



The Nature of Humanity

Ainsley Schafer

When Humanity was at heaven's doorstep one day, God replied with one word. "Disease."

"Disease?" the world questioned. Humanity had come seeking asylum from a world of poverty and crime. Instead, she received a word. A word known to all mankind. A word in which most minds, means death.

Humanity left the heavens and returned back to the rotating circle in the sky known as Earth. She could hear the cheers of naive partygoers and echoes of Auld Lang Syne throughout the streets. "If only they knew," Humanity thought.

"If only they knew what was to come."

God dropped disease onto earth with no particular direction. It landed in a place the people liked to call "Asia." Both God and Humanity never understood why the people decided to separate the world this way. But nevertheless, the people weren't particularly keen on unity. Humanity held her breath and recognized the panic building up throughout her. She feels everything the people feel. On the inside and out.

Humanity often suspected that the people knew the pain she went through with every form of destruction they created. But Humanity understood that this was not true, because if it were, if the humans did know, they would never stop. Whether they knew it or not, destruction is human nature.

War meant sharp pains throughout her body. Every cannon shot was a gaping and bloodstained wound that left her decrepit. No matter how weary the humans became, they never let up. Her lungs collapsed with the screams of terror from those seeking peace.

Famine striped humanity down to its bones. From head to toe her body shuddered and ached for years at a time. A pit of nothingness filled her insides. For Humanity, famine always felt as if it was a road that became longer the more she walked along it.

Death, despite its despondent tone, was the most calming to Humanity. It was the only inevitability among life itself. The only guarantee. Humanity could never die, which was why she found death as more of a consequence of life than a punishment for error. Nevertheless, Humanity would never wish it among anyone.

Disease, Pestilence, Plague.

That is what God spoke upon. The horse that will gallop across the world for the time being.

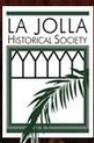
“I just hope they are ready,” God spoke.

Humanity looked at him with an incredulous gaze. How could they be?

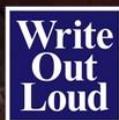
The pandemic spread within a blink of an eye and took over Humanity’s body like a drug. She had gone through this before. Black death, The Spanish flu, AIDS. Humanity wasn't a novice in the concept of illness. Having been around since the beginning of life, she knew what was awaiting her.

But time after time, history repeats itself.

And time after time, Humanity was never prepared.



Public
Library



San Diego Writers, Ink