

Divided Land

Chapter 1



When humanity becomes a spectacle, who's left to be human? They call it "The Separation", a law disguised as peace. Every race is separated into its own territory. The government told us it was for safety, for order. Every few months, they will visit us on the "other lands" as they call them, laughing at us, leaving their trash, taking pictures of us like we are caged animals in a circus, only there to amuse them. I found out very young that "The Separation" wasn't for safety and order, it was

to divide the world, like an exhibit catalogued by color: white at the center, the rest scattered around enclosed invisible borders. They used to call it racism now they call it routine.

They carry cameras and curiosity, whispering facts they learned through the guards: population number, characteristics, where we originated. Children would point at us laughing and making fun of "how different we are to them". Their parents didn't stop them. On the other side, we would stare blankly, some turned away, having forgotten what it was like to be seen as humans.

And somewhere in the crowd, a young girl lowered her camera. For the first time, she didn't look at us, she looked into us. And for a second, the glass didn't seem so thick. I didn't know it then but that young girl would change my life forever.