

Roman Revolution

Von viv-heart

Kapitel 1: 462 BC

Mid-Summer 462 BC, the City of Rome, Age 8

"Father? Father? What's going on?" a young girl pulled at her father's arm as shouts echoed through Rome's streets suddenly. "Why are they shouting?" Her brown hair shone in the morning sun as they hurried through the crowded Forum. People emerged from the alleys, making it almost impossible to walk in the opposite direction of the steady stream of bodies.

Her father glanced down at her and pulled her closer. "I don't know. But we need to get home, Hermione." He took her hand and led her through the mass of shouting men.

The merchants around the Forum were packing up quickly, trying their best to save their goods from the rioting masses as Hermione was dragged by her father in the direction of their home.

They turned into a side-street and almost ran into the men standing there.

"Let us pass!" A tall man with platinum hair shouted at the group that closed him and his companions in.

"Get to the Forum, Malfoy!" somebody shouted back.

Hermione stopped in tracks at the scene, and refused to move from the spot, even though her father tried to drag her away.

"What's going on?" she asked again, sounding almost angry.

"A riot. They want to force the Patricians to accept our demands. That man is Senator Lucius Cornelius Malfoy. They are trying to force him to get back to the Forum to discuss a resolution. Now come!" Hermione's father tried to pull her with him.

"No!" she refused to move. "We have to do something! Look, there is a boy with them! He looks scared! They'll hurt him if we don't do anything!"

And indeed, behind the older Malfoy, there was a boy around Hermione's age. His platinum hair suggested, that he was the senator's son.

"They won't hurt him!" her father said in exasperation.

"Then why are you so keen on getting away? Why did you lie? You said that you didn't know what was going on!" Hermione asked, before she yanked her hand out of his grasp, and marched over to the group.

"Can't you solve this like civilized men instead of yelling at each other? What kind of example are you setting?" she asked as soon as she stopped in front of them. They all turned to look at her in surprise.

"What the-?" one started to say, but stopped when Hermione's father appeared

behind his daughter.

"Gracchus?" Another man asked in surprise. "Is that your daughter?"

Hermione's father nodded and grasped her arm. "She is right, you know. If you want to fight at least let the boy go home. Children shouldn't be involved in politics."

"And yet, your *daughter* just got involved," the older Malfoy sneered.

"She was trying to help *you*," Gracchus retorted, staring him down.

"We don't need any help from *plebs*," this time, it was the boy, who spoke up, the sneer on his face identical with his father's.

At that, Hermione stuck out her chin, took her father's hand and led him away, her head held high, even though tears were gathering in her eyes. The men all stared after them, but the boy averted his gaze.

"Hermione," her father started after they turned around another corner. "I-."

"Why do they look down on us?" Hermione sobbed. "I don't understand. We are the same as they are."

"Because they want to. We *are* the same. And we are going to force them to finally acknowledge that," Gracchus said. "Today we are making the first big step."

oOo

A young boy was following his father and his companions through the streets of Rome when the uproar started.

"Stay behind me, Draco!" his father said, before the boy could as much as open his mouth. "Don't leave his side, Dobby!" he ordered the slave, who was accompanying them. "Don't let anybody near him!"

"Calm down, Malfoy!" a companion put a hand on the father's arm.

"Calm down, Severus? *Really?*" Lucius sneered. "It's not the time to calm down. Last time there was an uproar like this, they established those ridiculous Tribunes! Only Apollo knows, what they want now! And they'll use any means necessary to accomplish it!"

"Your father's stories scared you for sure," Severus commented drily as they hurried through the crowd.

Lucius glanced back at him. "They didn't *scare* me. No, they showed me the truth. They are not better than animals, Severus. They don't have fathers and mate like rabbits! Tell me what exactly separates them from animals?"

He had barely finished the sentence, when a group of men cut him away from the alley he was heading to.

Lucius stopped in his tracks and his son moved to stand beside him. He put a hand on Draco's shoulder.

"Who do you think you are?" Lucius barked. "Get out of my way!"

"Forget it," one of the men replied. "You are coming with us!"

"We are not! Let us through!" Lucius shot back, staring the group down, his hand clutching Draco's shoulder. He knew, that he had to get him away. Fast.

One of the men snorted. "Make us. But oh wait, you can't! You are powerless without your goons."

"Let us pass!" Lucius shouted. The streets were getting fuller and fuller and if they didn't manage to move soon, they would have to deal with a much larger group.

"Get to the Forum, Malfoy!" the men blocking his path were getting angry and Lucius pushed his son behind himself.

"When this is over you are going to pay!" he threatened.

The men were about to move and drag them to the Forum, when a little girl with curly brown hair appeared out of nowhere.

"Can't you solve this like civilized men instead of yelling at each other? What kind of example are you setting?" she asked, and they all turned to look at her in surprise.

"What the-?" one started to say, but stopped, when what seemed to be the girl's father appeared behind her.

"Gracchus?" Another man asked. "Is that your daughter?"

The man nodded and grasped her arm. "She is right, you know. If you want to fight at least let the boy go home. Children shouldn't be involved in politics."

"And yet your *daughter* just got involved," Lucius sneered, even though he secretly agreed. He sure as hell wanted to get his boy away.

"She was trying to help *you*," Gracchus retorted, staring him down.

"We don't need any help from *plebs*," Draco said and Lucius glanced at his son, barely managing to hide his surprise. He hadn't expected him to speak up.

At that, the girl stuck out her chin, took her father's hand and led him away, her head held high. The men all stared after them, but Draco averted his gaze. He had seen the tears in her eyes and wasn't sure how to feel about it. Instinctively he felt bad for hurting a girl, but on the other hand he had done nothing wrong.

As soon as the girl and her father left, the men, who had been surrounding them, lashed out and seized the adult men. One of them put a hand on Draco's shoulder and led him to stand in front of his father and his companions.

"You are coming with us. Don't worry, nothing will happen to the boy, but we need you to behave," the man said to Malfoy and pushed Draco down the street, leading to the Forum.

They were led through the masses and to the center of the place, where a group of men already stood, waiting for them and the others, who were brought there. Draco recognized some of them as his father's friends and family.

"Father?" Draco looked up at his father, but only got an almost invisible shake of the head instead of a response. The questions were killing him, but Draco knew, that if his father told him to not ask, he had his reasons to.

"What is he doing here?" somebody said, and Draco turned to see his uncle Rodolphus step next to his father, his eyes on him.

"I didn't manage to get him away," Lucius whispered back. "They caught us just before Avery's."

Rodolphus nodded and shifted his attention to a man who walked to stand in front of them and the other Patricians and Draco turned back around to listen.

"We are here to present our demands," he spoke calmly and loud shouts echoed from behind him in support.

"Who exactly are you and what claim do you have?" A man, whom Draco recognized to be Rodolphus' brother Rabastan, stepped forward on their side. He was the current Consul together with Tiberius Nautius Nott, the father of one of Draco's friends.

"I am Gaius Cassius, a Tribune of the Plebs. I was chosen to be the voice of the people and to present you our demands. Now listen as it is your duty to serve Rome and its citizens."

Draco glanced at his father and Rodolphus to see their reactions, but their faces were set in stone. They were waiting for the demands and Draco looked back to the tribune as to not miss his next words.

"We, the people of Rome, demand that the law is fixed from now on, written in stone, as to not be changed. There have been complaints and incidents where you, mighty Senators, called on oral tradition and hurt us, even though we were in the right. We can't stand it any longer and will take action if we have to," Cassius finished and a soft

murmur went through the crowd.

"What will happen, if we chose to ignore your demands?" Rabastan asked and Draco looked up when Lucius put a hand on his shoulder.

His face was unreadable, his eyes set firmly on the Tribune and Draco shifted uncomfortably. He understood how grave the situation was. The people of Rome had chased away their rulers despite the will of gods before and they might do it again.

"We will leave Rome again," Cassius stated and Lucius' hand tightened on Draco's shoulder.

Draco didn't have to look back to understand that the men around him were distressed. The Plebeians have left Rome before, refusing to work, and forced the Senate to accept the Tribunes. His father had discussed and complained about it with his friends on several occasions and Draco knew, that they wouldn't let it happen again.

"We will think about it and discuss it," Rabastan spoke again, shouting over the cheering masses of Plebeians.

"Sure as hell we will," Rodolphus hissed.

"We will," Lucius said. "It's nothing compared to what else they could ask for. We need to keep them calm." He finally looked down at Draco and pushed his back slightly into the direction of their house. "Let's go. I don't want to spend more time here than I have to."

Draco nodded and started walking, making sure that he stayed close to his father and family. His head was swirling with thoughts, the picture of the crying girl and the angry faces all around them leaving him no rest.

Little did he know, that it was only the beginning.