

War or Peace — Our Own Choice

by Clement Cheung

I had always wondered what was behind the door at the end of the hallway but today, I revealed a scene which was so shocking, unsettling and petrifying that it would haunt me forever. This wasn't just a nightmare induced by a horror movie. It was far worse. It was genuine, gruesome and unimaginable.

When I opened the door, a ghostly silence enveloped me. A once peaceful and vibrant city faded away and was left in ruins. Buildings had collapsed into rubble and vines had crept and snaked over the ruins as if

nature began to reclaim what was left. The air, heavy with ash and sorrow, invaded my lungs and left me shaken. I turned back since I was desperate to escape, but the door had disappeared. Panic was the only thing that overwhelmed me.

Suddenly, a deafening explosion smashed the silence. *Boom!* The ground quaked as fire erupted like a dragon's breath and destroyed everything in its path. My heart pounded as I thought, "What's happening? Is this the end of the world?" Moments later, a frantic wave of

people flooded the streets, and they were screaming.

“Run! They’re attacking us!” one man yelled, and his face was pale with fear.

“What’s going on?” I shouted.

“It’s genocide!” he cried before disappearing into the chaos.

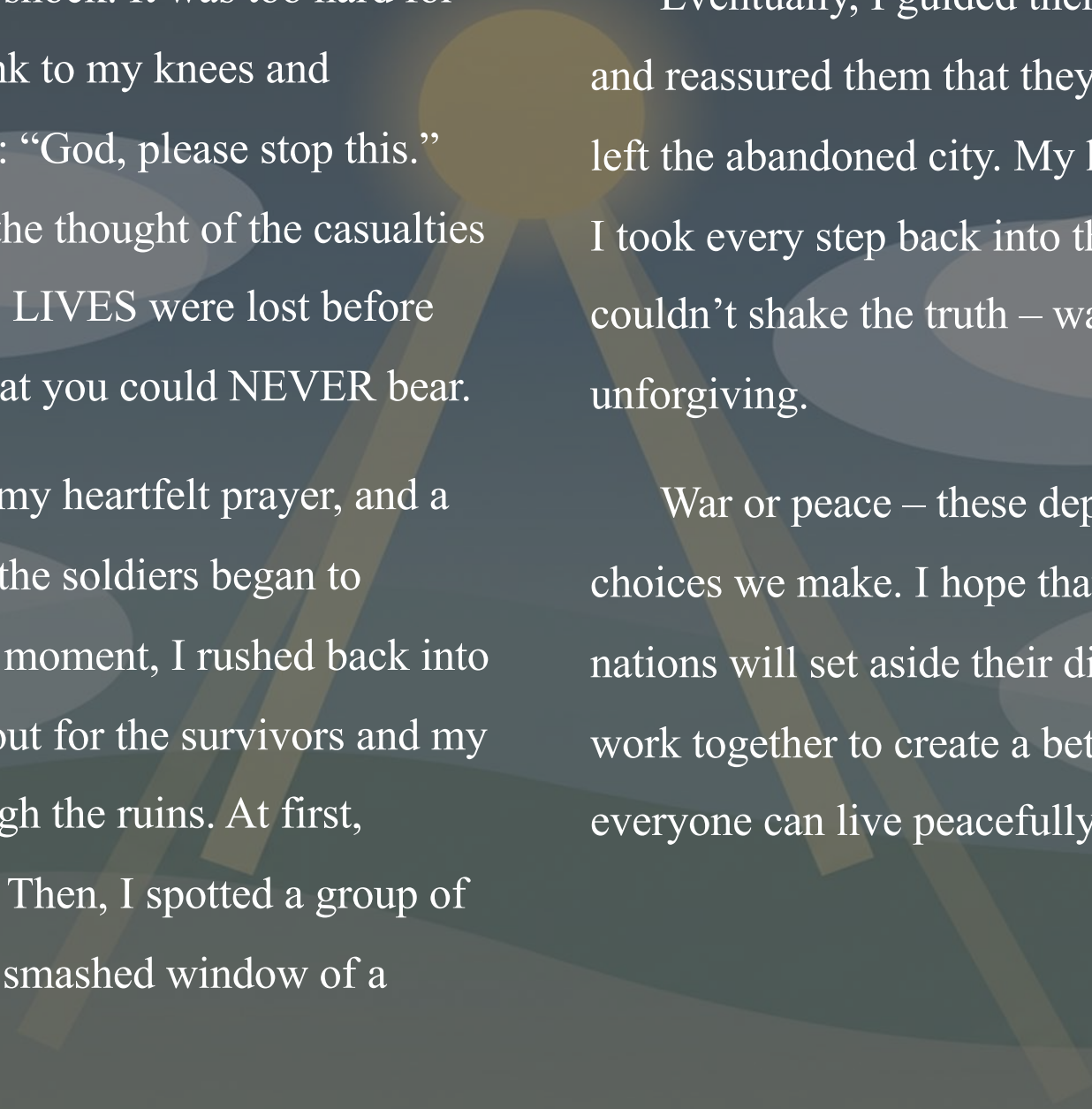
I ran as fast as I could. *Bam! Boom!* Soldiers marched in with a company of deadly tanks. In a second, gunfire erupted, and the poignant screams of dying people echoed through every corner of the city.

Out of nowhere, a missile raced towards me, and I dodged it fortunately. With no

no choice, I rushed into the shattered remains of the collapsing building, hid under the rubble and peeked outside. A terrifying scene bombarded me as helicopters roared overhead and the soldiers inside fired randomly at civilians below. It was a **MASSACRE!**

When missile strikes shook the ground, I sprang up and sprinted to leave the place. My lungs churned and tears streamed out of my eyes as I fled the devastated city, leaving countless souls behind. At last, I reached a desolate desert, and more horrors were waiting for me.

The desert was covered in dead bodies and marked with blood. “What have the soldiers



done?” I gasped in shock. It was too hard for me to breathe. I sank to my knees and whispered a prayer: “God, please stop this.” My heart ached at the thought of the casualties – HUNDREDS OF LIVES were lost before you and the pain that you could NEVER bear.

God answered my heartfelt prayer, and a miracle happened: the soldiers began to retreat. Seizing the moment, I rushed back into the city. I shouted out for the survivors and my voice echoed through the ruins. At first, nobody responded. Then, I spotted a group of people through the smashed window of a building.

Eventually, I guided them out of the chaos and reassured them that they were safe. Then I left the abandoned city. My heart was heavy as I took every step back into the hallway. I couldn’t shake the truth – war is brutal and unforgiving.

War or peace – these depend on the choices we make. I hope that one day, all nations will set aside their differences and work together to create a better world where everyone can live peacefully.