

# The World As We Know It - A Prologue

By : Writing Warrior

This is a short prologue of a story called, "The World As We Know It". If I get enough positive feedback, I just might make this into a novel! The summary of the whole story would be: Jack is an ordinary kid, living hundreds of years in the future. He is forced to kill in order to survive in the world. One day, Jack encounters a creature he once thought had gone extinct many years ago. Now, Jack and his dog, Lucky, must go on a journey to find something he never thought was possible; hope.

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You couldn't imagine the pain we've encountered, the terror we've seen, the revenge we've always wanted, and most important; the peace that we seek. It has been hundreds of years since the world was last united. Once the world's food and resources began to rapidly decrease, people began to panic. Mankind lost every last bit of self-control we had. Since then, the world has never been the same. Either you survive, or you don't. Most choose to survive, and would go to the extreme to keep it that way. It's funny, isn't it? One day, we humans take advantage of what we have. We throw things away that don't seem valuable at the time. Now, we are willing to murder to have those things in our possession.

My whole life, since I was just a little baby, all I have ever wanted was peace. Perhaps we could have found a solution to our problems if we just talked it out. But it seems as if it is too late now. Many innocent animals have become extinct because of human beings' greed. I have never seen another creature, in my whole life, other than humans and annoying, useless bugs. I have heard many stories, though. My mother's many, many greats grandmother owned a dog when the war just began. Apparently almost every household owned one. That's really hard to believe, though. Dogs became extinct about two-hundred years ago.

Anyways, I just wish life could get back to the way it was, long before I was born. These days, you never know when you are going to die. A man almost killed me because he wanted a wrinkled torn-up red shirt I was wearing. I don't see why, though. Red seems to be the only color we see. Thick, scarlet red blood dripping from the endless mass of bodies lying in the middle of the deserted street. Dark, angry red eyes staring hungrily at you, waiting for the perfect moment to strike. Or, those bright red flowers, once standing tall and proud, now drooping to the cold ground. Dying from the lack of care, just like everything else in the world.

This isn't a dream. This is reality. There is no escape from the terror and fear. You have no choice. It's not fight or flight. Because if you flight, you will very soon end up dead. At a very young age, I had to learn to have courage, and to never back down. I made my first kill when I was only two and half years old. He was a young infant too, of course. I hated seeing his life fade away from his innocent eyes. But I can never show mercy. That's just how it is. That's just what we must do if we want to survive. To survive in this world as we know it.

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