The Revolution of Crimes

 Monday, November 15 was no different than any other work day. It started with my one hour commute downtown to a job I hate that pays well. I strolled into the same old coffee house on Burrard and, sniffing the strong aroma of cocoa beans, placed my usual order - a large dark roast coffee to go. One sip gave me the adrenaline rush I would need to survive sitting in an office cubicle for hours wasting my life. Shullman's law office where I was an unappreciated, overworked paralegal was just two short blocks away. I slowly headed in that direction, sipping my coffee and watching the obnoxious, impatient New York drivers blaring their horns at the pedestrians attempting to cross the street! I felt my stress level rise. There it was. Shullman law offices. All who enter are doomed. I waved to the doorman, took the express elevator and got off on the 28th floor. I spotted my coworkers exchanging gossip about other employees and smiled like nothing ever happened. As soon as I took a seat at my desk my annoying boss Mr. Harken approached me. Then he slammed a large tower of papers on my desk and stormed out of my cubicle. My boss irritates me to the point where I want to leave my job. He is extremely passive aggressive and has the power to do or say anything. I began to work on the papers, forgetting to take my breaks and finished on time. I kicked my boss’s door wide open, slammed the finished papers on his desk and stormed out of the office. Felt like my world has lifted. I arrived at my bus stop on time as per usual and entered the large vehicle. I took a seat and gazed out the window into the distance. While the bus was in motion, some insane person decided to hop in through the door. This man was not any ordinary person, he looked like a man who was not afraid to take risks even if they were dangerous. From what I remember he wore this oversized denim jacket with a logo of roses on the back, a vibrant yellow Hawaiian button-up shirt, denim pants, aviator sunglasses, and a pair of high-top converse shoes. He politely asked if he could sit next to me and I replied by nodding my head.

 Right as he sat down, he whispered, “my name is Tony.

I committed many crimes and I am on the top of the most wanted list.

I don’t want to hurt you big guy, I need your help.

Do what I tell you and if we get caught, I won’t throw you under the bus.

You’re probably twice the man I am, but I do what I've got to do.”

The worst thing to do would be to help this law-breaking citizen, but what choice did I have? Scream and run? He would have fired bullets all over the place and murdered at least half of the innocent civilians on this bus. Reminding myself of Tony's words, I muttered, “do what you've got to do.” We were almost at my stop, so I nudged Tony and told him that we needed to get off. We walked quickly to my apartment building. Tony spotted the security cameras around my building and asked if there was a back entrance. We went to the rear of the building, walked up a flight of stairs and arrived at my door. My hands shaking nervously, I unlocked the door to my suite. From the corner of my eye, I saw Tony slowly reach for my keys. BAM! I slammed him against the wall, putting a dent into it. "What do you think you're doing?" I yelled. "Sorry", he smirked. I backed away and hesitantly opened the door. I was already questioning my decision. Did I really want to let a criminal enter my home? Too late. Tony stepped inside and looked around at the expensive furniture, the new big screen TV, and the exquisite paintings. I could tell that Tony assumed I was wealthy. He's not wrong, but I worked hard to afford my lifestyle.

Tony sat down on my couch and began with saying, “we’re alone right? Nobody else is here?” “Yeah, no one else is here. We’re all good. It’s not like I have security tuning in right now.”I exclaimed

“Wait seriously!”, Tony interrupted.

“I’m just kidding. Take it easy”, I laughed.

“That’s not funny man. You almost caused me to have a heart attack. Anyways, I’m sure you know that my lifestyle is totally different from yours. I’ve been running away my whole life and breaking the law, unlike you. If you want, I could act like I took you as a hostage to stay in your home, so that you won’t be in trouble. Or you can join me, but I highly doubt that you…”

Tony said. I quickly interjected, “Count me in, I want to help you.”

“Are you sure that you want to lay your life on the line for me?” he questioned.

“I am not only doing this for you. I am doing it for myself,” I said confidently.

 A few days later, we started our worldwide epidemic of crimes. To be completely honest with you, I do not regret any of my actions. After the first couple of felonies, we became famous. We gained followers willing to help us. We had started a revolution. We were trying to overthrow companies cheating the system, fight the war to stop climate change, racism and the list continues. We did illegal things to punish bad people which makes us vigilantes. We encountered many near death experiences. However, I fell in love with the feeling of the excitement that came with it. I believe our largest, most impactful, and well-known crime was the night of the Wall Street explosion. I will explain how we got away with it. First, we disabled the cameras in the wall street building by using the help of our followers that were exceptional technological people. Two of my members blocked the cameras around the outside with gum beforehand in case of an issue in the code. Security was not on the watch, so we crept in through the back with caution. Then we tried to plant as many explosives as possible around the entire building without getting caught. Suddenly, the power went out due to a car crash near the area. That made escaping easier for us, but we needed to be even more aware of our surroundings. Unfortunately, our getaway driver was spotted parked in a restricted parking spot near wall street. She was advised by a security guard to leave the area at once. My driver got offended by the guard and started a fight. She sadly got captured and shot by a taser gun. We heard the news that she is now in a mild coma and we did not intend for any of our members to be severely injured. We snuck passed eight watchmen in the exchange room and Tony found the nearest exit. We left through the front which is not the smartest or safest thing to do. The watchmen guarding the front saw us bolt out through the doors. Tony and I have never ran so fast in our lives. One of my members got shot in the leg sadly. The patrol started firing bullets after that first shot. Since, there was a lot of thought that went into this, we had another escape plan. Earlier we found a manhole cover in the front of the establishment, so we unscrewed the lid. Tony opened the lid and we all entered the sewer. I could not believe that we got away with the largest crime New York city has ever seen. After a day passed, we turned on the TV to channel FOX 5 news where they shot at Wall street. Once the channel transitioned over to a news reporter who interviewed a guard that witnessed the crime, I pressed the button to ignite the bombs. The whole place lit up like the fireworks you see on the Fourth of July. Our whole revolution started to pop bottles of champagne in celebration. Ring, ring! The landline rang and there was silence in the room. We did not answer the phone, in case the police were calling. The ringing was never-ending, and it irritated me. I picked up the phone to end the annoying sound.

 As I was about to end it the callers shrieked, “Hey Tony it is your parents. What is going on right now?! Why were you on the news? Are you still working at Shullman’s offices? For the love of god did you cause the explosion! Please answer! We are worried about you.”

 “I’m sorry you have the wrong number,” I muttered. “Stop playing games with us Tony. Answer the questions!” they cried.

 My immediate reaction was to end the call. Instead, I just put the call on hold. I was so confused. Why did Tony’s parents think that I was him? How did they know about my job at Shullman’s? I tried to piece back the missing pieces. I returned to the call. “Say my name again.” I interrogated. “C’mon stop that! Fine, Tony. Now can you answer us. Please let us in, we want to help you.” They screamed with frustration. I ended the call because there were too many things being thrown at me at once. I turned to Tony who was behind me. I confronted him because I wanted answers. Somehow, he knew about this all along.

I asked with no hesitation, “why did your parents mistaken me for you?”

 Tony responded by saying, “Why would anybody confuse you with me? Think about it! “How am I supposed to know? I don’t have a clue?” I uttered. “Use your head Tony. You know why!” he announced. “Don’t call me that. Wait, but that’s impossible. Were the same person?” I said. “Finally, you figured it out Sherlock Holmes. Case closed!” he smirked. “Tony, I don’t understand this. I’m so confused.” I mumbled. “you wanted to change your life once you saw me. You wanted to be like me. I gave you an opportunity to do so. I was with you in all the crimes. Nobody else could see me, but you. Sometimes you acted like yourself and other times you acted like me. It was you all along, committing the crimes. You allowed yourself to become me, Tony” he explained.

 Then Tony wandered out my door and I never saw him since. I felt guilty about what I did. I could have dealt with these situations differently, but I did not have any other options. This is the ugly truth about what I did and who I am. You can choose to believe it or not. For the record Sergeant O’Connell, my revolution is not the problem you are.

“let’s stop the tape guys. We’re done here. I want to hear what the psychiatrist has got to say about Tony” Sergeant O’Connell demanded.

The sergeant entered the room with the two-way mirror where the psychiatrist was studying me and started to talk. I could hardly hear anything.

I saw the psychiatrist through the crack of the door. She mouths the words “I would like to schedule a day to have a session with him. I think he has multiple personalities disorder also known as schizophrenia. He shows some signs of mental illness and I’m quite worried that if we don’t act now, he might, you know what.”

Those claims are false. Who does she think she is, she hardly even knows me? Sergeant O’Connell stepped out of the room and directs the two officers to send me to my temporary jail cell. Now I just have to wait for my lawyer to take me to court. The End.