

In a far-off future, where everything was made to be discarded, the very notion of durable goods seemed like a distant memory, a luxury afforded only by the wealthiest of the elites. Even human beings were disposable, engineered to live short, efficient lives before being deemed unworthy and thrown away like an empty soda can.

There were essentially two classes. The haves and the have-nots. The Disposables, were the have-nots, and were as respected and cherished as the daily automobile one would use to get to and from work back home. In other words, absolutely worthless. They didn't live long or meaningful lives after they became Disposables, and they never had a chance to. If you were lucky, you got thrown into the weekly world wide landfill that was shot into space to keep earth habitable. If you weren't so lucky you would be tossed to the streets awaiting the hunt. The wealthy elite's entertainment was as disposable as their material possessions, so they relied on a sadistic way of fun. A primal instinct that the biology of man cannot deny: The hunt. All weapons are game. Once the elites put the target on someone, the only way to escape is to run until their adrenaline is disposed of.

One group of disposables had not been picked for hunt yet and found camaraderie with each other, for even without the hunt life as a disposable could end any day. Rachel was a young woman with a fierce will to live, refusing to succumb or be discouraged by the fate that awaited her. Jake, a former engineer and wealthy elite, fell behind the curve after he got too old to work and couldn't afford to keep upgrading his possessions. And Liam who was barely old enough to understand the world he resided in and was pure of heart.

They were an unlikely group but they bonded over their shared misfortune. Together, they lived in the shadows of the city, barely scraping by on whatever they could find. They were constantly moving, always looking out, always scared. Desperate to avoid the attention of those

who would want to dispose of them. They knew their lives were worth less than the disposable goods that littered the streets they lived on. A world where possessions were valued more than human life.

But their luck ran out when they were discovered by a group of wealthy elites, who were out hunting for sport. In this dystopian society, the rich could hunt the Disposables like wild game, using them for target practice. Rachel, Jake, and Liam ran for their lives, but it was no use. The hunters had guns and technology that far surpassed what the Disposables could ever hope to possess. The hunters closed in on them, surrounding them, trapping them like rats. Rachel grabbed Liam's hand, shielding him from the bullets as Jake, a former engineer, used his knowledge to build makeshift weapons to fight back. But it was futile. In the end, the Disposables were ruthlessly gunned down, their bodies left to rot in the street, discarded like the very objects that had caused their downfall.

As the elite hunters left, a lone figure emerged from the shadows. A woman with sadness and anger in her eyes. She was a member of a rebel group that aimed to overthrow the disposable society. She had been watching this group of Disposables for weeks, waiting for the right moment to recruit them to the cause. But she was too late. The woman knelt beside Rachel's cold body, tears streaming down her face as she whispered a prayer. She vowed to keep fighting to honor the memory of the disposed. The rebel group would fight for a future where human life is valued. Where people were treated with dignity and respect.