

Only running keeps me alive

It started much like any other day; however, I wasn't in my bed at home. I was up a tree in the middle of nowhere. I climbed down and had some berries and nuts I found in the woods and drank some of my precious water. Then I set off again.

Drinking, eating, breathing, running. This is what kept me alive day after day. I didn't know when I would stop. I didn't know where I was going. Well, I did but I didn't know if it even existed. I was looking for a secret haven my father always told me about. A place where everyone lived in peace. City people and 'others' like me. My father always believed it was true, so I did too. I missed him. He went out one night then never came back. So I left home. I didn't get to say goodbye so I thought I might as well finish what my father started. I knew if I was found I would be imprisoned for trying to escape. I didn't care. If I found this place I'd have freedom, good food, clean water, central heating. A life worth living.

The landscape out here is so beautiful. Green grass, tall trees, vibrant berries on bushes, blue streams. So different from my polluted, dirty town shadowed behind the bleak grey factory where so many people have to work in terrible conditions to earn next to nothing. It's what we deserve we're told. We don't live in the city. We don't have pale skin. We're just 'others'. Not important. Not people.

After two weeks of running, I leave the woods and come out in a beautiful meadow. Trees with brightly coloured fruits. Bushes adorned with blooming flowers. But, no concealment. The trees were skinny and very spaced out. The bushes were the same so there was no chance of hiding in them. Even though I was miles and miles from home I knew there would be posters everywhere looking for me- the city authorities wouldn't take it lightly if they found me escaping. I would be taken to the heart of the city and tortured and executed- most likely publicly- just to show the others like me to not mess around and try to escape. Everyone in my village would be punished too, food and water shortages, electricity problems for as long as they city people wanted.

But, if I weren't caught, I would be a free person with all the privileges of the city people. I'd be powerful and I could reach out to the others like me and have them brought here without too much risk or danger then eventually we'd all be safe and treated fairly. Like before the terrible war. The majority of the world was destroyed and left to rot. Apparently, a few other parts of countries survived but they could just be a myth as we lost contact with them. The war was between the white and black people of the world and the white (city people) won and us on the west side are now living in the east side's revenge plan. After lots of looking, I found that some trees provided somewhat decent coverage and I settled down for the night.

A few days later I saw a big lake so I decided to have a wash, as I was extremely filthy. In the middle of this lake was a big metal circle. I decided to have a look at it. As soon as my foot touched the metal, I shot down a tube. What was going on?

I landed in a big white room. A tall, smart looking woman in a lab coat greeted me and said a sentence I never thought I'd ever hear.
"Hello, we are the people who survived the war. Here you are safe."
Inside were people of both races together, as friends. I was assigned a room with a roommate, Evan. He was a white but we didn't care and became friends within a day.

Turns out, my town was the only place that survived apart from this place. It felt so weird mixing with whites but at the same time it felt good and right instead of moving further apart from each other. After a few days living in this haven, I was called to the presidents' office. Inside was the president. My father. He hadn't died. These people were watching him and saw he deserved to be here because he didn't give up so they rescued him, and he became president. He wanted to rescue me but saw I was making my own way here.

I got a job in the political board as an important member. We decided the future of the citizens in my town. After a while, we rescued a few people who deserved it and things only got better from there. Meanwhile, Evan and mine's friendship grew deeper everyday and eventually, developed into something more than just friends. We were the first mixed race couple to ever happen after the terrible war.

After nearly 10 years, something amazing happened. Evan proposed to me. 5 years later, in hospital, in the labour ward I looked down at my baby. She was the first mixed race baby in this world and hopefully the first of many. She had made history and I would make sure to carry on inspiring people for as long as I lived.