

BRICS The New Power

by WooEnglish



Three men...

Three flags... One world, caught in their hands.

This is not a movie.

Not a story made up in some writer's mind.

This is real.

This is *now*.

A quiet man from China...

A loud man from America...

A cold man from Russia...

They don't look the same.

They don't speak the same.

But they want the same thing. Power.

And they'll do almost anything to keep it.

Their rise was not luck.

It was hunger.

It was pain.

It was war — sometimes inside their countries... sometimes inside themselves.

This is the story of how they rose...

How they lead...

How they fight.

And what it means —

For you.

For me.

For the future of everything.

This is... Three Strongmen.

Are you ready to hear the truth?

Chapter 1: The Princeling

He was only nine years old... when the world changed.

Xi Jinping was born in Beijing — the son of a powerful man. A princeling, they called him. A child of the revolution. His father, Xi Zhongxun, helped build the new China. He stood close to Mao Zedong.

But in 1962... everything broke.

His father fell out of favor. One day, a leader. The next, an enemy.

Xi watched it happen.

The guards came. The shouting started. His father disappeared behind prison doors. His mother was forced to turn against him. His sister... could not survive the shame.

Xi was no longer a princeling. He was a traitor's son.

He was sent away. Far from the city. Far from safety. To a poor village called Liangjiahe.

Cold winters. Dirt roads. No electricity. No toilets. Just hard work... and silence.

The people there didn't trust him.

They said, "He's from Beijing. He's soft."

But Xi didn't complain.

He carried water. He cleaned toilets. He worked in the fields. His hands cracked from the cold. He slept in a cave-house, with rats and fleas.

He wrote in a notebook by candlelight.

And slowly... they began to accept him.

He once said, “I was looking for a way to survive. I found it there.”

But inside... he was still watching.

Watching the system that destroyed his family. Watching how power worked.

He applied to join the Communist Party... many times. Again and again. They said no.
He kept going.

Finally — at age 21 — they said yes.

And that... changed everything.

Years passed.

He climbed step by step. Town. City. Province.

He never spoke too loudly. Never showed too much. Quiet... but sharp.

He shook hands. Smiled. But always remembered the fear.

And then — 2012.

The top job opened.

The old leaders chose him. They thought he was safe. Careful. Easy to control.

They were wrong.

In his first year as president, Xi moved fast.

Corrupt officials... disappeared. Powerful rivals... were arrested. Enemies... silenced.

Some cheered. Some whispered, “Be careful.”

He didn't stop.

He said, "We must have discipline. We must be strong."

He brought back old symbols. Red flags. Marching songs. Mao's words.

He told the people, "The Chinese Dream is back."

But some dreams... come with a price.

Surveillance grew. Voices were watched. The internet tightened. Dissent faded.

Still, he smiled on TV.

Still, he said, "I serve the people."

But those who knew him... knew better.

They saw the boy in the cave-house.

The boy who had lost everything — and promised he would never lose again.

Now, he stands alone at the top.

President. Party leader. Commander.

Xi Jinping.

The quiet princeling... who waited.

Who learned... that power never forgives the weak.

And never forgets its enemies.



Chapter 2: The Showman

He loved the spotlight.

Even as a child... Donald Trump wanted to be seen.

Tall buildings. Fast cars. Big signs with his name — *TRUMP* — in gold letters.

His father was rich. A builder. Tough and serious.

But Donald... was different.

He wanted more than money.

He wanted fame.

He started with real estate. Apartments. Hotels. Casinos.

But soon... he became the product.

He was on magazine covers. In gossip stories. On TV shows. Loud, bold, always talking.

People asked, “Is it all real?”

He smiled and said, “It doesn’t matter.”

Then came *The Apprentice*.

A reality show... where he sat at a big desk, pointed a finger, and said, “You’re fired!”

Millions watched. Every week.

He became a symbol. Of money. Of power. Of winning.

People said, “He’s a businessman. He gets things done.”

But behind the scenes... many of his businesses failed.

Still, he kept going. Kept performing. Like a magician with mirrors and smoke.

And then... he said the one thing no one expected.

“I’m running for president.”

At first, they laughed.

He had no political experience. No plan. Just a voice. Loud. Sharp. Always on the attack.

But that voice... hit something deep.

He spoke to people who felt forgotten. Angry. Lost.

He said, “We don’t win anymore.”

He said, “Make America great again.”

Some were shocked. Others cheered.

The show... had just begun.

He used Twitter like a weapon.

One sentence. One insult. One nickname — and the whole world paid attention.

He didn’t follow the rules. He made new ones.

When he walked into a room... he took all the air with him.

When he lost? He blamed someone else.

When he won? He made it bigger than life.

He wasn't just playing the game.

He *was* the game.

In 2016, he won.

The world gasped.

Some cried. Some celebrated.

Trump smiled.

"I alone can fix it," he said.

Four years. Full of noise. Scandals. Shouts. Tweets.

He changed the way power looked. The way it sounded. The way it felt.

He didn't try to unite. He pushed people apart — then stood in the middle.

Watching. Controlling. Feeding off the fight.

Then... 2020.

A virus. A global crisis. Protests in the streets.

People were dying. The country was breaking.

Trump... kept talking.

Some said he was saving the country. Others said he was tearing it apart.

The election came.

He lost.

But he said, “No. It was stolen.”

His followers believed him.

And on January 6th, 2021... they stormed the Capitol.

The showman had shaken the system.

Some called it genius. Others called it dangerous.

But one thing was true...

He changed the game — forever.

And he’s still not done.



Chapter 3: The Spy

He was a small boy... with big eyes.

Born in Leningrad — now called St. Petersburg — during hard times.

The city was still broken after war. The buildings were gray. The streets were cold.

Food was scarce. Life was tough.

But young Vladimir Putin... didn't complain.

He fought with boys in the stairwells. He learned to be fast. To be strong.

To never back down.

He once said, "If a fight is coming, hit first."

He watched spy movies. Read books about secret agents.

He didn't want to be a hero in the spotlight.

He wanted to work in the shadows.

To know everything — before others knew anything.

At 23, he joined the **KGB** — the Soviet Union's secret police.

They trained him to lie. To listen. To disappear.

He learned how to make people talk... and how to make them silent.

They sent him to East Germany.

Not to fight. But to watch.

To take names. Collect secrets. Control people — without being seen.

He wasn't famous.

He wasn't rich.

But he was learning one thing: **Power doesn't ask. It listens, waits... then acts.**

Then came 1991. The Soviet Union collapsed.

Putin came home. The system he served... was gone.

Russia was weak. Poor. Lost.

People waited in long lines for bread.

Old men begged on the street.

The dream was broken.

But Putin... saw an opportunity.

He moved into politics. Quietly.

Not with speeches. But with connections.

He helped those in power... and they helped him back.

One man rose. Then another fell.

And Putin climbed, step by step.

In 1999... the president needed someone loyal.

Not too famous. Not too strong. A man who would obey.

He chose Putin.

But the spy had his own plan.

Soon after, the president resigned — and handed Putin the keys.

Just like that... the quiet man from the shadows became **president of Russia**.

He promised order. Pride. Strength.

He showed pictures of soldiers. Tanks. Russian flags.

He said, “I will make Russia powerful again.”

And many believed him.

But his enemies... they started to disappear.

A businessman... jailed.

A journalist... shot.

A spy... poisoned.

Putin denied it all.

He said, “The West lies about Russia. They want to stop us.”

And the people, tired of chaos, stayed silent... or nodded.

He stayed in power.

Year after year.

President. Prime Minister. Then president again.

He changed laws. Changed rules.

Until the game fit him perfectly.

He built a system around one belief:

Trust no one. Fear everyone. Win at all costs.

And when other countries pushed back?

He pushed harder.

In Georgia. In Crimea. In Ukraine.

Each time, he said, “We are protecting our people.”

Each time... the world grew more afraid.

Today, Vladimir Putin rules with silence and steel.

Still watching. Still waiting. Still striking first.

The spy who never left the shadows.

Only now... the whole world sees him.



Chapter 4: The Mask Falls

Power changes people.

Or maybe... power shows who they really are.

Xi. Trump. Putin.

Three men. Three paths.

But now... all at the top.

And when the mask comes off...
the world sees what lies beneath.

Xi Jinping.

He speaks softly. Slowly. Almost like a teacher.
But behind his voice... is silence.

Heavy silence.

No loud arguments. No public fights.
Just rules. Walls. Cameras.

Every phone... watched.
Every word... recorded.
Every move... followed.

He says, "Stability is peace."
But peace... feels like fear.

People disappear. Journalists, artists, students.

No one knows where they go.

Sometimes they return.

Sometimes they don't.

And still, Xi smiles on state TV.

He waves. He visits farmers. He says, "The people trust me."

Maybe they do.

Or maybe they don't speak... because they can't.

Donald Trump.

He doesn't hide.

He shouts.

He points fingers. Breaks rules. Tells the world, "Only I can fix it."

His words hit like bullets — fast, sharp, loud.

Twitter became his sword.

"Fake news!"

"Loser!"

"Enemy of the people!"

Some laughed. Some cheered.

Others cried.

He didn't try to calm the fire.

He *was* the fire.

He said what others wouldn't say.

Or couldn't say.

But the more he talked...

the more the country split.

Red and blue. Us and them.

Friend or enemy. No in-between.

He called that “strength.”

But many just felt tired.

Worried. Alone.

Vladimir Putin.

Still quiet. Still watching. Still deadly.

He doesn't shout.

He doesn't tweet.

He doesn't need to.

His power is colder. Slower. Deeper.

He controls with fear... and the memory of fear.

People know what not to say.

What not to ask.

Where not to go.

Journalists die. Protesters vanish.

And still... his face stays the same.

No anger. No joy. Just control.

Always control.

Each man leads in his own way.

Xi — with silence.

Trump — with noise.

Putin — with shadows.

But the effect... is the same.

The people change.

Some stand taller.

Most stay low.

Some speak louder.

Others whisper... or stop speaking at all.

Power doesn't only shape the leader.

It shapes the country.

The spirit.

The future.

And when a leader shows his true face...

The people learn who they really live under.

This is not just politics.

It's personal.

It's daily life.

It's what you read.

What you say.

What you fear.

And who you become.

Chapter 5: Clash of Titans

They don't shake hands easily.

They smile... but the eyes stay cold.

Because under the suits, the flags, the cameras...
these men are not just leaders.

They are rivals.

They are threats.

They are... Titans.

Xi. Trump. Putin.

Three men.

Three worlds.

And one global stage.

It starts with **words**.

A speech.

A tweet.

A warning.

Then — a **move**.

A trade barrier. A sanction. A military drill.

Each one pushes the other.

Each one answers.

Sometimes... with silence.

Sometimes... with fire.

Trump says, “China is cheating us!”

He raises tariffs.

China hits back.

Farmers suffer. Prices rise. But Trump says, “We’re winning!”

Xi stays calm.

But behind the scenes... he prepares.

New partners. New deals.

New weapons.

Because in Xi’s world — you never show fear.

Then Putin steps in.

Not with soldiers at first... but with hackers.

A virus here. A leak there.

An election?

Suddenly... people don’t trust the results.

Putin smiles and says, “Russia? No, not us.”

But everyone knows the game.

He plays it better than most.

And still, Trump says, “Putin respects strength.”

Xi says, “We want peace... but we are not weak.”

Putin says nothing...

Just moves his troops.

Allies start to shift.

Old friendships break.

New ones form — fast, strange, dangerous.

Leaders watch closely.

“What will the U.S. do?”

“Is China planning something?”

“Will Russia invade?”

The air is heavy with questions...

and fear.

In 2020, the world faces a pandemic.

Instead of coming together — the Titans pull apart.

Each blames the other.

China hides.

The U.S. argues.

Russia waits.

The virus spreads faster than any army.

But the leaders keep fighting their own battles.

And people suffer.

Later — in 2022 — the world changes again.

Russia invades Ukraine.

Tanks roll. Cities burn.

People run. Or die.

Putin calls it “a special operation.”

The world calls it war.

Xi watches. He doesn’t speak much.

But he doesn’t stop Putin either.

Trump? He’s out of office.

But still loud. Still speaking. Still dividing.

The game becomes darker.

Nuclear threats.

Cyber attacks.

Drones in the sky.

Each man says, “I am protecting my country.”

But behind the words... is ego.

Pride. Fear. Power.

The world holds its breath.

One mistake. One missile. One lie — and it all could fall apart.

Because when Titans clash...

it’s not just about them.

It’s about **all of us**.

Three men.

Each sure he’s right.

Each afraid to look weak.

Each willing to risk everything — to win.

But in this game...

What does *winning* even mean?



Chapter 6: The Endgame

In the end... it's not just about power.

It's about *what they leave behind*.

Xi. Trump. Putin.

Three strongmen.

Each with a dream.

Each with a fear.

Each with a plan that goes far beyond today.

Xi Jinping wants control.

Not just now — forever.

He rewrites history books.

He removes limits on his rule.

He tells the people, “China is rising — and I will lead it.”

But deep down... maybe he fears what happens *after* him.

Will his system survive?

Will someone change it back?

Or... will they erase his name?

He wants more than power.

He wants *legacy*.

A place in history. A name that lasts forever.

Donald Trump wants attention.

Loyalty. Love.

He still holds rallies.

Still speaks to crowds.

Still says, “I won once. I’ll win again.”

Some believe him.

Some follow him like a star.

But others say, “He can’t let go.”

Maybe they’re right.

Because for Trump... stepping away means becoming *silent*.

And for a man who built his life on noise... silence is death.

Vladimir Putin wants safety.

Not just for Russia — but for himself.

He sees enemies everywhere.

In the West.

In his country.

Even in his own circle.

He stays in power because he must.

If he stops — he falls.

And falling means prison.

Or worse.

He wants to stay feared.

Because fear, to him... is the only kind of safety.

But here’s the truth...

Time is coming.

The body weakens. The world changes.

And even the strongest men... can't stop the clock.

So what happens when they fall?

When the show ends?

When the spy fades, the showman steps back, the princeling vanishes?

Maybe chaos.

Maybe peace.

Maybe something in between.

Xi has built a system of silence.

But one voice — one crack — could break it.

Trump has millions who follow him.

But when the cameras turn off... will they stay?

Putin holds his country with fear.

But fear can turn. Fast. Hard. Violent.

And we — the rest of the world —

We watch.

We wait.

We wonder...

What comes next?

Because these men have shaped our time.

With words. With war. With will.

They've drawn lines on maps.

Lines in minds.

Lines between people.

And now, those lines may break...

Or they may burn.

This is the endgame.

Not just for them —

but for the world they built.

So we ask:

What do we want?

More strongmen?

More fear?

Or something new?

The story is not finished.

And the future...

is still being written.



THE END

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