The Resistance

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Intelligence rapidly declines in the people around me. A single prompt. A simple answer with twisted words. Masked as something beneficial to hide the harm to the world. Creativity lacks among most as mere words form images. New and old generations are sinking into this hole of destruction. If they are oblivious or simply do not care about the consequences, it still does damage. Us, the Resistance, fight. Fight for our land, fight for our minds, fight for our lives. We are the few who decided that we couldn't sit back and watch our home be killed with numb minds amongst rotting earth.

Corporations are contradicting themselves left and right. 'Protect the environment' they say while the way they promote it, actively destroys it. Clubs and organisations that are meant to support art choose to do the opposite; theft riddled in the extra fingers. The uppers spit their lies, supporters read them as truths. Every time we speak up, people come to the rescue for something that destroys them. We scream, we warn, we plead for people to listen, but their ears are covered with the prospect of false ease. We do what we can to stop this, but being a small group against the world is barely enough to scratch the surface. They refuse to learn because all they need to do is believe the woven words that type themselves along a screen.

Every day, more people join the Resistance. Every day, people give up on fighting and give in.

"It's the new way of the world."

Those words, that weak mindset, is the reason the Resistance can't move forward. Even if we take two steps forward, the rest of the world takes three steps back. At least it's still one step forward… but for how long? When will it become four steps back and all progress we have made is removed. Either way, the Resistance will hold strong. We refuse to even glance in the way of the so-called 'new world'. If this is the path the new world takes, there won't be anyone left to experience it. There won't be anything left to be new, other than shiny technology that our thumbs will dance over like swans.

"How can we stop this? There has to be a way!"

The question asked at every Resistance meeting. Raised voices at some, hushed curses in others. We don't know the answer yet, but we will. We must. No matter what we do, we will just be seen as teenagers in a stuffy basement with 'unrealistic' goals.

I throw my bag aside as I walk through the door. It doesn't even take ten seconds before my parents push flashing screens in my face with twisted information. The questions being answered aren't even complex; there are easier and better ways to figure it out rather than draining the colour from the world. I don't reply to their rambling; I'm sick of it. Their minds are too far gone into the abyss of what I am fighting for. I kick my shoes off and just push past, leaving them to their own devices to rot away of their own accord.

Walking through my assignments that are hastily catching up to me, I sink into the sheets of my bed. The weight of everything pushes me further in until I can't breathe. My phone buzzes in short bursts of vibration, 'The Resistance' written across the bright screen. My finger drags across the red button and silence settles in the air once again. My phone stays lit. I mindlessly press the power button on my phone to dim it, but my head lifts up. I power it back on, holding the button. A ding. A robotic voice willing to answer any query I hold.

I can't help but think… is it actually that bad? One time, just to lighten the load, it can't hurt. Everyone around me is using it with bigger stakes than a few school assignments. It's this close. It's in reach. All it takes is a few words. A notification pulls down, the Resistance again. I would be going against them, falling into the abyss I have been avoiding. I slowly open my school's app. All classes are bright red or yellow compared to last year's greens.

"Just once… just to steady myself."

I type the name I swore I never would into the search bar. I copy my work into the bubble and watch the answers fly together in front of my eyes. The pit in my stomach grows. Everything I was against has come to now. It's kicked my legs out from under me, taking me down from the step the Resistance had reached. The ease almost makes it seem worth it in the worst way possible. This is how I can pass my classes, and if I actually read it, unlike some people, then I actually will have learnt something… right? I have to be better than someone out there using the same bot. God, I am never telling the Resistance this. No one can ever know until the day I die, along with everything else this technology kills.

After a week, the green is back, even if it's built on a backbone made of lies. Every day, I talk about the downfall of the world if we continue on this path. Every day, I get home and finish all my work with keyboard shortcuts. I am the worst type of hypocrite, but life is just so much smoother. I get practically perfect images for what I am after, even if I need to ask for a few tweaks. Flaw-filled responses that have easy fixes, but at least all I have to do is edit before handing the work in. This is why people are obsessed with mind numbing, it's so… easy. The possibilities for anything in the world is at everyone's fingertips, at all times. It's a curse, but one so many people embrace. I am unwillingly one of those people. How much harm am I actually doing though? I'm only one person.

By 2030, everyone's minds have lost any ounce of creativity, any ounce of originality. All art is theft, feeding off itself. All information is uncredited as it pulled from its own sources. The Resistance has given up. Given up not just on the mission, but on the world. The world is grey; the sky is black. Thick, dark smog fills our lungs. We ask the same robot that caused this. It lies. We believe it. I was one person of many. I was the issue. The Resistance must hate me for being part of the reason the world crumbled…