emotions are no longer needed to justify the wrong. This is the world that I dream about. This place has no equality but balance. Freedom is decided for those who have never seen hope. So, to give freedom must this world take it from people who already live in hope? If there is such an equation, I would like to balance it.

Life has no complexity because there is no influence on the living. No souls, bodies, and minds just simple and single entities that can maintain individuality. Only one component is needed to form a being and that is the being itself. This solution is no longer needed because problems cannot affect beings who've experienced completion. This world only has power over those who have a right to have it.

Decisions are not regarded in this world in this world of pure justice. This is a world where truth outshines lies to the point that there are no options to choose from. It doesn't matter how you feel about some things because emotions are a sign of impurity. The only ones worth mentioning are those who have contributed their worth. This is a place of acceptance to nature and just supremacy, not what appeals to selfish desire. In the pursuit of desire comes irrationality and lack of thoughtfulness. The creatures in this world are of intellectual superiority. What you see, hear, smell, experience, and value are all products of victory and success. This world has no weakness but only weak people and the weak are governed by the strong. The strong and the weak are from the same coin but one side has the currency printed.

THE PICTURE

Oceans are as dark as the ink of a pen. A respectable world of love for both men and women.

A place different but better than the world of then. The weak escape in fear and are haunted by the strong.

Not the strong in might but those whose minds are powerful to distinguish wrong. Lullabies with no instruments are the only song.

An awakening to many and a fortune for all.

This is the ultimatum for mankind to roll the uncertain die.

This is when confusion takes over everyone, staring at each other praying that everything will be fine.

This world that parasites have been fighting over against themselves and others will breathe out all the anger stored in its dying husk.

When will evil stop or is that philosophy a must?

Those who are used by propaganda will realize that their iron resolve will start to rust.

Those who chose to put a blind eye to the truth will now realize what they have lost.

The failure to act individually will lead them to a slaughter farm.

As they lay ignorant and engulfed in the pleasure they will hear a comrade scream from losing an arm.

One by one they will start taking pieces of the stock as the farmer harvests them looking emotionally happy and calm.

As the world becomes open, there will neither be evil nor good.

A neutral ground where all animals no longer have to hunt or be hunted for food.

Survivors will have an ascension and see the skies no longer blue.

We have let evil overpower righteousness but it will have a final glow.

People who have used religion, power, and information for deceit shall know.

When we are all aware of the lies they forced us to show.

They will pay the damned what they owe.

Clouds are illustrated in a state of a picture painting.

Heavy mountains will no longer be tolerating.

As they fall and expand nobody will start complaining.

A sky so red and a moon visible for the dead.

Rocks become more malleable than lead.

Confused and frustrated the dead will begin to scratch their head.

A new awakening comes forth where kings are replaced by a god.

When ordered the only response they are capable of is an obedient nod.

A god has appeared but who gets to be crowned king?

That is the one who chooses to perfect what all mortals think.

The next king is a man who loses his restrictions as the fainting pen's ink.

The king's ascension will sacrifice everything in less than a blink.

