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If I was the leader of the world

Chaos rules the land**.** There is no peace, and not even a small glimmer of ambition shines in people's eyes. Our world is one of uncertainty and tension. Conflict spreads like wildfires, devouring everything in its way. The jaws of death and despair gnaw at the population, digging their claws into all good things, leaving no room for hope or happiness.

We used to look forward to a bright, promising future. But now, all there is to look forward to is death. This is our world, and I am its leader.

When I was first elected leader, everything was different. Optimism filled the air, and the people were eager to embrace change and progress. But as time went on and I made change after change, law after law, everything fell to pieces like a fragile tapestry unraveling in the winds of despair.

Why did our reality become so dark and decrepit?

Why do children roam the streets, crying for their parents who never come? Their tears mark the cracks in the pavement. They beg, they scream for help and rest, but no one comes to their aid. Everyone is trapped in their own struggle for survival, trying to keep away from the small, forlorn figures roaming the streets.

Why are the cities burning? Their smoke and ashes fill the lungs of their people. Why do our oceans, once so pristine, now look black as ink, with the putrid smell of waste and decay emanating from their surface?

Because I did nothing. As the leader of the world, I did nothing. I meant to make everything right, to bring harmony and prosperity to the world, but I let it go. I thought the people would care for our planet and take care of those who could not care for themselves. But the corrupt nature of humanity turned my dreams of prosperity into nightmares.

The free, open society I had envisioned crumbled before my eyes. "Let them rule themselves," I had said. How foolish I had been. I now see everything that was wrong with my plan.

The world was destroyed. The ruler of the world had failed.