

Markem MacCooper

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This is the tale of Markem MacCooper son of Duncan MacCooper. Join Markem and his gallant companions on their journey to free his parents from the cold prison they have been cast into. enjoy comment honestly more chapters will come

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1 - A Scottish coon thief

Markem MacCooper Chapter 1 A Scottish coon thief You've heard the stories of Sly Cooper the famous raccoon thief. What you may not know is that he has a nephew a well accomplished thief himself. The kid of his brother Duncan Cooper the reason you properly didn't know of him was because when they were young they didn't get along well. The last straw was when they did their first robbery of a candy store after they got away one wanted more candy than the other. "OK Sly one for you. One for me. One for you. Two for me." "What! Hey your trying to cheat me." says young Sly grabbing hold of his brother's arm. "Oyo, let go of me you little shrimp!" Even though they are twins Sly is the smaller of the two so Duncan just shoves him aside. Sly never being one to be bossed around leaps at his brother. THAT'S IT I'll pound you flat!" He shouts with his paws going for his brother's neck. "I'd love to see you try kid!" He lunges forward. They collide Duncan knocks Sly down but he rolls over on top of him. They are yelling, punching and biting. Then their father comes up pulls them apart then slaps them both on the bottoms. "BREAK IT UP YOU TWO!" Shouts their father over their ruckus. Duncan spat out blood and barks. "FINE! Take the candy shrimp bait I'm outta here!" He grabs his cloak and a small wooden replica of his father's cane and storms out before he could be stopped. Sly bleeding like his brother just walks into the bathroom and slams the door and starts to clean his wounds and crying softly. Their dad standing in the middle of the room sighs deeply. Now after that Duncan changes his name and goes to live with his relatives in Scotland the MacCoopers. That brings us to the story. We start in Markem's hideout he is remembering when his father and mother were captured by the Bobby a few years ago. Only 15 but well-built and tall for a coon thief. He remembers hearing about his Uncle Sly in Paris. Then he hears the Bobbies sirens they are looking for him. Sergeant Marla Firewolf's voice breaks the silence of his thought. "Markem MacCooper we have you surrounded come out with your paws up!" He shouts back. "You know Sergeant what is a bonny lass like you being a Bobby you should join the fun side of the law." "Flattery won't work punk your caught!" "You'll never catch me alive coppers." "Heh I've always wanted to say that." He bolts out of the backdoor. "Well Paris here comes Markem MacCooper beware." He says to himself. To be continued...

2 - Reunion of Thieves

Markem MacCooper

Chapter2 Reunion of Thieves

While Markem is running from the Bobbies, he is thinking of not only how to get to Paris, but where he can find his uncle. First, he doubles around and heads to the jailhouse to tell his parents about his plans. When he gets to the prison, he attaches the suction cups he pulled out of his haversack. "OK now which hole is mum's and pop's?" He jumps down and stops just short of the first window, and releases his front paws from the black brick wall. He is now upside down looking into the first cell. "Mum, Pop, you there?" He hears sheets rustling but instead of his parents, he sees a big hairy rat's head. "Who the bloody hell are you. And what the devil do you want!" yells the rat. "Your not pop you scoundrel." "Of course I'm not if I were I'd smack you stupider!" "Ha I'd love to see you try I beat things twice your size and three times your intelligences." -"What!" You little... COME IN HERE and say that to my face!" "No freakin' way you look ugly enough through the bars! There is no reason to traumatize a young teenager any further." He swings back up and continues to the next window. The rat is swearing and yelling at our young thief until a guard hits his cell bars and shuts him up. He hears Markem's laugh down the wall. "I'LL GET YOU YA LITTLE COWARD! I swear it." Young MacCooper is about to knock on the bars to another cell when he hears someone call his name. "What?" he shouts into the darkness. Then he hears very clearly . "Over here young rip." "Who said that?" "The third window down son." -"Oh Da." He does a backflip and misses the window, but reattaches himself to the wall and climbs back up. After a small jump, he is balancing on the sill just like a Cooper. "Father I missed you so much how's mum?" He reaches through the cold steel bars to his father's warm embrace. A stream of tears going down his stone gray face and his father's premature silver-white cheeks. "She's asleep presently. Oh, if she could see our little kit now." He hugs Markem again then his mother's voice cheeps up. "I can, Duncan, I can." Now, Amelia MacCooper isn't usually the strongest thief in her family, but as she saw her son, she got more strength then her husband and son put together. "Oh my what a handsome young thief you've become I'm so proud." She throws her arms through the bars and gives Markem a hug like a vice. "Oh, I love you too, but I like the ability to walk." He pushes against the bars and somehow he winds up in the cell with his mom still tightly fastened to his waist. "What the... ah Dad help." Duncan pulls his wife's arms, thusly freeing their gasping son. "Sorry Marky, you alright?" Amelia says putting her paws to her mouth. "Yes, yes I'm fine. Just how did I get in?" "Well, I think that will explain it." Duncan points to the window, they turn and see that the bars were bent to the side. -"Wow mum way to go ya just freed yourself!" "Nay, we can't we'd be captured before long." "But Da." The family hears the guards yelling then keys jingle in locks. "Grrreat! Just what we need. Marky you must go now!" says his father urgently. "No, I won't not without you." "I said GO NOW, that's an order!" --"But...uhh but." "NOW!!!" "FINE!! I'll be back for you." He is starting to cry as he leaps neatly out and up the wall. "And when I do, I'll bring help." He wipes his eyes. "Uncle Sly, I hope, your as honorable as they say." He heads to the port to hitch a ride on the next ferry to Paris. To be continued...

3 - A Seaworthy Encounter

Markem MacCooper

Chapter 3 A Seaworthy Encounter

Markem gets to the port and decides that he can't sneak onto the ship. He'll have to pose as a sailor, so he waits for one the right size to approach. About five minutes before shove off, one finally does. A fox, 5'6, golden red fur, and a beautiful sgian dubh in his belt. He leaps out of the ally, grabs the fox about the neck, yanks him in, punches him in the stomach, and slams his head into a trash can. "Sorry lad, didn't mean to hurt ya. But I have to get to Paris, and I like this way a lot more then buying a ticket." He takes off his dark forest green T-shirt, homemade moccasins, and belt-sash. Replaces them with the foxes small, white and blue striped tank-top, old leather sea boots and brown belt. He also takes the fox's sgian dubh and puts it in his belt. "Criminy, you are one scrawny fox with your small torso and all." He puts his stuff in his haversack and walks to the ship. It's one of those old-fashioned pirate like cruise ships, before he gets on, someone grabs his shoulder. Out of a reflex action, Markem flips the creature over his shoulder. "Ah, who, what, when." He says confused. "WHAT THE HELLION IS YOUR PROBLEM!" Shouts the wolf Markem assaulted. "You dare attack Captain Ridd!" "I am sorry Cap'n, please forgive me." "Very well give me your name, your on probation." "Um Archie uhh... Blackstripe, yea Archie Blackstripe." "R-i-ight Archie you'll be a swabby." "A what Cap'n?" "A swabby, a swab, a janitor man." As Ridd gives him the keys to the whole ship, Markem "Archie" gets a smile on his face a mile wide. "Thank ye sir, I shant fail you." As he salutes he says to himself "Tis just like Christmas." The ship sets sail, Archie sets about his false job casing the guest rooms along with everything else. Before too long he notices some suspicious activity he sees members of the crew going into the richer guests rooms and coming out with bags of loot disguised as laundry. "Oooo clever mates, very clever indeed." He stalks them for a bit then they put their ill-begotten goods down this is the chance a young thief hopes for. "Ha-ha! Thank you oh so much." He distracts them by throwing a bolt down the corridor. "What was that?" says the eye-patched mouse guard "Don't know lets look." responds a peg-legged weasel. When they disappear down the hall, Markem comes out of hiding. He goes over to the laundry bags, he manages to pinch two of them, but when he goes for the third, his paw meets another thief's, a cute teenage squirrel girl's his age disguised as a waitress. When he tries to snatch it from her, she slaps his hand with a knife blade. "No touch you rogue." She sheaths her knife "Ow lass that hurt." He rubs his paw. "That's what ya get for stealing my loot." "Your loot since when?" "Since I saw it duh." "Don't you duh me." "What you gonna do about it huh. Would you hit a girl?" "No never not without good reason. And this is good enough." He draws his sgian dubh and does a horizontal slash, but she is quicker and blocks it. "Wow aren't we quick." she immediately goes to stab him, but he is also quick and grabs her arm. "Ow that hurts! Let go!" He lets go of her right away "Oh sorry I didn't mean to hurt you alright?" "Ha-ha sucker!" She jumps up and kicks him in the gut, sending him to the hard wood floor. She grabs her two bags and runs down the opposite hall. "Oh I think I'm in love. I can't dwell on love right now, though. The guards are returning from investigating my bolt throw." He takes up the bags and makes a break back the way he came, after throwing some decoy bags in place of the real ones. After Markem stashed his treasure he went back to cleaning. Keeping a wary eye out for the squirrelly thief girl. After one last hour of working Archie is off duty so he is gonna look around and see what would be a good escape route if he gets caught. Because he wasn't watching where he was going, thinking about an aerial escape instead, he didn't see the big badger sailor in front of him, and he crashed right

into him. "Oyo watch where you're going kid!" "Sorry." replies Markem blankly. When the sailor got up he realized his wallet was stolen. He instantly knows that Markem stole it. "Hey, come back here ya little thief!" "Who me." he says innocently. "Of bloody course, boy, who else?!" "I'll have to get back to you on that." he tries to run but is cut off by the other sailors. "I'll have to teach ya some manners heh heh." "Yea bust that little baby up Arthur!" "Show him whose boss!" "Nowhere to run kid ya can still beg for my mercy." He crosses his arms and starts tapping his foot on the deck. "Please sir don't insult my intelligence, I beg for no one. Besides, your not worth my time. I got gotta get my teeth cleaned." He jumps swiftly over the crowd and continues on his way. The crew grab and throws him back to the mad badger. "That's it, time to say night-night." He swings, but the ever nimble Markem ducks and gives Arthur a roundhouse kick square to the jaw. He goes spinning to the ground "What the, how?" "About five years of karate." Arthur charges our young thief to no avail, young MacCooper runs forward and unleashes a series jabs and kicks. He uppercuts the sailor, launching him four feet into the air. "And that's ten years of kickboxing put to use." After that, the rest of the crew leaps on Markem, who untangles himself from the melee just to be attacked by an enraged Arthur. He comes after him with a wood stick, but our hero snatches the stick and wails the badger until unconscious then THUD! All goes dark. To Be Continued...

4 - A Daring Escape

Markem MacCooper
Chapter 4 A Daring Escape

He awakens in darkness. "AHHH! I'm blind why me! Why-y-y-y me-e-e-e!" "Shut-up ya fool you're not blind just blindfolded." "Really?" -"Yes, really." "Then take it off me!" "If I could, I might. I'm tied up too." Markem starts swinging his head and the blindfold slips off. He is in a small metal room filled with crates, a ceiling fan with a light in it. And the squirrely thief girl bound with rope, and front paws cuffed to him. "OK, what happened how did we get chained together?" He tries to break out but couldn't. "Well, I was caught robbing the Captain's quarters, fought back, and got swamped. Judging by the lumps and bruises, you got in a fight with the pirates and got slammed by a billy club." "Wow, your good, now that that's out of the way, what be next?" "Well for one we must get out and retrieve our loot." Says squirrel girl strongly. -"Cool lets get untied first and work from there." proposes Markem "K, how do you plan to pull that off, tis not like ye got a knife, or somtin do ya?" "No, but you do." "Really? Where?" she says disbelieving "In the strap around your thigh." "How may I ask do you know that?" "Err... I saw where you put it when we first met, and I can see the tip under your pulled up skirt." He looks at her leg to indicate it's exposed. She blushes then screams, "OOH you perv! How dare you look, and I don't even know your name!" "What do you want? I'm a guy, you're a cute girl, what am I supposed to do!?" Now it was his turn to blush. "ANYWAY after that awkward moment would you get that knife and cut the ropes." "Uh sure." She pulls out the small blade, pulls her skirt back down, and slices the ropes about their foot and front paws. But they are still chained. "Thanks. By the way, my name is Markem MacCooper. Nice to meet ya, and sorry for looking." "It's alright, I'm Celeste Copperton." "That's a lovely name." "Thanks, lets get our stuff." They sneak out the door head off the cold, dark, deck in search of their things. "Ok, girlie, where would those blithers hide our loot?" "Captain's room, but I say we check on our gear first, then we look for the swag. We'll investigate my room first. 'Tis in this direction." She points then yanks on the chain. "Ok, ok, no need to pull, lead on lassie." She forces Markem down hall D, up stairs C, and into a room with W1 plastered on the window. She opens the door, inside are four bunkbeds and a solitary painting of beautifully colored sunset on the bleak white walls of this lackluster excuse for a room. "Yikes! and I thought prison was depressing. This makes that look like a spa." "Tell me about it, but I'm the only one in here perfect for a thief." Over they go to the first bunk. "Now hold still." She springs onto Markem's broad shoulders. "Ow! Thank you, I always wanted a dislocated shoulder blade." "Stop your sniveling! If I wanted to, I would have." She grabs a purple backpack from under the mattress, she then takes a grappling hook, two throwing knives, and a brown trenchcoat from the closet, shoves them in the pack. "I'm good, lets go get your junk." "Hey, I like that junk, now get off." As she springs down he opens the door ever so slightly scopes around, then motions that its safe. They materialize into the walls, becoming as phantoms drifting the hall of shadows. Never daring to stray from the haven of darkness it provides. Alas their mission twas almost cut short by a close run-in with the sailors. Celeste, a master of thinking on her feet, throws Markem the trenchcoat from her pack, swiftly extracts the grappling hook, swinging it skyward, latches it to a rafter, propelling herself by a kick straight to the safety of the ceiling and waits. Young MacCooper dons the coat while leaning against the wall pretends to be stretching his arm. The sailors meander by not noticing the youth almost bursting his jacket, just carelessly turning a corner, squirrely girl loses her grip and falls. "WHOA!! Heads up!" Luckily, raccoony boy puts out his arms, catching her like a net. "Woo, nice save,

mate jolly good." "Think nothing of it, but your heavier then I thought." "Hey, mind that tongue, buddy boy." Giving him the glare of a viper. On they press remaining in the shadows until they come to a boiler room, through the threshold, he shuts the door behind them. "Welcome to my humble hideaway." His arms spread wide to show the hot brass room with bolted walls, a cot with his haversack and contents scattered about it, and the McCooper family sword leaning against the side wall. "Hurry along now, the corsairs could check here at anytime." "Don't gotta tell me twice." They trot over to the big sword he hefts it up with one paw. "Here, hold this a sec." He drops it in her waiting paws. She grasps it but can't hold it above her knees she tries both paws and finally manages to cradle it on her shoulder. "Jeez'em! How can you swing this with only one paw?! It takes me two just to lift it." "With these." He flexes his arms." "Yea, yea, muscle head." "That taint nice." She snickers, then he pulls the coat off and tosses it back to his radiant companion. Ties the shoulder sheath about him then inserts the sword. He drapes the cloak over the deadly sheathed blade. The shadow creatures slip onto the moonlit deck. "Right lass which way tis the captain's room?" "This-a-way." They shoot off to the control tower. At long last they arrive; Markem rips out his suction cups as Celeste slings her hook to arms they count down together. "Three, two, one." She launches it the same instant, he skyrockets and sticks fast to the wall. Up they scale when they reach the cabin, Celeste peers through the glass spies their loot while Markem acts as lookout. "EUREKA, hey MacCooper check it out!" "Awesome, where?" "Over in yonder corner." She points to a large pile bursting with jewels and coins. They scamper up the outer wall and to a ceiling hatch. Markem pokes his gray furry head through the opening around for any security cameras he gestures that there are three, now Celeste looks in, takes out her two razor sharp throwing knives, takes aim, let's the first fly, then the second en suet. Nailing the cameras dead on. "What 'bout the third?" "Yo Marks, dagger, give it here." He passes it to her. It's chucked, zzzziing, it zips off, severing the remaining camera's wire cleanly. They drop down, Celeste snaps. "DARN, too high!" "Ya can't get 'em all, Copperton." Markem speaks soothingly patting her back. "Just snag the swag." She replies glumly. "Wait, let's get out of these cuffs." Celess says as she plucks the keys from the hook in the wall, unlocks their numb, raw, wrists. Markem grabs the four bags and assorted gems, and gold and plops them in the bag. Celeste frees her knives from the destroyed cameras, also retrieves Markem's sgian dubh, then throws it to him. "Marks, incoming." "Got it, lass." He catches it deftly without looking, spins it in one paw, and sheaths it in a single fluid motion. "Ready to go, Celess?" "Almost." She also scoops some jewels and gold and puts them snugly in her bag. "Someone is coming, quick, up the hatch!" He speaks urgently. Celeste uses the crouched lad as a ladder. Then he does the Cooper double jump and lands on neatly on the roof closing the hatch behind himself. "How's 'bout we change out of our disguises. You switch up here and I'll go down on the catwalk." "But." Before she could finish he'd already jumped down and started disrobing. So she reluctantly does the same. A few minutes later Markem's deep voice sounds up to Celeste. "Done yet?" "Yes, come on up." He springs and lands right beside her. She's wearing a Desert camo vest, a midnight blue belly shirt, a black studded belt, dull red cargo pants, and crimson sneakers. He has on his dark, forest green T-shirt, MacCooper sword in it's brown shoulder sheath, the belt/sash with family colors, bark brown cargos, and his nearly black moccasins. The horn that blares when they have reached Paris. "Righteous, now is our chance to leave." He drapes his cloak over himself and throws the hood up. She slips into her coat, Marks gives his glengarry to her to conceal her face. They huddle close, making their way to the boarding bridge, but are stopped by the crew. "You ain't goin no-where's!" Arthur's bulk blocks the gangway. "Just drop the booty and whatever else your packing and ye can go free." "Over my dead, rotting corpse!" The two cohorts say in unison. "Very well, we don't give a darn either way." Sneers Ridd menacingly. "Let her go, take me instead." Markem boldly steps in front of a bewildered thief girl. "Marks, no, I can't let you have all the fun." She draws her twin knives ready for action. "You sure Celess?" "But of course never backed down from a scuff before no reason to start now." "Right mates, sic'em!" A full on wave a

sailors surge forward, Markem draws his sword and grips it tight. "Celess, you go right, I go straight, spare no soul." He belts the McCooper battle cry. "VAAALOOOR!" Then he runs head-on into his adversaries, slashing and battling, doggedly decimating anybody foolish enough to be in his way. Celeste using more quick kills, slitting throats and stabbing vital points. Markem's eyes process the sheer ferocity the highland warriors of old wielded so expertly. Consumed and fueled by their rage first he decapitates the badger, Arthur, then makes his way to the distraught Captain Ridd too busy barking out order to his men to notice the savage raccoon charging toward him. He howls aloud for all to hear. "YOU'RE MINE WOLF!" Swiftly, he blasts through the air, swings his heavy, bloodstained and battle-scarred sword, it whistles as it closes the fate on the damned Captain's life. Celeste meets up with her fatigued partner no words pass between them as he throws a potent smoke grenade into the bloody crew, covering the exit. After they are out of the port, they stop in an alley, Markem's bloodlust slackens and he momentarily returns to normal and blacks out. A short rest was a blessing, but short-lived, Celeste hears a cry for help down the other end of the alley. She ducks behind the trash cans, where Markem fell asleep. A young girl is being pursued by a murder of crows. He is still out, so Copperton plays the hero this time. The raccoon girl runs past Celeste, who grabs the scuff of the terrified lass's tattered indigo blue shirt. "Shh, shh. Be calm, your safe now." The girl breaks down crying, the words between her sobs are barley audible, but she gets out. "Help!! AHAHAHA!! Don't let them!" She sniffled, "get me-e-e-e please!" "They shan't, I'll make sure of it." The crew of large black birds are approaching their hiding place. Celeste quickly says. "My name is Celeste Copperton, you can call me Celess what's your name lassie?" "Lyra...Lyra Cooper." Celeste stares brought aback by Lyra's response. "Cooper?" she repeats slowly. Lyra sniffled again. "Uh-uh, why?" "Nevermind." Celess whispers to Lyra. The leader of the murder squawks out. "Come out, come out wherever you are." The courageous young squirrel steps from behind the trash cans. "Leave her be, ya overgrown feather dusters!" Without warning, the female crow of the group lashes out with her heavy wing at Celeste. But she reacts with lightning speed. She slashes her primary feather, disabling her ability to fly. "You filthy wretch! I'll teach ya!" Another member kicks her with his long, powerful legs, his clawed foot leaving deep claw marks in Celeste's vest and her stomach also. "HA AHA A HA HA." The crows cackling cruelly at the injured girl. That is when Markem snaps to conscious fury. "BIRDS!" He growls, the last word those crows heard before he mauls them. The fierceness he had on the ship returns full power. When the crow goes to kick Celeste the second time. Markem grabs it's foot and breaks it with one paw. Swings his free paw and connects with the doomed birds skull, knocking him out cold. The one with the slashed wing charges. He silently latches to her throat, then kicks the struggling beast, shattering the ribs and sends her flailing to the ground. The third bird barrels toward him right after, but Marks easily sidesteps, slams his fist square in it's chest. Now the leader starts violently pecking and scratching at our thief's back, at this time, he's had enough. "BIRD you will pay!" He tears the sword from it's cover and swings it four times, wailing the battered crows with the broad side of it like a bat. Sword sheathed and panting, he squats down, then Lyra emerges from her hiding place says anxiously. "Guys, uhh. There are sailors coming down the street." "Ah, crap we gotta make scarce ourselves!" They start running but Lyra trips, so Markem doubles around picks her up, carrying her on his back. Celeste has ran ahead and shouts down from an old abandoned apartment building. He bounds up the fire escape and into the room. As soon as they're all in, he shuts and locks the windows and door. Too tired to do much of anything, Lyra passes out on the couch, Celeste goes into the room. "Marks, you should get some rest too." "I will, but not yet, someone must keep watch." He smiles tiredly. "Very well, try for sleep." She treads dotingly to the room and plops down. Markem notices his cloak is gone he remembers having it when he was carrying the girl. "Aha." He speaks to himself. He tiptoes over to the couch where Lyra is fast asleep, curled up in soft brown cloth. "That wee ring-tailed lass. Yep she's definitely a thief." He mumbles and trudges back to the window sill to watch for those who wish them

harm. To Be Continued...

5 - Charlie Wildstar

Markem MacCooper
Chapter 5 Charlie Wildstar

After 3 hours, the acting sentry begins to doze until sleep at long last takes hold of the weary youth. He awakens, many hours later. 'Tis night, now, he looks at his watch tiredly, which says 11:55 p.m. He fumbles about the room for the light switch. When it's found, he flips it, but nothing happens. He tries again and again, but still nothing. "It doesn't work, buddy. Nev'a has." Says a gruff, American voice from the old blue armchair. The raccoon whirls around and is greeted by a dog as large as himself. "Hi, Charlie Wildstar, what are you bunch doing in my apartment?" Charlie stands abruptly, walks up, and stares Marks square in the eyes. He stares back at the strange dog's piercing brown eyes. "I'm Markem MacCooper. We're just hiding out here for a bit. Relax, lad, we'll be gone by the 'marrow." The coon responds. Lyra stirs and sits up and yawns "...Hey guys, keep it down. Us normal beasts are trying to sleep." She stretches and thumps back to the pillow, starts snoring softly, and wraps the big cloak around herself tightly. "Whatever, young'n. Yo, Markem, ya best go back to bed. I'll keep a weary eye out till ya wake." Wildstar gives a toothy grin. I don't trust this dog yet I'm staying awake & alert. He thinks to himself. "Nay lad. 'Tis ok, I'm good." "Suit yourself, dude, want a soda?" Charlie points at the rust-brown fridge in the small, dirty kitchen with dishes piled high, the trashcan spilling its contents onto the filthy linoleum tiled floor. "Sure. Uh.. No offence, lad, but how can you live in such a den of filth?" Marks says, picking up a rotting banana peel and depositing it at the apex of trash heap. The dog tosses the teen coon a can of Whirlpool who opens it with his teeth. Charlie does the same with his can of Spitfire. "None taken, amigo. I happen to be an Interpol informant, so I've been away for quite a while. No time for cleaning, what with all the catching of crooks and such." He takes a big gulp and smashes the can over his broad tan head. "Doesn't that hurt?" "Not at all, been doin' it for years, hasn't bothered me yet. I gots a question for ya. What brings ya here? You running from the cops or somtin'?" "Actually, yea. I stole from an embezzling business hare and the jack-a-rap called the bobbies on me." "So you're a noble thief then?" "Yep, 'Tis better to steal from criminals than normal folk." "Whose after ya?" Just then, a bullhorn screeches thru the still night air and the Markem hears a familiar voice. "I know your in there, MacCooper! Come on out, ya vagrant!" Charlie peers out the broken windowpane. His eyes go wide with fear and astonishment. "Marks, you got the best tracker in Interpol on your furry butt?!" Once Celeste awakens, she joins the boys at the window. "What in the world 'tis goin' on here!?" The squirrel says, ducking beside Marks to avoid the searchlight. "Well according to my friend, Charlie Wildstar, here, the best Interpol tracker to throw me in the Poke." "Boy, come out and bring whatever associates ya got up there with you. This is your last warning!" "Wow, big guy, ye must've done somtin' major to get Sergeant Firewolf after you." Lyra creeps up to the black tinted window and sees the posse of vehicles and officers, shock guns set to stun, poised to pick off any of the young beasts whom might be caught with their heads up. "Sorry ma-am, I ain't going without a fight!" "Fine, have it your way. Smoke'em out lads!!" She sneers as those around her start lobbing smoke grenades into the run-down housing complex. Young Lyra grabs one and tosses it back before it can start spewing out its contents. Markem joins her, grabs one, and chucks it, hitting a blue lizard right between the eyes, who staggers until unconsciousness takes hold. "Ha-ha 10 points for hitting a bobby." "That's nothing watch this." Raccoon girl snags a projectile in mid-air, spins, and launches it. And first nails a slender, female, wildcat with emerald eyes in the chest, then a bright red fox gets grounded by a hit to his leg, he kicks

up, giving the grenade some more force when it finally slams a scrawny little weasel in the back of the head. "Awesome, three for the price of one. That's 40 points!" She cheers jumping up & down. "Ok lass this means war." Markem and Lyra continue their game while Charlie and Celeste attempt to formulate a plan of escape. "Alright, Charlie, how do ya propose we get out of this fix?" "Right, didn't catch your name, doll." He narrowly misses getting pegged by a well aimed grenade. "'Tis Celeste Copperton, and if ye call me doll again, you'll be eating some teeth." She throws the bomb back and a howl of dismay rings in from outside. Marks sounds from where he and Lyra were returning volleys. "Woo-hoo, Celess ya get 35 points for hitting a constable!" She sighs and says "Any ideas, Charlie can't keep this up for long." The police dog's quick mind thinks for a moment then voices his idea. "What if I pretend to capture yous' and when we get past the barricade, we run for it." "Sounds good to me, lad. Lass, over here now." The two bombardiers go to where Charlie & Celeste are seated. She explains the plan and they all take their positions. The three thieves starts chucking anything that comes to paw into the mass a foes. Charlie slips out the wood door. "OPEN UP!! Or I'll smash the door in!" He barks aggressively. "I freakin' dare ya, pig!" Lyra shouts back. "That's it!" He takes a few paces back charges the door with the raw power of an ox and the force of an arctic gale. And with a mighty crash, the once firm door is reduced to shambles, sending splinters careening through the air. He shouts loudly. "FREEZE in the name of law!" A wink passes between the boys, they tie up evenly matched in strength. "All righty then, young'n, lets make it a worthwhile brawl shall we?" "Righto, laddie, buck have at thee." Marks frees his right hand and throws the first punch. It connects with Wildstar's jaw, sending him staggering back. "Yow! Dude! Ya got a nice right hook, there try mine." He swings with amazing speed actually catching even the experienced young lad off guard with a powerful punch to the ribs. "Oy, mate! Take it easy, 'tis meant to be a fake fight." "Sorry, dude, I don't fake fight. It's all or nothin'." The thief gets a devilish smile across his face then launches into the same kickboxing routine that he used on the big badger, Arthur. Only Charlie is quick enough to block all but a massive kick from our hero, square in the lower back. Wildstar sinks to one knee then retaliates with a leg sweep, Marks springs into the air. The momentum of the missed kick is so great, that he couldn't stop it and strikes the coffee table, shattering it like he did the door. With his paws clasped together in a ball brings it down to defeat Charlie, but at the last moment, he rolls over on his shoulder and mule kicks the descending thief, sending him propelling through hazy air and smack into the back wall. He allows a pained yelp to escape through his lips. The police dog runs forward to finish the teenager off. Just as he is about to slug him, Markem brings his fist up to deliver a haymaker, sending the dazed dog head over heels, to land flat on his back. During this battle, Lyra & Celeste are keeping the bobbies' heads down by throwing whatever they can, keeping them behind the cars. The squirrel is just about to throw another plate when the defeated boy crashes into her with a grunt, she looks up and sees Charlie with hand-cuffs, ready to bring them out and make their escape. "Ok kiddies, time to go." He slaps the gray bracelets on each of the thieves' wrists. "Sergeant Firewolf, cease fire. The fugitives are in my custody. I'm bringin'em out now!" He pulls Marks to his footpaws, the girls stand up and walk out allowing Officer Wildstar to take them out of the decrepit building. As they exit the Sergeant comes up and congratulates the brave young dog. "Masterfully done, son. You've made me proud." She pats his back soundly. "Gee, thanks, ma." He smiles sheepishly an scratches the back of his head, embarrassed. The emerald-eyed Wildcat offers to take the prisoners in for him, but he declines. "No thanks, Cali. I gots' it from here. The precinct isn't far, stir your stumps ruffians, this way." He shoves them all forward, he doesn't notice Marla sending Cali & the scrawny weasel whose name is Max to follow them just in case. The group is about a block from the precinct when they make a left into a cramped alleyway before the dog releases his captives, he has the look of someone who in the middle of a mental between his undying honor and equally mighty is his sense of duty laying the pros& cons grappling with letting his new friends go like he said or sticking to his job and not letting his mother down by allowing known criminals to go scot-free. Celeste's

sultry voice returns the far-off Charlie back to the here-and-now. "Hey, Charlie did my ears hear right or did you call Sergeant Marla Firewolf 'ma'?" "Huh?" He mumbles distractedly, shaking his head. "Did ye call the Sergeant 'ma'?" She repeats. "Yea, I'm adopted. My legal name is 'Charles Firewolf' but my birth name is 'Charles Wildstar.'" Marks joins still somewhat dazed from Charlie's last k.o.ing punch. "Ya know, mate, you don't haf'ta let us go. We'll go with ya, so ye don't get fired and let your mum down." They are about to put the cuffs back on but the noble hound stops them and replaces the objects back to his belt. "Nay, friends, I said I'd get ya past the barricade to safety and I always keep my word... now go." "Thanks pal we owe you one." Lyra says and gives him a hug. "Aye thanks, handsome." Says Celeste as she kisses his cheek in thanks. Markem grabs his forearm and shakes it hardily. "Hope our paths cross again, Charlie Wildstar." "Same here, Markem MacCooper. Farewell." Markem, Celeste, and Lyra stop at the end of the alley look back and wave to their powerful new ally. Charlie turns to walk back to the precinct, but sees Cali and Max standing in awe. To Be Continued...