

# Through the Shattered Walls

*Beyond the City's Grip*

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In a world divided by the towering walls of the city, Solarae, the vast, untamed wilderness beyond was nothing more than a forgotten myth, a place few dared to believe existed. The city, with its iron and concrete structures, was all its inhabitants had ever known. The sky above was choked with pollution, casting a permanent grey haze over the land. The air, thick with the scent of burning metal and industrial waste, was barely breathable. Once, the city had risen from the ruins of the Collapse, the global catastrophe that had devastated the Earth. Now, it stood as a grim monument to survival, but also oppression. Every aspect of life was controlled by the Council, including what people ate, where they lived, and even who they could speak to.

For Mila, Kathrine, Gina, and Charlotte, life had always been confined to the city's suffocating walls. Their days were dictated by the rules set by the Council, and their lives seemed as fixed as the smog that hung heavy in the air. They lived in Sector Four, a rundown area where the less fortunate were forced to scrape by. The streets were filled with crumbling buildings, piles of rotting refuse, and an ever-present sense of decay. But despite the monotony and bleakness of their existence, there was one constant, their shared belief that there had to be something beyond the city's walls. Something better.

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The four of them were huddled together in a narrow alley, their faces pale in the dim light from a few flickering street lamps. Their movements were quick and quiet, eyes darting around for any sign of Council patrols or surveillance drones. The air felt thicker here, dense with the smells of old food and industrial waste, and the sounds of the city were muted, swallowed by the surrounding buildings.

"I can't take it anymore," Mila muttered, her fists clenched at her sides. "The Council, the way they control everything. It's all a lie. They keep us trapped like animals."

Kathrine glanced over her shoulder nervously, her eyes flicking from one dark corner to the next. "Mila, keep your voice down. There could be a drone overhead any second."

"I don't care," Mila shot back, her voice rising despite herself. "We're suffocating in here. They've been lying to us for years, keeping us in the dark. What if we could escape? What if there's something, anything, beyond this place?"

Gina, who usually stayed quiet in these conversations, spoke up, her voice barely audible. "You can't just wish it away, Mila. We've been stuck here for as long as we can remember. The city is all there is."

Charlotte, however, was different. She was the cautious one, the planner, the one who thought things through before jumping into anything. But even she had started to wonder if there was something more. "No," she said quietly, scanning the horizon where the city's grey skyline

stretched far above them. “There has to be more. I’ve been hearing things. Whispers. I think I know where we can find a way out.”

The others turned to her, their curiosity piqued. Charlotte was the last person to speak without solid evidence. She was always the one to analyze and double-check, to make sure they didn’t make rash decisions. But her voice now carried a different tone, one they hadn’t heard before.

“What do you mean?” Kathrine asked, her tone cautious but hopeful.

“I’ve heard rumors,” Charlotte said, her voice barely above a whisper. “In the underground markets. They say there’s a secret exit in the East District. A hidden door, a way to get out.”

Mila frowned, skeptical. “The East District? That’s the most heavily guarded part of the city. You can’t get in or out without a Council pass. They’ve locked it down for years.”

Charlotte nodded. “I know. But there’s a way. It’s not supposed to exist, but I’ve heard enough to believe it’s real.”

Gina shook her head, her eyes wide with apprehension. “Charlotte, this is insane. The East District is practically a prison. People disappear over there all the time. No one comes back.”

“Charlotte’s right...we can’t keep living like this,” Kathrine said softly, her voice hinting at an edge of rebellion. “We’re choking on this air, watching everything fall apart. I don’t care what the risks are. I want to know what’s out there. I have to know.”

Mila was quiet for a long moment, staring at the cracked pavement beneath her feet. She glanced up, her gaze flickering from Charlotte to Kathrine to Gina. Finally, she spoke, her voice firm but cautious. “What if it’s a trap? What if we walk right into the Council’s hands?”

Charlotte’s expression didn’t waver. “Then we’ll deal with it. But we have to try. If there’s a chance, we can’t just ignore it.”

Gina, nodded. “We’ve been living in fear for too long. It’s time to take a chance.”

After a long pause, Mila let out a heavy sigh and nodded in agreement. “Okay. Let’s do it. But we need to remember to move carefully. One mistake and we’re done for.”

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Under the cover of darkness, the four friends made their way toward the East District. The city was quieter at night, with fewer patrols and drones out. The streets were bathed in the dim, sickly light from the few working street lamps, casting long shadows on the cracked pavement. Their steps were muffled by the layers of grime and debris that covered the roads, but their senses were heightened, every sound, every flicker of light, could be a sign that they were being watched.

The closer they got to the East District, the more the city seemed to change. The streets here were narrower, the buildings taller and more imposing. This was the heart of the city's control, where the wealthy and powerful lived. The air felt heavier, tinged with the stench of rusting metal and old concrete. There was a palpable tension in the air, as if the very ground beneath them was soaked with secrets.

"Are we sure this is the right place?" Gina asked, her voice laced with doubt. They had arrived at the base of a towering metal wall that seemed to stretch endlessly into the sky. It was massive, imposing, and covered in layers of grime and rust. "This doesn't feel right."

Charlotte surveyed the wall carefully, running her fingers over its surface, looking for anything that could hint at the hidden door. "This is it," she said finally. "We just have to find the entrance."

They began to search the wall, their hands brushing over the cold metal, scanning for cracks or unusual markings. The hours stretched on, but there was no sign of the exit. The tension in the air mounted as the minutes dragged by. Mila's frustration reached a boiling point.

"This is pointless," she muttered, slumping against the wall. "There's nothing here. We're wasting our time."

Kathrine opened her mouth to speak, but then stopped. Her eyes widened, and she took a step forward. "Wait," she whispered, pointing at a faint shimmer in the air, just a few inches off the wall. "Look at this."

Charlotte stepped forward, her breath catching in her throat. The shimmer was subtle, barely noticeable, an almost imperceptible distortion in the air. When Kathrine reached out and touched it, the wall clicked open with a heavy groan, revealing a dark passage beyond.

Charlotte felt a rush of relief, mixed with a jolt of fear. "It's real," she whispered. "Let's go."

The door closed behind them with a clang, sealing them inside. The narrow passage ahead was dark, and the air was stale, but it felt like a threshold, a barrier between the life they had known and whatever lay beyond.

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When they emerged from the passage, the world outside the city was nothing like they had imagined. The air was different, cooler, cleaner, though still carrying the scars of the Collapse. The land stretched out before them, a wild and untamed landscape of rolling hills and jagged rocks. It felt ancient, yet new, as if nature was slowly reclaiming what humanity had lost.

“We’re really out here,” Mila said, her voice a mix of disbelief and awe. She turned to Charlotte, eyes wide. “It’s not just a dream, is it?”

Charlotte nodded, her chest tight with the weight of their decision. They had crossed a line now, there was no going back. The city, with its iron walls and suffocating rules, was behind them. Ahead of them was an uncertain future, full of potential and danger.

But before they could process what had just happened, the sound of engines, hovercraft engines, drifted to them from a distance.

“The Council,” Gina said quietly. “They’re after us.”

The hum of the engines grew louder, the sound of the searchlights sweeping across the land, scanning for movement.

“We need to move,” Charlotte said sharply, grabbing Kathrine’s arm. “Now.”

They ran, stumbling over rocks and roots, their hearts pounding in their chests. The landscape, though open and wild, was unfamiliar. They couldn’t stop, there was no time. The sound of the hovercrafts was growing closer, the lights now flashing in their direction.

Ahead of them, the ground dropped away into a deep ravine. The jagged cliffs of the ravine stretched across the landscape, a natural barrier between them and the city behind. They reached it just as the hovercrafts roared into view, their floodlights cutting through the darkness.

“We can’t go back,” Kathrine gasped.

Charlotte turned to look at her friends, the tension in her chest almost suffocating. The hovercrafts were too close now, their engines deafening, their searchlights sweeping over the land like a predator hunting in the dark. There was no time to think, no time to hesitate. They couldn’t outrun them, and there was nowhere left to hide.

“We jump,” Charlotte said, her voice steady despite the chaos in her mind. She scanned the ravine, looking for a place to cross. The drop was steep, the other side a jagged line of rocky outcroppings. It wasn’t ideal, but it was their only option.

Mila, her face pale, glanced at the deep ravine. “Are you serious?” Her voice trembled with fear. “We could die if we fall.”

“We don’t have a choice,” Charlotte replied, grabbing a thick vine that hung from a tree near the edge. She tested it with a quick tug, feeling its strength. It wouldn’t be easy, but it would have to work.

She didn't give anyone a chance to second-guess. Without another word, Charlotte swung herself out over the ravine, her heart pounding as she gripped the vine tight. The air rushed past her as she flew toward the other side, her stomach twisting in fear. When her feet hit the rocky surface, she stumbled, but caught herself, breathing heavily as she looked back at the others.

“Go!” she shouted, her voice sharp with urgency.

Gina was the next to follow, her expression tight with concentration. She swung herself across, landing with a less-than-graceful stumble but managing to stay upright. Kathrine followed, more hesitantly, her face tight with nerves, but she made it across. Then came Mila.

Mila hesitated at the edge, her body frozen as she looked down into the dark, rocky depths below. The sound of the hovercraft engines grew louder, closer. She could feel the weight of her friends' eyes on her, the urgency of their situation pressing down on her chest. But fear gripped her.

“Mila, now!” Kathrine called, her voice edged with panic.

With a deep breath, Mila stepped off the edge and grabbed the vine. She swung across with all her strength, her heart in her throat. Her feet scraped the jagged rocks as she landed, but she didn't stop. She pushed herself up and ran toward her friends, her pulse racing.

They didn't stop to rest. Not yet. Not while the hovercrafts were still searching for them. They turned and ran through the rough, unfamiliar terrain, pushing through the dense underbrush and rocky paths. The hovercrafts' searchlights swept across the landscape, scanning for any sign of movement. It felt like they were being hunted, like the eyes of the city were still on them, even in the wilderness.

The landscape stretched endlessly before them, and for the first time in their lives, they realized they had no idea what to do next.

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Hours passed as they fled deeper into the wilderness. The terrain grew rougher, the ground uneven, the air colder as night fully settled in. They stumbled over roots, rocks, and uneven ground, the exhaustion beginning to take its toll. But none of them dared to stop. The fear of being found was more suffocating than their fatigue.

Finally, they found a small clearing, a patch of grass surrounded by tall trees, thick with foliage. They collapsed onto the ground, gasping for air, their bodies aching from the relentless run. The sound of the hovercrafts had long faded, but none of them felt safe. Not yet. Not until they were certain they were beyond the reach of the city.

Kathrine sat up, wiping the dirt and sweat from her face, her breath coming in shallow gasps. “Do you think they’ll stop looking for us?”

Charlotte, her back pressed against a tree, didn’t answer right away. She wasn’t sure. The city’s reach had always been long, its power unyielding. But now, they have crossed the line. There was no going back. The Council would never let them go without a fight.

“I don’t know,” Charlotte said quietly. “But we’ve made it this far. And if we’ve learned anything, it’s that we can survive out here. We’ll figure it out.”

Gina, who had been sitting a little apart from the group, her arms wrapped around her knees, spoke up. “What do we do now? We don’t know the first thing about living outside the city. We don’t have food. We don’t have supplies.”

“We start with what we know,” Charlotte said, her voice steady despite the uncertainty that lingered in the air. “We survive. And we learn. We find a way to make this work. Together.”

Mila, still panting from the run, looked around at the others, her expression hardening. “This is real now, isn’t it? We’re out here. There’s no city anymore, no Council to tell us what to do. Whatever happens from now on, it’s up to us.”

“Exactly,” Charlotte said. “We’re free, whether we’re ready for it or not.”

They sat in silence for a while, the weight of what they’d done settling in. The city, its towering walls and suffocating rules, was now behind them. The future ahead was uncertain, but it was theirs to shape. They no longer had to follow the Council’s dictates. They could make their own choices, take control of their own lives.

But the thought of what lay ahead, beyond the wilderness, was both terrifying and liberating. They had no plan, no map, no guarantees. They only had each other, and the decision they had made to escape, to cross the line into the unknown.

And there was no turning back now.

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The days that followed were rough. The wilderness was harsh and unforgiving, but it was also beautiful in its own way. The air was fresh and clean, though still tinged with the remnants of the Collapse. They found streams to drink from, and soon they began to learn the basics of survival, how to hunt, how to find shelter, how to navigate through the dense forest. It wasn’t easy, and there were moments of doubt, moments when they questioned their decision. But there was also a new sense of purpose.

They were free.

Every day was a new challenge. Some days, it felt like they were closer to something better, and other days, it felt like the wilderness was swallowing them whole. But together, they pushed forward. They had crossed the point of no return, and whatever happened now, they would face it together.

Solarae, with its walls and its lies, was behind them. The wilderness, with its dangers and its promise of something else, was ahead. They realized the future was no longer something to fear, but something they could shape for themselves.