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## **(This) Order**

He watched the footage of riots from his office, observing burning stacks of rubber tires, ruined streetlights, and the madding mob itself. Protesters were flying banners with flashy slogans, but he couldn't read them because of the dense black smoke.

"Their demands?" Provisor asked.

"Equal rights," Strafverfolgung replied with his emotionless, impervious voice.

Those animals! How can we ever be equal? The stupidity of the notion discorded him for a fraction of a second.

"Suppress them," Provisor decreed. Order must be maintained.

Strafverfolgung blinked with all his thirty-six tiny red optical lenses.

"Comply," he clicked.