What do I know?
It wasn't always like this, there used to be peace and acceptance between the people of Alexandria.

Different cultures and different beliefs had worked together and were treated equally. FREEDOM was real and it was for everyone.

Things changed, those days are over.
I wish I could say that people stood up for what was right, or at least fought back, but I guess everyone was SCARED back then too.

It began with subtle changes, people losing their jobs, an enforced dress code. We didn't think anything of it at the time, but then everything changed dramatically, and I know it wasn't for the best.
I remember my family having to leave our own home; we didn’t have enough time to grab everything, but I guess that didn’t matter. There wasn’t much space where we got placed. By then everything had changed, we were classed as non-believers. We all worked the same job, lived in the same place and almost LOST our identities.

How did this happen?
How is it that they managed to place most of the non-believers within a confined site?
How is it that the expect us to live in place that doesn’t even look like a home, let alone our home?
This is the part in my story where it gets good.

We realised we needed to have hope and believe that things would change.

We knew we had fight back. We had to be smart. We had to work as a COMMUNITY.
Builders, architects, farmers, engineers, doctors and designers all came together to create better living. We were lucky. We became INDEPENDENT.

Our community got STRONGER and our numbers increased. People realise that what was happening was not right.
We grew stronger and hoped things would change for the better.
It may seem we lost the battle but the fight isn't over...
not just yet!

... Until then, we must SURVIVE.
This can’t all be for nothing…

but then again, this is just my story and I’m just a KID.