

## **The Best Of Times, The Worst Of Times**

It was the best of times for many, the worst of times for more. People continued to starve even as the new President held sumptuous dinner parties. Why did some folks starve? The new President believed them low level cheaters, swindling the Government with food stamps to buy bread. It was a nasty, foul time. Selfishness thrived. Racism was popular. It was the best of times for many, the worst of times for more.

George, concerned about the failure of ethics, wrote letters to newspapers and online sites, protesting. In return, he received hate mail. Life was good but the outside world increasingly undermined it. It was unnerving. All he could do was read bad news. He decided to stay at home until the nation became sane again. He ordered in food and waited.

Word spread about George. His neighbours began staying at home, then there were news reports about George, encouraging more people to stay home—unable to do anything else, people voted with their butts, putting them in couches in their living rooms. Productivity slowed to nothing—no one cared much. Local problems were resolved among neighbours. Backyard and apartment deck chicken coops became popular. People bartered skills for goods.

People moved into villages as the nation dissolved and the population shrank. Each village took on the interests of those who lived there. Soon enough, you were only a villager if you were born and grew up there. Maintaining the purity of the village became critical—not simply because food was limited, but because each village knew it had the answer, it was pure, its people were pure. Surviving was the priority, no one had time for science or research. It was exciting when villages figured out how to make iron, for spears.

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