

Unveiling Truth

The crisp air stung Louis's face as he made his way to the food bank in the harsh winter of Chicago. A scary sight for pedestrians. A forty eight year old man, with little clothing, and a beard that reached down to his feet. Louis heard stories of America. Stories of success and stories of freedom. These times were long gone. Nearly 600 years.

His parents told him when he was a young boy that the invasion of Russia really launched their downfall. That after the Great War California split off from the rest of the country, and started the great separation. Fifteen states remained in the "land of liberty". Illinois was one of them. After Illinois faced dramatic environmental and political changes, Louis saw all he stood for slowly disappear. His parents were killed for rebelling, his house was burnt by the KKK, and his dignity was destroyed by the abolishment of the 15th amendment eliminating every right he had as an American.

President Harris O'Neal sent drones out with cameras in every neighborhood to send medicine. There was gas emitted each Friday, followed by holograms congratulating our country for being number one. The border patrol was tripled and thousand foot walls were placed around each state to ensure no illegal enterings.

The food bank was awfully quiet this morning, strange. President O'Neal's face suddenly appeared on the wall of the cafeteria by hologram and exclaimed that , "there has been a sudden population plunder in Chicago. We will look into it, however, remember to follow guidelines and don't blend with opposite gender or race during sleeping hours". New rules instructed that everyone must be placed into certain sections of Chicago based off race and gender when done with daily tasks. The sudden epidemic confused Louis. What could've happened. There hadn't been an outbreak of disease ever since the walls were placed. Louis trudged to the line and received his measly amount of grits. Louis sat next to a family of six. Three daughters, two sons, and just a mother. The youngest girl pointed and whispered "Is he dead?"

The second sister exclaimed, "Sophia, don't point, and no that's Louis, the baker's son." Louis tried to ignore the nostalgia for his dead father, and continued to eat. There was a brief moment of silence when suddenly the oldest of the boys started screaming and gasping for air. His face turned a bright green and his veins bulged. He fell onto the floor and his body tensed. His nerves shut down, and black ooze spewed out of his mouth, and before Louis had time to react, he was gone.

His mother exclaimed, "OOH Peter, NO Peter, my dear boy." Tears filled every inch of her face as she cradled her boy, like he was a infant again. Louis turned and ran in order not to vomit all the food he had just consumed. He made his way to the African American Male shelter, and sat on his cot with his hands to his face. This was all so sudden. What would happen. He pondered the rest of the night on what could've led to Peter's demise. He knew he had to investigate, he knew no one else would. Louis didn't care if he died. What did he have to live for anyways. Louis knew that the cause of the death was the "medicine" in the released gas. It had to be. He just needed proof. If he could find the report that showed they were trying to create population control, he could create an uprising, a revolution.

Louis woke up bright and early, put on his boots and left the shelter taking his scarce amount of belongings. He scavenged the 20 dollars he had saved from begging on the streets and purchased a ticket to Vitshnerts lab in Wyoming. Wyoming allowed chemical research for atomic powers to send off to other countries. Louis believed that if he were to get to the case, Wyoming would be his best option. As an African American, he was forced to sit in the crowded back. Louis sat next to a young boy, around the age of thirteen. He said his name was Hudson. He was from Mississippi and he was travelling to Vitshnerts lab as well. He had saved enough money to purchase a prosthetic arm since his was blown in Russia during the ending of the war. The new drafting age was 10. Louis lied and said he was visiting family in Wyoming. He asked if Hudson would show him to the labs since he wanted to see the wonders it gave.

Hudson agreed and dozed off. Louis stared out the blurry window of the outdated train. The barren wasteland depressed him. They were leaving Illinois, and Louis knew he had a long way coming. It took nearly five hours to pass through each state's walls. Louis fell asleep as well. He woke up in Wyoming. It was his stop. Hudson poked him and whimpered, "come on man!" Louis stumbled through the train and put on his gas mask. The air outside was contaminated with debris from atomic tests.

The two of them walked for a few hours and finally reached the dusty lab. Louis waited outside. He couldn't risk killing Hudson as well. His plan was to kill the lab leader, and find the report containing ingredients in the leaked gases, which he would show to the rest of the country. In his pocket was a knife. He crept inside and took off his mask. He joined a current tour around the entire complex. Their tour guide showed them the food generator. In which they turned a simple powder into a bread. Next he showed them prosthetics and modeled one of their new legs. Next he showed them their atomic powers, which is what everyone came for. Knowing they were distracted, Louis searched the rest of the building. Louis saw the door labeled: Fredric Stein. He knew that he was their leader. Louis crept inside.

Louis saw a forty year old man on a laptop writing reports. He exclaimed, "Hello, I'm Fredric! I wasn't expecting guests." Louis responded, "My name is Louis Tarver, I have come to kill you, you sick, sick man!" Louis charged with his blade and punctured the man's chest. Fredric stumbled and pulled the fire alarm. He exclaimed "REBEL, REBEL!!!! GUARDS!!" Louis approached him and put his hand to his mouth. He tied a gag into the man's mouth, grabbed his laptop and ran. He hid in the public bathroom, and searched for the files explaining the case. There they were, ingredients: Botulinum, salt, and nitrogen. Louis thought back to high school. Botulinum was a POISON GAS! Louis rushed out with the laptop and fled to the exit.

Louis saw numerous guards chasing. He ducked into a hallway, and hid in the lab room. He thought he'd be safe. He saw vents on the ceiling and believed that if he could climb up to them he'd be safe. Suddenly, a gas poured out of the vents. Louis rushed to the door to find it locked. He banged and pleaded. The gas continued to pour. Suddenly Louis felt tense. His muscles cramped and he was in extreme pain. He thrashed on the floor to stop the pain. But the more smoke he inhaled the worse it got. After hours of excruciating pain... he was gone. His cold body was dragged across the metal outside for the crows to feast on. Looking down on this horror above the lab was Hudson, who knew he would now need to lead the revolution.

