

Revolution

On the main throughfare of the capital city, voices roared with anger. A rage that had never been heard on the streets before. Red flags that flaunted a yellow hammer and sickle flew in numbers matched only by those seen on the other side of the earth fourteen years earlier. The fuel of this rage; an economic crash that was devastating the once deep pockets of every man and woman in the country. From his second story office window, James Baron watched the mob march down the deserted street, leaving in their wake broken glass and smoking shopfronts. Destroying the property of those who were deemed to be capitalist "top hats" and the culprits of the country's decline.

Baron watched the crowd come closer, knowing their destination. The previous day, all the officials had been warned to stay away from the government building in fear they would be targeted. As the swarm grew near the national parliament, a sudden cry came out from the group. "*It's the chairman of the assembly, James Baron, traitor!*". The crowd went as silent as stone as they traced the accusing finger of a young revolutionary up to Baron's observing position. They saw the face of the well-known politician glaring back at them from the window. Baron went white with quiet terror and felt the blood drain from his face. He had made a terrible mistake.

At that moment, a group of committed rebels broke off from the main group, each eager to be the captor of the despised chairman. They quickly set about breaking down the ground level door with axes and hammers to gain access to his chambers. Baron came to his senses; he knew he had to block the intruders off or at least slow them down. He grabbed his mahogany desk chair and drove it under the door handle. By this time, the front door of the building had been forced from its hinges and footsteps thundered up the curved wooden stairwell, shouts of insults and threats echoing as they climbed.

Baron remembered the old bulldog revolver in his desk draw. He grabbed it and flicked out the chamber. His heart sunk; it was empty. Holding the pistol in one hand he searched for the emergency button on the underside of his desk, a quick dial to the officials' protection agency. He found the small, secret button and pushed it. Law enforcement were on their way.

Bang! A sudden impact shook the walls, the revolutionaries were at the entrance. Baron quickly positioned himself in front of the threshold and aimed his pistol at the centre peephole of the door, hoping they would assume it loaded. A large axe blow widened the gap in the door, allowing the weapon wielding revolutionary to slip through. The man looked up with a grin of victory on his face that quickly morphed into shock and fear as he caught sight of the gun pointed at his head. "*Leave!*" Baron yelled, exhibiting a false courage. The intruder's eyes fixated on the weapon. Baron heard

sirens beginning to wail from the down street and glanced over momentarily. The man seized his opportunity, leaping across the room as his axe swung downwards. Baron caught the movement and instinctively stepped sideways. The axe narrowly missed and planted itself into the floorboards beside him, the weight of the weapon pulling its wielder off balance and to his knees. Baron turned to the fallen man and quickly struck him with the butt of his pistol, delivering a knockout blow to the head. Crack! The door came down like a hammer to a nail, police dressed in dark tactical gear burst into the room. *"Get your hands in the air, put the gun on the ground"* they roared pointing their firearms at his chest. *"Wait Wait, it's me, James Baron!"* the politician cried frantically, dropping his pistol and raising his hands. The officer in charge inspected him for a moment then announced, *"it's him put your weapons down"*. Relief washed over Baron like a wave. He could finally breathe.

Word count - 680