

Peace

THE FORMULA WAS COMPLETED, on two mere pieces of paper. Completed, and greeted with vicious hype and desire. It postulated a structure, and formulaic means of achieving world peace, and universal happiness. An outlandish claim and one that usually would just be greeted viciously and then, with pointlessly excess lavish, be disregarded. However, the mind behind it was, and is, arguably the greatest that has ever existed, if the human mind does in fact exist, that is. Therefore the reputation would act as a bypass even if he had produced a linguistic scientific cacophony of ramblings. Despite that, his reputation was rooted in his greatness, and the formula could only appease further as such.

Anticipated and rumoured upon, simply one day he announced its completion, seemingly arbitrarily, but the few that knew the man knew that he nothing he did was arbitrary.

Obviously, as with anything, the United States wanted to be the first to get their hands on it, but, human nature was still surprisingly there, considering nature was now not. Contrary to american idealism, other countries had their own wants, and America disliked this when it suited them. Sure enough, this gave way to arguments of a global scale, and subsequent heated "discussions" uncovering horrific truths about their feelings towards one another. The formula was, of course, of an undisclosed location, arousing fierce attempts at discovering its whereabouts which henceforth prompted a split and divulging collection of humankind.

Within hours it arose that Iran had, which it had not, found the location, but was withholding it from the rest of the globe. The United States, backed with the full force of the entire western hemisphere, demanded the knowledge within hours, otherwise engaging in impending war. Iran withheld it, apparently to the west, because there was in fact no information that they had discovered, empowering a final, billowing rage emitted from the west of the pale blue dot.

A war was so abruptly engaged, seeing as this formula coherently encompassed and gave an excuse to dispute every single problem or grievance upheld by the modern world, underlying or in plain view.

Within hours fingers lingered above buttons, hesitant with their very selves. With no headway, and an incomprehensible difference in views, the fingers descended to the hopefully never-ending void stretching out reluctantly deeper towards the buttons.

Twelve. Twelve bombs were all it took. The world was in rubble, a flowing, even flow of cataclysmic destruction. A contorted, orchestral and symphonic destruction. Bare, scorched earth became the universe. No buildings remained, only the bare anti-canvas of raw earth.

Entropic gluttony reduced every modern upholding to mere dust, a clock, lying smashed on the ground.

No buildings, no cars, no technology, no humans. Peace.