

A Dreamer's Death

The crowd's anger burned through the hot July day leaving even the vastness of the city center unable to support its mass hatred. In unsettling unity, the mob gurgled an incomprehensible chant while the sea of blue uniforms proved to be turbulent with the sharp and hostile motions of its members.

Limbs elongated rapidly to continue supporting the massive canvas-like structure that floated above all. The contrast of its grating red tones gave the appearance of bloodshed.

Yet, the crowd continued in its entity-like fashion with harmonious agony.

The canvas depicted a picture of a stern and square-faced man who radiated a disagreeable atmosphere. His proportions bore resemblance to that of a machine rather than a human. Each cell was deliberately placed in the quest to achieve perfection and immortality. A part of his face lay hidden by a mustache - also rigid and governed. Contrary to the rest of his face, his eyes seemed to move freely and aggressively danced around the horizon in an obsessive manner.

The sky was blurred with the dust and the remains of the infrastructures' stripping gray paint. They drifted through the suffocating air joined by the desiccated embrace of the sun. The nauseous wind, which was now filled with the odor of perspiration, carried the scent around established unity throughout Airstrip One. The sun stood straight overhead and the buildings failed in providing an escape. For the lucky few that managed to crawl underneath the shadow of the canvas, it provided a repulsive escape.

Unarguably, the condition underneath proved to be faintly better than the outside but even within thrived its discomforts. The canvas's framework was comprised of rusted metal since the commodity of wood had not been available since the last Great War. It scratched against all skin preying and left gruesome, permanent reminders on the once beautiful and innocent surface. Accompanied by the never-ending taste of metal as the mouth lusted for the non-existent luxuries, it left the ability to forget the structure above unfeasible.

Outside, as the sun ran from the enmity below, the skyscrapers finally offered shade to the group. However, they did not care about the soon scheduled arrival of the dark velvet night but instead continued to roar in their superficial glory. The slaved souls jerked around in the hope to display an affectionate show of undying devotion.

The crowd's movements were that of a lowly animal, with each person so profoundly pushed against each other that from the top of the structure the individual was indistinguishable. As the animal growled with devotion towards the party, it remained oblivious that its protests needed the breath of its demise.

Airstrip One bore resemblance to an old, rusty machine. Each building was so close together that its allies were indistinguishable. All buildings were identical with the same inoperable windows that were coated with an inexplicably obtained layer of gel to obscure the view for the individual inside. Although, all that happened inside the cell-like box was open to wandering eyes. One could see the rusty metal pipe that ran across the wall. After all, covering it was not necessary and all that was

not necessary was non-existent. Oceania had not seen a stockpile since the last Great War so the apartments were barren and decorated only by the mushy mold that prospered on the walls. Its smell was so pungent that it was unbearable to stay inside the cell for more than required.

Do you hear that comrade? There is no need to do more than what is required.

Right now, what is required is for you to remain still in that rigid metal chair and patiently wait for the arrival of the Thought Police. You will straighten your back and press it against the cold metal and stand up when you hear the echoed march of the spiked boots in your corridor. You'll look around your accommodation for the last time and be filled with a distasteful urge to leave the disgusting embrace that is your life.

Don't worry comrade.

Each stone shall be stripped away before it makes a mark.

It will never exist.

It has never existed and it does not exist.

The party is infallible and each second brings you closer to your demise.

Don't move comrade.

It won't make the situation any better for you.

Your back will remain persistent with piercing pains but you will soon beg to feel this over what you will experience. Pain will no longer be a disappearing feeling, it will be your constant state. Never again will you live without pain.

We have been watching you comrade. Watching every twitch in your face as you look at the telescreen -- watching every furrowed eyebrow as you fail to crime stop.

You thought you were discreet, didn't you?

Turning around and looking out the window to face away from the telescreen.

There is no blind spot comrade.

Your reflection will always betray you.

You will be your death.

You have always been your enemy.

No matter how much you try we will always be better than you. Did you know you talk in your sleep comrade? Each little shuffle is seen. Each unorthodox thought is monitored. The fidgeting and flinching were a giveaway. We don't need to see into your mind, comrade. We're more powerful than that.

Now you're going to turn around comrade. They're already behind you but you already know that, don't you?