# The Final Round for Democracy

B Alan Bourgeois · Opening excerpt · 1 of 2

The music blared like the opening act of a Vegas boxing match. Red, white, and gold banners rippled in the cold winter breeze. Spotlights pierced the sky while Marines in full dress uniform stood like props on a set. America, once the cradle of democracy, had become a stadium of spectacle.

At center stage, flanked by oversized LED monitors and a massive bald eagle sculpture, President Preston D. Barron raised both fists in the air like a champion. His trademark smirk glistened beneath a thick layer of foundation, his blondish-orange combover motionless in the wind.

“My fellow Americans,” Barron began, pointing at the cameras like a televangelist, “it’s time to make history again. And not the fake kind—the real kind. The kind people remember for centuries!”

Cheers erupted from the crowd, thick with flag-draped faithfuls and trucker hats bearing slogans like 'Kick Ass for Freedom' and ‘MMAGA: Make Martial Arts Great Again.’

“Two hundred and fifty years ago, our brave Founders signed a little thing called the Declaration of Independence,” he said, waving an aged-looking scroll that may or may not have been real. “And this Fourth of July, on the very lawn where history lives, we’re going to sign a new kind of declaration—one that proves who owns this country.”

# Reading sample — continued



He paused for drama.

“A declaration in the form of combat.”

Gasps. Screams. Applause. Fireworks—yes, actual fireworks—exploded behind him.

“I’m announcing the first-ever Battle for America, a live, UFC-style showdown between the forces of freedom and the pathetic, weak, radical-left mob that wants to destroy this beautiful country. My guy, the ultimate American warrior, will take on their best... if they even have one.”

Barron grinned. “No more debates. No more fake news. Just fists, blood, and truth.”

Reporters tried to shout questions, but the sound system cut them off. Barron turned and exited through a golden archway shaped like a giant ‘250,’ leaving America dumbstruck.

The spectacle had been declared. The countdown to the brawl had begun.

And somewhere, in a darkened gym in South Texas, Jack Varela, a former UFC promoter turned democracy activist, stared at the TV in silence.

He knew what most people hadn’t realized yet: The fight was real. And the future of the country might actually depend on who won.