

Chronicles of a Girl

He sat in his apartment building, staring out of the window to the streets below. Streets, he thought, that once were filled with happiness and laughter. People worked and enjoyed what they did. But now, now it was all different. Things were bleak. People were angry. The rich segregated themselves from the poor. No, not necessarily poor, just not rich. Not the right class.

He was trying to fix all of that, to make it all right again. But there was the snobbery of the rich and the savageness of the under privileged. He wondered if people really wanted to go back to those good times. He knew though, that there were.

Enough people wanted to see things change, to see the fighting vanish. He was appointed to be their advocate, to spread the word, make others understand. And it was working. People believed. But those damn Socialites!

Just then he thought he heard a sound from behind, coming from inside his home. He turned, looked around, saw nothing. "Tyrone, is that you?" His lavishly decorated office was in shadow, only a few lights were on.

Another noise in the kitchen. He began to fear that it was not his son. Ben Richardson reached into his desk drawer for a gun. Even before the fighting had erupted he had always kept one.

"Who's there?" He crept around the corner to see that his apartment door was open by a crack. Through the small frame he could see the fallen body of one of his bodyguards. He cursed under his breath.

"Socialites."

Ben stepped back to his window to see if any of his men were outside on the street. They were, but not standing.

"Damn it!"

He glanced around at the chaos that had consumed this city. His eyes closed as he whispered a small prayer to himself.

They were making good on their threat.

"Praying won't do you any good."

Ben swung around from the window, his gun drawn and his eyes open to the shadowy figure that stood only feet away.

"What do you want?"

The mystery man chuckled. "You knew this was coming, Ben."