Reprisal

by Nonnie Augustine

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The bomb blew away hubris, shocked the arrogant bastards into humiliated silence. None of them had experienced hunger and they'd misjudged its effect. In the lobby of the palace, dirt, plaster, glass shifted, rumbled, settled on the cracked and ruined marble floors. Decapitated statues knocked against each other and smashed. When the rotunda collapsed the blind orators who could fled into the streets—their worst mistake.

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