

### **All In The Name Of Progress**

There once was a stern but fair farmer who owned and ran a farm in the country. The Farm was small and its methods simple. The workers hired were obedient and diligent, although underpaid. This however mattered little, as everybody worked more so for the sense of fulfillment and satisfaction, not the monetary reward.

The Farm supplied a nearby village, providing its people with food and drink. The workers cared for the livestock, making sure they were provided healthy food and clean water. The Farmer looked after the crops with the help of a few workers. They prided themselves in their work as the fruits and vegetables were completely organic and only watered with the cleanest water and planted in the most nutrient rich soil. Workers collected crystal clear water from The Farm's well. It was put into clean containers and shipped off to the village along the milk of the cows. The farm offered their wares at a fair price to the village and in turn made only what was needed to pay the workers and feed the animals. The stern old Farmer only took enough to feed himself and his family.

The lifestyle the villagers lived was one of ease. The necessities that they usually would work for were provided. This left them with the task of expansion to the tiny village. The children grew to be both intelligent and healthy; they learned quickly and thought of ways to make work more productive, but easier such work ethic enabled the village to grow quickly and soon became big enough to be awarded the title of The Town. The citizens of this utopian-like society loved and worked for one another; it was the picture of perfection.

The Town continued to grow, and eventually became too big and bustling for the tiny and simple farm. It could not produce food fast enough for The Town's people. The Farm desperately needed new equipment and with the little amount of money left over every year The Farm bought new machinery. While the new tools helped the workers milk the cows faster, sometimes the machines hurt the cows and over milked them. Some cows even died from stress and abuse, but the number was negligible and therefore not a concern. The Farmer, although saddened by this cultural shift, turned a blind eye; "all in the name of progress" he often told himself. Besides, sacrifices were to be expected for the well-being of the people he loved and cared for. As time went by the farm made money. The workers of The Farm, happy with their contribution to the village, retired with their pensions, which barely paid for their meals. The Farm continued on as usual and had to hire new employees. The new workers, however, were lazy and needed more to be motivated. Their salary was much higher than the workers before them, yet they worked half as hard.

The Farm produced vegetables slower than any other product it sold. The Farmer was reluctant, but with the advice of the business partners who had invested in him, he was persuaded to buy pesticides, as every year The Farm lost more and more crops to insects and germs. The pesticides solved this problem. The Farmer also bought fertilizers to increase the growth speed of the produce. The added chemicals seemed great, but poisoned the crops to some degree. "All in the name of progress," the now old and tired man told himself once again. While his concerns grew, The Farmer was also charged with a reduced workload; he no longer looked after the vegetables and fruits personally, there were sprinklers and machines for that.

The Town's people were nonetheless pleased with what they received, and ate until their bellies were full. The prices of the food and drink sold to the village went up. The retirees who lived on their pocket-sized pension could only afford the necessities to survive. Many had to go back to work to feed their families. They were, however, used to a life of hard work and were only happy to once again help contribute to the growth of their community. The poorer people were offered the tainted crops from The Farm for cheaper prices. Only the retired farmers knew better and warned friends and family of the danger that eating the poisonous crops could do. Others bought them anyways. Many who ate the crops became sick and some due to lack of healthcare died, but this number was a negligible percentage of the population, and not enough to be noticed. The problems of the poor were unnoticed by the majority of citizens who were middle and upper-class. The Farmer was not alone in his thought. "All in the name of progress" the villagers told themselves, perhaps too often.

Even as is, the people of the expanding village were happy, or at least they seemed it. The children grew to be smarter although slightly lazy. They may have been heavier, but only what seemed to be a healthy weight. The Town's people together thought of ways to make their lives easier than even before. They had plenty of time to focus on the rapid expansion of their homeland. The economy was booming and The Farm made more money than any other business in the town.

It wasn't long before The Farmer became ill and died. Doctors believed it was due to the fact he spent so much time dealing and chemicals but it was hard to tell. The village assigned a day to mourn the great mans death with celebration and a great feast. Foods from the farm were sold cheaper that day. The investors of the farm took over and thought they had new ideas to

bring to the tables to brighten The Farms future. The population of the village reached new heights; the world waited and wondered what it would debut next.

Regardless, The Town's people were pleased and lived joyful lives that were portrayed by the town's media. The children grew up to be intelligent but were too lazy to apply their smarts to their school work or really anything with pesticides for that matter. The new leaders of The Town made life even easier than before. There were majestic and admirable buildings next to run down and filthy shacks. Class systems had been established. Retirees lived on laughable pensions, while the working class was motivated by large salaries and bonuses, the qualities that the young and blooming village had been lost. Even though production was high obesity and depression was a common problem. Nevertheless, there was a pill for that. The population was one of the highest in the world. Once again the village upgraded its title to City. There was celebration for the reach goal and the new City entered their idea of, a Golden Age.

The Farm became very rich as the years passed. In fact, it wasn't just one farm anymore. The Business Men had obtained enough investors and earned enough money to buy lots of land around the country side to make different Farms. The business men hired underpaid machine workers to check the machinery and clean the barns of dead animals, which were much more common now that nobody cared for them. The livestock were kept in cages and fed automatically by machines that fed corn and growth hormones them until they died of heart attacks. The workers no longer collected the crops which were grown in days by pesticides and fertilizers. The so called worker didn't even collect the water, which had more chemicals than any other product sold on the farm. It was bottled in plastic containers which was sold to the public and polluted the nearby ponds and lakes. The few employees at the company often went on strike due to their low salary, threatening to leave and tell others how bad their treatment. The

Company didn't really own farms anymore, yes they had received the title from bribed health inspectors but they really just produced factories. They blended in with the city's coal and metal factories, and produced double the smoke and pollution from the towering smoke stacks. The Factories were all in the industrial district which used to be the country. The sky above black as night and the nearby river polluted with the company's filth and debris.

One day there was a deep rumble in the darkened sky. The monstrous clouds of a storm were camouflaged with the smoke in the sky, the same shade of the blackest of nights. The wind pushed against the trees at first gently, but as the day went on, the full force of a matured hurricane devastated the city and farm company. The industrial district got it the worst. The heavy brick walls that were cheaply put together by the lazy construction workers collapsed under the pressure. The livestock and a few workers inside crushed. The old buildings that housed the produce were blown away by the aggressive wind. The entire set up was shut down and in the eyes of some, permanently.

Even though the Business Men had taken a heavy loss, and The City was in turmoil, they could only see an opportunity. Many died and lost their homes. The laziness of the people turned on them, they relied on the leaders, who even took damages themselves. Even through all this, The Business Men saw the opportunity to come up with a new slogan and start a new campaign. This was the mindset of the city themselves. They no longer worked hard for and loved each other but instead worked only to further themselves. They were blinded by greed and laziness and relied and trusted on those who only had the same idea. They had dug themselves into a hole they could not get out of and lived no life of stress and hard work; they had barely known the meaning. And with that the company released its new campaign: "All in the Name of Progress."