

One Good Can Make Hundreds of Bad

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I woke this morning with absolute shame, as I do every agonizing morning. Being the cause of the medical advances, adapting the DNA of humans resulting in immunity of every disease known, you would think I'd be pretty sublime and almost oozing with content. You would be wrong. At first thought this seemed like an exceptional idea; wipe out virtually every disease and save stacks of sinless lives, what could go wrong? But no disease means very little death, and very little death means a ponderous population. A ponderous population, finally, means more poverty, less money and overall every living thing competing to squeeze onto this pint-size, puny planet.

Deserting me because of my 'popularity' is what all family and friends appear to see as the foremost, out of sight number one option. Apparently I have everything I could possibly require, and to stay in my presence would completely destroy them due to jealousy and other empty headed excuses. But how can I have everything when everyone leaves me eventually?

To be frightfully forthright, as the ingenuous, intelligent but terrible excuse for a man I am, I simply cannot carry on anymore. Everyone I love has left me, and this 'fame' has lasted 40 years over life expectancy too long. The conditions of life, due to my impossibly idiotic little plan, have dropped and the poverty is so bad it is trying to creep into my windows and steal my untouched food. I must escape.

I cannot exit my overly expensive waste-of-space home without seeing scenes of starvation, violence and murder. There are 30 billion people on this Earth due to the stupid plan I made before I was old enough to even understand the meaning of 'long term effects'. Now I see these effects everyday, and it is my entire fault. This overcrowded Earth used to seem so big, but with 30 billion people expanding each second, I feel that doing one good, can make hundreds of bad occur. It does interest me, though, how I am at fault of this, I was never the clever one in school. Just the average one and my average idea of 'let's cure disease' were no different to every other average person. Still, I made it happen, so the blame lies at my feet.

There are now 30 billion people on this planet, who's going to miss me?