

The ebony night suffocated the city with a glazing darkness, its tendrils of obscurity slowly snaking through buildings, engulfing them in inky silhouettes. The dim street lights glowed apprehensively, a small fragile defence, offering hope amidst the darkness. The rain fell down in heavy streaks, each pattering against the hard concrete and gathering in small pools. And before me stood the imposing headquarters of the powerful corporation. Run-of-the-mill citizens knew that there was a sort of evil festering beneath the glazed stone walls, a sort of trouble that was about to burst out. But it had just stood there, patiently and stolidly in the blistering heat of the summer sun. Nothing had changed, but suspicions hadn't settled. They just gradually built into a pile of theories and hunches, until something did change. And hidden under the thick veil of the night, this was the perfect time for some investigation.

Silently, with the agility of a cheetah quietly pursuing its prey, I slowly slipped inside an undefended glass door. The business seemed to have past closing hours all to my better. I had memorised the mysterious archways of the almost labyrinth and now I was heading towards the boss office, sneaking for the masterplans. I stood before the locked, wooden door, standing forebodingly before me. This was not going to stop me. I locked my back into a protective stance as I tried to bust the door open. I heard the iron creaking against wood and the slow simmer of rust falling, as the door tilted ajar. I tried again, this time, pacing myself faster. The door flew open and a document stood before me. Words among the crisp, office paper declared the ceremonial destroyal of all Australian territories, using nuclear forces and military control, before taking it as their own land. I felt repulse smother me. There was also a name, the stained signature of the real initiator behind all this..

Fachet Rush. The name echoed in my head, reverberating with fear, shock and awe. Fachet Rush. My close friend who had stood by me till the very end. Fachet Rush, the evil mastermind who had plotted to destroy the entirety of Australia. Confusion constricted me like insidious tendrils slowly choking my heart, suffocating me in a pit of endless fear. Perplexity engulfed me in sharp billows of plunging upset, as I felt tears crowding around my eyelids, threatening to burst out. I whispered his name, trying to remember the wistful memories of him as a friendly school child. Fachet, kindly helping a small child tie up his shoelaces. Fachet, cheering loudly for his friends. And now Fachet had been transformed into an evil mastermind, threatening to destroy the entire world.

I had been a determined vessel, sailing along the course of life via my moral compass. But as I stood, jugged between the opposing tides of defending my friend and upholding my moral values, I was utterly confused in the face of this. It was as if my compass had entirely failed, its point glitching rapidly from north to south, from valuing my friendship to stopping the powerful, evil corporation. If I revealed the plan, I would betray years of friendship, each year a pillar standing testimony for his good deeds. But if I stayed quiet, Australia would be destroyed. Australia, destroyed into an ashen wreck of shrapnel and flame and the desperate cry of innocent civilians. I couldn't betray my friend, but I also couldn't abandon the Australian country.

But I knew I had to do what's right. So I went to report my discoveries.