

The crowd outside; A sea of people. All washing back and forth in a wave. Hundreds of them, squished together, writhing, squirming, banging, gripping upon the gates. The protesters, clanging upon the gates noisily. Some wearing scarves that cover their faces, others flaunted them boldly. While some only had a hoodie or other accessories to shroud their faces. Most of them carried the political parties' headbands. A figure is imprinted upon the flags that float above the crowd.

Inside, panic. All the people present in the government building ran from place to place, from window to window, to one corner to another. The security guards could only put on a brave face as they saw the clamoring hands that reached for them through the gates. "Damn it, why us?" One of the clerks exclaims inside of the building to his colleague. "You know damn well why. It's because the government locked up that 'person who'd fix everything'...", "Then?! What does that have to do with us!?", "Nothing." The colleagues, irritated, confused, or a cocktail of mostly negative emotions, conversed with each other in rushed, confused, or irritated tones. The noise of the protest outside making them grow their voices to hear each other.

Outside, the crowd only somehow grew. "He will fix this country!", the hivemind adamantly reverberated several thousands of meters as they all cheered. "You are all corrupt!", the hivemind proclaimed the certainty of what they had told them. The front-line of the hivemind is being beaten. With batons and tear gas, yet. The hivemind carried on. The guards heave, they are up against a wall with only their sticks and stones. Their rallying cry rattling to their bones.

Inside, the conversation between them grew in the suffocating land allotted to them. "That was the army? Then why attack us?", "...". The rest had grown tired. So, there, they all sat. Waiting, hopeless. "They claim it's for the people. Yet, here we are. They are killing their own people." One amongst them claimed hysterically, glancing outside. "We all live in an 'army democracy'," another said laughing. "At least, we aren't the only ones...I've heard that it's going on nationwide...An attack on government and military buildings...", another chimed in. "Let's face it, we're all unlucky.", her sight burrowing into the ground. Her hair, a curtain around her face. "...I wish...I could tell my wife and children...goodbye...", someone muttered under their breath, their voice ragged and choked. He sat away from the group. His tears flowed smoothly, dripping onto the floor.

Outside, the guards are finally beaten. Their expressions of pain drowned by the frenzy of the hive-mind. They flowed in through, a vicious mass of people. The cheering hivemind finally showcased their vigor. They trample all over the clay pots, the windows smashed. The panicked screaming echoing from the building.

Inside, they shiver. The door barricaded by the furniture strewn across

it. The door blocking the hivemind. Their last bastion growled as many the hive-mind slams it. Their screams and soundless gasps escape from their mouths as they stare at the door as it gives way, slightly, little by little. He looks over to his colleagues, their faces give him solace. "Hey, I need to come clean..I drank your chocolate milk.", he said with a forlorn smile. "I knew it," his other colleague said so while chuckling. The door gave way, with the sounds of the hive mind breaking through along with them. They flowed in.

Outside, a gunshot rings. The hum of HMY's and the chatter of the personnel sound, followed by the stragglers of the hive-mind breaking free. They run, jumping from walls and flowing through windows. Trampling each other like the very pots they stepped on. The army arrived.