The Night America Broke

B Alan Bourgeois · Opening excerpt · 1 of 2

The ballroom glowed with warm, golden light, its chandeliers casting reflections across polished marble floors. The scent of fresh roses mingled with slow-roasting carnitas, an aroma that had filled Alvarez family celebrations for generations. Laughter and music flowed through the air as guests—friends, family, dignitaries—gathered to celebrate Marisol Alvarez's Quinceañera.

For Marisol, this was more than just a birthday. It was a rite of passage, a bridge between girlhood and womanhood, steeped in tradition, culture, and family pride. She stood at the center of it all, wrapped in a lavender gown embroidered with delicate silver thread, her dark curls cascading down her shoulders. Her father, Gabriel Alvarez, watched her with quiet pride, his heart swelling as she twirled to the music. Four generations of Alvarez ancestors had called Texas home, and tonight, he felt the weight of their legacy.

But outside, beyond the light, beyond the laughter, hatred waited in the dark.

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Henry Corbin gripped his binoculars so tightly his knuckles turned white. From the driver's seat of his bran new pickup, he watched the ballroom through the floor-to-ceiling windows, seething. His heartbeat pounded against his ribs, hot and erratic.

Reading sample — continued

An infestation.

That’s what he saw. A swarm of invaders, celebrating as if they belonged here, flaunting their expensive dresses, their polished shoes, their laughter. He could almost hear their accents, their foreign words contaminating his America.

He wiped the sweat from his forehead, his pulse quickening as he reached for the AM radio dial. The familiar voices were there, soothing him, reinforcing what he already believed:

"The border is under siege."

"The government is weak."

"Illegals are flooding our streets."

"Patriots must act."

And Henry Corbin was a patriot. He had done a tour in Afghanistan and was proud to serve his country, not the land of invaders.

He had seen it firsthand. The grocery stores were filled with people who didn't speak English. The job postings were written in two languages, catering to them, not him. The President—his President—had finally begun cracking down, but it wasn’t enough. It would never be enough.

Tonight, he had to act. He knew his President would be proud of him in protecting their land from those people.

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