

Abby Walker

Revolution

500 words

*Has potential, but...*

That was usually the beginning of my report. It would then proceed to delve into a great spiel about how I lacked motivation and enthusiasm, that I need to participate in class more, that I need to 'mix' with others. It didn't help that I repelled friends like a citronella candle: a pale, skinny, thin-faced, dark-haired adolescent – what's not to like?

It didn't bother me. I detested them as much as they did me. I was much happier with a laptop on my knee than a ball at my feet. *Loner*, they called me. But I had company. I had my computer. I had my program. That was all I needed. I knew that as long as I had that, I would be okay, despite my teachers, peers, and parents telling me I would never amount to anything.

I thought that then, but everything has changed now. One bad decision. One click on the wrong button. One stab at the wrong company. Now, here I am, sat in a park of a foreign town full of foreign people with foreign faces.

My parents haven't spoken to me since it happened. I'm not surprised. I suppose the incarceration was the snap of the final thread. It was the confirmation I really was a delinquent.

So wrapped up in my thoughts, I jump someone sits next to me on the bench.

"Sorry," the man apologises.

There is silence for a moment, in which I glance at him from the corner of my eye.

"Have you ever been to London?" he asks.

I blink, "Yes."

"Ealing?"

I nod, I grew up there.

He grows quiet momentarily, "How about Haven Close?"

I freeze.

"Number... 56."

I get to my feet, fear making my muscles spasm, "Who are you?"

"I'm Anonymous, Miss Hart," he replies calmly.

"How do you know me?"

"I know you're Rebecca Jayne Hart, 21, used to live at 56 Haven Close until two years ago when you were incarcerated in Trixdon Prison for hacking offences. Part of your sentence is to repay the damage you did to Tully Industries, of which you will be paying back for the rest of your life. You've moved here with no friends, money, family, job—"

"Stop!" I snap, trembling. "What do you want?"

He stands, "I trust you've heard of Anonymous."

“Hacktivists.”

“And we’re recruiting,” he gives me a pointed look.

“...No,” I manage, though my gut is screaming at me to say otherwise.

“Miss Hart—”

“After what happened...”

“This is different. This isn’t teenage rebellion anymore, Rebecca,” he reaches into his inside pocket, and drops a coin into my hand. “This is the revolution.”

“I-I...”

“We *need* you,” he stares intently at me.

I avert my gaze to my hand.

Pressed into the coin, is an insignia. A mask with a curved smile. It grins up at me. Something dangerously close to excitement curdles in my stomach. And, after a moment of hesitation, I can’t help but smile back.