



Set in the 1800's, the world a cruel place. Slavery was booming; People were in chains, trapped, ill-treated to the point of death. They were brought to a plantation where they were abused with no hope in sight.

They would meet secretly to plot their escape. The leader, James, his feet so worn out he could barely stand. "Prepare yourselves. Take as many weapons as you can. I know you are tired, your feet constantly bleed and your hands shackled but this will be our day.", he told his comrades.

The next day was one of restlessness. They waited till night had taken over. Spears fashioned out of sticks were used to break their chains. One by one they slit the throats of their "masters", but it was not long before the oppressors fought back with bigger, more powerful weapons. The battle continued on a hill, men falling on either side and screams echoing in the air. The battle grew and so did the body count. Eventually, James called for his men to retreat. They were overtaken as they were already weak, their weapons nothing compared to their enemies. They were already in pain, for most of them death was a relief.

A new day began with more beatings for stepping out of line, for having the audacity to fight back. The ground ran red with the blood of a hundred men. In the eyes of James and the rest of his people, they had died for nothing. To them the mission had been a failure. But word had spread of the brave men who gave their lives trying to escape, a stir had been caused and men prepared, they knew it would not be long before a revolution began.

The violence and intensity is captured by William Simpson, E Walker and others, a perfect representation of this moment in time (1857-1858).



Paul and Blair were rich and every year, they traveled to an exotic country for hunting. Blair was getting tired. She felt guilty for the pain they caused killing animals. "Can we do something else this year? Maybe go on a cruise? It would be so much fun.", she suggested. Paul looked at his wife exasperatedly. He loved her, but hunting was his passion. "Dear, we cannot go back now, another time perhaps.", he said, ending the conversation abruptly as the vehicle came to a stop.

Blair looked around them, the trees tall and grand. There were tents set up everywhere for people to rest. Paul briefly pecked Blair and left. She stayed praying no one would get hurt.

Paul and his guide, Murray, went deep into the jungle looking for their prey. It would have been easy to track a deer, yet Paul wanted a challenge. Suddenly, a loud roar erupted, shaking the trees around them.

They spotted a flash of orange in the bushes. Aiming his gun, Blair's words at the back of his mind, Paul took the shot. A moan came from behind the bushes. The animal came at them, roaring defiantly. Bang! Bang! Bang! They shot repeatedly as it hit the ground. They cautiously made their way towards the body with Paul's eyes glistening when he saw a tiger at his feet.

Blair heard the jeep arrive and witnessed Paul set the tiger on the ground. Blair felt her eyes sting as she looked down on the poor animal drenched in blood while Paul looked on with pride in his eyes. "What did it do to deserve this? How could you?!" Blair cried in anger. The tiger lay there a victim of a human's boredom, hunted down in his own home, cursed to be a part of a sad collection.