

Once upon a time, there was a precocious child with all the markings of “the one” about to set off on its heroic journey. You know the trope, the hope of the masses.

Times for this one, however, were a little too rough. And so to lead any peoples to a promised land or from the clutches of Empire “X” or despot “Y”, is to seize upon social and environmental situations that one can only all miraculous: a respite from totalitarianism, a blip in the weather or a spike in disease vectors that disrupts the status quo, the gods represented, etc etc, but not so much that actual caloric intake going into said precocious child’s mouth goes down, not so much drop in food eaten that the child loses its ability to think coherently of its situation and think of a solution out of it.

Or, if I’m being entirely honest about us apes, the child was not so weakened from lack of food or a virus, that it cannot grow angry at its position in life and uses a silver-tongue to strike down whatever status quo exists.

What I’m trying to say, is the price of bread should noticeably rise, but starvation shouldn’t settle in. A few people, especially those in power, should get sick, not just those in poverty. Unfortunately, for this child, this genius, apple of its parents’ eyes, cholera swept the land, hit the poor far too hard, and it died, the existing powers managing to find some easy scapegoat: minorities with different looks or traditions, or someone on the fringes like a woman practicing herbal medicine in the forest.

The End.

Editor’s note: You’ve sent me, by my count, a million of these sad, cynical stories. Can you not do a good ending? Give me something to work with, please. I, mean, are you sad? Did someone hurt you? Stop trying to hurt your reader too. Give me something good, please. Maybe then you’ll see your sales go up.

Dear editor, sorry about that.

New Ending:

Our precocious child, despite the conditions of its class, grew fast, strong, and smart. Reading nothing but the best philosophy as well as the tactical and strategic needs of an insurgency in those times with those weapons and, something most people forget, the basics of the bureaucracy that held the powers that be in place.

The child grew up. It taught and gathered disciples and when the bread prices started to rise, our now adult struck with a well timed ambush on a royal caravan. With a handful of hostages, concessions were gained whereby education became universal as well as the rights of humans. Said adult was no fool and also made sure there were enough powers that be with the threat of violence to their throats to make sure they didn't launch a counter revolution. And the Kingdom lived better than before, ever after.

Editor: Okay. I guess this is the best you can do. Please understand that job creators should not be so maligned in the future.