The streets were pitch black. I darted back home heart racing and sweat trickling down my face to the blood red handlebar of the bike just a few moments ago I’d received a phone call telling me to ‘come back home or well wreck it’; come within 20 minutes! I leaped of my bike and smashed straight through the door with my spy badge plummeting top the ground on to the dark brown door mat. I equipped my armed apple watch and a pistol. I slowly crept to the living room. Just as I lowered my hand to reach the door knob. Suddenly I heard a crackling sound. A thick cloud of smoke covered the whole house and… BANG!!!

I felt myself lose control of my body and unbearable pain shot through me.

24hrs later…

My eyes slowly opened there was a man with shiny blonde hair and a white tuxedo he shouted ‘we’ll only let you outta ere if you give us da passcode to the S.S.S system the secret society of spy’s will be no more!!!’ .without thinking I grabbed the heel of his foot and kicked his kneecap a sudden CRACK!! Shot out of his leg he yelled in agony and crashed down to the hard brown surface of the floor . I charged towards the glass door my foot caught the side of the steps I toppled over onto a ash grey drainpipe.

As I picked myself up I could see a team with green parka jackets and pistols. I had to run it’s my only hope. I darted towards the jet black Ferrari. Luckily in spy college they gave us keys wich can open any lock. I pinched it out of my bag and jumped into the driver’s seat. The pedal went down as the speed went up 60mph, 70mph, 90mph rising and rising as I slowly weigh the acceleration down. At first I thought I heard a screech but just then a bright red porshe was right behind me slowly catching up. There was a huge CRASH!! The car hit the side of my car, my seatbelt snapping with the force. I was flung straight out of the car. The Ferrari smashed straight into a Im lovin it mcdonald’s lorry. And before I knew it I was on the side path of a enormous motorway. I had to limp all the way to Café Nero to catch my breath.

I had so many cuts and bruises but somehow I was alive. Just then the news came on the TV. “News presenter Lewis Boris speaking. A prisoner called Michael Jordan has broken out of Snozersade Prison.”

Straight away I knew who’d kidnapped me; it was him: Michael Jordan. But if I’m quick enough I could get to the prison and find out why he was there and catch him and give him to the police. I could be promoted!

But the prison was miles away from here and if I even tried walking my legs would probably fall off. A jet-stream of ideas flooded my brain and one struck me. I could buy a really cheapo car and drive it there or talk to my friend Mr Gordon. He owns a car dealership not far from here. I could just catch a train then get a taxi. I sprinted along to the railway and climbed aboard. I sat down and listened to music on my phone. THWACK!! The glass shattered and deeply scratched my branded sunglasses. The man was back. He was in a platinum-plated wheelchair. A knife sliced through the air and went straight through my arm. He whacked me with a wooden slate and knocked me out. There was darkness and more darkness.

I woke up and I was inside a JAIL CELL!! What did I do? I didn’t do anything! All of a sudden I panned over to the left. Mr Gordon was there in the same jail cell. “Hey Bro” I exclaimed but he just looked down and didn’t say anything.

Why was all this happening? I didn’t deserve this. Only hors later my eyes slowly shut down from a hard day’s work. ‘HEY GET OUT wake up’ my eyes slowly opened and in front of me was a man who looked like he came out of a horror film. He had green braces and a really crooked nose and one of his eyes were not level with the other and to finish it of he had a great big plump wart on the side on his nose. ‘we’re escaping wanna come?’ whispered the man. After about one minute I decided to go with him it didn’t really sound like a good idea at the time but I nodded my head anyway. When I walked out of my jail cell I looked behind me there was no – one there just a dimly lit corridor. There was a whole crowd of prisoners waiting to be broken out. They sawed through the bars straight away without even mentioning the plan. I squeezed my body through the bars to safety then disaster struck , in front of my eyes stood Mr Gordon. Before I knew it he hurled a gigantic fist into my face. With all my force I grabbed his shoulder and tossed him to the hard coarse ground. Speedily I dashed towards the cargo jeep and suddenly a blue bullet ricochet off the car, it was Mr Gordon ‘HES GONE CRAZY’ I accelerated to the main road and mr Gordon was now out of sight . immediately the car stopped I flung open the door and there was a thick cloud of smoke coming from the bonnet of the car argh im getting sick and tired of smoke now, anyway a thought came to my head ‘ maybe there is some repair parts inside the boot’. I grabbed the side of the boot and opened it with all my force. ALL MY EQUIPMENT IS INSIDE THERE??!! All of the equipment wich was stolen from me was all inside there even my Iphone was inside there. Suddenly my phone made a buzzing noise a text from your worst nightmare? I’ve never named any of my friends worst nightmare before but I have some names for them on my phone for example stinky breath and snotty nose you know what I mean? I tapped the text icon then there was a text saying ‘come now to the warehouse on CBH 679 on daffodil lane and fight me you wimp!’ I didn’t know what to say7 I had to get there really quick. TAXI! Why don’t I just use the taxi? I typed in 0000017380000 in and ta da the taxi was booked everything is running smoothly I jumped into the cab and we zooned through the highway arriving with a very slow stop. I hopped out. I clenched my fist and twisted the lock. The warehouse opened and a man with a pistol stood in front of me with his gun pointing straight at me. ‘ you think u can run away from me ben?’ the man exclaimed. My spine shivered in fear.

I hurled my fist at his face knocking his rather expensive looking glasses off his nose; with the lens shattering on the ground. A bullet whistled past my head and I ducked towards the floor. He jumped up and ran for his life. I dashed dafter him only centimetres from him. My leg hit a wooden crate at the side of the path. I plummeted to the hard grey floor. I picked myself up using all my strength left and the man was heading straight for a TESLA he jumped inside and drove at full throttle away. Just parked next to it was a Lamborghini Gallardo, I pulled the door open. The Lamborghini caught up with the TESLA quickly and CRASH!! My car dented the back of the tesla and the debris was flying everywhere. Straight away I noticed the GPS was set to a destination, airport that’s where we are going, the airport but why? The TESLA was already there and I was just a little bit behind then I grabbed the door open and I sprinted like never before I was a very far amount behind but I knew I could catch up I ran up the spiral staircase and ZOOM! A huge black jet was taking off and surprise! Surprise! It was the same man who wanted me dead. I had to do something. Fast. I jumped my heady clearly wasn’t thinking straight my body crashed on top of the plane my fist was tightly clutching the wing.

I kept climbing till I got to the top of the plane and I took my backpack out and grabbed a screwdriver; yes I did have a screwdriver in there don’t ask why. I slowly unscrewed the top of the plane and dipped my head inside the plane ‘HELP ME!’ the voice sounded strangely familiar just as I turned my head I could see Mr Gordon tied up at the side of the plane. I had to do something, quick. I dived in the plane it was one of my don’t think just do it moments. I crawled all the way to Mr Gordon. ‘help me bruh I need elp ere put they put a device on meh neck sorry about punchin bruh I was forced to’ Mr Gordon whispered. ‘Ok lets get you outta here’ the pilot was wearing beats headphones in his ears, not aware of his surroundings; too easy . I threw his fragile body out of the planes window and he seemed to enjoy the music in his headphones even in the last moments of his life. His scream died down slowly as he fell lower and lower. My worn out fingers pressed a button witch read auto pilot. I bolted towards Mr Gordon. He’s my only piece of evidence without him no one would believe me. I buried my hands into my backpack scanning it for a metal blade. Suddenly my fingers ran into something cold and sharp. ‘flick’ the knife popped out and I sawed through the ropes witch were trapping Mr Gordon. ‘ mate im really appy dat you saved me plus why didn’t you text me in spy school?’ suddenly my mouth became dry and speechless I wasn’t supposed to talk to him because of the position I was inside spy school. I finally managed to say ‘ oh my phone broke’ that was the most rubbish response In the world but it seemed to work.

A loud noise pierced the air. One engine was smoking and huge smoke clouds were flying out of it. A green bag caught my eye and I quickly opened it and amazingly there was a parachute inside of it. Mr Gordon deserves it more than I do I started strapping his arm with the parachute ‘ what are you doin mate?’ I pulled the eject trigger and he was off; falling slowly to the ground.

My brain was working hard and I was panicking pictures of my childhood and everything witch happened in this adventure, when I first got signed to go to spy school and all my promotions and to think that this was the end. I thought hard and nothing came to me I knew that I didn’t have much time left and I needed to think fast. A trigger was underneath the pilots chair and I leapt for it thinking that there would be something that would help me get out of this wreck. A click came from the box and there it was, the parachute that I’d been hoping for everything was alright then the other engine started smoking I knew that this was the time and I jumped off the plane with a fear of dying a horrible death.

THE END

(I COULD’NT FIGURE OU A NAME JUST SAYING SO WHOEVERS READING THIS JUST IMAGINE WHAT THE NAME COULD BE)

By benny