

The City for Humans is full of animals

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The City is always dark.

It is dangerous to walk alone. Dangerous to leave your homes at night. Dangerous to even look like you are not suffering in this City. In this City, the rich ones are dangerous and are also the ones in most danger. That's why my Daddy has taken to having me followed around by a bodyguard. I am a liability as long as I exist.

I am not allowed to play outside the compounds of the land we own. Anyway, Daddy had the lands surrounded by high walls and tall gates, patrolled by a team of men to make sure no animals get in and nobody gets out. It's to keep me safe, he says.

In this City, money makes you human.

My friends, if one can call them that, they don't have the same hired muscles tailing them. And I share my irritation and aggravations with them in the cafe of the private school that we attend, my 'dog' standing attentively to the side. He ignores us as we ignore him. His job is to neutralise danger and that's all he's being paid fortunes to do. To be honest, I think I'm quite relieved to have him there. Daddy says there are so many dangerous people out there and I have to be safe or he won't be able to concentrate on work. I guess I'm just glad that Daddy isn't disturbed by me. Money is everything and our parents have loads of it. Though, we aren't entirely sure where it comes from. Nor do we care.

The City is a beautiful place at night.

No one cares about anyone other than themselves in this City. The government? We have no government. The people who run this City are the same dangerous people who'd leave the rest to suffer if it'd make them just one more cent. And these people, they do not care about lighting the streets. And if I look out of my suite on the second highest floor of this building, I can see the stars glimmering down on us. It is high up enough that I cannot see the ground crawling with those that our 'dogs' are supposed to protect us from. High enough that I cannot hear wailing, or crying, or the calls of young girls with no virtue. Daddy isn't home, as usual. He's too busy working again. I'm always alone, but I'm used to it.

In this City, education is for humans only.

"They are nothing more than animals," my Daddy said, when I asked why I had to go to school and not the other children. "Only human beings get to go to school." I'd wished I was an animal then, sulking at the unfairness of it all. If animals my age got to play instead of study, I didn't want to be human then.

The City is a place to party.

When one is human enough to throw lavish parties for friends and give exorbitant gifts, the City is nothing more than a playground for me and for my friends. We dance and we drink and we dance until we collapsed and then my faithful 'dog' takes me home after, in an expensive vehicle as fortified as tanks. And we don't bother going to school later or making excuses. The teachers are paid to speak only when we want them to.

In this City, only humans deserve food.

Daddy and I, we eat 'good' food everyday. Well, Daddy says it is good. I've never had the chance to try anything else that isn't cooked by the chefs that Daddy hires. Sometimes, I invite my friends over and we eat things that they all like to exclaim and marvel over. I don't understand it, shouldn't they have this at home too?

We humans, we do not interfere when the animals fight for survival. Desperation makes one dangerous and the animals, they are always fighting desperately against each other. I look at them, and I always think that if only they had the brains to work together, they could become human too. My Daddy says it is good that they can't think for themselves. Otherwise, they'd fight us humans instead. I guess he's right. I've never seen them fight, except once, when my first 'dog' accidentally let me catch a glimpse when he went to peek beyond the curtains. That was the day Daddy got me a new 'dog'. I asked where he went, but no one answered so I simply didn't bring myself to care.

(758 words)