

Perfection

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My Story I made up, about baing banished from a supposed perfect world

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1 - Imperfection?

"Well, this is it."

"I stand here before the Perfect People Petition, awaiting argument and punishment."

I stand here in this brightly colored room, filled with superficial smiles. So superficial and unnatural, it's creepy. In front of me the three judges of the petition speak.

"Well, then, Troy, what do you have to say for yourself?" the head judge, Cindy, asks me. ""Your lies are unacceptable!"

"I speak the truth in these supposed `lies!'", I respond quickly to her harsh accusations. Her brainwashed idea of perfection had made her immature. "Perfection is impossible!"

"Then what do you call our society?" the second judge says. "Everything we ever want is here! Nothing ever goes wrong!!" ,Cindy asks me confused.

"And for what?!", I point my finger at the judges in a rage. "There's no freedom, no independence, no free thought! There's no need for anyone else!", I don't understand them!

"Who needs that stuff? We're perfect! We don't make mistakes!!", the Third Judge says happily.

"Yes, you do!," I'm outright sickened by her words. "You've forgotten your things at home twice," I commented. I then point to the judge to the left. "And you didn't wait for your friends, including me!!!," I look up, glaring at the judges.

"Silence!", the Assistant judge says to me. "We never did such things!"

"NO!", I'm truly fed up. "I refuse to be silenced by you!!! Embrace you imperfections! Be unique! Reclaim your identities!!!!"

"You know," Cindy said, "You could be reeducated and be perfect. You don't need books and philosophy, just perfection."

"Never!!!! I refuse to be a soulless doll!", I bounce back,

"Then fine, Its over. Time for your judgment.", Cindy and the judges leave the room.

So I wait. I wait for three hours in what feels like forever. I finally realize that they'll never change. I'm alone....

.....but I don't care.

“Troy!”, Cindy proclaims. “The other judges and I have decided your punishment. You are guilty of blasphemous philosophy and contempt of court, and shall be forever banished to the wastelands.”

“How do you plead?”, She asks me.

“Guilty....and proud of it.”, I say.

Soon, the jury glares at me, and one starts chanting “Guilty, Guilty.....”. Soon, the entire jury starts chanting, faster, louder and louder....”

“guilty.....guilty.....guilty.....” As each chant gets louder, a light starts covering me below my feet. The chants are so loud now, it driving me mad!

“GUILTY! GUILTY! GUILTY! GUILTY!” the judges and jury sneered.

“NO!!!” I'm ripped apart by the light below.

Silence....Darkness....

Oblivion.....

I open my eyes. I see a clearing, full of trees. They aren't perfect, or bright and sparkling....but it's alright.

“It's nice.”, I say to myself. “My new home.”

I walk among the grass, no sign of my old home...and see a road.

“Here begins my journey...in my imperfect paradise.”

I grab my things and walk.

It would be a long road...but I'd feel like a human being again.

I missed my humanity.