

# **Trump and Putin A New World Order**

by WooEnglish

A Graded Reader for B1 English Learners



## **Chapter 1: “America First... Again?”**

The world watches...

A bright stage. A thousand cameras. Journalists sit with their pens ready, their fingers hovering over keyboards. The air is thick with tension. The President of the United States steps forward. His suit is crisp. His hair, the same golden color. His eyes, sharp. He leans into the microphone... and speaks.

"The United States will not be the world's police anymore!"

Gasps. A few cheers. A few whispers. Some faces freeze. Others frown.

Donald Trump lifts his chin. He enjoys the moment. He waits for silence, then continues. "We will focus on our country. Our economy. Our borders. Our people."

He pauses. Then, the final blow... "That means... no more military aid to Ukraine."

The room erupts.

Journalists fire questions. Cameras flash. Some people clap. Others shake their heads.

Ukraine? Alone?

The news spreads like wildfire. Within minutes, TV screens around the world show the same words:

"U.S. Cuts Military Aid to Ukraine. Trump Says, ‘America First.’"

The reaction? Immediate.

Berlin. London. Paris. NATO leaders wake up to chaos. The phone calls start. What does this mean? Is Ukraine in danger? Will Russia take advantage? Some leaders say they must act now. Others... hesitate.

And in Moscow?

Putin watches the announcement on a large screen. He sits in his grand office. No reaction. No words. Just a small smile.

His advisors look at him. They wait. But Putin says nothing. He simply leans back in his chair... and thinks.

One move. One decision. And the world has changed.

In Kyiv, the capital of Ukraine, the news arrives fast.

Soldiers listen in silence. They check their weapons. Their supplies. Their fuel.

A general walks into a room filled with military officers. He slams his fist on the table. "We cannot win this war alone!" His voice is rough, filled with anger.

A younger officer, no older than thirty, looks up. His face is pale. His voice is quiet. "What do we do now?"

Silence.

Ukraine has fought for years. They have lost soldiers, cities, families. The people have suffered. And now?

Now, the United States—their strongest ally—has turned away.

The general sighs. "We wait."

Back in Washington, reporters chase White House officials down hallways.

"Why this decision?"

"Will Ukraine survive?"

"Is America abandoning its allies?"

The White House press secretary stands at the podium. She is calm. She speaks slowly.

"President Trump has made it clear. The United States cannot solve every problem in the world."

A journalist shouts from the back. "But Russia—"

She raises a hand. "The President believes in diplomacy."

Some reporters nod. Others shake their heads. But one thing is clear...

The world is changing.

A day passes. Then two. Then three.

European leaders hold emergency meetings. NATO officials discuss options. Some leaders say: "We must send help." Others say: "We cannot fight Russia."

And in Moscow?

Putin moves carefully. No quick decisions. No sudden actions. He calls a meeting with his top advisors. They sit around a long, dark table. Maps and reports cover the surface.

One general, a man with silver hair and cold eyes, speaks first. "Ukraine is weak. Now is the time to push forward."

Another advisor shakes his head. "Not yet."

Putin listens. His fingers tap the table... slowly. Finally, he speaks. His voice is quiet but strong. "Patience."

The room falls silent. His advisors nod. They understand. Putin is playing the long game.

And across the world... people wait.

Wait for the next move.

Wait for the next decision.

Wait for history to be written.

In America, the people are divided.

Some celebrate. "Trump is right! We must take care of our own country!"

Others protest. "Abandoning Ukraine is dangerous! Russia will grow stronger!"

News channels argue. Social media explodes. Every voice is loud. Every opinion is different.

And Trump?

He is calm. He sits in the Oval Office, watching the headlines roll in. His advisors stand beside him.

One of them speaks carefully. "Sir... NATO is worried. Some leaders are angry. Others are scared."

Trump waves a hand. "They'll be fine."

"Ukraine?"

Trump sighs. He leans back in his chair. He picks up a pen, twirls it between his fingers. He looks at his advisor and says...

"Let's see what happens."

Across the ocean, in Kyiv...

A woman stands near a broken building. She holds the hand of a small child. The air is cold. The streets are quiet. She looks up at the sky... as if waiting for an answer.

But no answer comes.

Just silence.

And the world watches.



## **Chapter 2: “Putin’s Grand Chessboard”**

Moscow... a cold winter’s night.

Snow falls gently over Red Square. The Kremlin stands tall, its red walls dark against the night sky. Inside, behind thick glass windows and heavy doors, Vladimir Putin sits in silence. A fire burns in the corner, casting shadows on the walls. A television screen flickers, showing Trump’s speech from hours ago.

"No more military aid to Ukraine."

Putin leans forward. He presses a button on the remote. The video pauses. The screen freezes on Trump’s face. A smirk forms on Putin’s lips.

He already knew this was coming.

A man enters the room. He is tall, dressed in a dark suit. He walks carefully, waiting for permission to speak. Putin waves a hand. The man clears his throat.

"The Americans are divided, sir. The Europeans are in shock."

Putin nods. He already knows this too.

"And Ukraine?" Putin asks, his voice low.

"They are afraid," the man answers. "They are asking for help... but no one is answering."

Silence.

Putin leans back in his chair. His fingers tap lightly on the wooden desk. He looks at the map spread out before him—Russia, Ukraine, the West. So many borders. So many possibilities.

A long game. A careful game.

He is patient.

He does not need to act now.

His advisors wait for his decision. But Putin does not speak. He simply studies the map... thinking.

Across the world, leaders react.

In London, the Prime Minister calls an emergency meeting. In Berlin, the German Chancellor meets with NATO officials. In Paris, diplomats rush to find a solution.

"We cannot let Russia gain more power," one leader says.

"But without the U.S., what can we do?" another asks.

They argue. They worry. They look to Washington. But Washington is quiet.

And Putin?

He waits.

In the Middle East, Russia moves quietly.



An airport in Tehran. Russian diplomats step off a private plane. Iranian officials greet them with warm smiles. They shake hands, whisper words of agreement. A deal is in progress.

Russia offers weapons. Oil. Support. In return, Iran offers influence. Power.

The United States is distracted. The world is focused on Ukraine. No one is watching Moscow's next move.

Or so they think.

In Beijing, China watches closely.

A meeting is held behind closed doors. Government officials speak in hushed voices. A large screen shows news from Europe. From Washington. From Moscow.

China does not trust the United States. But it does not fully trust Russia either.

So, it waits.

Putin knows this. He respects it. China, like Russia, plays the long game. No fast moves. No sudden actions. Only strategy.

And Trump?

He plays a different game. A loud game. A bold game.

But sometimes, Putin thinks, a quiet strategy is more dangerous than a loud one.

In Kyiv, the streets are cold.

People gather in small cafés, their eyes fixed on television screens. The news repeats the same words:

"The U.S. will no longer send military aid."

A man shakes his head. "We are alone."

A woman wipes a tear from her eye. "No. We still have Europe."

But do they?

Without the United States, Ukraine is weaker. Russia knows it. NATO knows it. The whole world knows it.

The fear grows.

Inside the Kremlin, Putin finally speaks.

"We move forward... but slowly."

His advisors nod. No sudden attacks. No fast decisions. Only small steps.

A military exercise near Ukraine's border. A meeting with Iran. A new trade deal with China.

Each move... calculated.

Each step... planned.

Putin does not need to rush. The world is already moving in his favor.

And so, he waits.

Waits for the next mistake.

Waits for the next opportunity.

Waits for the moment when the game is his to win.



### **Chapter 3: “The Ukraine Gamble”**

Kyiv trembles.

The streets are quiet. Snow falls on broken sidewalks. People walk fast, their heads low, their hands deep in their pockets. The air is cold... but the fear is colder.

Inside a small café, a television flickers. The news repeats the same words again and again.

"The United States will no longer send military aid to Ukraine."

A man sits near the window. His tea is untouched. His hands shake. He stares at the screen, his face pale.

"They have abandoned us," he whispers.

An old woman at the counter shakes her head. "No," she says softly. "We still have Europe."

But do they?

Across the city, soldiers sit inside military bases. They listen to the news in silence. Some hold their weapons. Others hold their breath. They know what this means.

Less support. Less equipment. Less hope.

A commander stands in front of them. His voice is strong, but his eyes are tired. "We fight with what we have," he says. "We do not stop."

The soldiers nod. They have no other choice.

In Washington, reporters chase government officials down long hallways.

"Why pull out now?"

"Is Ukraine in danger?"

"Does this mean Russia has won?"

The White House press secretary stands before flashing cameras. She speaks slowly.  
Carefully.

"The President has made it clear... America's focus is at home."

A journalist raises his hand. "And Putin?"

She pauses. "We believe in diplomacy."

But diplomacy does not stop tanks. Diplomacy does not stop war.

And everyone knows it.

In Moscow, Putin watches.

The news plays in his office. His advisors sit around a large table. A map of Ukraine lies open in front of them. Cities are marked. Borders are drawn.

One general speaks. "Without the U.S., Ukraine is weak."

Another nods. "NATO will hesitate."

Putin listens. He does not speak. His fingers tap lightly on the table.

A third advisor leans forward. "We should move now."

Putin looks at him. His expression is calm. Cold. He does not agree. Not yet.

"Patience," he says.

The room falls silent.

Putin does not need to attack. He only needs to wait.

Wait for Ukraine to break.

Wait for NATO to divide.

Wait for the perfect moment to strike.

In Brussels, NATO leaders meet. The room is full. The air is tense.

"What do we do?" someone asks.

No one answers.

Germany is cautious. France is uncertain. The United Kingdom wants action.

Some leaders say, "We must send more weapons!" Others say, "We cannot fight Russia!"

No decision is made. No plan is clear.

And time is running out.

In Kyiv, the President of Ukraine speaks to his people. His voice is steady, but his eyes show the weight he carries.

"We are strong. We will not give up."

Crowds gather in the streets. People wave flags. They sing. They pray. They hold each other tightly.

But behind the hope... there is fear.

Ukraine has fought alone before.

But can it survive... without the world's help?

No one knows.

And the world holds its breath.



## **Chapter 4: “The Art of the No Deal”**

The White House press room is full.

Reporters sit shoulder to shoulder. Cameras are ready. The lights are bright. The air is heavy with tension. Everyone is waiting. Waiting for answers. Waiting for clarity.

A door opens. The White House press secretary steps forward. She adjusts the microphone. A pause. Then she speaks.

"The President has made his decision. The United States will not send military aid to Ukraine. We will not escalate tensions with Russia."

The room erupts.

"What does this mean for NATO?"

"Will Ukraine survive?"

"Is America abandoning its allies?"

The press secretary raises a hand. "The President believes in putting America first."

The questions keep coming. She does not answer them all. She cannot. The world wants certainty, but today, there is none.

The reporters leave, their voices full of frustration. The headlines are already written. The debate has begun.

In Congress, senators argue.

"This is reckless!" one shouts. "We cannot leave Ukraine alone!"



"No," another replies. "Trump is right. America has problems at home."

The room is divided. Some politicians praise Trump's decision. Others call it a disaster.

Outside, protesters gather. Some wave American flags. Others wave Ukrainian flags. They chant. They shout.

"Support Ukraine!"

"America first!"

The country is split.

On television, experts debate. One analyst leans forward, his voice serious. "Trump is changing American foreign policy completely."

Another shakes her head. "Or he's destroying it."

The arguments continue. But Trump?

He is not listening.

Inside the Oval Office, Trump sits at his desk. His advisors stand around him. The mood is tense.

One advisor clears his throat. "Mr. President, NATO is concerned. The European leaders—"

Trump waves a hand. "They'll be fine."

Another speaks. "Ukraine is in danger. If Russia moves—"

Trump leans back. He clasps his hands. "That's not our problem."

Silence.

An advisor shifts uncomfortably. "Sir... are you sure about this?"

Trump nods. "Deals don't work when you give everything away. Ukraine needs to figure this out. Europe needs to figure this out. We're not sending a blank check."

The meeting ends. His advisors leave.

Trump picks up his phone. Scrolls through the news. Smiles. He knows people are talking. He knows they are watching.

And that's exactly how he likes it.

Across the ocean, NATO leaders meet in Brussels.

The room is tense. The United States has stepped back. What now?

Germany wants diplomacy. France wants to wait. Poland wants action. The United Kingdom is unsure.

"Can we stop Russia alone?" someone asks.

No answer.

They turn to the NATO Secretary-General. He looks at them, his face serious. "We must stay united."

But the question remains: Without the U.S., is NATO strong enough?

In Kyiv, the news spreads fast.

The President of Ukraine stands before the cameras. His face is calm, but his hands grip the podium.

"We are strong. We will fight. But we need our allies."

The people listen. Some nod. Some cry. Others shake their heads in frustration.

A woman in a small shop watches the speech on a television. She turns to her husband.

"We cannot fight Russia alone."

Her husband sighs. "Then we don't fight. We surrender."

She looks at him, her eyes full of fire. "Never."

Across the country, young men line up outside military centers. They sign papers. They take oaths.

They are ready.

But they do not know if it will be enough.

In Moscow, Putin meets his advisors.

"Trump has changed the game," one says.

"He has given us an opportunity," another adds.

Putin listens. He is quiet. Calm. Thinking.

Finally, he speaks. "We will move... but slowly."

He does not need to act today. He does not need to act tomorrow.

He only needs to wait.

The longer he waits, the weaker Ukraine becomes. The more divided NATO becomes.  
The more powerful Russia becomes.

The chessboard is set. The pieces are moving.

And Putin?

He is always three moves ahead.

In Washington, night falls.

Trump turns off his phone. The news is still talking about him. The world is still reacting.

But he is not worried.

To him, this is not about war. Not about Ukraine. Not about Russia.

This is about winning. About control.

And in Trump's world, every deal has a price.

Tonight, Ukraine pays the price.

Tomorrow?

No one knows.

And the world watches.



## **Chapter 5: “Enemies... or Just Business?”**

The cameras flash. The room is full. Journalists wait, pens ready, voices low. A press conference is about to begin.

Donald Trump steps forward. His suit is perfect. His tie, bright red. He looks around the room. Then, he smiles.

"We want peace with everyone," he says. "Even Russia. Especially Russia."

A pause. A moment to let the words sink in.

A reporter raises a hand. "Mr. President, are you saying you trust Putin?"

Trump shakes his head. "No, I don't trust anyone. But business is business."

Another question. "So... is Putin an enemy?"

Trump tilts his head. "Maybe. Maybe not. We'll see."

The room stirs. Journalists whisper. More questions.

But Trump is done. He waves, steps back, and leaves.

The headlines write themselves.

"Trump: Putin is Not an Enemy."

"U.S.-Russia Relations: A Business Deal?"

"The World Holds Its Breath."

In Moscow, Putin watches.

The television screen shows Trump's words. The subtitles translate them into Russian. His advisors sit around him. They wait for his reaction.

He says nothing. His face is calm. His hands rest on the table.

A long silence. Then, finally, he speaks.

"Trump is playing a game," he says. "So are we."

One advisor nods. "Should we respond?"

Putin takes a sip of tea. "Not yet."

He stands, walks to the window. The Kremlin towers over the city. Snow falls, soft and slow.

"America is divided," he says. "Trump is alone. We don't need to fight him."

Another pause.

"We only need to wait."

In Washington, the debate begins.

The news channels explode. Some say Trump is weak. Others say he is smart.

A senator speaks on live television. "Russia is not our friend! Trump is making a mistake!"

A businessman shakes his head. "No, this is strategy. He's keeping America out of war."

Social media is on fire. Some people post American flags. Others post warnings about Russia.

No one agrees.

And Trump?

He watches from the White House. His phone in his hand. The tweets, the comments, the debates.

He smiles. He loves the attention.

As long as people are talking about him, he is winning.

In Brussels, NATO leaders sit in a cold, grey room. The air is tense. The table is long, covered in papers, reports, maps.

"Trump is not with us anymore," one leader says.

"Then we must stand together," another replies.

But can they?

Without the United States, NATO is weaker.

And Putin knows it.

In Kyiv, the news is everywhere.

People gather in cafes, watching television screens. The President of Ukraine prepares a speech. His face is serious. His voice, steady.

"We cannot do this alone," he says. "We need our allies. We need support."

But will they come?

A young soldier listens to the speech. His uniform is new. His hands are tight fists.

He turns to his commander. "What happens now?"

The commander looks at him.

"We wait."

Back in Moscow, a phone call is made.

It is not loud. Not public. Not on the news.

It is private. Quiet. Careful.

A Russian diplomat speaks to an American businessman. They discuss oil, trade, investments.

No mention of war. No mention of Ukraine.

Just business.

And somewhere, far from the cameras, Putin smiles.

Because he knows something that the world is still trying to understand.

To him, power is not about weapons. Not about war.



Power is about patience.

And he has all the time in the world.

Before we begin Chapter 6, a quick note for our listeners: You're currently listening to this audiobook on Wooenglish. Remember, this content is specially made for Wooenglish listeners only. If you're hearing it on any other channel, it may be a violation of Wooenglish's rights. Please ensure you're tuned into the right source to fully enjoy and respect this audiobook journey. Now, let's continue the story



## Chapter 6: “The Allies’ Dilemma”

Berlin. London. Paris.

The sun rises over Europe, but the world feels darker.

Phones ring in government offices. Leaders wake up to urgent messages. Their advisors whisper the same words—Trump has changed everything.

In Berlin, the Chancellor stands by the window. The city below is quiet. But inside her office, voices argue.

"We must act," one minister says. "Ukraine needs us."

Another shakes his head. "Without the U.S., we are weak."

The Chancellor listens. She does not speak. Not yet.

She knows this is a moment of decision. A moment that will shape history.

But what is the right move?

In London, the Prime Minister walks into a meeting room. His face is tired. His advisors wait.

"NATO depends on the U.S.," one says. "Without them, are we strong enough?"

"We have no choice," another replies. "If we let Russia win, what comes next?"

The Prime Minister rubs his forehead. He does not like this game.

Diplomacy. War. Strategy.

Each step is dangerous. Each decision has a cost.

And time is running out.

In Paris, the President of France stares at a document. A report from NATO. It lists Ukraine's military supplies.

The numbers are not good.

Not enough weapons. Not enough soldiers.

And now? No help from America.

An advisor speaks. "We must talk to Moscow."

Another shakes his head. "Putin does not want peace. He wants power."

The President sighs. Europe is divided. Some want war. Some want diplomacy.

But no one agrees.

And Putin?

He is watching. Waiting.

In Brussels, NATO meets. The leaders sit around a long table. The air is thick with tension.

"We need to stand together," the NATO Secretary-General says.

"But how?" a Polish leader asks. "We cannot fight Russia alone."

Silence.

A German official clears his throat. "Maybe... we send more weapons. More money. We help Ukraine, but carefully."

The British leader nods. "Yes. Quietly. Without war."

But is that enough?

One leader stands. His voice is strong. "If we do nothing, Russia will win."

Another replies, "And if we push too hard, we start a war we cannot win."

NATO is afraid.

Afraid of war. Afraid of doing too little. Afraid of doing too much.

For years, they have relied on America. But now?

Now, they are alone.

And the world can see it.

In Moscow, Putin meets with his top advisors.

A general speaks first. "Europe is weak. This is our chance."

Another official nods. "They argue. They are afraid. They are not ready to fight."

Putin listens. His fingers tap the table. His face shows no emotion.

He already knows this.

He knows that fear is stronger than war.

He knows that hesitation is a weakness.

He does not need to attack.

He only needs to let Europe destroy itself.

One decision at a time.

In Washington, Trump watches the news. Reports from NATO. Reports from Moscow.  
Reports from Ukraine.

His advisors wait for his reaction.

He leans back in his chair. Crosses his arms. Smiles.

"They're arguing, aren't they?"

An advisor nods. "Yes, sir. NATO is divided."

Trump chuckles. "Good. Let them figure it out."

Another advisor shifts in his seat. "Mr. President... are you sure this is the right move?"

Trump raises an eyebrow. "Why should we always be the ones saving everyone?"

No one answers.

Trump takes out his phone. Scrolls through the news. He already knows what people are saying.

Some call him a genius. Others call him a fool.

But he doesn't care.

To him, this is just another deal.

Another game.

And he intends to win.

In Kyiv, the people wait.

The President of Ukraine stands before the cameras. His voice is steady. His eyes, tired.

"We will not stop fighting," he says. "But we need help."

A mother watches from her small kitchen. Her son sits beside her. He is 18. Old enough to fight.

She grips his hand. "Do you have to go?"

He does not answer.

Because they both know the truth.

There is no choice.

Ukraine fights alone.

And the world is still deciding if it will help.

In Moscow, Putin sips his tea.

He glances at a map of Europe. His advisors wait for his decision.

"Not yet," he says.

He will not move too fast.

He will let Europe argue. Let NATO hesitate.

Then, when the time is right...

He will strike.

And by then?

It may already be too late.



## **Chapter 7: “The Iran Factor”**

The plane lands in Tehran. The wheels touch the ground, slow, then stop. The door opens. A gust of warm desert air rushes inside. A group of men steps out. Their suits are dark. Their faces serious. They move quickly, without hesitation.

At the front of the group is Sergey Lavrov, Russia’s Foreign Minister. Behind him, Russian diplomats follow. Iranian officials wait nearby, their expressions calm, unreadable. They shake hands, exchange polite greetings.

Cameras flash. Journalists whisper. This is unexpected. A surprise visit. A secret meeting... until now.

The world is watching.

Inside the presidential palace, the doors close. The meeting begins.

Putin is not here. He does not need to be. His message is already clear.

Russia is ready to work with Iran.

And the United States?

It is stepping back.

In Washington, the news spreads fast.

Advisors rush into the Oval Office. Trump sits behind his desk, reading a report. His expression does not change.



An advisor speaks first. "Sir, Russia is making deals with Iran."

Trump shrugs. "So?"

Another advisor leans forward. "Sir, Iran is dangerous. We can't let Russia control the Middle East."

Trump sighs. He leans back in his chair. "We spent years in the Middle East. Billions of dollars. What did we get?"

Silence.

An advisor clears his throat. "But if Russia takes over—"

Trump waves his hand. "Let them have it."

The room is quiet. No one knows what to say.

For years, the U.S. was the most powerful force in the Middle East. Now, Trump is walking away.

And Russia?

It is stepping in.

In Tehran, the meeting continues.

Lavrov sits across from Iranian leaders. A map is on the table. Oil fields. Trade routes. Military bases.

Iranian officials speak first. "We want guarantees. Security. Support."

Lavrov nods. "And in return?"

The Iranian President leans forward. "Oil. Cooperation. Influence."

The deal is simple. Russia will support Iran. Iran will support Russia.

And the United States?

It is no longer part of the conversation.

In Israel, the Prime Minister watches the news. His hands tighten into fists.

"This is bad," his military chief says.

Israel has always seen Iran as a threat. A powerful, dangerous enemy. Now, with Russia's support, Iran is even stronger.

The Prime Minister picks up the phone. He calls Washington. The line rings.

A voice answers.

"We need to talk," the Prime Minister says. "Now."

In Moscow, Putin listens to his advisors.

One speaks carefully. "The Americans are nervous."

Putin nods. He already knows this.

Another advisor smiles. "They are not stopping us. They are too busy fighting each other."

Putin does not smile. He does not celebrate too soon.

He knows this is a long game.

But one thing is clear.

The world's balance is shifting.

And Russia?

Russia is winning.

In Washington, Trump walks onto the White House lawn. Reporters gather. Microphones are ready.

A journalist shouts. "Mr. President, are you worried about Russia and Iran?"

Trump stops. He looks at the reporter. He tilts his head.

"No," he says. "Not our problem."

The reporters are shocked. Some start yelling more questions.

Trump smirks. "We're not going to fight every war. We're not going to waste money on things that don't help America."

He turns. Walks away.

And just like that... the press conference is over.

In Tehran, Lavrov stands to leave. The deal is done.

A final handshake. A nod. A promise.

Outside, the city is alive with noise. Cars honk. People talk. Life moves forward.

But something is different.

A shift. A change.

The United States is stepping back.

And Russia?

Russia is stepping forward.

In Washington, a military general watches the news. His jaw tightens.

He turns to an aide. "If we let this continue, Russia will control the Middle East."

The aide nods. "Yes, sir."

A pause. Then the general speaks again.

"We need a new strategy."

But is there still time?

And does Trump even want one?

No one knows.

And the world watches.



## **Chapter 8: “The New Cold War... or the End of It?”**

The world is waiting.

No missiles. No tanks. No explosions.

Just silence.

A long pause before the next move.

The United States watches Russia. Russia watches the United States. Neither side speaks first.

A new war, but not with weapons.

A war of patience.

A war of power.

A war of control.

In Washington, Trump sits at his desk. His advisors stand in front of him. They are tense.

One of them speaks. "Sir, Russia is gaining power. They are growing stronger in the Middle East. They are growing stronger in Europe."

Trump does not look up. "So?"

The advisor hesitates. "Sir, this could be another Cold War."

Trump leans back. He taps his fingers on the table.

"No," he says. "A Cold War means we care. I don't care."

The room falls silent.

One advisor clears his throat. "Sir, NATO is concerned."

Trump shrugs. "Then let NATO do something."

No one speaks. No one moves.

Trump sighs. "We're not playing the same game anymore."

He stands up.

The meeting is over.

In Moscow, Putin reads a report. It details Trump's latest speech. His latest decision.

Or lack of one.

An advisor stands beside him. "He does not react, sir."

Putin nods. "He is unpredictable."

"Is this good or bad?" the advisor asks.

Putin does not answer. He only stares at the map on his desk. His fingers trace the borders of Europe, of the Middle East, of Ukraine.

Trump is not stopping him.

But Trump is also not playing by the old rules.

This is not the Cold War that Russia expected.

This is something new.

In Berlin, NATO leaders meet again.

The room is cold. The voices are tired. The arguments are the same.

"We need to act!" one leader says.

"We cannot act alone," another replies.

No decisions. No unity.

Russia is moving forward. The United States is stepping back.

And NATO?

NATO is frozen.

In Kyiv, the President of Ukraine speaks to his people. His voice is steady, but his hands grip the podium.

"We must prepare for the worst. We must prepare to stand alone."

Some people cheer. Some people cry. Others simply walk away, saying nothing.

They have heard these words before.

They are tired.

Tired of waiting.

Tired of hoping.

Tired of being a pawn in someone else's game.

In Beijing, China watches.

A quiet observer. A careful listener.

China does not trust the United States.

China does not trust Russia.

So, it waits.

Waits to see who will break first.

Waits to see who will make the next mistake.

China is patient.

More patient than the West.

More patient than Russia.

And in this new war, patience is the most powerful weapon of all.

In Washington, a reporter asks a question.

"Mr. President, are we in a Cold War with Russia?"

Trump smiles. "No. Cold Wars are boring."

The reporters laugh, but nervously. They don't know if he is joking.

"Then what is this?" someone asks.

Trump shrugs. "Let's see what happens."

The press conference ends.

The news spreads across the world.

Some people fear war.

Some people fear nothing at all.

And others?

They start to wonder...

Could this actually lead to peace?

In Moscow, Putin closes his eyes. He listens to the silence.

No missiles.

No tanks.

No direct threats.

Just a long, quiet pause.

For now.

But silence does not mean peace.

It only means waiting.

And Putin is very, very good at waiting.





## Chapter 9: “The Breaking Point”

The sun is rising over Eastern Europe. The air is cold. The ground is frozen.  
But something is moving in the distance.  
Soldiers.

Hundreds of them.  
They march through the snow, their boots heavy against the ground. Their breath is visible in the freezing air. Their weapons are ready.

The Russian flag flies above them.  
A new offensive. A new line crossed.  
Ukraine’s border is no longer just a line on a map.  
It is a battlefield.

In Kyiv, sirens wail.  
People run to shelters. Mothers hold their children. Fathers grip their phones, waiting for news.

The President of Ukraine stands in his office. His face is pale. His hands press against the desk. He has been awake all night.  
An advisor enters. His voice is urgent. "Sir, the Russians have moved past the border."  
The President nods. He expected this.

"What about NATO?" he asks.  
The advisor looks down. "Still debating."  
A long silence.

Then the President speaks. "Then we fight alone."

In Washington, the news arrives.

Trump is in a meeting when an aide rushes in. He holds a folder in his hands. His face is tense.

"Mr. President, Russia has attacked Ukraine."

Trump leans back in his chair. He does not speak at first.

An advisor steps forward. "Sir, we need a response. NATO is waiting."

Trump lifts an eyebrow. "Waiting for what?"

"For you to decide."

Silence fills the room.

The world is watching.

Waiting.

What will Trump do?

In Moscow, Putin sits at a long wooden table. His generals stand before him. Maps, reports, and photographs are spread across the surface.

"The operation has begun," one general says.

Putin nods. He does not need more details. He already knows the plan.

An advisor steps forward. "The Americans will react."

Putin looks at him. His voice is calm. "Are you sure?"

The advisor hesitates.

Because in this new war... nothing is certain.

In Brussels, NATO leaders are in crisis mode.

Voices shout over each other.

"We must act!" one leader demands.

"We need America's approval!" another argues.

The Secretary-General of NATO raises his hands. "We stand with Ukraine. But do we go to war?"

Silence.

No one wants to answer.

Because the truth is terrifying.

If NATO fights, it could be the beginning of something much worse.

But if NATO does nothing...

Russia wins.

In Kyiv, the battle begins.

Explosions light up the night. Missiles streak across the sky. Streets that were quiet yesterday are now filled with smoke and fire.

Ukrainian soldiers take position. Some are young. Some have never fought before.

But they do not hesitate.

Because this is their home.

And they will defend it.

In Washington, reporters shout questions.

"Mr. President, will you send troops?"

"Will you support NATO?"

"Is this war?"

Trump steps up to the podium. He adjusts his tie. Looks directly at the cameras.

Then he speaks.

"America will not send troops. We will not fight Russia."

The room explodes with noise.

Some cheer. Some gasp. Some shake their heads.

Trump holds up a hand. "We will provide aid, weapons, and support. But we are not starting World War Three."

Reporters fire more questions.  
Trump does not answer.  
He turns. Walks away.  
And the world?  
It reacts.  
In Moscow, Putin hears the news.

His lips curve into a small smile.  
His generals watch him, waiting for orders.  
Putin simply nods. "Continue the operation."  
In Kyiv, the President listens to Trump's speech.  
His jaw tightens. His hands curl into fists.  
He expected more.

He hoped for more.  
But hope does not win wars.  
Only action does.  
He turns to his military advisors. "Tell the people to prepare. We fight alone."

Outside, the city burns.  
Inside, Ukraine refuses to fall.  
In Berlin, London, and Paris, leaders react.  
Some are relieved. Some are angry.  
They hold emergency meetings. They make new plans.

But the truth is clear.  
The United States has made its choice.  
Now, Europe must make its own.  
The world is at a breaking point.  
One wrong move... and everything could collapse.

One wrong decision... and history could change forever.

No one knows what will happen next.

But one thing is certain.

The silence is over.

And the real battle has begun.



## Chapter 10: “The Future Unwritten”

The room is silent.

Cameras flash. The clicking of shutters fills the air. Journalists lean forward, waiting, watching.

Two men sit across from each other. The tension is thick.

On one side—Donald Trump. His suit is crisp, his tie bright red. His hands rest on the table, fingers tapping lightly. His expression is unreadable.

On the other—Vladimir Putin. Calm. Composed. His sharp blue eyes fixed on Trump. He does not blink.

The world is watching.

A final meeting. A final chance.

A deal... or a disaster.

No one knows which it will be.

Outside the meeting hall, reporters whisper. Some check their notes. Others type furiously.

"What will they decide?" one asks.

"will there be peace?" another wonders.

No one answers. Because no one knows.

This is the moment that could change everything.

Or nothing at all.

Inside the room, Trump leans forward.

"So," he says, breaking the silence. "What do you want?"

Putin does not react. He does not rush. He takes his time.

Then, finally, he speaks.

"Stability."

A single word. But a powerful one.

Trump tilts his head. "Stability for who?"

Putin smiles. "For Russia, for Europe... for everyone."

Trump chuckles. "Everyone? Even Ukraine?"

Putin's smile fades. His fingers tap the table.

"Ukraine is already lost."

The words hang in the air. Cold. Sharp. Final.

Trump watches him closely.

Putin watches back.

Two men. Two worlds.

One decision.

A door opens. An advisor walks in, whispers something into Putin's ear. Putin listens.

Nods. The advisor steps back.

Trump sighs. He sits up straighter. "Look, I don't care about the past. I care about what happens next."

Putin raises an eyebrow. "And what happens next, Mr. Trump?"

Trump shrugs. "That depends on you."

Silence.

A long pause.

Then Putin speaks. His voice is low, controlled.

"I do not want war."

Trump nods. "Good. Neither do I."

Another pause.

"But," Putin continues, "I will not be told what to do by America. Not by you. Not by NATO."

Trump exhales. He rubs his forehead.

"So what do we do?" he asks.

Putin leans back. His face is unreadable. "That is up to you, Mr. Trump."

Outside, the world waits.

Protesters gather in the streets. Some hold American flags. Some hold Russian flags.

Others hold signs that say "Stop the War" and "Peace Now."

The world is divided.

Some believe Putin is a villain. Some believe Trump is weak.

Some believe this is the beginning of a new war.

Others believe this is the end of one.

But no one knows the truth.

Not yet.

Inside the room, the conversation continues.

Trump crosses his arms. "What's your offer?"

Putin folds his hands. "A new agreement. No NATO expansion. No American interference. And in return... Russia will stop its advances."

Trump laughs. "So you want Ukraine handed to you?"

Putin does not laugh. "Ukraine is already ours. The world just hasn't accepted it yet."

Trump shakes his head. "That's not how this works."

Putin leans in. His voice is almost a whisper. "Mr. Trump, do you really want to fight over a country that is already lost?"

Silence.

Trump does not answer right away. He looks down at his hands. He thinks.

He knows that whatever he says next...



It will change everything.  
Hours pass.  
The meeting ends.  
Trump and Putin stand.

A handshake.  
Firm. Strong.  
But what does it mean?  
A deal? A delay? A disaster?

The cameras flash again.  
Reporters shout questions.  
"What was decided?"  
"Is there peace?"

Trump raises a hand. He smirks. "You'll find out soon enough."  
He turns. Walks away.  
Putin watches him leave. His face gives nothing away.  
The world holds its breath.  
Waiting for answers.

Waiting for the future.  
But the future is unwritten.  
And no one knows what happens next.

Not yet.hapter 1: "America First... Again?"  
The world watches...

A bright stage. A thousand cameras. Journalists sit with their pens ready, their fingers hovering over keyboards. The air is thick with tension. The President of the United States steps forward. His suit is crisp. His hair, the same golden color. His eyes, sharp. He leans into the microphone... and speaks.

"The United States will not be the world's police anymore!"

Gasps. A few cheers. A few whispers. Some faces freeze. Others frown.

Donald Trump lifts his chin. He enjoys the moment. He waits for silence, then continues. "We will focus on our country. Our economy. Our borders. Our people."

He pauses. Then, the final blow... "That means... no more military aid to Ukraine."

The room erupts.

Journalists fire questions. Cameras flash. Some people clap. Others shake their heads. Ukraine? Alone?

The news spreads like wildfire. Within minutes, TV screens around the world show the same words:

"U.S. Cuts Military Aid to Ukraine. Trump Says, 'America First.'"

The reaction? Immediate.

Berlin. London. Paris. NATO leaders wake up to chaos. The phone calls start. What does this mean? Is Ukraine in danger? Will Russia take advantage? Some leaders say they must act now. Others... hesitate.

And in Moscow?

Putin watches the announcement on a large screen. He sits in his grand office. No reaction. No words. Just a small smile.

His advisors look at him. They wait. But Putin says nothing. He simply leans back in his chair... and thinks.

One move. One decision. And the world has changed.

In Kyiv, the capital of Ukraine, the news arrives fast.

Soldiers listen in silence. They check their weapons. Their supplies. Their fuel.

A general walks into a room filled with military officers. He slams his fist on the table.

"We cannot win this war alone!" His voice is rough, filled with anger.

A younger officer, no older than thirty, looks up. His face is pale. His voice is quiet.

"What do we do now?"

Silence.

Ukraine has fought for years. They have lost soldiers, cities, families. The people have suffered. And now?

Now, the United States—their strongest ally—has turned away.

The general sighs. "We wait."

Back in Washington, reporters chase White House officials down hallways.

"Why this decision?"

"Will Ukraine survive?"

"Is America abandoning its allies?"

The White House press secretary stands at the podium. She is calm. She speaks slowly.

"President Trump has made it clear. The United States cannot solve every problem in the world."

A journalist shouts from the back. "But Russia—"

She raises a hand. "The President believes in diplomacy."

Some reporters nod. Others shake their heads. But one thing is clear...

The world is changing.

A day passes. Then two. Then three.

European leaders hold emergency meetings. NATO officials discuss options. Some leaders say: "We must send help." Others say: "We cannot fight Russia."

And in Moscow?

Putin moves carefully. No quick decisions. No sudden actions. He calls a meeting with his top advisors. They sit around a long, dark table. Maps and reports cover the surface.

One general, a man with silver hair and cold eyes, speaks first. "Ukraine is weak. Now is the time to push forward."

Another advisor shakes his head. "Not yet."

Putin listens. His fingers tap the table... slowly. Finally, he speaks. His voice is quiet but strong. "Patience."

The room falls silent. His advisors nod. They understand. Putin is playing the long game.

And across the world... people wait.

Wait for the next move.

Wait for the next decision.

Wait for history to be written.

In America, the people are divided.

Some celebrate. "Trump is right! We must take care of our own country!"

Others protest. "Abandoning Ukraine is dangerous! Russia will grow stronger!"

News channels argue. Social media explodes. Every voice is loud. Every opinion is different.

And Trump?

He is calm. He sits in the Oval Office, watching the headlines roll in. His advisors stand beside him.

One of them speaks carefully. "Sir... NATO is worried. Some leaders are angry. Others are scared."

Trump waves a hand. "They'll be fine."

"Ukraine?"

Trump sighs. He leans back in his chair. He picks up a pen, twirls it between his fingers. He looks at his advisor and says...

"Let's see what happens."

Across the ocean, in Kyiv...

A woman stands near a broken building. She holds the hand of a small child. The air is cold. The streets are quiet. She looks up at the sky... as if waiting for an answer.

But no answer comes.

Just silence.

And the world watches.



THE END

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