

# PRAY FOR YOU



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Nüremberg, December, 1st. 2045

Without heroes, we are no one. Without love, we are no one. Without hope, we are no one.

We have passed to be a forgotten nation from being a united nation. Forgotten between the ruins and the sadness of the citizens. Forgotten between the blood and the injustice. Forgotten between the dead and the trash. We are gripped to the only thing we have got: human dignity, honour and truth. The truth that we will have to let go sooner or later.

We live under the Fourth Reich. People are hidden. It is a long time already since people began to hide.

It all began when John Kimberley won the elections when he promised that only white race people could get a job and have a normal life.

All the other people, considered "not perfect" from now, became slaves. They had to pay taxes and work for the rich people.

The new government created a guardian body that every Sunday went to the little, poor villages to get people and enslave them. If they refused, the guardians simply shot them.

Some people were moved to the prisons, where they were often tortured with iced water or used as experimental mice. Other died of hunger or cold in winter, because they had nothing to wear.

There were some persons who denounced all this, but no one believed them, because they were not white

Now, also we, white people are toys that little by little get older and useless. We finish forgotten in the back of a wardrobe, in the corner of solitude and sadness. No one is taking care of our lives. The rest are sitting in used leather armchairs, with a beer in their hand and staring at a black screen, such as the black ink which they used to write a high school letter, a letter which will never be read. Now, this letter is an injustice letter. We complain about our superiors, saying that it was not our fault if they got the power and conquered us just like silly watchers of a circus show, impatient to see how someone hurts a lion.

But, friends, brothers and children of life: it is our fault. We chose those people who now treat us like peasants working under the sun. And that sun is fading, little by little.

I will never understand why people stay blocked, without doing anything, as if it was not their business. But let me say this to you: you are a part of this world, you are a part of this society, of the hatred and the nightmares.

Wake up and open your eyes, because one day you will open them for the last time and you will regret that you didn't leave a better place for your children.

Don't say God for has betrayed you when you see your own city in flames, when you see your loved people and those innocent people forgotten between the death ashes.

They always taught me that the best value for a human being is to love himself and love the others. They always taught me to protect my people, no matter how bad they are. Where is this value now? Where is the word and the power of our country?

Before, we were proud to say what we were. Now, we put down our heads and pretend not to hear. Don't you feel like changing this world? Don't you want that your voice can be heard behind those ambulance sirens and those shoots? Let's do what we can do better: history. Let's show the world what we are. Let's be remembered for what we have done. Let's make the world call us heroes.

I want justice. And it will happen with or without your approval. I want justice. And it will happen, with or without your blood. Let's make this country great again. Let's make this country proud!

We are as big as they are. We are so big, we can make the whole world bend, but to make it, we need your help.

Nüremberg December, 3<sup>rd</sup>. 2045

The streets are dirty. Empty squares, with plastic bags passing through, indifferent to the cold and hard floor that we stand on. The only rumour that you hear is a woman who cries, hopeless. She has just lost her two sons, due to the diseases that the government has decided not to cure. Do you know why? Because it costs money. And the worse of all is that money is ours. That money has been earned with the sweat of our foreheads. And the injuries of our hands built bridges and buildings.

They say we are a united nation, they say we will be history. But the truth is that we are nothing.

Now we live in a controlled, sexist society. Women take care of the house and men go out to work or to enlist in the army. We have gone back to the times when men used to give flowers to their wives, and they stay at home without saying anything, as little fairy-tales princesses. And all this only to get a few crumbs of bread.

Nüremberg , December 4<sup>th</sup>. 2045

I walk on the streets, looking at the sides, as a thief in search of a prey. I observe carefully some families that beg for alms. Sincerely, I don't feel sad. I think they are really strong people, being there on their knees, trying that their children don't die of hunger.

Some guardians pass in front of them and the only thing they do is to ignore them. This is what hurts more: that they don't support us and they leave us alone.

A boy come near to me. And asks for some food. I give him the only thing I have: a little piece of apple and some water. He looks at me with those typical bright eyes full of hope, as if he has seen the most beautiful thing in the universe. I give him back a false smile. It is not that I don't care for people, it is that I can't feel anything. Since my father died, there are no emotions inside of me. My step mother takes care of me, and, sincerely, she has always treated me badly.

Nüremberg , December 24<sup>th</sup>. 2045

People are beginning to see the truth, they are waking up. On the streets there are placards made of plastic and old rugs that say: WE WANT OUR WINGS.

The guardians, noticing it, have begun to hit people and close them in jails. But what they don't know is that if the people receive blows, it is going to rise again. We are not giving up while there is hope.

Now, we are noticing that, under the skin, the blood is always red. The race means nothing.

The only thing that is important is to stay united against those people who want to use us. Now, the only important thing is to save ourselves and save humankind and keep disaster away from the future world.

But one thing we know: the third world war is going to begin and we cannot avoid it, because the world has always had wars and will always have wars.

Nüremberg , January, 1<sup>st</sup>. 2046

Fire. Fire in the horizon. Burning our souls. Consuming us in this burning hell. Shots. I can hear shots going through the sky. A pile of corpses is forming, little by little. I am afraid of being one of those persons. I can imagine myself there, with them, And in that precise moment, I noticed that a bullet has gone through my arm. I fall on my knees and I get down.

Nüremberg , January, 2<sup>nd</sup> , 2046

When I wake up, the first thing I see is placards with painted wings, celebrate the victory. They rise over the red sky, injected in blood.

The guardians are on their knees, begging for mercy, and the only answer they get is to be thrown to the fire or to be shot.

Then, the fire finishes. The street lamps are off and people keep silence. We can hear a sob. It comes from a woman who has her little dead daughter in her arms.

At the other side of the world, some people are celebrating the victory with smiles and embraces. Others celebrate with tears, because they have lost their sons there.

Some police cars come near to us to take us to another city where there is life, not death. Now, America is a cemetery, a city where the souls wander, sad and alone.

I can see my best friend dying. With my trembling hands, I touch his face, but he takes them away rapidly.

-Elisabeth, listen to me, I am going to die, and the only thing I wish is that you are happy and take care of my family.

-You are going to live, Jack

-I love.....

Then, some blood escaped from his mouth and he died. The only person I had has died and I am alone. I stand and I look at the Council. And some people were watching and laughing, like this is a theatre and a funny scene.

I say: this is it, you have got what you wanted, to exterminate us and have the control over the city. But do you know what? There are no people anymore. Now you have only a destroyed city and now you are dead for all the world. You have jewels and beautiful dresses, but we have a future where there will be dignity, liberty, rights and equality. Enjoy this beautiful country!

Bless this country, a reborn nation. God bless you.

And I went away

## Epilogue

An old woman, sitting on a rocking chair, finishes a story in front of some orphan children. They watched her, surprised. They couldn't understand how the world had worked so bad and now it worked so well.

The children don't know that in past times their country was invaded by racism and intolerance. People were blinded by the lies that that person said, promising so many things that no one could do. A girl raises her hand and says:

-Miss Elisabeth

-Yes, Carla?

-When I am an adult, I want to be like you: I want to make a revolution

The old woman looks at her with tenderness. She closes her book and denies with her head. With the help of her stick, she rises, looks all around in the room and, finally, looks at Carla. Intimidated, Carla hugs her legs, timidly.

Elisabeth says:

-Carla, a rebellion is something really serious. There are many problems. It is a good thing that you want to be like me, but, my child, don't make a big mistake like killing people. Just help all people, also those who are who are not equal to you, to find a better place and a better life.

Carla, rapidly, took the hand of Elisabeth and helped her to walk towards her room. When they arrived, Elisa went to her bed and, with her last breath said:

-Be free and make the others free

The Third World War exploded the 24<sup>th</sup>. December 2045. It lasted two years and it caused 2,448 mortal victims and 148 wounded. Now, the world lives in peace, respecting human rights and the liberties of every person. Some people of different races have organised in groups and have gone to live outside the cities, where they live and work as peasants. They will never be able to forget what they lived during the Fourth Reich, but they are grateful and have learnt that the war starts when we don't support each other.

Elisabeth died of a heart attack the same day in which the war finished. She died surrounded by those children that listened to her tales.

Some years later, her diary was made public and they gave her the Peace Nobel prize. She is now remembered as a brave woman, a spokesman of peace