

*“If I Was In Charge Of the World...”*

Seshem Saret stared disdainfully at the computer screen, contemptuously aware of the blinking cursor and how it was the only black mark on the page. For a language so remarkable and widely used, she seemed to not be able to conjure a single word so as to set in motion what she had been commanded to write. The first rule she decided in her made up world would be that there were no essays and parents could not tell their children to write if their children would rather be doing other things. Or maybe it wouldn't be an actual rule, just an unspoken understanding. Seshem didn't like rules. One of her many mottos in fact was “Rules are meant to be broken.” Along with “Do anything twice, unless it's illegal, and then just once.”

The contest her parents had chosen for her to spend her time holed up in a room with the computer was to write a story of what she would do if she ruled the world. The irony of this was not lost on her. Not only for what her name translated to [Seshem-To lead; Saret-Wisdom], but also because she'd been writing this story since she was two. The world, in her opinion, was a mess. Well, with all the time she seemed to have to spend righting all the wrongs, what other conclusion could she practically draw? The problem seemed to be in condensing all those years of fixations on to a few pages using words that just wouldn't come to her. Sighing to herself she realized that she had about three hours in the house until it was time for the plans she had and she might as well attempt to write something. Tracing her fingers back and forth on the keys she let her mind wander into the music playing in the back ground. Rule number one she decided was that Band would be an actual class and that the music industry in her world would be less about looks and scandals and sex appeal and more about the music and sounds being made. Perking up a little at finally having a rule set in place she allowed her hands to tap dance around the black and white key pad in rhythm with the song.

Musing to herself she also decided a rule about the people in her world, they'd be different and active and compassionate. There would be no “mindless zombies”; everyone would be different and proud of it. People would quit sitting on their behinds and complaining and find ways to help out; they would be filled with compassion and action, making the problems in her world a lot less severe than anything here. Problems would be dealt with swiftly but with care and determination so as to prevent them from growing into a crisis.

The fields would last longer in her world, the wind rolling along the greenery in billowing waves; for industry would be a major business, but people would be more concerned with the planet than with moving ahead or competing in mechanics. There would be more forests, and they would be magnificent. Filled with the wonders of the rainforests the animals would be more diverse and gigantic, just as the trees themselves would. The atmosphere of the world would be filled with hope and the tension always felt before a storm, but the air would always be cool. Warm enough to only wear a light jacket, but brisk enough that if you walked alone outside for long enough you could feel the goose bumps rise along your skin to match the uneven tundra of your mind and to help numb the undercurrent of desolation felt inside. For that matter she decided, there would be less of that feeling in her world. People would be happier and less devoid of emotion because of personal issues.

Rule number three she decided was that people would be more open-minded and less accusatory and never jealous. She herself had never truly understood neither the emotion nor the point of the emotion of jealousy and hated how it ran rampant in her reality and had often wished it away. With people behaving in this new manor, there would be fewer issues between them and there would be less cause for pain. Retribution would not be something well known in her world because there would be less people causing issues as a result of there being no jealousy.

Religion would be allowed and all would be accepted as rule number four, but no massive importance would be placed on that aspect in the culture of her world. With opened minds, people would be marginally more accepting and tolerant and would not feel the need to use religion to down play or discredit others and their beliefs or lifestyles. Discrimination, therefore she decided would be prohibited in rule number five. Ignorance was allowed as long as there was no malice or fear involved, but discrimination founded on ignorance was not to be found in her lands.

Speaking of controlling the populace Seshem decided on a democracy to rule her planet, but with her at the lead. Musing to herself she pondered the little she knew of the Parliament in England and of her own government. A compromise she concluded would be the best. She would head the democracy, and all in power with her would be elected by the people, a representative from every area would be present and they would work with her as well as within their own communities to make sure all changes necessary were enacted and no problems were overlooked. While heading the powers of the planet, she would not be in direct control and would not have to spend all her time absorbed in the work as the President would. She would not be a nominal figure head as the Queen was, but also not only encased in one building only working on the giant issues such as the President. She would travel around her lands, a different place every other week or so, so as to provide true opportunities to interact with her people and survey all that needed to be done to ensure her people were happy and safe.

Pausing for a second Seshem considered what the protection of her people would include. Being a firm believer in Darwin's "Survival of the Fittest", Seshem would not want to place restrictions on her people that would limit their ideas or their ways of life, but she would want to guide them on a path that would at least keep the intellectual ones alive. She decided that internet control would not be allowed. Information would be presented to everyone, throughout school and other resources, so as to ensure that the people knew what they were getting into, but no restrictions would be made. This way if someone made a bad choice via the computer, it was their own stupidity and both worlds (her reality and her dream world) in her opinion, would do well to be rid of more than just a few stupid people. People in her world would be resourceful, taught how to survive and then expected to use those skills. Martial arts would be part of daily classes, and recess would never be taken out of the curriculum. The normal rules of common sense such as don't kill other people and don't steal would be general understandings and dealt with in the appropriate ways, without ethical conflict, but still with compassion and leniency when it would be deserved.

Glancing out the window the young girl deflated a little. She had made some progress, but the day was beautiful and she would much rather be out with her friends than still here on the computer

writing and conversing through e-mails. Speaking of which, a smile graced her face as the “ding” sound of a new e-mail reverberated around her head. The story she was writing was good and filled with what the perfect world for everyone would be, but there was the part of her personality that felt not everyone deserved a perfect world. And the part of her that liked to imagine superheroes were real was quite contented to let her mind conjure a world where the leading powers were that of woman and all men were held in captivity. The prowess of all skills would be in the hands of the feminine leaders and the world would be as such it was in the Roman Empire; young and new and filled with mystery and action. Filled with rampant passion and fire in the sky with all hearts believing in the immortal Gods and in holding the power to shape the world in any way you want. Deep down inside Seshem knew the world she would like to create would be one of dominance, where all control would be hers to grant good fortune to those she cared about and leaving the rest to fend for themselves until they proved worthy of her favor. A world where the earth was soft and called to be explored, where the seas were tumultuous but enthralling, where the heavens above were filled with promise and the people with a drive to expand, and thirst for adventure, and a passion for life and victory. She would like to create a world such as this, and throw in a mix of Egyptian culture as well; the mysticism of the occult and their architecture, the wondrous library of Alexandria, the art and romance about the way their lives were executed. A superhero was not really her cup or tea, but to be Cleopatra was a dream she had had before. The billowing canopies, the cerulean Nile, the sculpted guards, the animals, the power, but the fear of the unknown; that was the best. Knowing you had to watch your step, or it could be your last, people were ruthless and believed in going after what they wanted no matter the cost. That was something she knew her world lacked. It had become too protected, and in many ways protecting people was good. But sometimes she missed the fierceness of the historic tales she’d heard. Having been regaled with all the mythology she had and having fallen in love with the idea of fending for yourself and making your own way. She often felt the times she had been born into were more about technicalities and needing money as survival, instead of about actual survival.

Coming out of her day dream she concluded that currency was indeed necessary but that it would never amount to such paramount proportions in her world as it had in ours. Money was a form of currency but there were other ways and better ways than letting greed capture our minds and having us strive for money instead of for bettering ourselves and our planet. The fire would still rage in the morning and night, she decided, but as sunrise and sunset instead of as a symbol of clashing powers. She would settle for the beauty in her world, of how people and waterfalls would live side by side, and our products of our daily lives would not harm nature. That would be enough to compensate for her other reality. Her people would find alternate resources so as to keep the planet healthy and they would not pollute as the way the people of her earth did now.

Glancing at the clock Seshem smiled to herself and looked over her frame work of a world. There would be problems, and of course she must have left some holes, but she covered mostly everything. Government, people, cultures, education, environment, business, what was she forgetting? Well not life, she talked about the drives people would have. Maybe she should talk about her people’s souls, but how could she know that? They’d be good people at heart, but they’d be troubled, always searching for something greater, something mysterious, and something beyond the simplicity of just

doing what they are able. Past that, how could she know? Sure, she was supposed to run the world, but she wouldn't want to dictate her people. She'd want them to surprise her, to transcend her expectations, to take their lives by the reins and catapult her ideas above and beyond how she could put them to action. They'd be driven by love and hope; they'd struggle and come out the better for it. They'd teach her to not lose hope, and maybe by a miracle even to have some patience. They'd stay children at heart, keep their imaginations and never become more skeptic than they needed to be. There would be sarcasm, but not as much cynicism and definitely not anywhere near as much bitterness. Adversity would be available in the form of striving to better the planet but never in a negative appearance.

Jumping as the phone rang, Seshem smiled as she realized that she had completed her mission from her two year old days. The perfect world was a happy one. And definitely one filled with many friends she laughed as she saw the clock. Jumping up from her chair and clicking the save button before singing the last verse of a song playing in her head, Seshem twirled out of the room and down the stairs into her shoes just as her friends knocked at the door. She would run the world the way her people wanted her to, and she would run it to the best of her abilities, and her greatest accomplishment if she was in charge of the world would be to see the smiles running rampant on everyone faces, everyday. And to hear the laughs jumbled up and spread around the planet every time she listened. If she was in charge of the world, it would be a better place.