

All events in this novel are fictional. There is no connection to any events of today.

All characters appearing in this novel are fictitious. Any resemblance to real persons, living or dead is purely coincidental.

This novel does not endorse, sanction, or condone any of the activities present.

This novel is intended for mature readers only. It contains profanity, intense violence, and some disturbing entries.

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Mankind must put an end to war before war puts an end to mankind.

[John F. Kennedy](#)

The more time you spend with the enemy, the more vulnerable you become.

[General Timothy A. Layfield](#)

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March 4, 2552 - 1:37pm - Outside the house of where the VIP was held in the city of New Baghdad, New Middle Eastern Province

I am overhearing Colonel Douglass having a conversation with HQ. "Yes, sir, I understand." As I exited the room, Douglass got off the intercom, turned to me, and started yelling. "CARVER!" he yelled. "WHAT the hell is your major malfunction? Do you have any idea what you've done? You killed the VIP!" I explained to him that I don't recall ever pointing my gun at the VIP, nor do I remember firing a single shot, but the room was pitch black, so how would I know? "You are hereby exiled from the New Republic's Army. I don't want to see your face ever again." I turned around, head down, and started to walk away. Douglass turned to the Green Hats (NRA lingo for new recruits) and lectured "This is what happens when you don't follow proper procedures. Let this be a lesson to you guys." "Yes sir" the Green Hats answered. Douglass then arranged for a crew to take care of the VIP's dead corpse to be brought back to the United Americas for a proper burial (to make a long story short, North, Central and South America agreed to become one super continent, but retain all the original names of their respected countries [instead of saying "Brazil is in South America", people would say "Brazil is in Southern United America"]. More so, each section has its own President). I can't help but think in the back of my head I'm innocent. As I was walking back to the helicopter, I looked around, and I see nothing but carnage lying all around. A woman, who was covered up, started asking me things in a language I couldn't understand. Jacob O'Reiner, my best friend, ran up to me and asked "what happened, lad?" I told him that the VIP was murdered. He asked me who the murderer was. I told him that it was me who did it. "Jesus Christ, lad. Why?" I told him that I had no recourse of pointing my gun at the VIP nor do I remember anything about opening fire at him. It really didn't matter because it was too damn dark to see. He told me "you can't blame an upper rank without evidence, lad." Just as I reached the helicopter back to base, two military officers approached me with handcuffs in tow. "Weston James Carver, you're placed under arrest for the murder in the first degree of the VIP and treason. You will be under temporary confinement until after your trial." One officer held out a pair of handcuffs, I extended my arms outward, and they slapped the cuffs on my wrists. What else can go wrong?

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March 4, 2552 - 1:45pm - New Baghdad, New Middle Eastern Province

I was placed in handcuffs with the two military officers to my sides. I look around the New Middle Eastern Province landscape, and I see nothing but bedlam and destruction. As we were getting ready to leave, I saw about ten rebels being lined up, against a wall, and I saw five guerrillas, armed with AK-47s, readying themselves. Their leader instructed to fire at the rebels, killing them instantly. Afterward, a group of children ran to their bodies, and glared at us. The sight of the children looking at me gave me a feeling of depression and guilt. I was thinking to myself how could I let them down? How could I have let Douglass down? But most of all, how could I let my country down? At the same time, I get a sense of rage that I was framed for the murder, but there was nothing I can do about it. The cuffs are on tight, I am now labeled as a traitor, and my comrades are now my enemies. We approach the Jeep, and the driver opens the door. "Take us back to HQ" one officer said to the driver. "Yes sir" the driver replied. I was in the Jeep in the middle of the two officers. The Jeep started up, and we're off to HQ. What was in store for me is anybody's guess. As we drove around the city, I gave another look around, and this time, I see the dead bodies of innocent men, women, and children. I also see buildings destroyed by mass suicide bombers. This scenery of debris and death was pretty much how I felt about this whole thing, broken down with no hope for salvation.

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March 4, 2552 - 2:01pm - New Baghdad, New Middle Eastern Province

While we were driving, I saw some more of my former comrades preparing themselves to storm a building. They blew the door open, and entered. At least they don't have to worry about rescuing a VIP. While we continued our drive, two car bombers approached us at an alarming speed. I thought they were going somewhere else, but they were heading straight for us. "HOLY SHIT!" the driver said. "Look out!" said one of the guards. The driver swerved to avoid getting hit, but one of the drivers collided into our jeep, turning us over, and killing the driver on the spot. "What the fuck was that all about?!" said one of the guards. "I don't know, but we need to get this prisoner to HQ as soon as we can." "Shit, our radio's fucked." "Well, we have a long ways to go. We need to commandeer a vehicle." So we started our walk to a town outside of New Baghdad. One guard kept his Beretta pointed to my head. This is so that I can't make a run for it. It's not like I had a choice. After all, being handcuffed limits your running capabilities. When we got there, the first thing we saw were battered buildings. They took a lot of damage because of this war. When we stepped inside, we noticed that it was a small town, but there were a lot of people walking around, giving us strange looks. We see a small boy approach us, but one of the guards saw a bomb attached to him. I'm guessing these guys use kids to deliver bombs. One of the guards told everyone to get inside. Another guard told the boy to stand perfectly still, while he was figuring out how to diffuse the bomb. Where was Jacob when you needed him? After half an hour of tinkering, the bomb was diffused, and the boy thanked us for helping him. He ran off, but it didn't take long for us to get some unwelcome guests. We saw four men firing at us, and there was a sniper on the roof. The four of us took refuge inside a house full of screaming people. "Be careful where you aim. We don't need any more casualties." One of the men entered, demanding to know where we were hiding. The people inside were too petrified to answer. Then out of nowhere, one of the guards grabbed the guerrilla, and slit his throat, killing him instantly. The people began screaming even more, and I told them to run upstairs. "Get the prisoner to a safe spot. We can't have him dead before the trial" said one of the guards. I was being escorted upstairs, and placed in the same room with the people. One of the guards pointed his M16 to my temple, telling me not to move, or I'd be killed on the spot. The people were wide eyed in terror with what is happening. While we were waiting, a sniper appeared out of nowhere, and shot the guard who was escorting me back to HQ. "SHIT!" I yelled. "Listen, get out of sight. He can't target you if you're not visible." We hid in the closet. Downstairs, two more guerrillas entered, armed with AK-47s, and started searching the rooms. One opened a pantry, and saw nothing. Another went into a bedroom, and started searching. When he wasn't looking, one of the guards struck him in the head with the E-Tool (entrenching tool), splitting his skull open. This alerted his partner, and he started searching the bedroom. When he saw the blood, he opened fire, hitting everything until there was nothing left to hit. When he looked around, he noticed that nobody was dead. He left the room, but he got caught seconds later. The guards took him into a small room, tied him up to a chair, and started interrogating him. "Where is your leader?" said one of the guards. The guerilla spat into the guard's face, and the guard retaliated with a gunshot through his eye. He asked his partner where I'm at. He ran upstairs, and saw the guard dead. I came out with the people from the closet. "What the fuck did you do?!" asked one of the guards. "ME?! I didn't do anything. He was sniped." "Bull fucking shit, Carver. We know that you killed him." "Are you fucking kidding me?! How could I have killed him, while I was handcuffed?" "You probably slipped the cuffs off, grabbed his gun, and shot him while he wasn't looking. Clear as

day." I can tell that this was only the beginning of the bullshit that was lying ahead of me. When we got out, we saw a shot hitting a support beam at the house we were in. "SHIT! Take cover!" one of the guards said. We hid behind some pillars. It would buy us some time, but I was afraid it wouldn't be enough. "HQ, we have a man down inside a building, and we're being hunted down by a sniper. Get us support as soon as you can, over." "Roger that, Blue Shark." This now boils down to who can survive the longest. "We don't have all day to wait" one of the guards said. "If you have any bright ideas, share them." The guard took off his helmet, put it on the end of his M16, and held it out. This caused the sniper to fire, and hit the helmet with dead on accuracy. "Sir, I believe I've found him. He's six houses down, but I don't know his exact location." "I guess we're going to have to keep him busy, and keep the prisoner alive." "But how, sir? That sniper's got us pinned down." "How the hell should I know? Do I look like someone who has all the answers?" I decided to step in, and make a decision. "Since I'm the fastest, I'll keep the sniper busy. Meanwhile, I can relay information of his exact whereabouts." "Carver, do you have a death wish?" "Hey, I'm doing this for the team." "Just so you know, if you end up dead, we're not responsible." And he's right. The New Republic Army isn't responsible for prisoners who end up dead before they get back to HQ. "And what is with this "team"? Wes, you're a prisoner. You no longer have a team." "Are we going to do this or not?" "Fine. Be ready when the sniper takes the shot." One of the guards held his helmet out again, and the sniper took aim, and shot the helmet. That was my cue to run. I ran like a jackrabbit between each pillar, hoping I don't get shot. It's a good thing that there is such a lengthy delay between shots. I signaled that the sniper was on a roof of a beige two story house. "Okay. Now that we know where he is, let's take him down." The two guards told me to come with them, since they couldn't trust me on my own. We went inside, and found the sniper, who had a child in his arms, with a knife at her throat. "Put the child down, and surrender" one of the guards demanded. The sniper held the knife even closer to her throat. His eyes resembled those of a psychotic killer. He told the guards to drop their weapons, nice and slowly. They did, and we backed away slowly. He put the child down, which was when the officers got their weapons back, and fired at the sniper. He went down, and the child ran away to her family, who were thankful for saving their lives. We left, but now we need a vehicle to get back to HQ, where I was going to be punished for my so-called "misdeed." "There; a truck with capacity for all of us. Let's ask if we can have it." We walked towards the gray pick-up truck, which had a MMG (Medium Machine Gun) attached to it. I can tell this truck had better days, as it was riddled with bullet holes. It looked like it belonged to one of the guerrillas. When we got there, a shady business man asked if we wanted it. The guards said yes, we took the keys, and drove off. I was on the inside, sitting between the two guards.

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March 4, 2552 - 2:24pm - New Republic Army HQ

When we arrived the front gate, the driver told the gatekeeper about my actions. With a leer in his eyes, and a grin that would scare a Grizzly Bear, he opened the gate, and we drove in. Waiting there were three Green Hats, ready to escort me to my temporary cell. Our base was broken into two sections; the base and the prison. The base covered twenty three hundred acres (we were given details about our HQ when we were first enlisted). It was a huge base, but then again, we get a lot of recruits, so it makes sense to have a huge base. The three Green Hats approached the truck, opened the door, and two grabbed my arms tightly. The third had his M16 pointed at my head, and threatened to shoot me if I did anything stupid. I was in handcuffs, so how could I? We were heading to the Hospital/Offices building. The three men walked me down several halls and a couple flights of stairs to get to the Interrogation Rooms. On the way, I saw some of my injured comrades in the treatment rooms, which had enough stains of blood to write a history book. I also ran into some old friends of mine, who turned their backs to me the instant I looked at them. We reached the third floor, where the Interrogation rooms are placed. I've been trained to resist any form of interrogation, but today, that skill is not going to help me in my defense. The receptionist told me to have a seat in the empty room. When I stepped inside, I envisioned the room like my soul, empty and void of emotion.

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March 4, 2552 - 4:05pm - New Republic Army HQ Interrogation Room

I have been waiting in the Interrogation Room for over an hour and a half when Officer Michelle Geraldski came in. She was in her Military Suit, olive green slacks with matching coat. The clicking of her boots when she walked made it sound like drums rolling when they're about to behead someone. "Well, my old friend Weston James Carver" she said sarcastically. I find it ironic that I'm in an Interrogation Room, yet I was trained to resist any form of interrogation. I guess my training won't help me this time. She sat down, with pen and paper ready. "I heard you completely fucked up a search and rescue" she said with a sharp tone. "Listen, I..." "Shut up, Carver!" she snapped at me. "Michelle, we've been friends for..." "That's Officer Geraldski to you" she added. "Yes, ma'am" I whispered. "So, Carver, can you tell me what happened? Did you have an itchy trigger finger? Were you jealous of Douglass' higher authority? Or did you defect to the enemy? If that was the case, you'd be shot on sight, or hung like the traitor you are". "How the hell do I know?" I replied. "It was pitch black in there, and all I remember were two shots going off, but my finger wasn't near the trigger at the time." "Very interesting" she said as she wrote down my reply on her paper. "Care to add anything else?" "I also remember Douglass calling HQ regarding what happened." Mich...er Officer Geraldski was writing down what I told her. "Let me ask you this; what was running through your mind when you found out that you were being exiled?" I told her that I was innocent, but I doubt she'd believe me. I kept getting an odd feeling that she's butchering everything I say, and I couldn't do anything about it. After Officer Geraldski got everything she needed, she escorted me out, but not before whispering to my ear "Wes, if I were you, I'd start panicking." That saying alone shot my nerves, and my chances of innocence.

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March 4, 2552 - 6:46pm - New Republic Army HQ Temporary Cells

Over two and a half hours of interrogation, and one hell of a story I told Officer Geraldski. She said she'll look into the incident, but I have my concern that she'll side with her superiors rather than give me a fighting chance in court, which is set for tomorrow morning. I was escorted to a building where they have prisoners reside temporarily. It wasn't as big as the HQ, but there was plenty of room for those who decide to go against a superior's order. Inside, the cells were only 10 square feet. The decor wasn't any better, as it was full of rust stains, cracks, chipped paint, and poor maintenance. The bed was a cot, but it wasn't as comfortable as the cots in the Barracks. The toilet and sink were really rusty. You can tell the place looked and smelled like shit. "Welcome to your new home, Carver" said one of the Green Hats as he shut and locked the door. I looked around, seeing that this going to be my place to stay until the trial's over. I heard a voice coming from the cell next to mine. "What are you in for?" The voice asked me. "I'm in for treason and murder" I told him. "JESUS fucking CHRIST!" the voice shouted excitedly. "You make my crime look like a misdemeanor" he added. "Hey, what's your name?" the voice asked. "My name is Weston Carver. Who're you?" "Holy sweet shit!" the voice responded. "People all around the base respect you..." "You mean respected" I told him. "Wes, people only respect one another for their success. What you've done is..." "I've already heard it before" I told him. "Oh" he said. "In that case, I'll let you be." I asked him for his name, but he was asleep. Just my luck, I start a friendly conversation, and even the inmates won't tell me their names. If I didn't have any friends on the outside, I sure as hell didn't have any on the inside. I spent the rest of the day, looking out into the scenery. The sun was setting on another hot day. The cool breeze was a welcoming touch. I lay on my cot, staring into the ceiling, hoping that I can get through this trial without any repercussions.

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March 5, 2552 - 5:19am - New Republic Army HQ Temporary Cells

My first night asleep in this hellhole, and already I hate this place. "Jesus, my back hurts" I whispered to myself. These beds are worse than the barrack's beds. At least those had support. These didn't have shit for support. "Morning, sunshine" the voice said. "Oh, it's you again. Will you tell me who you are, or at least, what you're in for?" "I'm in for AWOL, and failure to report an injury to my superior." "At least you got it easy. Me? I have to rot in this shithole of a cell for a while, until at least the trial's over." "Wes, I'll give you some free advice." "What do I owe you?" I asked. "You don't owe me anything" he replied. I told him fair enough. "Here's what you need to know: nine times out of ten, the judges usually favor the New Republic Army, and so far, only one case favored the defendant." "Why was that?" I asked. "It was because the defendant was the son of the family that got killed during Operation Neon Phoenix." "Damn I remember that day" I told him. "We all do, Wes. We all do." I went back to sleep, dreaming about Operation Neon Phoenix.

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March 5, 2552 - 7:13am - New Republic Army HQ Temporary Cells

It was in 2550 that my squadron went to the southern part of the United Americas to find a fugitive that's escaped a maximum security prison. What we weren't told was that the fugitive was an ex-New Republic Army soldier, so that didn't make things any easier. Worse, he knew all about us, and took extra precautions when we had to approach and deal with him. We flew via helicopter to our drop-zone, which was in a dense jungle. When we arrived, we were greeted by mercenaries who gave us a dirty look and an even dirtier expression on their faces. As we walked away, I overheard one of them speaking to a superior that we were on their way. Because of this, I informed Colonel Douglass that I overheard a radio conversation. He then decided to return back to their camp, and asked who they were talking to. One says they won't talk to us Northerners, so I decide to step in, and challenge their toughest to a fight. They accepted, and they brought in a real brute. Twice my size, and fifty times tougher than a cheap steak, he landed the first punch to my jaw, which sent me to the floor. I began spitting blood, and a tooth got knocked loose. I retaliated with a punch of my own to his stomach, but it didn't faze him in the least. He took another swing, but this time, I grabbed his arm and threw him to the ground. I had a kimura lock on his arm, but he managed to get himself free, and stomped my chest. I felt the impact of that shot, and started to breathe heavily. He taunted me with a laugh so coarse, it made the Devil's laugh sound like a childish laugh. I got back up, and I gave him a roundhouse to his ribs, but I broke my foot in the process. I was getting beaten up pretty badly. Just out of nowhere, we heard a shot go off, with a bullet to the brute's thick cranium. He went down, and had a nice hole in his head. Douglass then stepped in, grabbed one of the mercenaries, threw him down, and shoved his M1911 into his throat, demanding who they were speaking to. The mercenaries tried to intervene, but we held them at bay with our rifles. To our surprise, they surrendered, and we tied them up to a ficus tree. Then we took our prisoner to a separate tent, and started asking him questions. Douglass then landed the first punch to his cheek, and asked who he was talking to. "Yo estaba hablando con nuestro líder, asshole" he told us. "Isn't that fucking great, we have a prisoner who can't speak English." "Does anybody speak ANY Spanish??" We all shook our heads no. "Fuck. What are we going to do?" I suggested getting a prisoner from the ficus, and get him to translate. Douglass said that's one hell of an idea. We got a prisoner from the tree, and we asked him to translate, because if he refused, BAM! as Douglass shoots off a round into the ground. The prisoner agreed, and asked the tied up prisoner who he was talking to. He said their leader. Douglass later asked him where he's at. The translator said he's in Colombia, heading to Bogotá for a huge arms deal. Douglass said we had to haul ass to Bogotá, but before we did, we executed our prisoners so that they couldn't inform their boss. We boarded our helicopter and headed to Bogotá. When we got there, we saw a building that looked like a factory. Unfortunately, they were onto us, and fired SAMs at our helicopter. One missile narrowly missed us, but another hit our propeller and we were going down. We all managed to jump out before any of us hit the ground, and parachuted ourselves to safety. But before we can advance, we got captured by more mercenaries. I guess the mercenaries that caught us had links to the mercenaries we executed back in the jungle. We were taken to separate rooms, tied up so that we couldn't escape. They took Douglass first, and threatened to shoot us if any of us tried to escape. They tied Douglass up to a rickety old chair, and started punching him, demanding to know who sent them, and why they're here. Douglass told them to go to hell. After an hour, he proved too much, and they took Private Johnsborg. Like before, he was tied up to a chair, but instead of punching him, they took a

machete, and started hacking at his limbs, while asking the same questions. He screamed bloody murder, and we could hear him a few rooms down. An hour later, the mercenaries untied Johnsborg's lifeless, bloody corpse out, and threw the body into an alley where the crows got a free meal. When that was done, one of the mercenaries said I was next. They escorted me down to the same room where Douglass and Johnsborg were; they got a new chair, and tied me to it. They did the same thing to Douglass, only this time, they had brass knuckles on their fingers, and proceeded to punch me to death. It was a short while later we heard vehicles approaching. Either we were screwed, or we were saved. There was gunfire on the outside. The people who were interrogating me told me to stay put, and they'll continue when they returned. More gunfire went off, and more bodies lay on the pavement, with blood being poured out. When the gunmen got inside, one of the guys who shot the mercenaries on the outside was actually the escaped fugitive. He opened the door, and said to me that we were looking for him, and here he is, in the flesh. He was accompanied by four other mercenaries. He had scraggly gray hair, with a dirty beard, and a few missing teeth. He took out his Colt Python, pulled the hammer back, and pointed the gun to my temple. Just as he was about to pull the trigger, an explosion went off. The men quickly left the room, but the fugitive stayed put with the revolver still pointed to my head. I could feel my adrenaline rushing throughout my body. I heard footsteps rushing up the metal stairs. It felt like a herd of elephants running across the savannah. The footsteps stopped, and I heard someone setting up a charge, getting ready to blast the door open. A few seconds later, the charge went off, a flash bang entered the room, and went off. I closed my eyes just in time, so that the flash bang wouldn't blind me too much. They stormed the room, and killed the fugitive with a few well-placed shots. One proceeded to cut me loose, and checked me over for injuries. I told them there are more prisoners down the hall. We went there, and freed all the other prisoners. We were grateful for their rescue. Three hours of torture, and now it's all over. But one of the guys told us that there are more mercenary camps in the jungle. They also said they spotted one near a village by the river. Douglass told them our chopper got shot down, and asked if they can give us a ride. They said yes, and we got into three separate APCs. On the way, one of the soldiers introduced himself to me. His name was Sergeant Rafael Cesara. He works for the National Army of Colombia as an Infantería. I told him my name is 2nd Lieutenant Wes Carver. I asked him about these mercenaries, and to my surprise, he spoke English. He said that there are camps surrounding the villages, and the natives are getting restless. "I guess it's up to us to clear them out?" I asked. He said yes, but be careful, as there are innocent villagers caught in the middle of all this. After a couple of hours of driving, we got to the village. It was a very dirty village, with straw huts, and mud adobes. The villagers looked at us. One little boy in particular, gave me a "will you help me, mister?" look. So I gave him a yo-yo for him to play with. He smiled, and ran off. We kept our eyes and ears open in case there are mercenaries in hiding. But one of our guys set off a trap, and he was hung upside down by his right leg, which alerted the mercenaries in hiding. Since we couldn't fight them in a thick jungle, we ran back into the village. Their guns went off, and tagged two of our soldiers. We did manage to get back to the village, telling the people to get in their houses. The villagers ran inside their houses, closed the doors, and prayed that this will be over soon enough. Our battle lasted for over an hour and a half. We did a manageable job holding the mercenaries off, but unfortunately, a mercenary managed to take a family hostage. To our surprise, this was the same family that I gave their son a yo-yo to play with. He said we were to clear out of Colombia, and never return. He was not in the mood for negotiations. We were in a stand-off that lasted over six hours. When there was a cool off, the family managed to escape,

but one of our guys fired his M16 at the mercenary, but the bullets ended up hitting the family of the little boy. So I stepped in, shot and killed the mercenary myself. Just when the village was going to get some breathing room from the mercenaries, we ended up being ousted by the entire village. To make matters worse, one of the villagers was going to take us to court for manslaughter. I looked at the little boy who lost his family, got to one knee, and he cried on my shoulder. I hugged him back, in hopes of calming him down. Three weeks later, we were in the New Republic Army Courtroom, awaiting trial. Two days later, it was over, and the son of the family got a check worth five million dollars, due to the damages our squadron produced, permanent residency in the northern part of the United Americas, and we had to pay off the funeral expenses. It ended up costing us much more in taxpayers' expense than any weapon or vehicle we produced, but the price we paid for seeing a little boy's family being massacred could never be repaid back. What happened to the little boy afterward remained a mystery.

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March 5, 2552 - 9:10am - New Republic Army Temporary Cells

I was still fast asleep, and with a sore back. I heard the foot-steps of three Green Hats walking towards my cell. "Get your ass out of bed, Carver. You've got a long day ahead of you" one of the Green Hats said. I got up, they opened the doors with M16s pointed at me, I held my hands out, and they proceeded to handcuff me. Like before, two were at my side, while the third held his M16 to my temple. I never felt so much agony in my life (not physically, but mentally and emotionally). "Good luck, Carver. You're going to need it" the voice told me. The walk felt like I was going to be hung. It was a long walk to the courtroom, and everyone (and I mean EVERYONE) was staring at me. "There's nothing to see here, people. You can go back to your business" one of the Green Hats instructed. About halfway, the Green Hats handed me over to the Black Dogs, a specialist group only called upon when needed (sort of like needing SWAT if a situation was too extreme for the police to handle). Unlike the rest of the crew, these guys had their faces hidden behind black balaclavas and shades. Like before, two were at my side and a third armed with an M249, pointed at my head. The weather wasn't too kind to me either, as the sun was beating on me just as bad as the verbal taunts from the rest of the crew. The Black Dogs ignored it, as they were trained to ignore any and all harsh conditions. On our way to the Courthouse, I passed a female soldier, in her early thirties, with medium length brown hair, and a look in her eye stating that I am a framed man, being cruelly punished for an act I didn't commit. She yelled to me her name was Corporal Andrea Shayfield, and wanted to talk to me later on. She ran off to rejoin her group, and I was looking at the courthouse. It was a huge building with plenty of flags flying in the wind. Those flags represented our allies. Our allies included United Kingdom, South Korea, Canada, and many more countries.

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March 5, 2552 - 10:13am - New Republic Army Courtroom

We've arrived at the courthouse where all military related trials take place. Both inside and out are cameras that track our every move. Some had guns attached to them, in case someone decided not to stick around. And all of the cameras were protected by a thick steel casing to protect them from gunfire and explosions. The whole building was covered with marble pillars and oak finishing. It was a beautiful, two story building. The courtroom itself had a wide oak podium for the judges, two oak tables for Plaintiff and Defendant, and ten row two column seats for the people to watch. Inside were soldiers from my squad, including Jacob O'Reiner. He looks at me and sneered "Your ass is going to rot in the can, lad." I gave him a sneer of my own, and he looked away. Before me were eleven judges, including Douglass himself. Each judge wore the traditional judge's robe, but the Grand Judge wore gold sashes, which indicated who was taking charge. Interesting thing to know is that our courtroom has no jury panel. Even more so, whoever was in attendance were eligible to be called to the stand (the people were required to write their names on a piece of paper and dropped it into a hat for drawing. Also the people that are called need to have some acquaintance with the Defendant). The judges took care of determining my verdict. "You may be seated" said Grand Judge Connors. He was in his forties, tall but slim, intelligent, unbiased and had previous experience as a Judge in Poseidon City. "The Plaintiff can present its opening remarks" said Judge Hayworth. "Ladies and Gentlemen of the courtroom, the victim's client believes that Weston Carver is a terrorist to all of the people of not only the United Americas and the New Middle Eastern Province, but to any of our allied countries." I can tell this is not going to be an easy trial for me. I was given an attorney, but I find his credentials questionable. Worse, I look to the Plaintiff's table and I can see half a dozen attorneys. After the Plaintiff has spoken, the Defendant presented its opening remarks. "Ladies and Gentlemen of the courtroom, my client Weston Carver is innocent of these heinous crimes. My client would follow orders to a T, and serve his country proud." After the opening cases, the Plaintiff was asked to take the stand. Their first witness was the VIP's wife. They asked her if I was considered a crazed gunman, and she wept yes. "Objection!" my attorney shouted. "Your Honors, my client has spent numerous years in training of saving innocent lives, not taking them." "Sustained" they agreed to saying. Finally, I thought to myself. Someone's on my side. But that brief moment only bought me little time. The Defendant's first witness to the stand was Sergeant Donald Prichard. He was a stocky, but strong drill instructor, in his late fifties, with medium gray hair, but strong enough to take down a bull rhino. "Sergeant Prichard" my attorney asked "is it true that Weston Carver was your protégé?" "Yes sir" he replied. "Was it also true that you taught Mr. Carver about shooting and proper gun care?" "Yes sir" he replied. "Were you aware of Wes' terrible actions?" "I was informed, and all I can say was that I was disappointed in him. For one of my protégés to turn terrorist breaks my heart. I'm getting too old for this shit. Hell, if I was younger, I would rip his spine out, and strangle him with it." He got out of his seat, and ran towards me. The court room had several guards in hand, and they escorted him out of here. I can tell I'm at against all odds.

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March 5, 2552 - 3:48pm - New Republic Army Courtroom to Temporary Cells

It has been a long and tiring day. All I wanted to do was go back to my cell and just go to sleep. "The trial will continue tomorrow" said Grand Judge Connors. I get out of my seat, handcuffs in hand, and the same three Black Dogs escorting me back to my cell. On the way out, I see Jacob again. "They're gonna fry your ass tomorrow, Carver" he boasted. I ignored him, and continued walking. Along the way back, I run into Corporal Andrea Shayfield. "Wes, there's something I've got to tell you." "Andrea, can we talk some other time? I'm not in the mood." "Wes, this is really important" she said as she was shoved off by the three Black Dog soldiers. She looked onward, and as I try to look back, I was slapped on the back of the head and told to look straight ahead. When I got back to my cell, the voice spoke back to me. "How did it go?" "Like fucking shit, how the hell do you think it went?" I told him. "You know, Carver, it's a damn shame that you're being treated like this." "Yeah, and this was only the first day. What else can happen?" Suddenly, I hear footsteps coming towards my cell. "Wes, can we talk, please?" "Andrea, you can't be here. If they find out..." "I don't give two shits what they do to me. Wes, I know you're innocent. I don't know why they're doing this to you." I looked into her eyes, and I can see that her eyes are telling me the truth. I don't understand why she took such a big risk into coming all this way, especially since visiting hours are over. "Andrea, you've got to get out of here, before they kill you" I told her. Andrea gave me her charm as good luck, and then took off. I watched her run off, and I took a look at her charm. It was 24 karat gold, and very beautiful. "Looks like you got some support after all" he said. "Yeah, but will it be enough?" I asked.

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March 5, 2552 - 10:39pm - New Republic Army Temporary Cells

I am laying on the slate slab of a cot. I begin having images about the day when the VIP got killed. I recall the echoing gunshot that struck the VIP in the jaw, killing him instantly. I also recall what Douglass said to me before he exiled me. "WHAT the hell is your major malfunction?" I recall. Yeah, what the hell indeed was the major malfunction? Like I said, I don't recall pointing my gun in the direction of the VIP, or putting my finger on the trigger. All I recall is that there was a second shot, but it was too dark to see anything, and I can hear the body of the VIP hitting the floor with a loud thud, and his blood running through the floor. I tried to go to sleep, but not without the grisly images of that day. I found it really difficult to sleep, and not because of the cot. I woke up in a scream loud enough to wake my neighbor. "What's the matter, Carver? Another nightmare?" the voice asked me. "I can't sleep. I just can't get the image of that day out of my head. It's driving me fucking insane." "Death is an image most people want to forget, but it's burned into their memory for life" he told me, and went back to sleep. Two hours later, I fell asleep, knowing what's in store for me the next morning.

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March 6, 2552 - 9:04am - New Republic Army Temporary Cells to Courtroom

Well, I knew the routine; get my ass out of my bed, handcuffed, escorted to Courtroom, taunted by Jacob, the trial, continuation, and escorted back to my cell. When I got to the courtroom, Jacob taunted me with "Better watch your back, lad" he said with a nefarious laugh. This time, one of the Black Dogs shut him up with a quick jab to his temple. He went down harder than a ton of bricks after a demolition. He got back up, and shrugged off the jab (cheap shot in his words). "Please rise for the Honorable Grand Judge Connors and his loyal Co-Judges" said head of security. "You may be seated" said Connors. "We shall resume from yesterday. Plaintiff, you have the floor." "I would like to call Private Joseph Winkler to the stand." He rose from his seat and sat down on the bench. "Private Winkler, you've known Weston Carver for a long time" said the attorney. "Twenty-five years" he said in a warped voice. "Weston Carver was also responsible for your training. Am I correct?" He added. "Yes, sir" he added. "Now, did Weston Carver teach you about following orders, or corrupting them?" the attorney asked. Winkler started sweating beads, but I knew he wouldn't let me down. "Wes..." he said with a stutter. I looked at him, he looked back, and I looked away. "Objection" said my attorney. "Your Honors, that attorney is making that man nervous" he stated. "Overruled!" said Grand Judge Connors. Winkler then shouted to the top of his lungs "HE TAUGHT ME TO OBEY ORDERS!" "Bailiff, remove this man from my court room" instructed Grand Judge Connors. Winkler was removed, and the trial continued. The next person to take the stand was Sergeant First Class Miranda Stone. The attorney asked her of what she thought of me, and her response was that I am a short fuse with an attitude. She and I never really saw eye to eye. In fact, it was me who trained her, and from that day, she hated my guts. "Wes Carver is the most insensitive soldier I've ever met. He puts us through more hell in one day, than any other soldier in their lifetime." "Objection!" my attorney shouted. "Your Honors, this young lady was made aware of what's in store when she signed up. And for her to call my client insensitive is completely without any foundation." "Sustained" said one of the co judges. Miranda looked back at me, and gave me a really mean glare, as in she hopes I get the worst. The next person to take the bench was Officer Michelle Geraldski. I thought to myself "great, my ex-friend, taking the bench." The attorney starts asking questions to Officer Geraldski. "Officer Geraldski, how long have you known Wes Carver?" he asked. "About six years" she said. "Now, ma'am, weren't you responsible for his training?" "Yes I was" she said. "Now, is it true that each soldier is to follow orders to the exact word?" "Yes they are" she answered. "Now, do you consider Wes Carver a traitor?" "Yes I do" she answered without hesitation. "Objection" my attorney shouted. "Your Honors, this woman is clearly making my client look like a bad guy" my attorney explained. "Overruled" said Grand Judge Connors. Officer Geraldski stepped down, gave me a look that would freeze a wolverine in its tracks, and returned to her seat. The final person for the day to take the bench was Jacob, my old friend, or rather, my backstabbing ex-comrade in arms. "Mr. O'Reiner, how would you describe Wes Carver?" "He's nothing more than a snake. He'd bite you if you got close to him, and he's a coward. If he were in my home country of Ireland, his arse would be beaten so badly, he'd wish he never been born." he said with a nefarious sneer. "Mr. O'Reiner, you and Wes have fought a lot of wars, am I right?" "Aye, sir" he said. "Now, if Mr. Carver disobeyed you, what would you do?" "I'd hang him by his own spine till he bled to death" he said with great pride. "Objection! Your Honors..." "Overruled" said Grand Judge Connors before my attorney could try to get his objection in. "We shall conclude the trial in four days" said Grand Judge Connors.

March 6, 2552 - 4:04pm - New Republic Army Courtroom to Temporary Cells

After the trial, Andrea Shayfield was waiting for me outside the courtroom. "Wes, please, let me help you with this unfair trial." I told her not to get involved, as it could end up getting her killed. "Wes, we've only known each other a few days, but I want you to know that I'll do whatever I can to help you win this trial." "Thanks, but I don't know what you can do" I said shakily. A Black Dog pushed her aside, and she ended up with a minor laceration on the back of her head. She was taken to the Emergency Ward, but the Black Dog wasn't charged with assault on a fellow soldier. It seems like these guys have immunity to punishment. I was warned the next time that woman interferes with your business; you're both going to the guns (New Republic Army lingo for the firing squad). I tried to tell them that she doesn't mean any harm, but that only fell on deaf ears. Isn't that fucking great? At least the weather isn't as hot as it has been in the last few days. A cool breeze felt good, but I knew it was only temporary. I returned to my cell, but this time, I didn't hear the voice that came from the cell next to mine. I found out that he has been sent to jail all the way out in Poseidon City for the next 90 days. I feel much lonelier without another person to speak to, even though I never learned his name. I lay in my cot, staring in the ceiling, when I heard footsteps. I thought to myself, now who could it be? It turned out that it was Corporal Andrea Shayfield. "Wes" as she reached through the cell to hold my hands. "Just to let you know, I love you deeply. I don't want you to go anywhere, and I want you to be with me forever" she said as tears swelled up in her eyes. "Andrea, you know that if I am found guilty..." I started to say as she put her index finger on my lips. "I don't want you to think that way. I want you to think positive, Wes. You can get through this. I believe in you" she said as I saw tears running down her face. "I love you, Wes. I want to be with you forever" she said with a distorted voice. "I love you too, Andrea" I told her. "You're the only woman who at least believes me. Officer Geraldski and Sergeant Stone want me dead." "Those bitches are blind to the truth, and unfortunately, loyal to the Army to the end." "I know. You must leave, before you get caught, and end up in a cell." "I'm not going anywhere. They can make all the threats they want." I knew Andrea was tough, and she didn't take bullshit lightly, especially when someone's been treated wrong. An hour later, a Green Hat stopped by my cell to give me my dinner. It was a piece of Salisbury steak that looked like someone dried with a blow dryer, green beans that were anything but green, and mashed potatoes that looked like melted ice cream. It was nasty looking, and tasted like shit, but it was the only thing that kept me from starving. After the Green Hat left, Andrea returned, but instead of returning like normal, she just appeared. "Where did you get that?" I asked her. "I managed to swipe a cloaking device for myself. It's still in the prototype, but it works well." I told her that stealing will get you killed. "I rather die knowing that I care for you, rather than be alive and a backstabber" she said with a roar. She told me that she'll return tomorrow, gave me a kiss goodnight, and left. I stared outside my window, looking out to see Green Hats doing activities, from playing basketball, to just hanging out. I laid on my cot, with a heavy feeling in my heart that in a few days, I'll be joining the Death Rows (New Republic Army slang for people being put to death).

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March 9, 2552 - 10:16am - New Republic Army Execution Site

For the first time in three days, I get to go out of my cell for something different, but it turns out that Corporal Andrea Shayfield was going to be executed, and they wanted me there to witness her death. It looked like she didn't take my advice, and she ended up going to the guns. Her heart ended up clouding her judgment. I was being escorted by the three same Black Dogs as before, and I was told I had to watch the whole scene; otherwise I'd be joining her. It was a scorching one hundred and eight degrees. I saw Andrea on the other side, she tried to get free just to get to me, but she was held back by two Black Dogs with M249s pointed at her. My head was held up so that I can witness Andrea's execution. Lieutenant General Richard Creedson was the man in charge of the whole execution. He was an older man, perhaps in his fifties, but still strong enough to wrestle an ox without help. He went up to the podium, and started addressing us. "I called you here to witness what happens when somebody decides to steal ANY equipment from the New Republic Army. This woman was found with one of our prototypes: a cloaking device that allows our upper ranking officers to hide from the enemy. Ms. Shayfield decided to use this device to visit a prisoner while disobeying a superior's orders. And for her actions, this woman shall be put to death. If there's anyone, and I mean ANYONE who wants to join her, or rebel against our noble cause, speak up now." We all kept our mouths shut; even I didn't mutter a word. Creedson then stepped down from the podium, walked towards Andrea, and smiled crookedly. Andrea then spat a big loogie in his face. Angry, but honorable, he wiped the spit off his face, and walked towards the gunners. "Gentlemen, take your positions" he told the Black Dogs. They readied themselves with their M249s. We all looked onwards. "I love you, Weston" Andrea shouted. "Fire!" The M249s fired, with hundreds of bullets piercing Andrea's body. And in a matter of seconds, it was over, and Andrea Shayfield is now a laying corpse. We were dismissed, and I ran over to her lifeless body. I picked her up, embraced her, and started crying. A few seconds later, the two Black Dogs who shot her, picked me up, and escorted me back to my cell. I've never felt so broken in my life. I spent the rest of the day lying on my bed, crying over Corporal Andrea Shayfield's death. I took the charm she gave me, and opened it. Inside was a message "Will you marry me?" etched into the charm. But now that she's dead, I had no further use for it. I placed the charm in the toilet, and flushed it. Another voice started talking to me, this time it was a female voice. "Love is a bitch, isn't it?" she asked. She didn't sound as friendly as the prisoner before her, but she seemed more trustworthy, so I started talking back to her. "The girl who was going to support me through-out this trial is now dead" I told her as I dried my eyes. "Hey, there's plenty of fish in the sea. And it takes a little patience to find the right one. Buck up, buddy. You'll get through this. My name's Major Sarah Pennington. Who are you?" "Weston Carver" I told her. "No shit! You're THE Weston Carver?" "I sure as hell am not the Easter Bunny." Sarah and I spent the rest of the day getting to know one another. "And this scar on my shoulder was from a fight with my first husband." "You're divorced?" "Damn right I am. That worthless piece of shit couldn't bring home eggs if he was working at a chicken farm." I chuckled a little bit. I asked her what she was in for. "I'm in for beating up two male soldiers. Hey, they wouldn't leave me alone, so I beat the shit out of them." She told me that she grew up with three older brothers, and she was the toughest of the bunch. "At least you're not in for treason and murder." "That bullshit doesn't make sense. Wes, what they're doing to you is..." "I've heard it all before." "Hey. If you need anything, let me know. I know some people who can help you out." "Thanks. I'm going to need all the help I can get."

March 10, 2552 - 1:49pm - New Republic Army Courtroom

This was the last day of my trial. I was either going to be put to death, or get a life sentence in jail. "And now, the closing arguments" Grand Judge Conners stated. The Plaintiff went first. "Your Honors, I ask you to find this man guilty of treason and murder in the first degree. He is a madman, and needs to be put away for life, or be put to death" he yelled. "If you were to find this man innocent, who knows what he'll do to another soldier. This man is a bad example of the finest soldiers this Army has ever put together. We need a proud individual to lead the rookies through the basics, all the way through their first taste of battle" he concluded. "The Defendant can speak now" Grand Judge Conners said. "Your Honors, I ask you to find this man innocent of treason and murder in the first degree. To accuse this man of a crime he didn't commit is like making a promise you can't keep. My client is a hero to the younger and less experience soldiers. They need someone who will be there for them, through the good and bad. This young man will make a great General someday. And if you can find it in your hearts to find this man innocent, it would be all the better for everybody" he concluded. "We shall break for a recess, and we will return with our verdict" said Grand Judge Conners as he slammed his gavel onto the podium. Jacob walked over to me, and said with a sarcastic tone "it was nice knowing you, lad. You're going to rot in a cell with God knows who." He laughed and walked off. I thought to myself that this was going to be my last stand. Two hours later, everyone returned to the courtroom. Grand Judge Conners spoke to the entire room "My co judges and I have spoken. Based on both of your closing statements, we have come to one conclusion: we find Weston James Carver guilty of treason and murder in the first degree. But we decided to let Wes decide his fate." This was a bit strange, as this sort of thing never happened. I approached the podium and looked into Grand Judge Conners' eyes. "The guilty party may choose from either being put to death, or serve a life sentence in the Poseidon City Jail" he asked me. "I choose a life sentence" I replied. "The guilty party shall depart for the Poseidon City Jail first thing in the morning" said Grand Judge Conners. "Case closed" added Grand Judge Conners as he slammed his gavel. I was being escorted away by three Black Dogs when Jacob said with a laugh "don't drop the soap, lad." I gave him a glare that spelled Judgment Day for anyone who tried to rub me the wrong way. I got back to my cell, knowing that this is my last day in this dump of a prison cell. "Well, Wes, how did it go?" Sarah asked. "I was found guilty of treason and murder of the first degree." "BULLSHIT!" she yelled. "Wes, I know you don't have the fucking balls to kill anyone of high status. I'm going to do what I can to find you innocent of such shit, and find the real culprit." "Thanks, but I think it's a little late to find proof of my innocence. Once they've made a decision, that's it; a done deal. They're about as easy to convince as a mule wanting to do some work." "Well, sweetie, look at it this way, at least you don't have to put up with bullshit here." "Yeah, but now I have to put up with bullshit from the Warden at the Poseidon City Jail." "Here's a free piece of advice: don't piss off the Warden. He'll beat you so bad that you'd want to be beaten up by the inmates instead." "Thanks, Sarah." "No problem, sweetie" she said as she went to sleep. I should get some sleep too, as I have a long journey back to the United Americas.

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March 11, 2552 - 8:56am - New Republic Army Temporary Cells to Hangars

I awoke from my cell, knowing that I was being sent away to the Poseidon City Jail. The three Black Dogs who escorted me yesterday were there. They opened the door to my cell, put handcuffs on me, and escorted me to a waiting prisoner plane. The weather was a brutal one hundred and fifteen degrees. When we got to the plane, I was in awe when I saw the plane with my own eyes. It was about three stories high, and could hold up to one thousand and five hundred prisoners. The plane doubled as a new recruit plane, to bring new recruits to the New Middle Eastern Province (for those who passed basic training in their hometown, and enlisted in the New Republic Army). I saw about one hundred prisoners like myself all lined up. Just like any line, there were several Black Dogs watching us, making sure we didn't do anything to get us killed. There was another person who did the checklist of prisoners that were being boarded the plane. I was next, and I told the guy my name, and he checked me off the list. I boarded the plane, and I took a window seat. Another prisoner sat next to me, and spoke to me in a language I couldn't understand. A translator, also another prisoner, aided me to the best of his ability. "His name is Jamal Heir-Uulagi. He asks for your name." said the translator. I told him Weston James Carver. I asked the translator what his friend was being sent to jail for. "He says he was charged with exploitation of prostitutes" the translator told me. "Hey, at least it wasn't treason and murder in the first degree" I told him. "Jamal says he feels sorry for your mishap, and prays good faith with you" the translator told me. "Thanks. I'm going to need all the help I can get." When all the prisoners were on board, a thunderous boom came over the PA. "Good morning, you fucking losers" the pilot said. One of the prisoners resented the remark, and headed towards the cockpit, but one of the Black Dogs pointed an M4 at his chest, telling him to return to his seat. He didn't listen, and tried to continue towards the cockpit, only to be gunned down. He warned that this sort of behavior is unacceptable. The next person to misbehave will be next. "We are to make several stops all around the world. We are going to scenic locales, and take in breathtaking views. I'm just kidding, you fucking pieces of garbage. We're only going to make stops at other military bases to drop off prisoners. Say goodbye to the New Republic Army HQ, maggots." The plane started, and I gave one last look at the base, and right outside, was Jacob giving me the middle finger. We reached about thirty thousand feet about sea level. An hour later, we arrived in another section of the New Middle Eastern Province, west of the New Republic Army HQ. It was a smaller base, but had a larger prison. About fifty prisoners got off the plane, and we continued our journey. Another hour later, we arrived at Cairo's Military Base, named aem detalsnart) جيش الشعب (Army of the People in Arabic). During the unloading, one of the prisoners decided to make his escape. A few seconds into his escape, one of the Black Dogs opened fire onto the prisoner, and the prisoner got riddled with bullets, and went down. When the Black Dog got to his corpse, he replied with a laugh "he should've run faster." After the last prisoner was unloaded, we were off to a base in Ethiopia. It was a several hour flight, and I didn't get much of a chance to get a nap in. Jamal was getting a little restless, but the translator and I tried to keep him calm. When we arrived, I saw about fifteen guards ready to escort their prisoners. About another one hundred got off the plane. The pilot then blurted "I hope you maggots are enjoying the world. Well, don't get too attached, because we're leaving as soon as the last prisoner gets off" he concluded with a wicked laugh. The last prisoner got off, door shut, and we were in the sky once again.

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A mind enclosed in language is in prison.

[Simone Weil](#)

If prison is an alternate form of Hell, welcome to it.

[Carlos Dominigo](#)

March 17, 2552 - 11:14am - On-board the New Republic Army Prison Plane to Poseidon City Prison

Six fucking days of nothing but constant flight and landing. It was starting to drive me nuts, and I don't know if I can take more of this. My new friend Jamal and his translator were also getting antsy. The voice over the PA went off again. "I hope you enjoyed our little journey, because the last stop is Poseidon City" he ended while the PA went off. Unlike the previous stops, this one had my name on it. I was going to be escorted to the world's most dangerous prison. It is said that prisoners who served their time have never committed a single crime ever again. We were only an hour away from reaching the Poseidon City Hangar, which will have a van waiting for me to take me to the Poseidon City Jail. While I was waiting for touchdown, I looked out the window, and began to see the world from a view other than the ground. I saw hundreds, no thousands of people going about their daily lives. It makes me wish I could just head home when I got off the plane. One hour later, we arrived at the Poseidon City Military Hangar. There were members of the Poseidon City SWAT team waiting for us. I remember my days on the SWAT team. It was both a high energy, and intense job. I was even assigned the job of watching prisoners being escorted into vans, and I even had to use lethal force should a prisoner get out of hand. Back on topic, this is the hangar that takes prisoners off the plane onto vans that lead to the Poseidon City Jail, while it loads new recruits onto the plane and takes them to their respected base, depending on where they need recruits. Jamal and I were two of the one hundred prisoners being escorted to a waiting van that will take us to the Poseidon City Prison. As soon as the last prisoner got off the plane and into a waiting van, I saw about two hundred new recruits going to their bases. I remember the first time I went on that plane. I was being transported to the New Middle Eastern Province. I was both nervous, and excited at the same time. But at this time, all I can look forward to is being in jail for the rest of my life. Jamal and I went into separate vans, with forty-nine other prisoners. It was thick plated to prevent bullets and explosives, and came equipped with tear gas launchers to disperse riots. The doors slammed shut, locked, and we were on our way to the Poseidon City Prison. It was a good two hour drive, and all I can see was nothing but darkness. I couldn't tell who I was sitting next to. All I can say is I better watch my back, because if I don't someone could stab mine. Making matters worse, the road wasn't exactly smooth. It made me wonder if this was the correct path, or they decided to take a lot of back-roads just to give us what it's going to be like in jail. Either way, it really didn't matter. All that was on my mind was who I was going to share a cell with, because all inmates shared a cell. An hour into the drive, I began to feel my pulse race, knowing that I was going to be Mr. Popular in prison. I'm just happy I chose a life sentence instead of death row. If I had chosen death row, I'd be joining Andrea Shayfield in Heaven, or I'd be joining the Devil in Hell. Ironic I mentioned Hell, because if I wasn't going there, I sure am going to another form of Hell. No matter how you look at it, it makes one wish that they'd rather be dead. The trip sure isn't getting any smoother. I can tell we're getting close to the prison. I can hear other inmates shouting and ranting outside. We arrived at the gate, and the van went inside. The prison

guards, armed with shotguns and assault rifles, unlocked the gate, and we were led out, one prisoner at a time. I was the last one out, and all around me were other inmates, watch towers, guards, barbed wire fences, minefields and even attack dogs. The prison itself was three times the size of the whole New Republic Army HQ and Temporary Cells. There were even more cameras, both inside and outside, than there were in the temporary cells. The whole structure ran about five stories tall. This is the type of place for the worst of the worst, from child molesters, to murderers. We were led in a single file fashion, and anyone who didn't keep up was beaten to the point that they'll break down from a single raise of an arm. I saw an inmate trip on a guard's extended foot. "Hey, garbage, keep up with the others, or you're going into the garbage." I had it in my gut to help him, but any sort of resistance could spell death on my part. "Hey buddy" he shouted to me "this isn't a sideshow. Move your ass." I hurried to the other inmates before I was beaten by the guard.

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March 17, 2552 - 1:28pm - Poseidon City Prison

When we got inside, there were two elite prison guards, suited up in Kevlar uniforms, blast resistant helmets, and riot shields. When we got to the end of the hall, we were told to turn to our right. "Your OTHER right, you fucking idiot" shouted one of the elites. We were facing the Warden himself. He is plump, thick, in his fifties, receding hair, and an attitude that could turn a criminal into a productive citizen. His steps were very thunderous and made my blood run faster each time he got closer. I'm normally someone who doesn't scare easily, but even I have limits, and I think I found it. He stopped in the middle of us; cattle prod in hand, and spoke in an intonated voice while walking back and forth. "Well well well, look what the cat dragged in. A bunch of pansy ass mice. Looks like this is your new home, and you better get used to it, because this is what you're going to look forward to when you're serving your time. You're thinking to yourself 'I don't belong here'. Well, you do belong here, because you can't behave on the outside, which means you're going to behave on the inside. Remember, this is MY house, and you obey MY rules. If you don't, my guards will reinforce that statement. Boys, go find an inmate, and demonstrate what happens to those who decide not to listen." The guards found the skinniest inmate, dragged him into the middle of the floor, and started beating him up. Thirty seconds later, the inmate was bruised and beaten to a bloody mess. He was still alive, but in critical condition. He was taken out on a stretcher to the Prison ER. The Warden spoke "this is just a small sample of what's in store when you step out of line with me. Our first stop is the 'Beauty Salon'" he said with a malign laugh. We were in single file line, again, and we were walking towards the 'Beauty Salon'. When we got there, the Warden told us we go in three at a time, and reminded us what happens when we step out of bounds. He sent his elite guards to watch over us. It was my turn, I sat down in a crappy barber's chair, and the barber started to shave my head. This wasn't the first time my head got shaved. I kept it this way so that it made me staying cool easier. Not to mention that the women back at HQ actually liked my hair short, but that's another story. After I was done, the next thing he told us was to shower up, because he wants our inmates to be clean of everything, as he considers outsiders filthy. We stripped down, and the water turned on. The water was very frigid, and the instant a drop hit my body, it felt like hundreds of daggers stabbing me. Ten minutes later, we went into the clothes room to get our prison suits. The suits consisted of denim jeans, light blue button up shirts, and white tank tops. These suits came in all sizes, and we were responsible for their condition, as we didn't get another shirt or pants should something happen to them. I told the person behind the desk I was an extra-large. I got my stuff, tried it on, and it felt real stiff. I could barely move in them. After I got dressed, one of the lesser guards escorted me to my cell. It was on the first floor. I looked around, and I saw a picture on the wall. He said that's my cell mate. The guy on the picture looked like he was in his late sixties, thin, wiry gray hair, a few missing teeth, and a glass eye. Before I went in, they had to take care of a few things with me. I was ordered to head down to booking. Inside were more guards, but they didn't look as intimidating as the others. Then again, they don't have to deal with inmates who step out of line. And even if they did, there are some armed guards ready to deal with the problem. One worker asked me for his right hand, which I gave him. He put my fingers onto the paper, and the computer recorded my fingerprints. Afterward, I was told to head down the hall where pictures are being taken. I was told to look at the camera while holding a plate reading Poseidon City Prison. The next line read Carver, Weston; Height 6' 2.5" Weight 260 lbs. The bottom line read 17 3 2552. The camera took my picture, and the photographer told me to turn ninety degrees to my right. He took

another picture. When all was said and done, I was being escorted back to my cell for the remainder of the day. I looked around the cell, and all I can say is that conditions were even worse here than back at the New Republic Army Temporary Cells. While the rooms were bigger, they sure weren't any nicer looking. I looked at the toilet and the sink, and my god were they even shittier looking. The rust was so apparent; I doubt any cleaner can get it off. At least the beds looked more comfortable. I lay on the bed, and these did have better support than my old cot back at the temporary cell, but the mattress wasn't any softer. Half an hour later, I saw a guard bringing back a prisoner. This prisoner turned out to be my cellmate. "Get yer ass off my cot, boy" he shouted at me while bringing a knife to my throat. I told him he better watch himself because I was trained to deal with threats of all kinds. While he did put the knife away, he reminded me that he wasn't scared of anyone, not even a former soldier. He looked at me funny, and I can smell the foul odor emitting from him. "What's the matter, boy? Don't like the way I smell?? You can go fuck yourself" he said. I can tell I'm going to be in for one hell of a time in jail. "You look familiar to me...you wouldn't happen to be Weston Carver, would you?" I asked him what business is it of yours. "Son, I knew your dad. You're Arnold Carver's son, aren't you? He and I go back many years. He's always talked about you. My god, look at how you've grown. You look like your father when he was your age." He extended his hand out. He was either confused, or an idiot. I clearly don't remember him. "It's obvious you don't remember me. You were too little when we first met. But your dad and I were real close friends. My name's Michael Snitsford." "OH MY GOD! NOW I remember" I told him as I extended my hand out. We shook hands, and shared a few laughs. "Say, Wes, how is yer dad nowadays?" "He's dead" I told him. "Sorry to hear about yer loss. How were things out in the New Middle Eastern Province? Have things gotten any better over there?" "Not really" I told him. "That's too bad. Someday war will wipe out humanity as we speak. And unless we can find a common goal to end war forever, nobody's going to win." I asked him what he's in for. "I'm in for criminal mischief. I got so drunk one night, I passed out on the sidewalk. Many people thought I was dead. An hour later, I rose to my feet, and caused all sorts of chaos" he said with a creepy laugh. "And ten minutes later, a woman called the cops on me, my BAC (blood alcohol content) was four times the legal limit, and I was sent here." I thought to myself this guy's nuttier than a Christmas fruitcake. "Since you've arrived here, I'm going to give you some pointers here. Make sure you stay on the Warden's good side. If you're good with him, he'll be good to you. If you step out of line with him, he'll sic his big dogs on you. And trust me, these dogs have bite. And they bite even harder." I asked him if he knew a woman named Sarah Pennington. "Sarah's still alive?! She's my step-daughter" he told me. "I met her while I was rotting in the temporary prison cells" I explained to him. "Shit, boy, she's tough as nails on the outside, but if yer good to her, she's sweet as a puppy on the inside" he added. "Here's another piece of advice for you: you're here to work, not slack off. I can't tell you how many people have died here, and it wasn't from the beatings. It was from the poor conditions of the work. Even if you got a minor cut, they'll beat you to near death." "What about prisoner's rights?" I asked him. "Here's the thing: ninety-nine percent of the rights are taken from you. The only thing they care for is what they want. Listen, Wes, tomorrow's your first big day, and there's a LOT to do tomorrow. You better get some rest; you're going to need all the energy you can muster up." I told him that's a good idea.

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March 18, 2552 - 2:13am - Poseidon City Prison

I was fast asleep, having visions of the trial, and how I was humiliated in front of my friends, and my colleagues. I was sweating profusely, and I couldn't find it any easier to stay asleep. I lay awoken most of the night, trying to recollect myself so I can go to sleep. I had to go back to sleep, because I am taking Michael's advice very seriously. I am going to need all the energy I can harness. And to think that the nightmare has already begun, well, I'm in for a big surprise.

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March 18, 2552 - 6:28am - Poseidon City Prison Cell to Prison Cafeteria

The lights shined in on my cell, giving me a rude wake up call. "It's time to get your asses out of bed, ladies" the Warden said over the PA. I got out of bed, still half asleep. The door to my cell opened, a guard grabbed my shoulder, and threw me out of the cell. Michael was thrown out as well. "Okay, ladies. You're in for one hell of a day. Michael, you're going into the forest to get us some wood. Carver, you're on kitchen duty. Michael, you know what you're doing, so you can get going. As for you, Carver, follow me" he said to us. Michael followed another guard into the woods. I was stuck with the other guard, who walked me to the kitchen. "Okay, Carver, welcome to the kitchen. It is your job to get the inmates food for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. They're to be served quickly, and efficiently. If you so much as slip for even a second, the head chef is going to fry your ass" he said with a snicker. I headed into the kitchen, where I was standing in front of the head chef, who is a short, but very strong, Caucasian man who didn't take tomfoolery in his kitchen. I put on a chef's apron, and a hairnet (which is ironic, because I don't have much hair). "So you're the new guy? Good timing, as the old worker threw his back out. What I say goes, and if you can't keep up, we'll make you keep up. Here, take this tray out to section 2, and make it snappy." I grabbed myself some oven mitts, which were worn and torn, took the tray which had breakfast potatoes, and took it to section 2. The person who did the serving took the tray, and told me to fetch some syrup and bring it to section 1. The server said the syrup is in fridge 3. I ran to fridge 3, but on the way, a worker extended his foot, I tripped, and fell on my face. The head chef and the other workers laughed. "Carver, I'm NOT here to babysit. Get your ass up and get that food out to the cafeteria." I got up, dusted off, and continued to fridge 3. I got the three holders which had all types of syrup on them, and I tried to get out, but someone was keeping the door shut. The other cooks laughed, while the head chef said that's enough, and ordered them back to work. I got out, and the head chef asked me why I'm slacking. I didn't answer, and I got the syrup out to section 1. After an hour of preparations, breakfast was ready. I myself was hungry, but I was told that kitchen workers ate last. I was also told that one of the servers had to leave, so I was sent to section 2. One of the servers told me that each inmate gets one, and ONLY, one scoop of breakfast potatoes. I saw the inmates lined up for breakfast, along with some guards on hand to make sure order is followed. The inmates were getting restless, and so were the servers. "Are you ready?" asked one of the guards. "Yes sir" I replied. "Then get busy" said the head chef. I fulfilled every inmate's tray with one scoop of breakfast potatoes, but the demand was so high, I couldn't keep up with the supply. "CARVER! What the fuck is going out there?" one of the servers asked. "I can't keep up with the demand" I said while gasping for a breath. "Is that so? Well, I guess you're going to have to learn the hard way" the head chef said. He got another person to take my spot, while the head chef took me into the kitchen. He put a pot of water onto the burner, turned it on to high, waited for the water to boil, and then put my hand in the water. I screamed so loud, everyone in a ten mile radius could hear me. "Let this be a lesson, Carver. You want to survive in my kitchen, you got to keep up. Now get your ass back to work." I dried my hand off, got a bandage around my hand, and got back to work. An hour and a half later, we managed to serve all the inmates' breakfast. "Okay, Carver. You wanted breakfast, here you go" said the head chef as he handed me a plate of "breakfast". It was pancakes, breakfast potatoes, and multiple grain bread. I got myself some water, sat down in the break room, and ate breakfast. The pancakes were about as stiff as cardboard, the potatoes were as hard as bricks, and the bread was as tasty as a piece of wood. I washed it all down with some of the crappiest water I've ever

drank. When I was getting ready for the lunch preparations, a young woman came to me. She was slightly taller than the head chef, with long red hair, and hazel eyes. She sat down next to me, and started talking to me. "Don't let my brother give you any trouble" she said. "If you need any advice, come talk to me, alright?" she added as she got ready to get back to work. I wasn't sure if I can trust her, but she's all the support I get for now. "Listen up" the head chef yelled. "Today's lunch menu is roast beef sandwiches, sea salt chips, and mixed vegetables. Carver, since this is your first day, I'll go easy on you, as you get to serve lunch and dinner from this point on, but just for today. You don't have to worry about bringing trays out. Besides, you're less likely to fuck up" he added. I guess that girl managed to talk some sympathy into the head chef. The other chefs started making sandwiches, sea salt chips, and mixed vegetables, and brought them out into the sections. I ended up in section 3 (which was serving mixed vegetables). When the clock struck noon, the same inmates from breakfast lined up again for lunch, not to mention the same guards showed up for lunch. Everything was going smoothly, until I came across a huge Caucasian man, demanding more vegetables. I told him one scoop only, but in a fit of rage, he punched my nose, but didn't break it. So I leaped over the counter, and started attacking him. Five seconds later, several guards came in with P90s in hand. They told everyone to get down, including the kitchen staff. The guards managed to pull us apart, and both of us were beaten, but not severely. I was being escorted to the Warden's office, while the other inmate went back to his cell without lunch. As I headed upstairs, I noticed that there were a lot of inmates in here. I got to the fifth floor, and saw the two elite guards outside his office. One of the elites opened the door, and the other guard pushed me into his office. "So, Mr. Carver, we meet face to face, not counting the first encounter, of course" he said while dribbling on my face. "I understand that you fucked up breakfast, and got into a fight during the lunch rush. Let me remind you that our jobs are taken very seriously around here, and if you don't shape up, you're going to get shaped up. Get out of my office" he shouted. I was relieved to be out of there. The guards escorted me back to my cell. I was later brought back to the kitchen for dinner. "Dinner will consist of pork chops, mashed potatoes, and broccoli. Carver, like before, you're doing the serving of vegetables, but don't fuck this one up, got it?" he asked. "I got it" I answered. "Good. Now get busy, all of you" he demanded. I was preparing to start serving broccoli, when the girl from breakfast brought me the tray with the broccoli in it. "I'm impressed with what you did earlier at lunch" she said. "Meet me when the dinner rush is over in the break room." As before, the same inmates readied themselves for dinner, and the same guards showed up to make sure we didn't break the rules. Half an hour into the dinner rush, the same guy who I fought with earlier returned, this time saying that the scuffle we had earlier was only a sample of things to come. I wasn't intimidated then, and I wasn't intimidated now. I gave him his broccoli, and he headed towards his table. I didn't take my eyes off of him, and neither did he. An hour later, everyone was served dinner. I got myself some dinner, some water, and sat in the break room. "Oh good, you came" the woman said. "Listen, the head chef is my older brother. He takes pleasure in tormenting new inmates, and nobody seems to care. If there's anyone who can talk some sense into him, it's you." "Why do you need my help" I asked. "There's something I needed to tell somebody, but it's important and very personal and I can't trust anyone else." I told her fair enough. "What's the problem?" "My brother is abusive towards me. He bullies me when I'm not in the kitchen working, and he's even more problematic at home." I noticed several bruises on her arm. "Did he do this to you?" I asked while eating dinner. She started to cry and said "Yes." "I'll kick his fucking ass..." I started, but she cut me off "NO! If someone found out you beat up my brother, you're going to

get killed." "Listen, I've fought in wars out in the New Middle Eastern Province. I've actually stared death in the eye. So knocking some sense into your brother shouldn't be a problem." "Well, I'll go talk to him first." I heard a voice shouting to her. "I have to go. We can talk some other time." She got her things and left with her brother. I was sent back to my cell, where Michael was lying on his cot. "So how was your first day of work?" Michael asked me. "It was fucking terrible. I fucked up breakfast, got into a fight at lunch, and met the Warden." "Damn, Wes, you making friends already" he said with a sarcastic tone. "Yeah, but this was only my first day. I've got the rest of my life doing shit for these guys." "Look at it this way; it may have been a rough first day, but it gets better" Michael said as he went to sleep. "You're probably right" I said to him, as I went to sleep.

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March 28, 2552 - 9:02am - Poseidon City Prison Cafeteria

Ten fucking days of serving food. The nauseous aroma of crappy food, mixed in with god awful taste would make anyone starve. At least today's the last day of serving food. Tomorrow, I get a new job. The only thing I don't know is what job I'm going to get. It could be anything; from cleaning cells to carrying dead bodies to a specific site where they get burned. When I got done serving breakfast, the girl I met yesterday pulled me into the break room, and started talking to me. "I've been impressed with your work for the last week and a half. I haven't seen anyone work this hard before. Most of the time, the other workers half ass things, but you've impressed me the most." "How? By keeping my cool because I can't lay a finger on the head chef, otherwise I'd be seeing the Warden again?" "No. It's because you kept your cool during this whole ordeal." Before I can continue, her brother showed up, took my head, and slammed it on the table. "Are you making moves towards my sister?" he asked. She tried to get him off of me, but he struck her cheek, and she got knocked down. "Listen. You try to do anything funny to my sister, and you're going to deal with me. Capice?" He let my head go, and walked off. "Oh my god. Are you okay?" "I'm fine. The thing of it is, are you alright?" "Yeah. He didn't smack me that hard." "Listen. You can't let him keep abusing you like this." "I know, but there's nothing I can do about it. I tried to explain this to our parents, but they take his side. It's all because he's older and in charge." "That's bullshit. Have you talked to a professional psychiatrist about this?" "I'm too nervous to do so." "Listen. If you need my help, I can do so." "Thank you" she said. We went back to work, preparing lunch. When the clock struck eleven, the inmates were lined up for the lunch rush. We were up to our necks with inmates, and we had to keep the lines moving. When we got done serving lunch, I went into the break room, and I ate my lunch. Since there was a longer time lapse between lunch and dinner, I managed to catch a nap before we had to get dinner started. I returned, only to see the woman bleeding. "What happened?" "My brother...cut my arm, but I'm not bleeding severely." "Should I call a paramedic?" "We have surgeons here. I'll go there, and get treated." I covered her wound with a towel, and some heavy duty tape. "There. That should get you to the surgeons." "Thank you" she said as she left. I helped getting dinner ready, and setup for the inmates. When six o'clock rolled around, the inmates rushed in, and the dinner line was crazy. Inmates were flocking the rows, and we were swamped with inmates. "I could use some help" I shouted, but no one answered. It turned out that the other workers left for the night, so I was all alone. When eight o'clock rolled around, I finally got my dinner, and tried to enjoy it, but I couldn't. I was too pissed off to eat, so I saved it for later, and returned to my cell.

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March 29, 2552 - 8:43am - Poseidon City Prison

I get a wake-up call from the PA, stating that all inmates switch jobs. I was approached by a guard with a hat full of slips. I pulled out a slip, opening it to reveal janitorial work. "Cleaning shit stains, eh? That sounds better than serving food." I also found out that Michael was released from jail, and I was getting a new cellmate. I was to start with my cell, cleaning the toilet and sink. I grabbed some gloves, put some cleaner in the toilet, and started scrubbing. Five minutes later, I get a message over the PA about a clogged toilet in one of the cells. I grabbed a plunger, ran down twelve cells, and started unclogging the toilet. Just when I thought the problem was over, the toilet overflowed, and started to flood the cell. One of the guards rushed in, threw me aside, and took a picture of what I've done. He later brought the photo to the Warden. He rang over the PA to have me come to his office. I went to his office, this time without any guards escorting me; instead all have their guns pointed at me. I reached the third floor, when the guy who I fought with a week and a half ago, walked by, and said I was a dead man. I ignored him, and continued heading upstairs. I reached his office, with one of his elites opening the door, and I walked right in. "Carver, what do you know about plumbing?" "I know nothing of it" I told him. "From what I saw based on the picture one of the guards took, one of the toilets overflowed, and it caused damages to one of the cells. Fortunately for you, I won't add damage to property to your criminal record, but you are responsible for making sure all the toilets and sinks run properly, in addition to keeping them clean. Got it?" "Yes, sir" I said. "Good. Now get out of my office. You're starting to stink up the place." I left his office to continue my work. On my way down, I was told that the men's room on the third floor needed cleaning. I grabbed supplies from the janitorial closet, and headed to the men's room. When I got in there, my god was the place awful. There was shit on the floor, shit in the toilet nobody bothers to flush, sinks look like crap, trash overflowing, and so many other things. The first thing I did was mop the floor. As I did, a guard walked in, slipped, and sprained his ankle. He later had me in handcuffs, and I was walked back into my cell. Two hours later, the door opened, another guy entered, and the door locked back up. He was a scrawny, geeky looking guy with brown messy hair. "So you're the new guy. My name's Wes Carver" I said to him. He extended his hand out and said "my name's Gregory" he said with a geeky voice. "What are you in for?" "I'm in for hacking several bank accounts, and ID theft. What about you?" "I'm in for treason and murder back in the New Middle Eastern Province." "I heard about that. You really didn't murder him, did you?" "Of course not" I told him. "I wasn't even aiming at the VIP at the time of the murder, nor was my finger on the trigger." "Looks like you're getting a bad rep." "No fucking shit, Sherlock." He later covered his ears, mentioning he doesn't like cursing. "I hate to be bearer of honesty, but you better get used to it, because you're going to be hearing curse words all day long." "Okay. Thanks for the tip" he said. I have an odd feeling he's going to need my help. He doesn't look like the kind of guy who would last ten seconds in a fight. "I'm also going to say this: if you want to survive, I'm going to train you." "Really? You'd do that for me?" "Hey. I'm not doing this because I'm nice. I'm doing this because you need it, whether you like it or not."

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April 24, 2552 - 10:10am - Poseidon City Prison to Visitors Lodge

I've been here almost a month, and I was told I was going to get a visitor to come talk to me. I was being escorted to the visitors lodge. It was a medium length hall, with twelve booths that allowed visitors to come talk to their relatives and friends who have been sent to jail. The Plexiglas that separated the inmates from the visitors was 12 inches thick, blast resistant, and bulletproof. I sat down at booth seven, when I saw a tall, slim brunette woman dressed in a wine red business suit walk towards my booth. She said her name is Dr. Nicole Steinmen-Piazzo. "How did you know I'm here?" I asked her. "I was given paper work regarding your behavior here." "Excuse me?" I interrupted her. "Wes, over the last few weeks, you've been getting into fights with other inmates. And the Warden hired me to find out why that is, and how you can resolve this issue." "This is fucking crazy" I told her. "I've fought in wars that had worse conditions, and I didn't let that stop me. What makes you think that you can change my behavior here?" "Wes, if you don't change your behavior, your stay here is only going to get worse. Are you willing to let me help you or not?" I can tell that this woman was getting impatient. Maybe she should be running the prison instead of that fat bastard. "Alright, doctor. You got yourself a deal" I told her. "Good. I'm going to meet with you tomorrow morning" she told me as she got her things and left. She gave me a look of "I'm going to make you beg for mercy." I thought to myself what a crazy bitch. I don't know whose worse, her or the Warden. I returned to my cell, seeing Gregory working on something he's done before he was arrested. "What are you working on?" "Oh. Hey, Wes, I'm working on a digital spy cam." "What are your plans?" "I plan on leaking videos from the cameras, and uploading them to the servers so that people can see how abusive this prison really is." Speaking of which, I noticed a bruise on his arm. "How did you get that bruise?" "It's nothing. I slipped and fell." I can tell he was full of shit. "Someone must've hit you pretty hard to get a bruise of that size. Who did it?" "Wes, it's no big deal." "Gregory, if you let people continue to push you around, you're not going to stand a chance in here." "Funny thing is I can use these videos against whoever decides to push me around." I gave him a cold stare. "Besides, I have video of you talking to a female." I was in awe by what he said. "How did you get that?" "I hacked into the camera, pointed it at you, and started recording." He showed me the video of my conversation with Dr. Steinmen-Piazzo. "I'm impressed with what you've done, but you're taking a big risk by leaking private videos for your own collection." I was aware that he is a hacker, but I wasn't aware that he can blackmail people at his leisure. I shouldn't underestimate him. He may not have physical strength, but when it came to hacking into private networks, there's nobody better than him.

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April 25, 2552 - 10:29am - Poseidon City Prison Psychiatry Room

I walked into Dr. Steinmen-Piazzo's office, and the first thing that came to my mind was "this is not going to be a pleasant visit." "Good Morning, Mr. Carver" said Dr. Steinmen-Piazzo. "How are you this morning?" "I feel like a guinea pig in an experiment. How the hell do you think I feel?" "The first step in recovery is anger. I know you don't feel comfortable in this situation, but just for the record, the Warden is watching." I didn't say anything else. "Wes, tell me about your childhood." "I was an only child growing up. My father served in the New Republic Army. My mother was an elementary school teacher" I told her as she was writing this down on her cyberpad (which is equivalent to a notepad.) "My mother raised me for most of my life because my father was killed in combat" I also mentioned. She asked "At what age did you join the military?" "I was thirty-one. I just left the Poseidon City SWAT team in order to help out the older or soon to be retired military personnel." "That's very interesting, Wes. Do people see you as a hero, or a villain?" "I guess you can call me a hero." "According to your records, you're being charged with murder and treason. This doesn't sound like hero material to me" she added into her cyberpad. "I was framed. My old Colonel somehow pointed the finger at me for the incident, and I can't accuse higher ranking personnel unless there is solid evidence that the higher rank was involved." "And did you find any evidence?" "No." "Wes, calm down. I know that this sort of ordeal can drive a person insane, but this is why I'm here. I'm here to cleanse you of this ordeal and change you into a better person. I know deep inside I can pull out the Weston Carver that will make both the Warden and yourself happy." "Bullshit! Even if you do 'pull' the better person out of me, I doubt the Warden would be convinced." "Wes, I've dealt with military prisoners before. You're not the first, but I know that I will send in the coatmen (slang for guys with straitjackets) and they will deal with you if you don't calm down, alright?" "Yes." "Good. Let's continue." Three hours later, my session ended. "Well, Mr. Carver, I can say that things are off to a rocky start, but as we continue these sessions, I can guarantee things will be better." I can smell something suspicious about her. She wants me to crack up, and go berserk, but if I lay a finger on her, she has the right to take me down. I guess even the psychiatrists can have guns, as long as they work in a prison or any form of mental institute. "Goodbye, Mr. Carver. I'll see you next week." I didn't even look at her. I was being escorted back to my cell, when I ran into Gregory. He was pretty banged up. "What happened to you?" I asked him. "I got mugged in the cafeteria. I'm on my way to the physician's. I'll meet up with you later." We went our separate ways. An hour later, Gregory returned. "Well, Wes, how did your therapy session go?" "I have an odd hunch that this woman is working for the Warden, but I can't prove it without solid evidence." "That's too bad. I would like to help you, but I'm afraid that we'll both get in trouble." I lay in my cot, staring at the ceiling. "Wes, just so you know, I'll do what I can to support you." "Thanks, but I can take care of myself."

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May 2, 2552 - 2:31pm - Poseidon City Prison Psychiatry Room

My next session with Dr. Steinmen-Piazzo was a little bit better, but I'm keeping my guard up. I got a hunch that this woman wants me to go berserk. "Now, Mr. Carver, I want you to relax, and I want you to stare at this picture of your old Colonel. I want to ask you, Wes, what is the first emotion that comes to mind?" "Vengeance." "Alright. Anything else?" "Anger." "Keep going." "Hatred." "Very good. Keep going." "Rage." This part went on for the next hour. "Alright, Wes, our time is up for this week. I'm looking forward to our next session" she said with an untrustworthy smile. I headed out of her office, and waiting was Gregory. "What are you doing here?" I asked him. "Wes, we've got a major problem. You better come with me." I followed Gregory back to our cell. He got a disk which contained evidence that Dr. Steinmen-Piazzo is a fake. "Here. Let me start the video from the beginning." He played the disk on his Personal Tracker (long for PTs, which acts as our monitors. They can track our health conditions, crime records, incoming and outgoing calls [yes, we still have phones, but not answering machines], and many more features. They are bulletproof, weatherproof, blast proof, etc. You name it; it shrugs off the damage done. It is attached to your left arm via surgery, and the device connects itself to your central nervous system. The device takes over your entire nervous system, but you retain all function of your organs and limbs. As long as someone's alive, the PT will be functional. If someone was to remove the device, the host would be dead in an instant. I'm guessing it's because you'd be shutting down your whole system, or you'd take away the neurotransmitters from the host. It's really complicated to explain) and when I saw the video, I was blown away. "Has Carver cracked up?" asked the Warden? "Not yet. He's not even onto us...so far." "Tomorrow, you kill him, got it?" "I got it" she said as she put the Walther PPK into her purse. "Holy shit! You were telling the truth. What can I do, and more importantly, how did you get this video?" "One of my friends works for the company that makes these cameras, and was able to download the whole video for me." "I thought you were a hacker." "I am, but the Warden has a different network that is hacker proof, which means I can't get access to the video from his office." "If you get caught with that, you're going to be executed." "Wes, I know what I'm doing." "Fine, but if you end up as a corpse, don't come crying to me." "In the event that I do die, take this video with you. It'll do you more good to have this video. Besides, you're more discrete with things than I am." I took the video from Gregory, and stored it into my Personal Tracker. This should provide enough evidence that Dr. Steinmen-Piazzo isn't a psychiatrist, but an assassin hired to kill me. What does everyone have against me, anyways?

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May 3, 2552 - 11:19am - Poseidon City Prison Psychiatry Room

"Good morning, Mr. Carver. How are you on this fine day?" I sat down on the couch, and looked into her hazel eyes. "I'm doing fine, doc." "That's good. Shall we start our lesson for today?" "Before we start, let me ask you this, how do you know the Warden? Is he an old friend? Lost love?" "What are you talking about?" "It seems like you and the Warden are in cahoots together about wanting me dead." "Wes, I really don't know what you're talking about." "You don't, eh? I have in my hand what your true intentions are, and unless you confess, I'll play this tape through-out the whole prison, and riot could ensue. We wouldn't want that, now would we?" "Just so you know, I'm on to your game too. Do you really think you can get rid of me via some little video you put together? I knew who stole that video, and now he's going to get hung for his actions. Wes, this isn't up for debate." Just as I started to explain, the gun from the camera fired a shot onto the video, and shattered it into bits. "SHIT!" I thought to myself. "There goes my only piece of evidence." Not only did she pull out her Walther PPK, but an entire squadron of guards stormed the room, armed their P90s, and pointed them at me. I had no choice but to surrender. The guards cuffed me, and I was being escorted out of her office. When I was walking down the hall of the Psychiatry Room, the Warden stopped and said "well, Mr. Carver, it looks like you got yourself into another mess. I can now add threatening Dr. Steinmen-Piazzo's life to your records, unless you spend the next year in a maximum security cell, by yourself, in total darkness." "Okay. You win" I told him. This building was located on the other end of the prison courtyard. This is where really dangerous criminals went. "But before you go, you must attend the hanging of your friend, Gregory." Looks like I didn't have a choice but to go. All of the prisoners were outside, looking at Gregory with a noose around his neck. The Warden took to the podium, and addressed the crowd "This man committed a crime that would've gone unsolved if it wasn't for one Weston Carver. Yesterday this man gave Weston Carver a video that is property of the Poseidon City Prison. While we were searching for the individual who sent a video to him, we came across equipment capable of downloading videos onto their Personal Tracker. The man who owns this high tech equipment was none other than Gregory." He was pointing his cattle prod at Gregory, and the crowd went crazy. "Now, we are going to hang this man, in hopes that nobody will steal from us the next time. You shall witness what happens when someone decides to commit a crime in my prison." He gave the signal, the support beam was kicked, and Gregory was hung. "You can go back to whatever you were doing." The inmates went back to their activities, while I was sent to the maximum security cells. There weren't as many, roughly about one hundred, but unlike the regular cells, these were guarded twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, with more cameras that have guns attached to them. "Well Mr. Carver, I hope you enjoy staying here for the next year, because this is all you're going to see." The guards threw me into the cell, shut and locked the door. The door itself is twice as thick, and twice as resistant to attacks. The room wasn't any bigger than in my regular cell, and the accommodations weren't any better. The toilet and sink looked like shit, and the bed was twice as hard. I guess this is what I have to look forward to for the next year.

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June 19, 2552 - 1:40pm - Poseidon City Prison Maximum Security Cells

I've been cooped up in this crappy cell for the last month and a half. I've grown to the darkness that enveloped my cell, and the raunchy stench of both death and loneliness. I still haven't figured out what I'm going to do to keep myself sane for the next ten and a half months. It really doesn't matter, because even if I can, I doubt it would last long. I looked at the walls, and I saw writings etched into them. Since it was too dark to read, I tried to feel what was etched onto the wall. I wasn't sure if it was a message for help, or a warning of things to come. Either way, I couldn't tell what it said. I lay on the bed for the rest of the day. I began to wonder what would've happened if I did get the video sent out in time. Would Gregory still be alive? Would Dr. Steinmen-Piazzo be fired? Well, I can't do anything now, because Gregory's dead, and Dr. Steinmen-Piazzo is still here.

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July 22, 2552 - 12:04pm - Poseidon City Prison Maximum Security Cells

Another month has gone by. My job while I was here was to make sure all the cells were spotless when the inmates returned from their work. Whenever I entered a cell, the place looked like a pig sty. I had to spend about five to ten minutes cleaning each cell. This was an all day job. I really didn't get a break from cleaning between each cell. By the end of the day, I was too tired to do anything else. I lay on my bed, breathing heavily, and unsure if I was alive, or dead.

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August 14, 2552 - 9:04am - Poseidon City Prison Maximum Security Cells

I woke up this morning, and I can hear a loud bang coming from the door. I opened the flap that allowed inmates to see who's there, and it was the woman from the kitchen. "What are you doing here?" I asked her. "Shhh...not so loud. I'm here because I need a favor from you." "What is it?" "Here, take this ring." She gave me the ring through the flap. It was an engagement ring. It was 24 karat gold, a gigantic diamond, and very beautiful. "Why are you giving me your engagement ring?" "Because my fiancé is being abusive towards me, and I don't want to marry him." "If I can get out of here, I'd beat his ass and..." "NO! Please, don't do anything violent. I can't stand those who do violent things to solve their problems." "Do you want me to get rid of it?" "At least hide it. That way, he won't know that I've broken the engagement." "And how will you pull this off?" She showed me a fake engagement ring. "This'll keep him confused for a while. As far as that ring goes, give it to some woman you fall in love with someday." I hid the ring in my pocket, and the woman ran off, saying thank you to me.

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October 21, 2552 - 11:07am - Poseidon City Prison Maximum Security Cells

Over five and a half months went by, and I didn't get much of a chance to record what has happened during these last few months. But to sum it all up, it's the same goddamn bullshit I do every day. I was going crazy. I can hardly sleep at night. My eyes looked like someone poured acid onto them, and they get bloodshot easier than before. I don't know how much longer I can keep this up. To make matters worse, there were cameras watching my every move. I tried my best to keep calm, but even I know that's not going to happen. Even the visions I've been having got more and more real. I couldn't tell if I was being affected by the long stay here or not. I tried to hang myself from the ceiling, but my gut instinct kept telling me to fight off the insanity. I can tell there was a war going on with my conscience, and neither side was winning. I had to be careful, because if I didn't, the Warden could send some coatmen down, tie me up, and possibly extend my stay.

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December 11, 2552 - 9:21am - Poseidon City Prison Parking Lot

I got a bit of a break for once. Instead of cleaning cells all day, I had to spend the day shoveling snow off the parking lot. The weather was predicting heavy snow through-out the day, and since we weren't given winter clothing, most of us were freezing. A few of the inmates got severe frostbite. Since my training back in my military days included swimming in a swimming pool filled with frozen water, so cold that the thermometer read minus twenty degrees below zero, my body wasn't affected as badly as the others. I saw an inmate collapse from exhaustion. I rushed to his aid to give him my shirt, but a guard pointed a Beretta at my head, and told me to back off. I took about ten steps back, and went back to work. By the end of the day, we were all exhausted, frozen, and didn't have the energy to walk back to our cells. We were told that if we didn't get into our cells in the next ten seconds we will be killed. We mustered our energy, and started to walk as quickly as we can. This alone got our blood pumping, and kept us warm. We barely made it inside. When I got back to my cell, I laid down on my bed, trying to regain some body heat back from the hard work I put into shoveling, and went to sleep. But before I can go to sleep, I heard someone approaching my cell. I looked, and I saw the woman from the kitchen. "Listen. I don't have much time, but this is some food I swiped from the cafeteria to give to you. Enjoy." "Hey! Don't I at least get to know your name?" She was gone by the time I could get an answer. I ate the food she gave me. It wasn't the most pleasant meal, but it was better than nothing. After I ate, I went to sleep. As I slept, I began to have flashbacks of the incident back in the New Middle Eastern Province. The echoing gunshot which went off the instant I entered the room to rescue the VIP. I recall the blood hurdling scream that accompanied the shot. I began to sweat profusely as the nightmare went on. I recalled the blood that was spilled from the VIP's jaw that was spreading onto the floor. Worst of all, I am recalling Colonel Douglass yelling at me for my failure. My heart began to race, and my pulse went out of control. I woke up with a scream that could be heard from miles away. I lay awake, knowing now that going back to sleep was going to be impossible.

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January 23, 2553 - 2:03pm - Poseidon City Prison Maximum Security Cells

I was laying around my cell, when I heard a tapping noise coming from my cell. "Hey. You still alive?" the voice asked me. "Barely. I don't know how much longer I can stand this fucking hellhole." "I'm surprised you lasted this long. Most inmates would've committed suicide by the time the third month came around." "My name's Weston Carver. Who are you?" "You're THE Weston Carver? Shit, boy, I'm talking to a celebrity here." I can tell that word wasn't a good word. "My name's Jebediah Connoseiur. It's a pleasure to meet you, son." "What are you in for?" "I'm in for creating the biggest Ponzi scheme since Bernie Madoff. I ended up making over five septillion dollars." I was at a loss for words when I heard that amount. "What was your job before you got arrested?" "I was an assistant to the Vice President of Shinra Corp. I was one of those fancy bigwigs." "No wonder this country's economic system is going downhill, no offense." "None taken. I guess you could say that this was a retaliatory effort to counter act the government's careless spending." "Did you keep any of it for yourself?" "Of course not. I was actually giving future employees jobs with that money, but when the DCT found out about this, they decided to launch an investigation." "What did they discover?" "They found out that I was using their money to help people get jobs at Shinra Corp." "Why didn't you step in and stand up for the people who needed jobs?" "Are you crazy or something? The DCT confiscated all my belongings, booted the new employees out, and arrested me on the spot." "How long are you serving time?" "I'm serving one hundred and eighty seven years." "Holy shit!" "I know." "Are you staying in these maximum security cells?" "I don't get a choice. The Warden considered me mentally unstable to be put into a regular cell." "That fat bastard said you're mentally unstable because you were using the government's money for helping people? What sort of sense does that make?" "Let me put it this way; when a corporation gets a tax break from the government, they issue the business a pre-determined amount of money. Of course, there are rules that follow." "Like what?" "One rule is that the government monitors the amount of money the company was given, who was the recipient of the check, and how they were spending it. Another rule was that we were given specific instructions on spending." "How so?" "We couldn't spend the money on anything but ourselves. I opposed this rule, and decided to spend my share on giving people jobs, which was against their rules. It wasn't like the ancient days where trying to hide from the DCT is much harder, because now a days they can track down whoever is doing any sort of illegal monetary activities much easier." "I guess the government cares more for the wealthy than the hard working people" I said to him as I took out a five dollar bill. "You're saying every single piece of money is easier to trace?" "Yes, sir. They can monitor who gave whom what piece, the amount, time, and location of when the transaction took place" (to make sense of this, while each bill is still the same, they now have a device, smaller than a flea, inserted into each unit, which does all the tracking for the Department of Currency & Trade [which is equivalent to the Treasury and the Federal Reserve...sort of] to make sure each piece is legal, and not a counterfeit piece). "This shit makes even less sense." "It's complicated, but those are the rules." "I guess. It makes me wonder if the Warden got a tax break from any government issued check." "No. To my surprise, he didn't." "That's because he doesn't own a business. Instead, he runs a reformed concentration camp disguised as a prison." "That's exactly it." (To put everything together, big corporations like Shinra Corp. is eligible for a tax break should the DCT decide to favor them.) "I was also wondering if you're one of those billionaires that would rather pay more in taxes." "Wes, you don't even know half of my beliefs." "Was the government worried about your scheme before the incident?" "Wes, if the government worried

about everyone scheming one another, we'd all be in prison for fraud." "Does the government even pay attention to what's happening to the middle class, or are they on their own?" "The middle class is left to fend for themselves. The government doesn't care if they raise taxes on the middle class as long as they get their fair share from them. Even if the government does lower taxes on the middle class, that act alone won't be enough to hide their true purpose." "Speaking of the government, what has the debt reached since the last election?" "25 Decillion dollars." "Damn, that's a lot. I doubt we'll ever pay that off if the government keeps up with the careless spending." "Wes, don't think of it as careless spending. Think of it as irrational spending. As long as the middle class keeps paying high taxes, and the government keeps feeding off of them, this whole economic system will sink itself."

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March 14, 2553 - 11:10am - Poseidon City Prison Maximum Security Cells to Woods

Spring was arriving. The snow that covered the entire prison began to melt away, and some of the plants began to bloom. The brisk gust of spring air entered my cell. It felt so good to breathe the fresh spring air. I hear two thunderous footsteps approaching my cell. It was two guards approaching my cell. One opened the door, and the other approached me. "Well, I hope you have the energy for some outdoor work, because we need some wood chopped down. Now get dressed and get going." I got my prison clothes on, and I followed them to the woods. One of the guards gave me an axe, and told me to start chopping. I found a tall elm tree that would be perfect for chopping down. I started chopping the tree down, when I overheard one of the guards telling his supervisor that two prisoners have escaped. The supervisor led three men on a manhunt for the two escapees. While they were doing that, I saw five others running in the opposite direction. I knew that if I didn't stay put, I would be shot on sight. A guard pointed his M1911A to my temple. The four guards who were searching for the two escapees found them and opened fire with their M16s. They were dead on the spot. The five men who made their escape were met with a barbed wire fence, and a watch tower. The tower opened fire with their M1919 Browning. The five men also died on the spot. Their corpses were brought back to the courtyard. The Warden looked at the corpses, and wasn't too thrilled to find out I was still alive. He was certain I would be dead via suicide from spending so much time in the Maximum Security Cells. Well you fat bastard, you keep asking for a miracle, and you'll never get it.

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May 4, 2553 - 11:45am - Poseidon City Prison Maximum Security Cells to Visitors Lodge

It has been an entire year since I entered this shithole. I was waiting for the Warden to show up, and clear me of the threat charges against Dr. Steinmen-Piazzo. An hour later, I heard monstrous footsteps. It was either Sasquatch, or the Warden, I thought to myself. It was indeed the Warden. He unlocked my cell and told me "okay, Mr. Carver. You spent an entire year without incident." "How about those charges? Are they going to be dropped?" "I may be a fat bastard, but I am a man of my word. I will clear the charges, and return you back to your regular cell. Before you return, you have a visitor." He let his two elite guards escort me to the visitors lodge. When I got there, the visitor was waiting for me at booth number ten. I sat down at booth ten's window. The visitor was another woman, this time she wore sunglasses with a trench coat, high heeled boots, and bandana. Most of the men there were staring at her. No doubt she was beautiful, but she gave them a sneer, and they returned to their business. She sat down, and started to speak with a thick Russian accent. "I'm here because I want to help you out." "How are you going to do that?" "I can't reveal to you what I'm going to do, that's top secret. I'm going to give myself three years to find a way to help you out." I can't tell if this woman was on my side or not. "Can you at least tell me your name?" "I cannot do that. I am truly sorry, but this whole thing is done in secrecy. Remember, when all is said and done, you owe me." She got up, and left. I was sort of confused by the whole thing. The guard escorted me back to my cell. When I got inside, I found another cellmate. "So, you're Weston Carver, eh? Big deal, I've met chinchillas tougher than you." This guy was twice my size. He looked like he could take down the entire Poseidon City Mermen football team. "But you know what, you've done so much for our country, I won't be as harsh with you, but you're not safe from me. Got it?" he threateningly said to me as he hoisted me up, and slammed my back into the wall. "I'd rethink my strategy if I were you" as my hand formed the shape of a gun, and pointed it at his stomach. He let me go, and he saw my hand. "You mother fucking asshole! You think it's a joke to mess with me?" "Hey, you let your own guard down. And if I really had a gun, you'd be on the floor, bleeding." "Maybe you aren't as big of a pussy as I thought. My name's Jonathan, but you can call me Badger." He extended his hand out, and I did also. We shook hands, but his hand felt like a vise grip. "Well, little man, if you want to survive, stick with me." "Thanks, but I've been through worse. My military training will see me through this." Badger and I didn't talk much for the rest of the day. I can tell this guy might be a problem, but I'll keep an eye on him. If he decides to step out of line with me, I'll kill him myself.

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August 12, 2553 - 2:04pm - Poseidon City Prison Vegetable Garden

I was with about thirty inmates tending to the garden; pulling weeds out, cultivating the field, watering the plants, and cutting off the dead foliage. The sun was beating down on our backs, and we didn't get water breaks unless the supervisor said so. We were sweating like pigs, and thirsty like fish. The supervisor came to us with a bucket of water, and a ladle. "Alright, assholes, you get one drink each." We each took turns drinking one ladle full, and the supervisor drank the rest. We went back to work for the rest of the day. When sundown came, we were told to head back inside for dinner. We were in the cafeteria, when Badger handed me a note saying that the guy who I fought with over a year ago wants to fight me outside the cafeteria. I told Badger I accept his challenge. I got my food, and sat down at a table. Another inmate approached me, a small African-American guy and asked me if I am really going through with this fight. I told him if I didn't, I'd make myself look bad in front of everyone. He wished me good luck, and returned to his table. After I got done eating, I headed outside to meet the guy that held a grudge with me for the last year and five months. I saw myself surrounded by the other inmates, and even the guards were watching. The guy threw the first punch, which landed on my jaw, and knocked me to the ground. I heard the other inmates yell at me to get back up on my feet. I landed a punch to his abdomen, but he absorbed the blow, laughed, and threw me to the ground. I threw him off of me, and I retaliated with a sharp kick to his right knee, which did bring him down to one knee. I got behind him, and I tried to put a choke hold on him, but he threw me off easily. We continued brawling for about ten more minutes, when the Warden, his Elites, and some other guards separated us. Neither of us was seriously hurt. "Well, Mr. Carver, it seems like you can't resist a fight. It looks like it's back to Dr. Steinmen-Piazzo for you. And as for you, back to your cell." I can't believe this fat bastard let the other guy go without punishment, and as for me, I guess it's back to the crazy bitchy psychiatrist.

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August 15, 2553 - 1:43pm - Poseidon City Prison Psychiatrist Room

"Mr. Carver, so nice to see you again" said Dr. Steinmen-Piazzo. I gave her a cold stare. "I know you and I don't get along, but this doesn't mean you can disrespect me. If you don't go through with this session, I'll let the Warden know about this, and he'll make your life a living hell even more." I relaxed a little, and sat down on the chair. "Now, Wes, I want you to explain to me, in your own words, why you went back to your old behavior." "I was given a note by Badger which said that the guy wanted to fight me, and I accepted the challenge. I ate my dinner, and headed outside to fight him. We fought for about fifteen minutes, and then fat bas...I mean the Warden stepped in, and separated us." "Wes, I knew you were going to say fat bastard, and this is going straight to him." I looked at her, and while she was serious, I wasn't scared in the least. She took out some images and asked me to differentiate between using violence, and not using violence. "Okay, Wes, tell me; should you use violence or non-violence to settle this dispute?" she said as she showed me an image of a guy pointing a gun at a woman's head. I said violence. She showed me two women having a verbal disagreement. I said non-violence. Half an hour later, Dr. Steinmen-Piazzo was impressed with my recognition skills. She also said that there won't be a follow up appointment, but if I got into one more fight, I'm in psychiatric treatment for the rest of my sentence. I returned to my cell, where Badger was lying on his cot. "Here, I was supposed to give this to you, but you weren't around, so I decided to hang on to it." It was a note from the same guy who fought me yesterday. It said the next time we fight, it's to the death. Meet me in one week in the entryway. There will be no cameras, no guards to pull us apart, and only one survivor. I've been in fights before, and some were to the death, but this one seemed the most important of them all. I was determined to finish this, once and for all.

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August 16, 2553 - 10:19am - Poseidon City Prison Courtyard

I am enjoying the August sun, when an older man, in his late forties with receding black hair, unkempt beard, and skinny as a twig figure approached me, and said "If you're Weston Carver, follow me." I followed the man to an older gentleman, who was sitting on a bench. He was in his early sixties, with gray hair, but still a lot of fight in him. "So you're Weston Carver. I hear you got a big fight coming up. I'm here to help you out. This big son of a bitch you're going to fight; he was a former golden gloves champion. He's being trained as we speak also. And today starts yours, but first, introduce yourself to the guys. I'll be here when you're done." I went around the courtyard, and introducing myself to the others. Twenty minutes later, the old man who told me to introduce myself to the others, gave me his name as well. "My name's Leo DeCerevant. I was a soldier just like you." As he spoke, it felt like I was talking to an older version of myself. "Now, Wes, we're going to get started with the basics. Petey here will be your partner. He's the perfect beginner's sparring partner. Don't rough him up too badly, because he has a fight of his own later on, and I need him in fighting condition." I took a good look at Petey, and while he wasn't the biggest guy I'm going to fight, he was just as strong. Petey threw the first punch, but he swing so widely, I managed to get a few body blows in, just to soften him up. He came back with a kick to my head, which I blocked with my arms, and kicked his knee. This staggered him for a bit, and I thrust a kick to his back. He went down, but got up, dusted himself off, and charged at me. Remembering my military training, I used his momentum against him, and threw him to the ground. "That's enough, Wes" Leo told me, and I helped Petey back up. "You's real good, Wes" Petey said. "Thanks." "Okay, Wes, this was just the first day. August 19th is the day when the real test begins. Go get some rest."

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August 19, 2553 - 12:34pm - Poseidon City Laundry Room

I was assigned laundry duty, which means I am responsible for washing, drying, folding, and storing clothes for future inmates, and for ourselves. When I was getting the next set of clothes ready, I was approached by five muscular African American men, and each of them had a scowl on their faces. I can tell I was in deep shit. "Hey, Carver, we have some unfinished business from a couple of weeks ago." Clearly, this was all about having no food on their plates. I got their food as fast as I could, so why are they still bitching about it? I was surrounded by the other inmates, and I knew a brawl was in order. I threw the first punch, which injured his left eye. The eye swelled shut and I found myself at an advantage. He grabbed my arms, and started head-butting my chest. Each blow that landed made my breathing much more difficult. After about ten head-butts, he let go, then threw a roundhouse kick to my right side. I was floored, but I grabbed his leg, and he fell down, hard. He cracked his skull on the tile floor, and blood started to spread. Three guards came in, and broke up our fight. "Okay, you assholes, who started this fight?" The four men pointed their finger at me, but timing couldn't be any better. This was when Leo and his tough guy Petey stepped in. The guards knew that Leo was an important man, and decided to punish the five guys instead. "This is racist bullshit!" one of them shouted as they were being taken away. "You're a fucking dead man, boy. Wait and see." "Good job, kid" Leo said. "You just passed the first test. But remember, from this day, things are only going to get tougher." He left, and I continued my work. I also had to clean up the blood that got spilled from the fight.

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August 21, 2553 - 4:34pm - Poseidon City Prison Warden's office

"So, Mr. Carver, I see you met Leo DeCerevant. He's a good man, and a good person to go to for advice. Speaking of Leo, I've decided to spare you the degradation of Dr. Steinmen-Piazzo, because he told me you're a good fighter. Someone like you would do perfect for an underground fight club. It's totally up to you. If you don't want to go through with this, Dr. Steinmen-Piazzo would certainly love to torment you with some more therapy." "Where do I sign?" I asked him. "Just sign right here." I signed the folded piece of paper. I was very suspicious about what I signed. He later then revealed to me that it was a "no responsibility" form, meaning any fights I get into, he's not held responsible. "Now, Mr. Carver, just so you know if anything was to happen to you, I can't be held responsible, and neither can my guards. And you are to arrive at the fight on time at the day you were give. Failure to show up results in a severe beating from my guards, and you still have to show up for the fight." I got up from his chair, and walked towards the door. "Oh, and Mr. Carver, try to stay alive" he said with a demented laugh. I opened the door, exited, and closed the door.

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August 22, 2553 - 1:53pm - Poseidon City Laundry Room

I was doing the laundry, and just when the next cart of dirty laundry came in, so did Leo. "Wes, we need to talk" he told me. "What's up, Mr. DeCerevant?" "It looks like the Warden has forced you to join the underground fight club." "It was either that, or go back to see Dr. Steinmen-Piazzo." "Listen. You have a huge fight coming up tomorrow, and tonight is your debut fight. I already made arrangements to get you out of this fight, but I can't promise to get you out of every fight. Petey here got his ass handed to him by a small Chinese guy." Petey's face was really swollen from the fight. He couldn't talk. "Is there any more training for me?" "As a matter of fact, there is. I've made arrangements for Mr. Cu, head boss of the 黑龍 (translated means Black Dragon) triad, the most powerful triad in the New People's Republic of China." No sooner than mentioning the triad, Mr. Cu, a short, skinny Chinese man, walked in, and went face to face with Mr. DeCerevant. "I expect fair fight" Mr. Cu said with a moderately thick accent. "Your toughest is going up against my toughest. And none of this Chinese Action Film crap." He told me this will be the final test. Twenty seconds later, the small Chinese guy and I were surrounded by inmates. The roar of the crowd certainly was deafening. I heard the Chinese guys shout instructions in Chinese. I didn't have a clue what they were saying. He leaped into the air, and came at me with a flying kick. I grabbed his ankle, and swung him hard into a tile support beam. The sound of his back hitting the beam made all of the onlookers cringes. I let his ankle go, and went over to look at him. Just when I was about to bend over, he grabbed my eyes, and started to put pressure on them. For a small guy, he had quite a grip. I can feel my eyes being crushed by the pressure, and I felt they were going to become squished grapes. I managed to grab his neck, and started choking him. Ten minutes later, both of us were starting to fade out. He let his grip go, and I let mine go. We got up, but just as soon as we did, we both fell to the ground. I managed to get up first, and Mr. DeCerevant declared me the winner. Mr. Cu didn't seem too pleased that his guy lost. "This is discrimination. We never lose." "Well, this is the United Americas, and we do things different here. Your guy lost, so take the loss, and leave." Mr. Cu took his man, and left the laundry room. "This isn't over yet, DeCerevant" said Mr. Cu. "How're you doing, kid?" "I'm doing pretty well, but I can't see very clearly." "That's because your eyes are swollen shut. Petey, take him to the Prison ER, and tell them Mr. DeCerevant sent you." Petey took my hand, and walked me to the ER, where I was in the back of the line, but Petey told the receptionist that we were with Mr. DeCerevant, and we went right in. The optometrist who saw me asked what happened. "My eyes swelled shut during a fight" I told him. He proceeded to examine my eyes. "Well, Mr. Carver, the good news is your sight checks out with a clean bill. The bad news is the swelling is going to be with you for a couple of months." "I have a big fight tomorrow, and I need to see." "Well, I am sorry, Mr. Carver, but you need to pass on this one." I left the optometrist's office, pissed off that he told me to skip the fight, but I was determined to beat up that bastard who had a grudge with me for over a year.

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August 23, 2553 - 3:27pm - Poseidon City Prison Entryway

I was walking down the hallway, heading towards the entryway, when I ran into the Warden. "I can expect to see you underground tomorrow, Mr. Carver" he said as we walked our ways. I got to the entryway. This was the same entryway where all prisoners came in for initiation, including myself. "Well, Carver, this time, only one of us is walking away alive" he said boastfully while cracking his knuckles. He threw a jab aimed for my nose, which I blocked, and put his arm in an arm lock and I tripped his feet from underneath him. He managed to muscle his way out, got up, and threw a chair at me. I swiped the chair aside, but I got hit by one of his punches, which landed on my temple. I was disoriented, but I was still standing. I threw three punches, two to his stomach, and one to his eye. He didn't feel the first two, but felt the third, and lost some of his vision in his eye. I threw a bottle at him, but he dodged it, and shattered. He charged at me, drove me into a wall, and slapped a bear hug on me. Out of all the times I was grabbed, this was the hardest of them all. I can feel the constriction from his arms crushing my ribs. It was harder and harder to breathe, until I drove my thumb into his wounded eye. He let go, and I started coughing blood. His eye started to bleed as well, and started to lose sight. I threw a punch, and while the punch did hit, it didn't do enough damage. He threw a hay maker of a punch, which floored me. He got the bottle that shattered, and lunged towards me, but I managed to step aside, extend a foot, and tripped him. The broken bottle entered his chest, but it didn't do any severe damage. All he got were a couple of puncture wounds as he pulled the bottle out of his chest. He took the bottle again, and did a punch to my head with it. I grabbed his arm, and twisted it, causing the bottle to drop, and he now has a twisted arm. He clenched his arm tightly to his body. I threw a kick to his groin, which had no effect, and tripped my feet up. I was on my back, and this time, he had me pinned down. He got his knife out, licked it, and said "this is where you die." He started to thrust the knife into my head, but I blocked it in time, and redirected it to his left leg. The knife got stuck in his leg; he got up, and started screaming bloody murder. He was hopping on one leg, as I got up, and I pummeled him to the ground. I pulled the knife out, and just when I was going in for the killing blow, he pulled out another knife, and cut my arm deeply. Fortunately, no veins were struck, so the bleeding wasn't immediate. "I've never fought someone as tough as you, Carver" he said. I breathed heavily to regain my breath, despite the broken ribs. "And this is where I will end it" I vowed. He charged at me with knife in tow, but I got out of the way, and he tripped on a loose tile, slipping and breaking his leg. I came over with the first knife, and drove it into his head. He was frozen from the stab, and I pulled him up, held his head back, and slit his throat. "Rest In Peace, you fucking piece of shit!" His corpse lay there, and I walked away victorious. Now I can finally relax, knowing I won't have to deal with him anymore. Just as I was going to head back into my cell, the PA came on, and the Warden told me to come to his office. I went upstairs, and sat down on the chair. "I can't exactly say I'm impressed with your track record, Mr. Carver" he said. "But I'm going to be fair with you. I just fired Dr. Steinmen-Piazzo, and in return, I hired a new psychiatrist. And unlike Steinmen-Piazzo, these guys will straighten you out. And their methods are far worse than hers will ever be. I scheduled an appointment for you to meet them tomorrow morning down at the Psychiatric Building." "How is firing Steinmen-Piazzo fair? And how is hiring these new guys any better?" "Dr. Steinmen-Piazzo was too gentle with you, and I don't approve of gentleness in my prison, so I decided to take a more straight forward approach. These guys will MAKE you suffer to the point where you'll be wishing for Dr. Steinmen-Piazzo. THAT'S how!" The Warden pointed me to the door, and just as I was about

to leave, he gave me one last reminder. "Just so you know, if I don't get results from you within one month, you're going to the guns. And don't forget, you're expected to show up in the underground fights tomorrow."

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August 24, 2553 - 9:54am - Poseidon City Prison Psychiatry Room

Unlike my previous visits, I was being escorted to the basement. This is where inmates go when normal psychiatric treatment doesn't work. I recall an inmate committing suicide from the Ice Water treatment. He just went underwater, and decided not to return to the surface. I entered a room they called The Fire Tattooists. Inside were two individuals with blacksmith gear on. You know, aprons, gloves, hammers, and so on. I was told to take my shirt off. I'm guessing that these are the two guys that the Warden was talking about. They saw the bandages from the fight I had yesterday, and cut the bandages off. I was strapped and suspended by my hands, and the first guy came to me with a really hot branding iron, and stabbed me in the stomach. I tried not to scream, but the longer I tried to resist, the worse the pain got. After about a minute, he let go, and I had a really deep burn. The second guy came, and had another branding iron, hot and ready to go. He stuck the branding iron into my back, just above my kidneys. Again, I tried not to scream. After another minute, he let go. They decided I was a lot tougher than most of the inmates. Since that was the case, they doused my stomach with gasoline. The puddle itself was small, and sent another hot branding iron to my stomach, this time my stomach caught fire. Once again, I didn't scream. They put the fire out after ten seconds, and concluded I'm untreatable, and set me free. When they let me loose from the straps, I fell to the floor, and had to crawl my way back to my cell. I somehow made it back to my cell in one piece. Badger saw me, and asked if I got a bad tan. "No. I was at The Fire Tattooists." "No shit. Those guys are tougher than a badger (no pun intended). Man, Wes, you look like shit, and smell like death." I went to my cot, and laid there for the rest of the day, in excruciating pain. The PA went off, and the Warden wanted to see me. "I'll go for you, little man. You just stay put." "Thanks, Badger." "Hey. I'm not doing this because I'm nice. I'm doing this to put an end to this crap." He exited the cell, and stormed upstairs to his office. The Warden was caught off guard by Badger's appearance. "I want you to stop putting Weston Carver through hell. He's been through many wars, and doesn't deserve this treatment." "Well, young man, it seems like you care more for his safety than your own." "I don't give a shit what Carver does; all I'm asking for is for you to stop torturing him." "It seems to me that you don't care for what you do either. I can have that arranged. If you can withstand a massive beating by my two elites for one half hour, I'll go easy on Carver's punishment." "You got yourself a deal." The Warden then sent his two Elites to beat up Badger. Half an hour later, Badger survived the ordeal. "I guess I'll have to 'go easy' on Carver" the Warden said with a snicker. Badger stormed out of his office just as quickly as he came in. When he returned, he seemed really irate. "You owe me BIG time for this, Carver." "Hey. Just name your price and I'll pay in full" I told him with an exhausted tone. It was getting late, and I was scheduled to fight in the underground. I got myself up, left my cell, went down into the basement, and entered a small, dimly lit room with about thirty other inmates. They were shouting and ranting for some ass kicking. I was scheduled to fight first, and I stepped into the circle. My opponent was an average looking guy, not too big or too small. He came at me with a few quick punches, which I blocked and retaliated with a roundhouse kick to his head. He went down, and I got on top of him, and started pounding away on his head. I was pulled away by the rest of the inmates, and I was declared the winner. The inmates cheered for my actions. My next opponent was a slightly taller and stronger inmate, with thicker muscles. He came at me with a charge, which knocked me off my feet, and he started beating the crap out of me. I managed to get my guard up, but I can still feel the effects of his shots. I managed to throw some dirt into his eyes, which bought me some time. I

managed to muster enough energy to knock him down, and started to beat him up the same way he did me. After a while, I was separated, and declared the winner. My record is now two and zero. The PA went on, and the Warden declared the underground was over for the night. We left the basement, and went back to our cells. "How'd it go?" Badger asked me. "I'm now two and zero" I told him. "Good for you" Badger said as he went to sleep.

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October 19, 2553 - 10:14am - Poseidon City Courtyard to Kitchen

Almost two months went by, and my record for the underground is now twenty-two and zero. Petey approached me, and said Leo wanted to talk to me. I went with Petey, and sat down next to Leo. "Listen, kid, I've been thinking. I've been like a father figure to you, and I want you to know that I'll do whatever I can to support you, but that doesn't mean I'll do it. It's called tough love. You'll get used to it. Now go back to whatever you were doing." I got up, and headed back to the shade. I lay down, and took a small nap, when I was approached by the head chef. He grabbed me by the neck and said "There you are. I've been wondering where you were. I've got some unfinished business with you. That man you killed two months ago was my sister's fiancé. If there weren't guards around, I'd beat your ass to a bloody pulp." He let me go, and shouted "you're a dead man, Carver. You hear me; a fucking dead man!" I ignored him, and went back to my nap. An hour later, the head chef's sister approached me, and sat down next to me. "Listen. I overheard what my brother said to you. I want to let you know that I wasn't crying that my fiancé was killed; rather I was crying that now I don't have to deal with him. You did me more than a service." "Your brother said he's going to kick my ass, and there's no stopping him." "I know, but I can't let you two beat each other up." "I'm wondering if you can talk some sense into him" I asked her. "I'll try, but I can't make guarantees." As she got up, I noticed a scar on her leg. "Hey. Did your brother cut you?" She stopped, and looked at her leg, and said no. I could tell she was lying. "Don't I get to know your name, please?" She stopped, and said her name was Denise. But just as soon as she told me her name, she started crying again. I got up and tried to console her, but her brother was there, and pulled me away from her. "HEY! What the fuck do you think you're doing to my sister?? I'm dragging your ass to the kitchen, and I'm going to beat you to death!" Denise tried to step in to stop him, but she had no luck. We got to the kitchen; the head chef got a knife, and started to attack me with it. I managed to disarm him, but he got a butcher's cleaver, and started swinging like crazy with it. It got stuck, and I managed to punch him in the jaw, which fractured immediately. He got angrier, and started punching like crazy. I blocked every punch he threw, and suddenly, Denise showed up, and tried to separate us. The head chef threw her aside, and came at me with a frying pan. I blocked his arm, and struck him in the head with the pan. He went down hard, and I can see a cut on his head so deep you can see the bone. But amazingly, he got up, and started punching again. I was stuck between him, and a stove. He rushed towards me, but I dodged, and he fell onto the stove face first, which was already hot, and he got some wicked burns on his face. He screamed in pain as he pulled himself away from the burners. Denise came to his side, and told me to never to speak to her again. I left the kitchen, and the head chef was taken away to a hospital, with Denise by his side. I guess you can say that I had one less problem to deal with, that being the head chef, but at the same time, another problem arose with Denise. She was so upset with me when she saw her brother with 3<sup>rd</sup> degree burns, that I felt bad that I broke a promise to her.

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January 24, 2554 - 10:10am - Poseidon City Prison Kitchen

Here I am again. I am doing kitchen duty. With the head chef gone, we got a new one, and he was even worse. "Carver, why aren't the soups ready?" I told him that the stove takes forever to fire up. "Well, get them up and running faster. We don't have all fucking day!" The stoves finally kicked into gear, and the soups were on their way. "It's fucking cold outside, and we have over a thousand inmates to feed, so step it up." We managed to get the soups ready for the inmates by the time eleven o'clock struck. We had to serve all the soup to the inmates before twelve-thirty. The head chef watched over my shoulder, and yelled at me to serve faster. By the time twelve-fifteen rolled around, all the inmates were served, and the head chef told us to take a break. I got myself some chicken noodle soup, and headed to the break room. To my surprise, Denise was there, but I made no attempt to be near her. Just as I sat down, she started to approach me, but I ignored her. "Listen. I'm really sorry for what happened to you a couple of months ago. I let my judgment get in the way of what was really happening. I should've known that you were sticking up for me. I don't blame you if you don't want to talk to me, but at least accept my apology." I accepted her apology, coldly. She said thank you, and returned to her table. I finished my soup, and I had to get dinner going. "Tonight's dinner is grilled chicken, with sweet potatoes, and green beans. We don't have a lot of time to get everything ready, so get busy." We got the chicken breasts on the grill, sweet potatoes peeled, and green beans steamed. It was about five o'clock when we got everything ready. The inmates were lined up, and we were ready to serve. I was at section 1, the most grueling section of all. When I got down to the last ten chicken breasts, I told the cooks to hurry up and bring me more. The cooks brought out a fresh tray, and took the empty one back to the dish room. It took us two hours to serve everyone, but we did it. The head chef left for the evening, and I got myself some chicken dinner. For the first time in almost two years, I got myself a meal worth eating.

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April 24, 2554 - 1:49pm - Poseidon City Prison Visitors Lodge

I sat down at booth four, when the same woman I met almost a year ago sat down at booth four. She was wearing the same outfit the last time she visited. "I'm working on arrangements for your release. It's still going to take me some time to get everything in order, but once I do, you'll be a free man, but you'll be owing me big time." She got up, and walked away. I was still confused as to why she wants to help me. I got a very funny feeling about this. When she left, she ran into three inmates, who ogled her. "You boys keep peeping into a woman's private life, and you'll be blinded by the same woman who you ogled." "So you think you're some sort of tough babe, eh?" She snickered while the three inmates drew knives at her. One guy started to thrust his knife towards her, but she quickly dodged the knife, and threw him down to the ground, hard. The second guy did an overhead thrust, but she blocked his arm with a metal pipe, twisted his arm, breaking the Ulna and Radius in the process, and stuck the knife into his neck. The third guy didn't get enough time to make his attack, as she got behind him and sliced his back with his own knife. The guy who attacked first got up, but before he can get up, the woman showed him some leg, but not in the way most see it, because a four inch blade came out from the front of her boot, and she threw her leg into his mandible. He dropped down to the floor, bleeding from his submandibular glands. When she got done, her blade retracted, she dusted herself off, walked to the exit, and told the guards to clean up the mess. They arranged for the bodies to be taken to the dumping site. As she was walking away, everyone around her stepped aside to let her leave, not even making eyes at her. "You boys behave yourselves" she said alluringly. One thing's for certain; she's definitely one woman I don't want to run into in a dark alley.

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May 12, 2554 - 3:19pm - Poseidon City Prison Warden's office

In the office, the Warden was looking at the tapes to make sure all was well, and the inmates weren't doing anything that would get them into trouble. He sees that everything was all in order until he glanced at a video of the woman killing three inmates from a couple of weeks ago. He seems very interested in this woman. "Who is this strange woman?" he asked one of his Elites. "I don't know, sir. She was here last year talking to an inmate." "Hmm...Talking to an inmate, eh? She's rather good for a visitor. I want to know more about her. Dig up any dirt you have on her." "Yes sir. We'll get started right away." "This woman could also pose a threat to me. I'd better make sure there's plenty of security in my prison. Captain, I want you to make sure that we get extra security for the whole prison. And also, make sure that each of the guards is up to date with their training. I don't want any unnecessary circumstances to happen here. Am I clear, Captain?" "Yes, sir." "Good. Now get busy." He returned to the video of the female visitor, and stated "well, my dear, I hope to see you soon...very soon."

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June 20, 2554 - 6:09pm - Poseidon City Showers

I was taking a shower after a long day of chopping down wood, when a husky man approached me in a way that made me feel uncomfortable. "You know, you're not the skinny little prick I thought you would be." I gave him a snarl, and he stepped back a bit. "It looks like we have a feisty one here." "Listen. I don't know who you are, and I really don't care. I've already killed one inmate. I can make it two if you don't back off." He laughed and said "boys, teach this fucker a lesson." He sent his two goons after me, but I quickly made short work of them. "Okay, wise guy. Now you have to deal with me." He came at me with a punch, but I grabbed it, threw him down, and held his head down into the water. "Listen, asshole. I don't like you. I hope you die in the worst way imaginable." He struggled to get up, and started breathing the water. I let go, he got up and ran off. I finished my shower without incident, and everyone around me backed off so they wouldn't get hurt. While I was drying off, one of the guards approached me, and said "Leo wants to talk to you." I finished drying off, got dressed, and went to Leo's cell, which is on the fourth floor. When I got there, the first thing I noticed was that Leo's cell was four times bigger than any other cell. It also had a built in stove, living room, a small desk, a grandfather clock, and a comfortable bed. "Leo? Are you here?" "Come on in, Wes, wipe your feet, and take off your shoes. I don't want any dirt on my clean floors. I just waxed the floor." I wiped my shoes on the mat, and took them off. "You wanted to see me?" "As a matter of fact, yes I do. I've been having a problem with a big guy from the second floor. Petey tried to straighten him out, but ended up with an ass beating that would normally send someone to the morgue." I looked at Petey's face, and it was really swollen. "You okay, Petey?" "He'll be fine. All he needs is some rest, and pain relief. Back to my favor, would you be willing to deal with this nutjob?" "I'll do it." "Good. I've made arrangements for the underground tonight. He'll be your first opponent, and this time, winner takes all." I nodded, and exited his cell. While I was getting ready for my fight, Leo asked the guards to relocate me closer to his cell, which they did. It was show-time at the underground, and my opponent matched the description of the guy Leo told me about. He was about six foot nine and a half inches tall, with a chiseled jaw, statuesque physique, and enough temper to ignite a mega ton bomb. I looked up at him, and he gave me a sharp kick to my gut. I went down harder than a ton of bricks. The roar of the crowd was especially deafening. I got up, and spat a little bit of blood. I went for his leg, and he just threw me aside like a slab of meat. My back hit the wall so hard, I thought my spine was broken. Since the punishment toughened me up, I didn't feel as much pain as before. He came at me with a thunderous punch, but I dodged it, his fist hit the wall, and he broke his knuckles. They were sore, and bleeding. I did a straight punch to his face, grabbed his nose, and started twisting. He squinted a little bit, but he released my grip, and rubbed his nose. He came at me with a thunderous charge, but I stepped aside, and he went head first into a steel beam. His skull split open, and blood was rushing down his face. He turned to me, but I landed a right hook to his jaw, and he went down. I was declared the winner, and my record now reads forty-four and zero. Unlike the last several times the underground held their fights; the Poseidon City Elitists (they're a group that specializes in prisons) came in, threw tear gas, and ordered us to face the wall. These guys were armed to the teeth with grenades, assault rifles, and bullet proof uniforms. We were handcuffed, and taken to the maximum security section. On the way, the Warden stepped in and stated a new rule: No prisoner (or prisoners) can settle their disputes with violence. I guess he decided to shut-down the underground fights for good. "Anyone who decides to violate this rule will now be sent to death." I find it strange

that someone who decided to start the undergrounds is now ending it. I guess the mortality rates got to him. Leo told the Elitists to let me go, and they did. "I've got something big for you tomorrow" Leo told me. I went back to my cell, and lay on the bed. My body was still aching from the fight, but I'm a fast healer, so it shouldn't be any problem.

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June 21, 2554 - 4:21pm - Leo's Cell

I sat down on Leo's couch, and he sat next to me. "Listen, kid, I've been meaning to ask you something." "What is it?" "There's a rumor going around that a woman is helping you out. Do you know of this?" "I don't know what you're talking about." "Wes, don't give me any bullshit. I know you're on to something, and I want to know right now!" I told him that there is a Russian woman helping me get out of prison in about two years. "This woman, does she know anything about your well-being?" "All I know is that I owe her when I got out. She could care less if I got out in one piece or in pieces." "I see. If I were you, Wes, I wouldn't trust her. Another rumor is going around that she is working for the Mafia, and she's no ordinary boyevik (warrior in Russian). When men see her, they go nuts for her, but she gives him a kiss that they'll never forget, because it's the last thing they'll see." "You're saying she kills them?" "Precisely. Listen, Wes, I know a few good guys who can help you out. I don't know what they're asking, but I guarantee they'll get you out, and you don't have to repay them." "I'll think about it." "Alright, but don't take too long, because that day will come sooner than you think."

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September 29, 2554 - 9:34am - Poseidon City Prison Parking lot

I am stuck on garbage patrol with four other inmates, and the Warden wants this parking lot spotless by the end of the day. I got my garbage bag, and got to work. There were cigarette butts, broken glass, newspapers, debris, and every other pieces of crap anyone can imagine. We were about halfway done, when one of the inmates took a knife, and cut my bag open, spreading garbage all over the place. The other three inmates were laughing, and my patience was starting to wear thin. I approached him, and he sized me up. I stared into his eyes, and he stared into mine. Before we tried to swing a punch, two guards showed up, and separated us. He backed away, as did I. I got a new bag, and went back to work, recollecting the garbage that was previously opened. It took me about two and a half hours to collect all my garbage again. The Warden saw the parking lot, and saw more garbage, and insisted that I was to collect the rest. "This is fucking bullshit" I said to myself, but I went along with it. By the end of the day, the Warden had a smile on his face, for once. I didn't trust the way he smiled. I know he has something up his sleeve. This time, I went to his office, and I sat down. "May I ask why you're in my office?" "I can tell you're up to something" I said as I was looking at his two elites pointed their M249s at me. "I remember that you shut down the underground fighting." "That was because I had to make each prison sign a 'No Responsibility' contract. So now, instead of settling their differences in privacy, I've decided to reinstate a new rule, throwing out the fighting results in being sent to death." "What is this new rule?" "I'm no longer responsible for the inmates' well-being when it comes to fights. I've already told the physicians not to take in inmates who've been injured in a fight." "You're full of shit, you fat bastard" I yelled as the two guards armed their M249s. "You're supposed to make sure the inmates are safe, and taken care of, even after a fight." He told his two guards to lower their guns. "You're right on one thing; I am responsible for the inmates' safety, but only under normal circumstances. If you were to get beaten up, and you didn't swing a punch, then the offender will be punished. If both of you are caught fighting, then that rule is gone. I'm not responsible for either of your conditions. Remember, Carver, everyone's responsible for their actions. Am I clear?" "I guess so." I got up, and left. "This Carver fellow might be a problem. We need to keep an eye on him, so that he won't start any rebellion." The two Elites agreed.

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February 19, 2555 - 10:45am - Poseidon City Prison Gym to Cells

I haven't heard from Badger in about a year and a half. I asked around the gym to see if anyone's seen Badger. They all said no. It's not that I care; it's that someone just doesn't disappear. I went back to my workout, when Petey approached me, and said that Leo needed to see me right now. I got off the bench, got cleaned up, and headed to Leo's cell. "Wes, have a seat. I want to talk to you about Badger." I can tell something was up. "Wes, you didn't hear this from me, or anybody else, but Badger was put to death because he stole from the prison laundry room." While I wasn't surprised that Badger was put to death, because he was a trouble maker to begin with, I was surprised over the fact that Badger would still commit crimes while serving time in prison. I got up, and left Leo's cell. "Wes, Badger wasn't a trustworthy fellow to begin with, so don't feel too bad." I had to get ready for janitorial work. This time, I had to clean each cell before nightfall, or I would be going to the Fire Tattooists. I grabbed the cart, and started cleaning the first cell, and my god it stank. I held my breath, got some cleaner on the toilet and sink, and tried to get rid of the awful stench. I turned bluer than a blueberry, and by the time I was done, I bolted out the door, and exhaled. I was glad to be out of there. I spent the next six hours cleaning each cell, and each time I went into a new cell, the smell got worse and worse. I thought I was going to die. I had to go to the showers next, and clean out the urinals. A guard had to take a leak, yet I cleaned out the urinals. "You missed one" he boasted as he left. I re-cleaned the urinal, got my stuff and headed for the showers. I spent a good forty-five minutes cleaning the whole place. The guard said for me to take a hike, so I did. I went back to my cell, and lay down. I spent the rest of the day trying to figure out why Badger would do these crimes. It really didn't matter. The lights went out, and I went to sleep.

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February 20, 2555 - 2:54am - Wes' cell

I've been having dreams of what has happened to me in the past, from the trial back at the New Republic Army HQ, to my time at the Fire Tattoois. It's been a horrible night for me, and I needed my energy, because I was assigned to do some wood cutting in the forest. And the weather predicted the most brutal weather in Poseidon City's history. I got up to see how much snow there is outside, and the blizzard was extremely intense. The snow even started to blow into my cell, turning it into a giant freezer. The heating in the cells were shot, so I was practically freezing my ass off. I took the blanket and wrapped myself in it so that I don't get hypothermia. The wind was also intense, as I felt each breeze slap my face. It felt like I was being stabbed with thousands of tiny little ice daggers. This truly was going to be the most brutal winter in the history of Poseidon City.

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February 20, 2555 - 1:12pm - Poseidon City Prison Woods

The weather outside was so cold, that it made hell look like a Hawaiian paradise. I and another inmate were trying to saw down a tree, when we noticed that the saw was frozen solid to the tree. We were trying to melt the water in hopes of getting the saw loose, so we can resume cutting. A guard was walking by, when he saw us trying to get the saw free. "Why are you slacking off?" he asked us. "The saw froze to the tree" the inmate explained. The guard grabbed the inmate, and set his hand on a stump. He tied the inmate's hand down so that he couldn't escape. The guard returned with a knife, and proceeded to cut his pinkie off. The inmate was screaming horrifically, and the blood was seeping out. I gave him my shirt so he can cover the wound, and stop the bleeding. The guard told us to get back to work. An hour into cutting, the inmate fell into shock from the blood loss. I ran to his aide, and yelled for help. The guard ignored my plea, so I hoisted him onto my shoulder, and ran to the Emergency Room. I told the doctors that he was losing blood fast. They took him into operation, and I left. I returned to work, only to be confronted by two guards. "Where were you?" one asked. "There was a man bleeding, so I had to rush him to ER." "Do we give a fuck what you did? No! You were supposed to be cutting down wood for our bonfire later, not rush some peon to an emergency room from some blood loss. The Warden is going to fry your ass for this." They left, and I continued my work. By the time I got done, the Warden wanted to see me. I went to his office, and closed the door. "I understand that you helped someone out while there was work to be done." "Yeah, so?" "Weren't you supposed to get the wood chopped down?" "Yeah." "So why didn't you?" "There was a man who went into shock from blood loss. You're supposed to be responsible for our safety. What happened to that?" "And was it a normal circumstance?" "No. It was an extreme circumstance." "I don't give two shits about some moron bleeding like a stuffed pig. If he dies, he dies." "You've gone corrupt with power." "And you're now going to the maximum security cells for the next six months for conspiracy. Boys, take him away." The two Elites handcuffed me, and escorted me to the maximum security cells. Almost three years of this bullshit can get to anyone's skin.

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March 12, 2555 - 4:13pm - Poseidon City Prison Maximum Security cells

Three weeks have gone by, and I got news that the guy who I saved got better, and returned to work. That's a sigh of relief. Leo came down to see me. "Hey, kid, I was wondering if you'd be interested in a job." "What kind of job?" "You'll be working for me as a "go for." You know, go for this, and go for that. You know simple jobs. I've already made arrangements with the Warden to let you out early, only if you accept my offer." "Do I get time to think on it?" "No. Your decision has to be made right now." "Alright, you got yourself a deal." "Good. I'll let the guards escort you out." He left, and the guards brought me back to my cell. When I got back, I headed straight for Leo's cell. I wonder what he has in store for me. When we got back, Leo and I sat down on the couch. "Thanks for getting me out of that..." "Shut up and listen to me, kid. I'm not the kind of guy who does things because I'm a nice guy. I do things for the younger generation because I believe they aren't smart enough to make such decisions on their own." "So you're saying I'm one of the younger generations? I'm thirty-six, so that's not exactly young." Leo gave me a gruff look, and cooked dinner. I can also tell he wasn't ready for explaining in greater detail about my job. He also didn't mention when I was going to start, but what I can tell from him is that there was a lot of work in store for me, and none of it was going to be easy.

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April 3, 2555 - 10:39am - Leo's Cell to Poseidon City Prison Garden

"So what exactly is this job you're giving me, and what's my pay? Give me all the details." "If you think I'm paying you in money, you can forget it. Like I said, you're going to be my gopher. Petey is set to be released in a couple of days, and you're taking his spot. If I need a favor done, you do that favor without question. You start today. If anyone steps out of line with you, excluding any guards, or the Warden, beat the shit out of them, just like you have beaten everyone else up. Your first order of business is go find an inmate named Shawn. Bring him to me. He's on the second floor, third to last cell on your left. Now get going. One more thing; since you're working for me, I'm going to let you have Petey's old room. Of course, you're responsible for your own stuff brought over here." I left Leo's cell to go find Shawn. I headed downstairs, but two guards blocked my path. "Where do you think you're going?" "That's none of your damn business. I work for Leo." "You may work for Leo, but you're still in the Warden's prison. Now get your ass to the garden. It needs tending to." Leo was going to be pissed off when he finds out that I couldn't get to Shawn. I went outside to see that the garden needed repairs, because rabbits and squirrels were damaging the fence. I went to the tool shed to fetch some wood, a hammer, nails, and a spool of barbed wire. I spent about five hours fixing the fence, and just before I finished, I saw three inmates running from a guard, who opened fire on them. I almost got shot, but was fortunate enough to get out of the way. The three inmates were dead before my feet, as I stared into their cold lifeless corpses. "Let this be a lesson to you. You try any funny business, and your ass is going to get shot" he said as he pointed his P90 at my throat. "Go put these bodies on a cart, and bring them to the dumping site." I got a cart from the tool shed; I set the bodies on the cart, and hauled them to the dumping site. When I got there, I saw about a dozen corpses all mangled up together. "Jesus fucking Christ, it smells" I said as I set the cart down. "Yeah? You think THIS smells bad? Go near the Warden when he is wearing that cheap ass cologne" the keeper said. "And thanks for the bodies. They'll go real well with the others." I turned paler the longer I stayed there, so I dropped the bodies off, and ran as fast as I can. "I think I lost my appetite." I returned to fixing the fence, and managed to make it even better than before. "That's mighty impressive, Mr. Carver. I've never seen such expertise on these fences" the same guard who pointed his P90 at my throat said. "My first job was a carpenter, before I joined the Poseidon City Police." "I don't give a shit about your past life; get your ass to the other fences. And hurry up." I spent the rest of the day fixing fences. The Warden was impressed with my carpentry, as he was watching me on his monitors. By the time I got to Shawn's cell, I was too tired to complete Leo's task. I somehow managed to get Shawn to come to Leo's cell, and I returned back too. "It's about fucking time you came back. What the hell were you doing?" "I was fixing fences, and dumping dead bodies at the dumping site." "They usually don't let inmates deal with dead bodies. They have specialists that take care of that." "I'm going to bed. It's been a long day." "Well, get plenty of rest, because the days are only going to get longer."

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May 28, 2555 - 3:21pm - Poseidon City Prison Visitors Lodge

I sat down at booth six, when the same woman who was helping me out appeared. She even wore the exact same outfit as before. "I'm getting closer to have everything ready. You'll be out in one year's time, but like I said, when you get out of jail, you owe me BIG time." "Why can't you reveal anything to me? Every year, you keep telling me that when you release me from jail, I owe you. What exactly do I owe you, and what's with the secrecy bullshit??" "Are you really this stupid, or has the jail locked you out of common sense?" She came closer to the window, and I put my ear next to it, and she whispered. "If word got out that I was helping you, everyone would want to be helped out. And you can't reveal this to anyone else. Am I clear?" "Yes ma'am." "You're the first guy to say ma'am to me. You're not as stupid as I thought you were. You're kind of cute too. I have to go. I'll see you next year." As she was getting ready to leave, the inmates ogled her. "This isn't a peep show, boys. Go back to what you were doing" she instructed. I still had a sneaky hunch about her. We'll see in one year's time.

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June 11, 2555 - 7:04am - Poseidon City Prison Kitchen

I was getting breakfast ready for the inmates, when out of the blue, the head chef returned, and I can tell he wanted me dead. "It's been a long time, Carver" he said with bandages around his head. "Because of you, I've lost about thirty percent of vision from my left eye. And I have burns on my face which scarred me for life. Hurry up with preparing breakfast, and then we'll head outside to finish what we've started; only this time, you're going to be the dead man." Denise tried to step in, but she ended up being thrown aside, and with a sprained ankle. "You don't do that to a lady, asshole" I told him "especially your sister." "If anyone gets in my way, be it male or female, I'll throw them aside like a bad habit." He took off his bandages, and I saw a horribly scarred face. "Because of you, Carver, I look like a hideous monster." "HEY! You threw yourself into the fire. It wasn't my fault that you couldn't stop yourself." He reached for a meat cleaver. "Carver, this time I'm going to finish this, and I'm going to serve your body to the inmates." He charged at me with the meat cleaver, and took a swing, and when Denise tried to step in to stop our fight, causing him to stop mid swing. "Stop! You're acting ridiculous" she said. "Step aside, Denise. I've got some unfinished business to deal with. And if you don't want to get hurt, I suggest you leave immediately. This is going to get extremely brutal." He continued his advances towards me, and started to swing again, only this time, he went full throttle, when Denise stepped in again, only this time, she got hit in the shoulder with the meat cleaver. She went down, and started bleeding profusely. The head chef was agape about what he did. "YOU fucking idiot! Look what you did!" "Me?! You swung the knife and hit her, not I." He ran to her side, and called for help. Several guards stepped in, and separated me from the head chef and his sister. He told the guards that I was trying to murder his sister, who is obviously lying, but unfortunately, the odds of an inmate telling the truth are slim to none. I was taken away to the Maximum Security cells, again, and Denise was taken to the hospital. Leo stepped in the guards' way, and demanded to release me. They did, and went back to their duty. "Thanks, Leo." But Leo slapped me in the face as hard as he could, and it stung pretty well. "Goddammit, Wes, what the hell's wrong with you? You go around beating people up. I can't believe I hired you to be my gopher, and I couldn't be any more proud." I was in a state of confusion. "Why did you slap me then?" "Because, Wes, you needed it. You've been too soft as of late. I slapped Petey around, and I'm going to do the same to you. I need a favor to be done. I heard that there's going to be a rally tomorrow afternoon. It looks like the inmates are getting tired of all this crap, and decided to start a full scale riot. There's an inmate name Brian you need to talk to. Tell him that I want this riot to stop. It's not that I care, because I really don't give a shit what they do, but I don't want to read about a blood bath in the morning paper. Go take care of it, now. Brian will be in his cell on the fifth floor, and hurry, because breakfast is about to start." I ran upstairs to Brian's cell. I knocked, and an obese man, in his late thirties, stepped out. "Yeah" he said in a slur. "Are you Brian?" "What's it to you buddy?" he asked. "I'm here on Leo's behalf, and he wants you to..." "He wants me to stop the riot? Look buddy, there's no going back. Either you're with us, or you're against us." I started to yell that the Elitists are coming in tomorrow, and they're taking over the regular guards' duties, but he was too far away to catch that. "If he ends up dead, that's not my problem." I ran back to Leo and told him about the news. "Did you get the message across to Brian?" "Yeah, but he's still going through with it." "Dammit. Look, go find Brice, and tell him to convince Brian not to go through with this riot." I ran to find Brice's cell. Fortunately, I ran into him. He was in his late twenties, thin, and covered in

tattoos. "Brice, I need you to convince Brian not to start this riot tomorrow." "Sorry, buddy, no can do. Tomorrow, we get our freedom back." That's what I was afraid of. "Fuck" I said. "What now?" To my knowledge, I met another inmate with close ties to Brian. His name was Dustin. He is an African American of above average height with enough muscle to beat down anyone. Maybe he can convince Brian to stop the riots. "Dustin? Are you around?" "Hey, Wes, what's up buddy?" "Listen, you need to speak to Brian right now, and tell him to call off the riot for tomorrow afternoon." "Look, Wes, we're buds, but I can't just tell Brian to call of the riot. He's too focused into it. You should join us. You were a soldier, weren't you?" "Yeah, but..." "Then why not join us? This could be your one time shot at freedom." "Don't you have any fucking clue what's going to happen if news broke out about a massive prison riot, and ALL the inmates escaped?! They'll send in the Black Dogs, hunt and kill any escaped inmates, and possibly anyone who's trying to hide prisoners." "I don't care, Wes. Either join us, or fuck off." Dustin bolted towards the kitchen. "Shit. This isn't going to end well." I returned to Leo, and told him that the riots were still on. "Okay, listen. Tomorrow afternoon, you go find out where those Elites are coming from, report back to me, and don't get yourself killed."

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June 12, 2555 - 2:12pm - Poseidon City Prison Courtyard

"My fellow inmates" Brian shouted, as I was sneaking around the base, trying to find the Elites. "We are tired of being treated like animals at this shithole. We are tired of doing manual labor." I still didn't have any luck with the Elites. If I knew Shinra Corp., I know that these Elites had some sort of camouflage. The same device that Corporal Andrea Shayfield stole and she ended up dead because of it. "I ask you, my fellow brothers, to join me in glorious combat as we bring down these sons of bitches" he shouted as he waved a Beretta. "Where the fuck did he get that?!" I thought to myself. "Now, my fellow inmates, let's tear this prison down, and get our freedom back." The other inmates dispersed, and started heading towards separate sections. They started to chop down the barbed wire fences, but the towers were watching and opened fire. About seven or eight inmates went down. Brian shot and killed one of the tower watchers. More inmates were heading to the south end. There, more watchmen opened fire, and four inmates went down. About a minute into the riot, the Elites revealed themselves, with HK21s in hand, and all the inmates surrendered immediately. These guys were decked out in Kevlar armor, with blast resistant padding, thick helmets to deflect shots, masks and visors to keep their identity secret. These guys mean business. I managed to sneak back inside to my cell before I got caught. The Elites took the surviving inmates to the spot where they arrange the deaths of inmates via the firing squad. The Warden called for an assembly, and we all went to the gathering spot. When we got there, we saw about a dozen inmates lined up, including Dustin and Brian, and two Elites with their HK21s armed and ready. "I bet you would like to applaud them for their 'heroics'. If you want to cheer for them, then you shall be joining them, as they are about to die. If anyone doesn't see this action for their eyes, they will die on the spot. This will demonstrate what happens when someone decides to start a resistance at my prison. From this point forward, anyone who even thinks about starting a resistance shall be put to death. **THERE WILL BE NO MORE RIOTS OR RESISTANCES OF ANY KIND IN MY PRISON!!!** I can also see that some of them have already met my Elites. They will be taking over my regular guards' duties. Unlike my regular guards, who will only fire when threatened, these guys will fire at any time, regardless if the offense is a minor infraction. Before they die, the inmate responsible for all this shall say his last words." Brian stepped forward, and offered his last words. "You can all go to hell" he said as he spat in the Warden's face. He wiped the spit off, Brian returned to his spot, and the Warden instructed the Elites to prepare themselves. "Gentlemen, FIRE!" shouted the Warden. The Elites fired, and the inmates became lifeless corpses. "Return to your duties immediately" one of the Elites instructed. "I knew this was going to happen" I told Leo. "There's nothing we can do now, Wes." "Yeah...there isn't. If they'd only listened, this wouldn't have happened." "Even if they did, I doubt they would take our case seriously."

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July 6, 2555 - 1:24pm - Poseidon City Emergency Room

To my surprise, I was actually working in the Emergency Room of the Prison (they normally don't do this sort of thing because there have been reports of inmates stealing prescription drugs from the pharmacy, and getting high or wasted from the medications.) Since I told the Warden I had basic first aid training and basic physical exam training (this was required by all enlistees in the New Republic's Army), he agreed (for once) to let me work in the Emergency Room for the day. I was doing physicals with each inmate (they were required to have a physical every year for their stay so that the Warden can keep track of any ailments or disabilities (like the Warden is going to care). I was ready for my next patient, when I ran into Petey. "Jesus fucking Christ, what happened to you?" "Some bastards jumped me from behind while I was in the shower." I took a closer look at Petey's face, and he has multiple bruises and scrapes. "Let me guess, you were in a fight?" "No. I was in a mauling." "At least you don't have any broken bones." "Yeah. That's true." I started Petey's physical by using a stethoscope to Petey's heart. I wrote down normal. I then placed the stethoscope to Petey's back, checking his breathing. That was normal as well. I then checked Petey's pulse. After about thirty seconds, I wrote down one twenty over ninety-three. "So far, so good, Petey" I told him. Since we weren't allowed to touch the inmates' bodies (with our bare hands), I brought in a machine that checked to see if Petey has a hernia (yes, even procedures regarding physicals have changed). The machine placed a mechanical hand on Petey's testicles, I told him to turn his head and cough. He coughed very clearly. "Okay. Now turn your head the other way." He coughed again very clearly. "Despite you getting beaten up, you have a clean bill of health." "Thank, Wes." "Petey, you're to report to screening for urine checking." Petey got dressed and he left. The next patient had really blood shut eyes. I couldn't tell if he was sick or high on any drugs. He gave me a psychotic look in his eyes, and started moving towards me. "Look. Just relax, and everything will be fine." He ignored my warning, and took a needle and pointed it at my face. "Now you die motherfucker" he said while his eyes wandered all over the place. I pressed the button for assistance, but there was no answer. What the hell I am going to do, I thought to myself. He began to creep closer and closer towards me, and he thrust the needle into my right calf. I fought off the pain, and managed to tackle him down to the floor. I got his arms behind his back and I tied them up. I escorted him to Draining (which is like Rehabilitation...sort of) and the specialists hooked special IVs to the veins in his arm, drained his blood (this process drains all the blood out of the body, (but leaves enough to keep the vitals going at a slower pace), filters any impurities [like drugs, poisons, etc] and then drains the impurities into a separate container that needs to be disposed of), and returns the clean blood back into his body. The process is instantaneous, and the patient doesn't even realize the work's done. The patient is then unhooked, and sent into a room for the night. I told them that he stuck a needle into my leg, and I don't know what was in the syringe. They told me to lie down, and hooked clean IVs into my body, doing the exact same thing as before. They told me since I don't have any impurities in my body; I was able to return to work. I spent the next nine hours doing patients, and I'm getting tired. Afterward, I started to have hallucinations about my events from the past. I was sweating bullets at an alarming rate, my eyes were dilating, I was breathing heavier and heavier each second, and I blacked out. I sent out an S.O.S., and the medical staff got me into a wheelchair, and escorted me down to Draining, where I was being drained again. The doctor told me that I had a reaction to the Diazepam that was in the syringe. I was told to stay the night for further observations.

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August 4, 2555 - 10:54am - Poseidon City Prison Warden's Office

Leo was brought into the Warden's office. "I brought you in here, Mr. DeCerevant, because I understand that Weston Carver is under your watch." "So he is. And why did you want to see me?" "It's because you seem to have some sort of bond with him. You can make it easy, or you can make it hard on yourself. Just tell me; what sort of things are you making Wes do?" "What I'm doing is none of your business." "I see. Just so you know, Leo, there is a No Resistance Policy. Any sort of resistance could put you on death row, and we wouldn't want that, now would we?" "Remember this, you kill me, and you'll have ten other men, Wes included, breathing down your neck." "Do you think that I'm intimidated around you? Let me remind you of something, Leo, I have armed men, ready to deal with you, and your so called "posse". Do you think for one second that I'm going to be threatened by some old fart like yourself?" Leo got up from his chair and headed towards the door. "Before you leave, tell Wes that I'm going to keep an extra set of eyes on him." Leo didn't say a word, and closed the door. He turned to his Elites and stated "Leo's going to be a tougher egg to crack than I thought. But don't worry, I'll make him talk. I always do." When Leo returned to his cell, I asked him what that was all about. He said "The Warden is suspicious about our activities. He thinks we're going to start another resistance, and reminded me of the No Resistance Policy." "He's gone off his rocker even more so" I told him. "I wouldn't be surprised if it were true, Wes" Leo said.

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August 29, 2555 - 12:48pm - Poseidon City Prison Warden's office

I was called into the Warden's office. It seems like he had a very interesting discussion waiting for me. "You know, Wes, word has it that there is some woman out there who is going to help you in one year's time. It is against policy to reveal any details of what's going to happen, but it's perfectly legal for me to get the name of the woman who is going to help you. What's her name?" "I can't tell you. I've been sworn to secrecy." "Really? My Elites don't think so. Unlike my regular guards, these guys can make you talk. Remember, Wes, no resistance." Two Elites took me into the interrogation room, and tied me up to a chair. This is like déjà vu all over again, except instead of a female interrogating me, it was two Elites. The first guy dropped his HK21, and gave me a solid right hook. "Talk, you piece of garbage" he shouted. "I can't tell" I told him. He gave me another right hook. I can feel my jaw loosening a little. "Talk, dammit" he shouted. "I told you, I don't know anything" I answered, as I spat some blood. The Elite grabbed his HK21, and whipped me in the temple with it. "Are you going to talk, or are we going to turn you into our personal punching bag?" "I still can't reveal anything." "Okay, you piece of garbage. You asked for it." The second Elite joined in, and he hit me in the temple with his HK21. "Are you going to say anything, or are we going to beat you to a bloody mess?" "You guys are nothing but big pussies." While the first Elite pointed his HK21 at me, the second stepped in and said "NO! I've got a better idea." The two Elites left the interrogation room temporarily, and I started to get myself untied. Unfortunately, the material was made to counter act any struggle to get free. It felt tighter and tighter the more I tried to get myself free. About twenty minutes later, the Elites returned, and brought Leo with them. "You and this old fart have a unique bond. Why don't you tell him what you won't tell us?" "Wes, it may be better if you told them what you know, so that you can live." "I'm sorry; Leo, but I can't do that." "Wes, you're making a huge mistake." One of the Elites walked towards me and told me "if I can't make you talk, maybe your friend here will make you, when we start interrogating him." They tied Leo down to a chair, and one started to beat the crap out of him. It was extremely painful to watch, and I fought valiantly to resist, but the more I looked at him, the more painful it was to watch. "Are you ready to talk?" I told them to fuck off, so they continued beating Leo down. "Remember, Wes, this is hurting you more than us" one of the Elites told me. Leo was continuing to resist their blows. Half an hour later, Leo was bruised, but he was still alive. Leo stuttered to me "Wes, just tell them" while he was getting beat up some more. I continued to keep my mouth shut. Another half hour went by, and Leo was in even worse shape than before. "Wes...just tell them...." said Leo while he was still getting beaten up. I heard the bones in Leo's body being broken, one piece at a time. I couldn't stand seeing Leo getting beat up this bad, but I can't break my promise to the woman who is going to help me get out of prison. After another hour of abuse, I finally snapped. "Alright, I'll tell you everything you need to know!" The Elites stopped beating up Leo, and walked towards me. "Okay, boy, start talking." "The woman who is helping me is a Russian woman, like some sort of mafiosa." One of the Elites recalled hearing about a woman who has ties with a powerful crime family. This little bit of information was enough to find out who this woman is. They left, I cut the ropes that were restraining me, and ran to Leo's side. He was in really critical condition. "Leo. Don't worry, I'll get you to the..." I said as Leo puts his hand on my lips. "Wes, don't grieve about me. I've been here long enough, and now is the time for me to go." I asked if he had one last request. "There is something you can do for me..." he said. "What do you want me to do?" "End my suffering. I managed to snag a pistol from one of the Elites while he was beating

me up. Take it, and put an end to my suffering." I took the pistol, turned off the safety, and pointed the gun to his head. I looked into his eyes, and I envisioned a soul tapping onto the eye, begging to be released. I tried hard to fight the tears that were swelling in my eyes. "This is good bye, Leo" I told him as I fired a round into his temple. I dropped the gun, and I saw the blood gushing from his head. While Leo was out of his suffering, I managed to put myself into more suffering. I set the pistol on his corpse, and said good bye to Leo. Before I left, I closed Leo's eyes. I walked back to my cell, knowing that I won't have anyone to guide me through prison life anymore. I spent the rest of the day, lying in Leo's former cell, crying myself to sleep. This had to be the most heartless thing I've ever done, even if it was meant to end Leo's suffering.

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September 6, 2555 - 11:18am - Poseidon City Prison Courtyard

It's been over a week since Leo's death. I find myself in a huge cell, by myself. I realized that I need a gopher now, because without one, who would do my dirty work? I went out to the courtyard, when I saw about two dozen inmates asking me whether Leo was murdered, or if he committed suicide. Since I always take an oath to protect somebody's private life, I told them he committed suicide, even though it was evident I shot him. I sat down on the bench, looking into the sunny sky, when I was approached by some of Leo's old friends. "It was a shame that Leo isn't with us anymore" one of the inmates told me. "He was like a father figure to us. He made us do crooked things, but he was always there when we needed it most." "Yeah..." I told them. They left, and I spent the rest of the day just looking around the courtyard. While I was relaxing, I took the time to reflect on what Leo has done for me. I never even said I love you to him. He really was like a second father to me (my biological father was killed in combat).

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September 19, 2555 - 10:13am - Warden's office

I was being called into the Warden's office to make sure that Leo's death was suicidal, and not murder. "I asked you here, Mr. Carver, to help me make sure that Leo's death was one hundred percent suicidal. I also want to refresh your memory about what happened that day. Now, I ask you, was Leo's death suicidal, or did you kill him?" "Leo's death was suicidal." "Oh, really? If I were to play this tape back, I think it would us a different story." The Warden played back the video of us being interrogated by two Elites. He fast forwarded the boring parts, and stopped at the part where I pointed the gun at Leo's head. "This video is telling me a whole different story altogether." "Leo asked me to end his suffering, which I did." "That's interesting, but noble. You were asked to end someone else's suffering with a single bullet to his head. The death of Leo DeCerevant will be ruled as suicidal, but only if you wear this collar for the rest of your sentencing." The collar the Warden showed me had a camera, and a motion tracker, which not only monitored where the person was going, but also captured any video footage of their actions. He also said that if I was to tamper with the lock, the collar would go off, and my head would explode to a million pieces. "Alright. You got yourself a deal." The Warden ruled Leo's death as suicidal, and he put the collar around my neck. It felt more like a noose instead of a collar. I walked out of his office, and I overheard the Warden ranting like crazy. "DAMMIT! We almost had Carver put to death! No matter. We must keep our focus to the task at hand. We must find out who this woman is, and get rid of her." I've got a bad feeling about this. One of the inmates saw me with a collar, and laughed. "Looks like you're the Warden's personal bitch now" he said. "Hey. I'd take a bullet for Leo if I was given a choice. This shows how loyal you are to your friends. It's a shame you don't have any." "At least I didn't betray my country" he responded. I had the urge to fight, but I realized that this collar was recording my every action, not to mention I was being tracked as well. I simply walked by, when he taunted "you're nothing but a fucking pussy!" I got back to my cell, only to see it occupied by someone else. "What're you doing in my cell?" "Didn't you hear? Leo was to give his cell to his son following his death." "And I'm guessing you're his son?" "You got that right. You must be Weston Carver, or should I say, backstabber." I looked at him really confused. "Listen. I'm sorry for what I did to your father, but he wanted me to end his suffering." "It really doesn't matter. You shouldn't have done it in the first place. And now that you murdered my father, I get his cell. I suggest you leave, before you get thrown out. Say, is that a collar around your neck?" "You can call it that. I call it a 24 hour spy surveillance device." "Boy, the Warden really chewed you up, didn't he?" "I guess so. I better get going." "Wait. You know, you did help my father out by ending his suffering, so you're not all bad. But I can't exactly say I forgive you for what you did. I'll tell you what; if you become my gopher, you can stay in this cell." "Alright. It's only fair that your father wanted to continue the DeCerevant lineage." "By the way, my name's Adam." Adam and I spent the rest of the day talking about his father's legacy. I asked him if he wants the body buried in the prison instead of being thrown to the dumping site. "You'd do that for me? Have a proper burial instead of being mangled up with the rest of the corpses? Yeah, that sounds good. I'll go talk to the Warden and make arrangements." Adam went up to the Warden's office, while I sat here, waiting for a response. Adam returned an hour later, and said it's arranged. The funeral will be in two weeks. I can tell that Adam has his father's good side.

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October 3, 2555 - 11:49am - Poseidon City Prison Courtyard

This was the day of Leo's funeral. Since neither of us can leave the prison, the funeral was held here. I looked into the sky; there were very dark gray clouds. It seemed appropriate for this type of day. It started to rain very heavily, or more accurately, it was the heavens sending tears to earth, knowing that another life was tragically taken. In the distance, I saw a black hearse along with about a half dozen other cars pull into the prison. The Paul bearer opened the back of the hearse. A casket, made from pine, and polished to a pristine shine, was brought in to put Leo's body into. It took six of us to carry the casket to the burial site that Adam asked for. I was surrounded by Adam's family, including his wife, Patricia, and their son, Daniel. Several of Leo's closest friends were in attendance for the funeral. The body was lowered into the courtyard, and we proceeded to bury the body. Since Leo served in the New Republic's Army, there was a 21 gun salute in honor for Leo's time in the Army. After the funeral, Adam came to me, tapped my shoulder, and said "Wes. Thanks for making this happen. That was very thoughtful of you burying my father here." I nodded, and went back to the cell. I don't know how Adam's feeling after all this, but I felt it in my best interest to leave him alone for the rest of the day.

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January 4, 2556 - 2:34pm - Poseidon City Prison Maximum Security cells

I was on janitorial duties, but instead of cleaning out the regular cells, I was assigned to clean the maximum security cells, since the inmates are out working for the day. I was just about done with the final cell, when the Elite came in, and decided to dirty up the place with his boots. "You missed a cell, boy. Get off your lazy ass, and get back to work" he shouted. Like I said, I was being monitored by the Warden, and unlike the regular guards, these guys would shoot me on sight if I resisted, so I went back to work. I was just getting ready to head out, when I started to see the inmates return from their work, and in less than five seconds, the place looked like a bad day at the baseball field. So I had to reclean the place, again, and this time, things looked clean...for now. I got my things and started to leave when I overheard two Elites talking about framing me for threatening the Warden's life. I can tell this wasn't going to be pleasant, but if I didn't do anything, the odds of me surviving is going to be next to nothing. So while one wasn't looking, I grabbed one of the guards by the neck, and took his Desert Eagle, and pointed it at the other Elite. I told him to drop his gun, but he instinctively opened fire. The bullets managed to deflect off his partner, and scattered all over the place. The other Elite fought his way out of my grip, and pointed his HK21 at my head. I surrendered, and both Elites escorted me to an empty cell. They told me that I was in big trouble. When they went to the Warden's office, he jumped for joy when he found out that I was demonstrating a resistance, and I was being sentenced to death. My death sentence was set for December 31, 2556. I'm going to be dead before the New Year. How wonderful, unless the woman who is going to get me out of jail actually keeps her end of the deal.

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March 22, 2556 - 4:23am - Wes' Cell

Since I was going to die in nine months, I had visions of my past come to me before my eyes. I was having clear visions of my child hood, with my parents still alive, and remembering my first gun fire. My dad was so proud of me on that day. He told me that I was going to be the finest soldier the New Republic Army will ever have. I also recall hearing about the sad news that my father was killed in combat from my mother. She was so broken down that day, that I did everything in my power to help support her, even though I was only five at the time. But at the same time, I became a man, and this was when I learned the lesson about moving on with life. I was having visions of graduating high school, and going on to the Poseidon City Police Academy. I was so excited that day, I could hardly contain myself. I was only nineteen when I passed the exam and twenty-five when I reached Lieutenant, reaching the rank in the shortest amount of time. While Lieutenant isn't the highest rank, it's enough for someone to start overseeing new recruits. But during my time with the Poseidon City Police, my mother developed skin cancer. I had to leave for a while to take care of her, but she passed away in 2540. While the death was traumatic, I had no choice but to push onward. I later left the Police Department, to join SWAT. I remember the training was extremely brutal, and out of the hundreds of applicants, myself and two others were the only ones who passed. I had to start over as a private, but I quickly rose through the ranks and reached Lieutenant in only six years, a record in their book. I had such a good time with the guys; I decided to take my skill to another level; by joining the New Republic Army. Unlike SWAT, there were thousands of applicants who wanted to join, but the training was even more brutal than before. This was where I first met Michelle Geraldski, a tall, slim blond woman with bluish eyes that would calm any man. She and I became quick friends, and at one time, engaged to be married, but she had to call off the engagement due to a personal matter (not with me, of course). When 2551 rolled around, I was honored by taking the task of leading some of the Green Hats through Operation Gold Viper and Operation Broken Dreams. At least these were some of the best days of my life. Then came March 4, 2552; Operation Silver Martyr. Colonel Douglass was in charge of this operation, and we were ordered to rescue a VIP without any casualties. Douglass said the most effective way to get the VIP out was using a charger on the door, so that the blast would surprise the captor. I placed the charger on the door, and Douglass ordered me to set the charge off. I entered the door first, and it was pitch black. I recalled Douglass entering after me, and I heard two gun shots, one hitting the terrorist, and the other the VIP. I remembered Douglass exiting, with a depressed look on his face, and telling the other Green Hats that we've failed. I also recall that he pinned the VIP's death on me. I woke up, in a cold sweat, and laying back down, staring at the ceiling, and going back to sleep.

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May 12, 2556 - 8:32am - Poseidon City Prison Kitchen

I was looking at the line, when I noticed an inmate decided to cut in front of all of us. He said he wanted to be served first, but the Elites said that he'll be served last because of his behavior. When he refused to listen, one of the Elites pistol whipped his head, causing a deep gash, and he was starting to bleed. They warned that if anyone stepped out of line with them, they'll be next. Everyone took the warning, myself also, and proceeded with breakfast without incident. The waffles they were serving were as hard as dinner plates, and the bacon tasted like burnt leather. The eggs were especially spongy. It wasn't much, but at least I didn't starve. I was assigned to work in the garden today. I went outside following breakfast, and I started to cultivate the field. I also had to dig out any weeds, since the Warden wants his gardens weed free. He also wants a new fence built up, so that rabbits and squirrels wouldn't damage his garden. When that was done, I planted new seeds into the ground, and gave them fresh water, so they'll grow. When that was done, I had to go around the entire prison, and pull out any troublesome plants that could cause damage to the prison itself. This task alone took me all day to complete, and when I was done, I was sweatier than a waterfall. I had to leave the outside for a while, and I was told that one of the inmates cut himself while cutting trees down. So I had no choice but to take his spot, and went to the forest. I grabbed a saw, and I had to cut the tree down to lumber, so that the prison had wood for building, and for the bonfire the Elites are having later tonight. I spent about seven hours just getting lumber for these guys. And when that was done, I was too tired to do anything else.

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June 25, 2556 - 1:09pm - Poseidon City Prison Visitors Lodge

I was sitting in booth five, when the exact same woman, wearing the exact same outfit, came to my booth. "I have made all the necessary arrangements for you to be released from this dump" she said. "Thanks for helping me out." "Helping you?! Sweetheart, I don't do things because I'm nice. I do things because my superiors told me to. Besides I made it perfectly clear that you owe me for this. And you will repay the favor when that time comes." "I guess I'll go get my things." "No need. I've made arrangements for your stuff to be brought to your new place in Poseidon City. You're going to enjoy your freedom for a while, but when the time comes, you'll be paying me back." But then, two Elites came in, and pointed their HK21s at her head. "You're coming with us, Ms..." but before he can complete his sentence, the woman fired her FN FNP into each of their heads, killing them instantly. I knew this wasn't going to end well. "Get out of the way" the woman told me as two more Elites came in to my side and opened fire. She rolled a hand grenade down my side of the booth, which went off after four seconds, killing both guards instantly. "Step back" she told me as she was planting a C-4 charge on the sheet of plastic. She detonated the charge, and I made my escape. Three more inmates followed, only for her to stop them. "You boys go back to what you were doing" she told them as she was waving her FN FNP at them. They went back to their conversations. I followed the woman to the entryway, which was blocked off by three Elites, who opened fire on us. I managed to grab a Desert Eagle from one of the dead guards, and got in three shots to their heads. "Impressive, inmate" she told me. "I was a veteran of many wars. I know my way around a gun..." "Spare me the history, and move" she said. The Warden ordered an immediate lockdown of the place, in hopes of keeping us in. When we got to the exit, the door slammed shut, both in front, and behind us, and a gas started to emit from the floors and ceiling. "What is this shit?" she asked me. "Knock out gas. Don't breathe it in." We both tried very hard to hold our breaths, but the gas was too overpowering, and we fainted in a matter of seconds. After which, the Warden reopened the doors, and ordered four Elites to make sure we were knocked out. When the Elites came close to us, the woman let loose with a flash bang, which blinded the guards, and we made our way to an elevator. "Looks like we're going to be delayed" the woman told me. I readied myself, pointing my gun at the elevator door, while she pointed her MP5 in the other direction. When the door opened, we pointed our guns towards the door, and a janitor came out, hands held high. "Get out of our way. We have nothing against you" she told him. He got out of our way, and we stepped in, hitting the button for the fifth floor. Just as we did, we saw the four Elites who got blinded, and started to fire on us. Just as the woman started to open fire, she got hit with a bullet, which struck her arm. I stepped in, shot and killed the four Elites. "Are you alright" I asked her. "I'm fine. Let's go find the Warden." I gave her my shirt to cover up the wound, and stop the bleeding. "Thanks" she said as she wrapped my shirt around her wound. The elevator was going up to the fifth floor, when the power suddenly got cut, and the same nerve gas as before emitted from the ceiling. It was even harder for us to hold our breaths, and we collapsed again onto the floor. The elevator stopped on the fifth floor, and the Elites came in and were ordered to take our bodies down to a maximum security cell. But first, we were brought into the Warden's office, for a little chit chat.

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June 28, 2556 - 11:03am - Warden's Office to Poseidon City Prison Maximum Security cells

When we came in, the Elites tied our hands to the handles of the chairs. One of the Elites told the Warden that they now have a female prisoner, which was a surprise to them. "This is a big surprise, indeed" the Warden said to us. "I've never had a female prisoner before. And might I say, I've never had a beautiful prisoner before." "Well, enjoy it while you can, fat boy, because I'm going to be the last female prisoner you've ever had." He walked towards the woman, and started to move towards her face, as to sneak a kiss in. "Let me tell you something, my dear, you're going to bring quite a lot of attention to yourself, now that you're here. It's not often we get females here, so this will be quite a treat for our inmates. "If you think you're going to let the inmates have their way with her, you're dead wrong" I told him. The woman was speechless about what I said, as if I was standing up for her. He turned his head towards me and told me "My my, aren't we brave and bold? I can assure you, Mr. Carver, that this woman also has a collar on her pretty little neck, just like you have one on yours, exactly the same." He walked towards the woman again. "You should be honored to be the first woman in my prison. This'll go down in history that not only did I bring in my first female inmate, but also brought in a member of the legendary Oorumov crime family." She looked at me, and told me not to acknowledge her name. I agreed to do so. He walked towards me, and said "since this is a first for me, I'm going to have to separate you two. Under normal circumstances, she would have to be transported to a woman's only prison. But since the closest is over two hundred miles away, I have no choice but to keep her for a while, until I can think of the proper punishment. Boys, take them away." We got up, and headed towards the door. Before we exited, the Warden stopped by, and said to her "welcome to your new home." She responded by spitting on his face. He laughed, and gave her a good slap. She went down, and I ran to her side. "You don't EVER hit a woman like that, especially if she can't defend herself." The woman was stunned again by my heroics. "Well, isn't that a shame that such a rule doesn't exist in my prison. Besides, she'll be first to be sent to death." The woman got up, and we walked out of his office. "Thanks for sticking up for me in my time of need." "Don't mention it" I told her. When we got out, all of the inmates started to cat call her, and made derogatory comments towards her. Since she can't defend herself, the Elites pointed their guns towards the inmates to make sure none of them did anything funny. We got downstairs, and started heading towards the maximum security cells. When we got outside, more inmates started cat calling her. Unlike me, she had more Elites protecting her. I wasn't sure if they were protecting her from the inmates, or from me. Either way, nobody got close to her. After all, if you saw a HK21 pointed in your direction, wouldn't you back off? When we got to the maximum security cells, the receptionist said no females allowed, but one of the Elites told him that the Warden wants her here. He agrees, and she went in first. She took cell sixty two, while I took cell eighty. When the Elites released us from our handcuffs, the woman tried to fight them, but was quickly gun whipped to the ground. Our doors locked, and we had no method of communicating with each other. Just then, I noticed a small bump that was in my back pocket. What I thought was a pebble, was actually a small radio with a microphone attached to it. I placed the radio in my ear, and I heard the woman's voice. "Are you still alive?" she asked. I said yes. "Good. Now we need to get out of here." "You got any ideas?" "Just watch." It's kind of strange that I can't actually watch her because there are no visible viewpoints in these cells. She held her hand out with a handkerchief in tow. She tried to lure the guard towards her cell, but no luck. She tried to show a little leg, but that failed also. "Miss, these guards are trained to resist any type of persuasion" I told her over the

radio. "Well, I'm going to have to kick things up a little." She took off her trench-coat, sunglasses, and bandana; she decided to use her body to lure a guard to her cell. Since I can't see her face, or see what's going on, I had no choice but to pray for the best. One of the Elites walked by her cell, and saw her body on the floor, with blood coming out. He opened the door, rushed in, and the woman jumped him when he got close. She cleaned the blood off her stomach, got her clothes back on, grabbed his keys, and came to my cell. Before she did, she shut the door on her former cell and locked it. She ran towards my cell, and started trying each key. "What happened?" I asked her. "He tripped on his own feet. Men, they're so careless." "Ahem." "Except you" she said hesitantly. "I hope you find the right key soon, because I have an odd feeling, we may have company." She kept trying each key, but to little success. "Dammit. Well, we're going to have to try something extreme." She told me to step back, got her FN FNP out, and started shooting the locks, but failed. "How did you sneak a gun into the cells?" "My gun is custom made, capable of bypassing any security. This gun is also untraceable and doesn't set the detectors off when you walk through them. It ended up costing me over six hundred thousand dollars, but it was worth it." "Well, I hope you can think of something else, because these doors were made to withstand even the strongest blows." "You don't know me very well, do you? I don't quit on a job, even if it's saving your butt." By the time she got an idea of what to do, several Elites showed up, and started searching the cells for their missing comrade. "Check EACH cell. We don't leave until ALL the cells have been checked." "Yes sir" they replied. "Oh shit" she said. "Quick, lay down" she told me as she tossed me a small tube with fake blood in it. I placed the blood on my stomach, and proceeded to play possum. When the guards got to cell fifty, they started to see something in the distance. They weren't sure what it was, but they continued their inspection. When they reached cell sixty two, one of the guards saw their fellow Elite unconscious. They opened the door, and when all of them stepped inside, the woman appeared, and told them to drop their weapons. They were caught off guard, and they complied with her order. She pointed her gun to one of the Elites, and asked him to come to her, which he did. She told the rest to look away, and they end up facing the wall, and she told the Elite to kill his comrades, or she'll kill them all. He pointed his HK21 at them, and opened fire. They all went down. She told him to come with her, and she locked the door. "There's a dead body in cell eighty. It has been decomposing for the last few days. GET RID OF IT!" "Yes, ma'am" he said. They went down to my cell, the guard opened the door, and when he stepped inside, she knocked him out with her pistol. I got up, and cleaned myself off. "You owe me even more for this" she told me. "Okay. We need to get out of here. You know your way around the prison better than I do. We need to get to the Warden's office without causing too much trouble. Lead the way." I grabbed the HK21 from the unconscious Elite, and closed the door. Since we couldn't go out the way we came, there was another path that led us through the courtyard. This path was less traveled, and less known to both inmates and guards. Even the Warden doesn't know it exists, so we can use this to our advantage. When we got there, the area was like a maze; a HUGE rat maze. I was guessing this was built for escapees, who would rather starve to death than be caught. The Warden was getting suspicious of his Elites' status, and ordered two more to go find them. They went down to the Maximum Security cells, and when they got there, they didn't find anything too suspicious...yet. They did a thorough search of each cell. When they got to cell sixty two, they saw a bunch of bodies on the floor, and informed the Warden of our disappearance. He ordered an immediate lockdown of the Maximum Security cells, which wasn't good for us. We hurried towards the exit, when we saw the door come crashing down on us. Unlike the other times

which had gas coming out of the floor and ceiling, there was no gas shooting out. "SHIT! What do we do now?" the woman asked. "Can I borrow some C-4?" "Why?" she asked. "Please?" "Alright, fine. Just don't waste it." She gave me a C-4, which I molded into a shape of a skull. She told me to get away from the blast. She set off the detonation, and caused the door to shatter into a million pieces. We made our way out, but not before overhearing some guards saying something about investigating further down the cells. We knew we had to hurry, and we ran towards an elevator. We pressed the button, but we weren't sure if the elevator was coming or not. After all, this is the first time anyone's used it. When the guards got to the entrance of the passage, one called off the search, and insisted that we starve to death in the maze. The elevator finally came, and we went in. When the door closed, the woman threw her arms around me and said "thank you for helping me..." "No. We're even." "Yes, but you still owe me though, and when that time comes, you'll pay me in full. Got it?" "Yes, ma'am" I told her. She laughed a little, which stunned me a little bit. When the elevator stopped, we were outside the Warden's office. The Warden was so irate at this point, that he even enlisted the inmates to help find us. What he didn't know was that we were right outside his office. We kicked the door down; I went in first, then the mysterious woman. "Alright, fat ass, you've got ten seconds to call off your dogs." "Or else what?" he chuckled. I punched him in the jaw, which sent him to the floor, and the woman came to him, grabbed him by his tie, and whispered "either my associate here gets released, or your brain gets released" she demanded while pointing her FN FPN at his head. "Attention, everybody; return to your activities immediately. That is an order" he said with a warped tone. After he got done with his announcement, the woman shot the microphone. "Next, you're going to erase my record from this crap-shoot of a prison. Got me, fat boy?" "Yes ma'am" said the Warden who was sweating like a pig. He went to his computer, logged in, found her record, and deleted it. "Okay...what do you want next?" "Now, I want you to release this man from your prison. I'm paying for his bail, and I'm going to make sure it goes through. Got me, chubby?" "Yes ma'am." "Good. One last thing before we split; tell those guards outside your office that if they don't back off, they're going to be searching for a new Warden." "Okay, boys, go back to patrolling." The guards returned to their post, and we were on our way. "Hey. Do you smell that?" I asked her. "No. What is it?" "It smells like shit" I told her as we looked to see the Warden was scared shitless. "Hey, Warden, you can do something for me." "Leave me alone, you fucking pieces of shit." "How about a change of pants?" The Warden was red in the face from embarrassment. We made our exit, and we went to the parking lot. When we got to her car, it was breathtakingly beautiful. It was a black 2556 Primo Cavalier, worth about \$560,000 dollars. She got into her car, and when I was about to enter, she stopped me and said "I don't recall giving you a lift out of here. My work here is done. You can find your own ride." She handed me a piece of paper with an address written on it. "Go to this address. You'll find your new home there. I'll be looking forward to you repaying your debt." I watched her drive away, and now that I'm out of prison, what next? So I called a cab, and he drove me to the specific address that the woman wrote down on the piece of paper.

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Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves.

[Abraham Lincoln](#)

If freedom's free, why do we pay for it?

[Unknown](#)

June 29, 2556 - 10:19am - Wes' Apartment

This was my first day of freedom. It sure feels good to sleep on a comfortable bed for once, instead of a rock hard cot. The apartment that woman gave me was really fancy looking. Gas stove, holo-fridge, closet with automatic arms, automatic operating thermostat, and shower with automatic water temperature adjustment. The woman who took care of my bail also took care of July's rent. I decided that my first day of freedom was to find a job. But I have a feeling that with my criminal record, that may be impossible. A lot has changed over the last five hundred and forty years, and that includes laws also (according to the new laws, anyone who has committed a felony can be turned down for a job). This all came from my Ancient Earth History course back in school. But I went onward, and started to fill out applications for at least ten jobs. But while I was out and about, a lot of people gave me a dirty look, like "he's out of jail?!" and "what's he doing out?" I felt like an outcast in this city, but at least it's better to be an outcast with freedom than a prisoner with nothing. I didn't know anybody, and even my landlord treated me like an outcast. I think it's because of what happened four years ago in the New Middle Eastern Province. News does travel fast in this day and age, all thanks to our PTs (everybody gets one when they turn nine years old). I returned to my apartment, and when I got there, there was a note on the door. The note had a hint of perfume on it, but I can tell this wasn't a love letter. It read "Meet me at the Blue Diner tomorrow morning. I need to discuss something with you." I took the note and I kept it on the fridge. It wasn't because I had a crush on the woman who helped me get out of jail. It was because I had to return the favor for what she did for me.

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June 30, 2556 - 8:34am - The Blue Diner

I've been out of jail for two days now, and my God it felt good. I went down to the Blue Diner to meet the woman who sent me the letter. "I would like some pancakes, hash browns, and coffee without cream." "Yes sir" the waiter said, as he went on his way. While I was waiting for my breakfast, the woman who gave me the note showed up. True enough, it was the same woman who got me out of jail. Unlike the last several times, she was actually wearing something different; a dark gray business suit; which was a matching jacket, skirt, and heels. She also wasn't wearing sunglasses this time. She sat down at my table, and stared directly into my eyes. "You look nice" I told her. "Don't flatter me. Listen. I'm here on business, and I'm here to tell you that you'll be paying your debt back in three months." "What is the fee?" She laughed at me, and said there is no monetary fee. "It's something more important, but I can't reveal it now. You'll find out soon enough." She showed me her FN FNP, which I can tell that it was my life, but I couldn't reveal that to her. "Remember, this is between you and me. Nobody else can know of this." She made a kissing sound, and left. "Here is your pancakes, hash browns, and coffee, sir. Will there be anything else?" "No. This'll do for now." The waiter left, and I ate my breakfast, kind of nervously. Fifteen minutes later, the waiter returned with the check. I paid him, and left. I spent the rest of the day at the park, sitting on the bench, staring out into the sun, wondering if the woman is truly going to kill me or not.

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July 2, 2556 - 11:14am - Unknown location

"Sir, I'm here to report about the man you're going to let me kill." "I know exactly who you're talking about" the mysterious voice said. He printed out some information about me. "Let's see... Weston James Carver; former Veteran of the New Republic Army, former Poseidon City SWAT team member, former Poseidon City Police Officer. He was arrested for murder in the first degree, and treason. Wow. This guy is a really dangerous individual." "I know that sir, which is why he'll be perfect for my assignment. How much are you placing on his head?" "What does a beautiful woman like you want? Do you want gold? Do you want diamonds? Do you want a luxurious mansion?" "I'll take the job for one million dollars." "One million dollars?! Look ma'am, I've only known you for the last two years, and you're already commanding high prices. Keep in mind that I'm not a millionaire, but I am a man of fair deals." "If that's the way you feel, I can forgo the job, and do something else until I get my million dollars for this individual." "Alright, miss, you win. You'll get your million dollars upon completing the job." "I want one million dollars in one hundred dollar bills, in a suit case, and in your hands the instant I return from my job." "That sounds fair enough." The two shook hands and the mysterious woman left. "Keep in mind that if you back out of this deal, I'll come back, and slit your throat." "I assure you that I'm going to keep my promise." "You better." The mysterious man can tell that she wasn't capable of doing the job. "One more thing, sir; I'll do the job when I'm good and ready." "Take your time, my dear. Wes isn't going anywhere anytime soon."

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July 5, 2556 - 12:10pm - Poseidon City Police Department

I went to the Poseidon City Police Department, in hopes of finding a job, even though the New Republic Army had to pay me \$1,500 a month for my services, regardless if I was exiled or not (if an individual was exiled from the New Republic Army, they still had to pay the person a set amount (meaning higher ranks get more)). "Hey, guys, remember me?" I asked them, and none of them answered. "I was wondering if you guys have any openings for work." They still ignored me. I guess even the police department has changed while I was away. I left the police department, and thought to myself "why is everyone treating me differently?" I went to the park, and sat on the bench. I felt miserable for the rest of the day. "Flower, mister?" said a little girl, who was raising money for charity. Maybe giving a little girl some money for charity would help ease my stress, so I gave her five dollars, and she gave me five flowers. "Honey, stay away from that man" her mother told her. I went to the bridge that connects the East side of the city with the West side of the city. I looked at the flowers, which represented the events that occurred over the last four years. One flower represented my exile from the New Republic Army, the second represented my trial, the third represented my time in the temporary cells, the fourth represented my voyage back to the United Americas, and the final flower represented my time in the Poseidon City Prison. I took a good look at each of the flowers and threw them into the river, which washed away downstream. Just when I was about to leave, I looked at the river one last time, and saw my past being washed away downstream. I felt much better knowing that the past has now been washed away by the river, and I never looked back to see the flowers drifting downstream.

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July 12, 2556 - 11:19am - Unknown Location

"Sir, you have a secured call from the President of the Northern United America" (in this time period, the President oversees all political activities, from Military Operations, to declaring war. Anything that needs to be done, the President has to approve of it first and then he turns control over to the appropriate department, and in this case, it's the Department of Armed Affairs). "Hello?" "This is the President of the Northern United America. How are you on this rainy day?" "I'm fine Mr. President. What can I do for you?" "It looks like the BII (Bureau of Intelligence Investigation, equivalent to the CIA & FBI together) hasn't recovered that shipment of weapons that was supposed to be going to the New Middle Eastern Province. Do you know what has happened to that shipment?" "No sir, I do not. All I know was that shipment was to be delivered by the 10th of July." "It's been two days since that shipment went missing. Are you sure you don't know anything about this?" "No sir." "I'm losing my patience with you. I can tell you're lying to me, and if I find out that you had something to do with that missing shipment, I will send my best men to hunt you down, even if you leave the country. This will be the biggest manhunt in history since Osama Bin Laden. Do I make myself clear?" "I assure you, Mr. President, I had no involvement with that missing shipment, and I will recover it before your men do." "You had better be telling me the truth; otherwise I'll see your tongue ripped out of your own mouth" threatened the President as he slammed his phone. The mysterious man hung up as well. "Can I come out now?" "Virgil, do you recall what you did with that shipment of arms?" "Yeah I remember. You wanted me to kill all the crew on board, placed some of your hired guns to commandeer the vessel, and demanded the Captain to follow these instructions that you wrote down. You also told me to send the shipment to North Korea, because they could use more firepower in hopes of bringing South Korea to their knees." "The President is a fucking idiot. He thinks that I would bring those fine weapons to our soldiers in the New Middle Eastern Province, when they could be put to better use by our friends out in North Korea. After all, I have to keep up my reputation with their Supreme Leader, Kim-Siu Il." "I'm pretty sure North Korea is going to be more than ecstatic with their new toys." "I'm also pretty sure, Virgil. Before you leave, there is one more thing you can do for me." "What is it?" "Are you familiar with Weston James Carver?" "Should I?" "He was the man responsible for killing a VIP four years ago back in the New Middle Eastern Province." "Carver really fucked up, didn't he?" "Yes. He's becoming a thorn on my side. I hired a woman to kill him, but I have yet to hear from her. Why not speed up the process, and kill him yourself? I'll give you her money if you're successful." "It'll be a pleasure, sir." "Get going. Weston Carver doesn't stay in one place for too long."

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July 16, 2556 - 1:42pm - Poseidon City

I was out shopping for some food, unaware that I was being followed. I kept my guard up while I was shopping. When I got done shopping, I paid the cashier, and started the walk back home. I didn't live far from the store, and I decided to take a shortcut through the alley. I began to get some weird vibes that I was being followed. I put my bags down, and asked "who the hell are you, and why are you following me?" "You must be Weston Carver. It's a pleasure to meet and kill you in one fell swoop." I looked up, and I saw a Mexican man wearing a poncho and sombrero. He was strong and full of grit, armed to the teeth. He opened fire with his M60, shooting up all my food. I dodged all his bullets, but then I was being targeted by his two Mk 23s, and opened fire. I can tell this was another mercenary that wanted me dead. Unlike the woman, this guy meant business. "You're quite good at dodging all those bullets, but you won't dodge what's coming up next." He took his poncho off, revealing two cannons attached to his arms, and fired a small rocket at me. When they hit the side of the building, a bunch of debris fell on top of me. "That's the end of Weston Carver." But his jaw dropped when he saw me rise from the debris, with a wound above my right eyebrow. It already started to bleed. "I can't believe you survived. I guess this won't be as easy as I thought." He jumped down from the roof, and we started a fist fight. He landed a hard right hook to my jaw, but I shrugged it off. I landed a left jab to his right eye, causing it to swell shut. He got angrier, and landed a sweeping kick to my left knee, causing a blowout. I was down to one knee, when he came over to me with a knife in his hand. "This is the end, Carver. Your death begins now" he said as he swung the knife downward at my skull. I blocked his arm with my arms, and we were in a tug of war of who was going to get the knife first. I managed to get back up, and I gave him a stiff head-butt, causing him to let go of the knife. Since I couldn't move fast enough to get the knife, I tackled him to the ground. I had him pinned. "Okay, buddy, who sent you out here to kill me? I want answers. NOW!!!" He took out a Walther PPK, put it in his mouth, and pulled the trigger. He committed suicide. That noise brought enough attention to call the police. I grabbed my shot up food, and headed home. I guess my eggs are now going to have an added scent of lead, and my grape jelly now has a shattered glass flavor thrown in.

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July 23, 2556 - 1:20pm - Unknown Location

"Sir, there is some strange man dressed in all black to see you." " Bring him in please." The mysterious visitor went inside and sat down on the expensive chair. "I've asked you here because I'm a little concerned about a woman that I hired to kill Weston Carver." said the mysterious voice. "Yes, sir, what is it?" the black figure said. "I have an odd feeling that this woman won't be capable of completing her job. I want you to keep an eye on her, and if she doesn't do the job, kill her." "Yes sir." "I'll give you one and a half times the payment I'm giving this woman." "It's a done deal." "That woman had better watch her back, because if she doesn't, she'll end up getting stabbed." The black figure got up from his chair, and left. "Don't disappoint me now."

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July 29, 2556 - 2:05pm - Poseidon City Park

I sat down on the bench, feeding the pigeons, when I saw the same woman walking through the park. But right behind her was a black figure, like some sort of ninja, following her. I continued feeding the pigeons, and the woman walked by me, gave me a quick glare, and continued walking. The black figure continued stalking her, but I can tell this was no ordinary stalker. I saw several kunai on his leg, so I got up, and followed him. The woman sat down on the bench, and started reading her book. The black figure had a kunai ready, and was about to stab her, when I jumped out of a bush, and tackled him. I knocked the kunai out of his hand, and the woman fled. I held him down, and asked him why he was following her. He said that was none of my damn business, so I continued to beat the crap out of him some more. After about ten minutes of beating him up, he cracked and said that he was assigned to follow the same woman who is going to kill me in three months. The police arrived at the park, and ran to where I was, so I fled the scene, and hid in a bush. The police placed him under arrest, and hauled him off to jail. I hope he has fun with the Warden. When everything calmed down, the woman left, and so did I. "Why would an assassin want to kill my killer? This doesn't make any sense" I thought to myself.

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August 4, 2556 - 11:11am - Unknown Location

“Sir, there are five people outside your office, waiting to see you.” “Please, send them in. I understand you have four mercenaries with you, am I right?” asked the mysterious voice. “Yes sir, we are the fiercest mercenaries you've ever seen. Folks, come on in, and introduce yourselves to our new friend.” He brought in his four best mercenaries. “My name is Ed Carringway, Heavy weapons specialist. I'm Daisy O'Hilara, sniper extraordinaire. Jacob O'Reiner, demolitions expert. Desiree Lolia, mistress of disguise. And I'm called Boss, leader of the Fearsome Five.” “If I had time to get acquainted with each of you, I would, but I don't.” “We've come to Poseidon City in hopes of becoming the top mercenary group in the world.” “And I've got a place that would fit your group perfectly.” “This place, it looks awfully familiar.” “That's because it was the Oorumov Family Manor, Daisy” said the mysterious voice. “All I need from you, Boss, is your signature on the dotted line, and the house is yours.” Boss signed on the dotted line. “Here you are” Boss said as he and the mysterious voice shook hands. “Folks, welcome to Poseidon City” said Boss. They all shared a nefarious laugh.

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August 14, 2556 - 4:31pm - Poseidon City

I was running errands, when I saw five masked men enter Poseidon City Savings & Loans. "Okay, everyone down" said one of the robbers as he was firing his M16. Another robber asked the teller for all the cash. One of the robbers tied up the President of the Bank, and last two went into the safe. I went to the bank to see the robbery even closer. This could be my chance for redemption, I told myself. I snuck in the back door, hiding from the robbers. I snuck behind one of them, and put his head in a sleeper hold. I asked him why he's doing this, he told me to fuck off, so I twisted his neck, grabbed his gun, and went to the vault. I hid behind one of the drawers, and when the robber was busy putting money in his bag, I pointed the gun behind his head, and told him to stand up. He stood up; I grabbed him from behind, and used him as a shield. When the third robber returned to the vault, I pointed my gun at him, and he surrendered immediately. I told him to come towards me, sit down, and look away. I saw some duct tape in his pocket, so I told him to give it to me. I tied them up with the duct tape, and left them in the vault. I continued to the front of the bank, where I saw one of the robbers patrolling the bank lobby. He saw me, and opened fire. I ducked behind the teller's desk, while I was watching bullets being sprayed onto the wall. When he was done, I opened fire, shooting him in the leg. He went down, but there still was the President of the Bank. I saw a whole squadron of police cars, SWAT, and even a sniper on the roof. The woman who foretold me of my death was watching from a distance. I told the hostages to get out, and they did. I went upstairs to see if the Bank President was still alive or not. When I got there, the fifth robber had a MAC-10 to his head. He told me if I took another step, he'll blow the President's brains out. I looked towards the window, and I saw the sniper take aim. Outside, I saw the radio chatter of the sniper receiving instructions. The sniper said he's got two targets, me and the robber. Who he was going to shoot was anyone's guess. When the sniper got the okay to fire, I was praying the bullet didn't come for me. And to my luck, it didn't. It hit the robber in the temple, killing him instantly. When all was said and done, I stepped out of the bank with the President. The EMTs tended to the President's wounds, which were not serious. The police arrested me for attempted kidnapping of the President of the Bank, but the President of the Bank insisted they release me at once, which they did. He shook my hand, and introduced himself. "My name's Kenneth Whiterun. Who might you be?" "Weston James Carver." The instant he heard that name, he turned his back to me. "Is this how you say thanks to someone who saved your life?" I asked him. "No, but I don't associate myself with traitors to their country." That statement alone broke me down, and I went home. The woman walked on, and went on with her day. As I was walking home, I came across a homeless man drinking some booze. "Why don't you watch where you're going, boy?" "Get out of my way, you old coot." "Old coot?! Son, if I was your age, I'd teach you more than a thing or two. I served in the New Republic Army for over 20 years, and I still got it." "So did I, except I was exiled for fucking up a mission." "Wait...did you say exiled?" "Yeah, what's it to you?" "Do you know a man named William Douglass?" "Yeah, he was the bastard who exiled me." "You must be Weston Carver." Why does everybody know who I am? It's not like I'm a celebrity. "Indeed I am." "Have a seat, son, and let's talk." "Fine by me" I told him as I sat down next to him. "You're starting to understand what it's like is to be frowned upon." "I can't even go shopping without anybody giving me a dirty look." "You know, I was exiled also." "What?! How come?" "Do you remember Operation Glass Eye?" "You mean the assassination attempt of the New Middle Eastern Province President?" "Precisely; I remember we got an order to assassinate the New Middle

Eastern Province President because we believed he was linked to the terrorists and their Nuclear Arms program. There was a conspiracy theory that the President of the New Middle Eastern Province was given extra money to keep quiet about the whole program, because if he didn't, the first warhead that was to be fired was aimed for the Presidential Palace." "Was the President of the Northern United America even made aware of this?" "I remember him visiting the Presidential Palace to discuss Peace Talks with the New Middle Eastern Province President, but neither the BII nor Secret Service agents were aware that there could be moles planted for the whole operation." "You're saying that the BII and the Secret Service were in cahoots with the terrorists?" "No. All I said was that neither the BII nor the Secret Service were aware of the moles that were planted." "And they played both for a fickle?" "Not quite. The President of the Northern United America, the BII and the Secret Service were aware that there are nuclear warheads being stored, but were unaware of the location of the warheads, and feared what would happen if this information got out to the public." "Perhaps it would be a nuclear strike on Northern United America? Or even an assassination of our President to keep things under wrap?" "I don't know. After the Peace Talks, Douglass and I had a private chat with the President telling him that someone was eavesdropping on the whole conversation. The President denied the whole thing, but did agree that something wasn't right about the Peace Talks. He thinks that the New Middle Eastern Province President was hiding something from him, and so ordered Douglass and I to assassinate him at any cost." "Why would the President order an assassination on someone? That's usually an order from a commanding officer of a military operation, not a President." "Douglass and I were soldiers at the time, but we weren't working with the BII, Secret Service, the NRA nor the President himself." "So you guys didn't have contracts with the BII, Secret Service, nor NRA?" "We did, but we didn't get the same benefits." "You guys were pretty much temporaries?" (That means someone who is serving in the armed forces, but don't receive the same benefits as someone who is fully under contract). "You could say that, although we did get NRA contracts later on." "So how did you know when to assassinate the New Middle Eastern Province President?" "The President told us that the New Middle Eastern Province President was leaving for the underground bunkers where the nuclear warheads were stored the following morning, so Douglass and I staked out a spot from our Hotel that was across the street from the Presidential Palace." "Sounds like the perfect location for an assassination on anybody." "Douglass and I took turns keeping an eye out for him until about 7 AM that morning. I was up for patrol when I spotted him leaving the Palace. Douglass confirmed ID that was him, so I took the shot, and got him. Right when the shot was fired, a small squadron entered the Palace and seized control." "Was the mission successful?" "At first, it was, but when we took the body for analyzing, while the name was confirmed, the body wasn't." "Someone must've set you guys up." "After the mission, I asked Douglass how we messed up. He said it wasn't we who messed up...it was you." "So Douglass was a mole for the whole thing? That son of a bitch." "After he ratted me out to our superiors, I was forced to live the rest of my days in exile, just like you." "If the President you guys assassinated was a fake, what happened to the real President?" "I'm not sure what happened to him. Maybe he left the country, or maybe he's being hunted down as we speak." "What happened after your exile?" "After my exile, Douglass somehow got his slate cleaned off once again. I don't know how, but Douglass went back to his usual duties of being a double agent." "Douglass must've told the New Middle Eastern Province President directly about the assassination attempt in order for him to make alterations." "That's the most likely reason, but I wouldn't be surprised if that turned out to be true." "Any ideas of where Douglass might be hiding?" "No clue. After his return a

couple of weeks ago, he and his wife bought a cabin out in the country.” “That fucking asshole needs to answer for his crimes.” “Wes, I wouldn’t worry about it. Douglass retired the following day, so it’s useless to get any information from him. Besides, he probably took an oath of silence to avoid any other conspiracy theories.” “If that wasn’t the President you shot, who was it?” “I don’t recall.” “What about the Nuclear Arms program?” “It’s still going to this day.” Now I know what to do. Find Douglass, beat the shit out of him for answers, and get him to confess.

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August 17, 2556 - 12:29pm - Wes' Apartment

I woke up, hearing a strange knocking at the door. It was the same woman I keep seeing. "May I come in?" she asked. "Yeah, just let me get dressed." I threw on some khaki shorts, and a t shirt. She was dressed in another business suit, this time it was dark red pants, jacket, and matching heels. "I wanted to talk to you about the last few years." "What about it? I have to pay you back, remember?" "I know, but I can't help but feel that I'm starting to fall apart on the inside." She started to break down, and started to shed some tears, which smeared her eyeliner and mascara. I tried to see if I can help her, she said no. I felt really bad for her. I gave her a tissue to dry her eyes, which also wiped some of the makeup off. "Thank you" she said sobbingly. I sat next to her, but she moved a few feet away from me. "I don't know what to do. You're the only person I can trust, but I've got to keep up my reputation. What should I do?" she said while she was wiping her eyes. I told her I got an idea. "What is it? I'll be willing to do anything." I whispered to her ear to continue with what she's doing, but instead fake the assassination. "That's a stupid idea. Why would I want to do something like that?" "I can tell in your eyes that you can't kill me." "Don't give me that crap! I'm a trained killer, and I have no emotions when it comes to killing" she said with a slightly warped voice. I can tell I was getting through to her, but this wasn't enough. "Won't you at least think on it?" I asked her. She sighed, and said "I'll think on it." She got up, and left. She left behind a flower, with a letter on it. I opened the letter, which read "I'll do it." I smiled, knowing that I got through to her. But the main question remains, can she do this without blowing her cover, and if she gets caught, will she pin this on me?

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August 23, 2556 - 10:35am - Unknown Location

"Sir, Mr. McCree is here to see you." "Good. Bring him in. What can I do for you this fine day, Mr. McCree?" "I'm here because you have a job for me. I understand that there is a woman who was sent to kill one Weston James Carver. Am I right?" "Yes. That is very true. This woman is very skilled, but I can see in her soul that she doesn't have the same tenacity as she did when she was younger. I was associated with her father, Serg, for over 45 years. He told me that his daughter has grown so fast, that she was out-performing some of his best men. But he couldn't risk sending his daughter out into public, for it may cause a backlash. He hid her from society, and she ended up being home schooled her whole life." "What about her mother? Did she have any role in her daughter's life?" "Indeed. She was the Sovietnik (Councilor) to the Oorumov Crime family. She was just as satisfied as her father when it came to their daughter, but with goals of her own. She wanted her daughter to be a bachelorette for the rest of her life. She opposed marriage because it could drag the Oorumov Crime family downhill. She also opposed her dating any guy for they may reveal any private information to the police." "I guess that whole family was nothing but secrets." "Exactly. Serg would only want information to be sent and received via his secret delivery services. He didn't want anyone else to get their hands on any documents he made." "For it may cause an incident of a high proximity." "Correct. Serg and Anna only wanted the best for their daughter, and their family. But I've grown more suspicious as the years went on that she might have lost her will to continue her family's legacy." "And you want me to end it?" "Yes. You kill this woman, and I'll give you double what I'm paying her." Mr. McCree laughed, and said it was a deal. "Don't disappoint me now." "She's as good as dead."

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August 25, 2556 - 9:54am - Poseidon City Public Library

I decided to spend a few hours reading up on some documents regarding my killer's family. "This is interesting." I read up on how secretive they are. They felt that if too much information got spread out, this could put their reputation in jeopardy. I look at a photo of the family portrait. I noticed a woman in the picture who looked awfully familiar to me. I looked at it a second time, and then I realized that this was the woman who I had to repay in barely over a month. But true to my word, I decided to keep it a secret. I found it enigmatic that the same woman, who helped me get out of jail, wants me dead. I began to suspect that if she were to kill me in jail, she'd be arrested for murder. But if she killed me while I was out of jail, she would get away with murder, but only if I had a hit placed on me (unfortunately in this case, there is a hit on my head). I found myself even more confused, but I just let it go. I'm going to have to wait one more month to see what happens. As I was leaving the library, I see a 2556 Primo Cavalier speeding by, along with two 2555 Pedro XLTs in pursuit. The two men in the Pedro XLT in front of the other opened fire at the Primo Cavalier, and the driver ducked down to avoid getting hit. One of the men instructed the driver "don't lose sight of her. She is a high value target. Besides, the boss wants her alive." I can tell that his wasn't going to be easy for the woman. "What am I going to do?" I thought to myself. Just then, I saw an opportunity to go after them. There was an unlocked door, but it was against my will to steal a car. But I had no choice. I remember hot wiring during my military training days (this was in case a vehicle we were going to steal didn't have keys). I hot-wired the car, and took off after them. I had to make sure I didn't get too close to them, otherwise I would get shot. The Primo Cavalier and the Pedro XLTs took a sharp turn down an alley, so I followed them. Just then, one of the men in a Pedro XLT spotted me, and opened fire. I didn't have a weapon on me, so I had to pray to God that I didn't get hit. The Primo Cavalier and the Pedro XLT were heading for the Harbor. The woman saw a dead end sign, and managed to jump out of her car and let it go into the ocean. The two Pedro XLTs weren't a fortunate, and they sunk into the ocean. I managed to escape from my car, but with only a fraction of a second to spare. The car drove off into the ocean, like the others. I looked into the ocean, saw the car sink to the bottom, and just as I was ready to head home, the woman appeared before me. "Can't seem to resist me, now can you? Of course not. Most men can't resist my beauty and charm." I was blushing beet red. "Why were you following me anyways? Were you trying to get my number, or ask me out on a date?" I was too embarrassed to answer. "It doesn't matter." We went our separate ways, and I headed home, confused about the whole ordeal. When we got some distance from each other, she whispered "thank you for saving my life."

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September 3, 2556 - 10:19am - Wes' Apartment

I was lounging around my apartment when I got a very suspicious phone call. "Hello?" "Is this Weston Carver?" "Who the hell's on the other line?" "Let's just say it's a friend." "What do you want?" "I've got an anonymous tip that there is a strange man in town." "Yeah, and?" "He was brought in to kill a Russian woman." A Russian woman, I thought to myself. I suddenly got a recall about a Russian woman who got me out of jail. "Wait...are you saying that..." "Yes I am. Now, listen to me very carefully. There is a notorious murderer named Mr. McCree in Poseidon City. He was hired by an unknown source to kill her. I want you to find him, and stop him." "I don't trust you. Who the hell is this?" But he hung up. I threw on some clothes, and ran out. I started my search for the woman, and warn her about the impending danger. I spent about half the day, trying to find her through-out the city, when I saw a dark figure on the roof of a factory. It looked like he was about to assassinate someone. I realized that this was the guy who was hired to take her out. I ran as fast as I could to find her. When I saw her, she had a handful of shopping bags, and was exiting from the mall. I ran towards her, and without any second to spare, I brought her down to the floor, and a shot ricocheted off the floor where we were standing, hitting a glass window. This caused a panic amongst the people. "What are you doing, you idiot?" she asked me. "I'm here to save your life. Miss, you're being marked for assassination." "How do you know this? Who sent you this message?" Within another second, a second shot went off, I rolled her out of the way, but I took a bullet to my back, barely missing my kidney. "Oh my God! Quick, get an ambulance out here. NOW!" Within twenty minutes, an ambulance came, and took me to the hospital. I was in the Emergency Room for at least an hour and a half. Good thing that my training was starting to pay off. "Okay, Mr. Carver, we're going to need for you to stay overnight, to make sure your vitals are still intact" said the head of ER. I lay on the bed, looking outside to get a breath taking view of the city. Two hours later, I had a visitor. It was the same woman from before. "How are you holding up?" "I'm doing alright, I guess." "That's good. I didn't want you to die before you had to repay me." She sat down next to me, and we chatted for an hour. She walked towards the window, and asked if I wanted it open. I said yes. While she was opening the window, she saw the same figure from earlier. She moved my bed out of the way, and she took cover behind the wall of my room. The figure aimed the gun at her head, which I saw was a red laser dot. Before he can get a shot in, she fired her Dragunov, hitting him in the eye, killing him on the spot. The instant the doctors and nurses heard gunfire, they called for a lockdown. "Looks like I'm making my leave. Don't go dying on me" the woman said as she left. By the time doctors, nurses, and security reached my room, the woman was gone. As she began to leave, she closed the window and cracked the glass with her Dragunov, to cover up the shooting. One of the doctors asked what happened. I told them a stone hit the window. "Okay, Mr. Carver. I think you can check yourself out, and head home." I got out of the bed, went down to records, signed myself out, and went home. As I walked home, I began to think to myself "why would an outside source kill my assassin? It doesn't make any sense."

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September 9, 2556 - 3:09pm - Unknown Location

"You wanted to see me, sir?" "Yes, ma'am. Have a seat. I understand that you saved your target's life, when you could've killed him right on the spot. Why didn't you? Do you have a crush on him? Do you feel love from him?" "No, sir; I didn't have my equipment on me." "Let me remind you, young lady, that these guns are custom made. You shouldn't have any trouble killing a target with these. There's no reason why you didn't. It's costing me more to make these guns for you, than it is for me to hire a new mercenary." "Sir, I won't fail you. I promise." "Let's hope not. The next time you do fail, you can forget working for me ever again." As she left, the woman started thinking to herself; "What if Wes was telling the truth? What if I was marked for assassination? It doesn't matter, I have a job to do, and Weston, I hope you're enjoying your freedom, because the deadline is drawing nearer and nearer."

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September 15, 2556 - 1:43am - Wes' Apartment

I couldn't sleep that night. I kept on having terrible visions of the last four years, and how my life changed forever when I was rotting in jail. If I wasn't framed for murder, I'd be given a hero's welcome home. Instead, I get a life sentence in a shithole of a prison, ran by a corrupt Warden, who made Satan look like an Angel. To make matters worse, he made my sentence a living hell. After I got released from jail, I get treated like a total outcast. I'm hated by society just because I made an error on my part. I looked outside, and all I can see was how well lit Poseidon City is at night. The lights made everything seem brighter and calmer. I went back to sleep, only to have more visions of my soon-to-be death. It makes me wonder if this woman truly wanted me dead, or if I'm a pawn in someone else's game.

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September 20, 2556 - 11:27am - Poseidon City Cemetery

I figured since I'm going to be living in this city, the least I can do is visit my deceased parents. I stepped inside the Cemetery and I walked to my parents' headstones. To my left read "Here lies Arnold William Carver. 3/12/2480 - 4/29/2523. Father, husband, hero. He gave his life to ensure freedom existed for all United Americans." To my right read "Brenda Sophia Carver. 6/10/2481 - 3/20/2540. Mother, wife, educator." I kneeled before their headstones and started to speak to them. "Hello, Mom. Hello, Dad. I've returned from the New Middle Eastern Province. My life's been a living hell since I've returned. If you guys were alive, hearing about my actions, I'm sure you'd be disappointed in me, especially you, Dad. I wanted to be a hero like you, and instead, I became an outcast. To make matters worse, I had to spend time in prison. It's been very traumatic for me. Got into fights with the other inmates, met the fat bastard of a Warden, had to deal with a bitchy psychiatrist, and other shit I don't care to discuss about. I met a mysterious woman who helped me get out of prison, on the condition that I return the favor sometime in the future. I'm not sure what it is, but I know I don't have a good feeling about it. If only you guys were alive, I would ask for forgiveness regarding my recent actions." I closed my eyes and moved my head down, having a few moments to myself. I got back up, and as I started to head back to my place, the same woman I keep running into from time to time was there, this time she was dressed in all black, complete with veil also. Before I could reach the gate, the woman told me to follow her. She took us to a vacant spot, which had a hole dug already. "Isn't it strange that this is the final resting place for everybody?" "It sure is. Why are we even here?" "We're here so I can show you something, but you have to promise me not to tell a soul." "I'll honor your request." "Thank you." She took us further up the Cemetery to two blank headstones. "I'm guessing this is your..." but she put her index and middle fingers on my lips. "Yes. This is my parents' burial site." "Why are the headstones blank?" "I did this so I can forget about my past." She broke down into tears, turned around, and embraced me. We embraced for about half an hour, before we let go. She dried up her tears and said "Wes, don't forget...the deadline draws near." I started to leave the Cemetery, but before I can go any farther, the woman caught up, and blocked the gate. She gave me a kiss on the lips. "What was that for?" "This was for honoring my request, and also something to remember me by." She got into her car, and drove off. The clouds were getting dark, and I started to run home. The rain was pouring buckets from the sky, and I was getting drenched. When I got inside, I changed my clothes, went into the bathroom to dry myself off, looked in the mirror, and saw the lipstick. Afterward, I went to the bedroom, laid on the bed, stared at the ceiling, and began to wonder what she meant by "something to remember me by"? Could it mean that either I was going to die, or she was? I wasn't completely sure, but only time can predict what will happen.

September 24, 2556 - 10:17am - Wes' Apartment

I woke up later than usual, got some clothes on, and turned on the double V (stands for VisorVision, equivalent to Televisions of the past). I caught word of the news about a laboratory reactivated after five hundred years of deactivation. I seem to recall about a lab on the western side of the city. It was high in the mountains, and many experiments took place there. The vast majority of them were highly successful, including a super antibiotic, which was made to combat microorganisms that survived during a regular antibiotic's presence. As the years went on, the scientists there took bigger and bigger risks, each with little to no payoff. However, one day, a deadly bacterium called T-09 broke out during an experiment, which killed all the workers instantly. Even the super antibiotic was no match for the T-09. Fortunately, T-09 didn't make it to water sources and farms, which made killing this thing all the easier, and containment much simpler. Even better, a pandemic didn't have to occur. A group of scientists from several countries combined their geniuses together, and made a microorganism capable of fighting off the deadly bacteria. While it took the team over sixty years of research and even more of testing, the payoff was worth it. T-09 was finally eliminated, but the city wanted the place to be condemned for life, so that no other experiments can be done. I began to wonder who restarted the mountain lab, and why they're doing it. As I turned off the double V, I begin to think if it was the City that decided to reopen the lab. It seemed very unlikely, but you never know. I got dressed and went to the library to read more on the Mountain Lab. The place was called Gerbin Research & Development. I began reading each article about the experiments that occurred during its time of operation. "Hmm... this person, he could be of use to me. But I'm going to wait for a more appropriate time" said a creepy voice. Could this be the person who restarted the mountain lab?

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September 29, 2556 - 11:11am - Poseidon City

I was getting ready to go shopping, when I saw a note on my door. When I got it, there was no perfume smell this time. I opened the letter, and read it. "Today is the day that you repay me for the favor I did for you in the prison. Meet me at the Gun Store and make sure you come unarmed." I got my slacks on, green shirt, and black leather jacket, headed downstairs, and exited my place. When I stepped outside, I saw the people and traffic going on with their daily lives, while I was looking around, seeing that I was going to get one last glimpse of the city and its people. I started walking to the gun store when I thought to myself; I was in for one hell of a surprise.

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