

Revolutions

The U for the A

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Re-found luck

The chap by the lake was shivering even though he had three coats on. He heaved his boat to the murky waters edge but it was not easy, as he kept being carried back by the strong gusts of wind.

Jeff, this was his name, flung his gear into the boat and began to push it out along the lakes silt filled banks leaving imprints of the sole of his shoe. He leaped in, almost tipping it over.

He paddled, but it was still relatively shallow so he got back out and sprinted towards the centre of the lake, jumping back in as soon as it got deep again. He sat in his boat with mud above his knees, but he didn't care, he picked up a container from his equipment and removed the lid, the contents of it started to crawl over the sides and into the boat. It didn't make a difference as he picked one up and pushed a hook through it.

He was just about to cast when he saw it, he had just caught a glimpse of light reflecting off something that was obviously shimmering and metallic over on the far embankment.

The fish no longer engrossed him, but now he hunted it, he started to paddle as vigorous as he could before he became drained.

He collapsed. He slept but dreamt nothing. An abrupt jerk woke him; he had continued to float. He got out of the boat clutching his head, drunk but not under the influence. He hauled the boat up the bank but then dropped it on his foot, then scurried down the bank to pick it up. "My luck has been found, this is going to make me a fortune."

He then ran up the bank with the boat full of adrenaline, though he was on the wrong side of the lake suggesting he would have to go the long way round and back to the opposite bank where he had left his car.

This lake was huge so it took him a long while to walk its perimeter to get back to his car, if he had any brains it would have been easier to use the boat and paddle across. When he finally did get back he upturned the boat and raised it onto the roof of his car where he secured it into place on the rail. He got into the small car and pulled away onto the main road without paying due care and attention, once on the main road he headed back for his house. Once there he locked it

up in his safe, which he kept behind the bed and fell asleep without having changed out of his fishing clothes.

When he woke the next morning he realised that his bed was full of sediment and maggots.

* * * *

It was a very hot summers day, it would appear, but really a few people's ignorant opinions were very far from the truth.

In reality, the side of life that not many people had seen, it was more like a freezing cold winter, with hail the size of bricks and rain coming down like there was *no tomorrow*. Of course I was one of the thousands, no millions even that fell for the nefarious deception of this fiends sick mind.

He wasn't exactly a rocket-scientist or was he even half way there, if fact he was actually quite dense.

Of course I wouldn't have been here in a position to stop this ass-hole if I hadn't re-found my luck when I was 20, about five years ago now.

The way I re-found my luck came about back when I used to live in Cornwall, I used to work in an office doing computer work, I hadn't been there very long so I hadn't got much of an understanding as to what it was I was supposed to do yet but I just kept going along with it.

It was after this particular day at work, when I decided to catch a cab home rather than the usual train ride.

I got in and he and he started to take me home, he new where because this was a pre-booked taxi, he started on the right way but then turned a bend right instead of going strait on, I thought this was odd but I wasn't paying my full attention. When I saw a school I had never heard of before I realised that he was taking me the wrong way.

So I asked, "Do you know where Kington lane is?"

He replied, "Yes, of course I do, but I'm not taking you there?"

"What do mean you're not taking me there?"

He stopped.

"Get out now!"

So I did.

I hadn't a clue where I was, so I ran to a near-by signpost.

It read, 'Lughan Ave.' I turned around and there was a sight that would convince some of even the strongest sceptics.

Behind me was an opening in a hedge, not just an opening but a, something big. There was a man, though at first I thought it was a man, it wasn't a women either but a thing standing there with large blade, blood up his arms and on his face. Three bodies behind him lying there, lifeless, motionless all with a number carved out on their foreheads. The number of the beast (six hundred three-score and six.) The man, or whatever he was ran for it knowing that I'd witness him, so naturally I chased him. This, I found was the biggest mistake of my life.

After this I remember not, I woke up head spinning and back bent like a u-bend. I then realised I was upside down in a bin, legs hanging over the sides. Waking expecting it to be morning it found it to be still night, looking to the sky, once I had managed to pull myself from the maggot box, I saw nothing but cloud and rain. I glanced at my watch but it was missing.

Standing cold wet and covered it something rancid I slowly walked back towards the bus stop I remember seeing. I waited a few moments looking around trying to figure out were the heck I was, I mean the sign on the bus stop said the village name but yet I had never heard of this before. Eventually a bus arrived, it was a early according to the time that it had said on the sign but when I stepped on to the blue painted, yet flaky and old bus the driver apologised for being late. It's not like drivers to say sorry for being late but I didn't mind, it was here now and it was going to the place I needed it to go to.

"£3.00" the driver asked for.

I delved into my jackets deep pocket for my wallet but it had gone, just like my watch. Panicking I reached for the extra change I kept in my back trouser pocket. I produced luckily just enough from £1.50, 7 20s and 2 5s.

I walked past the driver towards the middle of the bus even though there were only three other people on the bus, a woman with short hair, a man who looked like a tramp and a teenage girl about 17 or 18. She was head down in her mp3.

We went around a few corners before we stopped at a smashed up bus shelter where nobody got off or on. We carried on for another half a mile and stopped again, this time a man got on.

This man was old and was the sort who paid with small change, I know I did but that was only because some mugger stole it. After two minutes of counting out 5p s he realised he had a OAPs bus pass. He took the front seat on the right and we started again. After going around only one corner the old man got off again and so did the other man. My stop was the next stop, it stopped and I started walking to the front when the girl realises she had missed her stop she had to get off here and walk back. I was still wondering why the old man had got on to go around a corner to get off again.

I walked towards my house, I knew the way now as I had walked this road many times before. As I was walking I noticed a round circle of light shining on the bench at the bus stop, it was coming from the streetlights. I bent down and noticed it was my watch and next to that was my wallet, I picked the two up, and my wallet still had the same amount of money in it as it had before. I put it in my pocket and walked back towards home. That was lucky I thought, that I had re-found what I had lost.

As I put the key in the door I heard a strange shout but not a scream, I thought I had heard enough for tonight, entered through my front door and locked it behind me.

The rich fisherman

The next morning I had completely forgot about last night and went to work as normal, I got there fine and still had time for my cornflakes. I was in my office working peacefully when a mate came in with a newspaper and sat on the desks corner.

I saved the work and replaced the pen back into the penholder and put a large paper clip on my paper files.

“Yes Paul?” I said to him in a ‘can’t you see I’m busy’ way.

“Look at this in the paper, there at the bit about the fisherman.”

“Ooh fisherman, how interesting” I replied in a sarcastic tone, but then I remembered he can’t tell the difference between sarcasm and reality. He asked me not to use it just because he doesn’t understand it.

Like what I said to him when he passed me a note with a question mark, I said, “Can you not use question marks because I can’t tell the difference between a question mark and an exclamation mark? Can you not use them just because I don’t understand them?”

He still didn’t get it.

“No not that, what he found.”

So I read the half page article and was getting to the third line when I thought I hadn’t understood the rest properly so I started again. When I got to that part again I sat staring at the paper for I knew more about what this meant than he did. It read,

‘When Mr Ben Brown a local fisherman took what seemed to a worthless replica brass ring to ‘Grand auction’ last Tuesday it turned out to be worth over £10,000,000. But when he revealed his second separate lot it too made large amounts of money, £4,500,000.’

“What the f-heck,” finally came out but it was obvious to everyone what I was going to say. Paul left the room and I decided the read the article again to make sure I wasn’t seeing things. Nope I had read it right some fisherman had just made a fortune.

Stowing the paper cutting in the top draw of my desk I carried on with my work, I was supposed to be finishing off an important project for the end of the week but now my mind was only thinking about one thing. Suddenly I fell off my chair hard, I landed on my back and my

metal drove into me. Something had just made me metaphorically mess myself, I had just been made jump and if I had been an old person I think it would have just been the last thing I saw.

I looked through the window on the other side the office and I saw nothing, what ever it was it wasn't there any more, it was so strange that I hadn't had chance to see what it was properly. I picked myself up and sat back on the chair, luck for me nobody else was looking so I didn't seem so much of an idiot.

Realising that if I kept getting distracted I would never get this job done I decided to focus and concentrate on what I was doing if I was to get the work done right.

Then I was made jump again, but this time the phone rang, I seemed to be on edge that day, I don't know why. Maybe it was what had happened last night or maybe it was something completely different. Hands shaking like an earthquake measuring nine on the Richter scale I slowly moved my hand over to the phone and picked up the receiver. Then I did the obvious thing and brought it up to my ear and said "Hello." I was supposed to say the company's name afterwards but my mind wasn't thinking right. The person on the other end of the line replied only with a long drawn out deep breath followed by a strange snarling sound, the phone hung up. Without realising this I said, 'hello' again. At the exact moment I went to return the receiver to the main phone, I heard a quick and sharp, "Peter!" I turned around and completely flipped, "Argghh!" I shouted as there stood dripping wet, dead faced, gormless thing of my boss was looking strait at me. He completely took me by surprise as I quite literally threw the phone at him, the phone swung around the table leg on the cord and smacked into desk, "Er... Yes Mr Davis?"

Then a few seconds later two policemen wearing their full uniform walked into room, "Er...what 's going on?" I asked.

"Mr Johnson," one policeman started, "we believe that last night at about ten you witnessed some bizarre murders about five miles from here."

My mouth dropped to the floor.

* * * *

The old man was returning home from the auction in his old red rusted car when it stalled, he reached for the ignition and tried to restart it but it wouldn't. Realising he was still in the middle of the road decided to get out and roll it onto the grass verge letting the rest past. He got back in his car and tried to start again but it wouldn't so he lifted up his fists and smashed them down on the dashboard in rage. "Damn car! I can't even get home." Then looking to the side he noticed he had just loosened the glove box and a sheet of paper slid out. He picked up the paper to put it back when he realised it had a picture on it that he couldn't remember there being before. Looking at the picture he saw there was one of the rings he had just sold and recognised the engravings around the rim, he read them aloud again, this time without having the ring to hold in his hand.

The man was confused as just then the engine started itself, even though he hadn't turned the key. Still wondering how the car had started working by itself decided to drive back onto the road and carry on home. He had been driving down the road for a mile or two when his CD player in his car started playing, wondering why it had just turned itself on and why it was playing without a CD in. Looking completely bewildered decided to not let it bother him and even started singing long. At least until a deep, shrieking, deceased voice was mixed into the lyrics, saying to himself, "I can't remember that being on the track," and it wasn't until he heard it again that he could make out the words. Finally he realised there was something wrong, within about five seconds his face has gone from fairly tanned to deader than a ghost, he had not seen one but heard one, his eyes were starting to get to him, his vision was rapidly becoming impaired. His sight soon become blacker than a moonless night while his head felt like it was stuffed more than the old bear in the backseat. By now he was unaware that he had lost himself and was now driving strait for a front wall.

There I was sat confused and disorientated in the back of this cop car, he hadn't arrested me, yet, so I was free to talk to him if I felt like it, I chose the quiet option. As I was looking out of the window to the right

I noticed I hadn't a clue where we were. I knew the way to the nearest town and where the closest police station was but we weren't going there. I didn't decide to ask but then remembering the cab journey I, for an instant, considered perhaps something strange was going on. Carrying one for a few more miles we finally stopped in a car park at the back of an old, almost derelict looking cop house where the walls for plastered and then painted lime green. We got out and walked around to the front where, surprisingly was quite a contrast to the back and looked like it had only just been built this week, in a week. Walking inside it was old and deteriorated again, so obviously the front had been done up but not the rest, but looking around I soon realised that this place hadn't been used before. I was lead into a small dark room by a suspicious and confused looking cop, the officer didn't even seem to know where he was, no mind me. The room was then lit up by a caked up light switch revealing a cheap dangerously swinging light bulb from the ceiling and a wooden table with two small, maybe children sized, chairs. He told me to sit down on the furthest chair and then sat down himself, then he started asking me questions, before I even had chance to answer he started writing down something on a clipboard and then asked me another. This time he looked like he wasn't even looking at me so was obviously not listening. Then in came a second cop, he seemed to be armed and asked me to follow him, I stood up and followed him out the door and down a short corridor. It was a short corridor because as soon as we had entered we turned left into a room, I walked into the room and thought, 'Damn, this is a cell', before I could say anything he slammed to door shut and through the small window on the door I could see his eyes blazed red. Glancing around the room from corner to corner I soon realised that this room, in fact the entire building was quickly built from wood and plasterboard, then it made me wonder if the walls would break if I ran into it, though I thought I would leave it for a while. The lights flickered and went out.

Terry was an ancient enthusiast who bought everything from fake copies of old coins to real three-thousand-year-old remains of texts and parchment from the time of the pharaohs. In Terry's living room is a shelf on which is stacked about five hundred pieces of what others would consider crap.

This man had just come back from an auction at which he had just bought two ancient rings for a huge sum of money. He walked into the room and went strait into another, then opening a safe in the corner placed the two rings on a shelf on top of a fat pile of cash and closed the door. Reaching into his pocket he pulled out a piece of paper, which he unfolded and studied.

Then opening the safe back up and taking out the slightly large ring, the ring that was also more decorated and cost more and put it on his finger. He started reading the writing on the paper; it showed the inside of the ring and what was engraved.

This he will find to be one of the last things he would do.

Replacing the ring and leaving the room decided to get a mug of coffee from the kitchen and then watch the news on the TV.

The news was rather dull that night and was reporting on some political crap that he didn't understand, so reaching out to the remote and aiming it at the telly he went to press the 1 button and the channel changed itself. "Wow this control is sensitive I didn't even have to press it."

A whistling noise was coming from his kitchen and a shrieking sound was coming from upstairs, he stood up as he realised the kettle had boiled and walked into the kitchen.

Picking up the coffee jar and spooning in the power he added the water and walked back into the living room, the channel had change again and the paper was laid out across the small table. He change the channel back to the program on one and put his feet up on the foot stool, he was just starting to relax when a smashing sounds came from the kitchen. He stood up again and walked into kitchen and noticed the coffee jar was smashed on the floor, "How the bloody hell did that happen?" then thinking, "but I just put that in the cupboard and the door is shut." Sweeping up the jar and the remains of the powder he put the lot in the bin and left back for the TV. As soon as he looked at

it he noticed something strange was happening. Looking at the screen he saw nothing, the TV had been turned off but soon spotting that it had been unplugged at the wall. "How the heck did that happen?" Terry was starting to get quite annoyed now, his face was starting to turn purple and the veins in his forearms and neck were starting to swell. The thing that then tipped him was when the lights went out but he soon realised it couldn't have been a power cut as he had put the TV back on. The lights were out for about ten seconds, when they came back on he got pissed, all the pictures in frame that were on the walls had fallen off and on the floor. That's when it started, if he had thought that was bad then what was to come would make what had happened seem like being slapped with a fish instead of a handbag full of house bricks. It started with the toilet upstairs flushing, "Who the hell is in my house?" and ran upstairs only to be pushed back down by the opening of the second bedroom door. Picking himself up still slightly dazed reached into the utility room and grabbed himself a 3-wood golf club, then ran back upstairs clenching his teeth and gripping the club so that you would think it might break. First going into the second bedroom where he had been knocked back and ran in shouting, "Show yourself you thieving gypsy!" but nobody was seen. Then the door behind him was slammed shut and the intruder ran downstairs, "Balls!" quickly turning around and opening the door he ran back down stairs completely missing the point of what was actually happening. Running back into the hall and through into the living room he noticed no one. The phone rang, he ignored it but it continued to ring for about half a minute before finally it went onto the answer phone, after the answer phone had finished its message and beeped someone began to talk. The voice was no one that he recognised but it became obvious that someone was playing him about when the speaker shouted, "You're mine, you are going to pay and die slowly and painfully," he had had it. Running up to the phone and kicking it as hard as he could the phone smashed into the wall and shattered, but he could still hear the voice coming from the speaker inside the phone. Someone tapped him on the back, he flipped, "Who

the heck are you?" turning round and punching thin air, "What?" Someone then tapped him on the back of his head followed by a bit of a slap head tune. He turned again and all the doors in the house open at once, all except the front and back which were locked, then music started coming from upstairs, someone was playing his old-fashioned record player and something from the 70's. As he started to run upstairs again the song changed, this time to something that he had never heard before, this time it wasn't even a song. Running into his own room noticed the walls and windows dipping with blood, his vision started to fade and his head started to boil with his stomach also boiling. About to throw up when the light bulb on the ceiling dropped down and smashed on his head, then the wires, which were still attached started to fry him but it only took a few seconds before he collapsed. The blood cleared.

Standing in a cell in a police station in the dark for no reason I quickly began to assume that they weren't coming back tonight, so I tried the walls. Walking back towards the door I ran strait for the back wall and without even thinking about how much this might hurt. As I reached the wall I jumped slightly and crashed through and into another room, unfortunately I forgot that the room through that wall was the first room I had been in. Also the fact that there inside it were the two men that had been there earlier, each quickly spun round to face me and for a moment just stared. Then both jumped up and ran for me, "Oh crap, didn't think about that," I thought and ran for the door. The one that was armed raised his semi-automatic machine gun and aimed it at me, "Uh oh!" I ducked quickly as a shower of bullets sprayed the wall where I was standing. Making a run for the door I was soon followed by one of the police, if they were police and wasn't able to out run them before he grabbed the back of my shirt, though I wasn't ready to give up that easy and carried on running which ripped the collar and a section out of the back of my shirt as I ran for the exit to the building. Just as I thought I might make it the other policeman aimed his weapon again and fired in my direction, the bullets showering the door

and therefore causing a metal barred security door to drop down, turning around notice the only chance of getting out would be to quickly jump up and get inside the air vents and crawl out the other way. But I soon realised that I wouldn't fit in so I had about five seconds to come up with a better idea. Then wondering if these were even real bars decided to pull on the frame and it came out in my hands, quickly dropping the frame and opening the door I ran straight for the road. By this time these two had made it through the door and were taking aim when a car pulled up next to me, "Get in you gullible moron!" without questioning I opened the door in the back and got in. "You muppet, what the heck do you think you're doing? They're not real police, they're the criminals."

"What?"

"Sh...get down!"

"Wha..."

I ducked as another shower of bullets hit the car as we turned the corner and into the street.

The militia men

Having just got in a car after having just broke out of a police station and being shot at I was now sitting in the back seat of a car which was now moving at almost twice the speed limit.

Thinking I was now free to relax I started to slowly slouch down the back seat but sat straight back up again when I caught a glimpse of something in the rear-view mirror.

Turning all the way around I could now see that the men were on a motorbike, not a police bike just a regular extremely fast and controllable bike. "Oh f-for f-crying out loud!" I muttered.

"What?"

"They're chasing us on bikes, very fast bikes."

"Ok sit down and put your belt on, I've got an idea."

Doing what he said, I turned around and fastened my seatbelt, tight, the idea of an idea, especially from this guy who was a bit unpredictable but also sounded a bit cliché.

Expecting him to suddenly hit the accelerator and go down the road at 100 miles per hour in the 30 zone but instead he did the opposite. He hit the brake hard and I felt a strange pain feeling across my shoulder where the seatbelt was, but I get why he told me to put it on now.

Then he did what I had expected and reversed in a u-turn very quickly to start moving back down the road but on the wrong side of the road, the bikes were still coming towards us and were getting close now. I wasn't quite sure what his game was he was either playing chicken with two heavily armed madmen and bikes or something else. When the bikes got within about ten metres of the car he hit the accelerator, which forced the two bikes to split either side of the car where one nearly clipping the kerb almost fell off. The two men soon turned around and were also now on the wrong side of the road, and soon made distance behind us where one started to ram the back of the car.

"Er mate, there's a car erm coming straight towards us,"

"Well done, brains of Britain!"

"Well are you gone to move or kill us both?"

"Wait."

The car was getting closer and the driver in the other car was starting to look quite nervous, pressing the horn continuous and then in rapid desperation started shouting out the window we finally gave way.

We drifted back across the middle leaving the un-expecting bikes behind us to skid strait around the left side of the other car. This time both bikes had been cleanly taken out but the men weren't moving. Finally I thought we were safe and that he would take us to the place he had been talking about and explain to me what was going on.

Instead of stopping or anything we just carried on driving down the road yet still rather fast. "Why are we still going this fast we ditched the other goons?"

"We don't want anyone to know where I'm taking you."

We turned a corner suddenly without even thinking about slowing and entered a side alley.

We were just about to slow down to stop when I noticed we had company again, "Mate!"

"Yeah? What?"

"Er, we have company."

This time we had four more bikers heading for us but he had already taken the key out the ignition. Quickly fumbling to get the key back in he started up the car and drove forwards again but the bikers had already made distance, "Uh oh!"

We drove strait down the alley but I soon realised what the uh oh was for, there in front of us was a very tall scaffolding structure blocking most the path.

The car would not fit through the gap but a bike would, this is where this crazed man's ideas would decide whether he lived in a world of reality or a world of fantasy. If he lived in a world of fantasy he would think this was like in the movies where they would just drive strait through it, while in reality it would probably collapse on top of us or do nothing. He tried it, he revved up the engine and tried to drive through it but the frame was too well built and too strong to move.

"Get out!" he shouted suddenly.

"What?"

Before I realised what he meant he had already got out and started to climb the scaffold, "oh great."

I got out the car so quick that I forgot I was still wearing my seat belt and fell out sideways, ejecting the belt I started to climb the scaffold too. As soon as I got onto the frame the first biker had reached us and without even getting off his bike had grabbed my leg and started to pull, very hard. Trying to kick the man off the others appeared soon after and started to pull too, one of which started to climb and chase after the other guy.

I was just about to give up trying to pull, which was incidentally ripping my leg apart, when the door behind me shot open suddenly followed by loud gunfire into the air. A man emerged from the back of the building holding a 12 gauge shot gun, which he cocked again.

Aiming it at the man closest to me fired and blasted the man causing him to fall suddenly, cocking the gun again he fired at the man chasing the other one near the top of the structure. This man fell suddenly and landed on the car making a very strange thud sound. The two other men near me ducked behind the car giving me chance to escape.

Deciding whether to go to the man who was now at the top of the scaffolding or the other man with the gun I looked up and saw the person at the top waving me up. Thinking, 'are you joking, how the heck am I meant to get up there?' I ran towards the bottom of the framework and started to pull myself up and the other man went back inside the building and shut the door. I soon noticed that the attackers that had been shot weren't actually that affected and the one now lying on the front of the car was slowing rolling around, though still wondering why they were now not trying to attack me. In fact they looked confused as to who they even where, looking up again I noticed that the man at the top was getting quite impatient as he now started shouting down at me.

Reaching for the first beam I slowly pulled myself up and placed my feet on a small wooden ledge, then reaching with my other arm grabbed a pole and pulled up on it. Gradually, little by little I slowly made my way up this three to four storey high metal frame of an apparently useless scaffold. Then feeling my right foot slip from underneath me I started to panic a bit more, because if my other foot were to slip I would be only holding on with my hands. So taking my right arm and really tightly holding on to a pole I reached with my left

for my belt from my waist, one-handed took it off tying it to the frame I managed to get my foot back on the ledge.

Now I had to get up the rest of the way, about the same again with a belt tied around me, "Hurry up you stupid bell!"

"Wait, this is hard, I don't know how the hell you made it up there so quick,"

Now with the added pressure of time I had to try to get to the top before falling or keep Mr impatient here waiting any longer.

Climbing pole one-by-one I eventually managed to get to the last pole and pulled myself over the top and lay there facedown with my legs still hanging over the edge. This lasted for about five seconds because almost strait away he grabbed my arms and dragged me across and into the middle of a piece of wet plywood.

"Stand up then."

I would have done but I was so tired that I chose to lie there, at least until he got me around the waist and pulled me up onto my feet though I almost fell strait back down.

Now up on my feet again I looked around and realised how high up we were, and also that this frame had absolutely no use what so ever.

"Wow!" I muttered to myself,

"That's not the whole of it,"

"What?"

"Well, now we must get back down,"

Before I had chance to question him he had already taken a few steps back and was now running towards the edge the wood, reached the edge and jumped, my face went from tired as an all-night bender to horrified as a, well actually considering what had happened to me that day it was rather usual.

He fell down about two stories before gabbing on to a window ledge on the other side of the alley, pulled himself up and disappeared into the room. Now I thought, "Wait, does he want me to do that too?"

Deciding to take a few steps back and just about to start running forwards thinking, "Well, here goes nothing," when he reappeared in the window holding up a large quickly drawn sign saying, 'STOP!!!' so I stopped and almost fell forwards. Then holding up what appeared to be a large gun towards me he shouted, "Get down!" Ducking down

quickly he fired, and a large hook with long rope behind came flying towards me hitting and vertical pole behind me, "Hook the grapple onto the pole!"

Standing back up and turning around I pick up the grapple and hooked it around the pole. "Now hold the metal bar I put on and slide down like a zip line." Without even thinking about it I decided to do it, I held the metal bar and ran over to the edge and jumped holding on for my life as I felt the sudden pull on my arms and I soon realised it was actually quite hard to hold on, and if I dropped there was no safety net I would fall the equivalent of about two stories onto the hard concrete below. As I reached the window and be instinct found I need to lift my feet up if I were to get through the window, but I soon found also that I hadn't lifted them quite enough. Hitting the window ledge with the tops of my feet I carried on going forwards and ended up rolling to the right into a bed. "Ouchhhh!" I shouted in an exaggerated voice.

Picking myself up I noticed that the guy was just stood there trying hard not to laugh, but the smile was quickly removed when there was a knock on the door. Slowly he walked over to the door and looking through the eyehole the smile was almost instantly returned, he unchained the door, followed by a few locks and bolts and soon turned out to be a whole door of security devices he opened the door and let in the guy. Then strait away shutting the almost double thick unnecessarily heavy door and re-did all the locks and bolts. The man who had just come in decided to run into the room and dive strait onto the bed in the middle of the room knowing it annoyed the other guy but also knew he would be there for about another year locking up the door. The man on the bed was the same man who had just pulled a shotgun on the men who were after us about half an hour earlier.

"What is this place? What's going on? It's like Fort Knox." I asked as soon as the first guy turned around having finished locking the door.

"Hey get off my bed, I told you about that," he bawled at the other man, which he did. "This is where we do our...protecting, that's why we are so secure."

"Protecting?"

"Yeah against the militia men, the ones who were chasing us."

"Why were they chasing us?"

“Because we know something that they don’t want us to know,”

“What?”

“I’ll explain later, but first we eat.” He started to walk over to the corner where a large fridge-freezer was and opened the door.

“Yeah but wait a sec, why did I have to just climb up that scaffold when I could have just walked through that door?”

“You chose to climb the scaffold.”

“You waved me up.”

“Yeah well actually we prefer not to use the door, less obvious to people who follow us. Ham or cheese?”

“What? Oh, you’re making a sandwich, ham please,”

“Matt that leaves you cheese yeah,”

“Oh crap cheese, oh fine.”

Time to explain

Having just been handed a sandwich, made using bread that may have of been as much as a week old I went and sat on a padded chair by the side of the bed.

Still rather confused I started to look around the room and noticed how simple it was, there was a bed in the middle of the room but nearer the window, a fridge with a mini-bar containing about five beers on top. Next to that was a washing machine but looked like it got used once a month, if that, now looking to my right I could just see through the gap between the door into the bathroom which again was simple, the walls were almost bare except for a few tattered college-like posters with pictures of woman and bikes ect. There was no wallpaper as such only painted over walls that probably had some paper once, the window was small and had a metal bar shutter above it which the guy I now know as Matt walked over too and slid down locking the catches into place. Looking up at the ceiling realised that too was pretty badly worn, even the light was a broken light bulb hanging from the ceiling. Finally taking his head from the half empty fridge the guy who calls himself ‘The wizard’ turned to Matt and said, “I think its time we explained to Peter what is actually happening,” then without waiting for a reply walked over to the bed and sat down. Matt left the window, which he had been almost spying from, even though all he could see was the building opposite the alley and sat on the other end of the bed. “This is your new life!” started the guy who thinks its normal to call yourself the wizard,

“Wait a sec. Can I call you something other than the wizard it sounds a bit strange?”

Matt answered for him, “Try Bob, it’s not his real name either but it sounds better,”

“Fine, call me Bob, anyway this is your new life and you can’t go back to life before.”

“What...are you on about?”

“If you do you will become known to the militia men, as we call them and they will take you, this time to somewhere a bit harder to break

out of than their pathetic make-shift 'police station' your where in earlier.'

Still looking around the room I noticed a clock that was leaning up against the fridge and a small kitchen work surface, I tried to make out what the time said but couldn't quite read it.

"Quart to" Matt said, who had obviously noticed I was looking at the clock, normally I would have looked at my watch but they took it off me at the 'police station' so I had nothing.

"Quart to what?"

"Eleven"

"Wow I didn't know it was that late,"

"Yeah well, are you going to listen or not, because you keep stopping me?"

"Fine I'll listen," I answered.

He started again talking about the place I had been earlier for about two hours, "The police station was a quickly built building that was the main base for the militia men until they were found and most spread out to building all over the country, though most went to London.

"Who are these...militia men?"

"I'll tell you that later but for now all you need to know is that they hate everyone."

"Okay I'm off yeah," Matt started suddenly; he started walking towards the door.

"He-Hum!" Bob stopped him.

"Oh yeah," then turning around walked over towards the window and slid the shutters up, climbed up onto the window ledge, spun around, climbed across and stopped. Then he jumped across onto the next window ledge and then again before dropping down catching the one below and climbing in.

My mouth dropped, "How the bloody hell did he manage that one?"

"Er...we're very...aerobatic."

Then Bob slid the shutters back down and firmly locked them and then with a makeshift lock padlocked the bottom bar to the catch, which had been also somehow drilled into the wood.

"We're...er...very tight on security...you know in case one of them came."

"So why me, where o I come in one this," I asked.

"You are only here because now they know who you are and if you don't join our team you will be hunted down in a matter of hours.

"What team is this?"

"We call ourselves 'The U for the A.' if you don't get it you soon will."

"Who's in this, team?"

"Quite a lot actually, here there are about five in this block of flats, if you can even call them that, me being one of them, Matt and about three other and if you join that makes six."

"But why here?" I had a lot of questions for tonight, but then again considering what had happened so far was quite understandable.

"We are here simply because we can quickly move out if they find where we are living, you know and not have to leave as many things behind and also because we can't afford to live anywhere better. Mainly because if we get a job they will track us on their system and they will know we are here."

Strangely I was starting to make some sense of what he was saying and accept what was about to happen, even though I hadn't a clue what he was actually on about.

"So now what about me? What do I do now?"

"You help us, I will explain the details tomorrow, but I think you should sleep first."

But I still wanted to know more, "Well if I can't go back to my life then, where do I stay?"

"Erm...Yeah...I was just about to get to that bit, there is another room down the way which isn't being used, so you can stay there until I've explained a bit more."

"Oh!" I replied.

"Though I would strongly suggest that you keep your door barred shut and keep the window locked too, if there is a problem..."

He handed me a crumbled and torn off piece of lined paper with a number on.

“Ring this number and I’ll be right there, I mean, when I say problem I mean a break in or an attempted militia men attack.”

He started to walk to the door and one-by-one began to unbolt the many locks on the door and walked through, let me follow and then said, “Okay I’m in this flat, number four and Matt is in flat six, you’ll be in flat seven just walk down there and turn right, oh yeah if you get hungry there should be some food left in the fridge.”

Then without notice he slammed the door shut and I could here the relocking of the door. Then walking down the corridor and turning right I noticed flat seven which I opened the unlocked door an entered. The light was off so the first thing I did was turn it on, once on noticed the state of the room was significantly better than that of flat four but still had things were quite disgusting on the floor and walls. The room itself was exactly the same as the other room except slightly smaller, the bed was unmade and I thought it had just been left from the last person, though I was so tired I just didn’t care, without even taking off my shoes fell onto the bed and slept.

It was raining outside and was so loud on the windows that it almost drowned out the constant sound of the guy’s moans.

The man who would not reveal his name was sat in the middle of a room on a wooden chair with his hands bound behind his back with duct tape and another piece across his mouth.

Another man entered the room holding a sawn-off shotgun wearing a very old and tattered ski mask and then sat down on another chair facing opposite the bound guy.

“Are we ready to talk yet?”

“Um-em-um-em”

Then ripping the tape from the man mouth grabbed him around the throat lifted his head up and said, “I think you and me need to do a little talking,”

“Okay, okay, what?”

“First, who are you and who do you work for?”

The man hesitated, “My name, I am...Freddy Harris.”

The other man looked at him not knowing whether to believe him or not.

“And I simply work a butcher in town nothing else, I think you have the wrong man.”

The other man looked into his eyes which then flamed red and sharply back-handed him, “ I know you are one of them, one of the ones who are trying to stop us...the U for the A, don’t lie to me or I will make sure you regret it.”

“What the heck’s the U for the A? I told you I am only a butcher,”

The other man stood up, took a few steps back and lifted the shotgun up and cocked it.

“Oh...okay I’ll tell just don’t shoot me,”

“We are all in a flat about three miles from here,”

“How many?”

“Including me... five”

A third man walked into the room also wearing a ski mask, but he pulled it off, “Okay we need the exact address,”

“Fine let me write it down it is hard to say.”

Untying one hand and slipping into it a pen he started to write the address.

“Thank you,” one finally in a sarcastic tone and pulled out a pistol from his jacket pocket.

“No! No! I thought if I gave you the address...”

Screwed a silencer onto the end, took aim, and pulled the trigger.

“Let’s go!”

I wake surprisingly fresh the next morning yet remembering after a whole ten seconds where I was, leaned over to where I would normally have an alarm clock to check the time, I instead had to get out of bed and find a clock.

Then finding a small digital clock on the top of the fridge I noticed it was only five to six in the morning, then getting back into the bed there was a knock at the door.

I thought, “Oh great! Not already,” then walking over to the door I instantly went to open it but remembered it had a few too many locks on it, then instead of looking through the spy hole I went to open the door leaving the chain on.

Bob stood at the door with two bags of shopping, one in each hand, “Hi Peter, got some supplies for you for about a week, some boxed and tinned food and some bog rolls.”

“Oh, thanks,” I finished opening the door and walked in.

Okay today I will finish explaining the rest to you and give you a practise assignment,”

“Assignments?”

“Yeah we are trying to stop the militia men, what ever it takes.”

“Oh, so, what’s in the bags?”

“Arh...just some food for a few days, maybe a week if you don’t eat too much, if you need more then just ask, we get a twice weekly food shop drop, you know we pay one guy to get all our food and if you need any more then you can always get your own. Also I suggest you wash that bedding and your clothes.”

“But won’t we get spotted then?”

“Oh no, they won’t find us unless it works on a system, so unless you pay by credit card or anything that can be traced then they won’t recognise you even if they stared at you in the face.”

“But where do we get money from if we don’t work?”

“We work, just not, officially.”

“Now what then?” I asked.

“Now, well you have breakfast and get sorted, I’ll be back in an hour and tell you what to do then.”

He turned around and walked through the door shutting it hard and walked off, I locked the doors many locks and turned around to reach for the first carrier bag, lifted out a box of cereal, found a two pint bottle of milk and pour myself a bowl. I found the bowl and a spoon, unexpectedly clean, in a cupboard and sat down at the small table.

While eating this I decided to take the rest of the shopping out of the bags and put them on the table.

After breakfast I went and did my usual morning routine and then waited for ‘Bob’ to return.

About ten minutes later which was actually twenty minutes before I had expected Bob started knocking on the door, again without thinking about using the spy hole or the chain just opened all the locks and pulled open the door and then slammed it again relocking the bolts. There on the other side of the door were two masked men holding what appeared to be machine pistols and a large backpack each, they started to kick the door and I ran strait for the phone which I had been given, I left it under the bed so I had to reach for it, grabbed the piece of paper and started to dial. I could hear weapon firing and it sounded like they were trying to blast the door off, I carried on dialling and pressing ok, it started ringing and without an answer I heard shotgun firing, reload, again shotgun firing, then shouting, “Peter you can open the door now!”

This time I checked the spy hole and there was stood Bob holding a shotgun and there on the floor were the two men still wearing their masks. I reopened the door now and Bob grabbed one of the men by the feet and started dragging him into the room, “You get the other one!”

I walked into the corridor and grabbed the other man and dragged him into the room. Bob had already found a chair and had lifted one onto it, then reaching into his back pocket pulled out plastic ties, tying them around the man’s wrists and pulling them tight. Then reaching out and pulling of the mask revealed a man who appeared to be, well sort of...not human, but by every second he changed back to human and started to wake, “Where the hell am I?” he asked.

“You...have some explaining to do, I think its time you explain.”

“What? I don’t know what you’re on about, the last thing I remember was being jumped on by some men, I noticed one had red eyes and dragging me into a car, what do you want?”

“Oh no! He’s not a true one of them he’s only a possessed hit man.”

“What? What do you mean,” he asked, “Wait what have I done?”

“Wait...wait.” I interrupted, “What’s going on? Who are these men?”

“Doesn’t matter yet just tie up the other guy and unmask him.”

I pulled the other guy on another chair and tied his wrists together liked I had been asked an pulled off the mask, this man appeared more human but his eyes were glowing bright red but gradually returned to

normal. He also started to wake, "Peter quick, he's a true one of them, quick knock him back out,"

"What?"

Bob grabbed the shotgun and drove the other end straight into the side of his head. "Ouch!" I said for him.

"He needs to be better restrained before we question him, make sure that he doesn't wake up, while I carry on asking this guy, oh and if he does wake up hit him with the butt of the gun again."

"So what's your name?" Bob asked the bound man who was awake,

"Erm...Joe...Joe King,"

"Yes, very funny,"

"No! No! Really it is; it may sound like I'm joking but that really is my name."

Bob looked confused, not sure whether to believe him or not, then reached into the pocket of the man he pulled out nothing.

"If your looking for my wallet I think your men stole it from me,"

"Not our men!!" Bob shouted aggressively, "The men that you say took you are this guy's men," pointing at the other man who was bound and was apparently awaking.

"Peter hit him!"

"Oh yeah!" I grabbed the shotgun off the bed behind me and smacked him in the side of the head.

"Right, so it's his men not mine, my men are trying to stop him and we think you are faking it, we think you are one of them and made up the story about being captured, as you were about five minutes ago. Or you are the possessed sort where you have been captured by him, brainwashed into coming after us and now you're free from the one who made you do this."

"What? I don't know, I just remember what I've already told you."

"Peter gun now!" I passed him the gun and he lifted it up aiming it straight at the man face, as you would expect he flinched, tilting his head to the side and his hands were tied behind his back.

"Right, only a true human would flinch when an unloaded gun is pointed at them, okay he can go, no wait, if we let him go he'll get captured again and probably tortured before facing a horrible death, I think we had better keep him here like you Peter."

"Okay where then?" I asked.

"Oh we can give him a flat there are plenty around here and Freddy never returned last night." Bob reached for his pocketknife and started to cut the ties that were around the man wrists, as soon as he had done that the man reached for his wrists and started rubbing them.

"Come on, they weren't that tight,"

"So what about him then?" I asked pointing to the other man.

"Actually this man, we can't question him properly any way, nothing he says may be true, he isn't your normal possessed soldier; he needs to be stopped now." Then inserting two live shotgun shells into the gun and cocking it by pulling back on the pump, he aimed it at the man.

"Wait!" I stopped, "Are you going to kill him?"

"He's a satanic terrorist it doesn't matter, well morally, just maybe not legally." Then taking aim again pulled the trigger just as he awoke blasting a nasty messy hole in his head.

The first mission

Sitting in a car feeling quite cold were sat four men under a block of flats. Having just heard a distinctive shotgun discharge decided it was time to act, the man sat in the front passenger seat reached into the glove box and pulled out four ski masks and four 9mm handguns. Then handing each man one, concealing their gun in their jacket decided to go. Climbing out the car and not bothering to shut the door walked into the door at the bottom and started to make their way up the stairs. When they got to the second floor they split up and started to break into every room on that level, then one shouts, "Found them!" This gave the rest the instruction to leave the room they were in and go to that one, all drawing their pistol from their jacket pockets at almost the same time aimed at the three people in the room.

There I was staring straight at another four men pointing guns straight at us, then without noticing a gun slid onto my leg and Bob said, "I haven't got time to explain, just shoot at the chest," Thinking I had little time to decide I picked the gun up and fired at the first man, the man fell down and the other three were now all aiming at me, I fired again before any of them could fire at me and so did Bob, in fact Bob took the last three out because my second shot missed and only hit his arm. "Are they dead?" I asked. "No, only unconscious, they aren't live ammunition, they are holy bullets containing holy water." "What?" "You know to drive out any demons and exorcise them without having to kill them, any left and we can finish them." "How do we know?" "Simple, if they have been possessed they will be all weird looking for about a minute and will gradually change back to normal and won't remember anything, if they are the demons themselves or the satanic

terrorists then they won't be affected and will have red eyes. Let's unmask."

I helped to drag them into the room like before and looked at the ones who called himself Joe. Bob started talking to him, "See one minute you are pure evil the next you can't remember a thing."

One by one we started to pull the masks off the men and only one had red eyes the rest were weird looking. "Okay I think you know what's coming next," ejecting the magazine in the pistol and replacing it with another but then placing it down and picking up the shotgun he cocked it and shot at the red eyed man still lying on the floor.

The other three men started to wake and started to return to normal, "Where am I?" Came the words of basically all three men about the same time, all three had just come in together but all started looking at each other as confused as I was, each started asking where they were and asking each other who they were.

Picking the shotgun back up started aiming the gun straight in the face of each of the men each flinched and put their hands in front of their face. "Good. All three seem to be genuine,"

"Do we have four rooms for all these men?"

"Actually now that the whole party has been eliminated there doesn't seem to be much of a reason why they would be recognised, I'll just have to explain to them about not using any kind of system in the next few days."

"Okay guys, that you three and you Joe, you can go back now just stay clear of any system like credit cards and don't go to the police, first I need to ask you all what year and month you think it is. Joe?"

"What you mean I was one of them for quite a while?"

"Just tell what..."

"Fine March 2006."

"You?" Bob pointed at the next guy.

"Oh I thought it was January 2006."

"Yeah I thought it was too," answered the next guy without being asked.

"Oh because I thought it was August 2004," answered the last.

"Actually you're all wrong it is April 2006, though most of you got the right year at least. Okay you can all go just come up with a strange

cover story why you were all missing for so long, especially you who thinks its 2004.”

The four men walked out the room still completely confused what had just happened.

“So, what do you mean satanic terrorists?”

“I mean they are a group of devil worshipping idiots who need to be stopped, the ones with the red eyes are either the devil worshipping people or incarnated demons. The other ones are simply normal people that have been possessed by demons and are working as soldiers, though they are actually more like slaves to do most the work. These can be helped by exorcising the demon with holy water bullets and returning the person to normal, otherwise it is a waste of a normal person.”

“Really?”

“What? No, I just made all that up, why don’t you believe me either, well you will soon.”

“So wait, why can they just go yet I can’t?”

“I’ll explain that in a minute, first I’ll explain what the U for the A means...”

“Well actually now you mention the devil in all this I think I might get it...”

“Yeah, anyway, we are the revolutions, spelt with a U and the bible at the end predicts the end where the devil takes over is called revelations with an A and we want to stop that, so we are the revolutions that stop the revelations, so you take the A in revelations and swap it for the U in revolutions and you get the name.”

“So, couldn’t you come up with anything better?”

“No!” Bob looked rather embarrassed, as I didn’t seem to get the pun.

“Help me with these dead guys and I’ll explain the mission,”

“That wasn’t it?”

“Er...No, that wasn’t even expected, the mission is slightly more interesting and less illegal.”

I looked at Bob and he reached into his pocket and pulled out a small hip flask and unscrewed the top, then tilted the flask over the body, said a prayer and poured the water, presumably holy water over the

body and it started to dissolve leaving no mess or stain. Then he simply did the same to the other man and my mouth dropped, “Wow!” “Before we can start the mission I need to show you how to use the different types of guns, and yes it is slightly harder than just pulling a trigger because you have reload it and mess about assembling.”

“Ok, what now?”

“Yeah, right the pistol simply take the magazine like this slide it up into the pistol until it clicks and pull the top bit back here, to eject the magazine there is a small button here, oh yeah and there’s a safety catch here so you don’t blow your balls off!”

I did as he said and fired a blank round towards the wall.

“Right so you can tell the difference I put red tape on the live ammunition, blue on the blanks and green on the holy water ones, they won’t know the difference because that bit sits inside the gun.”

“Now what?” I asked as he pulled out a shotgun.

“12 gauge shotgun, simple. Insert shells into this bit here and then pull this back to load it.”

He continued to explain to me the ways of using each weapon he had, even the hand grenade, but being inside I couldn’t use it, obviously. He then reached into a deep left jacket pocket and pulled out a rolled up piece of paper and walked over to the small table by the wall and unrolled it so the sides hung over the edge.

“A map?” I asked, but soon realised I was just stating the obvious.

“Okay, we’re about here and the person we’re after is all the way over here,” I looked closely at the map as he started to trace a route with his finger.

“Okay I’ll drive you cover me, if anyone shoots at us, shoot back, preferably with the green tape bullets, I mean we don’t want to attract unwanted police attention. Oh and when you do use the green tape bullets aim at the chest or they’ll still kill them.”

“So what’s the mission?”

“The mission is simple, there is a terrorist leader in a house a few miles from here, we need to silence him, but we need to get him off guard so sneaking in is the best bet, so don’t make a noise until we’re ready, also then you can use the red tape bullets but only then. Okay, follow me.”

I started to follow him locking my door on the way out; I followed him down the corridor and placed a pistol in my jacket pocket with red tape ammunition in one pocket and green tape in the gun itself.

Walking down a set of stairs, which looked like they'd seen better days I noticed they were quite a few flats in this block, then we stopped at a door and Bob knocked.

"Ready!" came a voice from inside the room and the door opened, another man was stood there holding what appeared to be a brief case.

"What's with the brief case?" I asked.

"It's not a brief case, it's a sniper rifle, I'm trying to keep it hidden, who are you anyway?"

Bob answered, "This is Peter, he'll be joining us when we assault this terrorists home, I thought it'd be a good first mission."

"Fine by me, you're the boss."

We continued down another set of stairs and left through a door into the street.

"The car isn't here its hidden around the corner in a lock up garage hidden by some rather large trees and bushes," Bob explained.

We carried on following him and around a corner, then over a small brick wall and around a few trees was the garage, we walked over to it and Bob got the key and unlocked it, then he pulled the door up revealing the same car I had already seen. He unlocked the car and reversed back so me and this other guy could get in, we then did a strange three-point turn and got onto a road. We drove down the road and made our way to the house a few miles away.

The man who has everyone call him Dave entered into his study and with five others sat down at a table and started talking.

"Okay, 1500 hrs tomorrow afternoon we strike the bank, we should all know what our job is but we'll go through it again, okay, Fred, you and Harry enter the main doors and do the main heist, you tell everyone to get down and fire a few rounds into the ceiling using your Aks that you'll have concealed in you coats, then demand the money. Then when they don't give you it, show them what you're made of.

Andy, you'll be in the bank acting as a civilian unarmed, you'll enter the bank five to ten minutes earlier than Fred and Harry, when the bank refuses to give them the money they'll use blanks and fire at you pretending to kill innocent civilians, hopefully tricking the bank into giving us the money, when they shoot at you press the button inside your top. This will spill fake blood into your top and make it look like you've been shot, then fall over and pretend to die. If we get the money, Fred you'll leave through the main door and your get away car is in the car park to the side of the building, Harry you'll leave through the other door and your get away car is behind the building. Then Gary will drive Fred's car one way and Liam, you'll drive the other car the other way, then both car will meet up back here where I'll be to unload the money, hide it and we'll plan our next attack."

The five men left the room and out into the street then getting into two blue cars drove off down the road.

We were still heading towards the house when we passed two blue cars, we didn't pay much attention as we were more focused on what was going to happen next.

We pulled up down the side of the house and got out making sure not to talk loud or slam the car doors.

"Now what?" I asked.

"Now I'll explain, okay Ben, you see that tree there?"

"Yeah."

"Set up your sniper rifle up and tree and aim it at that window there, if you see him, fire, don't hesitate. Peter, you follow me, swap the ammo for red tape and be ready to fire."

I took the pistol from my pocket and eject the magazine, placed the mag in my pocket and pulling out another I inserted it into the gun and pulled back, letting the one already in the chamber fall to the floor.

We ducked down as we walked under the window, then trying to open the door carefully it was locked. Knowing kicking the door might be too weak and but loud enough to wake any one inside we decided to shoot the lock off. I aimed the gun at the lock.

“No. Let me do it.”

Bob pulled a shotgun out and said, “Handguns aren’t powerful enough. Stand back!” He fired the gun and made a hole straight through the lock.

“What the hell was that? Oh crap!” came from inside the house.

We ran through the now open door and did a room to room check for the man, then walking into a bedroom I stood staring straight up the barrel of a shotgun, he put his finger in the trigger guard and bang.

There was also a smash of glass as the man fell to the floor with a hole in his head, Ben was just in time to take him out before he got me, Bob came running in the room, “Wow!” He got the flask out and poured the water on the man and it disappeared leaving no possible sign.

There was nothing else in the house of interest except a truckload of AKs and RPGs and a piece of paper with a list of plans for the next few months.

“Looks like we have our list of missions then, the paper gave us specific dates and times of all the plans of the terrorists for a least half a year. Okay stock up on weapons and ammunition, we’ll need it if we’re to stop all this.”

“Can’t we just tip off the police or tell the people that are going to be affected?” I asked.

“If we tell the police they’ll come and then the terrorists who absolutely hate the police will make a mess and then it’ll be out to the public that revelations is happening.”

Then looking at the paper, “Hey wait a sec, it says here there’s to be a large bank raid tomorrow at three.”

Bob snatched the paper out of my hand, “Oh yeah, better get prepared then, they’ll be there at three, we’ll be there at two.”

We got as many weapons as we could hide and left the house waving Ben to get out the tree and get back in the car, Ben started taking apart the sniper rifle and placed each piece back in the case, closed the case and dropped out the tree, at least five metres, walked over to the car and got in. Just as we drove away two police cars with armed police arrived and surrounded the house.

Trying to be a hero

Back at the flat I went into my room and sat on the bed wondering what exactly I am doing and how on earth I got myself into this. I took the weapon out of my pocket and slid it under the bed hiding it in a screwed up t-shirt having taken the ammo out first.

Looking at the clock noticed it was still only two and thought maybe I should go into the town or do something useful, I had more money now, Bob had paid me for helping with the mission even though I didn’t actually do anything, the money came from the man earlier, but Bob reassured me it wasn’t stealing. Bob took all the other weapons but left me an AK47 with some ammo and told me to keep it in the cupboard until I need it. I left the room and walked down the stairs into street unarmed just with a lot of money in cash, I had no car and no bus left from nearby so I had to keep walking a bit further.

There were several confused police at a house, they had received many calls about men storming the place with guns and using them coming out with AKs and things. They didn’t seem to find anyone inside but an obvious sign of forced entry with empty shells here and there, there was also a large used bullet casing found at the bottom of a tree with a mark up it where someone had clearly been sat. They found no direct evidence but three different coloured hairs.

Finally reaching a bus stop I sat down on the wall behind me instead of the plastic seating in the shelter and waited, without even looking at the sign to see when the next bus goes.

Lifting my arm up and pulling my sleeve back I looked at my new watch I found in a draw at the flat, I then looked around for a few minutes waiting when I heard something loud coming near. Looking to my left I suddenly saw a car skidding around a corner almost taking out

a street light, then two bikes where the riders each wore ski masks and had sub machine guns held tight in one hand. The biker who was nearest to the car raised one hand off the bike and aimed at the gun towards the car, he was just about to fire when the car disappeared around another corner.

“Oh crap!”

My hand shot for my pocket and got out my phone, flipped the lid up and dialled.

“Yeah?”

“Bob!”

“Yeah?”

“Erm...two guys on bikes just chased a car around a corner, they looked like the ones chasing us the other night.”

“Okay then, sounds like were in for another mission.”

“What mission?”

“That’s what we do, we stop the terrorists from causing chaos and save those who get involved...like you.”

“I am near the...” I was talking to myself.

He hung the phone up and within two minutes his car arrived at the bus stop, I got in and he handed me a pistol.

“How did you know...”

“Doesn’t matter!”

When I got in the car he hadn’t even fully stopped and then accelerated around the corner the others had just gone.

I looked behind me but the back of the car was empty, then turned to face Bob and asked, “How do even know where we’re going?”

“I don’t.”

I sat in the front passenger seat still asking myself a lot of questions, some had been answered but a lot still didn’t seem right.

About five minutes later we started to slow down, I looked to my right and couldn’t see anything so I tried my left. I looked out the window to my side and saw the green car I’d seen earlier parked half on the kerb half in the middle of the road with the passenger door wide open but the driver’s door closed. Nobody inside.

Bob slowly drove past the car and reached out his half open window and grabbed the wallet still sat on seat, then passed it to me and asked me who’s it was.

“Erm...some guy called...Kevin...Harrison”

“Got it.”

We carried on driving round the next corner and sped up, just as we did a car with blue flashing lights on it roof rolled around the corner. As we passed it he turned on the sirens so we slowed back down until he couldn’t see us anymore and then bolted down the street. Still not a clue where we were going, just doing his best to follow the fresh tyre skid marks that were around corners, just then I caught I glimpse of two bikes going rather fast down the motorway.

“There...up there, on the motorway.”

Bob turned onto the slip road and drove as fast as he thought he could get away with, we were still going slower than they were so unless they slowed or stopped we would never catch them, risking all Bob pressed his foot down on the pedal and we accelerated down the outside lane of the motorway. I could now see we were getting closer and they didn’t seem to be accelerating so he kept at this insane speed. As we got closer we started to slow slightly but still enough to break your neck a few times if we crashed, as we drove up to the side of the bikes Bob went to aim the pistol at the first biker but then threw it to the floor.

“Oh crap we got the wrong bikes, Peter you moron you said that was them!”

“How the hell should I have known? They were going fast enough!”

Bob now started to slow back down to the *legal* limit, but it was too late there was flash and a long sigh.

“Oh great! Not again! Got caught by that bloody speed camera.”

Starting to think this day wasn’t worth getting up for I turned and looked out the driver’s side window and saw two more bikes heading down a quiet road and towards a large building.

“There!”

“What?”

“There, more bikes.”

Bob carried on a bit down the motorway and turned onto a slip road and looped back underneath it.

I looked at Bob expecting to see him gritting his teeth and quite pissed off but instead he was actually sort of laughing, he was happy about something.

“Peter, you may have actually just helped us save that guy, the distance we travelled down that road must have been a few miles, otherwise we’d never of found them.”

We were now driving down a road that was parallel to the other; cutting across a concrete path that had been purposely built to stop cars crossing, “Hold on!”

“Wha...”

I felt every bump, two for every concrete hump and for every wheel; there for about six on each side and felt my head hit the ceiling on the car about five.

“Wow, I see what you me.”

“We’ll do it again on the way back if you want.”

“Ha!”

Looking strait forwards I could now see the bikes that had been left outside the building.

We drove up slowly and then when we get to shutters on the front we stopped and without having to ask he told me to hurry.

I got out the door and without shutting it I ran towards the side door while Bob went to the front, “Ready?”

“What?”

“Arh, just shoot anyone that shoots at you and help us get the guy. Go!”

Bob kicked the door but it didn’t move so he took few steps back and tried again, at the same time I kicked the side door and saw it swung open. I ran in, it was empty. Bob ran in too and stopped suddenly,

“What?”

The silence was broke when the sound of high-pressurised rifle round rang through air, “Oh sh...get down!”

The bullet came from a window upstairs so looking around moving slowly we headed for the stairs, a hole appeared in the wall where I had just been crouched. Bob aiming his weapon fired a few rounds

towards the window, even though he probably couldn’t see anyone, but there was obviously someone there as I heard the sound of a groan followed by something hitting the floor. I was close enough now to hear detailed noises, including that of a gun being re-cocked.

Trying to be quiet as we walked up the old wooden steps but it was no surprise one had to creak. Normally that would have alerted them to our presence, but I think they already knew we were there.

“Ready Peter?” came a quiet voice, “Anyway close your eyes.”

I closed my eyes not sure why, followed by a very loud sound that meant I could now not hear, a hand waved me in and I ran in. Aiming my pistol there were three men in the room who were holding their eyes and one on the floor. I fired at two of the men and Bob got the other, they fell either forwards or backwards onto the floor and laid there still. In the middle of the room was a man sitting on a chair with his arms behind his back tied with rope and another rope through his mouth.

My hearing was coming back now and I could here Bob talking to the man through ringing ears. “What the hell was that?”

“Flashbang!”

“What? Where the hell did you get one of them?”

“I know people.”

Walking over to the other men I waited for them to wake, at the same time I felt myself swapping the magazine with the green tape with the red tape. Only two were actually armed, one with a sniper rifle and one with an AK. As one started to roll over I walked over to him, at the same time Bob was untying the man, I wasn’t concentrating on listening to them but I heard he asked something. “Where the hell am I? Who are you?”

“We are here to help you, just tell us, what did you do to piss those guys off.”

“What...oh...I only saw them kill someone and they took me as I was a witness. I think.”

As I looked at each man as they woke I noticed that none had the typical red eye thing and all started asking where they were, three men got up but the forth stayed down.

“Good our new friends have awoken.” Bob said with the slightest hint of sarcasm.

It was getting late and all the men in the office where wanting to go home.

“So anymore speeding tickets to send out?”

“Yeah four, hey wait, this one’s wanted by the police his real name is not known but goes by the name ‘The wizard’. He thinks he’s special.” One of the men picked up the phone to his side and dialled; when it answered he asked for a certain man, an old friend of his who happened to be in the police.

“Oh...hi mate, erm...you know that guy they call the wizard, I have speeding ticket against him, that should be an excuse to find him and get what you need at the same time.”

“Good, but we don’t have an address, we’ll just try to keep an eye out for him.”

Both hung their phones up at the same time.

At a lab nearby police forensics where examining hairs that had been found earlier, normally it would take ages to get a match to a sample but police had suspicions already, it was made easier as they had another hair from their suspect. The results came and where ready to be sent off to the police station, ‘The wizard’ had definitely been there but it was hard to tell if he’d been involved, though knowing him, most likely. There were two other samples on which nothing to compare against so would take much longer.

“Ok we’re ready to leave, are you ok to walk?”

“Yeah...me I’m fine.”

All the other men in the room, except one were now awake and confused, that was meant to be good.

Bob told the three guys to get out of there and go home, but first he did the ‘guess the date’ test, of course all three failed but only by a week.

“What about that guy?” I asked.

Bob walked over and poured the holy water over him. Nothing.

“Oh sh...oh crap...no! He was human, I was so certain he was one of them.”

“So what does that mean?”

“It means I killed an innocent man.”

“He was shooting at you.”

“Yeah but that wasn’t him. So that means there are two of them out there, they always go in sixes. It’s their special number, four normal, two of them.”

Bob left the man lying down and with the guy known as Kevin holding on to him he slowly walked down the steps, out the door and into the car. I got in and we drove back to the flats.

“Are you Kevin Harrison?”

“Yeah, why? How do you know? Who are...”

“Everything will be explained soon, just like I saved Peter ass the other night.”

“Here’s your wallet.” I added handing it to him, “What? I didn’t take any money out of it.”

Organised crime

We got back at the flat rather late, I couldn't tell exactly but I knew I was tired. Realising that this was just the beginning of it, now with another new recruit who needed explaining just like I needed to only a couple of days earlier. I needed to sleep but I was too hungry. Too tired to do much I toasted two slices of bread and had beans on toast, though I think I might have forgot to heat the beans first. Then collapsing onto the bed while still hearing voices from the other room I drifted asleep.

Waking the next morning to banging on the door I reached under the bed and grabbed the pistol, aiming it shakily at the door I heard, "Peter open up, it's me."

I was early. Too early.

Yet I still stood up and opened the door, before I had chance to say anything Bob came through the door with the other guy.

Looking at the new guy I could see he was as confused as I was, "He'll be helping with today's mission, he'll keep the car running while me, you and Ben do the main bit, Matt...er hem...recovered finger injury...will keep an eye out from a safe point."

"What mission?" Kevin asked looking worse than ever.

"Some terrorists are planning on robbing a bank in town and we need to stop them, have you ever used a gun before?"

"Er...yeah, I shot my brother with an air rifle."

"Er...okay, not quite the answer I expected, here, this is a 9mm pistol, use it to shoot anyone who shoots at us, oh and take the safety off first."

Bob then pulled a wad of notes out his pocket, "Here Peter, your share, I got them off the guy who, er...got shot."

I took the money and counted it and smiled. Then stuffing it into box under the bed I stood up and looked around.

The time was about 7am, "Peter we need to be there an hour earlier than they will be so about 2pm, okay I'll call later." He turned round and walked out with Kevin, I stood up to shut the door behind them

and grabbed the box of cereal and poured a large amount into a now clean bowl.

Now in peace again I finished my breakfast and was already planning for later, though it then suddenly hit me how long it might be before I live normally again.

Later I realised it was getting on for half one, this meant we had half an hour to get to into town and prepare, reaching under the bed I snatched the pistol from under the bed resting inside an old open shoebox and slipped it down the back of my trousers, checking the safety was on first.

Bob knocked at the door so I checked and opened it, before I had chance to speak he threw an AK at me and I caught it, "You may need this, if plans bit wrong we may need a little more firepower."

"Right...okay."

"Ready?"

"Yeah...er...yeah I'm ready" I walked towards the door and locked it behind me, hiding the gun in my jacket I walked down the stairs and got into the car, "What about Matt?"

"Matt scouted ahead an hour ago to get a good vantage point, we'll go and park up near the bank, Kevin will keep the car running and we'll get ready to enter."

Bob started to drive down the road slowly but quickly sped up, it was then that I noticed that he had installed new mirrors on the car; they were big and showed everything behind.

Street after street we drove from the cheap residential area we now call home to the town, once on the main road we could relax slightly but still paranoid enough to keep checking the mirrors too often.

Eventually we arrived at the bank in town and parked in the car park to the building opposite, but left the engine running.

"Arh...Matt you clever child, you left your bike just sitting there."

"Where did he get the bike? It looks familiar."

"Erm...from the stock of about twelve bikes we captured and stored in a garage."

"So now what?"

“Now we wait.” Bob answered as if he had anticipated the question as he killed the engine.

He then got out the car and opened the passenger door; Kevin ejected his seat belt and swapped seats with Bob. They then they both got back inside the car and turned on the radio but turned the volume down.

It was half two and the wind was howling, it could be heard screaming through the fireplace, there was no rain but a constant pouring sound of water coming form outside the building. A man stood looking through a large window, his back to the door and looking through binoculars at the bottom of the opposite building. As he panned backwards and forwards he kept noticing the man stood on the top of the building with binoculars too, it would appear he was armed and ready for something.

The man placed the binoculars on plastic table to his side and started to pace up and down the room as if awaiting something.

For ten minutes he did this without any sign of anything, though he kept wondering who the man on the roof was.

He waited a further fives minutes before finally picking up the phone and dialled, “Okay...unless I call you again in the next few minutes, its off, the big man hasn’t called yet and his phone isn’t answering so we’ll have to leave it.” He replaced the phone on the hook before picking it up and dialling again, he dialled a different number and repeated the message. He did this four times.

It was now getting on for three now and no sign of the men planning to raid the bank, just then I carefully pointed at a man who appeared to have a gun hanging from inside his jacket. “Okay, let’s go!”

We quietly got out the car but left our weapons concealed, Bob took the lead as I followed behind and Ben trailed behind before drifting left and down the side of the building. We entered the bank through the front doors while Ben entered through a locked side door, we

relocated the man who had the weapon and he also had two others either side of him, though neither appeared to have anything. We saw him reach into his jacket and pulled the black plastic like object out, “Now!” Both me and Bob simultaneously pulled out the Aks we had hidden and aimed at the men. “Freeze! Give me it now and get on the floor!”

There were screams and shouts as everyone hit the deck and clerks behind the counter hit the alarm. At the same time Ben also came running in from the side door all guns blazing, the man with the object slowly grabbed it and slid it across the floor, I looked at it. It was not a weapon, instead it was a different shaped safe box, and he also had a name badge clipped to his jacket with the banks name and logo.

“Erm...Peter...what have we just done?”

“Erm...how the heck should I know, at a guess I’d say we just held up a bank and tried to steal the safe box.

I turned around and Ben had gone, “Let’s play along.” Bob whispered. “Why?”

“I’ll explain later.”

I could hear sirens getting louder and louder, we headed for the exits as Ben reappeared from the side, we got in the car which was ready outside the bank and we jumped in, before we had chance to close the doors or sit down we were going down the road at 50 and turning onto the main road.

It was already too late, police were behind us as others entered the other end of the road and out poured armed police all aiming right at us, “Get down!”

The three of us not driving got as far down as we could and Kevin the new guy tried to turn onto the side street but was blocked by traffic.

“Peter, your guns loaded with blanks, fire at the police to let us passed, don’t worry, they’re blanks.”

Without thinking to whether to check or believe him I held the gun and fired out the window in the general direction of the police, I could hear the repeating popping noise of the kalashnikov as it fired at the police. Without hesitation they fired back, their weapons cut strait through the car and burst two tyres, though unable to still drive and apparently over a bike followed by three other appeared from nowhere. Getting

out the car and jumping on the second bike, I didn't know the guy but I recognised Matt on the bike leading the way.

I looked at Kevin face as he got on the bike behind, I think he just realised something that I hadn't noticed. If it was true then I would be very stupid.

The police were no aiming at us again and as we all turned down the side street squeezing through cars knocking off most the wing mirrors, we kept going and turned onto another main road, police were after us but not how I'd expected.

We shot strait down the road before turning back onto the original road around the back of the police, I then felt the bike dropping on the left side as we turned very sharply to avoid being shot at.

We kept going and entered the slip road and onto the motorway, down the road we accelerated to far past the limit.

Once about half a mile down the road we eased off the speed and returned to the legal limit to avoid any further suspicion. Once a good a few miles down the road we turned around and headed back to the flats.

Eventually arriving at the flats we got off the bikes and the three guys except Matt turned around and disappeared around the corner.

Running back into the flat we all entered Bob's room and sat on something.

Stood confused were about twelve police still holding guns and looking at a hole filled car while waiting for the ambulance to save the lives of the two police who got shot.

The police didn't chase the bikes as they had already identified the three men and were working on the forth plus the men on the bikes.

Out of the three cars the armed police got back into two of the cars and drove back to the station. The ones that were left stayed with the wounded men and taped off the area.

An ambulance arrived and took over the men, they took the two men and left the police to clean up the area, a pickup arrived and loaded the car with bullet hole covering most the body onto it and took it away.

Now left were only a few police and petrol spills from well the petrol tank had been burst and a lot of empty bullet cases scattered around the road.

Ben made an excuse to leave the room, once in his room he took the plastic case and tried to open it. It was locked and needed a number to open it. This didn't stop him; he took a piece of paper out this pocket and started to line up the two sets of three numbers with the number code on the paper.

Then pressing the catches the lid popped up and there were piles of notes, without counting he quickly stuffed the money into pillowcases but kept five wads out. He then placed the case on the window ledge and pushed it out so when it hit the ground beneath it smashed.

Leaving the room and back into bob's room he slipped the money behind Bob so not to let the other two new people notice.

I was sat in the room trying to figure out what just happened when Ben re-entered the room and sat on the floor, Bob then reached behind for his pocket and pulled out a large amount of money, he put the five piles on the floor and gave each of us a handful of notes.

"There, that's for helping with today's mission, even though it went a bit dodgy."

A took a pile of money and stuffed it in my pocket.

"Now what?"

"Now we check the list, let's see what's next, this time I think we should be a bit more careful about when we engage.

Next on the list was a plan named 'The Saturday job' and gave details of another bank on the other side of town that was to be raided.

Saturday was not for another few days so that probably gave us time to relax and calm down.

Cops and robbers

It was late and a man on his own was walking his dog through the neighbourhood not paying attention to the almost full moon and the rare sight of a starry sky in the city.

There was now only a light breeze and a drizzle of rain, it was cold but not freezing, the man was not paying attention and it took him by surprise when he tripped over something he could barely see.

He bent down and picked up the object, it was in two pieces what would appear to be a case and its lid, he could not read the message on the case so he walked into the dim lighting of the streetlight and read aloud. "Property of Devon road bank...if found please return."

It was late and man had no intension of returning that night, but having heard the news about it earlier that day he had to make sure the cobs caught them robbers.

He had decided to take the dog home and drive up to the bank where tired police still stood checking the building.

Once there he handed them the case with a piece of paper, the paper was the address he had found it, he thought they must still be there.

The police that were left wanted to leave it until the morning but the guy in charge thought they might have left by then.

Police from station nearby all headed for a block of flats in the other part of the town, they drove fast yet didn't use sirens or lights to attract attention. The armed response team joined them and as quickly yet quietly as they could they ran up the stairs and found the first room.

I was tired and had returned to my room, lying on the end my bed with my legs still hanging off I thought that was it, well for a while, I thought I was in peace and nothing stupid would happen for a while.

But it was just as I was drifting asleep that I heard a loud smack of something hit something hard coming from across the corridor.

The noise came again, this time followed by a lot of shouting.

I opened my door and there were stood about six armed police aiming their semi-automatic machine guns into Bob's room, they hadn't seen me but Bob could. I thought he might surrender but he had other plans, slowly he edged back as they started shouting again, I was difficult to make out but it sound like they were ordering him to stop and get on the floor.

It was just as one shouted, "Open fire!" that he dropped through the floor and hit the ground below but with no sound, I could no longer see him and decided to slowly shut my door so they couldn't see me either. It sounded like at least three men ran down stairs, but I couldn't be sure, opening the door slightly I could see all men down stairs, I left the room and entered the other room, in the floor was a hole and underneath were paint stained sheets hung from the ceiling of the room below and then looking up I saw someone come through a window below with glass showering the ground below.

Next he grabbed a drainpipe and used it to slide down to the alley below and hid behind some large cardboard boxes.

The police all entered the alley and started to move the boxes and plastic crates out of the way yet they found nothing, I noticed a drain cover being lifted behind the police, only a hand came out with its thumb stuck up, the hand re-entered the drain and the cover re-aligned. Confused police stood unsure where he'd gone, but they weren't leaving yet, Bob hadn't been the only one involved in the mistaken bank robbery.

One guy stayed checking the alley while the rest ran back inside the building.

My face went whiter than white as I realised my room was next and if they saw I'd locked myself in the other room they'd easily find me, instead I thought I'd try what Bob did, though I knew I wasn't half as aerobatic as Bob.

Falling through the hole I got myself tangled in the sheets, they had all ripped from the hooks on the ceiling and I found I had to fight myself out of them. Once out I saw the window Bob had thrown himself out

of and I could also see the drainpipe he had caught on the way down, it was too risky to try to do the same but I could hear the door to the room being slammed with something.

The door crunched as a bottle rolled into the room with gas spraying out, I could feel my lungs starting to close and found I was choking, gasping for breath.

Thinking that was it I went to raise my arms yet I couldn't, instead rolled another container under their feet, having just realised what it was I had about two seconds.

I managed to close my eyes and clasp my ears as the container exploded, then while the men were still dazed came fire, all men hit the ground and as the gas cleared there was Bob.

He had used the green taped ammunition and knowing it would not affect them we had about half a minute before they awoke.

Running for the door I almost tripped over the sheets again, once we made it through the door I thought we were now home free, I went to run down the stairs but felt myself stop and a very tight yanking on the neck, Bob grabbed my shirt collar and stopped me and told me, "We must gather all we can, we're moving on."

Running back upstairs I knew we had a few minutes to get all we could and get out before more police arrive, running into my room I dived straight under the bed and almost ripped the bag as I pulled it.

I got a bag and filled it with the little food left in the flat, the pistol and the ammunition, I also got the money and the AK from the cupboard with anything else worth taking.

Trying to carry the lot I struggled as I tried to run back down stairs, got down both sets and though the AK slipped managed not to drop anything, Bob was already outside he had another car waiting with the boot open.

As quickly as I could I put the gear into the boot and got in the back of the car, the other guys were also in the car except Matt who was apparently still gathering his equipment.

Just then I heard a loud moaning sound from behind, a stood up and Bob was lying on the floor, the guy who had stayed to watch the alley had just hit Bob on the head with his hand, "Go! Go!"

Without waiting Ben, who was sat in the passenger seat leaned across and placed his foot on the accelerator.

The car shot forwards and Ben switched seats so he wasn't half in one and half in the other. Looking in the rear-view mirror I could see Bob moving, as he was being handcuffed and dragged along the ground by his heels.

It was too late to go back, Bob got arrested and the other police were now leaving the building but no sign of Matt, as we turned the corner we could no longer see anything.

"So now where are we going?" I asked Ben.

"We have other flats, there's one on the other side of town so we can stay there a while until we get found again."

"What about Bob and Matt?"

"Hopefully Matt escaped and he's now making his own way to our second choice flat and hopefully Bob doesn't get too long."

Just as I thought I could relax the other backseat door suddenly opened and Kevin jumped out, we were going rather fast and when he hit the ground he rolled but didn't get up.

Having just jumped out of a moving car the guy now lying in the middle of the road gained consciousness, half awake yet half asleep he managed to drag himself to the side of the road and collapse on the path. The car he leaped from didn't stop it just carried on going around the corner; the man in the car behind stopped and ran to the man but said nothing.

It was now very late and he lay on the path so that the streetlight shone and only illuminated the left of his face, the rest was in darkness like the way he had just spent the last few days.

The man helped the guy stand up and he grabbed the lamppost to lean on. His immediate thoughts were, "Why did I just do that?" but thinking about it thought it was better this way.

When asked if he required an ambulance or to be taken to the hospital, he simply replied, "No...I'm fine I'll just walk home."

He started to walk home but only made it about half a mile before a blue van pulled up beside him and was grabbed by many hands and pulled inside. The van drove off and nobody would know.

The police van with six armed police and one suspect arrived outside a police station, two men got out and took him inside the building. Once at the station they dragged him into a cell and shut the door, they told him someone would speak to him in the morning and should wait until then in silence.

The two men got back into the van and headed back.

The man in the cell lay on the floor holding both hands over his face, gritting his teeth and moaning. It was half an hour before he finally stopped and went to sleep.

Waking up the next morning in a new bed having just dumped the weapons and money on the floor and went straight to bed, we had arrived at the new building and found a room.

Now I was awake and refreshed I started to make the room more of a room, sorting the mess into piles of each thing, yet didn't put them away in case we had to make a quick escape again, leaving most things out I hid the money and weapons in the cupboard.

There were still a few days left until Saturday so the hope was I might get some peace, though I was still confused about why Kevin threw himself from the car.

I started sorting through the few clothes I had when one dropped my hand down and I heard a smacking noise near my feet.

I lifted it up and reached into the pocket that felt much heavier, inside was a large stone with paper wrapped around it.

I laughed. I thought it was a joke from when I lost a hundred pound bet on a rock, paper, scissors game and I lost with rock when Kevin used paper.

I removed the stone and took the paper off, putting the stone on the floor I straightened out the piece of paper, I could see writing backwards

very faint, then I realised the writing was on the other side, folded in half.

Unfolding the paper and turning it over I started to read the message, I was small and was typed, but with a typewriter not a printer.

The letter said:

Dear Peter,

If you are reading this and you are still working for Bob then you are a fool. I am surprised that you have been unable to realise that the story about satanic terrorists was a cover story that they wanted you to believe.

We were merely being used for their crime gang, there were no others, we were the bank robbers, Ben took the money in a bank box.

If you don't want to get yourself arrested I recommend pulling out now, go home, I will do that tonight.

Kevin

I looked at the letter and realised my mouth was wide open.

Quickly I stuffed the note in my pocket and headed for the door before I'd even stood up, unlatching the door I walked through the door and into the corridor.

I was the only one at the new flats, Bob had been arrested, Matt never turned up, Kevin threw himself from the moving car and Ben had gone down town.

I thought this might be a good chance to see if what Kevin had said really was true, if it was then Ben would have a few grand hidden in his room somewhere and a bank box or swag bag.

I walked over to his room but didn't know how to get in without making an obvious break in, I had paper clips but with attempts when I was younger it probably wouldn't work.

I decided to try it anyway, I went back into my room and grabbed a handful of paperclips and pocketed them. Then I took out two and bent them out the best I could to make straight wires.

Putting one in at an angle and using a second to move inside the lock, I moved the makeshift lock picks about and swapped them over a few times but I had no luck, but it was as I was taking them out that I heard a clicking noise.

I rammed them back in and did the same again a couple of time as I felt one was on the lever, lifting it up the lock slid.

Pulling down on the handle the door opened, I pulled the picks out, which were no pretty chewed up and put them in my pocket. I walked in his room and noticed it looked rather usual; I looked around without moving and couldn't find anything immediately suspicious.

Then I made a list in my mind of the first few places to look but thought they were too obvious.

Getting down on my knees I looked under the bed but there wasn't anything at all on the floor, I stood up again and heading for the wardrobe, I opened both doors and still nothing questionable.

I started to go through the clothes and pat down the pockets but felt nothing than the odd tissue or loose change, but then I noticed that there were quite a lot of clothes in this wardrobe, definitely more than was in the boot of the car when I looked. This suggesting that he had been here before, or these weren't his clothes.

I had at least two other ideas about where he might keep anything secret, but first I thought I might jump on his bed, I landed perfectly in the middle and my head also landed on the pillows, but I heard a noise. When I sat up I heard it again, it sounded like a rustling noise, then I had a thought, I picked up the pillow and beat it, again with the sound. I reached inside the pillowcase and felt paper. Pulling the cover off there were many notes inside the pillow, I began to put them in piles and counted them.

"Crafty bugger!" I said aloud, "There must be at least twenty grand here."

"Twenty two, actually."

I turned around, and there was stood Ben at the door.

My face went white and I thought, "Oh crap!"

I knew what to do, so I did it, I grabbed two handfuls of twenties and stuffed them in my pockets, then Ben came running at me and went to

avoid him on the way to the door but he grabbed my shirt at the shoulder.

I felt myself fall around him towards the ground; he stepped backwards and back kicked the door so the door locked.

"Oh crap." I muttered under my breath, without looking around the room to advertise my new escape plan I ran backwards and jumped up behind me and attempted to do a back flip out the window, I almost made it but it hit my head on the wood at the top.

It didn't knock me unconscious but it sure hurt, I grabbed the window ledge on the window below and dropped onto my feet.

I think even Ben hadn't expected that one, but immediately he disappeared from the window and I heard running down the stairs.

I looked around and saw his car; I ran to it and got in the driver's seat, the keys were still in the ignition and turned the key, put the gear into first and hit the accelerator, the car jumped forwards and stalled and Ben was now outside the building.

I tried again this time using the clutch and releasing the hand brake, I turned the key again and it stuttered, Ben was now only about ten metres from the car, I tried again, but it stuttered again.

Trying another time the engine started up and holding the accelerator the car jumped forwards before driving.

Ben had grabbed the car and was opening the back left passenger door trying to get in, he got half in before I changed gear and shot forwards getting faster and faster, his left leg was still on the ground.

This meant for him that he needed to either get in out get out, I was going too fast now for him to get in the back so he pulled his right leg out and fell over, but the door was still open.

The plan was now to drive Bob's car or whoever's it was back to my house and to stay there, to carry on life as before and forget that I had ever been such an idiot.

Four horses and a cow

I had just stolen some guy's car having just been used to help a organised criminal gang rob a bank and hit on enemy gang leader, and I fell for it for the old, "It doesn't matter because they're satanists," trick.

I'm not sure if Ben or any of the others know where I live or are planning on reporting the stolen car, either way I think I need to get rid of it, I'll empty it contents and then ditch it somewhere.

The glove compartment and the trays in the side of the doors were all empty and I'd have to check the boot, I stopped the car on the side of a road and got out, popped the button on the boot and found nothing, but there was a small first aid kit on the side.

I looked around for a minute and there was no one on this road, so I left the car on the side of the road and walked the last couple of miles.

A man was lying in the middle of the pavement outside his flat; he picked himself up as the car he'd tried to get into drove off down the road.

The ground was very dirty and when he got up he had dirt all up his back of his white shirt.

It was late morning about eleven and the weather started to take control, it was very cloudy and the only light came from between clouds and the man felt it rain on the top of his head.

Now it was pissing it down and in seconds the shirt became clean again but wet, he wanted to run back inside but his leg felt sore from when he fell from the car. He had to slowly hobble back to the door but the rain made him feel cold, feeling as though someone was watching him and laughing very loud.

He finally made it to the door and pulled himself inside, he now he had to climb two sets of stairs, also the rain started to die down.

Having just walked home after ditching a car when it was raining, wind and who knows what having just escaped from a criminal organisation I was tired.

It was midday and I already felt like it was past midnight having not slept all day and the night before.

The plan was to have something to eat and then sleep, hopefully I would be awake enough to carry on this afternoon, so I went strait to my cupboards and the fridge to see what was still in date.

After making a simple sandwich I slowly dragged myself to my room and just collapsed on the bed, it was daylight but I was too tired.

I slept for a few hours; if I dreamt of anything I couldn't remember.

I was now about three in the afternoon, I was still in the same clothes, which were now drying but still damp and walked through the door and locked it.

I wanted to see what I'd missed over the last few days, I had no place in mind just a walk, I walked down the road my house was on and at the end I turned onto a dirt track.

I was wearing my old trainers so at least the mud wouldn't do more damage.

I stopped and spun almost a 180 when I heard the noise in the field behind me; I looked in the field but couldn't see anything particular. But then I looked again and could see a cow, a small cow "maybe a lamb" eating what would seem to be a roll of paper.

This cow was on its own and as it bit through something on the paper a dreaded screaming noise screeched from the sky and ended.

From nowhere a horse appeared at the other end of the field and was riding towards the cow, as it got closer I noticed the horse was white and the rider appeared to be quite rich.

The man looked like a king and wore a crown on his head, which was being held up by his own ego.

It was then that I felt it; I started to feel slightly dizzy, my eyesight started to fade and I could see nothing, then it went black and I barely felt myself fall down.

I must have fainted yet when I came to I was in my bed, the bedside clock said 6 AM and I was wearing nightclothes.

At first I was confused, then I thought I had an idea, but then I was really confused.

I stood up and got out of bed I thought I could hear next door's TV again with the football and the crowd cheering, but then I realised it was coming from outside.

As quick as I could I put clothes on and went outside, hundreds of people were parading through the streets holding giant paper banners, which said:

“Hail King Gates”.

I walked down the path weaving in and out of the mothers who were trying to take pictures of the parade; eventually I found myself at the end of the road and thought I'd walk down the track again, yet with no sign of mud just dry soil.

Again in the field was the small cow with the roll of paper, this time it was biting slightly further down the paper and when it bit through again a horse appeared, I thought I leg it.

I ran back down the track and back onto the road, I found a woman and asked, “What the heck's going on?”

She replied, “What? What do you mean, what's going on, you know, Prince Gates became King and we're all celebrating it.”

“Who the hell's Gates?”

“What? Are you completely oblivious to the last twenty years?”

“Doesn't Matt...”

At that moment another horse came charging into the street, the people scattered and screamed, the horse was bright red and the man was swinging a sword around his head.

Then he raised the sword and I can't remember after that, I woke up again, this time in another bed, in a hotel I visited once.

I was now even more confused, I was sure I was just awake, normally when you're dreaming they change a lot but that one didn't, it seemed to real.

I could vaguely remember the room, I looked at the clock and it was morning, yet earlier than before, there was an electronic calendar too, but strangely the date was as it was five years ago.

Getting out of bed I heard people shouting, this time in another way.

I left the room and found a lot of people fighting each other. It started off quite violent and then became even more violent; I could hear a repeating low and high noise appearing to get closer.

By the time the van arrived the number of people had increased, police with helmets and clear plastic shields poured out of the van, I saw one put a can into a tube and hold it up.

“Oh shi...” I shouted having just realised what they were going to do, only it was too late, the can popped out of the tube and rolled towards the crowd, all I could do was hold my breath.

As gas poured from the can and hazed my view I turned around to avoid the gas and saw a cow with a piece of paper now biting about the middle of the roll.

As it bit threw I thought, “Oh damn it! Not again.”

A third horse appeared and was slowly walking down the road, the horse was black and the rider held some scales in his hand, as he got closer and closer I could feel my throat grow more and more dry, I also started to feel hungry and woke up.

I woke up in another bed, this time I was in a cabin I stayed in once when I visited Africa, outside I could hear no screaming or shouting, this time only a terrible smell of rot.

I didn't even want to go outside, I new what was coming, instead I sat tense and shaking even though it was over thirty degrees and waiting.

I closed my eyes and wondered seriously what the heck was going on, I sat thinking of possibilities for half an hour, when I opened my eyes, a cow dragged itself into the room and started shaking the piece of paper in its mouth and dropped it.

Quickly I shot towards the cow and grabbed the piece of paper, it was a scroll of some sort and was wrote on both sides in some strange language, well strange to me.

Along the scroll were seven wax seals sealing the scroll and when I picked at the next seal it didn't moved, then when I wasn't looking the scroll returned to the cow and it bit the next seal off.

At that time it ran from the room with the piece of paper and disappeared when I left the room, unfortunately I was right not to originally leave the room, seems hunger didn't only affect me earlier.

It was then that a thousands suns shone at once, I could barely see I felt very warm and irritable, yet then I felt for a moment peace and relaxation.

Through squinted eyes I made out another horse, actually I could two, the first was a pale horse the other I hadn't got time to see, I could feel myself fall to the ground and woke up.

I found myself back at my own house and the date seemed to be right and the time was what it should be, about three.

I left my house and outside I saw nothing particular, so I walked down to the local newsagents to get a paper and a few goods.

It wasn't until back at the house that I sat down and started to read the paper, strait away I noticed that everything that had just happened had just happened, just not in the year that it would have appeared.

The headline was that almost a quarter of the world's population was now at threat from drought, famine or war, in fact at least three large wars had started since before the dreams.

It also had a double page dedicated to this Gates, which it said he was now king, of the world.

I looked back out my window and I saw a cow again.

"What?"

It bit off the last three seals almost together, after fifth was nothing much, after the sixth made me fall to the ground.

The earth started shaking very violently, the building, even the houses started breaking, but what I also noticed was that it was now very dark, the moon started to change colour slightly, then I realised the colour was red. The sun disappeared from sight even though it was previously overhead, yet not behind clouds, the clouds appeared fast and the winds picked up quick. The people in the street started screaming again, but at least this time I could hardly hear them with the high winds constantly in my ear.

The lamb finally broke the final seal, just before anything happened, I realised I may have missed understood what a lamb is. The lamb disappeared and all hell broke loose. Quite literally.

I had to close my eyes the dust that suddenly appeared nearly blinded me, the wind started to swirl around me in a great circle, the wind was blowing so fast that I could hardly stand.

I felt my knees shaking before eventually giving way and I fell to my knees and the wind blew me backwards so my knees were the furthest part forwards.

The world started to feel colder and colder; every now and then something would hit me on the head or on my arms, though they were becoming numb.

The wind sounded like it was slowing, I slowly and carefully stood up, my eyes were still closed but I felt the ground was softer.

Opening my eyes the ground was covered in at least a foot of snow, it was hailing and the hail were at least the size of golf balls, but every now and then one would be like a tennis ball.

The hail hurt badly so I did my best to cover my head but that didn't stop them hitting my arms, I didn't mind as much as I couldn't feel them, though that probably was a bad thing.

The light levels were quite low yet still plenty enough to see, as I slowly panned around to get a all round view, I noticed behind me a very dark cloud, not like any I'd ever seen before.

This cloud was a strange storm cloud and everything behind its path was snow and ice, but everything in front of it was normal.

As I looked at the area below the cloud I could see something resembling the northern light yet strangely between the cloud and the ground. I soon realised the cloud wasn't what was doing the damage, it was the strange veil that hung beneath, as it passed everything became a strange place, at the speed it was moving it figured it would have crossed the country in a few hours.

Picking myself up I slowly trekked back towards my house but it was hard because the snow was deep and my legs were numb and I could think like this.

I was only wearing a t-shirt, at this temperature, what felt to be about twenty below, with a strong wind making it worse, I knew I hadn't got long.

Under hypothermia and exhaustion I felt myself falling helplessly again into the snow and saw light.

Making a change

It was then for a moment that I felt warm, and relaxed, I also started to feel very light weighted and drifting, I felt like I was floating above the ground slowing spinning.

I close my eyes and everything that wasn't already quiet went silent, it was then that I felt like I was invincible, very peaceful and everything made sense. I felt like I had released the stress and pressure and just slept.

Suddenly everything went black, blacker than when your eyes are closed, but not a dream with pictures and images in your mind but nothing.

I felt nothing; I saw nothing, heard nothing.

The light returned, I could see it while my eyes were closed, but very clearly like my eyelids weren't there, I opened my eyes and saw the same, nothing but darkness with light at the end.

I thought I'd feel nervous or confused but all emotions had gone only what was real.

Without having to move I drifted upwards or wherever and the light got closer and closer, when I hit the light everything lit up and I felt happy but in a new way.

There was Saint Peter by the classic image of the gates of the Kingdom of Heaven, I had died and now I must face my judgement.

People were appearing everywhere every few seconds, there was a line like a queue which was very long.

I joined the back of the line but glowing man with a white circle above his head pulled me out of the line and said.

"Peter, you are different, you don't need to line up but instead we need to tell you something, this simply isn't your time, you were brought here simply to help us carry the message of all that stands for good to destroy the evil and purify the world until it is ready to be unveiled."

I soon realised that he wasn't your stereotypical angel, more of a man than a fairy.

I soon learned that angels weren't things but people that were more righteous than the pope, or they were simply men of the Lord and the army of greatness.

"You will one day join the line of judgement to enter the Kingdom of Heaven but you need not for today, everyone passes through that line as equals, however powerful and great they are one earth."

I looked forwards.

"You see there is a normal man, a poor man who lives in poverty, while only three in front is a prince, he may be richer, more powerful and even more righteous but that doesn't mean he gets any more rights or the right to skip the line."

I started to see his point, "So why me?"

"There is no need to ask questions, we already know what you need to know.

Anyway, you will build an army and fight against satan's men, when I say fight I mean do whatever it takes."

"Isn't that a...?"

"It is a sin to murder, yes, but to let evil rule over us and accept it, is an even bigger one.

Simple, think about it, why would our creator want his enemies, the ones that rebelled against the way and tried to tempt others into following him, the one who is the worst of all take control. And in others cases where non-believers and haters of us take us, why should we stand for that, I'm sure a world of perfect belief of the right way is better than without, even if it means killing our enemies."

"So what do I do?"

"Simple, go back to earth and find every man still living who believes in our Lord and tell them to fight, we make an army and fight them.

The end of days was not meant to be yet, no-one knows when except for the Lord himself but we have been told it not yet."

"Hey, wait a sec. What about the U for A? Isn't that actually a criminal gang who use the gullible to do their work?"

"The U for the A is not a criminal organisation, they really are the revolution that will stop the rebellion. Basically what happened was that a shield or as they call it a reality barrier was created, on one side

was reality like on earth now, and on the other side was the world you saw before that they wanted you to believe.”

“Sounds like a film I saw once.”

“That’s why, the film was simply the other ones who used the film as cover story, so when you or the U for the A tell people the public tell them they’ve been watching too many movies and don’t want to hear it.

Basically the other ones, once the shield had been created, reality could be changed to what ever they wanted and nobody would know, then just to make sure they make a few films, one being well known but with the story being slightly changed so its less suspicious and then infiltrated all major organisations.

These include the governments and military of most countries, television broadcasters, emergencies services and healthcare and of course the police.

This way the police themselves who are normal people believe the U for the A are criminals and by making others think so too they practically keep recruits from joining.”

“So if the military and police are already compromised, how do we make an army?

Question two how do I persuade people to join and so they don’t think I’m crazy or just having woke up?

And question three what do we use?”

“You recruit simple people by showing them your wound, after you died of hypothermia you were shot between the eyes, normally this would kill anyone but this should convince most people your real. Just say I was brought back to life to create this army and here is the proof, pointing at your forehead.

Finally use whatever you have, the shield was removed only to you because we made it happen, everyone else still sees what you saw before, if you’re to succeed you’ll have to be on their level of understanding.

So basically you’re going back in, to come out simply shout, remove the shield, and you’ll have to keep trying, so good luck.

I felt weight again and the uneasy feeling of the cold I had, I opened my eyes and realised I was lying in the middle of the street which had

previously been occupied by snow and ice, I tried to stand up but I felt too weak I was still shivering violently from before, even though it still wasn’t cold. I raised my arm to my head and touched it.

It sent a sudden jolt down me and I gritted my teeth in pain, it was clean but still very tender.

It was another five or ten minutes, I could possibly know, before I managed to stand up.

There were people on the street, some were the same as the people before but some weren’t, everyone appeared to be looking at me in confusion and amazement. Some women were holding there hands over their mouths and gasping, while men were gormless with their mouth open trying to catch flies followed by a slow, “Wooowww!” A woman left the man she was with and came running over, the man shortly followed trying to be careful of the baby he had just been left with.

Once they got close the rest of the street flooded towards me, at first I was very confused but considering I’d just died and now I’m alive again I’m not surprised.

If I’d woke up in my bed I’d thought I’d just woke up and had a strange dream but being in the middle of the street with a bullet in my head it was slightly more reassuring.

Everyone started shouting and asking questions at once, I couldn’t hear a word anyone was saying, it sounded like a market run only by very fast and loud mumblers.

But it was then I heard the repetition of high and low alternating sound of sirens getting closer and closer, they sound like a combination of police and ambulance.

Remembering what I’d just heard, plus the police were probably still after me the other day when we apparently robbed that bank.

Now on my feet I started to run, I tried to run but it was more of a fast limp.

Everyone looked confused why I was running yet never tried to stop me or follow.

As soon as I had made it around the corner I decided to sit on the rather repulsive bench outside a café to try to get my breath back and started to try and figure out for myself what had just happened.

Sitting thinking I noticed I couldn't really concentrate as the hole in my head was really starting to hurt, I was nervous and I couldn't sit still, I was twitching.
My hands were shaking in a way that if I tried to hold a cup of coffee it would ruin my clothes and my feet were starting to wear the sole of my shoes down to the material.
My stomach was churning; I wasn't sure whether I was hungry or just very irritated.
Once I had caught my breath again I stood up and carried on walking back home where I had no other plans other than to sleep.
Hobbling on my left leg, as my right was still quite frost bitten, I dragged my self along the path for at least a mile and a half.
Which normally wasn't much but when moving at a snail's pace it was considerable harder.
After about half a mile my leg started to regain feeling and became slightly easier to walk on it.
Having walked down alternate streets to make sure I wasn't being followed I finally found myself outside my house, opening the door as quickly as I could I hopped over the doorstep and locked it again.
Without taking my shoes off I persuaded my leg to walk through the door into my bedroom and laid down on the bed to sleep.

With two taken by the lies and reject to the new power of good, one captured by the evil, well the ones who being deceived to do the work of the evil and one missing in action, the last of the small organisation only for the purposes of good over evil sits doubting.
The one called Ben having just lost his car and most of his main group sits with his hands over his face deciding whether to bother to try to stop the ones who try want dominion over the lands.
He would sit there, still, silent and almost non-existent, except for the occasionally urge for the toilet or the hunger for food and the thirst for water. He would stay sat all night until he falls asleep or has a reason to get up and fight again.

It wasn't exactly late but I woke to find it was now dark, now more refreshed, though not completely, I stood up on my now mostly normal leg and realised I needed to first get the group back together if we were to fight the evil.
The problem was only Ben was left and I thought he was maybe still a bit pissed about having his car stolen.
I grabbed my phone and started to dial his number, I entered the first four digits and slammed the phone back down on the hook, I think I over did that I a bit and possibly broke it.
Realising we were still at war with the other guys with the majority of the police thinking I'd robbed a bank, while the heads of staff knew I was a threat to their plans, the chances are they would want to track down where I was.
People have the impression that police can't trace a phone call for a minute so you can call someone and make it short without being caught, but I heard in reality, you only have to finish dialling the number and for it to connect, the other person doesn't even have to answer for them to trace you.
Instead I chose to get the mobile out of my pocket in my coat and use that, problem was I only had enough credit for three minutes.
Carefully flipping up the lid and dialling the number I pressed the call button and waited.
It rang for nearly half a minute before finally being answered.
"Yeah! Who is this?"
"Oh right...sorry Ben it's me Peter."
"Hey you son of a..."
"Ben! I'm sorry I stole your car and legged it but I thought you guys were lying to me, you know like Kevin had."
"Oh...I see...tell you what, come back round to the flat you left. With the car! And then I'll talk to you properly."
"Okay then I'll be..."
Before I had chance to finish speaking he had already cut off the call and I now had only one thing to do, get back to the flat.

The problem was I had no clue where the flat was and I hadn't a clue where the car was, all I remember it was a good few miles from where I lived.

Still fully dressed I headed for the door without hesitation and opened the door, walked through the door and locked it, then not knowing in any way where to go just walked back the direction I had come.

The walk was much easier, a mile and a half took half an hour to walk and not a hour, the best I could do was to get back to the street where I had woke up and then I'd have to guess the rest.

All the people and the confused paramedics and police had all gone home, the streets were practically empty and I figured that no one would remember me even if they saw me.

It was now quite dark but I kept walking through the cold and unlit streets in all sorts of directions until I saw a stream, I remembered the car was ditched on a road near a ditch so I wandered through a field to the stream. I hadn't a clue what the field was, it was too dark to see and I wasn't too bothered either, just as long as a private property obsessed, shotgun wielding, pissed off farmer didn't take it to his own liberty to shoot me up the arse.

Having made it to the stream I now had to choose which way to head, left or right, I chose right and began to walk along the side of the small irrigation channel, I would have to get close as there were no street lights here and so it was completely dark, I could only see just in front of me.

Struggling to see I slowly shuffled my feet step by step trying my best to follow the stream without falling in.

I had absolutely no idea how far the car was or if it was even still there, I may have to walk at least three miles and then maybe find that I chose to follow the stream the wrong way.

At long last having walked for at least an hour and a half, dripping wet and frozen, I found the car on the back of a pick-up truck, the driver had obviously left it there while he went to get food or something.

I slowly crept over to the car and tried to climb inside, the door was open but the keys weren't in the car and there was a ramp behind the car wheels.

Thinking quickly I got out the car but caught my foot in the car and fell forwards face first into the hard floor, scrambling to my feet I picked myself up and jumped up and opened the door on the pick-up and climbed in.

Looking through the various storages and compartments I searched for the keys to the car and a way to detach the car from the pick-up, I looked in all the different places until I decided to look up at the sun visor flap and found them there. Getting back out the pick-up I walked round to car with the keys I recognised, though as I turned I noticed someone walking towards me, which quickly became a jog and then a run. I think he was the driver and had seen me, meaning either I leg it now into the darkness of the unlit stream or find a way to drive the car away before he gets there.

Running back towards the car I tried to manually detach the car but it had been attached properly, then I had a better idea, it involved something done before, I got the idea from a film I saw once and was most likely illegal but worth a try and possibly fun.

Jumping back in the front of the pick-up and grabbed for the keys left in the ignition, he has getting close now so I knew I probably only had one maybe two attempts to start the engine.

I turned the key and it started, released the hand brake and floored the accelerator, I shot forward and the guy stopped running, instead he reached into his jacket pocket, aimed and fired. The bullet hit the car and made an awesome *ping* sound.

I shot around the corner forgetting I had a car attached to the back and the back just completely fish tailed, spinning the steering wheel frantically I realigned the front up with the road and drove as quick as I could.

After what seemed like about a mile I knew it would take him a while to catch up, if he chose to chase, I mean just his size told me he wasn't going to do a mile in under four minutes.

So unless he had another car nearby then it would give me a while to get the ditched car and ditch the pick-up, so I pulled over into the grass verge so I wasn't in the middle of the road. This would block traffic, if there was any and raise suspicion. I would then find a new way to get the car.

Getting the band back together

I am standing here in the cold and the rain, I've just stole a pick-up with a car I stole earlier, I am tired, in pain and pissed off with the whole thing.

I got back out the pick-up and carefully walked around the back and tried again at the attachment, but knowing I had a bit more time I had a chance to try properly.

After pulling and hitting it for a few minutes it started to loosen, with one final kick the car rolled back into the road a few metres.

It was then I heard the same loud deep sighing sound I had before, I felt warm air being blown down the right side of my face warming my now numb ear.

I turned my neck as far as I could around and then twisted at the waist, I saw a very large, tall and wide, dark figure positioned directly behind me, it's shadow casting me into chasm of void.

I soon realised it was the guy from earlier, how he got here that quick I have no idea.

I made my legs move quickly and legged it, but he had already grabbed my shirt collar.

I had no idea how I was going to get out of this one but then I remembered I still had some things from the other day, I reached into my left pocket with my right hand as he had my left hand twisted round sideways.

I pulled out an object and threw it the ground, though first making sure to shut my eyes as tight as I could, when the container hit the ground it let off the loudest noise I'd heard so I couldn't hear what he had to say.

But I know it hurt him because when I had my arm and collar free again, I turned around and saw he was holding his hands over his eyes and trying to use his shoulders to hold his ears, I picked up the remains of the flashbang and legged it.

I ran over to the car but then suddenly stopped, turned around and ran back to the pick-up, opened the driver's door and swiped the car keys to the car not the pick-up off the dashboard and without shutting the

door ran backwards. I turned around and ran towards the car, opened the door, doing my best to get in quickly and tried to take flight.

The guy how before could just be made out as an outline in the vast darkness of unlit streets at night, but I could see him, anywhere.

Without thinking about it too much I shut the car door and put the keys in the ignition, turned the keys and was just pulling forwards when there was a loud thud on the back window, which was then followed by a louder thud on the back passenger window, and then a crash on my window.

The guy was really pissed now so I drove forwards, swerved around the pick-up and back onto the road.

His arm was still in window and had somehow jumped onto the bumper of the car and was still trying to pull me out the car or just make me crash by pulling on the steering wheel.

I tried to shake him off by swerving side to side but he had a strong grip, he was clearly determined to make me stop. Then I noticed then was an AK still on the passenger seat, so with one hand on the steering wheel I tried to reach with the other, grabbed it by the barrel and pulled it forwards gradually.

I gripped the weapon by the handle and without the intention to shoot anyone, instead I turned it around grabbed it with the other hand and smashed the butt into his face.

It stunned him and he let go of the steering wheel but he was still standing on the ledge so I spun the steering wheel around while still holding the gun with two hands to turn a corner and then smashed the butt into him again. This time making him lose balance so when I took the next sharp corner he fell onto the ground holding the ledge with his hands, he bounced on the ground a few times before letting go and spinning off into the road.

I then put the AK down back on the passenger seat and sped up the road leaving him in the middle of the road and out of his sight, home free and now heading for Ben's flat.

It had been two hours now since Ben had received the late night call about the stolen car and the small misunderstanding. Ben was starting to get irritated, he stood up from his chair quickly so that he almost passed out and fell back down again. You could see the strain in his eyes, they were becoming bloodshot from nothing but stress, holding his arms up and putting his wrists together he put his face on the palms of his hands and started moaning. It was getting late and Ben really wanting to sleep now, but he couldn't sleep as he was still waiting for a late night visit, one that was important to him but more importantly to his new organisation.

I was getting close now, I could feel it, even though I had never been down this road before and didn't know where I was going, I knew that I was close. As I dropped the gear down to first to take the final corner I pulled into the alley between the two blocks of flats where I stole the car and made a fast escape. I slowly rolled the car forwards and killed the headlights, as not to awaken others who might become suspicious, I kept the revs to a minimum and drove as quietly as I could. It was then that I felt something pulling tight around my neck and I felt I was looking at the night sky, though not one that would be a picture postcard. I could now feel my body being squeezed through the closed but now open window. I could now not feel anything except the fact I needed to breath very soon, with the now desperate struggle to breath. I couldn't remember much after that, at least until I found myself sitting on a chair in the middle of a room with my hands tied behind my back with cable ties and an AK47 being pointed strait at me in the face. "Hey! What the..." "Peter! You have disappointed me, I try to let you help us fight the enemy but instead you make me the enemy."

"Ben? What the heck are you on about?" "Peter you came back, not because you wanted to rejoin our little club here but because you wanted to let them finish the remaining few of us off." "Uh...no...I came back to rejoin so I can help you destroy the evil and regain control of earth." While I was saying that Matt walked in the room eating a sub sandwich and holding a packet a crisps in his mouth, he put them down and looked strait at me." "What the...is that a bullet hole in your head? How could you have survived that?" "I was about to come and explain, but this prick jumped me." "Peter, why did you come back?" "I came because someone, well something, told me I have to be a part of the final attempt to stop these other guys before its too late. I came to rejoin your U for the A thing and help again." Matt turned to look at Ben, "Er...Ben, I think you better put that AK down and untie him before I do." "Why, he stole your car ran off with all our plans and came back to finish us off. He's working for them now." Then Ben put the AK down on the bed behind him and reached into his jacket with his other hand, pulled out a pistol and shot me in the chest. "Ben! You prick, you just shot him!" Matt snatched the gun and pushed him back into the wall. "Ow! That hurt you prick, what was that for?" Matt turned around and looked at me and Ben started to explain. "Don't worry, I shot him with the holy water bullets, I thought the others may have caught him and tried to turn him." Matt walked over to me and started to cut the cable ties with a penknife, when the final cable snapped, I leaped up and started rubbing my wrists. "So...any luck with Bob yet?" Matt looked up, "Er...no he's still in a police station in another town somewhere, problem is I don't know where, we already tried the local one but he wasn't there."

I started thinking of ideas where he might be, “Wait a minute, when Bob first found me I was in some strange police station, it wasn’t a real one, it was just a building that they used to keep me.”

“Can you remember where it was?”

“No we sort of went somewhere I had never been before but we were going so fast and the heat of the moment stopped me from really looking where we were going. All I know it was closer to the first flat than here.”

“Then we better go then, well in the morning. Peter your belongings are back in your room across the corridor, you better get some sleep if we’re doing this tomorrow.”

There were two men standing in the middle of a room, with the third having just left.

The moment this third person had left, the two left started laughing and gave each other a high five with a very loud slap.

Then the slightly taller of the two men also left the room and heading for the room opposite, he entered his room and went straight to sleep.

The man left in the other room started reading a book about spies by a famous spy author that now has his name on popular video games.

The next morning I woke up fresh, even though I’d only slept for few hours, though this didn’t mean I was necessarily ready for what Ben had planned today.

After slowly eating my breakfast to delay what I may next have to face Ben appeared at the door and without knocking opened the door.

“Peter you moron! You didn’t lock your door.”

“Oh...right...yeah...I forgot about that, I was rather tired. Any way what have you got in mind.”

“Well to start we’ll take you down into town and help us locate “The Wizard”, er...I mean Bob and then we’ll phone the rest of our men we

have left to flank the building and get Bob out without pissing the other guys off *too* much.”

“How many other men do we have?”

“Can’t tell yer Peter, at least not until its over.”

“Right...okay, ready then?”

“Peter...forgetting something?”

I turned around and walked back into the room, got down on my knees and reached under the bed, with one hand I pulled the thing out and grabbed it with the other hand.

I stood back up and got the full grip of it and aimed the weapon at the wall with my eye up to the sights, I then lowered the weapon back down and loaded it with a magazine with the green tape.

I then reached into a shoebox in a draw to the side and placed a blue and a red taped ammunition magazine in my pocket.

I then put a jacket on so I could conceal the AK in the front, even though it was quite warm today.

I then did the same with the 9mm and hid that down the back of my trousers.

I left all the money and the rest hidden in the cupboards and left the room, locking it behind me.

Me and Ben started walking down the corridor and as we got a few doors up we stopped and Ben smashed his fist against the door hard and shouted, “Matt! You lazy idiot, you said you’d be ready!”

“I am ready!”

The door opened and Matt came out looking inconspicuous and slammed the door behind him.

We all carried on walking down the corridor and turned to go down the stairs.

As we looked down the stairs we could see a shadow coming up the stairs, Matt went to grab his nine but Ben held his arm in place and said quietly, “leave it.”

As the shadow came around the corner I could see the person who was making it, I could quite make out the face but by guessing on body build and height, I figures I was someone we knew.

Matt let go of the pistol but kept his left hand behind his back ready to draw.

As the person came up the last set of stairs I could quite easily see now it was Kevin, he had seen us and was now running, he had a dark long sleeve shirt, and almost black jeans, he was wearing a woolly hat and large army boots.

He also had a bag on his back, as if he'd been recruited by the army or something, unfortunately for us that was half true.

He stopped and without saying anything put both his arms behind his back and let the bag slide off his back, he then spun the bag around his right side and started to reach inside.

Finally he grabbed something and pulled out a cable, but this wasn't the problem, the problem was the other end. At the top of the wire was a simple push switch.

"Oh...sh...!"

We all pulled out our weapons and just as Kevin's finger was about to press down on the button, we all opened fire and shot him in the chest. He fell down onto his back letting go of the button he had held in his hand, I'd shot him with the holy water bullets with the AK, but Matt and Ben used 9mm and used regular bullets, problem was he was only possessed and wasn't one of them himself.

This meant we couldn't just tip holy water over him and make him go away, we had to actually do that ourselves. While Matt and Ben tried to come up with a plan, I decided to see what was in the bag, I snapped the button off the wires and made sure they were separated, then I opened the bag and followed the wires inside.

Inside the bag were a lot of wires of various colours and sizes, all bundled up around a paper packet of what appeared to be C4 plastic explosives, though it could have been a bluff.

The hat he was wearing turned out to be a ski mask he forgot to pull down, and I had no idea what the package was for.

"Hey! Ben...do yer think this package will come in useful?"

"What package?"

Ben left Kevin to Matt, who was now dragging him down the corridor and into one of the unused rooms.

He peered inside the bag and carefully lifted out the contents onto the floor, "Oh...Sh...This stuff is real!"

He then slowly pulled the wires out of the packet and put it down, "Where the heck did he get this?"

"I don't know. I thought you'd know."

"Yes I'm sure we'll find a use for it. Peter help Matt finish what he's doing, I'll sort out this and we'll meet back up in half an hour to try again."

I entered the other room where Matt was now standing over Kevin, "What you want me to do?"

"Erm...nothing Peter, I'll sort it you just lie down or something for half an hour."

With the ever curious and impatient recruit having just gone back to help the ones who claim to be the revolution of good over the revelation of evil, it would seem unlikely he would ever want to join for real.

The one they call Ben was now alone in his room taking the contents out of a rather old and tattered rucksack and carefully placing them on a table making sure not to drop the package or touch any of what appeared to be wires together.

After lowering the contents onto the table he dropped the bag onto his right foot and slid it across the floor into the corner.

The way he started to play with the dangerous and delicate wires would normally have suggested he knew what he was doing, but the look in his eye suggested differently.

Everyone who knew the one they called Ben knew he was not so steady handed when it came to these tense situations and knew he was one for easily losing his concentration with the slightest noise or distraction.

He spent almost half an hour playing with wires connected to the packet of what appeared to be modelling clay but the seriousness that he was putting into it showed otherwise.

He appeared to be attempting to change the wires connected to the push button and replace it with a remote controlled switch.

Rescuing a friend

I woke up after about three quarters of an hour after I fell asleep. Still a bit sleepy I stood up and dragged myself to the door, and opened it; I then walked across the corridor to the room opposite where Matt and Ben were now in the room together watching the small portable TV in the room.

Ben look around, "Peter, Yer ready?"

"Erh...yeah, I guess."

I turned around and walked back into my room, picked up the AK and the nine put them back on where I had before and left the room.

"So...we trying again then?"

"Erh...yeah just a minute!"

I stood to the side of the bed where Matt and Ben were sat and looked at the TV.

After ten minutes of what ever it was they were watching, they turned the TV off, grabbed their Aks and left the room.

Walking down the corridor you could still see where Kevin was stood and had been dragged into the other room, we left through the door and down the stairs into the alley between the two blocks of flats.

We then slowly walked over to the car, which was now looking rather sorry for itself, and got in, Ben got in the front, I got in the front passenger seat and Matt in the back.

Ben reversed quickly down the path and swung the car round on the road, and pulled forward with a sudden jerk.

"Peter...do yer remember exactly where this building is?"

"Erm...just get closer to the town and I'll show you then, in fact if you get near the main road I remember part of the way I was originally taken."

For the next ten minutes I gave guided instructions to where I thought we had to go, we got into the town fine but got specifically where I had no idea.

"I remember a lot of boarded up houses with a vandalised kids play area, there was a..."

"I know where you mean."

We suddenly swung round in a u-turn and carried on the other way without even stopping, shot up the road and turned left onto a long road.

We drove down the road until we had to turn left onto another road; I relaxed slightly by slouching in my seat so my back was nearer the seat.

We made a few more turns and entered the road I remembered to be the one I had seen before, only we were coming from the side.

"There! You see that building there."

We slowed down and crept down the road and almost crawled around the corner where the car couldn't be seen from inside.

"Ready?"

"Oh Yeah!"

Opening the passenger side door, I almost jumped out the car, checked my nine was loaded and shut the door.

Ben and Matt got out the car and without locking any of the door we slowly started walking round the corner to the front, Ben lead the way, me in the middle and Matt at the back.

As we got near the front door of the building Ben walked to the left of the door, I walked to the right and Matt walked up the few steps and tried to open the door, the door was locked and wouldn't open even when he tried to pulled it down.

Ben held his hand up with his fingers in a sign that I hadn't seen before, Matt swapped places with Ben and Ben walked up the steps. He reached into the small plastic bag he had over his right shoulder and pulled out an object.

He then attached the thing to a socket, which had small spikes sticking out one end of it, and smashed the object into the door.

He then pulled out another smaller object out the bag and dropped the bag, he took a few steps back and Matt said, "Peter, stand clear and be ready!"

"What?"

"Move out the way!"

I took a few steps to the side and turned my back on Ben, drew my AK and held it in a ready to fire way.

BOOOOM!!!

Ben pressed a button on the top of the second object and the door came crumbling down, before the dust had chance to settle, Ben and Matt were already in the building.

I ran in the building, AK pointing forwards with my finger already on the trigger.

Single shots blended with rapid fire ripped across the building, two men wearing old-fashioned polices' uniforms came out a room at the end of the corridor pistols raised and firing.

I aimed my AK47 at one of the 'police' and fired, a volley of about four shots flew across the corridor and hit the man in the shoulder and his right arm.

The other fired at me and missed, Ben took his AK and shot the second guy.

The first guy who I shot was now slumped on the wall but still had his pistol in his hand, he lifted his hand up to fire but Ben had already shot him in the head, his gun fell to the ground and rang like a metallic bell calling for the faithful to prove their faith.

As we walked down the corridor, Ben kicked the pistols out of the hands of the 'police' and picked them up.

As we walked towards the room where they came from I heard a sudden cry out, and the sound of someone falling very near by, from the sound of carrying echoes of gunpowder.

I turned around and Ben had fallen to the ground, he was holding his left arm, I looked up and saw a sudden movement.

A hole in the wall next to where my head was appeared and a small amount of brick dust was floating around it, I drew my AK and as a shadow step out into sight I fired. I hit him, I don't know where but he fell and didn't move.

Turning around I grabbed one of Ben's hands and Matt got the other, we pulled him up and gave him his AK back.

Still in pain Ben carried on and lead the way down the corridor, we ran and entered the room at the end.

A second after overcome, two of the three men in the room had their eyes go blank before springing up without thinking, each holding a metal tube with a handle and a finger over a small lever.

The third man sat in a chair in the middle of the room started groaning, it sounded like he was trying to speak but had tape over his mouth and hands tied behind his back.

There was a small burst of mini-explosions as the two other men took lead and fell backwards onto the floor.

Then the intruders aimed their weapons and finished the job.

"Bob! How do yer get there?"

Bob was tied in a chair in the room; I walked over and quickly pulled the tape from off his mouth.

"Owww!! You pri...how long did it take you?"

"Well, seeing as we had absolutely no idea where you were, I think it was quite quick."

Matt took out a penknife and started cutting the seatbelt that had been used instead of ropes.

When he finally cut through it Bob's hands relaxed and looked at his wrists to see the chafing and turned around in his seat.

Matt replaced his penknife and between us we tried to get Bob to stand, turn him round slightly and help him walk a few steps until he got the feeling again.

We walked back down the corridor and onto the front where we got back in the car.

As Ben was wounded Matt drove.

When we got back to the flat we dragged Ben up the stairs and into his room, I left Matt and Bob to see to Ben while I went into my room and laid down face first on my bed.

I lay there for at least twenty minutes not really doing anything other than thinking, mainly about what a mess I gotten into.

I was almost about to fall asleep when I thought I heard something.

"Peter!"

I got up and sluggishly crawled out the room, I turned into the room around the corner where the noise came from.

“Peter. We decided to go with your plan and try to recruit some more people to bring this to an end.”

“What?” I was still dazed and tired, “What do you have in mind then.”

As I entered the room I could see a table in the middle of the room, it was a large but old wooden table that definitely hadn't been there before. On the table were about five different local road maps, each opened to the page of our nearest town.

Around the table were six different even older wooden chairs, except one, which was plastic.

As I cleared the door way Matt stood up from sitting on one of the chairs and walked over to the door, peered out the door and then locked it with about four different locks.

I then walked over to the table and sat on the nearest chair, Matt sat back down, as I could see Ben seemed to be completely fine, no pain or even bandages or a sling, he was sat on the far seat on the same side of the table, while Bob was opposite him but in the middle.

“Why are there six chairs, hen there are only four of us?” I asked.

“Because we were hoping a few more might join us.”

It was Bob that started speaking next, “Right...so basically four men are not enough to stop the full force of the other guys so we need more people if we are to succeed, though the main problem is that we don't know who can trust us and who will be crazy enough to actually believe us.”

“Right ok. We found out the other day that the satanists are planning an assault on one of the office buildings in town, we know which one but what we don't know is if the information is true and how many there are likely to be. Now we know the police are operated by them whether they know it or not so we can't rely on them to stop them, so we'll have to do it ourselves.”

I suddenly became confused, “Where's this building?”

Bob half shook his head and then sighed, he picked up a red felt tip pen that was rolling on the maps, took the lid off and circled a building on one of maps.

He then moved his hand over to another place on the map and circled another building.

“Right, so we're here, and they're going to be over there.”

He then drew a line down the main road and towards the first circle.

After he'd connected to two circles together he picked up another pen, which was blue and drew another line but connected slightly differently. After that he drew a third line in green.

“Right so we'll each take a car down each way into the building, we'll get there before the police can set up a cordon around the building and we'll each surround it from different entrances.”

“You better get it right this time because last time we thought we were doing the bank a favour and instead robbed it.”

“Peter, this time we know the information's right because it came strait from one of them and I've seen them planning for months. Right ok I'll take the red way with two or three other guys I can find. Ben you take the blue way with two or three other guys, Matt, you take the green way with Peter and one or two other guys.”

“Hey, how come I have to be with Matt as an extra?”

“Peter, you've been here a few weeks, we've been here years.”

“Right ok but what about weapons?”

“Yes we have plenty of them, we'll sort that out later. As this is going to be practically a war against terror we need to make this more military. Peter and the other guys can be privates, Matt can be sergeant, and it's his job to recruit the new people. Ben can be a Lieutenant and I'll be a Colonel.”

“So when's this attack meant to happen, well it was supposed to happen to happen on Saturday, tomorrow but it won't so we have until Sunday instead to make sure we're ready.”

“Ok guys get preparing, we have a day and a few hours to find at least five more men, but the more the better, and get them ready to fight.”

We all left the room except Bob who stayed; I went with Matt into his room while Ben went into his.

“Right Peter, we need to get at least five more men and maybe eight, I have an idea where we can get them but I'll need your help to drive them all back. I'll take the car and bring back up to four, you take the

other car which I haven't shown you yet and drive the other four back as well."

"What other car?"

"We have quite a few cars, we use one mainly but we have a few others placed around the town in case we ever need them. Ben will then get a third ready for Sunday when we'll need three cars, we could use the bikes but I don't yet trust the recruits to drive them on their own."

"So who are we getting?"

"Remember when I told you that the U for the A was an organisation of many connected cells?"

"Yeah."

"Well we're one of the only remaining cells in this area, all the other were either went into hiding, were captured or killed. Well there is still one group who might be able to help us, unless we go to Devon and try there."

"Ok so where do we find these others?"

"Well there were others in our cell, Joe who must have got caught as we haven't seen him in a while, we can't find him, he could be anywhere. Anyway there are others but they left before you did and nobody knows where they are, but we do know of another cell on the other side of town were they should still have a few."

"What if they don't?"

"Then we're screwed!"

"Wait a minute what do you know about the shield?"

"Right...that's what I was going to tell you in a few minutes Peter but if you already know then I may as well tell you now. The main reason I recruited you wasn't because you had any particular skill in fighting and agility but you do seem to have a good way of solving problems. One of those is how do we bring down the shield properly to let everyone know and to fight when they're manipulating it from within."

"So how do I bring down the shield then?"

"That's what I should be asking you."

"Anyway, you can be thinking about it, we don't need to do that now, first we need to recruit as I am the sergeant."

The recruiting sergeant

We started to leave the room and headed towards the stairs to go down when I realised I was unarmed.

"Do yer think I need a nine?"

"What?"

"Do you think I need a weapon?"

"Well I've got mine, so yes if you want to stay alive."

I turned around at headed back towards my room, got the nine, stuffed it down the back of the trousers and grabbed the AK and did my best to hide it in my jacket.

I then ran back through the door and locked it behind me, ran down the stairs and caught up with Matt; Matt was already nearly at the bottom of the stairs and was now opening the boot of the car.

I peered inside, there must have been enough there to take down Hitler's army, he then slammed the boot shut and locked it, about three times.

He got in the driver's seat and I got in the front passenger seat, he started to engine and started to drive the other way down the road then we usually do. As he saw the road was clear he accelerated and carried on quite a bit faster than he probably should have been.

About two miles down the road he started to slow, turned a corner and drove underneath a willow tree with it draping on the ground, behind the tree out of sight was a small lock-up garage, we stopped and got out.

Matt reached for his pocket and pulled out a key, put the key in the garage door and opened the door, lifted it up and revealed nothing. At first I couldn't see anything but then when he turned the small light on I could see an old, quite small but not too small black car in the middle of the garage. It wasn't anything particularly special just a regular old car that still worked.

"Peter, I'll drive that car", pointing at the car we just got out of, "and you can drive this car."

"Right, where to?"

“Yeah...you just follow me but keep some distance or people might get a bit suspicious. Oh and don't leave your weapon on the seat, you'll get yourself arrested.”

I picked up the AK out of the front seat and walked over to the car.

“The keys are in that small metal tin on the side...yeah that old paint tin.”

I got the keys and opened the driver's door; though the smell was almost unbearable the seat was actually quite comfy.

“It smells a bit funny!”

“Yeah...oh yeah I forgot about that, just put the air con on for a bit it should clear.”

I sat in the seat, put the key in the ignition and turned the key to half way, switched on the air con, opened the windows and let it for a few minutes. After a few minutes I switched the air con back off and put the windows back up, put the AK in easy to access but out of sight place and shouted Matt.

“Ok, we ready then?”

“Ok start the car and follow me.”

I let Matt turn the car around and out of the trees cloak, I waited about ten seconds, turned on the engine, reversed out the garage and pulled onto the road, I could see Matt down the road so I followed.

I tried to keep up but remain distance to not raise suspicion; if the satanists knew what we were doing then they wouldn't hesitate to get us.

It started off quite easy, I just followed him down the road staying a few cars behind, but then when he turned and unexpected corner I went strait past him, by the time I had turned around he had gone.

I drove down the street he had turned into and tried to find him, I drove down the road checking every side street and driveway trying to find the car I had just lost, after a few more houses I saw him turning right down another street, so I got ready and turned right.

Half way down the street he started to slow before stopping in the middle of the road, he then got out and started staring at the sky and looking around him very quickly in every direction, he then got back in the car and drove past a few more house before turning into a long gravel drive which wasn't the best of approaches.

I followed him down the street and turned into the same drive, he got out and left the car, before then rolling it forward another few metres and then leaning back in the car and putting on the hand brake.

I was a bit confused about what he was doing but then again I can't remember him ever acting normal.

I slowly drove down the drive trying not to make such a crunch with the gravel and stopped where Matt had got out, Matt then came over to my car and tapped on the window, I could have opened the window but opened the door instead.

“Yeah! What?”

“Peter, slowly and quietly turn the car around so it is ready to face the other way.”

“What about yours?”

“I'm going back a different way, I hope you remember the way we came.”

“Right!”

I shut the car down and pulled forward slowly before stopping just before Matt's car, put it in reverse and spun the car around as quietly as I could before going forward and facing the way I had just come in.

“Ready?”

“Yeah! Why?”

I got out the car and didn't lock the doors, instead I shut them and walked over to Matt was now standing.

“Ok these guys know us, well me, so should be easy to convince.”

“So...what's the problem?”

“I said should. Right, nine ready?”

I put my hand down the back of my jacket and grabbed the handle of the pistol; I then flicked the safety catch and pulled it up slightly.

We walked up to the door at the back and Matt knocked at the door, he tried again, after a few attempts he shouted, “Hey guys! It's me Matt remember I come to ask you a favour.”

“Go away! We don't need you anymore.”

“I'm coming in!”

Matt got a shotgun, which he had somehow hid behind in his jacket; he cocked the pump action shotgun and aimed at the lock, “Peter, if I were you I would move!”

I took a few steps back and moved around the corner slightly, he then fired at the lock and the door swung open. Matt then hid the shotgun and we both moved into the house.

“What the...”

Someone came running into the room near where we were stood, he looked at the door, “What d’yer do that for?”

“Harry! We came to talk business, well kind of.”

Two more men came into the room; I stood slightly behind Matt and had my hand ready to my side.

“What do they want?” came a rough, just out of bed groan from one of the other two guys.

“What do you want to ask?”

“We want to reform the U for the A, this time it’s serious.”

“I told you two years ago, we finished with that, we don’t do that anymore and guess what, we don’t keep getting in trouble with the police like you.”

“There’s a plan to attack a bank in town on Sunday and we need at least five more men, maybe even eight to make sure that doesn’t happen.”

“Wow another bank robbery, I heard you got into a mess about that.”

“This isn’t another bank robbery, they don’t want the money they want people.”

I noticed the man at the back on my left was starting to twitch a bit and kept looking at the floor, he then looked over his shoulder at the front door.

As he kept looking at the door behind him I looked straight at him in the eyes, he then snapped back and started stretching down the side of his leg.

“I think you’ve just got wrong information again, like always. Matt you’ve never pulled off a successful mission that meant something, I don’t know why you insist...”

A loud sound rang through the room as the man on the left at the back fell to his knees before flopping forward.

Matt stopped his argument and looked at me.

“What? He had a gun and was aiming at you.”

The man arguing with Matt called Harry turned his neck around without properly moving his body so did the other guy at the back. In the guy on the floor’s hand was a pistol and was still aiming in the direction of Matt.

Matt walked over to him and kicked him in the chest so he fell backwards; he then picked the gun up and placed it on the side.

“He’s breathing!”

“Yeah I shot him with holy water bullets.”

“Peter I told you to use the live bullets for mission like these, I mean he wasn’t one them, was he?”

I aimed my nine at his head and waited while Matt tried to wake him. The guy on the floor started to wake slowly, as he started up he flinched by the pistol.

“Peter, you can lower it now.”

“Why am I on the floor, Matt I know that’s you but who’s that guy about to shoot me.”

“Dan! What’s the date today?”

“Erm...I don’t know...the...18th June 2003”

“Whoa...he’s been here a while.”

“What?”

“The year is 2006.”

“What?”

Matt turned around and carried on, “Right...Dan here has been possessed and has been with you for the last three years!!”

“Wait...you mean Dan was one of them the whole time, I knew he hadn’t been right for a while but, wow, I didn’t know he had been...wait a minute, then he could have told them anything about us.”

“Or...it was him who told you to leave the U for the A and stop the fighting.”

“So do you want to help us?”

“Wait a minute you said you needed at least another five, what’s wrong with the rest of your cell.”

“I’m not sure they’ve been slowly disappearing in the last few weeks, now we only have a few left, so we need some more.”

“Well we’ve only got three here, I think we’ve still got most the people we had before but we split into groups of three and spread

around the town, we thought it would be safer not to be all together but stay as a three to be a safer number.”

“So you have no idea where the rest might be?”

“Nope! Not a clue.”

“Now what?” I asked Matt.

“Erm...next I think we should try and find the rest of them only we don’t know where. Actually I have a few ideas where they might be. Peter, I know you take these three back to the flat in your car and I’ll try out a few places and try and find some more.”

“Hey wait! I never agreed to going with him.”

“Dan! Just shut up and get in the car.”

“But I don’t know this guy, he could be one of them.”

“Dan! I said shut up and get in the car with Peter.”

I walked over to the door and left, walked over to the car at the same time Matt walked over to his and got in.

I got in the car as the three others came out the door with the last trying to lock the door before remembering we broke it.

All three got in the back with no one in the front; I started up the engine and pulled forward down the gravel drive.

As I was slowly driving down the drive and onto the street, Matt was turning his car around and started to do the same. I turned onto the street facing the way I remember coming in, I turned right and slowly drove down the street, as Matt came out and turned left, I carried on until I could no longer see Matt in the rear-view mirror.

As the oblivious recruit drove the three other recruits well at least to their cell the one in the other car who turned left, the moment he saw the other car was out of sight he stopped, turned around and went back the other way. He then drove the same way the other car went but made sure to keep at a far enough distance, as he followed the other car he then turned left around the other side of a building that the other car went, so when the other car turned left he could see the car going strait across the cross roads.

The guy then stopped and got out the car and walked in a building.

As I drove across the crossroads I got ready to slow down, I carried on going and then turned down a street to the left.

A few streets later I got to the flat and slowly drove down the side of the building, “Ok get out.”

We all got out and walked towards the building where Bob was stood waiting, “Well, how many have you got?”

“Three so far, Matt said he’s gone to get some more.”

“Right fine, ok I’ll find somewhere for these three upstairs and you should probably get another half an hours sleep while we wait for Matt.”

We walked over to the door and went up to the floor we usually stay, Bob found a few empty rooms at the end of the corridor where we don’t usually stay.

“If we’re having more people, you’ll have to share.” He put two in the first room he found and then let the largest of the three; the one I didn’t yet know the name of have the other room.

I went into my room and put my gun down, I then lay down and almost instantly fell asleep.

When I woke I couldn’t hear anything much, I stood up dazed and staggered out of the door. I walked into Bob’s room and he was watching the small TV that was quite old but still worked, it had to of the buttons smashed off but you could still pretty much use it.

“Bob, has Matt come back yet?”

“Nope, not yet.”

“Now what?”

“Well now...well what ever you want, just be back for eight and don’t get yourself shot...or captured.”

“Erh...I don’t know I’ll just sleep a bit longer.”

I walked back into the room and slept again.

The one who called himself Matt was now in a badly decorated, damp and cold room surrounded by four other guys who would appear to be doing nothing.

Matt spoke to one of the men in the room, "So you guys in or what?" "I don't know, I just think you're making a mistake, maybe you should just leave them to it."

"Whose side are you on anyway?"

"We don't have sides anymore we're just trying to live a new life."

"Wait...can you come outside a minute, the rest, you can just wait a minute."

The two men stood up and walked out the door into the small overgrown and trash filled mess you could try to call a garden.

"Who are you anyway? I can't even remember you being in the group so why have you got the biggest opinions?"

"Erh...erm..."

Matt drew a nine and pulled the trigger.

"What was that?"

"Never mind just stay there, I'll be back in a minute."

The man nobody knew fell to the floor and landed on his head.

Matt then switched, the green tape clip to the red tape and got ready to fire, when the guy woke up he still remembered and his eyes were glazed with the flaming colour of red.

Matt raised the gun and aimed, he then got a small bottle out of his pocket and poured the contents over him, watching him slowly disappear.

"Hey guys, this one was a live one."

Matt walked back into the room and replaced the bottle and the pistol.

I woke up again to the sound of a loud engine, even though it wasn't, I was just sleepy.

I sat up and looked out of the window, I could see Matt's car turning down the drive of the flat and stopping, three men got out and Matt brought them up stairs.

Last minute planning

By the time I had fully stood up and crawled to the door, Matt and the three guys in the car with him were already up stairs.

"Hey...Wizard...I've got three more men for yer! Where d'yer want them?"

Bob came out of the room opposite and looked at Matt, "Right they can go in this room here but one will have to share with the big one that's already in that one."

"Right...so that's six now yeah?"

"Yeah that's six, we needed at least five but preferably eight."

"Do you think it's worth another two then?"

"Not tonight Peter."

"Right so it's seven, what we doing for the rest of tonight."

The next day was a Saturday; I woke up early, probably because I'd been asleep all Friday afternoon.

We had today left to make some last minute plans and to go over the plans we already have.

I think the other guys are still asleep so I got up and wandered downstairs and outside, I had no plans to go far just walk for an hour or two around the nearby streets.

I wasn't really paying much attention but soon found myself lying on the floor with my back hurting, I looked up and could only see the feet of four maybe more men standing over me.

One or two of them grabbed my arm behind my back lifting quite hard so I could feel the strain under my arms as they ran me into car around the corner. As I struggled, I felt something material but rough being dragged over the back of my head and over my face, for the next I don't know how long I felt the moving of side-to-side but not being able to see just the dizzying feeling of motion.

As the many men of the abandoned flat woke that morning most had no idea they may have to start their plans a lot earlier than first hoped.

As the oldest of the lot left his room and entered the room opposite the corridor, he felt something between confusion and panic.

“Er...Matt...where’s Peter?”

“Isn’t he in his ro...? Where is he?”

“Well he’s up and he left his pistol too.”

“Maybe he’s just outside or went into town.”

“Yeah, just give him an hour if not we’ll have to look for him.”

The two men walked down the corridor and banged on the last three doors on the floor, “Hey guys, get up!”

A few minutes later four of the six men left from two of the room but the third was still closed.

“Hey guys!”

Matt opened the door and found one in the bed and the other on the sofa. The oldest walked over to the one in the bed while the other walked over to the one on the sofa.

“We need to get up!”

“Screw you! It’s only six in the morning.”

“Be ready in ten minutes.”

The two men left the room and turned to the other four.

“We’re starting the briefing in an hour, do what ever you want, just don’t get caught and don’t be late.”

After what felt like half an hour but probably actually ten minutes I felt the car stop and doors opening, I felt my arms being pulled on from both sides until I was unseated and dragged out the car and ran into a building, once inside I was pushed into what I hoped was a chair.

I could hear the car pulling away as the coarse fibres of the bag was pulled back over my face.

It took a few seconds to see other than the light, but when I could see I saw three men standing around me with AK pointing at my face and a fourth man standing back.

“What the...who the heck are you?”

“We don’t know who you are but we’ve seen you with the one who calls himself the Wizard and the rest of them.”

“Erm...so who are you?”

“You don’t need to know who we are, all you need to know is your not staying here very long, I know you have plans to interrupt our plans tomorrow, so that’s why we’re doing it today.”

“Oh crap!”

“Yes oh crap indeed, you won’t be making the final team after all.”

Two of the three men with the AKs lowered their weapons while the third cocked his and retook aim.

As he slowly placed his finger over the trigger and slowly started to pull back the trigger I could see sweat shining on his forehead, in fact he looked more nervous than I was.

Just as I thought he was about to fire he spun around and fired.

He fired for about three seconds using most a clip as three men fell to the ground, “Quick hurry, someone will have heard that!”

Now I was more confused than before but still managed to stand up, pick up one the AKs and take the others from the other guys.

I ran through the door just as a car was fast approaching.

“Peter! Run!”

I ran back the way I though I’d come as the other man changed his weapon for one of the others, aimed and fired at the front of the car.

I wasn’t really watching but I saw the car hadn’t stopped or even slowed, as the car got closer I heard a ripping sound in the air followed by a groan.

I carried on running without even looking back, as I made it out of sight around a corner I slowed slightly before I realised where I was.

I hadn’t been in a car being driven for ten minutes; we were just going round and round in circles.

I was actually only a few streets away from the flat; I hid the AK in my coat and quickly walked towards it.

After only a few minutes I found the flat and ran up the steps, to the floor where we stayed.

“Peter! Where the heck have you been?”

“I was walking outside when some guys snatched me...then one of them shot the others and I...just got back.”

I was so out of breath I could only say a few words at a time plus the fact I was nervous and confused.

“What? What yer on about Peter?”

“Some guys just grabbed me and put a bag over my head and put me in a car and then drove me round and round for ten minutes. Then they took me into a house and were about to shoot me when one the men turned around and shot all the others and let me escape.”

“Who?”

“I don’t know some guys with AKs, they also said that they knew we would believe that they had changed the date to Sunday so they’re doing it today.”

“Oh great.”

“What?”

“We’ll never be ready in time, we were about to start the briefing in ten minutes anyway, what time?”

“I don’t know, they didn’t say.”

“Great, we’ll have to do the briefing and then get ready, unless they were bluffing about that too then we have no idea when it’ll be.”

“So what do we do?”

“Well to start, maybe we should find the recruits and get them all together in Bob’s room in ten minutes, two are in those rooms over there and four are outside somewhere.”

I walked down the corridor to the end where two of the recruits were in the rooms we gave them, instead of knocking or trying one of the doors I just shouted.

“Hey guys! Matt said you need to be in here in ten minutes!”

“Fine! Just gives us a minute!”

I turned around and walked back down the corridor and started to walk downstairs, as I walked down the concrete steps I could see out of the window the four of them standing on some grass outside the flat with what would appear to be a football though I wasn’t sure.

I didn’t want to shout so I ran down the stairs and walked through the door where they were.

“Hey guys! Matt said they need yer in ten minutes!”

They picked up the ball and started walking back towards to flat and up the stairs.

When we got back to the top Bob and Matt were stood outside the door to Bob’s room, “Come in sit down, though you four will have to sit on the floor.”

Bob and Matt sat on a chair each, Ben was already sat down and then I sat down.

There were two other chairs, which the first two recruits were sat on so the other four had to either sit on the floor or crouch.

“Right we all know what’s going on yeah?”

“Yeah!”

Bob reached down under the old wooded table and pulled up the maps he had the other day.

“Right I showed these lot the other day but you six need to listen carefully. Right I’ll take you two in my car, we’ll be going down this red path here and go in strait on. You two will go with Ben and will follow the blue path, it basically the same line only you end up coming in from the left of the building. Right that means you two will go with Matt and Peter down the green line and come in from the right.”

“So what will be actually doing?” asked one of the six recruits that were actually older than me.

“Right basically, we all know that the satanists are planning on assaulting the bank tomorrow though according to Peter, he say they say it’s back to today. We also know they have interest in the money; they are only interested creating as much attention as possible. So what we will be doing is simply, stop the bad guys.”

Bob stopped talking and pointed behind the recruits, “If you see behind you there are plenty of weapons.”

I turned around and saw there were at least twenty AK47’s lined up against a cabinet that was even older than the table.

“Right each man take an AK and two clips of ammo, and take it back to your room when you’re done. Don’t load the weapon until you are ready to go and don’t lose the weapon and definitely don’t go walking the streets with it showing.”

“We know! We’ve been doing this longer than you have!”

“Right! Fine, anyway I’m not done yet, there are also 9mm pistols in the box, take one and two clips.”

“So what actually are we going to be doing?”

“As I started, the terrorists are assaulting bank, so we need to get in there fully loaded before the police arrive and don’t make it look like we’re the terrorists. Basically we need to find a eliminate all the terrorists and save the hostages, if there are any, any more questions?”

“Yes plenty. When is this going to happen if you don’t know yourself?”

“Well we can’t go yet, so we’ll have to wait until we get a more reliable source tell us, I just hope we don’t miss it. I think we should probably practice, we need to make sure that our shots are on target if we’re to this properly, plus you six haven’t had any action in a couple of years so you’d better spend a few hours practicing aiming and the rest that goes with it, now don’t actually fire the weapons, if you want to do that then box on the end has blank clips with the blue tape.”

For the next few hours I was supposed to be practicing aiming the weapon and firing blank into walls.

I walked over to the back wall and picked up one the AKs.

“Actually Peter, you can just use the one you’ve already got.”

“Yeah, but its in my room so I’ll just use this one for the blanks.”

I walked over to the box with the blank ammunition in it and picked up a clip, clipped it into place and cocked the weapon, “Are you sure the sound won’t attract attention?”

“Erm...yeah probably, yeah...I didn’t really think of that.”

“I tell you what, actually just aim the weapon and try and hit the target first time but don’t actually fire, we don’t want the police back here again.”

I removed the clip from the AK and cocked it again to eject the first casing that had already entered the barrel; I then picked it up pressing it back into the top of the clip.

For the rest of next two hours I repeatedly aimed and tried moving around stealthily thinking of every possible pose I could make with a gun and pretended to fire.

Luckily my boredom was eventually ended when Ben came running back into the room shouting, “Two o’clock! ...two...o’clock.”

Ben was out of breath and almost collapsed as he came through the door. “Looks like we’re moving out early.”

Taking a stand for honesty

“Ok guys lets get our things together we’re going now.”

I quickly placed the AK on the floor back with the rest and took two clips of the live ammunition and left the room, back in my room I retrieved the AK from under the bed and loaded the ammo into the gun replacing the holy water bullets and pocketed them.

Then I picked up the pistol and did the same before being ready and re-entered Bob’s room.

“Now what?”

“Just give the rest a few minutes to sort themselves out and we’ll get going.”

“Are you sure this is the time and the place for live ammunition? I mean if they’re all satanists then shouldn’t holy water do the job and at the same time save any possible hostages.”

“Peter. Just use live unless I say otherwise.”

I was now ready and just waiting for the rest of the other guys to hurry up and get ready.

Within the next five minutes, one-by-one the rest of them arrived and started waiting in the corridor, which soon became very crowded.

“Right! We ready?”

“Yeah!”

“Ok let’s all go downstairs and we’ll sort the groups out outside.”

Once outside a quickly noticed that an extra car had appeared that wasn’t there before, “Hey Bob! Where’d this other car come from?”

“Doesn’t matter Peter. Someone dropped it off for us.”

“Oh o...”

“Right like I said earlier, I’ll be driving this car and I’ll need to men to sit in the back, Ben will drive that car with another two and Matt will drive this third car with Peter and the other two left.”

“Who’s going with who then?”

I turned round and saw one the six men asking Bob.

“Doesn’t matter, I know let’s have two from one cell, two from the other cell and the other two will have to be the third from each cell, they can go with Matt and Peter.”

Without much fuss the six men seemed to agree and split into three groups of two without much delay.

Matt turned to me and said, "Peter, seeing as you're the newest you can sit in the front", turned to the two men now hovering around to his right, "and you two will go in the back right."

"Right...fine."

We all found our seats and got in the designated car and shut the doors within two seconds of each other, then as Matt started to pull forward we all went into a nervous state.

Just as ten oblivious men prepared for what they thought would be an easy ride, twenty other men had already prepared and were now on their way to the final location, they were probably better equipped but nobody knew.

As many as twenty men bailed out of five cars and pulled ski masks over the faces, each took a weapon out of the boot and cocked it, when they were all ready, simply ran into the building behind them.

For the next few minutes I sat shaking not from the cold but from pure nerves, I had absolutely no idea what was supposed to happen.

After about ten minutes we started to slow and I could see a tall strait sided building in front, "Right, seeing as we can't get in properly we are going to park just over there around the corner so when I say so I need everyone to get out and wait for me."

We carried on driving across the road and turned right into a side street before finally stopping, "Right out now!"

We all quickly opened the doors and climbed out, then Matt drove the car around another corner before joining us back at the corner.

"Right, ready?"

"I guess."

"Right ok we're going to go through this side entrance here but that means climbing up that fire escape ladder, first we'll have to jump up

and catch this ladder and then work our way up keeping as low key as possible."

We took it in turns to jump up and catch the ladder, we let the other two guys go up first, the first man jumped and almost slipped and Matt had to catch him. He tried again and pulled himself up once up we prompted the next man to start climbing while the first man started the ladders to the top, "Shhh".

"What?"

"Be quiet they can hear your boots," it was hard to whisper and for it to be heard but if I spoke normally it would make more noise than his boots so there wouldn't be much point.

There were about three levels to climb which meant three pairs of stairs or six, by the time the first man had reached the third set of stairs the second man had climbed up the ladder and was now starting to climb the first. Now the second man was up the ladder it was my turn to climb up and then Matt would go last, I jumped up and grabbed the bottom rung of the ladder with my right hand but could feel tension in my arm, my left arm was to the side and I couldn't quite reach up. I dropped from the ladder and held my hand with my other hand, and then I jumped up again and managed to grab it with both hands and pulled up as hard as I could.

I pulled myself up and lifted my hand to reach for the next rung, I managed to one-by-one pull myself up the ladder until I could get a foot on the ladder which meant I could now push up and onto the platform of industrial-style floor-gripped steel and headed up towards the first stairs.

As I took the first few steps up the stairs I heard a loud thud making the air hit you in the ears, it made me jump and I almost fell backwards onto the steel.

"Oh crap!"

Before I had chance to even get up the first set of stairs, Matt had already reached the platform and was right behind me.

We both ran up the stairs pistols drawn and aiming at the floor in front of us, we both ran up to the top where the two other men were though judging by the liveliness in their faces I'm not sure if anything could have stopped it.

Just as one group of four idiots almost ruined the mission another group of three pulled up from the left of the building and got out together, each carrying a weapon as they each cocked it and ran towards the wall behind the side door.

Then the leader of the team took an old mostly wooded, except the firing mechanism, shotgun and cocked it, he aimed it at the fire escape door which had paint peeling off it and had about ten different graffiti marking all over it and fired where the lock would be.

It took the confused and weary men a few second before they knew what he just did, then leader the one who had been driving the car like he'd only just passed his test, reckless or just stupid, cocked the shotgun again dropping the empty casing on the floor.

He then fired the gun again and made even more dust than the first shot, when the dust cleared, the leader ran the door and kicked it down telling the other two to follow him.

Just as you might think that was it, a third car pulled up just outside the front entrance to the same building.

Three men leaped from the vehicle and ran up the steps towards the front, each man cocked his weapon an aimed strait forward as the leader, the oldest, the one with the most greys kicked the door and failed.

One of the other men fired his weapon with a ripping roar making the other men jump about a meter back, nothing much happened except as revealed when the dust cleared a large number of holes splintering outwards all over the door.

“What the f...what d’yer do that for? They’d heard us and you didn’t even open the door.”

“Sorry, I saw it in a film once and thought it might work.”

“This isn’t the movies! You can’t just shoot the heck out of a door!”

The oldest kicked the door again and it swung on its hinges, the three then poured through the door like water and quickly needed to fire.

I stood and looked in shock.

There on the floor was one of the other men sat up while the other man, tried to help, before I had chance to make a move the man at the door was already aiming at me, he was aiming strait at me and had his finger on the trigger, knowing I had no chance of pulling a quick one I went to lower the pistol.

My finger quickly jerked back on the trigger and fired a round strait through the floor-gripped gantry, as I shuddered suddenly from the noise of another pistol from behind followed by the thud of someone falling down.

As I turned my shoulders I saw Matt had his pistol aimed at the guy now lying on the floor in front of me.

I quickly raised my pistol up again and slowly crept around the corner and aimed through the door, “Matt! What about those two?”

“Er...Right...you cover the door while I’ll try and help this guy.”

“What about me?”

Matt turned to the other guy who was already trying to help the man curled up in a ball on the gantry, “Right...you take aim down the stairs, make sure nobody else comes, while I’ll help this man, I know what I’m doing more at this.”

“Right.”

The other man who was helping the one in a ball turned around and aimed his weapon down the stairs.

We stood like this for a few minutes before eventually Matt did something the guy and he managed to stand and seemed perfectly normal.

“Ok Peter, seeing as you’ve got the lead so far, go in and take a look around, I’ll follow then you two come in after, but make sure that you try and stay quiet and don’t leave your back unprotected.”

I walked through the door making sure to keep my pistol aimed high and tried to keep an eye out for other people who might have been in the room, though that proved harder than I’d hoped.

Amongst the darkness I could see only a few outlines of object nearby, I edged step-by-step closer to the light I could see from the doorframe

at the other end of the room but I couldn't see the thing I was about to walk into.

Matt followed me in and held his weapon high, I then noticed the other two come in as I heard the noise of moving on the steel platform stopped, I carried on walking forward before feeling a very warm feeling on my leg as the warmth then went up my body, through my chest and into my head, just before I fell I saw light.

As the three men including the one named Ben charged the door and into the store cupboard, "Oh crap! I thought we'd be in the main building."

The three then walked over to the door on the other side and slowly pushed the handle down and slotted a pistol through the gap, then when Ben was ready he snatched the handle down and kicked the door open aiming his old but trusty nine strait in front of him.

Then within a few second the other two dopey or just idiotic men ran in nearly tripping over a water cooler near the door.

There was nobody else in the building so they now had plans to go up a floor and try a few rooms.

They all quickly side-stepped across the room, keeping their pistols aimed high and then ran towards the bottom of the stairs covering each other back except the last man who faced the other way.

As the three, of which the leader was much older, ran into the room they all fell to the ground as a spray of bullets showered the wall behind them, the oldest some called the Wizard, one called Bob and the rest by his real name, stopped and crouched, he then reached for the pistol he had hidden in his right sock and aimed it at one of the men and fired.

By the time the dust of plaster and paint had cleared the other guys realised they had missed and fired again only their weapons jammed or they just all ran out of ammunition. When Bob fired at one of the men

there was no sound of pain or someone falling down only the sound of pottery being smashed, he had missed at hit a vase behind the man he had fired at which shattered.

Though Bob was known not to make the same mistake twice and was proven right when he shot again.

As the man fell down Bob reached down and picked the AK up he'd just dropped and fired in direction of the other two men in the room. But just before the third man fell he pulled the trigger on his pistol and made the ones who say they stand for good only two men, as he fell he pulled a small box shaped object out of his pocket and pressed a button on the side.

"They're here!"

And then fell silent.

As I woke up I could feel my head bouncing inside itself, my right leg was throbbing and the other three guys standing over me.

"Peter! You walked into a table and cut your leg."

I looked up and saw the light I saw just before I passed out was actually just Matt turning the light on, "Oh, okay!"

I stood up and started to walk, it didn't hurt to move it was just sore to touch; I slowly walked over to a chair and sat down.

I sat on the chair for a few minutes until the pain was enough to ignore.

"Ready?"

"Yeah fine!"

I stood up and re-gripped the pistol which had slipped out of my hand and walked slowly edging over to the doorframe, the other three were right behind me, Matt stood strait at the door and I came in from the right side.

I stretched my other leg out into the gap and swung the door inwards so Matt could aim strait at anything in the corridor, he ran through and I followed, with the other two behind.

There were watching their televisions that night all in the comfort of their houses completely unaware, only through the news they were watching.

As one man, nobody particular just a man who had a normal job, sat in his old armchair he stared and wondered. He sat in his favourite chair, the one he had had most his life the one he wouldn't replace and planned on keeping it for a while longer, even though it was like a carpet and repaired with patches of material stitched together with string.

He watched the TV with only half an ounce of attention, so he missed the bit about the flood but then he woke from half empty sleep and sat upright in his chair, something he hadn't done in a few years, something had just changed on the news and had caught his attention. On the news was a report outside a house with the street taped off and police cars at either end with a news reporter in the middle talking to a police investigator.

Me man knew that wasn't his house but he did recognise the brickwork on the building and blue fence down the side of the front garden as being the house down the about five houses on his right, he didn't talk much to his neighbours, he was a mostly quiet and private man, but he did know that the man who lived there to talk to occasionally.

He slowly raised himself from his comfy chair and hobbled over to the window, he then grabbed the curtains and opened them even though they were open, he looked side-ways down the street but couldn't see anything, he left the window without straitening the curtains and walked to the front door.

He opened the door and walked outside in his tattered slippers, before realising, but he wasn't bothered.

He walked down the street to where he could see the yellow and black police tape cutting off the street, he walked over to it as a man wearing a yellow fluorescent jacket walked towards him.

"What's going on?"

"Nothing! Just go back to your home, you'll find out tomorrow."

The man wasn't bothered in the slightest if he was told to go home, he wanted to find out what had happened, he tried to walked passed the policemen but he moved in his path.

"I'm sorry sir but you are not allowed passed."

"Well then let me up to the cordon!"

"Erm..."

Before the man had chance to speak he had walked up to the tape and saw something he'd wished he'd taken the policeman's advice.

Where to stick it

As I was covering the door, Matt ran out into the corridor and hid behind a wall where the stairs were.

I then followed and leant against the wall on the opposite side to where Matt had just ran to, the other two then left the room into the narrow dank corridor.

Matt slowly edged out into the stairs and then quickly dived back in again, shortly after I jumped back from the shot. "Fire!!"

I aimed my weapon around the corner without looking and fired, "Peter! Look what your firing at, your wasting ammo and there could be other people there."

"Oh Crap! I forgot about that, sorry."

I leant out slightly and saw an arm around the corner at the top of the stairs, I edged out, aimed and fired, I don't think I hit anything but I saw someone quickly jump back. Then a pipe stuck out around the corner, I moved back in as I saw muzzle flash with dust flying off the wall in front of me, "Oh sh..."

"What?"

"This is real int it?"

"Yeah, now fire."

I waited for the firing to stop and then leaned out slightly before quickly snatching myself back in, "Damn it! That's hard"

Matt reached in his right pocket with left hand while holding his AK with right hand arm outstretched, every now and then he would let off a short burst of bullets and then stop.

He pulled out an egg shaped ball and passed it to me nearly dropping it, I caught it after fumbling about with it.

"Pull the pin and throw."

I looked and realised it was a hand grenade. I lifted it up.

"No! Not with your teeth, with your hand."

I pulled the pin out with my left hand and released it.

"Throw it then!"

I threw it down the stairs without looking and felt the shockwave blasted me back and fell over onto the floor, I picked myself up and

looked around the corner, I couldn't see any people, just a lot of dust spiralling around a black and cracked wall.

We raised our weapons and slowly edged down the stairs, Matt took the left wall as it turned left at a right angle and I took the wider right wall, following it round with our backs against it still aiming high.

As we got round the corner I could see two men lying on the floor, it was quite messy, in turn I rolled each of the men over onto their backs and check if they still had vital signs.

The first was clearly gone while the second was still moving a bit so I shot him so he stopped.

Then Matt grabbed one of the men by their ankles and dragged them into a corner and then did the same with the other.

I was still a bit edgy, as I didn't know how many more there were.

The group of the either brave or just plain stupid gang known only too well to the police as the U for the A were attempting something that hadn't been done by this...gang for over ten years.

The other group lead by the one who called himself Ben but to those who knew him better knew differently had just cleared the ground floor of those they call the bad guys.

The three of them ran up the stairs onto the first floor were some of the offices were, they hadn't found what they were after, what they were really after in the foyer so they went up.

At the top of the stairs they met no resistance so proceeded into the first office.

They each turn entered the office with their weapons pointing strait ahead and slowly walked into the room but couldn't see anything unusual.

They turned around and walked out in the reverse order they came in turning left to the other set of stairs on the other side of the corridor, they were much wider and lead down to the foyer.

They had no intention to go down there but then found they didn't have to, three men came up the stairs, though only two were walking the third was being held up by the other two.

“Hey! Wizard! How’d it go?”

The two men put the third man on the floor, “Well we managed to sweep the foyer out but in the process lost one of the guys from the other cell.”

“Wait, you mean to say that guy there, the one on the floor is...well not with us anymore.”

“Yes Ben...he’s dead.”

“Ah...what do yer think we should do with him?”

“I don’t know I was hoping you’d know.”

It was then that the noise came. Sirens. And lots of them.

As I stood slightly shaking again over Matt dragging the men into the corner of the room I heard something faint, getting louder and louder.

“Hey Matt, What’s that?”

“Erh...Oh right...sirens, the police are here, that means we have to hurry.”

“Police?”

“Erh...Yeah, the police don’t know we’re here so if they catch us then they’ll think we’re them, so hurry.”

Picking my AK up I’d put on the floor I hopped forward and then ran into the middle of the room following Matt, jumped a small table knocking over a coffee mug onto the tiled floor and headed towards a door on the other side of the room.

Matt stopped suddenly and I hadn’t expected it and ran into the back of him knocking him into the corridor firing a stream of bullets in an arc across the wall opposite.

“Peter! You clumsy prick!”

“Sorry.”

“Hey! What the hell was that?”

“I don’t know, better have a look.”

“Uh oh!”

“What?”

“I think they heard us.”

Matt walked into the corridor and took stance resting his AK on his knee aiming down the corridor.

I couldn’t see very that well, I was so tense that I could only concentrate for about a minute at a time, so I hadn’t noticed the two men coming from the other end of the corridor.

“Peter now!”

“What?”

Before I had chance to act Matt had already began, he fired strait down the middle and took both the men strait out.

“Quick...let’s move!”

He stood up back onto both legs and held his weapon normally now, we ran down the corridor into another room.

We all ran into the room aiming weapons in different directions, we couldn’t see anything so we decided to spend a few minutes checking, looking in all the obvious places we couldn’t find anything, so we left the room and carried on down the corridor. At the end of the corridor was an open electric box, without touching it I looked inside and saw a wire around one of the fuses. The wire lead onto a ledge inside the box where a paper packet was sitting with a crocodile clip attached to each end.

“Matt!!”

Matt jumped back, and then walked over, he stopped and looked over the box.

“Er...I think we have a problem.”

“You think? That’s C4, same stuff we used on the police station, and only there’s more of it there.”

“So do yer think it’s safe to unplug it?”

“Er...No! Definitely not! If it disconnects then this second battery hidden here will kick in and detonate it anyway.”

“So we disconnect the battery?”

“Yeah, something like that, only we do it carefully. Basically it works by being connected round this fuse with huge resistance in the wiring, the current takes the route of least resistance so bypassing the C4. But if the fuse blows then it goes into the C4 instead and boom, goodbye tomorrow.”

“So they can detonate it by fusing the building, yes so don’t touch anything electrical, it could trigger it.”

Having just regrouped they now needed to regroup. This time they needed to find the third group, they had just met on the first floor they now had to make their way up to the second and third.

Leaving the man on the floor to one the other three from the other cell to take him down stairs and into the foyer the rest walked across the corridor to the next set of stairs going up.

One of the three men from the other cell dragged the man on the floor over to the top of the stairs and started lowering him down trying not to make him any worse than he already was.

Once downstairs the man placed the other man in a corner and then ran back upstairs to the other four.

All five then walked up some narrow stairs aiming weapons again, all tense and ready for it.

Having just seen something to scare him to death, the man who was known for not taking no for an answer quickly flinched and turned his back on the building he had just walked over to.

“Holy...who would do that?”

He looked up again, “What happened?”

“We don’t know, we think a man had his house broken into last night but had nothing stolen...yeah we found him like this morning. Do you know him?”

“Yeah I live down the street, his names Terry, I don’t know too much though, but I do know he was very rich, at least until he spent it all on two rings he bought off a fisherman.”

“Hey Parker! Tell your men...to search the house...for two rings!”

“Two rings?”

“Yeah two rings!”

The other policemen inside the cordon turned to two other policemen, “Right, Harry said to find two rings in the house, I think we might now know what they were after.”

The three policemen entered the house and stayed in for a good few minutes.

Finally the men came back out the house, “Hey! Harry! Can’t find any and the safe’s been emptied.”

“Safe?”

“Yeah we didn’t see it the first time but it’s been emptied, unless it was already empty.”

Now more confused than ever, I was standing less than five feet away from enough explosives to destroy a building, this building.

“So what we doing then? Disabling it or leaving it?”

“Well we can’t leave it, but at the same time, it could takes hours to do it properly and then we don’t even know if it’s real explosives.”

“Not real?”

“Yeah sometimes they can’t afford real explosives so they scare us with fake explosives, like clay.” I looked around and then focused.

“Tell you what we’ll carry on but we’ll come back at the end to...”

I heard a click, and by the looks of things, so did Matt.

“Uh oh!”

“What?”

“I think the power just came on.”

“So?”

“So...so the bomb is now active, meaning we have to stay and defuse it.”

“Right...”

“Actually...you three go and finish the mission, I’ll stay and defuse the bomb.”

“But...what? You’re the leader, I know nothing about this kinda thing.”

“Peter, you’ll be fine, just don’t get yourself killed.”

I left with the two other men from the other cell, and turned around in the corridor and headed back the other way.

I had no idea where I was meant to go so I thought if I went room-to-room, floor-to-floor then I couldn't go wrong.

I was on the fourth floor, but had no idea where Bob, Ben and the four men from other cells were, I only hoped they hit gold before I did because I real didn't feel like I could take out a whole room of men and lead the idiots following behind me.

I could see the room we had just checked and found nothing, or at least nothing of interest, and I had no intention to check it again. Between the door to this room and small barred window was a small vent with large screws bolting it in place.

I knew there were some more stairs going down to the third floor around the corner because I'd seen them and had planned to go back anyway, but I thought the other stairs had men at the bottom and I had no more grenades, plus I knew the possible hostages couldn't be far away.

I thought for a moment about trying to crawl through the crawl space in the ventilation but knew that unlike in the movies, in real life people get stuck, and I freak out in small spaces.

Instead I decided to go down the stairs, only make sure I stayed quiet, I picked up an object of a table in the corridor and carefully rolled it down the stairs. There was no initial response so I crept around the corner keeping my back to the outside wall of the corner aiming my AK forward, as I got around the corner and could now see into the third floor's corridor.

I then waved the other two men to slowly walk down the stairs behind but still keeping a close watch on any sudden movements.

I bent down and picked the object I'd rolled down the stairs back up and placed it on the table to my left as I walked into the corridor. Strait ahead was a room with bid heavy wooden doors with bolts across the outside, knowing without using force I couldn't get in I turned left and walked down that way.

I told the other men to go right and see what's that way.

I had only walked a few steps towards the stairs that go down to the second floor and another office with big glass doors with frosted writing when I had to jump back suddenly. "You two! Here! now!"

The five men left working their way up the building were just finishing looking around the second floor and were ready to continue.

As they walked up the stairs they saw a man with an AK and stood pointing down the stairs, they jumped back behind the wall and then fired up the stairs making the man at the top jump back and hide around the corner.

Another man appeared and fired down the stairs at the five men now in a firefight.

"Fire"

Bob and Ben fired back up the stairs some of the bullets missed and hit the wall throwing brick dust into the air, while the other bullets narrowly missed the second man's head.

"Damn it!"

The man wasn't hit but he fell to the floor anyway as the ringing in his ears was the sound of heavy calibre in a narrow space.

I jumped back and fell on my ass when the terrorists at the bottom fired up and near hit me, the two men had only just started walking right when I called them over to the left where I was.

One of them fired at short volley of shots down the stairs and then fell to the ground with the sound of assault rifle echoing to the sound of death.

As he fell he shouted and the second man then was about to fire when I heard, "Wizard, stop pissing about and frag them!"

"Bob?"

"Hey...Peter?"

"Yeah...Hey you son of a...you nearly killed us!"

Five men then ran up the stairs, "Sorry Peter, you fired first."

Ben turned to Bob, "Actually you fired first."

"Oh sorry, get a bit caught up with the adrenaline...you know, anyway, where's Matt?"

"He found a electrical box on the fourth floor rigged to blow the whole building so he said he'd stay and diffuse it while me and these two carry on."

"Ahhh...not again! I just hope he fixes it."

"Found anything?"

"Uh...no, but we lost one of the boys, well men, from the other cell. You?"

"Uh...yeah, you see that door there, it's bolted and barred up, I think there might be something inside it."

The three of us joined with the five of them and apart from Matt and one of the other men we had all managed to join up and ready to finish this.

We all took a few steps over to the door and saw it was completely bolted and barred up and without some heavy stuff we were not getting in there.

As I thought we had just stood still, I heard huge thuds coming from above.

"What the...hell is he doing?"

Matt then came running down the stairs, tripped into the table with the object on and picked himself up looking around and smiling, "Fixed it, it was real but the detonator luckily was wired up wrong so it was fine."

"Matt do you think the explosives will be good enough for this door?"

"Yeah...but we need a detonator."

"Either way, let's use those explosives and show them where to stick it."

Finishing the job

Staring at a door thicker than these guys' heads I wondered how anyone could possibly get inside.

"Right stand back! This is gonna be big!"

We all took a few steps back down the corridor while Bob attached the C4 packet to the door and then pulled a wire with a crocodile clip from the original wiring and walked back rolling the wire along the floor until it pulled tight.

"Damn! It's not long enough!"

The wire was not long enough to clear explosion area, "Bob, if you go around the corner you may be protected from the blast with the wall."

Bob dragged the wire along the floor around the corner of the wall where it goes down the stairs to the second floor.

He then pulled a 9-volt battery from his pocket and put it near the end of the wire, "Ready! Three, two..."

Before he reached one he jerked and connected the battery to the end of the wire and a loud noise ripped through the air as Bob fell down the stairs.

As the dust cleared the door which I thought would take a truck full of explosives to get though fell off its hinges, we left Bob at the bottom of the stairs and burst in the room with our weapons high aiming at the three men stood up over six people lying on the floor.

The men were already aiming at us but that didn't stop us from firing.

We all fired at the same time and the three men fell backwards, some of the floor and one on top of the six people in the middle.

After that we dragged the three men into one of the corners and Matt left to get Bob while the rest of us to help the six of the floor, Ben and two of the other men helped the people to the floor while Me and the rest checked to make sure that was everyone.

Once on their feet the six men and women were lead out of the room and into the corridor, Matt came walking back up the stairs with Bob on his shoulder, "He's okay, but he'll need time to rest."

As we all were about to walk down the stairs I heard kicking in of a door and lot's of shouting.

We stopped where we were as nearly ten, though I hadn't counted, men ran up the stairs with sub machine guns aiming at us, we raised our hands and dropped our weapons.

"Police! Don't move!"

"Uh Oh!"

"You six, are you okay?"

"Yeah, I think."

"Good, you come down here while we deal with this lot."

The six men and women we'd just freed walked down the stairs without even looking back.

That was all five years ago, here I am now standing, waiting, freezing in the wastes of what we once called home.

Eventually the police let us go when they found out we'd saved the people and the bad guys were actually the others, Bob who's name turned out was actually Robert or Bob anyway recovered after two weeks of hospital treatment and rest.

That was it for us, but the beginning for the revolution, after the other cells throughout the country and round the world got word that was still a fighting chance they fought hard to end the battle between good and evil, the battle lasted five years and it's only just finished.

You see what we did wasn't to end all the problems but to give those willing to fight instead of hiding from it a chance to live once again, to give them hope that one day things will be as they should be.

It also turns out that the police has been suspicious of us for years and that had now changed, I thought we were actually a criminal gang using satanic terrorists as an excuse to do crime, steal and murder but that was just an impression left by a few who didn't understand us.

Most normal people still don't know it ever happened, and I want to keep it that way.

But now the others, the satanists have been destroyed, have had their leader taken down I can finish this tale, and bring the world back to how it once was.

You see the ring that a fisherman found was the source of all this, as he read around the rim of the ring, the words he spoke, the curse he brought forth allowed for the evil one to spread havoc and could also take havoc.

Once the world has been fixed, inside of the imagination of the shield of course, while people dream of nothing different, the real world has been fixed, it took five years and it's still not ready.

But some parts can never be fixed, so it's a better time than ever to reveal the real world back to those living a dream, the ring can be used to fix this.

I read the words around the edge but in reverse order and the shield disappears, there are some things that we may never fix, but it's time man knew the truth.

I think this is over, at least until it supposed to happen.