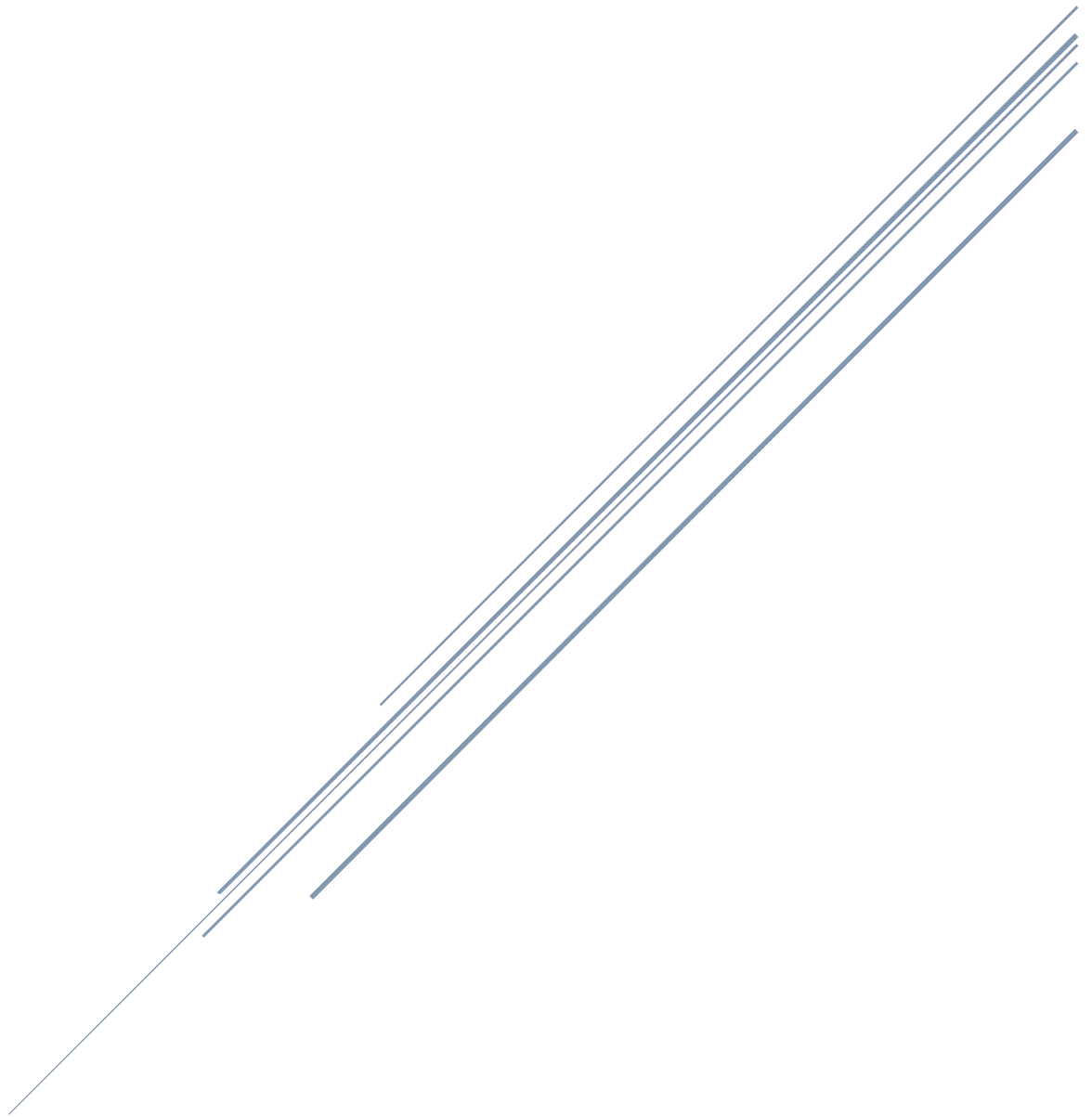


# WHAT MAKES A TRUE RULER OF PEOPLE?



Pollus Paratus  
12436

### **The Present**

There was shouting, then the sound of blasters firing. Pollus quickly ran to the intersection where people were gathering around, nimbly working his way to the center. There was a girl sobbing, her older brother curled up in the fetal position on the corner of the intersection.

He looked so peaceful like he had decided to take a rest there in the middle of the chaotic world. The scene looked so surreal, a boy serene, a girl pained, a group of people concerned while another group disinterested. Pollus shook his head, mortified yet in awe of the scene. It was then and there that Pollus, an otherwise composed and inattentive mercenary swore that he would never watch another girl cry over her death brother's body.

### **The Future**

Pollus stepped out onto the balcony and there were cheers. He looked down at the thousands of people who were on the ground, looking up at him excitedly. He was the leader of his people. So, how did the Pollus the Puntable, an Aleena stranded from his home and his time become the most powerful person on this backward primitive society?

### **The Inquiry**

Pollus walked back into the bar and asked the people around him about the government and their priorities. He learned that this sort of thing happened quite frequently. The government was not interested in serving the people because it was too drawn to the regional squabbles over resources and possessions. Pollus shook his head and headed to the book store to learn more since the country didn't have a single library, a tragedy in the Aleena's mind.

### **The Assembly**

Years after Pollus spoke with the first native about the power structure of the planet, he commanded an army. It started with a few people who were willing to force change in a broken-down garage on the outskirts of town. First, his troops stole raw materials from the businesses around them using Pollus's scanners to evade capture. Using the raw materials to build manufacturing equipment, Pollus was able to create vessels to extract more resources, using further equipment to refine the resources in a state that they could be using to build more necessity.

Paying attention to the cutthroat politics of the planet, Pollus was able to navigate through the murky waters undetected while pulling together the elements needed to take over and destroy the divisive governments. He put together school programs, training

regiments, opportunities for advancement within the public sphere, and contributed to the government through contract work. Behind the curtains, he was manufacturing weapons, paying off crooked politicians while creating loyal ones, recruiting people to run community organizations.

A few election cycles later, his politicians had captured some seats within their governments. A cycle later, there were a few more politicians. With every cycle, his influence grew until the governments could no longer ignore what was becoming obvious, that Pollus was a threat to their power and the balance that they carefully maintained. In country after country, he was declared a traitor. His people were imprisoned, his structures forcibly removed, and his organizations and businesses shut down. This was the day that Pollus had waited for.

### **The Strife**

There was the public side and then there was the private side. On this primitive planet, Pollus could work undetected with the knowledge he possessed. He created secret bases in the uninhabited parts of the world, bases full of manufacturing machines with a few purposes in mind, the key purpose to wage war and win.

Pollus came out and urge his supporters to overthrow their jailers. He promised them that they would live safer lives, that everyone would matter and that no death would go unpunished. Wave after wave of people followed him. With the help of his cadre, he equipped his followers with weapons and armor that annihilated the government forces. He freed those that had been imprisoned while imprisoning their jailers. He offered quarter to those who would set down their arms and join him. Three months after being condemned, Pollus had quashed almost all resistance and destroyed the old order.

### **The Consolidation**

The following months saw new people being installed to lead regions of a now global government. Pollus was generous with how he governed. He demanded loyalty, but he also demanded that his governors have the best interest of all their people as the core of their decision making.

The planet came to agreement with the core tenants of their laws and how to enforce those laws. With many interests butting heads, Pollus demanded and received cooperation.

The planet improved how they ran their supply chains. What had once been dozens of nations with their regional allegiances became

a larger market, with free boundaries and subjected to market forces over the span of the globe. The supply chains became more efficient and faster, delivering the goods where it needed to go. Pollus helped, building the equipment and structures needed for transportation.

### **The Tranquility**

This consolidation led to a stronger planet, a more transparent world, and one that Pollus could better control. He would deploy his personal security forces to dispatch of criminal forces. Crime was at an all-time low with all heinous crimes accounted for and solved. His direction led to an almost nonexistent murder rate.

However, along the way, Pollus had lost his way. To create harmony, he deployed his security forces to beat dissension and sentenced dissenters to hard time on the frontiers where they were never heard from again. To eliminate pain, he pervaded on the rights of his people, stopping domestic assaults by spying on his people and preventing criminal mischief by deploying his forces where groups of teenagers would associate.

His people, once enamored with him, grew tired of him. They were living in a giant prison camp, watched for any misdeeds they committed. They were afraid to speak out, witnessing the crushing of the dissenters. Finally, one man stood up.

### **The Uprising**

His prime minister, Linus, delivered a speech to the global senate, stating the laws that Pollus had broken, that Pollus had broken his contract with the People and should be resisted. At the end of the speech, Linus received a standing ovation for his bravery. The Senate was behind Linus and immediately drafted a bill that would depose of Pollus the Putable.

Lost with the betrayal of his closest friend of many decades, Pollus reflected and saw the light. Stepping out on the balcony that he had once governed from so many years ago, he looked down to see the angry mob that his security forces could hardly keep back. Tears fell from his eyes.

Hours earlier, he had written three letters. The first was his resignation. The second was a deep and moving letter to his oldest friend, apologizing for failing Linus. The third was a letter to the people he swore to protect so long ago.

With the sigh of a guilty man, Pollus flung himself over the rails. Not one of his nine lives would save this Aleena from the heights he fell

from. As he fell, there was a realization that he was finally free and flying for the first time of his life. Then there was darkness.

Pollus the Putable was dead.