

Legacy

“How many years has this been here?” I thought; a once great city, now nothing more than a memory, nothing more than a shadow of its greatness. I could imagine its days of glory, the white walls shining in the morning sun; the towers reaching up into the clouds, and the streets full of joy and laughter. And I could not help asking myself, “years from now what will people remember of me? Will they miss me? Will they mourn for me? Will they remember the things I’ve done? Or will I be like this city; forgotten and lost forever?”