

# Dystopia

Von Xai

## Paradise

„Next one!“

One step closer to my dream. One step nearer to the Golden Country.

„Passport“

I gave the card to the `nice, young lady` at the checkpoint. Silence. Does she recognize it? Does she find out I'm one of the old public enemies?

„Your name, sir? Number of passport. Please lecture.“

„Bradburry. Ray Bradburry. Number 1-579-483-17-206-8. I lived in Rainford, now I want to go to Paradise.“

„Enough, sir. Please just answer the questions. The program cannot understand whole sentences. Why are you here? Job, vacation, living?“

„Living, miss. I hope everything is alright?“

„Sir, you know there are really serve, strict and stringent laws. We have to check everybody who wants to travel to Paradise, you're not the only one. Since terrorism destroyed most countries in the world, Paradise is the only safe country. The others were reduced to rubble.“

„Yeah, nuclear weapons, exploded nuclear reactors, global warming, war. I know the reasons. Terrorism was not the only reason, ya know, lady. Politicians ruined our world.“

„Enough, sir! They can hear you.“ Now she whispered.

„I know who you are. You are Raj Burrahv, one of the most dangerous terrorists. You killed the top-politicians of the USA, Japan, China, France, Spain, Italy, Great Britain, Germany and Russia when you were just nine years old. You were a public enemy at the age of 10 and got a bounty of 17 Million US-dollars, later 29Mio\$. But you were the hero of many young people. You're younger than me, but you were my idol. Go, have a better life in Paradise.“

I was shocked. This woman knew me. And she recognized me by just one look. Thank God she likes me. I would go straight to hell, if she had called the security.

I was relieved. My plans could have died in just one moment. But nothing happened. I took my passport and my luggage and went out of the room after smiling at the lady. A red light.

A siren.

Security.

`Don't trust anybody beside yourself.`The last sentence my father said before the police took him away to kill him repeated in my head. The last sentence he said after mother betrayed him for money. You're so right, father. I should never have thought of the woman as a friend. She betrayed me.

And the dream was over.  
I dropped my bag. Goodbye, Golden Country, hello, death.  
I heard the snap of a released gun.  
Goodbye, world, hello, hell.  
A screaming woman.  
A shot.  
Silence.  
The lady collapsed in front of me.  
Blood, blood everywhere.  
`She didn't betray you` a voice in my head said. `She sacrificed herself for you.`  
She died for me.  
I have to survive.  
I started to run, run through the crowd and reached the plane. The stewardess smiled at me and showed me my place.  
The sound of the engine.  
Goodbye, hell, hello, Paradise.  
I had managed it.  
One of the youngest public enemies – the newspapers gave me this name – reached the single “safe” country in the world.  
At 21 I've got more experience than most other people would get in their whole lives.  
Time for a change.  
Raj Burrahv was dead. Ray Bradburry would live in Paradise. Now. Later. Eternally.