

**UNSTOPPABLE** – *by Alice*

They told her she couldn't.

They told her she wasn't worth their time.

They told her she was insignificant.

They told her she was evil.

They thought they knew many things about her, and those like her.

They believed they were better. But, in fact,

They only had a false sense of superiority, of power.

They were simply frightened humans, who

Ignored their good nature, who

Enjoyed tearing others down, but

Had no strength on their own.

She was worth so much more than how their empty words described her

And unfortunately (for them),

They never had the privilege to comprehend her true nature.

The young girl lived in a city

Where everybody glanced at life like in a mirror

And never cared to look beyond the reflection.

In a rather lonely city,

Where each inhabitant seemed to be fixated

On what they saw rather than what they felt and knew was right.

Appearances tricked the ordinary citizens into believing fools.

And that was, perhaps,

What made the young girl feel out of place.

She saw right through images, and into people's hearts.

She had the power to identify others' weaknesses

But still discern and appreciate their goodness and strength.

She enjoyed observing what lay under the surface.

She spent her days looking over a world that did not belong to her.

And when she got inspired,

She took out a battered notebook from her pocket, and recorded what she had observed.

She filled pages with hopes and dreams and thoughts.

She brought colour to the monotony of her life.

Her work was the message

She was sending out in the world.

There were two scenarios happening at once: while the world around her was rapidly going downhill

The girl could not help but notice the sliver of light that still shone through the looming clouds.

Her work was inspiring, revolutionary, empowering.

Speaking out against all prejudice, she had become the person her opponents had always feared.

It was like a game of cat and mouse:

The powerful hunted the wise, who tried to escape as best as they could.

The girl got caught up in that game,

But did not surrender.

One day, she heard Death approaching.

Death was painful and slow, and aimed to reduce the complexity of her life

To something that could be grasped, and thus destroyed.

But she was too complex for Death to untangle.

She died, but carried on living,

And Time stood still, unable to diminish her strength.

She had tied unbreakable knots between people:

The seeds she had planted were merely beginning to grow.

Death had ripped the leaves off the tree, but the roots were still there.

And they were lying silent, strong, awaiting discovery,

Nourishing what remained of the trunk, giving hope, defeating all odds.

That's why they killed people like her.

Because they were afraid of revealing the Truth:

She was unstoppable.