

Revolt 3760
By Lindsay Clark

Prologue

I never expected I would leave the place I called home, or at least never thought I'd be abandoning my sanctuary by the age of sixteen. But then again, no one ever gave it much thought, thanks to the "peaceful" technology we had introduced to combat. No one ever gave much thought to anything, now that they were "safe". In their penthouses, perched upon skyscrapers (twice the size of the once world-renowned Empire State Building), with their maids and butlers doing everything for them, they were "safe".

‡

It is funny to me how the tinniest spark of an idea can catch on, and turn into the wickedest mistake. The Holocaust of WWII was one of the greatest atrocities of the 20th century, or so that is how it was taught 1,750 years ago. It started with the idea of purification and perseverance. A new way of make the Aryan race better, called Eugenics. It worked by weeding out the intrepid, cripple and broken souls, only leaving the beautiful, dominant, and rich to survive.

Don't get me wrong, I mean, it was a horrible, brutal mistake. One of the ones where, no matter how hard you try, the blood doesn't come off your hands. But, who are we kidding; who wouldn't want a better future for their children? Who wouldn't want the best, and only the best, for their grandchildren and their children? It makes sense, the idea behind it. But like I said, it's funny how that spark from that idea got twisted, mangled and perverted into the outcome it did. 11 million people dead, just because they weren't good enough. Horrible. Just horrible. The way the mind can twist things.

Part 1 – Living Together After it All

October 18, 3760

They were never supposed to learn the things they did. They were programmed to only learn combat tactics, and how to stay alive. They weren't supposed to know how to use free will. The droids were built for the purpose of protection; to fight in the place of our fathers and brothers, so that our race could continue. It wasn't supposed to end like this.... I miss you mom and dad.

October 21, 3760

Enough about the past, I need to focus on the future. I'm going to get through this. I can be a big girl. Anyway, I am one of the oldest girls in this group and I need to be here for everyone else. The young'ns need me. Especially Miette. She's so small -- so innocent. Just starting to learn and love, and everything was torn away from her. I'm the closest thing she's got. I need to be strong. Leila may be (self proclaimed) "leader" and the oldest of us all, but no one looks up to her for help. She's a bully, and always has been, even at school. I need to be strong. I miss you mom and dad.

October 23, 3760

I can't help but worry about everything. But, especially what is to become of us all. Winter is nearing, and all we have is makeshift houses, and rags for clothing. It's already getting too cold. We all are huddling together at night. We have no fires at night, so we don't burn down our huts, but it makes the nights even more unbearable. Some of the littlest ones might not make it. I don't know what to do anymore, mom. I wish you were here, you and dad. I miss you both.

October 27, 3760

The sky is always black nowadays. It never changes. Some people say it is because so much had been burnt during the war, and is still burning that the smoke overpowers the sun. But, I don't believe that. I think the sun will appear again soon. Hopefully. It has been so long. No rain. No sun. I think I've forgotten what grass looks like as well. We've been here in this broken-down city for the past two weeks, and already, I miss the countryside I grew up on. I want to get back to that. Mommy, I need you. I love you dad.

October 31, 3760

We're running out of food. We have about enough for the next two weeks. The oatmeal mix we found in the bunker that is on the hill just above this town does not provide much sustenance. But, we're trying to get by. But, it's running low. We won't all be able to survive like this. Daddy, help me be strong. I miss you both.

November 2, 3760

Leila doesn't even seem to care about the shortage of food. She keeps to herself and is hardly being a "leader". The little ones are getting restless. We've had to start eating less and less -- it's making us grow weaker and weaker. I don't know how we're going to keep this up. We need some help. We need some food, and we need it now. Send us help mom and dad.

November 5, 3760

Miette has been having terrible nightmares. She shakes constantly in her sleep, and her screams can be heard across town, or so I've been told. I don't know how to get them to stop. But, rubbing her back seems to make them go away for a bit. All you hear her call is "Mommy!". It's making the others upset. It's making us all realize what we are truly missing. I miss you mama and dad.

November 6, 3760

For once, I think I've finally realized what it means to be a leader. Leila has been keeping to herself for the past 5 days, not letting anyone see her, and not telling us how to live our little lives. I mean, it's not that horrid, not being told what to do. But when the oldest of us is 13, we need a little bit of instruction here and there. The little guys have been following me around non-stop like I was their sun, and they were the planets orbiting me. I liked being in this position of power -- not because they followed my every instruction, but because they looked up to me, and loved me. It's a nice feeling. And, by the way, I miss you mom and dad.

November 9, 3760

The food is running out faster than I thought. I haven't eaten since last night. Just so the others would be able to eat a little bit more. They need to be strong. I need to be strong too. But they're little children. They need to grow up to see the wonders of this world. Not the way it is now. They need to forget this, and live their lives happy. Somewhere where the clouds aren't always grey. Gosh, I miss you two.

November 12, 3760

The sky let out its first bout of water -- in the form of snow. And it is not leaving. Just moving about, doing our daily chores, is horribly cold, and painful work. Jacob, 6, got frost bite on his toes. They're black, and he can't feel them. We don't know what to do... He needs to go see a doctor, and soon. We need to travel, and get out of this small place; we need to find others. But, I don't know how to convince the others. We need to move; not until the snow gives up. I'm scared though... What if we don't all make it?

November 18, 3760

I don't know how to say this... I don't know how to face this. Jacob...passed. His frostbite worsened and the skin on his toes had started to split and go bad and oozed gross white stuff. He got very sick after that. His forehead was scary hot to the touch. It all happened so fast. Two days ago, his toes were only slightly bleeding. Now, he's not with us. We don't know what to do with the body. He's only six... I don't know what to do; none of us know what to do. I'm so scared.

November 20, 3760

The nightmares are getting worse. And it's not just Miette now -- it's everyone. Or, well, close to everyone. It's like a disease that is creeping through the veins of one person, and just seeping into the next person. It is scary, and so hard to try to control. I'm up half the night, rubbing all their backs, just holding some of them. It's so difficult to be a mom at this age. I can't do it.

November 22, 3760

It's getting so hard to remember the every detail of your faces. I miss you more than you know, mom and dad. I want to be in your arms again; I want to see your smiles. I need you. This is harder than you know.