

Me,JT

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Submitted: June 19, 2007

Updated: June 19, 2007

ok, this was a short story i had to write in English and i got graded F (the highest you can get where I am in the world) and i thought i should put it up here for you guys to read! so! read it and tell me what you think!

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Chapter 1 - The Mission

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1 - The Mission

I propelled myself forwards, my legs carrying me as fast as they could go, the police hot on my tail. Not giving up, I gave my legs another burst of speed, thinking what it would look like running into the hideout with a sack-full of jewels. I knew that if I looked back that it would slow me down, but I had to. I stole a quick glance but in that split-second I had crashed straight into a bin and went soaring through the air.

I lay there, sore, and then I remembered that I had a gun and a knife! "How could I have been so stupid?!" I said to myself, slapping my forehead violently. I had a plan. I lay there like a dead animal with rigor mortis, eyes shut, my body in a mangled position. I kept my breathing slow and steady so my chest wouldn't rise and fall too visibly. I heard the sounds of two police cars screeching to a halt. Then I heard four pairs of feet, thudding towards me. I felt their breath on my face as they knelt over me. "You think he's still alive? He was running way too fast for a fourteen-year old."

How does he know I'm fourteen? I wondered.

"I don't know. Hey Lee, check his pulse."

Just as he was about to press his fingers on my wrist I jumped up wielding my knife in my left hand and my pistol in my right. I would have fallen to the ground again in a fit of laughter at the sight of their faces had it not been a serious situation. They were frozen in their positions with a mix of shock and fright. One of them apparently was positive that I was dead, and at the sight of me jumping up brandishing two lethal weapons, fainted. Another one stood up slowly and cautiously, one hand reaching for his gun holster, the other rising into the air. His colleague did the same, while the one they had called Lee had his hand outstretched to where my wrist was. I only just remembered, the sack of jewels! I didn't dare take my eyes off the cops, for they could get me before I could say "Ha!". I pulled my gun upwards and aimed the barrel at the biggest policeman's heart. He immediately stopped reaching towards the handle of his gun and stared at me, horror-struck. I placed my finger on the trigger, ready to ignite. The policeman's eyes grew wider...

I winced as I pulled the trigger. Vibrations exploded through my body and my hand snapped upwards to the sky, causing more pain (Jee, Thanks recoil). I was forced backwards a few steps as though a giant, invisible hand had pushed me hard in the chest. When I regained my balance my hand dropped back into place where it was pointing my gun a few seconds ago. I opened my eyes and saw to my astonishment that the two conscious cops had stood up with their guns fixed on me instead of running over to help their fellow crime-fighter. Bummer, that wasn't part of the plan. I stood still for a long time, the police waiting for me to make the first move. I was petrified. Now I had to give in, I was cornered. In fact no, I wasn't. I had another idea. I pointed my gun into the night sky and yanked the trigger in my direction. The police cowered as another shot went off, hands over their faces in fright.

I quickly grabbed the loot and ran, ran as fast and as hard as I could go, for as long as I could. I side-skidded round a corner and pelted myself down an alley-way. I reached a fence, climbed over it, shaking with fear and excitement as adrenaline pulsed through me. I hid in the bushes and uttered one word, "Phoenix". Then suddenly, there was a rustling in the bush next to me. I saw a pair of hands prising the foliage apart to make an entrance to our hideout.

"Welcome back JT! What took you so long?"