

Broken In Silence

By Mandy Yeo

Torn. Dark. Silent. The city was the polar opposite of peace. Riddled with lies, scandals and incompetence, the government had doomed us all. You could see graffiti all over the walls. Dried blood stained the streets. Houses were in disrepair, desolated and left to crumble. My family had all their savings gone to naught, their earnings having fuelled a hopeless dream for a better future. My friends trekked on the same path of darkness, given no help or money to fund their wish for a better life. The government was merely a façade with no real direction or goal. It was there for the sake of being there, serving no purpose in my eyes.

The economy was broken - the rich only got richer while the poor only got poorer. Whatever incentives there were for us only got phased out as bribery took hold of the legislation. Many owned nothing to their name with all their properties legally bought over by the elites. It was a vicious cycle of poverty that awaited most of us and I hated it. Why could the rich sit in their mansions and sip their iced tea while the rest of us slaved away in factories, never to see a better world? If the government could spend time indulging in foolish notions such as parties, why could they not spend the time wasted in trying to resolve the situation? It did not make any sense then and it did not make any sense now.

My family wanted a better life. They wanted to tell the world about the city's predicament in hopes to save the others from falling into total abyss. However, one word about the city could kill my entire family and at best we would be locked up in jail, left to be forgotten. The crime rate was at its highest - murders occurred every minute and every day. Police reinforcements proved to be a mistake as the officers were bribed to keep mum about the murders. Kidnappings, robberies and injustice prevailed as we precariously watched the beautiful city we had built go up in flames, consumed by the everlasting darkness of corruption and decadence. Morals disintegrated into the unlawfulness of the city whilst the government officials watched, their own conscience manipulated like putty into one of greed, malevolence and ignorance. It was as if the laws that were put into place were never there. Chaos reigned and we could only helplessly weep in silence for the loss of the city.

That moment would finally come. It had to. We had to be free from the rigid and corrupt government that gave us no rights. We could die trying to escape from the country but death seemed more welcoming to us than the disgusting rich. They would not care about us- reality sank in a long time ago. The government had to leave our lives- they should have given us the equality we wanted but that dream was broken, slowly but steadily. If we could see the various opportunities that life had to offer, we could surely show our people that we could revolt against the broken rule. If we could show that the government deprived our rights, we could bring a new era of democracy, peace and harmony. If we stood up for what was right, everything would fall into place and the strands of limitation pulling us from a dream of happiness would loosen and eventually disappear. After all, that was what kept us going every single day, was it not? That moment had to come. It was the only way that we could keep living in the moment rather than walloping in sorrow about the past.

Weeks went by. Everything was still the same. However, beneath the chaos bubbled a new hope for revolution. Tensions rose to its fullest potential as people woke up from the distraught spell they were under. Many found their voice as humanity lingered on- tethering on the last strand of morality were their wish for freedom. A protest was staged, which evolved into a violent riot. As the corrupt officials clashed against the liberals of freedom, I charged forth to help our people. Gone would be the days of control and corruption- gone would be the days of darkness and regret- gone would be the days of danger and insanity. We would all soon be free to start our life anew without any worries that the rich would stop us from achieving our goals. We could be what we wanted to be: doctors, lawyers, engineers... those job would no longer be reserved for the rich to complete. We could finally receive what we wanted: peace.

A searing pain rushed through me. Within moments, the scene faded to black.

(796 words)