

Arbeit macht frei

The sunlight skimmed my eyes, I hadn't slept much last night. My eyes were heavy-lidded and my face was swollen, my body was torn like a shirt in a washing machine.

I stood up quietly, endeavoring not to wake up my little sister and our bunk-bed neighbor. I walked out of our room with precaution, The thin walls could betray any noise and wake our neighbors.

Outside, the warm wind blew across my face. When I opened my eyes, I saw the same deserty city, sand dust covering buildings, streets, animals, and the last few tree branches. Yet our leaders still kept every advertising board spotless, shining from kilometers away through the grey sky

Pieces of paper, waste and litter hanging around our appartement-house, they were left to wonder, since no one was attributed any spare-time to clean the streets, each of us got the just-right-amount-of-time, to live, work and remain independent, as our *great* leaders shouted every morning through the city's sirens, as our motto.

Two kilometers away was the gate out of our residential area. Two more kilometers to reach the industrial working area. Everyday, I would walk in at 7:01 a.m precisely, before reading "arbeit macht frei" on each guarded door and gates, without ever understanding the meaning of it. I then proceeded to join my locker, with my name, Micheal engraved on it, before heading to work. Later on, at 12:04, lunch was served on my plastic tray, the sloppy food never pleased me, yet I could only speak for myself ; my colleagues were seduced, somehow, it seemed to be their only source of relief of the day. They never talked during lunch break. It had become a norm to stay silent during meals, not sharing a single word at the table. All were busy swallowing down their food. I proceeded with my work as a coal miner until 8:30p.m. . Everyday, I would walk out at 9:34.m precisely. After a trying day, it reminded me of my parents, who must work endlessly for us .

My parents left our city ages ago in order to find a better future elsewhere for me and my sister, however, we lost contact last September 2084, surprisingly I am not so worried for them, merely for my sister Amber, who's just about to turn 10 in a couple of weeks, she's turning the same age as I was when our parents had left, I'm 16 now.

I dearly miss my parents and I still believe in them. I know they will maneuver their way back to us. They were both journalists, smart ones and Although our leaders had viciously dismissed them back in 2078, in my beliefs it doesn't diminish their values nor capabilities, nor does it qualify them as criminals, in opposition to the statement in the *Truth News*, published by our leaders every year since 2078.

Our great leaders have taken over half the world, they are now in control of almost everything. They yet once promised a modern world for all, independence from our previous governments, from their taxes, free will for each individual and no poverty. At least that's what they once promised. Peace has become a synonym of war, while independence has become a forbidden word, modern has become a word of usage solely for the rich, taxes are pretending to be non-existent, they are simply included in our poorly paid salaries. Food has

become the only affordable commodity. Numerous people die everyday, too much glucose, stress and breathing struggles, yet no one dares to speak up about the cause of their death.

