

Beyond the Horizon

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I stared at myself in the mirror as I adjusted the collar on my suit. I studied my deep brown eyes, focusing on the dark circles under them as I sighed. Being the leader of the world was not easy and counted on many sleepless nights at the office. I sat on a stool nearby and I closed my eyes, burying my head into my exhausted arms. It had all started ten years ago.

It was the year 2050, and I was the president of the United States of America. I was very respected and well known, and we all lived in peace until the war happened.

It reshaped the world.

The war was devastating and killed millions, delivering a realization to the people in this world that we could not live like this any longer. All the nations agreed for us all to be united as one large country, the planet as a whole.

But they needed a leader, and so I somehow ended up as the sovereign leader of planet Earth. Of course, at first it was hard—it still is—but I've gotten used to it.

Maybe even too used to it...

A bright flash of light brought me back to my room, away from my thoughts, followed up by some thunder. I frowned at the weather; there was a very important meeting today, and I couldn't afford for it to rain too heavily.

"We'll have to go anyway," a sharp voice said, reading my thoughts. I glanced at Felix suspiciously. He was a clever assistant, helping me here and there whenever I needed it, but he always seemed to read my thoughts. He was short and young, but very wise.

"Yes, we must," I replied heading toward the door as I grabbed my sunglasses, despite the ominous weather.

"Wait!" Felix said sternly, his purple eyes bored into mine. Changing eye color has become a popular thing over the years, but Felix's eyes are naturally purple, making them very rare. When he spoke, there wasn't a hint of a lie in his words.

"We will not be going to the meeting in hovercars. Not today."

"What?" I exclaimed, annoyance clearly strewn across my face. Hovercars are the most popular form of transportation in the world right now, and the most efficient as well. Not going in them would mean possibly going in a hovertrain or a helicopter.

Or walking.

I cringed as the memories came back.

It's been so long.

So long since I've gone on a walk outside. It'd been for numerous external reasons, but that wasn't a real reason, was it?

"Fine," I said, a bit more sharply than I'd intended, and hastily made my way to the door. I paused in the middle of my lazy stride, removing my sunglasses and grabbing an umbrella.

I stood there, lost in thought, waiting for Felix to open the door. Is this what my life has become, I thought to myself? A canvas I don't control, letting others paint the story?

I opened the front door, breathing in the cold, musty air.

I've grown too used to my comfortable life.

A smile played on Felix's lips, his eyes twinkling.

"Let's go sir," he said, motioning outside as he grabbed his umbrella.

I took a deep breath as I walked through the door, into the rest of the world. The air was dusty with the faintest smell of fresh lightning. The rain poured down heavily, soaking the plants.

Real plants aren't common anymore since most of them were destroyed back when the horrendous Deforestation Campaign existed. They used to be plentiful and lavish, but then we took them for granted. Now, actual 'air' is on sale since the air is completely pure.

As I walked past my hovercars, I glanced back at one of the trees. The tree had grown to a regal height of 30 feet, towering over the property. It had been through so much, many storms, many changes. Of course, that's what plants are good at: adapting to many changes.

Humans on the other hand...

Back when the war had just ended, the world was changing rapidly.

Too rapidly.

There were fights and many covert organizations and just chaos everywhere. And in all the confusion, the people of this world had lost sight of the bigger picture, which was world peace. People didn't see that we could help them, that they didn't have to suffer. Everyone just cared about themselves

The sound of thunder drew me away from my thoughts. I was on the neon road now, walking on the side of it. Felix walked silently in front of me, his footsteps drowned out by the pouring rain. There was more to him than meets the eye.

He had served as a soldier in the war when he was only seventeen years old, and was a great and promising young man. In the war, Felix went through so much, and ended up doing stuff he later regretted. He also lost many friends and family members to the war, and so he quit the army and joined forces with me to try and end the war rather than try to win it. This was also the story of many others during the war.

I glanced at Felix again, then looked past the buildings at the dark, blue ocean. We were at the highest point of this road, and surprisingly, the usually busy road was completely empty. The buildings formed a stark silhouette against the misty sky, its windows barely visible to us. I hadn't paid much attention to the city recently, caught up in other pressing matters.

But this was my empire.

My creation.

Back when I had just started ruling the world, I had a vision, big plans for the world. My first priority was to rebuild. This took many, many long years; the world is big and people weren't willing to listen. I had to gain respect and prove to the world that I could do it. I also had to make sure that people were safe, and that they were happy. And then finally, I could do what I wanted with the world, change it however I wanted to. It was everything I could have asked for as a child. Then wasn't I happy?

“We’re here,” Felix said firmly, taking a sharp turn into a gray open field. The rain had come to a stop. We walked to the middle of the opening, stopping in front of a scarecrow.

Then we waited.

And waited.

Until finally, the air in front of us seemed to crinkle and waver, revealing a large spaceship in front of us that was previously hidden behind invisibility technology. It was black and U-shaped, its windows tinted blue and gray, reflecting the colors of the sky above it. It hovered above the ground, yet made no noise at all.

Suddenly, a platform fell down, serving the purpose of being a walkway for the extraterrestrial beings revealed behind it.

They were gray in color and were very large, taking up much of the walkway’s space. Both of them were bald, the size of their heads emphasized by their tiny, dot-like eyes. Their rotund figures were covered in a smooth iridescent skin, with chubby little arms coming out of them. They both wore identical plain green clothing.

“Torg, Tax,” Felix spoke first, acknowledging their presence. We had been meeting with these aliens for the past couple of weeks, organizing and planning stuff.

Tax, the larger one, grunted, then tripped over the scarecrow, crushing it beneath his massive girth. Torg helped his brother up, glaring at us the whole time in doing so. Then he finally spoke.

“Dinner is ready!”

My mom’s voice brought me back to reality, to my room where I was staring at my 15-year old self in the mirror.

“Coming!” I replied. I looked out the window beyond the horizon as I smiled to myself and thought: I have a lot of work to do.