

Spyral Diary

Volume-1: The Kidnap

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Episode-1: Solution

December 10th, 2018 (9:00 pm)

It was a grand hospital room of London Memorial Hospital. A private suite in the hospital was provided for the woman, who was sitting up on her bed, wearing a blanket, with her legs crossed. She had long blonde hair with brown eyes, with and a small face of warm ivory color. She was watching the outside view of London, her hometown, from the glass-wall on the right of my bed. In between of the bed and the glass wall were other necessary gears used by hospitals, like the one showing my heart rate, blood pressure and all that stuff. A traditional watch was hung at the front wall. At the right was the door which was closed, with an attached door which was closer than the entrance. It was the door of the toilet.

The superstructures were being reconstructed, with cranes all around the city lifting heavy iron/steel rods. The most prominent one to be reconstructed was The Big Ben. “How badly we failed in twenty-seventeen,” she thought in despair, turning her head down with a sense of guilt. She turned left and saw a black diary kept on the drawer, along with a tray of finished food. She constantly glared towards the diary for a few minutes. “Spiral Diary” she said the title on the diary under her breath. Then, she took one of her hand out of the blanket and took up the diary. Keeping it on her legs, she turned on the first page where this was written-

“Zack Will’s Diary

Don’t ever try to touch if you don’t wanna die”

At the written content, she chuckled and said, “I don’t know why I still laugh at this, even though this is such a serious matter for him.” Anyways, she turned on the page and started to read the diary. The first line of the novel was-

“That day, I thought my shit life was gonna change, but man, I WAS WRONG!”

December 31st, 2013 (01:15 pm)

It was a silent thoroughfare. The diversion in between was filled with street-lights, throwing out yellow shades. The road was surrounded by large superstructures. Now even a single person was seen, and it was absolutely silent, until a black car came by, speeding at 40 km/h. It was filled with a 23 year-old boy, named Zack Will, at the driver’s seat on the left, having black short hair with brown eyes, wearing a black tank with red outlining on it, along with a pair of black track pants. The one on his right had rather long black hair, standing up due to gel. He also had brown eyes and was wearing a white tank top vest with a pair of white shorts and slippers. He was Jason, a 24 year-old guy who had just passed the college after much failed efforts of passing the finals. The same was with Lucifer, the one at the back, which had very small soldiers-like haircut with very small hair size. He also had brown eyes and had whiter skin-tone than the other two. He was also wearing a black tank top with a black

pair of shorts. Every one of them had a black bottle of vodka, with two-three more kept beside Lucifer, which were meant to be used up later. They all were dancing, laughing and enjoying to the fullest.

“Yoo-hoo!” Lucifer screamed.

“Yoo! What happened, bro?!” Jason screamed in return, because the sound of music was very loud.

“What should I tell ya?!” Lucifer said emotionally, drunk. “What a great day of my life!”

“Yup!” Jason replied emotionally, drunk.

“Ya, it will be for you! At last, you have passed the Collage and beat Simon, who used to bully you when ya both were freshers, right?!” The young man at the driving seat sarcastically said. However, he wasn’t as drunk as others.

“How the fuck will you understand our plight?!” Jason said, half-drunk, pointing at the man. “We were some good seniors when ya entered the collage, isn’t it?”

“Jason’s absolutely correct!” Lucifer argued on his side. “You never felt the pain what we’ve felt, kiddos!”

“Yeah, so shut your mouth up on this matter!” Jason ordered. “YA GOT NO RIGHT!”

“O-Okay. I gotcha, don’t worry,” Zack hesitantly said, looking at the road.

Seeing his hesitation and nervousness, Jason whispered in Lucifer’s ears, “Well, I said not to say the word ‘pain’ or ‘tragedy’ in front of him, isn’t it?”

“Oh, sorry! But even you—” Lucifer tried to argue his hand in this matter but Jason saw this coming.

“Oh, bro!” Jason tried to console him, patting his shoulder. “I told ya not to get so much emotional over silly jokes!”

“No, I’m fine, carry on, please,” he replied, hiding his tears.

“Well, I still think what happened with him. Why don’t we just ask him out?” Lucifer whispered in Jason’s ear.

“Because,” Jason whispered back. “It was a tragedy. He told me not to ask him that again because he doesn’t wanna remember what happened.”

He was able to clearly hear their conversations and was finding it hard to hold his tears because how Jason cares for him. But, he didn’t hear Jason’s last line “Plus, the compensation he receives by the bank is also high, and that’s the reason we drink our favorite vodka which is so expensive. If he ever breaks our friendship, we won’t be able to drink it ever again!”

“Okay now, stop!” He said with a smile, completely unaware of the last line Jason spoke.

Suddenly, in the middle of the night, when the three were still drinking, the car made a large bumping sound like it had hit somebody. “Whoops!” Zack cried as he got a better grip of the steering wheel after rotating it to left. But, it was too late. Zack opened the window of the car and popping his head out, turned his head backwards and saw a woman, probably of his own age, lying on the ground. She had a porcelain skin tone and had

blonde hair, and was wearing a white shirt over a mustard-colored pair of pants. She also had a mustard leather bag on her back. Luckily, she was alive, but she was badly wounded. She was bleeding from her knees and right elbow. She moved her hands towards the ground and tried to get up.

“RUN AWAY!” Jason shouted. “Run away before she sees us!”

“What?” Zack asked in shock. Pointing at the woman with both of his arms straight, he asked “Should not we help her out?”

“It’s a BIG NOOO!” Lucifer replied. “We’ve seen enough of women, and have come to a conclusion that she may say that she won’t report, but at last, SHE WILL, NO MATTER WHAT!”

“B-But...” Zack tried to argue him.

“CAN’T YOU UNDERSTAND HOW THE FUCH YOU HAVE MESSED HERE?!” Jason shouted at him. “JUST PUT YOUR FOOT AT THOSE FUCKING PEDDLES AND DRIVEEEEE!”

“O-Okay,” Zack replied, still not sure what to do. So, following his friends’ advice, he drove away.

“Oh, poor young man!” Another woman, wearing the same pair of clothes as the wounded woman, said. “So he’s Zack Will. I think Carlos must not have wanted this,”

“What?” The wounded woman asked.

“Oh, nothing. I was just saying that we should report him on the police station for rash driving and murder attempt. Don’t ya feel so?”

December 31st, 2013 (1:45 am)

The young man drove inside a street full of houses on either side, with street-lights to provide some light. "I'm very late today," he thought while making the turn. The street was completely silent, so as his car. He had already dropped his friends to their respective homes and was heading towards his one now. The car was like this, completely silent, from the minute they stepped their feet outside the car. The radio device, responsible for the loud music, was turned off. Everyone in the street was sleeping soundly and no one cared for the car which just entered the street.

At the middle of the street, the car was stopped and parked on the left side, at front of a certain house. It had three floors with an open corridor at each floor, with another small tower-like structure constructed beside the building purely for the use of ascending and descending between the floors. The lights of the third floor were still on, the only one to do so. It was his home. He got out of the car and saw the lights of his room house open. "Oh, crap! I'm late again! Ruby must be angry at me now!"

He ascended on the staircase and while walking on the corridor, he was just chanting, "Please not Ruby! Please not Ruby!"

He opened the door and found Ruby, his girlfriend, sitting at the sofa with a bunch of bags around her. She also had a porcelain white skin tone with frizzy short brown hair. She was wearing a pair of white trench coat with blue jeans, with a

pair of red high-heels to complete the outfit. On hearing the door opening, she turned her head backwards and saw the man wearing a black nylon track pants with a black top tank vest. She stood up as Zack, holding her shoulders, asked her worriedly, "What happened baby?"

"Don't act like you don't know, Zack!" She angrily replied, pulling her shoulders back.

"B-But..."

"Don't act like you don't know! I've said you several times to stop your drinking addiction and late-night parties!" She angrily scolded, pointing a finger at him.

"But, I don't—"

"Shut your mouth, please!" She cut her. "You just give your damn excuses every time or try to change the topic! Today, I'm only here 'cause I just wanted to tell you face-to-face that EVERYTHING BETWEEN US IS OVER!"

"Wait, Ruby just listen to—"

"No, I won't listen to you now!" She said and extended her hand towards her luggage.

"Don't you think you should have at least one reason as to why you're leaving me?" Zack calmly argued.

Looking into his eyes, Ruby replied, "Well, should I?"

"Yes," Zack folded his arms.

"You are just a drunkard who comes late at night. You have got a bad company of friends with you. You have no source of income and you just thrive on the compensations of your dead parents,

and half of your compensations is used up on your drinking needs, isn't it right?"

"Y-You know 'bout the c-compensations and my j-job? How?" Zack shockingly asked her.

"The neighbors told me. Your game is finished now, Zack," She bravely replied, still looking into his eyes. She threw the engagement ring at Zack's face and continued, "You really thought that you can fool me for the rest of your life?" With her luggage on her hands, she went away.

"Won't you even wait for the morning?" Zack asked her, without looking back.

"No," She bravely replied without looking back, and continued towards the stairs.

Zack clenched her fists, with a drop of tear pouring down. With a sense of anger and revenge in his voice, he stepped on the engagement ring and said, "I-I'm g-gonna change. I-I can't get w-what I've l-lost but, I-I can surely prevent from losing more."

January 1st, 2014 (8:02 am)

The next morning, he was still sitting on the three-seater sofa. There was a table on his front with two sofa-seats on either side. The drawing room was directly connected to a bed-room just beside the sofa set, with a toilet attached to the bed-room. The drawing room was also connected to the kitchen, painted with shades of red. Zack opened his eyes and found himself sleeping on the sofa. He sat up and while looking outside the window beside the door, he said to himself, "Truly, The last night was a very, very long one." After sitting idle for a few

seconds while staring outside the window for a few minutes, stood up and told himself, “From now, I won’t meet Lucifer and Jason. Plus, I needa find my old degrees and look out for a job.” Turning towards the bed-room, he said, “But, it’s been a whole year. Finding ‘em will be a true pain in the ass.”

January 1st, 2014 (9:31 am)

“Oh man!” Zack cried in despair, looking inside the drawer and throwing books here and there. “I still can’t find it!” He was now wearing a black pair of pants with a white t-shirt. The whole bed-room was messed up with those books. He was sitting on the floor and looking at the bottom-most shelf of the drawer kept beside the table. After some efforts, he took out a folder and while waving it upwards, he cheerfully shouted, “Success at last! Now I can probably complete my new-year resolutions!” He stood up and saw the mess he created on the bed, and said, “Uh... I think I will clean it up afterwards!” and dashed away.

He just locked the door and was walking on the open corridor towards the staircase, with his black bag containing all those necessary documents. Hopping cheerfully with his eyes closed, he murmured, “Let’s just try out giving my CVs to all those big companies which put their advertisements on the newspaper.” Suddenly, he collided with a person. While murmuring a “Sorry,” he opened his eyes and found a policeman standing right in front of him.

“Good morning sir,” Policeman said. “I’m Robert Thomson, the District Chief Policeman of this area. Do you care to answer if that car yours?” He pointed towards Zack’s black car.

“Yes, why?” Zack innocently replied.

“Well, sir, I’m very sorry to say that nearly at two o’clock in the night, someone has complained an FIR regarding your car. They’ve stated that your car was used for a murder attempt of a maiden. Is it true?”

At this, a drop of sweat ran down from his forehead as he remembered the accident last night. He murmured, “S-Sir, actually, it w-wasn’t done intentionally.”

“So it means you did it?”

“Uh... Y-Yes but I didn’t do it o-on purpose. Actually I was drunk a-and so—”

“So you were drunk?!” Robert shockingly asked. “So I am very sorry to tell you that you have to spend the rest six months in jail until the investigation is done.” The two policemen, standing behind Robert, came up and tied his hand with a handcuff at the back. Now, literally everyone at the neighborhood was watching him being taken like a prisoner. They all were talking, murmuring and whispering with each other.

“W-What have I done?” Zack thought, still in shock. “W-What are they saying? Everyone must be thinking of me as a prisoner. B-But why? Why me? What have I done? Just followed my friends out there. And, should I really pay it all like this?”

January 1, 2014 (10:03 am)

“W-Why me?” Zack asked in despair. His head was tilted downwards and taking support on his interlocked fingers. His eyes were unable to be seen from the side angle due to his big hair. It was a cell of the London Police Station. It was a dark place full of webs and spiders on the corners. The outside of the cell also didn’t have any way for light to arrive and so it was darker. But, the cell had a window behind which threw light directly at the center of the table.

“After your story, I can just say you this that it was your fault because you were on the driving seat,” the Robert explained him.

“Well, just because I followed my friends out there, isn’t it?”

“Can say.”

Zack sighed and turned his head towards the policeman and asked, “For how much time am I here?”

“Six months.”

With his head down on the original position again, he asked, “But, can ya tell me who that person was who filed the case?”

“Sorry sir, but we’re strictly restricted from leaking this information to you,” Robert calmly replied as he stood up from his seat and walked towards the cell’s gate. While he was locking it, he told him, “Well, you have the right to a call. Inform this to your family, any friend or well-wisher.”

“I’m an orphan and I don’t have any friends,” Zack coldly replied.

“What ‘bou—”

“Nah, they’re no longer my friends,” Zack cut him.

Robert shrugged and said, “Okay,” as he left the cell and locked it. “Wait here ‘til we prepare your charge-sheet.”

Zack was sitting on the chair, head slightly titled down in despair. He was looking at his hands on the table, intercrossed, and started to think, “What have I done? Do I really deserve it?” Suddenly, a drop of tear ran down his cheek as he continued, “HELL YEAH I DO!” He sobbed. “Well, it was surely me who drove away. I could have at least helped her out by going against my friends. My weakness and shyness has brought me here.”

Suddenly, another policeman unlocked the cell, opened its gate and said, “Hey, it’s time to go home.”

“What?” Zack surprisingly asked him, wiping his tears with his sleeve.

“The DCP has given me orders to release you.”

“Really?”

“Yes,” He said as Zack stood up and followed him.

Zack was just going through the entrance. “It’s a good opportunity, I needa run away. I can easily blame the officers here if I get caught.”

While just walking through the entrance, Robert patted on his back. Looking backwards, he was horrified to see his face. He tried to explain, “W-Well, Y-Your”

Giving him the keys Robert said, “We bought your car for examination. It’s at the underground parking.

Taking the keys, he was expecting that Robert will surely say something like ‘ya thought ya can get away so easily’ but to his surprise, when the keys were given, he turned back and walked away.

“What in the world is goin’ on?” Zack murmured as he turned back towards the entrance and walked away.

The underground parking was a creepy place, with darkness everywhere, with just a light of bulb after every five-seven meters. It was just the size of the police station, but it had no window. Not too many cars were parked, just some police-cars and some of criminals or visitors, maybe. After walking straight for a few minutes, he saw his black-colored car parked at the left of a police-car. He was standing at the back of the car. He looked at the number-plate. He read it- “L-T 1-4 O-R-F. Yeah, this is it.” He turned his right and opened the car’s gate.

“Hello,” he heard a masculine voice.

A little scared, he asked, “Where?”

“Right in your front, son!”

At this, he felt goosebumps. Shivering down to the spine, he said feebly, “W-Who?”

“Boom!”

He saw a man in his front as he shouted “AAAH!”

The man laughed and said, “Ha! Can’t ya see I was just here, in the shadows?”

He noticed the police-car and the man smiling, with his hands inside the pocket. He was in his fifties. He had a white skin-tone with black English mustache. He was wearing a white shirt with a mustard pair of pants. He had some good abs which can be seen clearly through his tight shirt. He even had a bag hanging on his back. He was standing in front of the police-car, with one of his foot settled on its tire. "So, you are Zack Will, right?"

"Y-Yeah," he nervously answered.

"You have quite a strong name for a shy one like you," He laughed. Then, he took out a hand towards Zack and said, "Hello. I'm Carlos Cornwallis. Nice to meet ya!"

Still a kinda nervous, he shook his hands and said, "I'm Zack Will. Pleased to meet you too."

Taking his hands back, Carlos said in a serious tone, "So, you must be thinking why I am here, or how I know you, right?" Zack nodded as Carlos continued, "Son, I've been closely watching you for quite a long time. I know ya have been through a lot, right?" Zack nodded again as Carlos continued, "Still, you have no suicidal thoughts, depression, and you're not sad with your life either. That's why, I have, at last convinced myself to ask you to join SAI."

"What's this SAI?"

"Secret Agency of Investigation."

"Oh, so, you are an investigator?"

"To be more precise, a spy."

“Are you kidding me?” Zack ironically asked. “Don’t ya think I would have at least enough knowledge of how spies are recruited?”

“Well, yes. ‘Cause this ain’t no ordinary agency.”

Zack laughed and said, “Please go away. I’ve already have enough of problems to tackle.”

“And I’m here to solve all of your problems.”

“Really? How can I trust ya?”

“Uh...” Carlos acted like he was thinking when suddenly he raised his right hand with a car’s key.

Zack was shocked. He searched his pockets for keys but was unable to find them. “Hey, that’s my keys!” Zack pointed.

“Wanna learn this trick?”

“B-But—”

“First, lemme drive.”

Episode-2: Registration

1st January, 2014 (10:17 am)

“So, where’re we goin’?” Zack asked Carlos. Carlos was driving the car and Zack was sitting beside him. They were going through a thoroughfare with cars moving smoothly on the sunny day.

“I’m takin’ ya to the Secret Base of SAI, or to be more precise, SAI’s Headquarters,” Carlos replied, observing the road as he drove.

“Oh. So, what qualifications are required?” Zack asked.

“Y’re above eighteen and that’s enough.”

“Okay so, do you work for the English government?” Zack asked again.

“Nah, we’re a private agency.”

“So, how do you earn?”

“We, as spies, earn by completing missions given to us.”

“Which third-party gives these missions?”

“We’ve two types of missions- Self-Missions and Third-Party Missions. Third-Party Missions are provided by individuals or companies who are willing to hire a detective, investigator or a spy to obtain a specific piece of information and all that. Self-Missions are designed by the agency itself so that we the agency may catch criminals and sell them to the government. Sometimes, governments of some countries also provide some Third-Party Missions.”

“Whoa! That’s great,” Zack spoke in awe, eager to find more about this agency. “Do you have some kinda ranking system?”

“Oh, sure we do!” Carlos enthusiastically said. “Spies are divided in Grades- Grade ‘C’, the temporary Grade where one can be kicked out if he/she don’t increase his/her grade in two years; Grade ‘B’, who are permanent ones here and don’t get so life-threatening missions; and at last, Grade ‘A’, the best of the best. Each grade is further divided into classes- Class ‘1’, ‘2’ and ‘3’. I’m a Grade A-1 spy.”

“Ooh! You’re one of the greatest spies of the agency!” Zack said in awe. He was no longer nervous and was feeling like family with Carlos.

“Ooh, now ya got it!” Carlos said.

“But, you tagged ‘Temporary Grade’ to Grade ‘C’. Why?” Zack asked.

“Well,” Carlos turned his head here and there, trying to change the topic somehow.

“What happened?”

“Uh,” He, at last, sighed and said, “Okay, so listen. Actually, C-Grade Spies are fired from the job if they are unable to promote to B-Grade in two years.”

“And, why’s that?”

“You know, we take in many spies every year, so to make room. And, the person is referred to as ‘garbage’ if he/she is unable to promote, because, actually, C-Grade Missions just give one a certain experience, and SAI is not made for such missions actually. They are present so that a person can take

a glimpse of being a spy without being killed. If the person itself doesn't quit the job, and two year term ends, so he/she is fired."

"So, can you really convince the Director to give me such an uncertain job?" Zack shyly asked. He was now afraid of being fired like that.

"Who said I'ma provide ya the job?"

"Whaddya mean?"

"What I mean is that..." Carlos looked towards him and continued, "You're gonna earn it yourself!"

"I still can't get it. How am I gonna get the job?"

"So, listen to me carefully." Carlos turned his face back towards the road and explained, "See, you've got three months where you will be trained by many trainers the essentials and basics of being a spy. You'll learn how to walk on floor with making any sound, how to shoot with a gun, how to swim, and many more things."

"Oh, looks interesting and frightening at the same time. The spies kill thugs and do many more thrilling and frightening stuff. Will I be able to imitate them?" Zack asked worriedly. "What if I am killed in the line of duty or—"

"Wait," Carlos cut his line. "Think positive. All one need is training to master something. No one is born being a spy or a writer. Everyone just practices with faith in them. And, those negative thoughts are where the game ends." Both were silent for a few seconds when Carlos spoke again, "You think those actors, cricketers, footballers, or even business-men were great in their fields from right when they were born?"

“O-Okay, I got it,” Zack replied. “All ya wanna say is that I can, if I practice, right?”

“Yup, but never lose faith in yourself. ‘kay?”

“Sure,” Zack replied responsibly.

“That’s my boy!” Carlos cheered while patting his shoulders.

The car turned left as Zack saw outside the window. The structures were not so high now, just a floor or two long. The buildings were not painted in years, and the torn off paint, revealing the bricks inside, was a proof. It was an under-developed area with garbage lying around everywhere and it looked more of a dump-yard. “Where are we?” Zack asked in disgustedly.

“We’re in an under-developed area, can’t ya see?”

“But, why’re we here?” Zack asked, pinching his nose so that the smell of garbage may not enter his nose.

“Ever thought a grand investigation private agency planning to set up the under-ground base here?”

“What?!” Zack cried in shock. “N-No. It’s not here. Tell me it’s not here!”

“Nah, it IS here, son. Ya needa come here everyday to practice.”

“NO! Why me?!” Zack mourned.

“By the way, open your nose. Nothing unpleasant can be smelt here,” Carlos ordered as Zack followed suit. After opening his nose, he was shocked to observe that no foul-smell can be smelt

here. He looked at Carlos who was smiling at his innocence.

“How?” Zack asked in awe, referring to no foul-smell even after so much garbage lay around.

“We’ve done many experiments and found tons of technology which is kept secret to the world,” Carlos proudly announced.

“Wow!” Zack said in awe. He was getting a feeling that he was gonna find out the biggest secrets of the world.

Carlos took a left turn towards a narrow street. It was so narrow that just one car at a time can be parked inside. The houses were small and large bags of garbage were lying around. Parking the car at the end of the road, Carlos commanded, “Follow me,” and got off the car. Zack followed suit and saw Carlos standing at the front of a house. Luckily, there was enough space for the two to stand freely. Carlos told Zack, “Come, open this door.”

“O-Okay,” Zack replied and walked towards him. He had a strong feeling that Carlos was trying to teach him something. He stood beside him and touched the traditional handle. The handle was an old one which was just made of iron and painted brown so it may not rust. Zack touched it and shouted, “Aah!” He felt electric current passing through his body. He took his hands back and held them tightly in pain. “It was too much, man!”

“Ha!” Carlos laughed. “Even I was made to feel it when I first arrived here. Actually...” Carlos opened the door without feeling any current and continued,

“They’re biometric lock. Whenever they feel the hand-prints of an outsider, he/she is electrocuted. But, if it’s mine, or any other spy’s hand, then it automatically opens the lock. Now, come inside.”

“O-Okay,” Zack replied. He was now afraid as to how much traps will come his way. But instead, it was just a one-room house whose wardrobe was opened by Carlos. The wardrobe was very dark from inside, like there was no end.

“See how dark it is,” Zack commented. “Does it have an end or not?”

“Well, you can try going in, isn’t it?” Carlos said, waving his hand towards the door.

“Uh...” Zack looked at Carlos, and then at the open wardrobe. “I must say, this place is full of mysteries!” Zack laughed at his own joke to convince himself that nothing will go wrong.

“What happened?” Carlos asked, raising his eyebrows. He’d seen his fear inside his laugh and expressions. At last, he was a Grade A-1 Spy.

Zack looked inside and sank his whole face inside. “Does it have enough space that I can go further?” Carlos didn’t answer and thus Zack sank deeper into the black.

Seeing his hesitation, Carlos squeezed his shoulders and pushed him inside. “It has stairway, okay?” Zack gave a thumbs-up, but it was unable to be seen due to the darkness. Carlos even closed the wardrobe’s entrance from inside. “Ya know what; the stairway is coated with a layer of a special substance which can absorb over ninety-nine

percent of light. Ever read about it in the newspaper?"

"Maybe," Zack replied, carefully walking at the stairway where not even the stairs can be seen through eyes.

"Ah, it's the end!" Zack said with a smile on his face. But, his eyes grew wide open in shock of seeing Carlos opening the door. "Weren't ya behind me?" Zack asked shockingly.

Carlos chuckled and while waving his hands over Zack's face, he replied with a smile, "MAGIC!" He turned right and continued walking.

"B-But how? At least reply me this much!" Zack sighed and after focusing watching him go, he ran towards him, waving a hand in the mid-air and shouting, "Wait for me!"

Walking on the right of Carlos, he turned right and saw a glass wall. On the other side, there were many men and women practicing, some on the boxing-ring, some running, some walking carefully on different types of floors specially made for the purpose of training, some were shooting a pistol, and many more new stuff Zack never experienced. The corridor was raised above the practice ground and so it acted like first-floor. With his mouth wide open awe, he uttered "Whoa!"

Smiling at the awe of Zack like a father of little child, he said, "So, y'are gonna come here. Excited, right?"

“Obviously I am. I’ve never seen these things ever before in my life. I mean, the guns, specially made floors so that someone can be trained how to walk without making noise, and all this! There’s no reason left not to be excited, isn’t it?!” Zack said in awe.

Suddenly, a man bumped on Carlos’ left shoulder. He was an old-looking man wearing a black coat-suit and white shirt. He looked in his fifties and had standing black hair with a pair of spectacles. He muttered, “Sorry,” and after looking at Carlos, he hugged him and said, “Hey, Carlos!”

“Hey!” Carlos shouted back.

After loosening them from each-other’s friendly hug, the man asked, “So, is everything fine?”

“Oh, yeah. Always has been!” Carlos replied back.

Catching a glimpse of a young man looking towards the trainees at great interest, he asked, “Who’s this young lad? Another suggestion?”

Scratching his head in shyness, he replied, “Yeah. He’s Zack Will.”

Nodding his head, the man replied, “Ook (pronounced ou-ke)” and continued on his way.

Looking back towards him, Zack asked, “Who’s he?”

“He’s the Director, Mr. Johnny Johnson.”

“Oh, really? He almost behaved like a friend to you.”

“Yeah, he acts like a friend to everybody, is down-to-earth and treats everyone equally.”

“Lucky to have a Director like him, else newspapers nowadays are full of the exploitation by the Directors and Presidents of various companies.”

“Yeah,” Carlos agreed.

It was the end of the corridor and the second-last room was marked ‘Assistant Director’s Office’. “Here we are!” Carlos said as he opened the door and shouted with a wide grin, “KONICHIWA!”

“How many time I must tell ya that I’m not Japanese?! I’m KOREAN!” The lady inside the room shouted back.

“You don’t know, Ms. Kei Cho, but y’are Japanese!” Carlos joked while entering the room. Zack also entered from behind and saw a slim old woman, with a very white skin-tone and a pink pair of spectacles. She had a knee-long frock on with dark-colored lotuses on it.

Glaring at Zack, she asked, “So, is this another of your suggestion?”

“Yup,” Carlos replied with a smile.

“Okay,” she said and sat on her chair once again. “So, what’s his name?”

“Zack Will, age twenty-four, right?”

“Yeah,” Zack shyly replied.

“Okay, he can surely come at training drills from tomorrow,” Kei Cho replied.

“Arigatou!” Carlos said with a wide grin as he dashed back towards the door.

“OOF!” She screamed in anger.

Episode-3: Two Tests

February 2nd, 2014 (7:36 pm)

“Our new, changed and introverted Zack of yours has been exceptional in training the whole month. He has a great interest for learning new and different stuff every-day, but the main problem is his ‘introversion’. He doesn’t talk to anyone else much and is always absorbed in his own training. Just some rare ‘yes, sir’ ‘how do we do this’ and all that crap is what our ears can reach from his mouth. Maybe he is still not comfortable here,” Mr. Johnson told Carlos. Both of them were sitting inside the Director’s Office facing each other. Carlos had two-three more empty chairs kept beside him. The office was painted blue which gave it a dark look, with just a bulb to provide light. The desk between both of them was filled with papers lying all around the desk. It also had a whole computer system lying on it with desktop, CPU, printer and all that stuff. The desk itself was made of brown laminated wood, with drawers present on both the sides of Mr. Johnson.

On hearing the report of Zack, Carlos sighed and said, “See, I know why he’s like this, but, can ya tell me any instance as to how you reached this conclusion?”

Mr. Johnson took out his spectacles and cleaned the sweat of his forehead by his hands. Then, he said, “Okay, why not.”

“Thank you,” Carlos said under his breath.

“It was the incidence of some fifteen-twenty days ago. Zack was at the Shooting Center with a trainer teaching all sorts of trainees along him. Zack was actually having some problem holding the pistol because no one imagines how heavy a pistol actually is, thanks to those action films. So, seeing him having some trouble, his trained walked towards him and after keeping an arm around his neck, he touched the pistol and can ya imagine what he did?”

“What?” Carlos drably asked.

“Well, HE PULLED HIS HANDS BACK! Can ya believe it?” Mr. Johnson shockingly said. “Even girls don’t do that nowadays here!”

“So?” Carlos asked. “What should I do if girls don’t do that? I just care that ZACK DID IT.”

Carlos was confused at the sentence. “Wha—”

“See, I know why he did this. There’s a method to his madness, and I know the reason. Maybe he’s not feeling like home here.”

“Yeah.”

“And, what about Adam Atkinson?” Carlos asked. “Have they met each other?”

“Nah, Adam is that same, cheerful guy with a good humor. And Zack and Adam may have seen each other or talked formally, but not like friends or something.”

“Hmm...” Carlos hummed, rubbing his chin. “Today’s the last day. Today will decide if they pass their first test or not.”

“I don’t seem to care, Carlos. You’re their mentor, at last.”

“Yeah. I’ll be back after some three weeks. If the three don’t meet each other, then I will surely make them meet,” Carlos said and stood up. Giving a hand for a handshake, Mr. Johnson also stood up and they shook hands.

“Okay so, best of luck for your mission. Hope ya come back alive.”

“It’s an easy one. I’ll surely come back, no matter what!” Carlos chuckled and left the office.

Zack was standing at the door with the label ‘Carlos’ Entrance/Exit’ on it with his head tilted downwards in despair. He sighed and talked with himself, “Mr. Carlos gave me a whole month to find my other two teammates. But, my shyness took over me and somehow I lost my way. Today’s the last day, and I’m goin’ home...” He smiled, laughing at his own plight. His voice turned heavier in pain as he continued, “I’m goin’ home, losing everything back again.”

“Hey?” A masculine voice called him from behind.

Zack wiped his tears with his sleeve so that he may not see them, and turned back. He found a cheerful guy with a porcelain white skin tone and blue eyes with black hair asking him, “Are ya also from Mr. Carlos’ team?”

“Y-Yes,” Zack replied, trying to act calm.

“Well, I gotcha!” He cried. “At last, our first test was an absolute success!”

“Wait, are you also from Carlos’ group?”

“Always has been!” He replied gleefully. “By the way, I’m Adam Atkinson. Actually, there’s one more in our group, as you may know, but he’s suffering from some kinda disease and is on a leave for some time.”

“Oh, may he get well soon,” Zack replied.

“And your good name?”

“Oh, sorry I almost forgot!” Zack answered, scratching his head. “I’m Zack Will.”

“Nice to meet ya, Zack!”

“Same here,” Zack replied casually.

“So, I think we should get to know each other, right?”

“D’you mean that we can walk down the slum together?” Zack asked.

“Uh...” Adam tried to think of some other way because his reply was caught at the first glance. But after a few seconds of ‘Uh...’ he sighed and replied, “Oof, yes. It’s the first time my jokes are caught up like this. I hope I won’t stand in such difficult situation again.”

“Well, I, uh...” Zack was nervous at the thought, but agreed at last, “Okay, I will.”

“Great!” Adam gleefully said, keeping an arm over Zack’s neck and starting to ask all sorts of questions.

“So, how’d ya found me?”

“Well, can’t ya see ‘Carlos’ Entrance/Exit’ written? It states that only the Carlos’ team can use it. So, anyone who uses it will be in his team, right?”

“Whoa, never thought of this funny but clever way!”

“So, do you play games?”

“No.”

“Neither me, they’re for kids at last.”

“Hey, ever played Counter of Commanders?”

“YEAH, that was hell of a game!”

They both walked the street together when a girl, came running towards them. She was black by skin colour. She even had long black hair with brown eyes. She saw her left hand’s watch as she said, “Oh, boy, I’m gonna be late for...” as she suddenly bumped on Zack, who never saw her as he was talking with Adam. They collided as Zack fell hard on the ground. “Ouch!” he said while rubbing his back.

“O-Oh sorry! I’m getting late for something...” and ran away.

“What heck of the thing was she late for? It’s nine o’clock,” Adam commented, watching her running.

“‘Something’. She was getting late for ‘something’. Haven’t ya heard it right?” Zack said, getting up.

“But, what is this ‘something’ of her?”

“‘Something’ is a thing. A proper noun, I must say.”

“You’ve got a horrible sense of humour, Zacky,” Adam said.

“Oh, yeah, I know, Ads,” Zack said as he started to cross the road. “Maybe you can get a taxi that way,” Zack said, pointing towards the end of the intersection.

Adam ran towards him and said, “We just gave each other nicknames.”

“Yeah, I know.”

February 2nd (9:09 pm)

Zack was sitting inside a taxi where melody songs were being played. Zack sat at the back side of the taxi, drably looking outside the window and lost in his own thoughts. He was feeling very sleepy. “It’s been a month, and I still can’t control my sleeping schedule,” muttered Zack. The thickets of trees and bushes covered the borders of the highway-like road. Suddenly, Zack’s eyes grew wide as drops of sweat filled his forehead. “Wait, why am I in a highway?” The question struck his mind. He looked at the driver, who was watching him from the rear view mirror.

Suddenly, the taxi stopped in the mid-way. Seeing that there was no building or person beside the highway, just woodlands around, he asked, “Where’re we?”

The driver, sitting on driver’s seat, took off his cap which he was wearing, turned back towards Zack, and by making an eye contact with his devilish eyes, he said, “This is the road of DEATH!” as Zack saw some two more men arriving from the bushes, armed with axes. Zack got outta the car as the three men surrounded him. He thought, “They’re three, and I’ve never fought such number of people alone. It’s just like that day.” He raised his fists up in front of his face, like that in boxing, but

those fists were unable to hide the fear in his eyes and his trembling legs. He suddenly clapped once with his hands and closed his eyes. But, what eyes opened were not the old, trembling ones of Zack. They were more menacing with anger. The first man, or the driver, was with a steel rod, standing on his front, while the other two with axes were at his back and beside him respectively.

The driver attacked first. He ran towards him and raised his rod for a blow directly on his face, but Zack, who stood there, defended himself with his left arm. The driver was shocked to see Zack dealing with a blow of rod with his arm, but Zack was hit hard. “Ha-ha! You thought you can deal with a rod’s blow by defending yourself with your arm. So much for being an amateur!” the driver said as Zack rubbed his arm in pain. “I think I’m enough for you! Be aside, guys!”

“Oh, really?” Zack asked as he jumped and gave him a round flying kick directly on his face. The driver-thug fell hard on the ground, with his nose and face bleeding. “It was just one blow” Zack told him as he took the rod from the lying thug.

The driver-thug shouted, “He’s not an amateur, guys! I underestimated him!” as the two rolled their axes and prepared to attack Zack. Unlike the driver and Zack himself, those two had some good abs on their arms. The left one lifted his right arm and attacked Zack directly on his face. Zack used his rod to defend, but it broke into two pieces. Luckily, the rod was strong enough to absorb the force and then

break. In the meantime, the second one blew it on his waist, but Zack jumped over it by rolling at one-eighty degree jump and landing his feet by using his right hand on the ground before the feet. He then used his left hand and presented a blow right on the left one's belly. It hit him so hard that some blood came out as he started chocking. In another fraction of second, he kicked him again on the face to knock him out. He laid there, unconscious as Zack took up his axe and throwing his rods. Then, he saw the third one who was now trembling a bit by seeing his sharp reflexes and powerful punches. But, he collected his guts and gave Zack a sharp menacing look. Zack, who was already giving one, started to walk towards him, rolling the axe in his hands. As he lifted his axe, he saw a vision. He remembered a house's bedroom with a window, with a boy of 14 years, lifting an axe. Suddenly, his eyes rolled as the axe rolled one-eighty degree and Zack lost grip of the axe. The axe hit the head of the third one. The man fainted, but he didn't die because the axe rolled sideways. Zack also fainted on the spot.

February 3rd, 2014 (8:00 am)

Zack opened his eyes found himself lying on his bed. He came to a sitting position on the bed and held his head from his hand in pain and thought, "It's the same kinda headache that happens when..." Suddenly, he saw his digital alarm clock ringing and displaying '0800 hours'. Zack thought, "What did he do yesterday night?" He saw a letter kept beside the alarm. He took it up and read it.

Congratulations, Zack! I was leaving for my next mission when I thought to test you once more. Your fighting is just like it used to be. Great job!

Carlos

He kept the letter back on the bedside table and sighed. Suddenly, something struck his mind. “I should get ready for the training.”

February 3rd, 2014 (7:34 pm)

The drills just ended and everyone was roaming here and there towards their exits for home. Everyone had their brown bags on. They were, in fact, safety kits that the trainees were made to have because even as a trainee, there’re huge chances that they can act as targets by some enemy groups.

Zack and Adam were walking together down the corridor, talking to each other.

“So, I just wanna become one of the best spies out here!” Zack said.

“Yeah, me too. At last, who is here who will reply that he don’t want to?” Adam ironically replied.

“Yeah, the competition’s high here,” Zack pointed. “But just tell me, what’ll ya do if you become the best spy out there?”

“Uh...” Adam started to think, looking upwards and rubbing his chin. “Maybe...” Suddenly, he bumped into another man. “Oh, sorry,”

Zack saw the tall and muscular man standing in front of him, watching both of them with a sense of disgust. He had black hair, standing up due to get, maybe, with blue eyes and a porcelain white skin tone. His face was muscular and had a good shape. He was also wearing the uniform, mustard pair of pants with a white-shirt. He said in a heavy voice, "So, y'are Zack Will, the asshole that was brought by Mr. Carlos from prison by bribe, right?"

"Uh, yes," Zack shyly replied.

"So, ya know what, ya don't deserve here!" He dominantly said. "This is not a place for some shithead prisoner like ya. Wanna know why?"

"Enough, Rolan," Adam tried to stop him.

"Who the fuck are you to command me like the big-shot here?" Rolan said, squeezing his neck.

"W-Wait, please leave him!" Zack desperately begged him.

With his muscular head turning right towards Zack, he angrily asked, "Wanna fight, ya son of a bitch?"

He had another vision, maybe from his past or something, where a man, probably in his forties, angrily asked him, "Your mother is a bitch!"

Holding his forehead in pain, he shockingly asked, "What was that?"

"Ya gone mad?" Rolan disgustingly asked.

"W-What?" Zack said. With his eyes wide open in shock, he saw Adam choking and then the muscular face and abs of Rolan. Closing his eyes, he screamed, "YES!"

Rolan opened his face and released Adam.

“I-I will!” Zack said, still holding his head. “I-I can go through any means to protect my friends!”

“Sure. Mr. Carlos is famous for bringing one of the best spies here. So, I wanna test myself against ya,” Rolan said, and left away. “Tomorrow at the ring, at the same time!” He shouted back.

“Don’t fight him!” Adam replied, looking back at his scream.

“Why?” Zack asked, turning to the front and walking towards the exit.

“You don’t know him!” Adam desperately tried to explain. “He’s a bully! He started training just after the previous year’s admissions ended! He’s been training for over eleven months! And you, just one!”

“Y-Yeah I know, but I have had some martial art training.”

“When?” Adam shockingly asked.

“When I was twelve,” Zack joked to calm himself.

Adam face-palmed at Zack’s reply.

Episode-4: First Fight

February 4th, 2014 (7:41 pm)

“A-Are ya really sure?” Adam worriedly asked Zack once again. Both were standing beside each other, looking at the boxing ring surrounded with audience of over a thousand trainees shouting “ROLAN! ROLAN!” Everyone was raising their hands like in a strike, and shouted the name with full of their necks.

With his mouth wide open, he somehow collected his courage and he said with full determination, “Yeah, I’m not gonna turn my back!”

“Think again, this is not just boxing, it’s Kick-Boxing! A type of Karate!” Adam warned him.

“I know, Ads,” Zack disgustingly replied and walked by pushing the over-excited crowd raising their arms and shouting the same chant.

“Zack, please, don’t go in!” Adam tried to convince him.

“Nah, I will, regardless of how much time ya warn me!”

“But Zack, he’s even said to inherit the desk of Director. He’s even beaten a Grade B-3 spy!”

“So?”

“So’?! Really?!”

“So what? I’m not gonna go easy on him. He’s disrespected me! HE disrespected my mom and both of us! I’m gonna step outside the ring only when he takes his words back!”

“Oh!” Adam face-palmed while Zack jumped over the fence of the ring with his kick-boxing kit hanging on his shoulder.

Zack took his position on one corner of the ring, crouching and wearing his necessary pads above his blue nylon t-shirt and black track pants. Wearing the kick-boxing shin pads, Zack saw Rolan with his face a kinda tilted down, who looked back the same way and chuckled. Then Zack turned back and saw Adam, who gave him a thumbs-up. Zack nodded and thought, “This is a game for my redemption. He needa take his words back! Imma show him that I’m the mighty one here! I needa show ‘em all my presence here as a spy and as a person!”

Rolan, on the other hand, was thinking, “I can’t step back now. I’ve never seen his fighting techniques, and Mr. Carlos is renounced to bring best of the best! Maybe I’m underestimating him, but it should also be noted that he’s been here for just a month. So, I have more experience than him, which is gonna be my plus point. If I lose, my reign is over, which I can’t let go of. Today, he’s gonna lose, and Imma beat him NO MATTER WHAT!”

Both stood up as a trainer ran up and arrived on stage and looked at them angrily. “Is that what I’ve taught y’all?” The whole crowd was silent and tiled their face down in guilt. Even Zack and Adam did the same. But, he continued, “To fight WITHOUT ANY REFREE?!” Everyone looked up happily and shouted “Yu-Hoo!”

Smiling at his trainees' gleeful smiles, he said, "So, I'm gonna be the referee today. Do any of you have any objections?"

"No," Zack readily agreed.

"Nah, go on!" Rolan replied, excited and afraid at the same time.

Zack and Rolan stood up from their mini foldable chairs and looked into each other's eyes in wrath. Adam whispered in a feeble voice, "Come alive, Zacky."

"Okay so. Give me a minute to tell the rules again. No sharp objects; no..." The referee gave a large number of "no's" and continued for a minute, while the two fighters were looking at each other in wrath. "... and at last, the first one to fall down on the floor or ground loses!"

"Awe!" The crowd disappointedly said in unity. At this time, both of them walked towards the center of the ring.

"What?" The referee asked on the microphone.

Someone shouted, "The first one to bleed loses!"

With that person, the audience shouted, "Yes!"

Hearing their loud voices, he has to agree at last, "Okay, okay. The first one to bleed loses. Is it all right?" Both nodded together and the referee started to count, "THREE!" Both took their positions with their fists covering their faces. "TWO! ONE! GO!"

The fight started. They both were giving some minor punches and kicks to each other while the other was defending. In the middle of the crowd, the

same black woman was pushing the crowd with another woman's hand in hand. "Come quickly, the fight's started!" She said.

"I know, Olivia!" the other one, with a porcelain skin-tone and long blonde hair, replied back.

"We needa have a good position to watch the match!" Olivia scolded. "The entire crowd shouting madly makes me go nuts!"

"Everything makes ya go nuts, whether it's me, your car's bad engine or anything else in this world!" The other woman sarcastically replied.

"Miley, it's not my fault that I'm surrounded by people and things which make me go insane!" Olivia replied in anger. At the front-most row, their search ended as they saw the two fighting without much action.

"Well, nothing much interesting is goin' on right now," Miley said.

Olivia, observing Zack, thought, "Oh, this is the man who collided with me when I was in a hurry. So, this is Zack Will."

"Hey, he's got no chance against Rolan, right?" Miley said gleefully.

"Maybe not," Olivia said, still observing both of them fighting in the dull manner.

Rolan tried out his right kick directly on his face, but he defended with his left as he punched him again with his right. His punched didn't make an impact because of Zack's defence. Zack tried to kick on his face as Rolan suddenly got hold of his right leg in the air, and was not in the mood to let it

go. So, Zack, with his remaining left leg, jumped and while in the air, heroically kicked his face with his flying kick. Even his arm was unable to defend this one as it went right on his face. Rolan lost the hold of Zack's right leg as the kick forced him to move a kinda backwards and fall down. Checking his mouth if it wasn't bleeding, he thought, "It was sure the HELL OF A KICK!"

Zack, smiling a bit while looking at his body, thought, "That kick was great! Even I can fight with all those training sessions and don't need his help anymore."

Everyone at the audience shouted, "OO!"

Standing up, Rolan said, "Don't think the fight's over yet!" He stood up and both the players took their fighting positions back. Both circled around, staring at each other, waiting for the other one to strike first. Zack punched first, but Rolan defended his face with his fists. Then, Rolan kicked on the belly and Zack was hit hard. Due to the kick, he bent a kina down and Rolan saw it as a good opportunity. Rolan used a side kick which directly struck his left ear and he fell down, losing balance due to the hard kick. Rolan kicked again on the fallen Zack's face when he was trying to get up. That hard kick on his face resulted in Zack lying there, breathing hard. He saw Rolan watching him struggle. Rolan said, "So, do you wanna quit?"

"Nah!" Zack said as he got up and regained his position again. Both circled around again, staring at each other's eyes and waiting for the other one's attack. Rolan punched, Zack dodged, Zack punched,

Rolan dodged. That went on for some minutes when they continued to circle. The audience was watching carefully on both the players. There was a complete silence on the whole ground. It was so silent that Zack was able to hear his heartbeats becoming faster because of those impacts. His strength was fading as he was running out of stamina. Moving his right fist backwards, he went on for a powerful punch on Rolan's face, but due to his low stamina, Zack's foot tripped as the punch missed his face. With his punch just beside his face, Rolan thought of it as an opportunity. He smiled devilishly and punched his unprotected face. It hit him hard, adding the fact that Zack tripped and was directly falling on his punch. Zack was on the air, falling backwards. He fell there, with his face towards Adam, who shouted, "ZACK!"

With his face badly injured, though no wounds were there, Zack told him, "Don't worry, Adam. He will definitely arrive to save me. I won't leave the ring with just a corpse with no soul in it, got it?"

"So optimism he's filled with, right?" Olivia said, with her arms crossed and analysing Zack seriously. "He knows he may not make it back alive, still he's fighting for self-respect."

"I don't wanna listen to your psychology at this time. Lemme focus on the game," Adam politely told Olivia, focusing on Zack standing up even after those injuries on the face.

He stretched a bit as he said, "Don't forget, it's not over yet."

“I’m not someone who forgets that easily,” Rolan said while smiling.

“Let’s see how much my student learned during this whole time,” Zack said as he took back the position and started running towards him with his right fist moved a kinda backward as to punch him. He tried to punch on his left ear, but Rolan defended by ducking downwards. His eyes suddenly grew large as he saw his knee coming directly on his face. It was a powerful one. With his eye closed because of that kick, he turned his face towards Zack, eye-to-eye as another punch came on his face. Rolan, due to the side-punch, moved leftwards as Zack jumped and kicked his face again in a heroic way. Rolan fell down, seeing the audience staring at them fight. Rolan closed his eyes as the audience started to shout, chanting “ROLAN! ROLAN!” to wake him up. Zack stood there, watching him breathing with his eyes closed. Zack walked towards him and knelt beside him. “He’s still breathing, and hasn’t flown even a single drop of blood, so at no doubt he’s not lost the game yet. It means the game ain’t-” Zack’s sentence was cut when he suddenly dealt a punch on his face. Rolan suddenly stood up and aimed on Zack, who was hit on his left eye. Rolan punched him on his ear as he fell down. “So, who’s the student here, huh?” Rolan asked him.

Looking up, Zack angrily said, “DEFINITELY YOU, YOU PIECE OF SH*T!” He was more menacing than before, just like he was against the thugs last night after the clap.

Rolan, who saw directly inside the menacing eyes of Zack, thought, “T-Those ain’t the eyes of Zack.”

“So, ain’t you afraid now?!” Zack said in a devilish tone. “Are you gonna go home crying?!”

“Zack! Are you okay?” Adam asked him from behind the ring. Zack turned towards him, with the same looks in his eyes.

“Oh yeah! I’m enjoying here! But, THE REAL GAME STARTS HERE!”

Regaining courage, Rolan said, “Let’s see how the game’s gonna end!”

Zack stood up as both regained their positions again. Zack kicked him on the face, but Rolan defended with his arm. But, that wasn’t an ordinary kick. Rolan felt a great impact of the kick till his legs. He thought, “Sh*t! It was the hell of a kick! How he transformed quietly in the air was extraordinary!” Zack kicked on the same spot again, but this time, Rolan shifted a kinda sideways due to the great impact of the kick. Zack moved a kinda forward and punched him on his face. Rolan, lying on the ground, thought, “His winning possibilities also rose with his fighting stats! I can’t lose to him so easily. I needa give him a great fight!” Rolan stood again and regained his stamina and position. This time, he attacked first with a punch. Zack dodged and punched back, and Rolan tried to dodge, but it unexpectedly hit him as he fell down.

“So, who’s the student here?” Zack asked him.

Adam, after observing him closely, rubbed his chin and said, “This ain’t Zack.”

“What?” Olivia said surprisingly, who was also trying to observe him.

“I may not know Zack for quite long, but, his eyes. They are like... They’re asking for help and revenge. Unlike Zack’s real ones, they’ve a motive, and that’s to kill someone, someone special, to avenge him or someone close to him.”

“Oh, maybe y’are right. Even I feel so after listening to you.”

“The student here, huh?” Rolan said, looking upwards towards him. “Don’t you think that basically, both of us are students here?”

“At last, you’re back on the line, don’t ya?” Zack asked as Rolan got up and regained his position. Zack punched, and this time Rolan dodged successfully. Then, Rolan kicked him on his belly, and then his knee to make him fall. And that’s what exactly happened. With a kick on the knee, Zack fell down with his back upwards. He turned his face upwards as he saw Rolan jumping on him, with his elbow preparing to produce a great blow. Zack, who was unable to do anything now, just closed his eyes. Rolan’s attack hit him really hard on his face that the nose suddenly started to bleed. The whole audience was shocked to see such a deadly attack as they started to chant “ROLAN! ROLAN!” Rolan stood up, and with his arms waving up in the air, he shouted, “YO-HOO! I WON, YET AGAIN!”

Adam entered the ring and ran towards Zack. Olivia followed him and ran worriedly. Zack opened

his eyes for a few seconds and saw Adam crying as he spoke, “Hey, Ads, remember I promised that I’ll make it back alive? I did it,” and smiled a bit and closed them again.

“Zack!” Adam shouted his name.

“C’mon, Ads!” Zack said, with his eyes still closed. “My teeth are a kinda hurting, and I am also feeling cuts on my lips, but truly answer me...” He opened his eyes and asked, “How was my other self?”

Episode-5: Dentist

February 5th, 2014 (7:32 pm)

“Are ya okay?” Adam asked Zack. It was time to leave and both were just at the entrance, talking with each other.

“Yeah, sure I am,” Zack replied. He was smiling and looking okay now without any injuries on his face. “Actually, it was just my teeth that were to be repositioned and there were some cuts on my tongue. But, it doesn’t hurt anymore.”

“Great to hear, bruv,” Adam replied. “Actually, there was a B-3 spy who challenged Rolan to a match to break Rolan’s ego. But, Rolan humorously defeated him. The spy had many injuries on his face and belly area. He’s still hospitalized even after a month!”

“What?!” Zack shockingly asked. “Really?”

Adam nodded.

Suddenly, they both heard a cheerful feminine scream, “Hello!” Both of them turned back and saw Olivia and Miley standing. Waving her hands, Olivia said, “Hey.”

“Hi,” Zack gave a warm smile.

Giving a hand, Olivia said, “Olivia Blacksmith.”

He shook her hand and replied, “Zack Will.”

Waving her hand around her shoulder, Miley replied, “Miley Clarke! So, y’are Zack. You look a fairly good and not the type who would mess with Rolan.”

Scratching his head, Zack replied, “Yeah, I j-just, lost my cool.”

“Better not lose it again!” Miley cited and winked.

Blushing, he murmured, “Y-Yeah, okay!”

“Oh yes!” Miley cried, turning towards Olivia, “Sir called a meeting again! We needa be in time!”

“At Seven forty-five?!” Olivia asked.

“Hell yeah!” Miley screamed and both of them turned back. “Sorry guys, we needa go!” Both screamed together and ran away.

“Uh... bye?” Adam said, but in vain because they had already run way. “They were in hurry even when we first met that night,”

“Dunno what this meeting that they’re running for is?!” Zack commented in disgust.

“Yeah,” Adam said.

“So, tomorrow’s holiday, I suppose,” Zack said.

“Yeah. Wanna hang out tomorrow? Maybe we can go meet Harry.”

“I have a meeting at the dentist’s tomorrow at four. Maybe after that.”

“Okay so, I’ll call him and tell that we’re comin’.”

February 6th, 2014 (3:48 pm)

Zack and Adam were walking down the footpath of a busy road. Cars of various colors and sizes were going here and there after every few minutes, but for most of the time, the thoroughfare looked empty. The footpath also didn’t have a lot of people, just a few roaming with their families and friends for a hangout and change of minds. Both of them were wearing casuals- a black pant and white

shirt for Zack and white pant for a light blue t-shirt for Adam to complete their looks. Walking abreast to each other, they were talking of the news and other unnecessary stuff. "Seen Rowan Atkinson's latest film?"

"Is he your brother?"

"No," Adam disgustingly replied.

"So why should I?"

"Ya got a bad sense of humor, Zacky!" Adam laughingly said. "You watch films only if one of the main leads is someone close to you?"

"Uh..." Zack murmured, looking skywards. He had no answer for this sentence and was trying to think one.

"Well, accept your defeat at this game of humor!" Adam frowned and smiled at the same time.

Zack smiled and tilted his head down, "Okay, I lost!"

"YE—" Adam jumped in joy but Zack pushed him. Zack actually turned right towards him and pushed him by his shoulders by mistake, because he was jealous.

"Hey!"

"The dentist is this way," Zack replied.

"Well, that was a pretty good one but, WHY DID YOU PUSH ME?"

"It was non-intentional, bro."

"No it wasn't!" Adam scolded with a sense of annoyance in his speech as he closed the door.

The dentist's clinic was a scary one. No one was sitting at the waiting area on the right, and the place looked awkwardly silent and creepy even though the tube-lights were on.

"Wait for a bit," a heavy feminine voice said as both of them were scared to the core.

"AAA!" Both of them shouted in unison and turned to their left. It was a relief to find a woman, probably in her fifties, sitting on a counter with a sign-board 'Reception' on top. She had a thin pink pair of spectacles on and a newspaper in hand, which was folded to see the arrived.

"What's wrong with today's kids?" She thought as she made a face of disgust.

Zack and Adam were constantly looking at her while they searched for seats behind their backs by waving their hands around their butts. Adam caught hold of a seat and sat in while Zack pushed him sideways and sat beside him. They were scared to hell. "I'm sure she's gonna attack us anytime now," Zack whispered.

"Ya got it right," Adam commented.

Another voice from behind said, "Both of ya got it wrong!" and the two suddenly fainted.

February 5th, 2014 (11:34 pm)

Zack opened his eyes and found himself sitting on the ground, with hands and feet tied together. It was a small cottage-like structure, with a window at his top back and a door at the front, in some distance. It only had a small bulb at the top right center of the room to provide light. The cottage was

painted with a light shade of brown and it was full of webs around the corners. He somehow tried to look outside the window at the back by tilting the head backwards and get a small glimpse if possible. And, he luckily got one. But, it was not for a long time, but Zack fitted every single detail of the scenery in his mind. Zack saw a valley, full of thin creepy trees, with moon shining in his brightest of colors right above them. The ground was uncertain and unlevelled and slipped down in a distance. It also had a thin river flowing at a distance. He turned his head here and there and saw that literally every single one of trainees was there, sitting in the same position, some still fainted while some just sat, looking downwards in despair. "It's probably a large scale kidnapping," Zack thought. "Probably somewhere at the Brighton-London Highway."

He turned left and found Adam, who looked back at him and asked, "Where are we?" He turned pale as shiver ran down his spine. His body hair were also standing up due to goosebumps. "I-I'm not getting a good feeling here. I swear something's wrong."

"We all know that something's wrong here. I think it's a large-scale kidnapping and the kidnapper must be threatening Mr. Johnson to bring ransom or something."

"Maybe," Adam whispered back. "I just wanna get outta here as soon as possible."

Suddenly, the door at their front opened forcefully and both of them looked at it, frightened

by the sudden bang of the door on the wall. At the door stood a woman with long blonde hair, wearing a mask and black leather jacket on the top, with a white crop-tank and tight black jeans and knee-high boots. The mask was black and creepy, with a creepy smile, with full of pointed teeth interlocked together, on the face. The mask had no eyes and the leather used to make it was transparent black on the eyes. The masked woman had long blonde hair at the back. The thug-like woman tilted her head on right, and then on left, and gave a frightful glance at both the sides. Then, she tilted it towards her front again and her eyes met with Zack's. She started to walk towards Zack, while dominantly keeping her right foot at the front. Zack was scared to the core and he just froze there at the moment. A man, who sat in his front, was thrown back vigorously by his collar like a sack. She crouched in front of Zack and looked into his eyes.

“Zack Will, twenty-three, new arrival at the SAI Training Center,” She described him as he just looked at her, frozen. “Well, well! I’ve got a work which only a shithead like ya can do.” The two guards, muscular in contrast to the two skinny trainees, came up from behind her and after getting a hold of their collars, they followed the masked woman to another room. Both were dragged by the collar to another room, and then thrown at the center like a heavy non-existence sack containing garbage was thrown at the dumping-ground.

“Ouch!” Zack screamed because he was bumped on the floor by his head.

“SILENCE, YOU MOTHERFUCKER!” She screamed at Zack.

“Whaddya want from us?” Adam asked in pain.

“Well, well! I don’t ask,” She menacingly whispered in their ears. “I just get my work done!” Walking back towards the door, she said, “I think, ya should see this first. Then, I’ll keep my work.”

There was an Electrical Switch Board just beside the door. It had two rows, with a fan-regulator at the side of the top row, while the bottom row was full of switches. She clicked on one of the switches at the bottom-row, and a bulb on her left started giving out light. Below the bulb was a nude women figure, lying on the ground after being badly beaten. She was full of blood, like a whole bucket of blood was tossed at her at once. With the pool of blood increasing at a fast rate, the two noticed the black figure’s arms (which covered her face along with her black hair) moving a slightly away as the woman tried to get up. But, her arm slipped as she fell back on the floor. Her hair moved a slightly away from her face due to the movement and her face was clearly seen. Breathing hard for survival, she was Olivia!

“Olivia!” Zack shouted loudly and desperately tried to untie his hands. Watching his vigorous movements of breaking the ropes, she advanced towards him and kicked on his face. Zack was thrown to her left.

“Well, well! It feels so good to see a crazy lover striving to save a love of his life, isn’t it?”

“Whaddya want from me?” Zack angrily asked, lying on the ground.

“I don’t want anything from ya,” The masked woman said. “I want my wish to be fulfilled by the other you,”

“Who?”

Crouching on his front and holding his head, she said, “Well, ya don’t look so foolish.” Tilting his head upwards towards her, she continued angrily, “The one who fought against Rolan! I know ya have something like split-personality! I want the other you, more menacing and powerful!”

“H-He won’t arrive, girl!” Zack said with his eyes closed and a smile. “I control him, and it’s entirely my decision when he’ll come and go!”

“And I CONTROL YOU, and it’s my decision now!”

“Nah, it’s still my decision,” Zack casually said with a smile. “He listens to me, not ya!”

“But, you WILL LISTEN TO ME! INDIRECTLY, I CONTROL BOTH OF YA!” Then, she stood up and kicked his face again. Zack’s nose started to bleed. “Why the hell am I even talkin’?! I know how to bring him out!” She took him up from his collar, and punched him really hard from the other hand. “It’s torcher, right?”

Zack smiled and opened his eyes. He looked down and said, “Nah, wrong again. It’s INTENSE TORCHER!”

She kicked him through her knees on the balls. “Please, stop!” Adam said.

Tilting her head towards him, she asked, “Who the fuck are ya to order me when to stop?!” Throwing Zack towards the ground, who didn’t had the stamina left to get up, the woman walked towards Adam and kicked him on the face. Adam was hit hard and his mouth started bleeding. Pool of blood, mixed with some saliva, was what came out when he coughed while lying on the ground. She crouched on his front and asked, “So, what the fuck are you?”

“W-Whaddya want from us?” Adam asked her.

“Oh, you really think you can give me what I want?” She innocently asked.

“Sure.”

“Well, well! So do you promise that ya can gimme what I want?”

“Y-Yes, we will.”

“No matter what it takes?”

“No matter what it takes.”

Turning her head towards Zack, who was still lying there in pain, she asked, “No matter what it takes?”

“Yeah, no matter what it takes,” Zack replied.

“Kill that shithead Johnny Johnson for me, will ya?”

Episode-6: Questions

February 5th, 2014 (11:41 pm)

“So, I want ya to kill that shithead Johnny,” She said and stood up. The bulb at the top was hanging from a wire. Suddenly, a cold breeze came in as the bulb started moving to and fro. A bodyguard cut the ropes of Zack and he stood up.

“So, ya want us to kill our Director, right?” Zack confirmed.

“Yeah. I’m giving ya time till tomorrow’s morning.”

Zack sighed and tilted his head down. “Why me? There’re also other guys out there.”

“Well, there’s no definite answer. Plus, remember Olivia’s state.”

He tilted his head again towards her as Adam also stoop up behind her. “We—”

“Just do it!” She ordered one of her guards, “Willey, take ‘em out!” The guard held their arms tightly and dragged them out.

After throwing them out, the guard shut the door and Zack and Adam were lying on the ground, with trees all around and their dried-up leaves on the ground. Zack got up, turned behind and saw the ground rising up like a valley. The highway above was empty of the cars no sound approached at the bottom. It ran above the river on their left. Adam also got up and started to climb up. The highway had street-lights on the center of the division of the road. At both the sides of the highway lay thick

woods, which disappeared into the night. The highway was tilted upwards on their left due to the river. The blue board on their right showed 'London 25 kilometer forward'. At the foot-path of the highway, Zack and Adam stood beside each other, watching the occasional cars going. Zack broke the silence, "What should we do now?"

"No idea, bro," Adam replied.

Zack sighed, and then said, "We either try to save our friends by selling our Director, or we can let them all die down there by saving Mr. Johnson. And I'm not ready for both the outcomes."

"We needa make a plan as soon as possible. We have to save both the sides."

"Yeah," Zack said, scratching his chin. "Maybe we can ask for help from Mr. Johnson himself."

"Ya think he'll believe our story?"

"Uh, I don't know, but it's worth a shot."

"It isn't, Zacky!" Adam scolded. "Even if he believes in the story, there're high chances that he'll come along us for a fight. And, just one bullet is enough for him to die, isn't it?"

Still scratching his chin, Zack said, "Yup, we can't call him in. Maybe we can try arranging some weapons and give a fight ourselves?"

"From where will we get the guns?"

"Uh... We can ask from Mr. Johnson. Oh no, he won't give us 'til we give him a definite reason, and we're back to our first problem."

"Exactly. Plus, we're just two and they're probably six to eight. We can't give a fight by ourselves. We need a good plan to defeat them."

“We should first get back to my home,” Zack said. “We can surely get some ideas in London.”

“Worth a shot,” Adam said.

Zack tilted his face and advanced forward while saying, “Maybe if Fate is on our side, we can get some ideas and get a plan to defeat them.” Zack sat on the division of the highway and Adam sat beside him. Looking above at the stars, he said, “Ads, ever thought why we can’t see a large number of stars in the night sky?”

“Nah.”

“It’s because of the global warming. High level of carbon dioxide forbids the entry of their light, so just the brightest of them are seen nowadays.”

“Really?”

“Yup. Wanna listen more?”

“Nah, I’m not interested in those boring scientific talks of yours!”

At this, Zack stood up, and while moving backwards watching Adam, he said, “But, ya should! It’s all so interesting to find out how everything in this univer—” Suddenly, a car collided with him and he fell hard on the ground. A gang of women surrounding him was all he saw before closing his eyes and fainting.

Zack opened his eyes and found himself sitting on the back-most row of a SUV, along with a woman on her left and Adam on his right. There were three more people at the middle and two people sitting at the driver’s area. The whole car was silent and no one talked, except some song playing on the radio.

Zack turned to his right and saw Adam sleeping by taking some support from the window. Then, Zack turned to his left and saw a woman looking outside the window, with the woods going back at a fast rate. The woman wore a black dress below a red jacket. She had boots on and had black frizzle long blonde hair. "So, ya awake?" She asked without tilting her head towards him.

"O-Oh yeah," Zack replied.

This time, she turned towards him and shockingly asked, "Wait, y'are really awake!"

"Uh..." Zack was a kinda confused.

"Oh, sorry but I was just practicing my acting skills, imagining myself in a James Bond movie and asking a man beside me 'Are ya awake' without turning towards him to show some attitude and all that stuff but, I didn't expect ya to be rise up so early."

"O-Oh, okay. Such coincidences do happen sometimes, ya know," Zack chuckled.

"By the way, I'm Lucy, Lucy Johnson," She said, giving her hands for a handshake.

Shaking her hand, Zack replied, "Zack Will."

"Oh, ya also Zak Will!" She chuckled.

"Why, you know someone by the same name?"

"Oh yes. Actually in the academy where I go, a man named Zack Will also shows up."

"Oh, which academy, if I may ask?" Zack formally asked.

"It's a kick-boxing academy, which I attend regularly for self-defense."

"Oh, great."

“By the way, do you go to any academy or college?”

“Actually, I recently passed my college and is having some training to give some sort of interviews and exams to get a job.”

“So, y’are still unemployed?”

“In a way, yes,” Zack shrugged.

“Oh,” She nodded. “Which type of job?”

“Uh, Game Designing.”

“Which department?”

“Uh...” Zack didn’t have an answer to this question. “I’m just aiming to become a coder.”

“Okay, so which company will ya prefer to join?” She curiously asked.

“Actually, I have quite a big wish-list written down, and... anybody of them will do.”

“Okay. But, I’m just thinking that what a coder-in-training was doing in the middle of the highway, twenty-five kilometer away from the city, with no vehicle.”

A sweat fell down from Zack’s forehead. His forehead was full of sweat now because of this indirect question being raised. “Uh, well...” He murmured, tried to think of a good distraction. “What should I say now?” He thought. “I’m now outta ideas.”

“Well, what’s taking ya so much time?” Lucy questioningly asked.

Zack nudged Adam to wake up, but he was sleeping soundly. He thought, “C’mon! How the heck can he sleep in such a tight situation?”

“Well, was it something disturbing?” Lucy asked.

Zack sighed and tilted his head down. Then, he nodded and said, "Someone close to me is in danger."

Lucy was shocked to hear such an answer. "Really?! Who?!"

"Uh, I can't tell ya more, the kidnappers are gonna kill him if I leak this information," Zack said in despair.

"Please, I wanna help ya. I swear I won't leak the information further," She worriedly said.

"I can't trust anyone now, Lucy. You seem good to me but I'm not sure. Actually, some people act very decent, but their truth is hard to digest. I'm not saying anything to you—"

"Yeah, I understand. Please contact me if ya need any help. I'll be there to prove my loyalty as a human."

"Thank you." Zack was looking at the floor of the car, and thought, "I have spoken semi-truths, but I'm taught that they can raise suspicion. I needa be careful next time."

Lucy also tilted her head down. "I know I've seen this place, but where. Anyways, I needa be careful next time."

It was a completely empty void. It was black from all sides and didn't have an end. With just a floor to stand on, Zack was desperately searching for something. Running here and there, he shouted, "Olivia! Adam! Anyone?! Anyone who can listen to me?!" Suddenly, he saw the masked woman, looking at him in despair.

"I-I lost!" She murmured.

Zack, who didn't know why she was doing it, observed a pistol on his hand, while his opponent was empty-handed. He pointed it at her and while trying to collect the courage, said, "S-Surrender to SAI! W-Where're my friends?"

Giving a devilish smile while eyes covered with her hair, she said, "Well, well! Look behind!"

Turning back, he saw large tentacle-like structures where his friends were tied up. It was shaking vigorously to and fro, with the two shouting "ZACK! ZACK!" Zack desperately looked towards left, and then towards right, to find a way or a weapon to give a fight. Suddenly, he saw a creepy demon-like shadow coming from behind him as he looked back. His eyes grew wide in shock as to his horror, back laid a big monstrous demon who said, "YA ARE GONNA DIE FIRST!"

February 6th, 2014 (1:09 am)

"Hey Zack, wake up!" He heard a masculine voice.

"I think he's sleeping very soundly," another feminine voice replied.

"Whatever, we've got an urgent work to do! Wake up, Zack!"

Zack suddenly got up and saw Adam and Lucy standing in his front. "Ya were in a very deep sleep, Zack. Who can sleep like this in a moving car?" Adam said, trying to exaggerate. Zack was sitting inside the car while the other two were standing outside the car, just beside him. Zack looked outside the car and noticed that the car was parked just in

the front of his house. "This is your house, isn't it?" Adam confirmed.

"Wait, does it mean that you yourself weren't sure which one is his?" Lucy said.

"U-Uh, I su-suppose so," Adam murmured in front of her after the revelation of the truth.

"Don't make a scene here, ya two," Zack commanded, still in half-sleep. "Everyone is fully asleep here by ten."

"Well, it seems pretty fast, isn't it?" Lucy said.

"I know it is, but I'm not the one to control them, am I?" Zack told them as he stood up, scratching in his head.

"I think ya got some lice in your hair," Lucy tried to crack a joke.

"Ya, I named him 'Adam Atkinson'. Sad life I got," Zack joked.

"Hey! It's not funny!" Adam scolded on the giggling Lucy and Zack.

"It is, Ads," Lucy contributed the humorous talk.

"Whatever!" Adam grunted and turned back towards the home. "Humph!"

"Don't act like a child, Ads. Even women are watching!" Zack took the talk to a new height.

"Enough please!" Adam tried to stop them.

"See the annoyance in his nose!" Zack laughed, pointing towards his face.

Adam face-palmed and sighed.

"This is the first time I've beaten the humor-master!" Zack gleefully announced.

"Enjoy your win, it won't last long!" Adam cited.

“Adam’s on the lead,” Lucy said. “Wanna say anything?!”

“Uh...” Zack tried to think.

“Like I said, it won’t last long!”

**“Ooh! Beaten and broken, can Zack stand again?”
Lucy said like a commentator in WWE-matches.**

**“Well, we should get going now, right Ads?”
Zack innocently said.**

“First, d’ya lost?” Lucy asked.

“Okay, it’s enough. I accept my defeat, is that okay now?” Zack annoyingly said.

**“Well, I had a lot of fun with both of ya, but...”
She scratched her head. “I think it’s time to leave.”**

“Goodbye, Lucy,” Adam waved as she sat in her car.

Scratching his head, Zack said, “Well, ya know I can’t give a perfect ‘goodbye’ like they do in films and all...”

“Don’t worry over silly things, Zack. One doesn’t need a perfect goodbye to convey that you’re really sad for parting away,” Lucy said and drove away.

Zack sighed and said, “She was correct.” Then, he turned and walked towards his home. “We’re still without a plan, Ads. Let’s not waste a second!”

Both of them were sitting on the sofa-set facing each other, with their heads tilted down. “It’s a quarter-past one, and we’re still uncertain as what to do,” Zack said in despair.

“I know, Zacky. I think that first we should decide as what can be done. Either we can just

attack there with weapons, or try a hand-on-hand combat, isn't it?"

"We can't do both of them, 'cause we don't have that particular reason by which we can enter the cottage again. And attacking from outside can be dangerous, isn't it?"

"Yup, so what?" Adam asked. "What can be that particular reason which can lead us inside the cottage again?"

"It'd be much better if we can just get it, isn't it?"

"Yeah, but nothing in this world can be just... 'obtained'." Adam tried to explain.

"I know, and I can't wait! I can't just sit here when I don't even know what must be happening out there! That's why, the earlier we do it, the better!"

Suddenly, a large voice of someone falling on the ground came as both of them turned their heads to their left, towards the door. "What was that?"

"Maybe someone is hearing us!" Zack said, got up and opened the door. He turned his head to the left, towards the stairs as a knife approached him. He suddenly took his head back as a reflex action and caught the hand. With the opened door as the cover, he pulled the hand and gave the figure a hard kick. That womanish figure fell on the ground, with the knife kept beside her. She chose not to try taking it and she chocked, sitting on the ground.

"What the heck, Zacky!" She said. Zack grabbed her head and pulled it forward.

“LUCY!” Both Adam and Zack screamed in unison. “What’re ya doing here?!”

“Hey!” Olivia, who was now situated on the chair, with her hands and legs tied up, yelled on the masked woman, who was taking a nap on her chair. “Whaddya want from me?!”

The woman, who was now angry with her nap broken in between, looked at Olivia in frustrated and angrily asked, “When’d I say that I want something from ya?!”

“So why am I kept like this?!” Olivia asked and broke into tears.

The masked-woman stood up and advanced towards her. “Because y’are so weak!” She said. “Ya may not be the gift, but y’are the reason why I’m given the gift! Try to understand!”

Olivia sniffed and said, “By the way, I know who y’are.”

“Oh, really?!” She challenged and asked. “Who am I?”

“What’re ya doin’ here?” Zack asked Lucy as he gave her a hand to get up.

“Actually,” Lucy said while getting up. “I’m Mr. Johnson’s daughter, and a spy. My full name is LUCY JOHNSON.”

Episode-7: Lucy's Help

February 6th, 2014 (1:10 pm)

"So, y'are the daughter of Mr. Johnson, correct?" Zack confirmed. The three were sitting on the sofa-set of Zack's house.

Lucy nodded and said, "I think that it'd be safe to tell my father about our situation."

"No," Zack sighed and stood up. "We won't."

"Why?" She angrily enquired. "Ya think Dad is old enough that he'll die?"

"No, Lucy I didn't mean that."

"Stop it! That's what ya meant!" Lucy angrily replied. "My father is still strong enough to come back outta that fight ALIVE!"

"I know, I—"

"And I love him! I won't listen a single word against him!"

"Stop it!" Adam said. "We're not here to fight!"

"Stop HIM!" Lucy said.

"Lucy, at least listen to me," Zack said, holding her shoulders. He was standing just in her front. "See, I meant that he may not come back alive outta that fight because those men are very dangerous! They can give their lives just to shot one bullet at the target, which will be, at no doubt, your father, Mr. Johnny Johnson!"

"O-Oh, okay. So, we can't tell him about our situation, right?"

"Yes," Zack said, starting to walk around the sofa-set. "And, even we can't save anyone if we mindlessly arrive at the spot and start to shoot at

them. We need a good plan which can make us enter the cottage again and then DIRECTLY shoot at their leader, the mysterious masked woman."

"And to enter, we don't just need a plan, we can also get a purpose to enter," Adam suggested.

"Whaddya mean?" Zack enquired.

"Well, we're thinking to secretly enter the cottage, without anyone seeing us, right?" Adam asked them. "So, can't we just find a purpose through which we can enter the cottage and meet their leader?"

Both of their eyes widened with a smile. Lucy said, "Why we didn't think of this?"

"Well, lemme tell ya why," Zack said. "Adam, what can be that 'purpose'?"

"Uh..." Adam thought. "Maybe we can find that out if we discuss...?"

"Nah, give it a try," Zack said, tilting his head slightly upwards as a sign to say 'go on'.

"Uh..." Adam constantly tried to think. "Maybe we can ask for weaponry help?"

"They told us to bring him alive if possible."

"So..."

"See, the most basic and reliable one is that we bring them what we want, isn't it?"

"Yes, if we take what they want, we can definitely enter," Lucy explained.

"And what they want?" Zack asked them like a teacher, signing them to connect the dots.

"Mr. Johnny Johnson!" Adam said.

“So if we take Dad, then we can enter the enemy territory!” Lucy explained. “And we can’t take him.”

“Correct!” Zack told them. “We can’t take him as our scapegoat, got it?”

“Y-Yes, so basically, we needa give them a fight, right?”

“No, even at such a situation, there’re high chances for our comrades out there to be killed, isn’t it?”

“Yeah,” Lucy nodded. “Then what can be done?”

Zack sighed and replied, “I think we should discuss that later. What if we first discuss how to arrange guns in the middle of the night?”

“For that, I have a plan,” Lucy told them.

Zack, who now stood beside the sofa facing her, asked, “Go ahead.”

Lucy smiled and said, “See, I don’t know if it will work or not, but we can at least try.”

“You sound like it’s gonna be dangerous,” Adam replied.

“Well, can say. I think we should ‘rob’ SAI’s Weapon Warehouse!”

“SAI’s Weapon Warehouse?” Both screamed in unison.

“Do a place like this exist?!” Zack added with his eyes wide open.

“Well, that’s what happens when you start school in mid-year!” Adam laughed.

Zack grunted. “Humph!”

February 6th, 2014 (1:19 am)

The masked woman was shocked. She walked back, with eyes wide open in shock. “H-How d’ya know?!” She shockingly asked.

Olivia chuckled and said, “Well, you really thought that keeping a mask over your face can cover your voice!”

“W-What the fuck!” She screamed. “I should better be prepared next time!”

“Yeah, ya better be!”

February 6th, 2014 (1:26 am)

“So this is SAI’s Weapon Warehouse!” Zack said in awe. Zack was driving the car while Lucy, seated beside him, was giving him the directions.

“Yeah, this is it. Stop the car here,” Lucy instructed. The car was stopped some meters away from the building. It was a silent road and the warehouse was guarded with armed guards at the front gate. It also had some towers for the guards with binoculars to keep a watch on the area. They were on one corner of the road, where it divided into two ways— right and left. They were watching on their left towards the warehouse, which had dim lights for vision. A cool breeze ran from that direction and entered the car through Zack’s open window. He shivered down his spine.

“Oof, it’s so cold!” Zack said.

“Always has been, brother!” Adam laughed. “You were the one sleeping at this point of night!”

“So, don’t ya sleep ‘til two?!” Zack asked.

“A-Actually, I was saying from the side of those truck drivers!” Adam made a joke. But, the two saw him with disgust.

“It’s not funny, buddy!” Zack said.

“It’s really a bad one!” Lucy commented.

“Uh, can’t we just focus on our mission?” Adam asked.

“We are tryna do the same here, Adam,” Zack told him, still a sense of disguise on his face.

“O-Okay,” replied Adam.

Zack turned his head towards the warehouse. Adam leaned forward because it wasn’t visible from behind due to the intersection. “So, what’s the plan?” Zack seriously asked.

“Just get in there, pack the guns and get out,” Lucy replied.

“And how’re we gonna do it?” Zack asked.

“Let’s start by getting in,” Lucy said and opened the gate of the car.

When she was just getting out, Zack asked her, “Ya think we can get in so easily?”

“Yup, at last, most of the guards must know me,” Lucy said and winked.

“Who’re ya?” was the guards’ first question. A young man, eighteen of age, wearing a jumpsuit as his uniform, asked them. He was a white skinny guy with his hair stood up in the air due to gel. His rifle was hung on his right shoulders and his badge showed ‘Jacob Braun’. He was the only one at the post and the others were posted inside or the walls,

except an old man, eighty of age, with a cap on his head. Zack asked, “Ya don’t know her?”

“Nah, I’m a newbie here, brother,” The guard replied.

“See, Jacob, we don’t have much time. Try to remember what ya were taught. Weren’t ya said to welcome the daughter of Mr. Johnson, the owner?” Zack asked.

“No, to be precise,” The guard said. “We were not taught anything like this.”

Zack face-palmed and asked, “So—”

“Hey!” The old guard arrived. His badge said that his name was ‘George Thomson’. He stood up from his chair, kept inside his post, and arrived outside. “Jacob, it’s been years since I’ve worked here.”

“D’ya know him?” Adam whispered in Lucy’s ears.

“Yes, he’s a respected guard here. He’s worked here for almost fifty years, and has done exceptionally well in all those years.”

“Oh.”

The old guard continued, “I’ve worked for many years, and have met many men and women who come here to get guns. Many a times the weapons have been misplaced or misused, but after watching them for quite a long time, I have a good eye for irresponsible and bad ones.” He stopped in front of Lucy and continued, “And I know that owners’ daughter won’t be one of them.”

She hugged him as a drop of tear ran down her cheek. She wiped it with her shirt’s sleeve.

Suddenly, he whispered in her ear, “Now, daughter, tell me why y’are here?”

“See, Olivia, can’t we be friends, like we used to be?” The masked woman asked Olivia. Her eyes were wide open, forehead was full of sweat and she was gone nuts due to this revelation. “See, I can even provide the money, just don’t leak this information to SAI. M-My whole plan will be ruined.”

“First, open me!” Olivia said dominantly. “I want ya to release everyone NOW! But before that, open me!”

“O-Okay,” She replied and went towards her back. While opening her ropes, she said, “Well, well! D’ya really thought that Imma open ya up and release everyone?”

“W-Wait, what?” Olivia was frightened.

“Well, I’m not gonna repeat my sentence.”

“W-Wait, l-listen to m-me. I-I think that w-we can—”

She stood up and screamed at her, “I’M NOT HERE FOR YOUR CHIT-CHAT!” She took out a steel rod, which was hanging on her belt like a sword, and hit her really hard on her face. Olivia tossed around, with her nose and mouth bleeding.

“Aah!” Olivia said, touching her face. “It hurts!”

“Well, it won’t hurt if y’are dead. Wanna experience?” She dominantly asked. “Ya know I don’t give mercy to everyone nowadays, but y’are an exception.” The masked woman crouched and tossed her face towards herself and asked “So, wanna die or...”

“Well, why’re ya here?” Mr. Thomson asked. “I feel fear and uncertainty in your eyes. It’s a wrong task, in your eyes, which y’are gonna do here. So, what is it?”

“W-What? No!” She pushed him back softly and said, “I’m not here to do any bad thing.”

“Then, tell me, why’re ya here?” Mr. Thomson asked. “Huh, why’re ya here?”

“Well...” Lucy tilted her heads skywards as of trying to think of an excuse. “Uh...”

“C’mon, Lucy, just tell him!” Adam motivated her.

She looked back and said, “Ya tell him himself if it looks so easy!”

“Lemme handle this, both of ya!” Zack said and walked towards the guard. “Sir, actually, Adam and I are lost in the middle of the night. We were kidnapped by thugs of kidnappers and we’re here after a long-fought battle. We’re not residents of London, in fact, and we want a place to sleep at night. Lucy can’t tell about us to her parents and we all the hotels nearby are very expensive. We don’t have even a single pound, sir. Please...” Zack joined his hands and begged, “Please let us stay here, for just one night.”

“W-Well—” The guard shrugged. “Okay, you can sleep here, but are you both sure that you can stay here?”

“Y-Yes,” Adam added more realness to the made-up story. “It’s very cold outside at nights during winters.”

“Uh... Okay, I think ya can go inside. Follow me,” Mr. Thomson said with a sense of shock in her face. He was also sweating. The three were just about to start when Jacob said, “Miss, why’re ya going inside? Mr. Thomson can show them a good place to cut the night.”

“Uh... Actually, you know I don’t trust people. So, I think I should at least see myself where’re they gonna sleep.”

“Let her come, Jacob,” Mr. Thomson said and continued towards inside. She entered inside and saw the cranes and trucks working. While walking towards the entrance, which was a little far away, the guard told them, “SAI’s Weapon Warehouse is not just a warehouse, it’s also one of the leading weapon wholesaler to the army. It contains technically all types of weapons, be it a pistol, a missile or even a hydrogen bomb!”

“Whoa!” Zack said. “It’s not a safe place to sleep!”

“Don’t worry, son. We work with all safety functions in place and all follow all necessary norms. There’s a reason why the government trust us!” Mr. Johnson explained.

“But, no one know what happens the next second,” Zack replied.

“That’s an entirely different thing, son. We don’t know what will happen the next second, will we be alive or not. At any second, a lunatic can come with a car and crash it upon us, or when a plane can crash due to any engine fault, but we can’t live with such fears, right?”

“Yeah, that’s correct.”

“But, what can happen here now what didn’t happen for over twenty years, right?”

“Hmm...” Zack thought. “And what happened before twenty years?”

“Well, the agency itself was opened twenty years ago.”

“Oh, okay,” Zack replied, looking down. “It was a silly question, I suppose.”

“No, son, in fact I’m happy ya took it out. Something could have happened twenty years ago, if it was open at that time, isn’t it?” Mr. Thomson tried to explain him.

“Yeah, okay. Imma remember that,” Zack said.

The guard entered inside the building’s door and turned left inside. The three followed him silently. Suddenly, the guard stopped and turned back. Folding his arms, he looked sideways and then said, “So, no one’s gonna see us here.”

“Uh... By the way, why’ve we stopped here?” Lucy asked in disgust.

The old guard replied, “So, who’s that kidnapper?”

Episode-8: Another Zack

“So, who’s the kidnapper?” Mr. Thomson, folding his arms, asked them.

The three were shocked to hear this. “W-Who kidnapper?” Lucy asked.

“See, uncle, we didn’t see their face because it was too dark,” Adam replied.

“Well, that wasn’t a good excuse, son,” Mr. Thomson said. “D’ya really think a kidnapper will take the kidnapped person to an entirely different country or city. Ya gotta train more, kids. I know this much that ya were kidnapped by someone and a particular person is in danger. Ya were here to steal weapons to save that particular person, even knowing that ya can just directly ask for help, right?”

The three were shocked, with mouths wide open. “Y-You know? How?” Zack asked him. “We didn’t tell you ‘bout us, but everything you said was correct.”

Mr. Thomson proudly chuckled and replied, “Eyes, son, your eyes. They say everything what you’ve seen or suffered. I saw fear in your weak eyes first, Zack, with a sense of guilt in that of Lucy. And Adam’s eyes said that they were trying to hide the truth, especially while Lucy was telling the story.”

“You got a strong power of reading people,” Zack complimented. “Can I also get such strong power after experience and training?”

“Sure, son. Just try hard every-time and give your best. Ya won’t even remember when ya got it!”

“B-But, how can ya be so correct in connecting the dots?” Lucy asked.

“Experience, as I said.” Mr. Thomson warmly replied her. “So, ya got your answers, now I want mine.”

Zack tilted his face towards Adam, who did the same. Both saw each other for some time after when Adam turned left towards Lucy, who looked at him, and tilted her head down. “I will start,” Zack said.

“Mm-hmm,” Mr. Thomson nodded.

“So, it was a normal day for me. I had a fight with a friend of mine in kick-boxing and my mouth was deeply hurt and so Adam and I were going to the dentist together...” Zack narrated the whole story to Mr. Thomson. “Then, after being pressurized by Olivia’s state and Adam with the rest of the trainee’s kidnapping, we took the decision to do what she said. But, we’re planning to save our trainees without killing or even including Mr. Johnny Johnson. That’s why we’re here to get some rifles and some weapons to try at least once to give up a try. Maybe, we win, or maybe we don’t.” Zack continued, when he tilted his head down, “But at least, we needa try.”

“I like that attitude of yours, but don’t think negative, son!” Mr. Thomson encouraged

him. **“Just think that you can do it and, YOU WILL! That’s the rule of life!”**

“I know I needa save them. Everyone’s lives on my shoulders, and I’m not gonna let those lives go down from them again, like I did,” Zack said.

“Again’?” Mr. Thomson asked.

“Well, ya won’t understand. Plus, I think we don’t have a minute to lose!” Zack hurriedly said. **“Let’s get our guns and kick their ass, right?”**

“First, answer us,” Lucy said.

“Uh... Please, can’t we just rub off the topic? You know, I’m not comfortable right now,” Zack excused. **“Please, let’s talk another time.”**

“Wait, does that mean that ya don’t trust us?” She dejectedly asked.

“No, no, no, no, no!” Zack chanted. **“That doesn’t! I-I do trust y’all but there’re some-things very, very personal to me and—”**

“There’re no ‘buts’ in friendship and trust, Zack, and ya broke it all just before a very important encounter.”

“C’mon, stop being so overdramatic, Lucy. I-I’ll, but only when he feels okay—”

“Who’s ‘he’?”

“H-He lives inside me a-and...” Zack tried to explain, but stopped midway. Then, he exhaled and said, **“Okay, see, there’re something I can’t tell ya because there’s a reason, but—”**

“Stop, please. Lucy, it’s okay, I think. He’ll tell us once he feels the need to, okay? There’s

no untrustworthy in this case. Please, can we concentrate on the mission?" Adam seriously said.

"Well, y'are behaving like a real spy now, Adam!" Mr. Thomson chuckled.

"That's because of James Bond!" Adam joked and everyone laughed.

"Uh... Okay, I think, but promise me, you will tell me someday. Actually, I'm an ardent reader and loves novels and anime, so..."

"Oh, okay. I will, someday," Zack said. "I don't know about this guns and stuff, so Imma need help choosing the right one."

"I will help ya. I know a lot 'bout the guns. See, that's AK-203, that's M16, and o la la! That's Remington eight-seventy. Made in nineteen-fifty, it was used in Iran War, Vietnam War and Lebanese War, right?" She said, pointing towards different types of guns kept there.

"Correcto!" Mr. Thomson said. "But, I'd suggest ya not to use any rifle or shotgun. They're long, so you should rather use revolvers and pistols because they're easily hidden inside the pockets and all."

"Got a point!" Zack said, scratching his head. Suddenly, an idea hit his head and he announced, "Hey, I've got a plan!" Everyone looked towards him with a smile as he continued, "See, we can just enter the cottage by saying that we can't get our hands on Mr. Johnny Johnson, so we took his daughter instead. They'll try to threaten Mr. Johnson and

will come with backup, but that's not what we're gonna do. See, after they'll call Mr. Johnson, we'll take out our guns and take over the situation. Got it? But, Lucy may have to go through intense torture..."

Zack looked at her as Lucy said, "Yes, I'm ready."

"Really, are ya sure?"

"Yeah, I am!" She enthusiastically said. "We needa do it, for the sake of Dad, and we will SUCCEED, right!"

"YEAH WE WILL!" Zack yelled.

"Yes WE WILL!" Adam yelled after them.

Mr. Thomson, who was happy at seeing the enthusiasm in the children, patted Zack's and Lucy's head and said, "Yes, you will!" Then, he patted Adam's head and continued in an emotional tone, "You need to, at last!"

February 6th, 2014 (2:28 am)

"It's the time, ya both ready?" Zack asked. The car was parked behind them and the three were glaring below the valley, towards the cottage. The highway behind was completely empty, except a few trucks and some exceptional cars speeding to reach home.

"Yeah, we are! Adam, start," Lucy said enthusiastically.

Someone knocked at the door as Willey was on his way to open the door. "Hey, lemme go, motherfuckers!" Lucy screamed.

“It’s too much, Lucy. Act realistic,” Zack whispered in Lucy’s ears.

“I thought it would be more realistic,” Lucy said.

Willey opened the door and saw Zack and Adam tightly holding the arms of Lucy, who was constantly shaking her body in vain here and there so that the two may leave her. “She doesn’t look like Johnny, I suppose.”

“But, she’s his daughter. The old man was hard to catch, so we took something easy so that he may come without any hassle,” Adam replied.

“Hmm...” Willey scratched his head. “Only ma’am will decide now.”

The three were taken from the corridor to the room of the masked woman. The door opened and Zack, standing behind Willey, saw Olivia standing with bandages on arms and legs, with an iron rod used for balance. They were facing each other and talking. Olivia turned her eyes towards the opening door when suddenly her eye became wide open as Zack closed his eyes and fainted.

February 6th, 2014 (2:58 am)

Zack’s face was bleeding when he opened his eyes and saw a drop of blood flowing down his face. He tried to wipe it away, but he was unable to do so because his hands and feet were tied up with ropes. He saw the pieces of a

broken bottle lying all around him. He remembered being hit from behind before fainting. He was lying just before the door. He looked around and found Adam, Olivia and Lucy tied on the right corner of the room. They were still fainted. Suddenly, the door opened and the masked woman entered while talking to someone on the phone. "Oh, yeah! So that you've seen the pic, come here WITHOUT ANY BACKUP to take your bitch back! And, if I found that you've another person with you, Imma just shoot her!" Saying so, she rudely cut the phone and looked towards Zack. Crouching down, she said, "So, ya awake! I had a question to ask ya." She took out a pistol and asked, "Who gave ya the permission to use guns, huh? Y'are..." She stood up, took out her steel rod and hit directly at his bleeding face. "...A BAD KID!" Hitting once more, she said, "A good kid always listens to his momma!" She held his shirt's collar tightly and made him stand up. Then, she punched on his face and continued, "You didn't even asked me if ya can do it or not! BAD KID!"

Standing by the wall, he asked, "W-Who need a bitch's permission to carry a gun?"

"WHAT?!" She scornfully asked. "What did ya just say? Should a kid speak such a word to an elder? Didn't your parents teach you some manners?!"

"Well, well!" Zack said as he punched her on her face. She stepped backwards due to the hit

and touched her nose in pain. She asked, “What the heck d’ya think y’are tryna do?!”

Cleaning the blood off his forehead with the right sleeve of his shirt, he said, “Imma kick your ass, ya bitch!” He jumped upwards and kicked her face so hard that she fell down on the ground and her face started to bleed. “Poor Zack, he won’t even remember what ya just said to Olivia. Ya had a deal, right?!” He advanced towards her and sat upon her. “Well, ya can deal, but I swear that Imma be the one to kill ya!”

“S-So that’s you! The one to fight Rolan wasn’t Zack, but you!”

At this time, Adam suddenly opened his eyes and saw the two talking. He was still half asleep for a few seconds, but his eyes suddenly opened wide and he wasn’t half-asleep anymore. He was shocked to see Zack’s second form again after the fight against Rolan. “So here comes the second Zack!” He said in awe. He saw the broken piece of a glass bottle and took a big, sharp one without making any noise. Then, he started to cut the ropes of his hand.

Zack chuckled and said, “Well, well! Poor Zack didn’t let me come out so that ya may not get hurt, but the game’s turned upside-down! His fucking goodness has taken over him!”

The masked woman, in return, punched his face and kicked his balls at the same time. “Y’know every man got a weakness!” She punched again and Zack got off her.

“Well, well!” Zack said, standing up. “So you’ve seen my weakness, better see my strength too!”

“Oh, ya even have strength too?” She sarcastically replied. “Better see mine too!” She ran towards him and tried a punch on his face, but he dodged it by tilting leftwards and punched on her belly at the same time. Then, he used his knee to kick her again on the same area and she bowed down.

“So, how was it?” Zack coldly asked, without looking down towards the bent masked woman.

“Wow!” Adam, who was now standing, said out loud in shock with eyes wide open, seeing towards Zack beating the woman with ease. He started to clap and said, “Y’are great, whoever y’are!”

Suddenly, Zack felt a headache as he held his head in pain. He cried, “Aah! You dumbass!” Suddenly, he fell down and fainted.

“Okay!” A voice said as Zack opened his eyes. Adam was fighting with the masked woman. He found himself lying in the same area as before. Zack saw Olivia being tied on one corner and the masked woman holding a pistol, aiming at her. “S-Something is missing here. I-I just can’t get the feeling that they’re really fighting,” Zack thought while observing them. “Even though she has a pistol, why doesn’t she just shoot him if she wants to?” He thought.

“Whatever, I needa get up and fight!” He got up and advanced towards them. He punched her on the face and she fell behind.

“Ah!” She cried in pain, while rubbing her face.

Zack observed at her and thought, “What’s goin’ on? Is this also a side-effect of personality change?”

“Hey Zack, step back. Imma take care of her!” Adam dominantly said and they continued kicking and punching each other. Zack, in the meantime, saw three guards coming inside the room with rods. Zack just stood there, glaring at one of the guards running at him with the rod. His mind went numb until he felt the hard blow of the guard. He tilted sideways due to the attack, which hit his face. He split out blood and saw the guard, still tilted down. He got up and punched his face. He kicked him again on the belly and the man leaned forward. A knee-kick on the face followed. He got up, rubbing his face and looking at Zack with anger. Lucy was also handling two guards. Zack kicked on his face again and the guard fell down. Zack took his steel rod and attacked one of the two guards on Lucy directly on his head. The second one fainted with a pool of blood coming out of his head. Zack saw the person bleeding and his eyes grew wide. He threw the rod and said, “I’ve killed a person!” Lucy snatched away the rod from the third guard and attacked on his face.

The other guard met the same fate, with blood coming out of his mouth.

“Ya think they were gonna leave us alive if they were in our place?” Lucy sarcastically asked Zack. Adam fist-bumped with Lucy when he was done with his one. The last one left was the masked woman.

“Where’s she?” Adam asked. Suddenly, the door opened with a bang and Mr. Johnson came in.

“Y’all okay?” He asked.