

# Dangerous Humanity

I open my eyes. I did not sleep much last night because of the bombings. A landscape of desolation stretches outside the bunker window. Ashes cover the ground for miles around, immense craters tear through what were once straight roads, and not a single house still stands. A shiver runs down my spine when I think about what could have brought us to this point. Everything fell apart so quickly...

***In the years around 2050, humanity began to understand that the water shortages caused by overpopulation would lead mankind to its downfall. Panic started to rise as predictions showed that water would disappear from the surface of the Earth within the next ten years, which forced the different governments to finally act together against this coming shortage of the vital liquid. Science had to work as never before, at an unprecedented speed. For three years, the entire scientific community was mobilized to find a solution. Eventually, some researchers discovered the answer to this global problem deep in the Sahara Desert: the speris. It was, in fact, the only plant that did not consume water. Scientists simply had to graft its DNA onto that of humans so they would no longer depend on the vital liquid! Joy spread throughout the world gripped by the terrible crisis, humanity was going to be saved! The first tests took place very quickly and were successful. The patient left the laboratory alive and in good health, with an intelligence strangely higher than before... The “mutants” became more and more numerous, integrating into a society now out of danger, with the same rights as other humans, though they were no longer part of their species...***

I get up from the corner where I had fallen asleep, under a half-collapsed table buried in the rubble of a destroyed wall, the others having been destroyed by the enemy. There is no one in the office that used to belong to my father, the head of military protection. I fight the urge to collapse in tears. Where could they all have gone? I refuse to believe they were killed; no bodies clutter the room. The place is still devastated, though. The desk lies flat on the ground, broken glass is scattered across the floor, and the few pieces of furniture that once decorated the luxurious room are now in a pitiful state. I finally dare to step outside the shelter, now useless with a hole in the wall.

I come across other rooms in the bunker, all still empty. Where are the resistance fighters who once filled these shelter rooms by the hundreds? I can hardly think, panic is freezing my movements. Suddenly, I can't take it anymore and collapse onto the floor, moaning. I am alone in the shelter, and no one can come to help me. A good half hour passes before I manage to get up again. I take a deep breath, then decide to go see what is happening outside the stronghold where my family and I, along with the rest of the survivors, had been ordered to hide. I walk through the door, disobeying orders, but I don't care, they shouldn't have abandoned me without a word!

A deathly silence reigns outside, which is terrifying considering the deafening noise that filled the air just a few hours earlier. I move forward slowly, making no sound, in case enemy soldiers might

spot me. A large building immediately caught my attention, just a few meters away. Some sort of hospital, torn apart by the surface-to-air missiles from the beginning of the assault, yet the structure somehow still stands, miraculously intact. With the caution of one of those old spy movie characters I used to watch as a kid, I approach the glass door, through which I can see that no one is inside. The door collapses on its own as I try to open it slightly, with an indescribable crash of shattering glass that would not have seemed so nerve-racking if I weren't in a situation of mortal danger.

My heart seems to stop for a short moment. No response.

On tiptoe, I try to enter the building without making another sound. I spot a weapon on the floor; my instinct tells me to run and grab it. Of course, in everyday or "normal" situations I hated weapons and violence repulsed me, but now I was in a life-or-death situation, so I take the modern revolver, its weight striking me. I scan the room, exhaling to try to slow my heart, which is now pounding wildly. And it is at that moment that I see him.

***The mutation was a true rebirth of culture, art, and science. New relationships emerged among the different thinking beings of the blue planet, and much ink was spilled by philosophers who proclaimed a new era of humanity. Peace filled everyone's hearts and souls. Unfortunately, all this happiness could not last long; it was too good to be true. Ten years passed...***

***Relations between "normal" humans and the "speris" could not keep improving forever; with time, they began to grow more complicated, and gradually a gap opened between the two groups. It had been proven that the speris had an easier time developing their intelligence, giving them a higher chance of earning advanced degrees at the end of their studies. The divide could only deepen when the speris discovered that they could reproduce, no longer depending on other humans. More and more people among humans grew wary of these workers who were too efficient, too intelligent, too beautiful, too... too much. Little by little, people began to show a kind of jealousy toward these humanoids who succeeded in every field. And so what was bound to happen finally did: terrorists attacked the unfortunate beings who could not be blamed for having slightly higher intelligence than average. People quickly forgot the saviors of the planet and began to treat them as cheaters, as thieves. What did the persecuted do? No, they did not run off to take revenge or respond to the violent assaults that some took pleasure in inflicting on them. Proving once again, unintentionally, their intelligence and their mutant wisdom, they turned to the only foundation where all citizens remained equal: justice.***

***Alas, some governments, having adapted this procedure to their hospitals or populations only recently, saw the reforms created by the protests succeed only in the few wealthy countries able to control the attacks of hundreds of ill-intentioned humans. Some therefore caused irreparable damage to their fellows with impunity. The situation became truly outrageous when, encouraged by the lack of resistance, the petty thugs who vandalized a few passersby moved on to real mass attacks. The speris population panicked at the threat of being robbed or mistreated by these unscrupulous humans. Together, they had no choice but to opt for the only possibility to stop suffering these violences: exile. The same message***

***circulated in every mutant household: "Order No. 752, all speris humans must immediately present themselves at the nearest aerodromes for departure to Australia, the country whose inhabitants are all speris." A huge wave of mistreated citizens rushed to the airports, hoping to leave their unjust situation. When they arrived, they were welcomed by hundreds of their like and by a few compassionate humans.***

***The Australian population suddenly rose from thirty million to two billion! The new inhabitants immediately began developing the country, making use of what the wealthy speris who had succeeded in life had brought with them. Cities were built in just a few months, while others exploded in size, like Sydney. The reaction of the humans was immediate: they demanded the return of their emigrated populations, as their economies could no longer function properly. However, the speris had endured too much from these humans who had done nothing but oppress them. It was time for them to take matters into their own hands and no longer remain under the yoke of humanity!***

The response to the order of return was a firm "no." The humans did not take that well, not at all. And so began the Third World War. That is why I ended up in this bunker, and why I now find myself reaching for this revolver.

Unfortunately, I have no time to grab it before a man tries to lunge at me. By reflex, something I learned in judo class, I duck to dodge him. The other man crashes to the floor before getting back up with a grunt, giving me just enough time to turn around and finally see him face to face.

From his uniform, I can tell he is one of the soldiers who attacked the bunker. A sadistic smile stretches across his lips when he notices my small size; in his eyes, I can read that he believes I have no chance of survival. It is then that he notices my weapon. His gaze fixes on the metal object, and without warning, he charges again.

The shot goes off without warning, too. The noise seems to echo through the entire space of the building. The soldier collapses, screaming in pain.

Disgusted, I immediately throw the revolver onto the floor, I have killed a man!

What a repulsive act I have committed! My knees tremble; I know this vile deed will haunt me for the rest of my life, short as it may be. Tears stream down my face when I suddenly notice that my victim's chest is still rising; he is not dead. What should I do? The weapon that just a moment ago saved me from death lies at the other end of the room, near the body. If he notices it, he will kill me immediately. The wounded man's body is between me and the door through which I entered; I cannot flee the building. The soldier's voice suddenly makes me shiver:

"So? You don't even have the guts to finish me off, filthy speris!"

"I can't kill you, you're a human being and..."

“So what? the wounded man shouts. You mutants, you're nothing but cowards who caused a large part of humanity to die, so why not one more? Oh! Don't pretend to feel pity, you're all heartless!”

“We, I stammered, we are also human beings, not m... mutants. ”

“Liar, spits the man, bleeding onto the floor. Hm, what do I see? You dropped your weapon, it seems. Too bad for you!” he says, grabbing it and standing up before continuing:

“Don’t play innocent with me, understand? Just because you’re a child doesn’t mean it’ll stop me from killing you! Go on, start crying, let’s see it” says the cruel human, waving the revolver.

I don’t even have time to turn around and flee into the dark corridors before a second gunshot rings out. The next instant, I collapse face down, feeling something lodged in my back. My eyes close as my last vision is of the speris army storming into the building and shooting down my attacker.

"Too late," I manage to whisper one last time.

According to Thomas Vili, speris killed during the last Earth war.

***But what would become of the planet after the death of so many humans and speris? Well, the pollution caused by this war would complete the work begun by the water shortage: death. The last survivors of this struggle between the two humanities had to wander through the ruins of their world, hoping to find something to eat. Alas, the devastation of this conflict seemed to have destroyed everything the Earth had once given them. The ecosystem no longer functioned, the few remaining water sources could not meet even one person’s vital needs, and vegetation no longer existed, erased by the shells. Humanity eventually died out, one by one, in suffering, bitterly regretting their mistake: having exploited the nature that fed them and gave them life.***