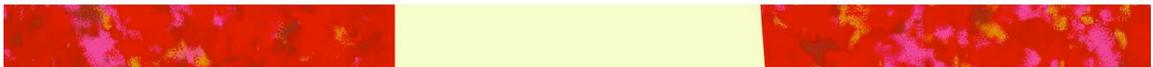


Justin M.D. Nelson



IX

Articles of the Revolution



IX
ARTICLES OF THE REVOLUTION

A Novella by
Justin M.D. Nelson
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"The brutalities of progress are called revolution."

-Victor Hugo

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ARTICLE I

The police are the right hand of the government; the media is the left. Revolution depends upon their ignorance, impotence, or compliance.

No dictatorship can survive without a military to enforce its will and a media to propagate it. For your revolution to succeed, it is imperative that the forces maintaining order be dealt with accordingly. There are more creative ways to overcome the right hand. This includes COMPLIANCE, calling upon them to fight for you, or disregard you. The other is IGNORANCE, acting under the radar of the police and the media. However, if neither one of these is an option, you have to make certain, at the very least, that your strength and influence is greater than or equal to theirs, relying on their IMPOTENCE to accomplish your goals.

* * *

Bryan made sure the scarf was wrapped around his face before he looked around the protest for his brother. The protesters seemed endless, a river of masks and scarves flowing down the dark street.

He heard someone call out his name.

"Bryan Creed!"

He turned his head. Standing up on a streetlight, holding on with one hand was his brother. Matthew Creed was a taller, more imposing version of Bryan. He ran towards him holding his hand up high.

"Matt!" he called out, fighting his way through the protesters. He was seventeen, among people just a little older than him, but he still felt like the rest of the protesters towered above him. Matt, just three years older, jumped down to greet him.

"This is one hell of a turnout," he said amazed.

"Of course, it is," said Bryan, "These are mostly students. They don't have anywhere

else to go."

The two of them began walking together, just a little faster than the rest of the protesters, hoping to make it to the front.

"The Council should have anticipated this," said Matt, "What the hell did they expect when they shut down the College. This doesn't just affect you and all the other students. It affects kids, the homeless, and just about half the city. How could they not see this coming?"

"Maybe they did," Bryan replied, "Maybe they knew this would happen."

"They don't seem too worried about it," Matt said, looking out into the crowd, "And that worries me."

They made their way down the road, in the late hours of the evening, heading towards the Council Hall. Angry chants went out from the crowd as people waved signs over their heads.

OUR CITY; OUR MONEY; OUR GOVERNMENT
THE LANDOWNERS DON'T OWN US
DEATH TO THE COUNCIL

Just as Bryan and Matt made their way to the front, they passed a news reporter speaking into a camera.

"As you can see, thousands are in this march making their way to the Council Hall. This is in protest of Council's decision to shut down the College. The entire protest has been organized by the General Assembly, so there is fear of some violence. There have been no signs yet, but it is expected that..."

Her words faded away as they made it to the front of the march. Bryan saw familiar faces across the front. They were all members of the General Assembly. Matt took his place with the other leaders at the head of the parade. Bryan marched right beside him. On the other side was another leader, Fatima. She turned and greeted both of them.

"You heard that reporter, didn't you?" she asked.

"Oh yeah," said Matt angrily, "Just wait, if anything does go down, she'll disappear, and no one across the city will hear a word about it."

"Unless one of us actually starts it," Fatima reminded him, "Then everyone will

know about it."

"Let's just hope it doesn't come to that."

They marched beside shops and restaurants and old homes, heading toward the center of the city. Off to the sides of the streets, people lined up watching, as though watching a funeral procession. Some backed away from the march. Some remained silent. Bryan felt hopeful as several joined in the march themselves. Occasionally, someone shouted from the sidelines, calling them cowards, hypocrites, and traitors. But the shouts did not last long, and those that shouted the message faded quickly.

As they crossed over the bridge, the Council Hall came into view. Lights shined from the grounds of the lush green lawn all the way up the columns and toward the dome. But the building itself did not catch their attention. Waiting before the Hall, on the opposite side of the bridge was a line of soldiers, the Military Police. They heard a voice boom over a loudspeaker.

"This is Charles Ikeman, General Protectorate of the Military Police. The Council Premier advises you to march no further, for your own safety."

Instinctively, Bryan got closer to Matt. He wanted to slow down, but Matt and everyone else in the front of the march kept a steady pace. If anything, they seemed to be speeding up.

"This is your final warning! Do not come any closer!"

Beside him, those leading the march locked arms with one another and began picking up the pace. Behind them, angry chants and yells rang out.

There was a rushing sound, like the sound of a rocket taking off. Straight ahead of them, something rose up from the blockade. It arched upward and began to come back down. Bryan watched it, noticing it seemed to move in slow motion. It went over him, into the middle of the march just behind them. It hit the ground and caused a large crash. The sound hurt Bryan's ears, and the accompanying flash hindered his vision. The next thing he knew, a suffocating mist filled the area, and the protesters arched over, choking on thick gas.

Bryan looked, and saw a few protesters turning back, but not many. The majority raced through the fog, placing scarves over their faces, and running across the bridge toward the Council Hall. He put his own scarf over his face, and watched through teary

eyes as protestors picked up rocks and debris, anything they could get their hands on, and charged forward toward the guards with their shields and their armor. Objects went flying into the air, over the line of soldiers and toward the building. Windows smashed and yells rang out. A new line of soldiers came charging forward. This time, Bryan shivered as he heard gunshots ring out, along with the sound of screams. Through his watery eyes, he could see people running from the Council Hall at breakneck speed.

Matt ran up to him, shielding him from the line of fire as he held the scarf over his face.

"They were waiting for us!" he yelled, "You were right! They were waiting for us!"

They turned and ran back toward the bridge. Bryan took one last look and saw a man on his knees in the middle of the road, facing the soldiers, with his hands high over his head. Matt looked as well, but neither could see the man's face, only his silhouette.

Shots rang out, and the man fell backward, a brilliant array of lights and weapons aimed at his corpse.

Both Bryan and Matt heard bullets race past them. They ducked their heads and ran back out into the city, joining the thousands of others in full retreat.

ARTICLE II

Strike the powers that be where they are weakest.

As stated in Article I, governments depend on their police force to maintain order. Direct violent conflict is usually unwise and impractical because lashing out against the police in outright warfare is a waste of time, resources, and in many cases, suicidal. This makes it necessary to take a more insidious approach.

Every powerful government has someplace that is their Achilles' Heal, whether it is their money, their military, their resources, or even the bureaucracy itself. To overthrow the powers that be, it is necessary to find this weakness and exploit it.

* * *

Back in their apartment, Bryan sat at the table, looking over his textbooks. The television set in their dirty living room displayed constant news feeds. Bryan paid no attention. He sat focused on his work. Matt entered the room and sat a cold beer down beside him.

"Good God, man," said Matt, sipping a beer himself, "The College shuts down, the city falls apart, and you're still studying. Why do you even bother? You're already smarter than anyone else at the College, even the professors."

Bryan just smiled up at him, knowing he was giving him hell. Just before his seventeenth birthday, he passed all his exams and welcomed into the College, the city's formal higher educational institution. No one as young as him had entered the College in thirty years, not as a student anyway. He went into studying law, right up until the Council of the city placed soldiers outside the doors of the College, keeping the students out.

"Well, someone has to be making plans, right?" asked Bryan, sipping the beer, "Telling the Council to go to hell isn't going to fix everything. We have to figure out what happens afterward."

"You shouldn't be worrying about that," said Matt sitting down, "You should be out with Marie or visiting with friends or out causing trouble, whatever kids your age do."

"I mean, could I possibly get in any more trouble than we did tonight?"

There was a somber tone in the joke, but it was enough to make them both smile and finally laugh. Matt looked at him.

"You're coming tonight, yeah?"

"I go where you go. When's everyone else going to be here?"

"In about an hour. After what happened today, they're going to be..."

"Bloodthirsty?" asked Bryan.

Matt nodded, and Bryan knew it was all too true. The General Assembly remained nonviolent for most of its existence, but the evening's incident would likely be enough to push them over the edge. Since both of them were dedicated to peaceful resolutions, Matt would try to stop that from happening, but Bryan was not sure he could.

The anthem came over the television set. Both of them faced the screen, knowing it was a message from the government.

"And now, a message from the Council Premier, Anton Ness."

A tall, silver-haired man in a pinstripe suit stood at the podium.

"My fellow citizens," he said calmly, "The Council has indeed concluded an emergency session. In light of the standoff that occurred in the Northern District just outside the Council Hall, the Council has seen it fit to put new rules into place. First off, we have dismissed the current General Protectorate of the Military Police, Charles Ikeman.

The name rang in Bryan's ears. It was the man outside the Council Hall earlier that night. He turned to Matt.

"What does he mean by *dismissed*?"

Matt shook his head.

"Killed, exiled, demoted, who the hell knows? Point is we're never going to hear from him again."

"Serving as the new General Protectorate will be Gregory Pandaris, who's long and illustrious career makes him a worthwhile candidate.

Bryan felt sick to his stomach. Pandaris was one of the commanders of the soldiers

who shut down the College. He remembered watching furiously as him and his men chased everyone off the campus, students, professors, children, the elderly, even the sick and the crippled.

"This promotion, as well as the laws proposed by the Council will need to be passed by the High Court, which it is expected to do before the end of the week."

Bryan kept watching. A steady news bulletin came through even after Matt retreated down to the basement to meet with members of the General Assembly. Bryan kept watching until, right on schedule, the power to the building went out, and the television went out with an angry click.

Through the thin walls, Bryan could hear angry groans and yells. It always amazed him when he heard it; he figured everyone should be used to it by now. The substandard housing, the power outages, the rationed food and provisions, all so the Landowners could take more and leave less for everyone else. But the more he thought about it, the more he figured it was probably a good thing people remained angry. That anger was the very reason the revolution was being fought.

A few minutes later, Bryan raced downstairs and found members of the General Assembly huddled together. About twenty of them occupied the poorly lit room with a din of conversation floating above them. Bryan knew most of them were students, much like him, living in the apartment buildings with them.

A map of the city lay in the center of the table, along with a book filled with names and pictures. Around the table, a young man in a large pair of glasses examined it closely. Matt raised his hands, and the room fell silent.

"The General Assembly will come to order," he said, and turned to Benjamin, "What's the word, Ben?"

The young man in the glasses did not look up. He kept his hands on the table as he looked down at the city.

"The Landowners remain largely in the Eastern District, but operate out of the center of the city," said Benjamin, his voice ringing out across the room, "Over ninety percent of the council members from the Northern and Western District have accepted funds from the Landowners, and just over half of the council members from the Southern District have either accepted or will accept Landowner funds. While only about nine of the

fifteen members have accepted funds, but all members of the High Court have had contact with Landowners in some form or another."

"They're not even trying to hide it anymore, are they?" Matt said with disgust in his voice.

Fatima walked up beside Benjamin, looking radiant, even in the dim lighting.

"What about the College?" she asked, "Any idea how many working within the College remain loyal?"

"Loyalists within the College?" at this point, Benjamin looked up, as if searching for the answer over the crowd, "I'm afraid it's impossible to say at this time. No doubt, the Council has already reached out to those in the institution. Not just the professors, but also the doctors, the caregivers, the religious leaders..."

He looked back down at the map, shaking his head.

"It's too difficult to say."

Matt stepped up to the table, addressing those gathered.

"One thing is for sure; what happened tonight cannot go unnoticed. The attack will cause outrage, which we can use against the Council, and by extension the Landowners.

"It won't be that easy," said Benjamin, "The media split before anything could be recorded."

"It doesn't matter," said Fatima, "They knew closing down the College would cause this much outrage, which means they're banking on their own military strength. There's nothing else for them to hide behind."

More debate followed. Bryan watched for several minutes as words flew across the table. Thirty people sat present at the meeting; not all of the leaders, but enough. A voice called out from the back.

"They fired first, didn't they? I'd say that demands a similar response from the people of the city."

This was met with great approval. Bryan noticed that Matt, however, did not seem moved.

"We can't stoop to their level. Do you have any idea how much greater of an impact it would make if we responded to this act of violence with an act of nonviolence?"

The group stirred, audibly disappointed with the suggestion.

"I agree with Matt," said Fatima, "Nonviolence is most powerful when confronted with violence. It shows strength to refuse to give in to vengeance and retribution. There will be plenty of time for retribution when the battle is won."

"How many more need to die?" another voice called out, and others cheered in response. Bryan looked and saw that the voice came from Dorian. With his shaved head and his leering face, Bryan always kept Dorian at a distance. Matt responded, as calmly as he could.

"The Military Police are citizens, *our* fellow citizens. They don't want to take part in..."

"The Military Police," Dorian moved up front, grabbing the table and taking control, "Are completely in the hands of the Council and the Landowners, just like everyone else. They could not care less about us. And even if we bring them to our side, what then? Do we have them arrest the Council and bring the members to the College to await trial?"

Matt looked right into Dorian's eyes, trying to keep his patience. Bryan noticed the aggravation in his eyes.

"I've already told all of you why a violent response is not the answer, and why the future of the College must be secured in the new government.

Across the room, a voice went up.

"So you advocate taking out one institution and replacing it with another?"

Matt did not flinch.

"I advocate putting power in the hands of both the people and those who know what to do with it."

Dorian took Matt's shoulder. Bryan noticed an insincere smile cross his face.

"Matt, I respect your ideas about the College but are you sure that you aren't making this... somewhat personal?"

For the first time, Matt became silent. Bryan knew what he felt because he felt it as well, a bewildered disgust, as though someone just threw hot water in their faces. On top of providing higher education, the College also served as a sort of hospital, a home for the elderly, and a refuge for orphaned children. What few religious ceremonies existed within the city also took place almost exclusively within the College. While rising to prevalence within the rebellion, Matt's story, and by extension Bryan's, became common

knowledge.

Orphaned at a young age by a supposed police investigation, Matt essentially raised Bryan with the help of the College. They gave them everything they needed to grow up happy and free. Bryan had almost no memory of his parents, but he possessed fond memories of being raised by both the caregivers, and by his brother. This fact was now being used against them as evidence of their sentimentality, and Bryan couldn't stand it.

"Perhaps," said Matt, somewhat shaken, "I know first hand the good that the College can do."

"And so do the rest of us," said Dorian stepping forward, a subtle hint that it was time for Matt to stand down, "Fortunately, the College can continue to be a part of the new society without being part of the new government. The new government can be pure, governed entirely by the people, with no large institutions to corrupt it."

Dorian, tough looking and just a little older than Matt, grabbed the table, taking control of the meeting.

"The attack at the bridge is just the latest in a long line of crimes committed by the Council, and by the Landowners. But their power comes from the Military Police. Without them, they will have nothing to protect them from us. I say it's time to end the debates, and time to fight fire with fire. Give a weapon to everyone in this city, and rise up against the powers that be."

A loud cheer went out when Dorian finished these words. Matt wanted to speak out, but he seemed to realize his objection would go unheard. Bryan understood. Along with Benjamin Fatima, he seemed to be the only one who did.

ARTICLE III

Forge a clear identity, a clear objective, and plan through to the end.

It may seem superfluous, but it is imperative that, when fighting, you have a clearly defined enemy. It is possible to become so caught up in a movement that you forget what the movement was about. Never lose sight of the final objective. In the end, it may be all you have.

* * *

Even though he held Marie's hand, Bryan felt deeply uncomfortable walking down the sidewalk of the Eastern District. Marie's clothing wasn't new, but they positively glowed next to his hand-me-down tee shirt and pants. The grand, luxurious homes of the District sat on high hills overlooking lush green lawns and carefully tended landscapes. Expensive cars sat in their driveways, and the only litter that Bryan could find anywhere was the various toys left out by the district children. Even the road and sidewalks seem to glow from the sun beating down.

Marie spoke happily as they made their way toward the College.

"So we all walk into class, and there's Dr. Sheridan. She's sitting at her desk, her arms are crossed, her head is leaning forward and we can all tell she's fast asleep."

Bryan's eyes went wide and his mouth dropped in shock.

"Dr. Sheridan? Asleep in class?"

"I know," Marie said with a laugh, "we couldn't believe it either."

"What happened then?"

"Well, one of the guys in the front row, I think it was Ryan, tried to wake her up. He said really timidly, 'Doctor? Doctor Sheridan?' This startles her just enough to wake her. She looks around the room kind of confused and says 'Oh, right. Um...!' She picks up her lesson plan, which I'm pretty sure was just a sticky note in the textbook, and says 'Read and review chapter twenty-two.' After that, her head tilts down, and she goes right back to sleep."

Bryan laughed with his hand over his mouth.

"Wait, that isn't the best part! One of the other students, I think his name is Jeffries, he starts complaining. He looks around at us and says 'I don't get why she's allowed to sleep in her own class but we're not allowed to...' Before he can finish, Dr. Sheridan picks up her book with just one hand, doesn't even look up, and throws it across the room at Jeffries. It hits him square in the head and she yells out 'Chapter twenty-two!' and goes right back to sleep."

Bryan doubled over laughing.

"I can't believe," he said once the laughter had subsided, "Dr. Sheridan did all that. I didn't think she had it in her!"

Both of them knew Dr. Sheridan well. She taught law at the College, in the same position for over thirty years. On top of being universally loved by her students, she was brilliant in matters of law and politics.

"She'd been up all night beforehand working for the General Assembly, and I don't think she was going to take any nonsense from anyone."

"And that's why we love her," said Bryan.

"Hey!" someone called you, "Would you two keep it down."

They turned. On the porch of one of the houses, a man and woman sat drinking iced tea. They scowled from their porch, and Bryan became very conscious of his condition, as a non-landowner in Landowner territory. Marie stepped forward.

"If we offend you so much," she said, with her arms crossed, "Then go inside to do your pissing and moaning. We're on public land and we don't want to hear your complaining."

Bryan felt immense pride as the couple looked appalled.

"Now you listen to me..." said the man, standing up.

"Whatever you have to say, I'm not interested. Save it. Go buy a Councilman, or have one of the Judges kiss your ass."

The woman took the man's arm and led him inside. He did not stop glaring at Bryan and Marie until they were both inside.

"Thanks, Marie," said Bryan, "Who were they anyway?"

"Oh, who knows? Probably work for one of the Property Consultants."

"What's that?"

"A polite way of saying Landowner."

A few minutes later, they found themselves at the College. In the distance, Bryan saw a familiar figure coming their way. It was Matt. Both Bryan and Marie waved at him as he came closer. From where he sat, he could already tell something was wrong. Matt did not just look tired, he looked somehow defeated.

"What's going on, brother?" asked Bryan, "What happened at the rest of the meeting?"

Matt smiled and greeted Bryan with a hug. He held his shoulders, preparing him for bad news.

"The rest of the meeting didn't go well," he said in a distant voice, "The leaders of the General Assembly decided against protecting the College."

Bryan felt sick to his stomach. Next to him, Marie took his hand, a look of concern crossing her face.

"So they're... they're just going to let the College be overrun?" she asked appalled.

"Apparently so," Matt replied plainly, "they felt there wasn't enough of a strategic advantage to rooting out Loyalists in the College."

"That's insane," said Bryan.

"But there's more," said Matt, "there's talk within the General Assembly of resorting to violent resistance."

Bryan's heart sank when he heard. Just as Matt said, it was terrible news, but not unexpected. He put his head down between his knees and put his hands on the back of his head. Marie moved in front of the two of them.

"Hey, this isn't so bad," she said, "Matt, you can still speak out against it, and you'll still be able to protect the College while you're serving the Assembly, won't you?"

Matt looked down, discouraged.

"I can't. They relieved me of my position."

For the first time in years, Bryan had the urge to cry.

"Fatima, Benjamin, and me; all three of us refused to leave the College out of the revolution, so the General Assembly voted to remove us. Fatima talked about creating our own fringe movement, but I doubt that it would do any good."

Marie sat up and moved toward Matt.

"I... I still have information for them, information on the Council, and on my father. Won't they need all of that?"

Bryan loved that Marie fought so hard for the revolution, especially considering her family ties. Her father served on the Council, and the fact that she recognized their wrongdoing was nothing short of remarkable, if not, somewhat painful to her.

For a while, none of them said anything. Each of them, in some way or another, owed their lives to the College. It raised Matt and Bryan, and attending the College allowed Marie time away from her father, as well as a different future.

Marie looked at Bryan, making an expression that seemed to say, "Well? Aren't you going to show him?" When Bryan realized what she meant, he jumped up and took his brother's arm.

"Matt, we found something, down at the catacombs. We've got to show you! I think it'll make you feel better."

He responded to Bryan's efforts only half-heartedly.

"What's down at the catacombs?"

"A message. C'mon, you gotta see!"

With a sigh of frustration, Matt followed Marie and Bryan to the catacombs.

It was a short walk from the park, down to the river and up to the bridge. The bridge itself was incomplete, stretching only part way across the river. The storm drains beneath it also sat unfinished. Many within the city and especially the College took to calling them the catacombs.

When the three of them descended down the short distance into the catacombs, they were amazed at the amount of artwork spray painted everywhere. Multicolored artwork of every kind formed a panorama above, below, and all around them. Bryan was relieved to see Matt laugh as he took in the sights.

"No matter how many times I come, it still amazes me."

"Artwork is so carefully censored all across the city," said Marie, "For most people, this is the only place they can truly express themselves."

"God forbid anyone creates something that actually makes people think," said Matt. Bryan pointed forward.

"Like this, for example?"

The tunnel entered a small round room that contained alternating tunnels to the left and the right. The room itself was fairly well-illuminated thanks to the holes in the ceiling. The floor sat littered with dirt, debris, and dead leaves. But it was the wall in front of them that grabbed their attention.

More artwork, so much that one image and idea overlapped the other. This always reminded Bryan of heated debates in the Council, one angry voice rising up over another. But over all of the artwork was a crudely sprayed message in bright red ink.

THE REVOLUTION IS COMING!!!

Matt stepped forward, with a look of absolute delight on his face.

"Look at this!" he exclaimed, "Is this what you wanted to show me?"

"Sure is," said Bryan. Seeing his brother so happy made him smile as well. He reached for Marie's hand as they observed the message before them. Matt laughed.

"This place is no big secret," he said, "Hundreds of kids from the College come to this place. Kids from the schools, people from the projects..."

"You like what you see?" asked Bryan coming up to him. Matt smiled down at him and pulled him in close with a rough hug.

"I love it."

Marie stepped up with the two of them. Matt pointed below the message.

"Whoever wrote it left their calling card."

Sure enough, a can of red spray paint stood upright below the message. Matt stepped forward, picked up the can, took off the cap, and began to shake it.

"What are you doing?" asked Bryan in a panic. He knew what Matt intended to do, but it seemed like sacrilege, like spray-painting on an oil masterpiece.

"The message needs revision," he said calmly. He turned to the wall, and Bryan and Marie saw the soft mist of red stream around the wall as Matt made one fluid motion after another. In just a few seconds, he snapped the cap back on the can and stepped backward.

"What do you think?" he asked.

Bryan looked and felt the sense of joy return quickly.

THE REVOLUTION IS COMING!!!

HERE!!!

He and Marie stepped forward, standing close to Matt.

"It's perfect," he said.

They stood together for a long time, taking in the myriad of images and color surrounding them, and the message displayed before them.

ARTICLE IV

Win the devotion of the people by taking the moral high ground.

Propaganda and rallies are all well and good, but people will only follow your movement to the bitter end if you give them the sense that they are morally in the right for doing so. Entice your followers with more than just the destruction of your enemies and oppressors. Speak to them of the ethics and principles of the movement, and the new society that will emerge in the end. Doing this creates a cause that is greater than any individual or group.

* * *

All across the city, bright protest signs displayed the same four words:

THE REVOLUTION IS HERE!!!

A strange energy flowed through the city. Every person felt it like a storm looming in the distance, gaining momentum. Even the most reserved citizens became acutely aware of those surrounding him or her in their day-to-day lives. Strangers on the street were no longer strangers; they were either a friend or an enemy of the revolution. And it was the job of each man and woman to deduce who was who, and with whom they would align themselves.

Nothing was gray. No one was in the middle. Nobody found themselves caught in the crossfire. Indifference was a luxury they could no longer afford. The objective of the citizens of the city changed completely, from a focus of "I", to a focus of "we". Any person on the street knew exactly whom they spoke of when they spoke of themselves as "we".

Only a handful of people had trouble with this identity, and they did not have this trouble for long.

Jacobin was a word that originated much like any other unfamiliar term. It is not remembered the first or even the second time someone hears it. One doesn't remember

who said it, what it meant, in what context it was used, or how the term applies to oneself in any way, shape, or form. Not until the third or fourth time does the word begin to register a sort of distant meaning, a new term in the vernacular that may or may not come up in casual conversation. Within a very short time, however, the word is on the lips of friends, neighbors, coworkers, enemies, and especially the media. The word surrounds you. It becomes a mob or a stampede that you must learn and understand, so that you may be caught up in it, and not trampled by it.

No one knew where the name originated, or where they first heard it, but within a week, everyone knew, and formed strong opinions, about a faction of the General Assembly called the Jacobins. Strongly in favor of the College, and strongly opposed to violence of any kind, the people of the city found themselves drawn to this movement.

The General Assembly found itself under the leadership of Dorian. Almost daily, he spoke of retribution, and of a glorious attack against the oppressors within the Council. He spoke of overthrowing the landowners, and taking everything from them. The Jacobins' message was just as revolutionary, but the means were different. They abhorred violence of any kind and spoke of the College as having a place in the future government.

Still, the Jacobins did not have a plan to make this a reality. They opposed violent tactics but had no tactics to offer as an alternative. For this reason, more and more people found themselves drawn to the General Assembly.

And Bryan watched all of it from the front lines.

ARTICLE V

Use bold moves and tactics when confronting a much larger entity.

Since a rebellion will likely be small in its inception, there is little to be gained in small demands, but little to lose and much to gain in bold actions. Do not confuse boldness with recklessness. Coordinate actions that will show the dictator that the movement deserves to be taken seriously.

* * *

Bryan looked around Dr. Sheridan's office. He had many fond memories of it. She'd been with both him and Matt since the very beginning, and Bryan remembered being in the office at a very young age. She sat at her desk, taking one last look through the documents on her desk. Bryan moved to the window and looked outside. The view was wonderful, the courtyards and the beautiful buildings of the College with the city just on the opposite side of the road.

"If the Jacobins had a plan," said Bryan, "We'd be the ones gaining momentum. Right now, the General Assembly is gaining in numbers and support. Their solution is more immediate, and frankly, it feels better to the people in this city."

"That's the nature of things, my dear," said Dr. Sheridan, not looking up from the documents, "People want quick fixes, not long-term solutions."

"It's been driving me crazy. There must be a way to take away the government's power without resorting to violence."

Finally, Dr. Sheridan took off her glasses and looked up at Bryan.

"How are things with you and Marie?"

The question took Bryan by surprise.

"Fine. Why?"

She chuckled, "Because there's more to life than just politics, my dear. What's the point of making a new world if you can't enjoy it from time to time?"

Bryan had to laugh at this. He sat down, still looking out the window.

"Things have been great. We see each other every chance we get. I love that it

really doesn't matter what's going on, we can still have fun together."

Sheridan pointed at him.

"That's a good thing. Don't ever forget that. What about Matt? Is he seeing anyone?"

Bryan shook his head.

"The only thing he thinks about is the revolution. He's married to the city and the people."

Both of them had a hearty laugh at this.

"I do wish Matt stuck around the College for just a little longer than he did," Bryan said, looking out the window, "He's a lot like me, you know. He'd be great if he went into Law."

Dr. Sheridan nodded.

"Your brother is already doing pretty well for himself, all things considered. The College is all well and good, but it isn't imperative to make it out there."

"That's true," said Bryan, "And Matt's always been a lot more stubborn than me, and probably a lot stronger too."

Dr. Sheridan set the papers down and took off her glasses.

"Oh Bryan, it has nothing to do with strength," she said with a compassionate look, "The city is ruled by more than just laws, and the College is more than just a school. We're in the business of people, giving them help when they need it. Some just need more than others."

She handed one of the documents to him.

"That's also why I think you're going to like this resolution."

"Resolution?" Bryan asked excitedly, "This is part of the new Constitution you've been working on, isn't it?"

She just smiled and shrugged her shoulders. Bryan looked down at the paper and read quickly.

SECTION 1:

ADENDEM 15:

MANY DEPEND ON THE SERVICES PROVIDED BY THE COLLEGE,
WHICH INCLUDE, BUT ARE NOT LIMITED TO, EDUCATION, HOUSING,

RELIGIOUS SERVICES, PUBLIC REPRESENTATION IN A COURT OF LAW, AND A VARIETY OF MEDICAL ATTENTION. FOR THIS REASON, THE COLLEGE SHALL STAND AS AN INCREMENTAL PART OF COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS AND, IN EXCHANGE, BE COMPENSATED ADAQUETLY BY THE COUNCIL TREASURY FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS. THIS RIGHT SHALL NOT BE INFRINGED.

Bryan felt thrilled when he read it. This meant that the College would remain within the city for years to come. Homeless kids, like him and Matt had once been, would always have a place to go to be cared for and educated.

He looked up at Dr. Sheridan who watched him with an expectant smile.

"Most excellent, as always, Doctor," he said, in the most proper voice he could manage. She laughed happily.

They stayed in her office for several more hours, talking, drinking tea, and fantasizing about the future. When it began to get dark, rain pattered against the window. Bryan got up and looked outside. The street was already becoming wet with rainwater, and pedestrians hurried to reach their destination.

"I should go," said Bryan, "I'm sure Matt's waiting for me at the apartment. Hopefully, they don't shut off our heat."

"If they do, just come right back. You're always welcome here."

She hugged Bryan and halted quickly as she remembered.

"Before you go," she turned, picked up a binder, and handed it to Bryan, "Bring this to the Jacobins. It's the first draft, and I'd like their input."

"I will," said Bryan with a smile. They hugged one more time, and he was on his way, down through the dark hallways of the College. He walked the halls alone until he became aware of a man standing in the frame of one of the offices.

"Mr. Creed," he said, and beckoned him to his direction.

Bryan approached him, hesitantly. The man turned and entered the office, as he got close, and held the door open. When he entered, another man stood behind the desk. He had jet-black hair that matched his suit and looked at Bryan intently as he entered. The man who beckoned him went to the desk as well. He was much older and wore simple formal clothing with a blazer, typical clothing for College professors.

"Have a seat, please," said the professor.

Bryan sat, holding his bag close. It contained the binder with a copy of the new Constitution, and he wasn't about to show it to anyone. The office was spacious and had a window with a view of the river. Seeing this somehow made Bryan feel even colder.

"We've heard great things about you, Mr. Creed," said the Professor, "Dr. Sheridan can't stop talking about you. In fact, you have drawn so much attention, that Mr. Danielson here has an offer for you from the city's High Court."

The man in the black suit removed a piece of paper from his briefcase. Without a word, he slid it across the desk for Bryan to see.

ARTICLE VI

Attack the oppressor with a united front.

If a resistance movement is not unified, it will be much easier for the oppressor to divide and conquer. Also, a division will create conflict both during and after the revolution.

* * *

"I've been offered a position in the High Court."

Bryan told Matt, Fatima, and Benjamin everything. The heads of the Jacobins sat around a table in the basement of one of the city's cafés. On the table sat a map of the city, a registry of confirmed members, and the pictures, names, and miscellaneous information of every member of the city government, from low-level data entry clerks, all the way up to the Premier himself, Anton Ness. There was also the first draft of the new constitution from Dr. Sheridan. Bryan stood in the middle of the light, feeling slightly like a man on trial as they looked in surprise. The three of them looked at one another.

"It isn't a position as a judge," he continued, "But it is a lucrative place within the system."

"We have them on the run," said Benjamin, "They wouldn't have made an offer like this to a rebel unless they were desperate."

"But why offer it to Bryan?" asked Fatima, "He's brilliant, yes, but they must also know that he was raised by a revolutionary."

"The only people who know that are people within the College," said Matt, coming to Bryan's aid. Fatima chimed in.

"People talk within the College. People know whether they are loyal to the revolution or not. And the fact that Bryan has excelled in the field of law is not exactly a secret. Whatever reason they have..."

"I'm not going to take it," Bryan interrupted.

All three of them looked at him, shocked.

"It's like you said; they wouldn't do this unless they felt like they had to. Now is the

best time to take action against them since they feel as though they are on the ropes. I want to help you figure out what that action will be."

At that moment, Matt did something very unusual, something Bryan had never seen from him before. He let out a single loud laugh, covered his mouth and stood up.

"No," he said, barely able to contain himself, "This IS the action we're going to take! This is the solution to everything!"

All eyes turned to him. Bryan felt scared for a moment that Matt had lost his mind. Given the stress of his duties, that was not outside the realm of possibility.

"The government isn't made of automatons, they're people; people who, even if they've been bought and sold by the Landowners, still feel resentment and a sense of injustice. They've reached out to people in the College, so we will reach out to people within the Council, and the High Court, and the Military Police, anyone and everyone who holds a government position anywhere."

The room became more and more silent as everyone listened in.

"Infiltration," Matt said excitedly. The energy from this word radiated throughout the entire room. "Those on our side, people like Bryan, they can provide us with information, and put forward false information themselves. They could provide misleading clues and leads. And when the right time comes, there's no limit to what we would be able to do. Even if it's something as simple as sit-ins or walk-outs, the government would lose all of its power."

Both Fatima and Benjamin considered this for a short time, but it seemed to Bryan that everyone's mind was made up. Those in the room murmured excitedly to themselves. A soft din of acceptance and possibility pervaded the room. Fatima looked around the room.

"I see many are in agreement with this idea. Are there any objections?"

There were none.

"Very well. The next few hours will be dedicated to putting a plan in place, inserting Jacobins and other Rebels within the government, and setting the plan into action."

Almost like a cheer, the members began to talk amongst themselves. They seemed to burst with ideas and possibilities. Through the crowd, Matt and Benjamin made their way to Bryan.

"The two of you," said Benjamin "should make sure the General Assembly knows about the plan, and about Bryan's position within the High Court. I don't want them to take down the entire system while one of our own is on the inside."

Matt nodded.

"Understood."

In just a few short minutes, the meeting disbanded, and the members raced up the stairs and poured out into the dark, wet streets. Bryan walked toward the College, walking along a busy street with his brother beside him. The sun began to set, turning the sky a dull blue and purple color.

"This is amazing," said Bryan, happily, "Maybe now, people will consider the Jacobins. Even better, maybe we can link up with the General Assembly."

Matt smiled down at him.

"We couldn't have done it without you."

Bryan smiled shyly and looked away.

An explosion shook the streets. Bryan's ears began to ring, and he felt warmth envelop the side of his face as a car on the opposite side of the street burst into flames. Matt took Bryan by the shoulders and pushed both of them off to the side. Bryan let himself be dragged by Matt just as hot rubble landed on top of them. Screams filled the street. They looked around just in time to see another explosion further down the road. Dust rose on the sound of screams and, almost in an instant, it was night. Chants became audible all around.

"THE REVOLUTION IS HERE!!!"

Bryan looked in horror as masked figures filled the street, smashing windows, throwing Molotov cocktails, dragging scared people out onto the street.

A man in a mask ran toward them, brandishing a crowbar in his hand. Matt took the man by the arms, and brought his knee into his stomach, causing him to bend over in pain. Matt landed a punch on the side of his face, causing him to crash hard on the filthy sidewalk.

"Thanks, man," said Bryan, shocked at what he'd just seen. Matt didn't respond. He kept his fist clenched as he turned his head toward the center of the city, the direction the mob seemed to be moving.

Bryan may have noticed the mob parading forward like a gray river in the wet rubble, drawn to the center of the city by an unknown call. But the only thing he noticed was his brother. He stood tall, looking forward. With his fist clenched and his old military jacket, he truly looked like a revolutionary. If someone were to make a statue of him, this would be the pose in which he would be rendered. Lights shined behind him, streetlights, police lights, and a handful of fires, down onto the burning streets. It all moved endlessly behind him.

"We never agreed on any of this!" exclaimed Matt. The masses ignored him. They moved like a river to the center of the city, toward the Council, destroying buildings and cars and anything that got in their way.

ARTICLE VII

Resort to violence only as an absolute last resort.

History has demonstrated time and time again that strategic nonviolence can be, and usually is, more effective than open hostility. Since the government in question already has a standing army to enforce their will, violence does little more than increase casualties, demoralize the rebellion, and weaken the movement. Creative nonviolence can undermine even the strongest government if it is done correctly.

There may come a time, however, when fighting is the only option. When this becomes the case, use extreme caution.

* * *

Bryan and Matt ducked down, sitting against the wall of one of the shops, watching as a steady stream of masked men and women hurried down the road toward the center of the city.

"Whatever this is," Matt said to Bryan, "It came from the General Assembly. If they go through with this, it could ruin everything."

"We haven't even had a chance to see the new constitution."

"I don't think they have any interest in that anymore."

The scene in front of them was chaos and disorder. The crowds seemed endless, pouring onto the streets and toward the center of the city. They attacked shops and cars and anyone caught on the street. There was no limit, and their anger and hate seemed boundless.

Matt got up, and Bryan hurried after him.

"Where are you going?" he asked. Matt stopped and turned to him.

"We have to get to the College. Our biggest priority now is that we keep civilians safe. The Jacobins planned to bring civilians to the College in the event of an attack."

Bryan hurried after him. The sounds of riots and the sight of fires scattered intermittently across the city. They did their best to avoid it as they made their way to the

College. When they were just outside, Bryan stopped in his tracks, as a frightening thought raced through his mind. Matt stopped and turned to him.

"Bryan? What's wrong?"

"Marie," he said, almost in a whisper. He looked up at Matt, "I have to find Marie. She might be in danger."

Matt looked at the College, the various buildings sitting dark and cold in the blaze of the city, and turned back to Bryan.

"Find her, and her father if possible, and bring them here. I have to stay here, but if you bring them here, we will protect them."

Bryan nodded.

"But for God's sake, be careful," said Matt sternly. Bryan hugged Matt, and both went their separate ways.

Shouts and cries echoed all across the city as Bryan ran toward Marie's home. He was a block away when he saw someone running his direction. It was Marie. He called out to her, and they embraced on the dark street.

Marie looked at Bryan with tears in her eyes.

"My dad and I were going to hide out until this was over, but I couldn't leave without making sure you were safe."

"We're taking refuge at the College; the two of you should come with us."

"Where did this even come from?" she asked, "This isn't the Jacobins, is it?"

"No, never. The General Assembly is doing this. They didn't even bother to warn us first."

Marie looked around as if expecting someone to be listening in. The streets were empty and the houses were dark. The noise of the commotion filled the air, and yet the two of them were alone. She leaned in toward Bryan as if to tell him a secret.

"The Eastern District has fallen."

Bryan couldn't believe his ears.

"They've taken over? Did the Landowners even put up a fight?"

"Of course, they did," said Marie, almost insulted, "They aren't going to give up their homes without a fight."

Bryan looked to the east, as an image of a map appeared in his mind.

"The Eastern District is just a couple miles away, right? We can take this road and cross the river into it, right?"

"Well, yes, but..."

"Marie," Bryan grabbed her shoulders, his mind bursting with possibilities, "What if I met with them? What if I met with one of the leaders and tried to reason with them? I could tell them that when the fight is over, we have a constitution and a set of rules that can be followed when this is over. Do you think they'll listen?"

Marie shook her head skeptically. She looked like she wanted to believe it, but couldn't bring herself to do so.

"I'm... I'm not sure."

"I have to try," said Bryan, letting go, "The whole movement has led up to this. I have to try, at least."

He ran toward the east when he heard Marie call after him.

"Bryan, wait!"

He turned to her.

"Marie, please, go to the College, you and your Dad. Matt will take you in and..."

"No, Bryan, I'm coming with you. I've been to the district; I can help you find your way."

Bryan hesitated, but only for a moment.

"OK, but stay close."

* * *

The General Assembly made their headquarters in one of the many mansions that sat in the city's Eastern District. The area made it an ideal base from which they could oversee their attack; an attack that, Bryan knew, would prove to be a regrettable mistake. He ran with Marie through the streets of the Eastern District.

Several in the General Assembly spoke to one another of Glenn Mansion, an impromptu headquarters set up by the rebellion. As they moved into the district, Bryan could tell they were getting closer. The streets became more chaotic as they got closer. While most homes had their lights out, some were alive with people, looking out at the streets. Further, windows on homes stood broken and shattered. Cars were damaged

beyond repair. Bryan felt nervous as he saw a few homes had caught fire. He did not like the injustice of it. He didn't like that most citizens needed to live in dark, broken-down buildings throughout the city while the Landowners took everything else. Still, he felt resentment at General Assembly toward expressing their anger this way. If anything, they were doing more harm than good.

They arrived at Glenn Mansion and saw the dozens of people going in and out. Some carried supplies, much of which was likely looted from the house, while others barked orders at small groups. Bryan and Marie ran inside. The home was well lit, and Bryan knew immediately that it was the finest home he'd ever been in. Its high ceilings and carefully renovated rooms rivaled that of even the College.

In the center of the room was a large mahogany desk. Behind it sat Dorian, barking orders to anyone and everyone. A constant stream of rebels went across the room, and in and out of the building, like an elaborately choreographed march that Dorian conducted. He demanded answers and updates, pointed and shouted orders, so much so that he hardly noticed Bryan and Marie. When Bryan approached him, however, he looked up and greeted them with a sinister smile.

"Mr. Creed," he said, "To what do I owe the pleasure?"

"Dorian, you launched an attack?" Bryan demanded, "You didn't even bother to tell the Jacobins? Do you even have a plan for when the attack is over?"

He looked down, and shook his head, as though disappointed. When he looked up, Bryan noticed that the movement in the room slowed to a crawl.

"We delayed the attack as long as we could, but we couldn't wait any longer. The longer we wait, the stronger the Council becomes."

"But this?" Bryan gestured around him, "I hate what the Landowners have done as much as you do, but this makes us just as bad as them."

"What do you mean by us?" asked Dorian, tilting his head to the side, "The order that's been sent out to the General Assembly is to eliminate all enemies of the revolution."

Marie stepped forward.

"And who is that?"

He turned his eyes toward her.

"ALL enemies of the revolution," he spit the words out at them, as though their meaning was not clear."

"What's that supposed to..."

Bryan's words stopped in his mouth. He backed up slowly, as the realization dawned on him.

"No... you're not..."

"Yes," Dorian said softly, nodding his head. He looked around the room. All around them, the members in the room, some of whom Bryan had known, stood staring at them.

"Don't you all have work to do?" Dorian called out, and like a switch, the commotion resumed. They went to and from within the mansion and called out orders and inquiries to one another.

"We..." Bryan tried to speak, but fear rose up inside of him, "We aren't your enemy. We fought *with* you. We only wanted..."

"You didn't fight at all," he said shortly. Coldly, and calmly, Dorian got up, walked around the desk, and approached Bryan and Marie. "If you are not against something, you are for it, or you might as well be. You couldn't even root out the loyalists within the College. And were you not hoping to accept a position in the High Court?"

Bryan froze, unable to do anything but stare straight ahead. Dorian seemed to spit the words right into his face.

"That's different. We wanted to infiltrate the government. We wanted to..."

"Another plan that will go nowhere," Dorian scoffed, "Tonight, all opposition falls. We're trying to avoid as many casualties as possible, but things may get messy."

"We have laws," said Bryan, trying one last time, "We have a final draft of the new constitution. We wanted you to see it."

"And we will," he said, moving back to the desk, "But for now, we must win this night. Every last enemy of the revolution will be taken out tonight. You know better than anyone, Bryan. Revolutions are seldom won without casualties."

When he sat, he looked at them with an evil grin on his face.

"If I were the two of you, I would stay away from the College."

Bryan said nothing. He backed away from Dorian's grinning face, with increased panic filling his body. Finally, he turned and ran out of the mansion with Marie right

behind him. They burst out into the cool night, and Bryan raced down the road.

"What is it?" asked Marie, gaining on Bryan, "What is he planning?"

"Matt," Bryan said, running as fast as his legs could carry him, "We have to get to Matt. We have to get to the College."

ARTICLE VIII

**Recognize that those who begin a revolution
are rarely those who end it.**

It is often the case that great men do not live to see their dreams come to fruition. While this guide by no means advocates martyrdom, understand that history is littered with the corpses of men and women who thought they were humanity's redemption. Consider this a formal warning: if your principles are worth fighting for, there will be casualties.

Revolutions are seldom won without casualties.

* * *

Exhaustion did not stop Bryan at all. He ran faster than he imagined possible, and yet the College still seemed to be on the other side of the world. He could hear Marie keeping pace right behind him. They ran through the darkened streets as the soft roar of battles took place off in the distance. Every minute, a low rumble flooded their ears, indicating another explosion, the Assembly destroying yet another alleged enemy. Bryan's thoughts raced.

They won't target the College. They can't. We need it. EVERYONE needs it.

Behind him, Marie called out.

"Cross over the train bridge!"

Bryan obeyed. Crossing the river, he could see buildings off in the distance glow in the reflection of the water. All of them emitted light, those that were not lit up by electric lighting burned up in the Assembly's fire. It lit up the low clouds in a strange orange color that seemed strangely beautiful to Bryan.

They reached the other side and hurried down the path. Houses stood sealed up tight with their windows dark. Bryan knew they were hiding. Everyone was simply trying to make it through the night. He knew, all too well, many would not.

The College came into view. The beautiful buildings stood out like an oasis in a desert to Bryan. Both him and Marie ran across the field toward the illuminated main

building. Cars and vans parked haphazardly in front of the building, vehicles Bryan knew brought people in seeking shelter. Matt was inside, giving whatever help him and the College could provide, just like they always had.

Right after they stepped off the field and stood before the College, Bryan looked and saw three people running from the main building. All of them wore coats bearing the symbol of the General Assembly. They ran from the building quickly, not looking back.

Bryan stopped and looked, his heart sinking as Dorian's words echoed in his mind.

All enemies of the revolution.

Revolutions are seldom won without casualties.

Stay away from the College.

"No..."

The explosions shook the ground upon which they stood. One by one, blasts caused the buildings of the College to go up in flames. Both Bryan and Marie fell back, blinded by a sharp flash and a surge of warm wind. It knocked them backward as a deafening roar filled Bryan's ears, leaving nothing but the painful sound of a constant ringing.

* * *

He would remember opening his eyes, squinting into the fire. He would remember Marie, tears streaming down her face, screaming at him, but not being able to be heard over the ringing in his ears. And he would remember getting up, looking at the burning buildings, his shirt wet with perspiration, and stepping forward, only to have Marie pull him back.

But for the time being, he only felt numbness. No pain, no sorrow, nothing at all.

The next thing he knew, he was in the catacombs. It was a short walk from the grounds of the College, but he did not remember taking it. He approached the space where the graffiti displayed, the place where Matt, centuries ago it seemed, replaced it with a new message.

Bryan found the same can of paint, and, mechanically, picked it up, shook it, and placed a new message on the wall.

THE REVOLUTION IS COMING!!!

~~HERE!!!~~ 105t

Marie stood next to him, her face puffed up with tears. Bryan turned to her, and she spoke the first words he'd heard since the explosion.

"I'm so sorry, Bryan."

Bryan dropped the can and fell into Marie's arms. He cried out as he felt her arms encircle him. Above them, the battles continued. Both of them sat together, crying softly until the light from the morning came, and the rumble of fighting had ceased.

ARTICLE IX

See to it when the established order has been removed, something similar does not take its place.

Power is a vacuum. And like any vacuum, it needs to be filled. In the case of government—especially one that has been overthrown in a skirmish—many figures will rush in to fill the empty space. You must see to it that these forces are not just as, or even worse than the system you are currently working to overthrow. There is no point removing a tiger if you're just going to put a lion in its place.

It can be argued that this is the most important rule in the book. If another oppressive system takes the place of the one you just removed, you will need to begin the revolution all over again. So, before you even begin, plan to the end.

* * *

He put the final page in the booklet and set it aside. Outside his apartment window, the sirens went on and on, racing off to every corner of the city.

The door to the apartment opened. Bryan felt startled until he saw that it was Marie.

"Hey," she said kindly.

"Hey," said Bryan, as an automatic response.

"How you doing?"

"I'm good. Well, as good as I can be, anyway. Found anything?"

"I'm afraid not. Still no word on Dr. Sheridan, or any of the other Jacobins."

Bryan folded his hands and set them in front of him.

"It's been three months," he said, "We would have heard from them by now."

Marie sat down on the bed. They'd shared the small apartment ever since the fall of the Council and since Anton Ness abdicated as Council Premier. The abdication was not necessary; the General Assembly executed him on live television. Dorian took over the government, but was just as quickly removed from power and replaced by another

Assembly leader. It was a pattern that Bryan did not see coming to an end anytime soon.

Still, Bryan needed to lay low for a while, and wait to hear any word from survivors. None came, but Marie's father was there for him when he needed it. Also, he considered living with Marie to be a tremendous blessing.

"Any trouble getting in?" he asked her.

"No. There have been riots over in the Southern District. The General Assembly sent troops from the Military Police to take them out. I'm the last thing on their radar right now.

Bryan put his hands up and wiped his face, as though it would ease his frustration.

"Some new world, huh?" she said, trying to pass it all off as a joke.

Bryan forced a smile, and then looked up at Marie.

"Well, they said things would change. They never said they would get better."

She made her way to the window and looked out.

"Apparently, there was an explosion in the Southern District. Do you think it was one of the Jacobins? One of ours?"

"I doubt it. But who knows?"

On the side of the table, she caught a glimpse of the booklet Bryan had been working on. She picked it up and read the cover.

"IX?" she asked, softly, "I-X as in the number nine?"

"That's right," said Bryan, a hint of pride in his voice.

She turned to him.

"What is this for?"

He took the booklet and flipped through it.

"Since the revolution needs to be fought all over again, I figured it would be a good idea if someone were to learn from our mistakes."

Marie smirked.

"Is it done?"

Bryan loaded another page into the typewriter.

"Almost," he said.

After just a few keystrokes, he took out the page and showed it to her.

"Now it's done," he said. She looked at the page.

Dedicated to Matthew J. Creed
Jacobin, Freedom Fighter, Brother

Marie set the page down and wiped tears from her eyes. Bryan got up, and the two of them embraced, showing love and devotion without words. The two of them held hands as they made their way out of the apartment into the streets below.

THE END

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Justin M.D. Nelson is an actor and a writer currently living in Minneapolis, Minnesota. His short story, "The Last Photo of Dr. Graham" won first place in the East Grand Forks Campbell Library's 2012 Short Story Contest, and was published in the Exponent newspaper. His story "Last Day at the Beach" was published in the spring of 2014 in Straylight Magazine. Since then, he has released his first novel, "The City of God", and a collection of short fiction called "Occurrences." Please feel free to contact the author at his [website](#) and browse his other works.