

Tyler J.

Agent 327: Mission Log #18

I was in my room while stationed in New York City. I was rummaging through my stuff when I came across a photo of my recently deceased parents. The thought of never seeing them again made me burst into tears. Just as that happened, my phone rang. It was Jack Titus.

“Hey, what’s up?”, I said, pulling myself together.

“Were you moping again? C’mon, you’re Wolfe Bennet, the most elite agent in Americas most secret organization. We can’t have you down like this.”,

Jack was my best friend from Beta Sector. He always is the cunning, caring type.

“Yes, okay. Now can we stop talking about it? Tell me what Beta Sector needs me to do.”

“You got it. Our target is Dr. Adrian Norvok, a Nuclear Physicist who’s gone desperate. He’s planning to sell stolen plutonium to paying terrorists. You’ll portray as a representative for ISIS, paying him \$10 million for the orb. When you’re done, me and the boys at Beta will take him in.” Explained Jack. After I had been given all the assignment details, I prepped myself for the mission ahead. My work was a good distraction from my personal life, which I wanted to forget about.

While waiting to meet Norvok at the East River, I was at a street café having breakfast. When I saw him, I stood up with my briefcase. That’s when I saw he had a plus-one. A man who I soon found to be a Russian mercenary.

“You have it?”, Adrian said nervously.

“You’ve got the core?”, I asked non-suspiciously.

He pulled out a briefcase with a large, spherical metal orb inside. The package was in my sights.

“Whatever you do, don’t ever open it, or it could be catastrophic.”, he went on to explain.

As he talked, I saw his guard text something. I got a feeling that something was about to happen. He looked up at Adrian with an angry glare, and he pulled out a pistol.

I quickly ducked for cover behind a café. I heard the gun go off and I saw Adrian groan in pain as his body fell into the water. The man then turned his fire toward me. As the bullets ricocheted off the wall, I quickly looked up and saw him pick up the orb and run off. I immediately gave chase.

While running, he quickly shouted something into a walkie talkie. The next thing I felt was a sharp and sudden pain in my back, then falling to the ground. My vision was slightly blurred, but I saw two men in jumpsuits. A tall one carrying a wrench, and the other holding a knife. Without hesitation, I swept their legs and they fell to the ground. As I got up, the tall one hit me in the thigh with his wrench, and as I stumbled back, I kicked him, stunning him. I fell against a café table set. The other man rushed towards me and attempted to stab me, but I grabbed a café chair, and he stabbed through, with his hand getting stuck in the process. I twisted the knife out of his hand and I kicked him away. Without a moment’s notice, I quickly grabbed it as the man got up, and I threw the dagger to him, hitting him in the chest. He let out a painful yell and groaned in agony. He looked at me dead in the eye before he fell into the river.

I heard the pounding of feet behind me, and I turned around to see the second man running towards me. I spun around and grabbed the table and swept it under his legs, and quickly

hit him across the side of the head with it, knocking him out. I fled, leaving the police to tend to him.

The mercenary should've been able to get a huge head start with the help of his little minions. I paused to look around and see if I could spot him. I saw him running across the street, trying to get to Brooklyn Bridge. He was over 200 meters away at least. I tried to find a way to get over there. I saw a motorcycle parked against a tree, and immediately hopped on.

I was racing across the park at a ridiculous speed towards the mercenary. But then, I saw a family at a small café. I don't remember what happened, but I guess seeing those people reminded me of my parents and how I would never be together with them again.

Fortunately, I was brought back to reality with the sound of gunfire, and me falling off the bike and rolling against the ground. My ears were ringing, I was feeling a little dizzy, and I was coughing up blood. I heard a man shouting angrily, and as I turned, I saw the mercenary carjack a taxi and speed off.

I broke away from the crowd spectating me and pulled out my gun. I shot out his tires, and he crashed into a lamppost on Brooklyn Bridge. I ran toward him at full speed, tackling him to the ground when he got out. I somehow grabbed his phone as he kicked me away and I stuffed it in my jacket.

When I pulled myself up, he held the orb over the bridge, holding it at gunpoint.

He shouted, "Let me go, or I shoot this! Believe me I'll do it!!!"

I stared at him and said, "I believe you."

I shot him in the chest and caught the orb as he fell over the bridge. I sat to rest, in a daze after what happened. Then, I grabbed the man's phone and saw the message he sent.

It said that he was gonna take the orb and sell it himself. And he wrote his buyers name right there. I sent the name to Beta Sector immediatly. I let out a sigh of relief and looked up into the big, blue skies.