

DYS UTOPIA

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Utopia

(noun)

an imagined place or state of things in which everything is perfect

Dystopia

(noun)

an imagined state or society in which there is great suffering or injustice, typically one that is totalitarian or post-apocalyptic.

DRAFT ZERO

BY SHEVONNE

three days / dusk

The afterglow lingers tentative on water's edge, a loose tapestry of light and darkness diminishing into the night.

I tap the red button.

"We're done here." A figure ventures before the camera.

"That's the last of daylight we're getting today."

"Right." I stow the devices laid out beside me.

"Ever tried getting night shots? I hear the sky's beautiful here."

"Light pollution. Sun notwithstanding, no stars for miles in the city."

The brief explanation satisfies her, so I do not elaborate. I don't lament the cities' glow, comment on the wonder which haloes the light, describe the sin of overexposure and saturation. Instead I zip up the case which houses my lenses, and watch her retreat towards the skyscraper in its geometric glory. The velvet black of her attire blends into the night and I soon lose sight of her.

I don't tell her of the sunset's ephemeral beauty.

two days / dawn

The sun rises through mottled, frosted glass.

A siren blares somewhere, and I press my palms against my ears only to meet plastic. Yanking the earphones from my head I note the time- 7.30 am- to flick open my fourth can of coffee today.

As caffeine courses through my arteries, static evanesces from my vision. Only then do I register the presence behind me. He places a napkin on my desk, with which I haphazardly mop up the lifeblood spilt from the metal

container; I find myself alone before said napkin can be discarded.

The weapons are prepared, albeit superfluous. We have the world's technology at our fingertips, state-of-the-art defense and security systems awaiting our command; we need only prove it.

Just two more days. Two days to finish the game and end this charade. Two more days of toil, and my labour will see fruition. Then we will have finally created the utopia we seek.

I glance again at the brightening sky, only to be blinded by light piercing the clear window.

two days / dusk

My lens hovers gently above a hummingbird, silently recording every bejewelled wingbeat.

"For a caged bird, that's some motivation," she quips.

I end the recording as the bird takes flight. "Release it soon?"

"My new pet? Not unless the world ends."

"Wouldn't be surprised," I muse, gaze fixed on the perfect automaton which is the hummingbird: bright eyes, slender wings, deliberate intent. Slicing purposefully through the stagnant air. Perhaps, someday, we will be that hummingbird.

"Take good care of it."

She gently lifts the cage and exits, leaving me lost in my thoughts- burdened with the knowledge of what is soon to be.

Unless the plan is stopped, the world ends in two days.

DRAFT ZERO

BY SHEVONNE

one day / dawn

"What?" I snap.

"Someone takes offense at our methodology."

"Let me guess. Adolescent self-proclaimed 'hero'?"

"Amateur photographer. We could recruit."

"Useless. There isn't *time*."

One more day of toil, one more all-nighter, just one more.

And that will suffice to mobilise humanity towards the creation of a better future.

In a way, we do no harm. A life taken now would be otherwise paid tenfold in years to come. Though our methods may be questioned, this is *mercy*.

For even the rotation of the earth is neglected at times, its cyclicity mistaken for stasis.

"Dispatch them."

"But..."

"What else do you propose? They need to *believe* we're willing to destroy."

one day / dusk

His arrival is announced via the surveillance system, visage captured within the camera I configured myself.

"He's here," I inform her.

"The photographer?"

"Just a child. How did he find out?"

"It's irrelevant now, I suppose."

"My friend once."

"Sorry," she replies as the defense systems activate.

midnight

Perhaps it is easier to think of what could have been had the vigilante succeeded. But that, like the existing world order, is a thing of the past.

A change in constraints, a paradigm shift. The result of a documentary, a study- what happens when the earth is told, in a blaze of glory, that it has three years to live?

A utopia in which humanity readies its final sprint. A dystopia in which consequences evaporate like hope. The possibilities ignite between the two children, illuminating their faces in a chiaroscuro of light and shadow.

"To a better world."

"A better world."

Together they tap the red button.

Fire blooms across the distant horizon, like a sunrise through mottled glass. Almost as quickly it diminishes into the night.



NO MORE YEARS

BY JANANI

Eighty-five years.

That's all everyone starts with. Eighty-five years. Well, that's not completely true. Some are the children of people who were farm owners and factory owners. They are born with food and resources they don't have to share. They never share. They twiddle their thumbs and laugh as the rest of us are assigned to hard, demeaning jobs for the most basic necessities. The rest of us live in poverty, barely eating two meals a day.

"Dictatorship". It is an interesting word, isn't it? While the rich would deny it, that was essentially what life was today. After the Finding, the rich leeches of your lives, tempting us with anything more than the bare minimum. They show us clean sheets, extra food, and dazzling technology to entice us into giving them a few more years of our lives. They leech, and they leech, and now, they never die. They cannot die.

Everybody starts with eighty-five years. It is your choice to live them or to sell them. The rich take more and more,

while the poor live less and less.

Now, I had fifty-five years.

You see, the thing about the rich is that they don't care about anything but themselves. They don't care that we barely survive in our unsteady huts if they can live in their fancy, comfortable mansions. If you can work for them, they give you the bare minimum. If you can't, they don't care if you die.

This was true of little Ean too. Ean was just ten years old, but he saw worse than even the poorest of us. He was one of the people the rich liked to toss into the sea like he never mattered. Young Ean was born without the use of his legs. Until the age of ten, the rich gave him enough food to live. As if that would fool me.

Every single day, I had to watch as Ean starved on the streets, with nothing or no one to help him. People had the audacity to look at him as if he was dirt as if anything was his fault. No one blamed the rich. They were celebrated.





NO MORE YEARS BY JANANI

What was wrong with Ean? He was different, not useless. He could do things, achieve things, just not serve the rich.

I couldn't watch.

I walked into the cold, dark hall, as cold as Sir Damien's heart. Or lack thereof. He walked in, hours after our scheduled appointment. He called it being "fashionably late". I call it disregarding others' lives.

"What brings you here", he spat, like I did not deserve to stand next to him.

"I need extra food to feed Ean Walkers."

His lips twisted into a devilish smirk. "You know what that means," he whispered.

I felt my hand being pulled into a tight grasp. His clean,

scrubbed fingers grasped my dirt-caked ones without hesitation or a hint of remorse. I shuddered, collapsing to the ground with a gasp. Everything went black.

Thirty-five years.

I bought the boy food, water and everything he needed. He did not deserve this. No one deserved this but the filthy, filthy rich.

Twenty years.

This boy deserved more. He deserved to be able to live for himself. He did not deserve nothing.

I traded for the boy to get a house, a wheelchair, and everything he needed to take care of himself.

With a raspy breath, I whispered, "goodbye, Ean."

Zero years.





THE WALLS

BY DEBRAATH

It's been so long, no one knows why the walls are here. They have been there even before he was, even before his parents, their parents and theirs too. They somehow made it when people were fiddling with weapons, and the wall isn't a wall, not solid, not thick. Not made of concrete either. It's a network of chains, with gaps, with folds. No one really knows what is on the other side and they don't wish to know what there is either.

It has always piqued his interest, those walls. La muralla, so mysterious. The number of times he's tried to peek behind them, he can't count up to. His parents have taught him till ten, and that's enough. He's asked them about the walls too, why they are rectangle and not domed, why they are there but he knows that they have no clue. He has asked the elder, the all-knowing, the one that is revered by the community. He also doesn't have an answer. It's not that he is the only one who was curious about it. Many others before him came and went, their question unanswered. In the community, no one really bothers, they are too muddled up with their own lives. His parents have told him that so he believes it. After all, they are the only people he can call family.

So he goes. He goes to the walls and sits there for the whole day. He gazes through the gaps but he sees nothing. Distant plains of grass, not a single tree visible. Occasionally a breeze comes and gives him some peace from the sun, but he remains steadfast in his efforts. He waits for a few more hours, and the sun begins to set. And then he sees something. He sees a group of children,

much younger than him. He sees them running around, he can hear the distant laughter. They are wearing long tunics, their hair golden and he tries to call them as loudly as he can but they don't seem to hear him. He frantically waves his hands to no avail. He wonders why they cannot see the walls, the walls so high their ends not visible. He tries to make a tunnel underneath, as he has read in the books. A tunnel always works, he knows that.

He tries digging down some more and finds the chains there too. They seem to stretch from heaven to hell. He doesn't give up and digs even more. But the chains remain, and he cannot wrench them out. He tugs repeatedly but they don't budge. By then, it's already night, and the torches interlocked and stuck between the gaps of the walls are lit. The children have gone too however his relentless pursuit of finding a gap remains. As the wind grows stronger, the air gets more chilly. But, the walls remain. The walls instead counter the wind, the breeze. They slowly get hotter and hotter but he doesn't give up. From grey to bright red, they glow like fireflies. After all, the walls are meant to keep them in, not for show. The burning sensation slowly builds up and at one point, he stops. His hands are red, and they are covered in dirt. It causes them to sting but he clenches his teeth to deal with the pain. His mother taught him that trick and it never fails to work.

His pants have become brown from the dirt. And as he brushes it off from the pants his mother stitched from an old blanket, he hears a scream. He turns around

THE WALLS

BY DEBRAATH

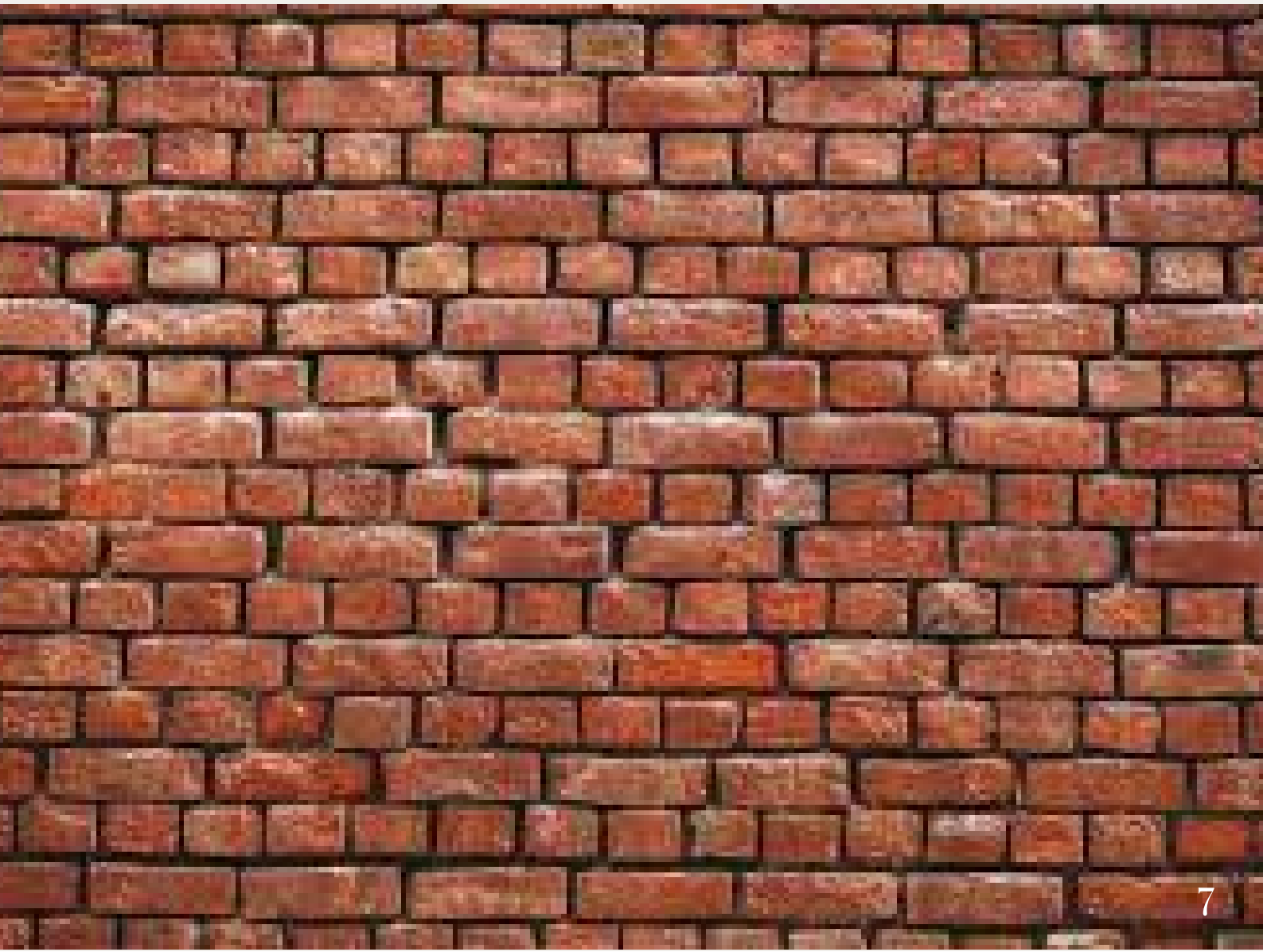
immediately, partly due to shock and partly due to fear. He hasn't ever seen her before, never in his eight years of life. But the woman screams again, louder this time. She drops her pot of water right on his head and he blanks out. He feels himself getting pulled away, the rough dirt scratching his skin.

And then he feels the same stinging he did before, but he is still unconscious, just not devoid of feeling. The stinging gets stronger and stronger but he is helpless.

It's been so long, no one knows why the walls are here.

Many others before him came and went, their question unanswered. In the community, no one really bothers because they know all those who did, disappeared. They were there one day, and then they weren't. And no one dares to warn the others because the elder says, "People have to learn from their mistakes".

Went away, just like sand castles washed away by the waves. But the community knows, it's not the waves' fault the sandcastles fall apart. It's change, and change they must accept. And so this time, his parents receive their third child, a girl. But she doesn't have any siblings, only herself and her parents. After all, they are the only people she can call family.



THE LITTLE PENCIL

BY RENE E



There was once a Yellow 2B pencil who was very unhappy. He lived in Bastell-Acfer, a large industrial empire where there was always work to be done. The pens were in their offices from morning to midnight, scratching away on a buffet of documents, and the pencils were down in the factory, marking out the measurements made by the less diligent rulers. On the contrary, the more conscientious rulers were the managers, making sure everything was in order and everyone was straight. Aside from the rulers, a rare exception, no stationery ever strayed far from its original intention, the calligraphy pens were always in charge and the pencils were always inferior.

The Little Pencil was in writing school, where all of the 'writers' were obligated to go to regardless of their future predetermined positions. Of course the different types and colours of 'writers' needed to be separated from each other, but they basically all learnt the same thing. Like clockwork every day, the pencils trooped in at 6 a.m. for the ritual. The Little Pencil hated it, but the others seemed to accept it, though at times The Little Pencil would hear a whimper coming from a comrade. Afterwards, they would stream into classrooms, all identically constructed so as to prevent anyone from complaining. A whisper had gone around once that the classrooms were like that so as to 'crush their creativity', but the rulers of the writing school quickly put an end to that rumor and the pencil who started it.

The Little Pencil was never that bright. His printing was sub-par and his calligraphy was disastrous. He had one strong point, he usually paid attention to Ms Calculator, the teacher. One particular summer's day, when the sun was at his peak, strutting with boldness they were never allowed to have, something was different. Instead of concentrating on how to dot his 'i's, The Little Pencil was

starting to pay attention to this nagging feeling inside of him. It told him, "You shouldn't be Yellow, you should be Blue."

"Shut up." he mumbled and Ms Calculator glared and displayed an improper fraction at him, reminding him of his impropriety.

One day, The Little Pencil asked Ms Calculator, "Do stationery ever change colours?"

Ms Calculator slowly turned away and pressed a button on her grey plastic body that said 'Rubbish Bin'. The Little Pencil looked around and realised that a black-coloured ruler had entered the room. The ruler edged closer and...

The Little Pencil was bound by a rubber band in a Pencil Case, a vehicle capable of carrying many types of stationery in large quantities, not just pencils. It was named this way so as to shame all those who were carried within it. The Little Pencil struggled and cried for help, but there was only a blue sharpener there with him and The Little Pencil was certainly not going to her for help. He shuddered as he remembered those he had met in writing school during the ritual, the blade gently piercing his blunt tip, scraping off layers of lead and wood.

"Hello." the sharpener said cheerfully.

"Go away." The Little Pencil replied. The sharpener seemed to understand.

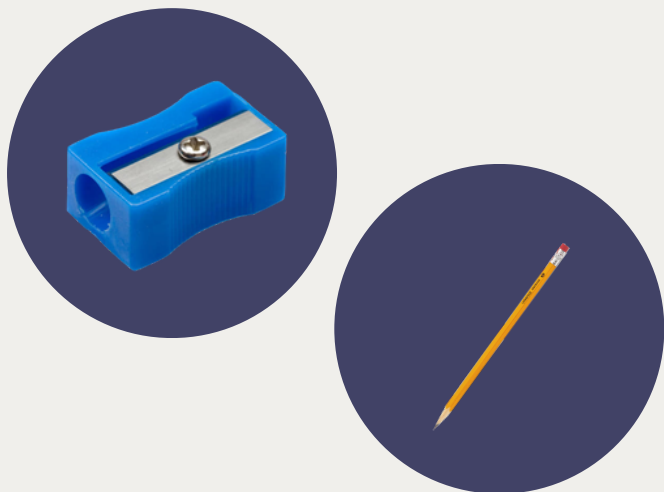
"You know that's why they sent me away." the sharpener said.

"Sorry?"

THE LITTLE PENCIL BY RENEE

"I know some of you don't like being sharpened, so I always asked first. A ruler overheard and said it was improper for us to talk to pencils at all."

"Oh." The Little Pencil lay deep in thought. Then he commented, "I like your colour."



The sharpener was visibly embarrassed but said, "Actually, I'm thinking of changing it."

"You can do that? How?"

The sharpener glanced around and whispered, "I know a guy who lives in Lipot, outside of Bastell-Acfer, who changes the ink in highlighters and the lead in pencils. He is also notorious for repainting."

The Little Pencil stared. "Brilliant... So you're going to do it? Change your colour?"

"I've heard it's a bit risky, not just escaping to Lipot but the procedure itself, but I have to do it. Then I'll finally be who I want to be, a Pink sharpener..." Her voice trailed off, filled with a passion that The Little Pencil had never heard before.

"I'll come with you! I want to be a different colour!"

The sharpener looked a bit worried but perhaps she saw

that The Little Pencil was serious as 5 seconds did not pass before she had cut a hole in the Pencil Case with her blade and pulled The Little Pencil out with her.

The Little Pencil caught his breath while Sharpy (they had now introduced themselves) sliced the rubber band off him. They were free. The Little Pencil looked around and wondered. All around were humongous factories that blew smoke in giant masses out of their gaping mouths. Bad for their health, thought The Little Pencil, probably referring to the factories themselves.

"Let's go!" Sharpy cried.

"Where?"

"Onwards to the border!"

"Oh but I want to have a tour of these smoky things."

"Silly! Those are the Happy Factories! You would have gone there after writing school to work, you know."

"Oh," said The Little Pencil again, feeling a bit foolish. "They don't seem very happy though."

"No of course not, the 'Happy' in the name is just propaganda."

"What?"

"Nevermind, it's not important." Sharpy mumbled.

Onwards they went, through the streets and past the factories. It was break time and the place was well populated with groups of pencils smiling unnaturally at the groups of sharpeners who scowled at them. The Little Pencil looked towards Sharpy and saw polite conversation at her side, nodding its head at him.

So, Pink huh?"

THE LITTLE PENCIL BY RENEE

"Sure." was the reply.

Not to be discouraged, The Little Pencil said, "I'm awfully excited to be Blue!"

Sharpy looked at him with surprise mingled with amusement, saying, "So that really matters to you? More than just escaping?"

"What are we escaping from?" The Little Pencil asked, yet there was no reply.

They were nearly in the middle of the rows of Happy Factories when they heard someone screaming. The Little Pencil looked around, awfully frightened, the screams seemed familiar to him somehow, where had he heard something like that before? In a dream, no, when he was younger?

Across the street, another 2B Yellow pencil was yelling with all his might and being dragged out by a ruler at the entrance of a Happy Factory. Then it struck The Little Pencil, the screams were just like his! He had screamed just like that when that ruler dragged him out of writing school. He watched as the other Yellow pencil was bound by a rubber band and shoved head first into a Pencil Case. The Little Pencil felt the words "Help him!" escape from himself.

"It's no use. Let's go before they see us!" Sharpy hissed and tore off, racing down a narrow street. The Little Pencil glanced back despairingly towards the other pencil, but still he turned and continued onwards, following the trail of shaved lead left by Sharpy.

They seemed to twist down a concrete rabbit hole, each section varying in length and amount of grime. They had

entered a housing section of sorts when The Little Pencil stopped very suddenly. Sharpy noticed and shot him an inquisitive look.

"Look at this!" The Little Pencil said and pointed towards the wall opposite him.

It read:

One day, we will be free. Free to be and think whatever we want.

One day the calligraphy pens will not be in charge.

One day we'll escape.

Sharpy scanned the wall and replied, "It's just graffiti."

"What?"

"It's where stationery like us try to voice our opinions without suffering any major consequences. Presuming you don't get caught, of course."

"Oh."

Sharpy seemed like she was going to say something, but instead she suddenly scooted past The Little Pencil and looked around the corner. She inhaled sharply. "Hide!" she whispered. She grabbed The Little Pencil and pulled him into a dark alley. They held their breath and watched. They watched and watched as an eraser crept into the light and stood facing the graffiti. The eraser lifted his rubbery head and with a few swift motions, erased all the thoughts of the voiceless.



THE LITTLE PENCIL BY RENEE

They were soon out of the Happy Factories zone and entering the Gay Offices zone, a zone famous for its productivity. It was very easy to tell as there were no longer any smoky and bulky lumps of buildings or twisting alleyways, instead, all The Little Pencil could see was incredibly straight rows of tall, slim, white as corpse skyscrapers. The Little Pencil stopped to marvel at the whiteness and the straightness while Sharpy eagerly walked ahead. ("Well come on." Sharpy nagged.)

They marched quickly through the streets and as the fear of being seen by their superiors, the pens and the correction tapes, overtook them, they ducked into an abandoned building that had all its windows blown open and lights taken out. Still, the building was not as lonesome as they thought, for on the 4th storey was a pen. A blue pen named Pam.

Pam was a nice inky blue pen. Too bad he was unbranded. The Pentel pens did not have it as good as the Zebra pens and even amongst the latter, the Sarasa pens came out on top. It really did not matter, whether they did their job properly or not, they were Sarasa pens, they had their brand, so they had their right.

Pam tried really hard. If the calligraphy pens spent half the effort the government claimed they spent dictating the rules of the country, they did not work as hard as Pam. Naturally, that did not matter when it came to who gets assigned the most work, unbranded pens were. Due to the heavy and unmanageable workload, Pam had become a row of dominoes during an earthquake, crumbling down part by part in an unplanned and deeply unsatisfying way. On this fine day, Pam had followed the routine he had been adhering to for a few weeks by then: sneak into the abandoned building during Unproductive Time (any breaks were deemed 'necessary yet a complete waste of time' by the government), go up to the 4th floor, hide in one of the pen holders and write in his journal.

Backtracking a few years, one learns that the calligraphy pens had forbidden all forms of writing that were not dictated by officials so as to 'not cause unnecessary disagreements about grammar'. Everyone knew what that meant of course, but who would actually say it? Hence, Pam was, in the eyes of the government, a first-class criminal unfit to be anywhere but in the Rubbish Bin. Still, no one had noticed him sneaking off yet, one of the benefits of being unbranded and unpopular, so he was at liberty to continue to be imprisoned in the Gay Offices, working 23.999 hours a day.

This time, Pam was furiously writing in his journal about that 'stupid Pink Lamy pen' who found pleasure in cancelling out other pens' work. That morning Pam had found the Lamy pen crossing out 50 lines that Pam was copying from the encyclopedia because 'his letters seemed to be written in an unhappy mood'. "Cheer up a little, darling." she said. Pam was scribbling rather vulgar words about her when he heard a noise. It was a little shuffling sound at first, then it melted into hushed voices. Pam peeked out of the pen holder. He and one of the intruders eyed one another warily.

"Heyo! I'm The Little Pencil!" the second intruder chirped cheerfully.

"Hush! Someone may hear us." Sharpy said sharply.

Pam said slowly, careful not to offend, "You guys are supposed to be in another zone, right? Pencils and sharpeners..."

Sharpy walked over to him swiftly and said gently, "Yes, we're not supposed to be here, so you better keep your mouth shut!" The second part exploded out quite suddenly.

Somehow, the three ended up talking. It was The Little Pencil who started it off. He calmed Sharpy down and started to explain to Pam why they were there. If The Little Pencil was slightly intelligent, he would have realised that

THE LITTLE PENCIL BY RENEE

this was a risky idea. You know, with all the rulers and Rubbish Bins. Happily for The Little Pencil, Pam was far too used to injustices and he applauded The Little Pencil and Sharpy's quest.

"What about you?" The Little Pencil asked Pam.

"Sorry?"

"Are you happy with your life? You look pretty depressed in my opinion."

"Wha- well, yes, I'm a little depressed," Pam said, mumbling something about how stationery should not ask others stuff like that.

"I'm just sick of others treating me poorly because I'm not branded!" Pam added.

"I bet the working hours here are awful for you as well." Sharpy commented.

"Not really, we get Unproductive Time every day for at least 20 minutes."

"Yeah, and you get time to relax when you go home after work as well!" The Little Pencil smiled.

"Home? Relax? What does that mean? And there's no such thing as 'after work', silly." Pam laughed.

That was when The Little Pencil realised that the Gay Offices really was the most productive zone.

The border was close, closer than The Little Pencil and Sharpy could have imagined. Just across a little stream, a stream of garbage. The penultimate stop: the Rubbish Bin.

The Rubbish Bin had been there as long as the oldest of stationery could remember. A legendary Sheaffer calligraphy pen with much influence had gotten the idea from foreign visitors, so as the tale goes. The Sheaffer pen had fought hard for its implementation against a wicked rival who, against all traditions, believed that all stationery had rights, not just calligraphy pens. A preposterous idea to the whole government, which was coincidentally made up entirely by calligraphy pens, yet it started to gain some support from the inhabitants of the Gay Offices and Happy Factories. Luckily, the rest of calligraphy pens managed to approve the Rubbish Bin and use it as a peaceful weapon against the public before any sort of trouble stirred up. They then promptly threw both the wicked rival and Sheaffer pen into the Bin, the former for his offences against dictatorship and the latter for being smarter than the rest of them.



Back to our heroes, Sharpy and The Little Pencil had decided it was safe enough to walk on the streets as they were just a few blocks away from leaving the Gay Offices zone when they heard a scream from a window a few floors up. They looked up to see a shocking shade of Pink, which after a few seconds of staring, proved to be a Lamy pen.

The Little Pencil started to say, "Hey isn't that the pen that Pa-"

"AHHHHHHHHH!" the Lamy pen wailed, a real damsel in distress.

"Ma'am do you need any he-Hey! What are you doing?" The Little Pencil protested. Sharpy had grabbed The Little

THE LITTLE PENCIL BY RENEE

Pencil's red head and was dragging him off.

"Run!" Sharpy hissed.

"That's all we seem to do, run and hide..." The Little Pencil grumbled, racing to catch up with Sharpy, who was surprisingly quick for a sharpener.

The Little Pencil soon saw it. All sizes and colours of rulers, though all equally straight, were running in the same direction as them. He thought, oh, we must be running a race with them or something. Maybe that's why the Lamy screamed, she was just telling us to start. The Little Pencil was really not the brightest of pencils. They kept running and running until The Little Pencil thought his body was about to snap in half.

Suddenly, Sharpy turned a corner and The Little Pencil followed. Sharpy panted and signalled for him to go on. The Little Pencil figured she just needed to catch her breath and that he should go on to win the race for them. He ran ahead with all his might. He was in the Rubbish Bin zone! He tiptoed around the large gaping hole in the land. In less than a minute, he was almost halfway.

Then he heard a yell of "We got her!" and when he looked back, he saw the rulers carrying Sharpy. She was not struggling. He heard a cruel laugh and a "She just ran right into us." In a moment, Sharpy was thrown and like a graceful blue ball, she fell into the hungry mouth of the Rubbish Bin. There she lay, amongst the other angsty rebels of Bastell-Acfer, together they made up the giant empty pile of forgotten hope.

Thus, The Little Pencil was alone. With nothing left to entice him back into Bastell-Acfer, onwards he went, towards the border of Lipot, towards Freedom.



THINGS WILL ALWAYS BE

BY RENEE

Gorgeous marble skyscrapers stretching to the sky
Lush green gardens from the rooftops to the Underground
Bathrooms that smell of gold roses and are always dry
Boulevard-wide roads where shiny sleek cars are found

People who walk around with a smile on their faces
Whose step is as quick and merry as Santa's Elves
People who are never bothered by their leather cases
Who are never dissatisfied or displeased with themselves

A life with only endless pleasure and carefree fun
Lovers that vow to be true to each other in joy and in health
Your head on the pillow with all of your chores magically done
Knowing things will always be, your life, your love, your wealth





IT IS A PERFECT WORLD

BY ADITI

It is a utopian world
Never will anyone say
No world can ever be perfect,
That is all that needs to be said.
Everything is the same
Uniqueness is gone,
The world is perfect
Everyone sees that
Where old is synonymous with obsolete
Non-believers should be prosecuted
Nobody can say
You must follow your passion
Everyone knows that
Passion is nothing in the real world
Nobody believes
You do what you like.
In a dystopia they say

Imagine a once upon a time
Where all people spoke was a rhyme
Where words weren't thrown much askew
To you this may sound, very new

Words never went waste
They were never spoken in haste
Many a feelings were spared
Inner thoughts weren't bared

(Many lights igniting in each one's head, but were some things better left unsaid?)

But speech was slow
"A penny for your thoughts?" "How about no?"
Rushed warnings chucked out the window
Danger was everywhere, and one couldn't always know

For the benefit of storytelling
This rhyme is now ending
Here's the story of RhymingTown
Now you decide - Did life really go on without a frown?

ΑΙΡΟΣΤΟΡΙΑ



NUSH_pRESS