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Omar Bracamontes: "The Kingdom"

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The Kingdom

by Omar Bracamontes

I cannot say much about the current state of my Kingdom. Besides the fact that it's in need of help. This city used to be a land where all things were possible, where one could experience the fruits of their labor. A land that brought hope and peace, due to all the greenery and fruit trees that would rise from the soil. It was an economic Kingdom for not only the people inhabiting it, but for those around it.

My grandmother would tell me other cities around our Kingdom would reap the fruits of their labour and were restored by simply being next to our borders. They would reap joy and favor. All other kingdoms would know the power and strength we possessed, but also would know the peace and joy that we demonstrated around us. We embraced the idea of providing hope for people. Yet, we still had no name.

Until one day, someone approached my great great grandfather, stating there is more to come for Pomona. My grandfather looked in confusion, but as he looked up to question the man on the name, there was no one to be seen.

?The name was prophetic. As soon as the mysterious man spoke the name, vineyards flourished, fruits began to grow at a faster rate, trees flourished bigger and stronger than ever, and olive groves and citrus orchards flourished. No one, was to expect the wealth that came from the name, but we knew that there was more sustainability.

My grandfather began to work with other kingdoms around Pomona. Such as the Kingdom of Trees, Kingdom of Angels (the biggest of all Kingdoms), and three smaller kingdoms who at the time were known as the Euclid Royals. Seeing that Pomona was gaining more power and wealth, my great grandfather proposed that the Euclid Royal unite as one kingdom. Each kingdom was to function under their own law, but all kings were to work together to bring prosperity and unity.

Pomona would provide with food and any form of assistance. All kings agreed and eventually were known as the The Empire. Both the Empire and Kingdom of Angels, began to be more united and worked to give and assist other nations that were north and south of them. There was peace

amongst the people and the kings. No family went hungry nor poor.

?Like all stories, there are exciting and glorious parts but then there are horrific parts of the story. For the next twenty years,

Pomona flourished and continued to provide for those in need. Until there was a betrayal. My grandfather was betrayed by his wife, who was power hungry and wanted control over the Kingdom. She told my grandfather that Pomona could be doing more, could be stronger and more powerful than the Kingdom of Angels and other kingdoms in the Empire. In her eyes,

Pomona was the kingdom to lead them all, but my grandfather wanted none of that. He wanted to partner with Angels and continue to expand in ways that could assist other kingdoms.

One night, while my grandfather was strolling down Holt, he was assassinated. To this day there is no explanation of how it happened or who did it, but all signs point toward my grandmother. The people were devastated at the news of their king being dead, for they all embraced their king with love.

Something snapped within the people—all forms of peace and love disappeared. They began to revolt, gathering in large crowds, destroying the capital and those that were a part of the royal family.

My great grandmother was the only one to survive the destruction of the capital. She was saved by an elder man who took pity on her after seeing her cry over the death of her elder brother. Seeing that my great grandmother was being hunted by the people, the man packed his bags and moved to the Kingdom of Angels. After twenty years of prosperity and peace,

Pomona began to fall and was ruled by a man that had no intentions of withholding the legacy of the King. The man destroyed all relationships with the Empire and Angels. Eventually leaving Pomona in ruins and merging with the Eastern Kingdoms. Fruit trees were destroyed, vineyards, citrus groves were destroyed. Poverty and wickedness began to take its rightful place over Pomona.

?Pomona has been in ruins for too long. I have had enough of it and ready to see the kingdom restored to original glory and be united with the Western Kingdoms. My name is Cane, great grandson of Colious the first noble King of Pomona. I have lived in the Kingdom of Angels my entire life, loving and caring for the kingdom.

But as long as I can remember, my grandmother would tell us stories of Pomona's golden age and how we are the rightful heirs of Pomona and would tell my brother and I, how much hope Pomona brought to people and other kingdoms. I long to restore what my grandfather created and mark my words, I will.

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