

# Noah's story

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*this is the story of a character named Noah (as you can see from the title). It's dark, but I like it. I'm proud of it for being my first attempt at a story so enjoy.*

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# 1 - The beginning of my life in hell

## The beginning of my life of Hell

This story is a complete waste of time. It's pointless. So why read it? I don't know. Maybe you're bored and don't have anything to do. But I'd advise you to read something else. This isn't some cute little story about bunnies and rainbows. This is some real serious crap. This is the story of my life. It's dark, sad, and awful. It's been really screwed up. Why? I don't know. What did I ever do? I don't know. But I'll tell you what, I wish I could change whatever I did. I wish I could start over. But I can't. So I'm stuck with this. So enjoy. My name is Noah. I'm nineteen and I live in the woods all by myself. I won't tell you where. You might turn me in. I was born in Montello, a small town in Nevada. Montello is nothing but bars and ranchers. I hated it. If you ever have the chance to go there, don't. I wish I could have been born anywhere else. Anywhere else at all. But nope. I was born in Montello. And not only that, that's where I grew up. That's where all the trouble started. I was an only child. My dad was killed in a bar fight. I always knew all that drinking would get to him. My mom and I lived in a small house on the north end of town. She had to work two or three jobs just to pay the bills. It still wasn't enough. Soon it got really bad. We couldn't afford anything. We couldn't even afford enough food. Then one day she came home with more than enough cash to pay everything off. I was only nine, but I was still smart enough to know that you couldn't get that kind of money from working part-time at a bar. I never asked about it though. Things got easier after that. We were able to afford food again, and we were able to fix up the house, and even buy a better car. It was nice. Then came a cold April day that brought pouring rain. There was a lightning storm, and we were advised to stay inside. I was watching TV and my mom was cooking dinner. There was a knock at the door. Whoever it was, they were pounding hard and they sounded angry. My mom looked up. I saw fear in her eyes. She told me to hide in my room. I asked her why, but she wouldn't answer. She just pushed me to my room and closed the door. I opened it just a crack to see who it was. A well-dressed man with a cigar came into the room followed by a couple guys. He looked angry. "Where's my money?" he screamed at my mom. "I'm sorry, Donnie. I don't have it yet." Donnie. I've heard this name before. I know him. My mom has had a lot of conversations over the phone with this man. I've never met him, but I know enough about him to know that this guy means business. He always sounded scary to me, and now he looked mad. He took the cigar out of his mouth and tossed it aside. He yelled at my mom. My mom started to cry. He yelled some more. She got down on her knees and begged for another week. He didn't listen. He just yelled louder. And louder. I couldn't take it anymore. I started to cry. I wanted to run out there and be with my mom, but I was afraid of that man. Here's where my life started to go downhill. Donnie pulled out a gun and shot my mom. He just stood there for a minute smiling. Then he started to laugh. He laughed for a good thirty seconds. Then he

nodded to the people behind him and they left. They peeled out of the driveway and disappeared in the pouring rain. I ran out of my room and ran to my mom to see if she was okay. The top of her head was blown off. That's where my life came crashing down. This man Donnie took everything away from me that I loved. I had nothing left. All I could do was bury my face in my mom's lifeless body and sob. I sobbed and sobbed. I didn't know what to do. I didn't know where to go. I had no family. We were all alone out here. I didn't even have any friends. But I had to go somewhere. I was only nine, but I was smart. I packed up some belongings and supplies I needed for the trip ahead. I went to my mom's room into the corner and lifted up a loose floorboard revealing my mom's secret stash of money. I took all of it. I didn't know how much was there. I couldn't concentrate. I headed out. I had no idea where I'd go, but I didn't feel welcome in Montello. I had to find a way out of there. There weren't busses in Montello to take you places. I had to find another way out. That's when I remembered. Once a week a big truck came and delivered food to the grocery store. I thought I might get lucky and today would be the day it arrived. I wasn't. I had to camp out in an alley for three days. It rained the entire time. Finally the truck came. As the driver was inside I snuck into the back and scrunched up my body as tightly as possible in the very back behind a case of coffee beans so that the driver wouldn't see me when he came out to close the door and leave. It worked. I was on my way out of this hellhole. I didn't know where I'd go, but I'd find a place. I was only nine, but I was old enough to know that I would swear revenge on this Donnie man that killed my mom. Someday I'd find him. And when I do, he'll be on his knees begging me for mercy. He was going to pay for what he did to my mom. Someday I'd find him, and make his life as miserable as he did mine. Someday.....

## 2 - The Escape

### The Escape

I woke up very late at night in the back of the truck. We weren't moving. Seeing as it seemed safe, and I was wide awake, I decided to investigate. I carefully opened the back and slid out onto the ground. I was at a truck stop. But I looked around and realized I made it to a new city. Wait. I knew where I was. I recognized this place. I was in Wendover. My mom had taken me here for my birthday. It was a very fun place. I loved it here. But I wasn't here to play. I had business to take care of. The problem was, I hadn't thought up my plan that far. I was so torn up by my mom's death, all I could think about was getting out of there. Now I was out of there, and I had no idea what to do. All right. I had to concentrate. What did I need? Oh. I needed food. My food didn't last as long as I thought it would. You know how it is. When you're young you always think food is more plentiful than it really is. I mean, when you're running away to the Yukon you just take a couple sandwiches. So I needed food. I had no idea where to go. I recognized this place, but I didn't remember it very well. It looked like I'd just have to look around. I just started walking in a random direction and hoped it would take me somewhere useful. I walked and walked for about two hours. Finally I arrived at a grocery store. I decided to just get a little bit of food and if I need more I can come back. If I can find my way. I went into the store and found some bread, cereal, and Fruit Gushers. I went to the check-out lane and threw my food up onto the counter. The cashier looked at me a little suspiciously. But he shrugged it off and packed up my food and asked me for \$4.95. Crap. I wasn't very smart and I had a hard time with adding and subtracting money. Okay, let's see. All I could do was try. I struggled for about a minute, then he helped me. But when he saw the big wad of cash he stopped, wide-eyed. "Where's your mother?" he asked. That just completely broke me down and pissed me off. I grabbed the food and ran. The cashier yelled something and almost immediately I had a couple store clerks chasing after me. I didn't know what to do. They didn't seem like they wanted to hurt me, but neither did Donnie. After Donnie I realized I couldn't trust anyone. So I ran. And ran. But, as always, I got VERY tired and started to slow down. But the store clerks didn't get tired. They just kept sprinting as quickly as they had started. The gap between us started to close. I had to keep running. I couldn't let them catch me. What if they were going to shoot me like Donnie shot my mom? I was scared. My eyes started to blur with tears and eventually I just stopped. I couldn't go any farther. The two clerks grabbed me and spun me around. They looked angry. They had the same look Donnie did. All I could do was cry and plead with them. I cried and cried and begged for my life. "Please, please don't shoot me," I said. "What are you talking about? We're not going to shoot you," they said. That made me feel better. But then they asked the same question. "Where's your mother?" That broke me down again. Seeing how broken up I was and how bad of shape I was in, they took me back to the store to get me

fresh clothes so I could tell them everything. Back at the store, I couldn't tell them much. I was too sad and scared. Now that I'm older I realized I should have told them more. All I could tell them was that my mom was shot back at our house in Montello. The dumb thing I did was not tell them who shot her. I was too scared. I told them how I got there, and everything else. They took me to the police station. Apparently they had been looking for me ever since they found my mom's body. They put me in a dark room and just asked me the same questions the store clerks did. It got kind of annoying. They kept asking me who shot my mom. I couldn't tell them. I don't know why, but I couldn't. Maybe I was afraid Donnie would come shoot me. I don't know. But I couldn't say it. Things sort of mellowed out for a while after that. They took me and put me in a foster home. I hated it. It was Hell. And the older I got the more it got to me. At about seventeen I couldn't stand it anymore. I had to get out of there. I had been working at a body shop part-time for five years so I had plenty of money. I decided it was time to get out of there. So one night I just packed up and left. I was smarter now and I had more sense of what I should do and where I should go. I knew the police would be looking for me. I could probably never return to Wendover. I hiked into the woods and just sort of camped out for a while. I had no idea what I was going to do. Then came a cold night with pouring rain. It took me back to the night my mom was killed eight years ago. It brought back all the memories, all the pain, all the feelings of absolute hopelessness. And that night as I stared into the fire that's when I realized it. I had to get revenge. My mind wouldn't rest until that killer out there had suffered for what he did. I had to find him. I remembered the vow I had made in the back of that truck that night. I was going to make this jerk pay. I was going to go after him. But first I had to get prepared. I had to get supplies, transportation, and plenty of weapons: Raptor Magnums, Frinesi Automatics, SG5 Commandos, etc. But I needed a way to acquire them. I wasn't sure how, but I sure wouldn't get them from Wendover. I couldn't even set foot into that town without having the police around me. I'm sure they were looking for me. So I had to go somewhere else. But first I had to get food supplies for my trip. It was going to be a long hike to where I was going. So I snuck in under the cover of nightfall and broke into a grocery store and got the stuff I wanted. Now don't go thinking I stole it. I'm an honest man. I left some money on the counter. I headed back into the woods and started my trip. There was only one town close by that I knew had the firepower I needed. It was a small little town not too far from Montello. It was perfect for people on the run from the law to hide. The only cops they had in Grouse Creek were the ones passing through. They'd just drive through town, stop at the store, visit, and be on their way. It was perfect. That's where I was headed. Next stop, Grouse Creek.

### 3 - Bitter Introductions

#### Bitter Introductions

It took me a week to get there. I was about half-starved the whole way. If I had been smart, I would have stolen a rifle from Wendover so I could at least hunt on my way. I haven't shot for a while. My dad took me when I was really little, then my mom's friend took me to the shooting range every once in a while. But my new family hated guns. They thought they were evil. So I haven't shot a gun for eight years. I was pretty good back then, but I don't know about now. Let's just say I was relieved when I arrived in Grouse Creek where I could get my hands on some good food. I was sick of cheese sandwiches. Now I just had to find some firepower. I knew Grouse Creek had some, the problem is it's probably illegal so I'll have to ask around. I camped out in an old abandoned house behind the school. The guys that own it only come out once a year, so I should be safe. Now I just had to ask the right people and get the information I needed. My first stop was to get a gun. Any gun would do. I just needed one just in case. I just needed something to last until I got some real firepower. I got my hands on a shotgun. I picked it up from an old Mexican a few miles South of Grouse Creek. He won't be missed. My second stop was a rancher by the name of Jeff. He lived in a valley on the north end of Grouse Creek. He was a big farmer with a lot of cows and horses. He was on his way to being rich. He used to work for my dad so I thought I'd ask him. I had never met him before, but I'm sure he'd remember my dad. I dropped off my stuff at the front gate of his property. I thought I'd better travel light in case I had to run. I loaded up my Frinesi Automatic 12-gauge shotgun. I hoped I didn't have to use it. I went through the gate and started toward his house. Lucky for me, he was working in the yard. "Jeff?" He looked up. "Who the crap are you, and what are you doing on my property?" "I just came to ask you a few questions," I replied coolly. "You haven't answered my question," Jeff yelled. He sounded angry. "Who are you?" "My name is Noah Young," I started. "You worked for my dad Mike." Jeff just stared at me for a minute. "You're his son? Oh, right. He talked about you a lot." This didn't sound right. My dad didn't talk much, let alone about me. "Did you know your dad didn't like you?" I didn't say anything. I just glared. "He talked of getting rid of you, putting you up for adoption. He wanted to get a better kid, one with a better attitude...." That was all I could stand. I pulled out the shotgun, cocked it, and pointed it right at his face. "Oh," he replied, "That's how you want to do it, is it?" I could see him pull out the Glock, but I couldn't shoot him. I needed answers. He fired two shots. I dodged them both and took cover behind an old Camaro. "Come on out, pansy!" he screamed, followed by two more shots. I had to do something. I fired a warning shot in his direction. He was unphased. "Is that the best you can do!" he screamed. "You're going to die today!" He fired three shots through the Camaro's windows. I could hear the bullets zing past my ear. This guy was really getting on my nerves. I jumped up and ran across the lawn, firing the shotgun as I went. One got

him in the leg. He didn't seem to care. He just stood there. Then he started laughing. He found this funny. So I shot him again in the arm. Now he was pissed off. He squeezed off a few more rounds. One grazed my arm. I dove behind a boulder and tried to think up a new plan. Jeff kept firing. I had no idea what he was shooting at. That's when I heard it. It was music to my ears. First was the click. Then there was the chink as the empty clip fell and hit the ground. He was out. Here was my chance. I jumped out from behind the boulder and tackled him. We wrestled on the ground for a minute but he was weak from the loss of blood. Pretty soon he gave in. I got up and pointed the shotgun at his head. "Are you ready to answer my questions now?" I asked him. "Fine. What do you want to know?" he replied. I was impressed. He was pretty brave for having a 12-gauge cocked in his face. "That's a pretty nice Glock. Where'd you get it?" I asked. He just glared and asked, "Why should I tell you?" I sighed. Poor man. So naive. "Listen, jerk. My mother was killed by some rich guy with body guards and I'm going after him. I need good firepower. Like that Glock." Seeing as he was screwed no matter what he said, Jeff gave me all the information I needed. There was an old man by the name of Sam Jenkins in a deep rocky canyon about twenty five miles east of Grouse Creek. I had to be careful. Apparently he has been out in the hot sun too long and is a little crazy. He had a motherload of illegal firearms. Just what I needed. Seeing as I was done with Jeff, I had to get rid of him. After that fight we just had, I couldn't let him go to the police. There couldn't be any witnesses that I was here. So I did the only thing I could. I blew his head to pieces. And I took his Glock. But what about the body? Hmm.....he had a nice fire going.....

## 4 - The Psycho

### The Psycho

I arrived at the canyon around midnight. I decided I had better get a good look at this guy's operation before I walk in during broad daylight. I hiked along the top ridge for about an hour before I found any sign of life. There were empty tobacco cans everywhere all of a sudden. We had ourselves a serious chewer. Other than that the place looked dead. There wasn't anything. I was just about to give up when I heard the cock of a shotgun behind me. I spun around and beheld one of the strangest men I had ever seen. He was old with black crooked teeth. He had a white undershirt stained with grease and sweat. He had on army trousers and boots. He had a crooked beard and long white hair on the sides of his head. The top of his head was bald with moles and liver spots. He had looked frail with skinny arms and withered hands holding a Frinesi Auto similar to mine. I had come to the right place. He stared at me for a minute then spit tobacco right into the dust about an inch away from my shoes. This must be Sam Jenkins. "What are you doing wandering around at night in a canyon like this?" he asked. "Probably the same thing you are. Just causing trouble." I replied. He glared for a minute. Then he just burst out laughing. He laughed and laughed and laughed. Holy crap. This guy was crazy. He put down his shotgun and put his arm around me. He smelled of cigarettes and stale whiskey. "Come on over to my camp, kid. Tell me what you need." he said as he staggered off into the night. I followed, a little reluctantly though. We sat around the fire and I told him everything. I told him about Donnie, about the Foster home, about my plan for revenge, everything. But I decided to leave out the part about Jeff. After I finished my story he just started laughing again. This guy was starting to freak me out. "Kid," he started, "you remind me of my childhood." What? What kind of childhood did this guy have? Will I be like Sam when I'm eighty? Eww. Heaven forbid. "When I was your age," he continued, "I had been wronged many times, and when I got old enough and smart enough, I decided to get even. I was thirsty for revenge. I killed a few people, tortured a few people, and killed more people. They had a hefty price on my head, so I hid out in this canyon. When I needed money I asked around and got into the illegal firearms business. I've been doing it for fifty years. And I'll continue to do it until I die. But you have to be careful. I've had a few close calls. Do you see that I stagger? No, it's not because I'm drunk. Although that's part of it. It's because one day I had a close call. I got careless. I left a trail that the cops could follow. But that isn't a story we'll get into. Just be careful, kid. Well, let's get down to business. What can I get you? " He equipped me with some frag grenades, flash grenades, remote mines, a repeater crossbow, a Militek Mark 6 multi grenade launcher, a covert sniper rifle, an SG5 commando, an Uzi, and a crapload of ammo for all of them. I was a walking explosive. I was well prepared for anything. Now I just had to find this Donnie guy and make him pay. But it will be tricky. Sam said Donnie just bought



some property on the hill behind the church so that was the first top I'd make. Sam also said that he came to town about once every two weeks so I'd just have to lie low and wait. I hoped I wouldn't have to wait too long because I didn't have any money. I spent it all on these guns! Sam said I could camp with him if I'd like. I turned him down. I'll get my food like I got my shotgun. Put someone at gunpoint and demand something, and if he refuses, blow him to smithereens and take it. It never fails. And to tell you the truth I actually had to do that numerous times. I had been camped out on a ridge overlooking his property for three weeks and still no Donnie. I was really starting to get pissed off. Where was he? Finally one hot night perfect for sleeping under the stars a car pulled in. I rolled out of my cot and looked at the car through the sniper rifle. Donnie got out of the car followed by four of his gunmen. They headed into an old abandoned shed on his property. I didn't think they were staying long because they left the car running. Now I had to make my move. Sure, I could just burst in there with guns blazing. But I wanted to find out more about Donnie's operation and how my mom was involved. I had to follow him back to wherever he was headed. So I ran down the hill ducking behind bushes as I went. I decided to hide into the trunk. But how would I get in? That's when something shiny in the car caught my eye. A custom-made knife with a nine-inch blade and serrated edges sat on the passenger-side front seat. I quickly opened the door and grabbed the knife. It was very very nice. I used it to break into the trunk. I quickly climbed in and left it slightly ajar so I could get some air. But wait. What if they looked in the trunk for the knife? Well then I had no choice but to gun them down. Oh well. It would be worth it. Pretty soon I heard footsteps coming toward the car. I heard the guys get in and start to drive away. Their conversations were muffled, but I could still make out the words "Hey, where's my knife?" I listened carefully. "You probably left it inside the shed. Don't worry. It will be fine. We're coming back tomorrow. What's going to happen?" Yes! I had lucked out. Now all I had to do was sit back, relax, and wait for us to arrive at our destination. We drove. And drove. And drove. I was getting really sore. If we didn't stop soon, I was going to jump out while we were driving down the road. Pretty soon I couldn't stand it. I was just about to throw open the trunk and jump out. But then we stopped. Donnie and his buddies got out and walked off. I carefully opened the trunk enough to see what they were doing. We were at a condo of some sort. They headed into room 104 and all was quiet. I got out and looked around. My back and neck popped about fifty times. They had locked the door on the car and taken all their stuff so I guess they were staying the night. I saw a check-in office on the other side of the parkinglot. It had a big sign that said "Worldmark Resort St. George" St. George? There was no way we were in St. George! From Grouse Creek that's an eight hour drive! Dang. All of a sudden my back hurt really bad. I had just ridden in a trunk for eight hours with a shotgun barrel in a very uncomfortable spot. I felt like I was going to die. But it was all right because I was here. Now I could take care of my revenge and make Donnie pay. But not tonight. I'll get some rest then tomorrow at dawn I'll make my move. By 6:00 AM Donnie would be history. I'd make sure of that.

## 5 - The end of it all?

The end of it?

I got up around 5:00 AM to see what they were doing in the condo. I sneaked up to the window to see what they were doing. To my surprise, they were awake. All the lights were on, and they were sitting in the living room smoking cigars and playing cards. I had them right where I wanted them. I was planning on gunning down the gunmen, then capturing Donnie and getting the information I wanted. Unfortunately, it was a lot more complicated than that. I burst through the door with my SG5 Commando blazing. Everyone ducked for cover. In the commotion I couldn't see where Donnie went. One of the gunmen pulled the pin on a grenade and right as he was about to throw it I gunned him down. He dropped the grenade and fell to the floor oozing dark thick blood. One gunman behind him didn't notice he pulled the pin and then dropped it. Kaboom. Two down. That just left two gunmen and then Donnie. The gunmen were crouched behind an overturned table. Then they did something I wasn't prepared for. They were armed with AK-47's and they both jumped up at the exact same time with guns blazing. I dove into the bedroom, but not without taking a bullet to the shoulder. Holy crap that hurt. Okay. Now they just got me pissed off. As I was forming a plan, I noticed something. I turned around and realized I was in a room full of illegal weapons. They had AT-420 Sentinals, AT-600 Scorpions, tons of rockets, Deutsche M9K's, Barretas, the works. So Donnie was in the illegal weapons business. Nice. And there was something else that was odd. There were gas tanks, kind of like the kind on forklifts. Hmm....forklifts. Maybe Donnie had a big organization with illegal arms dealing. Oh well. I could worry about that later. Right now I needed a plan. Hmm. I peeked around the corner to get a good look at the two guys. They were the typical gunmen. Sunglasses, suits, etc. It was so typical it was pathetic. But one guy still had a cigar in his mouth. That's it! I had my plan. I untwisted the top of the gas tank and rolled it out so it ended up directly in front of the two gunmen. Gas oozed out and spread across the floor. I then opened the window and got a look around. I was on the second floor. There was a fire escape directly below the window. Perfect. I braced myself. I had to do this quick and time it perfectly. I took out my repeater crossbow and loaded it. I moved into the doorway and aimed as quickly as I could. I let the arrow fly and it hit the gunman with the cigar square in the head. Now I had to run. The gunman fell to the ground. I dove out the window just as the cigar made contact with the gasoline on the floor. KABOOM! I climbed down the fire escape and took a breather. My shoulder was hurting REALLY bad now. But there was no time for that. I had to find Donnie. If he got away I'd probably never get him. That's when I heard the squealing tires in the parking lot. I whipped around just to see Donnie pull out of the parking lot and head down the road. He was still in range of my grenade launcher, but I needed answers. But I had to slow him down a little bit otherwise I'd never catch him. So I got out my covert

sniper rifle and zoomed in on the car. I took out the tires on the right side of the car. He lost control of the car for a minute and spun out. Then he regained control and was off again, but he was going much slower than before. Now I just had to get a car. I'm sure all the parked cars were locked, so I had to get one driving down the road. So I ran out into the road and headed toward the first car I saw. I pulled the man out and was off. But I was off rather slowly. And that's when I noticed. I looked around and realized how awful my luck was. How is it that the first car I go to happens to be an Adams Liberty? Top speed: 110. Donnie was in a TT Cuatro Superpower. Top speed: 160. I needed a miracle. Hey, at least I shot out two of his tires. Yeah, that will decrease his speed a whopping 20 mph. That still makes his car 30 mph faster than mine. Crap. Well, I'd better get the other two tires then. I pulled out my Uzi and took aim. I was too far away. But I was never going to catch up. Well.....um.....I guess I'll have to use my sniper rifle. Okay. Hmm.....Let me tell you something. It was very hard to look down a rifle scope while driving down the road and aim at a car that is also moving. It doesn't work very well. I couldn't just shoot randomly with my Uzi because the engine is in the back and I didn't want any chance of the car blowing up and this guy dying. But I had to do something quick because he was getting away. But I couldn't aim because I'd run into a car. If there was a lane that didn't have much traffic I could drive down that and be able to take more time to aim. Hmm.....There was an empty sidewalk. I shrugged. That'll work. I swerved off to the sidewalk and got right up to the wall. If I could just get the car going perfectly straight and hold the steering wheel tight I'd make it. But what about the pedestrians? Oh well. After about thirty seconds of trying to get the car to go straight down the sidewalk, I was able to squeeze off two rounds and get both tires. That slowed him down a lot. I was able to keep up with him. Now I had to choose my plan carefully. I could catch up to him and run him off the road, or I could fall back and follow from a distance and see where he goes. I decided to fall back. I faked a wreck. I swerved around like I lost control and I slammed the breaks and stopped in the opposite lane. I waited until he was out of sight then slowly started going. I barely kept him in view so he wouldn't see me. It worked. We drove clear out of St. George and headed back up North. At about Nephi he stopped at a Flying J and got gas. He went inside to use the restroom. Perfect. I sneaked up to get into the car. As much as I hated to, I decided to ride in the trunk so there wasn't any risk of him seeing me. Pretty soon I heard him get into the car and we were off again. We drove the rest of the night and well into the day. Pretty soon we ended up back in Grouse Creek. But we didn't go to his property on the hill behind the church. We drove through Grouse Creek until we got to the North end. We pulled in through a gate and that's when I realized we were on Jeff's property. I was officially confused. Was Jeff in on this too? I didn't know, but I intended on finding out. Donnie parked and started walking through Jeff's fields heading North. I rolled out of the trunk and ducked behind the car to see where he was going. Pretty soon Donnie started heading up a hill. I decided it was safe to follow. Pretty soon Donnie disappeared over the top so I ran to catch up. I got over the hill just in time to see Donnie disappear inside a door leading underground. Okay. Now I was even more confused. It had a keypad lock and, seeing as I didn't have the code, I just broke the lock with my knife. I opened the door just a crack to see if the coast was clear. It was. I sneaked inside. I was in a long thin hallway that turned to right at the end. I peaked around the corner and all of a sudden everything fell into place. It was a giant underground base with weapons crates everywhere. So this was Donnie's operation. Jeff must have been in on it too. Oh, great. I'm in a room surrounded by people who want to kill me and there are guns all over the place for the taking. This should be interesting.



## 6 - Oh boy, this should be fun

Oh boy, this should be fun!

I decided to try to look around for Donnie without drawing attention to myself. I don't care about anyone else. I'm just here for Donnie. But how would I get past all these guys without drawing attention to myself? Oh, screw it. I jumped out with my Uzi and shot the crap out of everything. I gunned down every guy I saw. But, like I said earlier, there were guns everywhere for the taking. A lot of the workers just pried open crates, grabbed one of the guns, grabbed ammo, and fought back. I hoped I was well-armed enough. There were way too many guys. I wouldn't make it out of here alive. Then I saw a hallway on the other side of the base. "I'll bet that's where Donnie is," I said to myself. I just ran as fast as I could across the base ducking behind crates whenever I could. I emptied my clip on my Uzi. I didn't have time to load it, so I just put it away and grabbed another of my guns. I pulled out the Glock and fired at the nearest guys I saw. It was my first time using it and dang, that thing had a kick to it. But it was powerful. It took guys down like they were cardboard. I made it to the hallway safely and stopped for a second to set a couple wall mines. I'm sure the workers would be after me. There was a door at the end and I burst in to find.....an empty office. Where the crap did Donnie go? That's when Donnie jumped out from behind the door and tackled me. He knocked the Glock out of my hand and we wrestled and fought for a good two minutes. It was brutal. But pretty soon he made a fatal mistake and I was able to pull out my knife and stab him in the leg. He fell to the floor and I pulled my knife out and held it up to his neck. "I've got a few questions for you, Donnie," I said coldly. He just stared up at me. I could see fear in his eyes. "What do you want to know?" he asked, his voice shaky. "What, don't you remember me?" I replied. "Eight years ago you walked into a small Montello home with your gunmen and shot a poor woman. That woman was my mother!" He just stared at me blankly. "She was your mother? She didn't tell me she had any kids. She never mentioned you....." I grabbed him by the hair on his head and held the knife tighter to his neck. "You made my life Hell. The thing that got to me was when you laughed. You shot her and laughed. I always remembered you. I swore I'd get revenge. But first I want to know why you shot her. Was she working for you?" I asked. "She was a prostitute!" he sobbed. "Please, I was only following orders! She worked for my boss. But she didn't pay up so he ordered me to shoot her!" he cried. "Please. Let me go. It's my boss you want. Go after him!" "Who is your boss?" I asked. "An old man by the name of Sam Jenkins. He lives over in Dry Canyon," he replied. What? Sam Jenkins is in charge of this whole thing? I'm going to kill that son of a..... "But he doesn't look like he'd be in charge. He wears old dirty clothes. He lives in a small tent. He has yellow teeth!" I said. "That's his cover!" Donnie cried. I was really pissed off. I made a small slit in Donnie's throat. Small enough to keep him alive to suffer, but large enough that he wouldn't walk away from it alive. He started to gag. He reached

out to me like he wanted help. I ignored him. I had to think this through. My mom was a prostitute. Sam Jenkins was sort of like her pimp. He ordered Donnie to shoot her. Crap. All this time I thought Donnie was in charge when really it was Sam! But that made no sense. I sat at a campfire with him. I told him my story. He knew I'd eventually come after him. So why did he let me go alive? I had to go after him. "Please," Donnie wheezed. "I'm sorry. I didn't think something like this would happen....." "You should have thought of that before you shot my mother," I replied coolly before I wasted him with my shotgun. Now I just had to get out of here alive and go after Sam. "He's down this way!" I heard someone say from the hallway. I could hear footsteps. A lot of footsteps. I wasn't worried. I just waited for it. KABOOM! Okay. Time to go. I stepped out the hallway to find.....Holy crap. I had never seen so much blood and gore in my life. I did a quick arm count and guessed that I killed seven or eight guys in that blast. But there were more. A lot more. I made my way to the middle of the base without getting shot at. All was quiet. Where were they? I knew there were more. After all the Steven Seagal movies I had seen in my childhood I concluded they were planning an ambush. I looked around and saw just what I needed. Gun powder! I guess they make their own bullets here, too. I lined up barrels of gun powder in the corners of the base and by each support beam. I then lined up a few around the perimeter of the base, emptied ten barrels-worth of powder and spread it around on the ground, and took whatever was left over and just stacked it next to the exit. These workers are really slow. I could have been long-gone by now. Oh well. I then opened the door and backed away. That's when I heard the rallying wacry of the workers that were still alive. They were all heading toward me. There had to be fifty of them. That's all right. I was done. I backed off, took out my grenade launcher, and lobbed a pineapple right at the stack of gun powder barrels. Wow it was loud. My ears were ringing like crazy. But it was worth it because when the dust cleared there was no more base! It was completely gone. But I'm sure the explosion would draw attention so I had to get out of there fast. I took Donnie's car and headed East. Next stop: Dry Canyon.

## 7 - Hunting down a liar

### Hunting down a Liar

I sat in the entrance of Dry Canyon for about fifteen minutes thinking about my strategy. It was hard to think clearly because I was so pissed off. I don't know whether it was the heat of the afternoon June sun, or whether I was blinded by my hunger for revenge, but instead of sneaking through I decided to just plow through and shoot the crap out of everything. I can't describe the feelings of anger and hatred I had at that time. Sam Jenkins was going down. I'd make sure of that. I made sure everything was loaded. I made sure I had plenty of grenades on my belt. I was ready. I could waste him the second I saw him because all my questions were answered. I didn't need to know anything else. I was just going to walk in, gun him down, maybe take a piss on his body, and leave. I started off. I had about an hour before I'd reach his camp. I knew he knew I was coming, so I was careful on the way to look for any traps. The last thing I needed was to come this far and then get blown up by a mine or something. All was quiet though. There wasn't any sign of life when I got close to the camp. "What if he packed up and left?" I thought to myself. I dreaded the thought. I had blown up all his goons so I had no way of tracking him down. I continued up the canyon for about an hour and minutes with no sign of him. I was just about to turn back when I heard I heard a crack in the bushes. I scanned the bushes carefully. Nothing. Then I felt something small drop into the grass beside me. It was beeping. I had no time to react. The explosion sent me flying backward into a grove of trees. When I came to my senses there was the barrel of an AK-47 in my face. Sure enough, it was the infamous Sam Jenkins. "So I guess you found out the truth," he sneered coldly. "I knew you'd be on your way. And I was ready for you, wasn't I?" he laughed as he took my weapons away. I just glared at him. What was I supposed to say? "Nothing. Just shut up and look for an opportunity." I told myself. I had to watch him carefully. I was sure I wouldn't get many opportunities to turn the tables, so I had to watch his every move. At least I wasn't tied up. "See? Didn't I tell you this revenge crap would get you into trouble someday?" he asked. "I wish I would have listened to my friends when they told me that. But everything turned out okay. I got into the illegal weapons business, became the boss, and then I met your mom. I heard about her money problems so I uh, offered her a job." he chuckled. "But she wouldn't pay her share. So I hired Donnie to hunt her down and shoot that wench....." That was all I could stand. I was on my feet in a millisecond and I lunged for him. He fired the AK-47 and got me squarely in the leg. "I warned you what would happen. Now just sit there and stay quiet. Now, as I was saying...." He talked about his job some more and my mom. I didn't listen. All I cared about was getting out of here. I had heard enough about my mom anyway. I didn't want to know anymore. I just sat patiently and waited for an opportunity. Dang, my leg hurt. I didn't want to have to go through that again. I had to time this perfectly otherwise he'll shoot me again. I had had enough

injuries for one day. Then I saw it. There was a coil of rope on the ground at his feet. When he turned around to get a beer out of the cooler I made my move. You see, Sam had forgotten about my knife. I whipped it out, threw it, and hit him in the back. He stopped dead in his tracks. I knew he was still alive. It didn't go deep enough to kill him. No, he'll stay alive for a while and suffer. Just what I wanted. He fell to the ground gasping for air. I pulled the knife out, cleaned it on my pants leg, and put it away. "I knew you'd make a mistake." I laughed in his face. "I was ready for you, wasn't I?" I mimicked. I took the rope, made a noose, and slipped it around his neck. I pulled it very tight, just to add to his discomfort. I then set him up on a very unstable stump. "Don't fall off," I warned him. "It will ensure your death. Now what do I want to do with you? I grow bored. I guess I'll just make you suffer more. I'm in that kind of mood today." I grinned, walked up to him, and pulled out my knife. "You see this blade? I sharpened it this morning. It will slice whatever it makes contact with." I held it up to his throat. "I could just gut you like a fish now, but I haven't had my fun yet." I lifted up his hand and cut off every finger. I ignored his screams of pain. I then did the same thing with the other hand. If only you could have seen the look on his face. There was so much pain, so much agony. It's almost sick that I enjoyed it. I eventually got tired of him. I decided to end this. "Hmm....how do I want to kill you? I could blow the top of your head off like Donnie did to my mother. Or maybe I could kill your family so you know what I felt like for eight years. But neither of those will bring back my mother, will they? WILL THEY!" I screamed in his face as I grabbed him by the hair on his head. "It's time to end this. See you in Hell." I said as I scalped him. He flinched, and the motion tipped the log over. As he hung there dying, as the life disappeared from his eyes, I decided to make it quicker. I took out my Uzi. It held sixty rounds. I wasted an entire clip on him. He was gone. I decided I'd leave him with a little dignity. I didn't take a piss on him. But I did cut the rope and lay his body out in the open where all the animals and buzzards could get to him. Seeing as I was done, having fulfilled my goal, I understood why Donnie laughed when he shot my mom. I understood because I laughed when I killed Sam. Just seeing Sam Jenkins dead, lying there, made me laugh. I felt free. And as I walked out of Dry Canyon, I realized I haven't felt that good in eight years. After eight years I could finally relax. My mind was put at ease. It felt good to know I was finally free. Oh, and I can't tell you how hard I laughed when I saw the stories about Sam and Donnie on the news.



## 8 - the wrap up

### The Wrap-up

And here I am, two years later. I'm nineteen now, and I'm on the run from the cops. I live all alone in a tiny log cabin in the woods somewhere. You know what? As much as I hate to admit it, Sam was right. Maybe I would have better off letting the police handle it. I could have had a life. I could have gotten a job, had a family, and not have the constant worry about the police finding me and shooting me down on the spot. I wouldn't have to hide out in the woods all alone for the rest of my life. I could have avoided all this if I just wouldn't have went after Sam and Donnie. If I didn't gun them down, I wouldn't have had any of this to worry about. But through all the negatives to this, even though there are so many, I wouldn't have had it any other way. It was worth it.