

The Centre of Rebellion

We were almost there. Almost reached justice. Almost prevented any more hurt caused by this tyranny. A few more steps and our plan would have been executed...

It all started a few weeks ago. The rebellion, I mean. We were sick of the Master – the head of this terrible crime. And so we stopped aiding him and the system. Assignments were ignored and deadlines crossed. Doors weren't opened and windows weren't shut. Lights stayed on when no one was there and litter peppered the ground. Questions weren't asked and inquires declined.

They tried to stop us, to prevent the rebellion but they failed. For, you see, any punishment they could enforce required a certain amount of participation from us – participation we weren't inclined to commit to. Put us in prison and we will escape. Cover our voices and we will shout. Erase our writings and our legacy will live on. Prevent the rebellion and we will succeed.

And, so, they brought in help from outside the Sorting Centre – the place where we were organised into Academic, Physical, Creative and Social groups in 'preparation' for when we would be sent into the world as drones of the system – leaders and helpers, professionals and experimentalists, all to shut down our actions and halt our victory.

Then they overloaded us with work, hoping to smother us and our own ideas. Thrown away and left for the winds of time to answer, we left them, much like they would have left us once their own assignments were complete. The best way, we found was to just not aid them in the slightest way, to ignore the Master's every call as, bound by their code, they could not hurt us or face extinction.

And so that formed the basis of our rebellion, prevent any work from being complete, any progress for them to be made. We fought to prove something, to prove that the Sorting Process was broken, that the Master was wrong, that it wasn't working. We knew it would be difficult but not as difficult as another few years of Sorting. But it wasn't enough. They turned to faking our work and their progress, cheating the system that controlled both them and us. While this worked in our favour for a time, it wasn't enough and we knew that we would have to do something big, to expose them for what they were.

We started protests, telling the world what was happening and, once again, they tried to silence us – covering up with lies. But we exposed them. And the Inspection was coming up, one day that every Sorting Centre dreaded and loathed. Everything was almost in place for that day, when they would come and the Master would fall. But they had one last trick up their sleeves. We had to obey.

We were almost there when, *ding ding ding* - the bell went. Home time and the Summer Holidays! Hmmm, I guess the rebellion can wait for the next school year...