

No Escape

“**Bang!, Bang!, Bang!**” three gunshots in quick succession were fired towards Special Agent Lawrence Porter and his partner Tom Shaw. Porter felt a sudden loud ringing as one of the bullets grazed his ear, with the pain being unbearable enough to make him drop his gun and grab his ears while taking cover from beside a car. Shaw saw his partner drop to the ground and kept firing in hopes of saving them from the bullets being fired by the local gang. Shaw tried to bring himself closer to Porter, so he stood up and decided to run to his partner to give him cover. The ringing in Porters ear was decreasing by the moment, and he finally realised the heat of the situation they were in. Porter turned and saw his partner screaming right towards him, “*I’m coming right to you, Hold on!*”. As Porter saw Tom running towards him, he felt a loud ringing in his ears once again due to the repeated gunshots, but this time, when he looked up, he saw his partner’s eyes looking dead into his eyes. Porter sat against the car and put Shaw on his lap when he saw three gunshot wounds in Shaw’s chest. Porter felt the adrenaline rushing through his body as he held his gun harder. He took his Walkie and shouted, “*10-13, OFFICER DOWN, I REPEAT OFFICER DOWN, ALONG 13TH AVENUE, SEND BACKUP AND AN AMBULANCE ASAP!*”. He held Shaw in his hands as he tried to return fire towards the gang. Moments later, the gunshots stopped, and Porter heard the receding footsteps of the gang. Porter held

his partner tightly in his arms crying in disbelief of what had just happened; his finger slowly crept towards his partner's forearm to check his pulse. He checked for a pulse, not being able to find one, he threw Shaw to the ground and tried giving him CPR. Each chest compression got harder as Porter didn't want to lose the closest thing to him. Realising that Shaw was not going to wake up, Porter gave out a loud painful cry that took even the last of the energy present within him, and he could not believe that he had just lost his partner in the line of duty. He fell to the ground as he cried out in pain, and then within the next moment, he passed out.

Porter opened his eyes to check the reason for the intense commotion around him, the bright light of the tube light in the room blinded him for a brief moment, but as his eyes adjusted to the light, he heard a faint sound saying, "he's awake". Nurses rushed to him to tell him to remain relaxed and calm as he had suffered 2 broken ribs and a head concussion. Porter immediately thought of his partner and started removing the IV attached to his arm in order to look for him. He tried reaching for the IV in order to remove it, but for some reason, he wasn't being able to, that's when he looked at his right wrist, and he could not believe his eyes. "I AM HANDCUFFED, WHY AM I HANDCUFFED?", Porter asked the nurse as she left the room, giving him no response. Then two men, wearing white shirts, black jeans and brown suspenders entered the room, "You are handcuffed because you have been arrested for the murder of your partner,

Special Agent Tom Shaw”, said one of the men. “Who are the two of you”, Porter demanded,” and why am I a suspect in the murder of my partner? . “My name is Special agent Blake Tarnackle and this is George Shelton, my partner, and we’re DEA. Lawrence didn’t believe the words of the officers as he knew he did not murder his partner, but he continued the conversation as he wanted to know what evidence they had against him.”Why would I murder my partner?, and even if I did, wouldn’t I have made a run for it instead of being stuck here with broken ribs and a concussion?, Porter said, “Stop it with all the lies Lawrence, it’s over, We already found the 9mm slugs in Tom’s chest and matched it to your weapon, plus you also wanted to make captain, but we all know Shaw had a better chance, so you killed him in order to make a few extra bucks”. Every word said by Agent Blake infuriated Porter, but he decided to get ahead of the situation instead of making the situation worse by lashing out. As he was pondering on his next move, he remembered that his high school best friend, Nathaniel Jackson had become a very successful lawyer, and that’s the moment where Porter knew exactly what he had to do in order to clear his name and find the people responsible for the death of his partner. “I want my phone call Agent Shelton, and I want it now!”, demanded Porter, “You can call whoever you like, nothing is going to get you out of this situation” said Agent Shelton as he and Agent Blake continued to laugh as they walked out the room. Porter

noticed the guard standing in front of his quarters, just standing there and waiting, to make sure he doesn't escape.

After a few hours, A gentleman with a very expensive looking suit walked in the room, wearing a brown hat and well polished shoes. "You can never get yourself out of trouble can you Lawrence, even in school you were known to create trouble" said the man as he slowly kept his hat on the table. Porter couldn't believe his eyes as he saw how much his best friend; Nate Jackson had changed over the years."So, what's your plan Lawrence?, because they have you dead to rights here, all the evidence is solid and they pretty much have an airtight case, please tell me you have a plan", said Jackson as he sat down on a stool beside Lawrence. Porter, bringing his friend a little closer to him said, "The guards have a routine shift every 3 hours, and we're 10 minutes behind the next one; so listen closely and pay attention to every little thing I say".

Agent Tarnackle and Shelton came back to move the prisoner from the hospital to a jail cell, but when they reached the room, they realised that they were witnessing an impossible event, Special Agent Porter had escaped with Jackson's help and the handcuffs were on the bed, open. "10-49, 10-49, Prisoner escaped, I repeat, prisoner escaped, and please issue a BOLO for Special Agent Lawrence Porter of the FBI and his Lawyer friend Nate, he is a male in his early thirties,

possibly armed and dangerous!", shouted Agent Blake, "and where is that damn guard that was sitting here!", he shouted.

"You're all over the news Porter!, we need to get out of this damn Internet Café fast and look for the person who framed you first", said Jackson, as he was walking around the place with his hat down, hoping to not get noticed by anyone around as his picture had become national news nearly an hour ago. He repeatedly told Porter that they needed to leave or they would both be thrown in prison for the rest of their lives."Just give me a minute longer Jackie, the man who framed me is precisely who I'm trying to find, and the bureau is not making it any easier because they have denied me access, but luckily, I still have a lot of friends in the bureau", said Porter as he continued to look for information, "Ok done, now let's get out of here before the bureau realise we're here, I have called a few friends and we're heading to the place of the man that framed me, do you wish to join?". "Of course I want to join, I'm a wanted man anyways, might as well tag along", said Jackson as they left the Internet Café in a hurry.

Agent Tarnackle and Shelton sat down at their respective desks, upset with the fact that they had lost their prisoner. Agent Tarnackle was extremely shocked and was still wondering how Porter had escaped the hospital room, but then what happened next, nearly made the DEA agent think he was crazy. He was amazed by what he was seeing; Agent

Porter and Nate walked in the room with a couple of other men and had three men in handcuffs, those men were the same men that shot at Agent Porter and his partner that day.

“Here are your actual criminals Agents, maybe you would have actually found them if you believed me the first time”, said Agent Porter as he patted Agent Shelton on the back, “Oh and here’s my resignation too, I’m planning to start an agency with someone who actually trusts me”, said Porter as he and Jackson left the room, leaving everyone in the room with utter disbelief.