

# **DANGER DAYS: The True Lives of the Fabulous Killjoys**

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**Revision Goal: Add more metaphors, similes, and details into my writing in order to stretch out the story and give more description.**

## **PART ONE**

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# Chapter 1

Bombs and the smell of flames greet me this morning and I know I have to leave. Australia has been my home for a while, but it is time to go, for half of it has disappeared and the war is getting closer. I must flee to Great-Aunt Penelope's house. I get out of bed and throw on my only pair of clothes. I shuffle around the small apartment, mentally making note of what to burn and what to pack. Half the people in this building, including us, aren't supposed to be here. My old bag is just knots of thread, so I grab the remaining money from my piggy bank and head to the black market. The vendors would never sell to someone like me, so I go in search for Martin.

"Hey kid!" he said, immediately brightening up when I walk into his tavern.

"Hey Marty!" I said

"What can I do you for?" he said after I sat down on the ratty fold up chair.

"Can you get something for me?" I ask, holding out the forty dollars to him. He eyed in hungrily and asked, "What's in it for me?"

I grabbed the Readon Saltwater Taffy from my back pocket and throw it to him.

"I've only got one box left, and the rest of it is yours, for the right price..." I say

He eats it slowly, mulling over his options, most likely, and finally says, "Where are you off too?"

"America." I said shortly.

"Alright." He stood up and grabbed my money, "What do you need?"

"A knapsack. A nice one too, go down to the posh side of the market. A Raquel's rip-off would suit me nicely.." I trailed off, "But the biggest you can find would work!" I said as he took the money from my hand and went out into the street. I waited for what must have been an hour when he came back with a bright lime green bag.

"So much for being discreet!" I said.

"Don't complain!" He said, "It took a lot of bargaining to get the bugger down to forty dollars!"

"Fine," I said, pulling the box of taffy out of my purse, "Here you go. See you never!" I said, walking out. He stopped me as I walked passed him.

"I'm going to miss you, Thebes..." he said, almost sadly

"You too, Marty. Don't get in trouble when I'm gone!" I called

"You too, kid!" He called back.

I know the American Republic is far from here, but I don't know where else to go. Correction, I don't *have* anywhere else to go. I assume that I will sneak onto one of the cargo ships near the bay and get to Washington State. From their I'll walk or ride the trains to Idaho. I have no money, or at least, not enough to get me anywhere, so I will probably have to walk the entire way, which wouldn't be so bad if I didn't need to pack so much stuff. Over the course of me and Mom living here, we have collected quite a few things. We have bottle caps to license plates to even old posters we find on the streets. Some of them I traded or sold in the marketplace, some of them I burned before I left, but most are to

precious to leave behind. Mom and I always joked that after the war ended, we would make a fortune off of all of our little doo-dads. I really do miss her.

It is night, very late. It is past curfew, and I know that if the soldiers catch me, I will get another strike, which I can't afford. I already have four, one to many, but I give different names every time. I don't feel like lying tonight, I'm too anxious. The ships are close and I'm too scared, but I need to make a run for it. I carry my legs as fast as I possibly can and slide under the closing door or a big red shipping container. I'm greeted with jars and jars of pickled meats, which makes sense, since the American Republic has been making hasty attempts to feed their people. I'm glad Mom moved me out of there when I was younger. Though the smell makes me gag, I'm so hungry. I walk as quietly as I can and devour an entire jar of pickled pigs feet. Then I eat another. It's disgusting but it's better than the sludge they serve at the homeless center. With my stomach more full than it had been in weeks, I lay on my jacket and sleep. It doesn't come as easily as I would like it to be. I stress about being found and taken back to the dingy apartment complex, or worse, sent to the homeless center, permanently. I also fear my erratic nightmares might wake me prematurely, sweaty, and scared, like I sometimes do.

I awake to a loud horn that vibrates the ground. I groggily get up and the smell of pine trees is so pungent, it feels like a slap in the face. I pack my stuff, thankful that the sleep I had was quick and dreamless. They open the crate door, I make a run for it. The tired looking man near the control panel gives me an astonished look that turns to anger. He starts to shout but I can't hear it over the sound of the wind in my ears. Soon some other workers in neon orange vests chase me around the docks and I hide behind a small boat. I hear shouting and shuffling but soon they leave. My adrenaline dies down and it feels like I ran halfway across the state. I slump down and grab a pack of water from out of my pack and drink thirstily. Once the bottle is empty I take in my surroundings. The place is abandoned. This part of town must have been evacuated. I take in a large breath and enjoy how clean and cold the air feels in my lungs. I get up and walk around the small neighborhood with houses that are painted with more color than in all of Australia, and head to a nearby gas station. Inside I grab all the food that would fit in my pockets and pack, and search for a map. I find only one that has had water smudges all over it. I can barely read the words, but deem it fit as I see no other solutions. I quickly find where I am and carefully orchestrate what the fastest routes would be while still avoiding the inhabited neighborhoods. I find my path and grab a giant red marker from behind the counter and draw the line. I check in the cash register to see if there would be any money inside but I have no such luck. Figures. Nobody pays with cash anymore. Everything is always computerized.

I get to the mountain going across the state and sigh, the tunnel going through it was surrounded with guards and I know for a fact an ID is needed. I wait behind the bushes until I found a small family and followed closely behind them. The guard gave me a slightly weird look when we entered, considering my dark skin, but said nothing of it. Once inside, I stood farther away from the family and walked down a different path that would lead me to where I needed to go. When I got around the corner, though, there was a guard stationed. I tried my best to seem unimportant and walked past him. When I was sure I had gotten away he said, "Hey you! Where are your guardians. My smile wavered as I turn around to face him.

“Just down here!” I said sweetly, “I just fell behind from the group!”

He furrowed his bushy eyebrows at me and said, “No one has been down this corridor for an hour.” I broke into a sprint. I followed the map with the guards close behind, and burst out the other side. “GET HER!” someone shouted. I ran and ran, not daring to look back, until I noticed the footsteps I heard earlier were gone. I halt to a stop and see the sun going down the horizon. How long was I in the got to that tunnel? And how long have I been running. I check the map and notice I'm close to the border. Only one day more of travel. I made quiet good time, seven days it would be, getting to Idaho.

I'm at the border of Washington and Idaho. I'm weirdly sad, even though I had been there for just a week. I give my one last look at Washington and head off to Idaho. I passed a couple a few miles in. It was a boy with light skin and pale blonde hair with a girl with black ringlets and dark skin. We gave each other slight nods as we walk by. When they were out of sight, I let go the breath I was holding. Back in Australia, most strangers wouldn't walk by without pulling their guns, or worse, striking up conversation. I liked these Americans already. I stopped at a gas station once I was in town and sighed, relieved I wouldn't have to do any planning or detours in order to avoid neighborhoods, because of the fact everyone was evacuated into the underground tunnels. Aunt Penelope sent as a letter, months ago, talking about the how the hail storms in Idaho were to frequent and plentiful, destroying property, and, sometimes, killing people. The US government converted the old mines into living spaces that fit everyone in the state with room to spare. Aunt Penelope said that they wouldn't be able to take her. She hid in her pumpkin patches until they were done searching the house. She said the guards weren't thorough enough, and she still gets to live in her fancy mansion. Aunt Penelope and I have never met, but Mom was close with her sister in law, so we kept in touch. She's a bit wacky, with her conspiracy theories and home remedies, but that's what separated her from everyone else in my bland life. Before I left, I sent her a letter telling her I would come to stay but I don't know if she got it at all because, as everyone knows, after the program to intercept emails and phone calls was invented, the mailing and shipping companies were overworked and backed up, so mail is slow, especially since the war had started. I'm anxious she won't like me, but I'm hopeful she'll warm up to me eventually, even though we have never met. She is my father's sister after all.

I arrive at her house, which reminds me of what I imagine a witch's house would look like. It is on the top of a hill at the end of a street, with no other residents surrounding it. The outside is tall and dark with stained glass depicting geometrical shapes. Its doors are large oak and the plants in the flower bed are nearly dead. I walked up to the door and grabbed the big knocker. When I hit the door, it made a deep noise so loud the crows on a nearby tree flew away. I did it twice more and waited. And waited. I knocked a couple more time before trying the handle. To my surprise, it worked. The door creaked open slowly and I got a look at the inside of the house. Two stairs that joined at the top came cascading down and the carpeted floor was softer than my bed. The only thing that slightly ruined the decor was a big, plump woman, lying on the floor with a pill bottle in her hand and a envelope on her side. I slowly crept toward her and checked her pulse. Nothing. I picked up the envelope and marveled at the fancy stamped wax seal. When I finally opened it, there was a note along with a credit card inside. The note read:

My dearest Thebe,

I apologize you had to walk in on my like this. I know it might come as a shock to you, but I couldn't live much longer. I was running out of food and could not go to any stores, as I might get caught and they are all abandoned. I also have tuberculosis, and I wish for you to be happy and healthy. I am sorrowful that I will not get to meet you or be able to experience first hand what a wonderful young lady you are, but I simply couldn't let you get sick. I didn't want to you have to see my take this pill, so I have done it soon after I received your letter. I did make sure you would be taken care of, though! In this envelope I have included a self paying credit card straight from my bank account, in your name. The money in this card would last you a lifetime. Spend it well. I have made sure that in my kitchen there would be enough food for you to stay here a week. The guest bedroom is set up and in there lays fresh clothes and a backpack filled with the supplies you will need to get to Battery City in order to find your mother. I would tell you where she went, but I myself have no clue.

Sincerely,  
Aunt Penelope

I can't believe it! Tuberculosis, the bacterial disease? How could she not tell us. I grab the credit card and shove it in my pocket but leave her body alone, not wanting to touch it. I march upstairs and find a door with a sign that reads Thebes in the same handwriting on the letter. I open the door and stop in my tracks. The guest bedroom is bigger than our entire house! It's bigger than the entire apartment complex. I throw my things on the floor and grab the clothes off of the bed. White cotton shirt and dark denim jeans. They'll have to do. I go into the luxurious bathroom and take a bath in the giant pool of a tub with the jets on. When I'm don't I feel better than I have in a while. I go through the knapsack on the bed and completely mess up Penelope's packing job. I find water purification tablets, a flashlight, Swiss Army knife, dry shampoo, and another pair of clothes like the one I'm wearing. There's some instant powder food, like the ones they use in the battle field, and a gun. It was one of the new Calvin 1800s with actual lasers, the color of your choice! How did she even get one of those in this time! This is just like the kind of guns the Fabulous Killjoys use when they're defeating enemy soldiers! I've been wanting one of these for ages, but Mom always said we had no money. Deep down I had known this was true, but I was too mesmerized by the colorful commercials and posters around town to stop fighting with her about it. The one I had was dark purple, and the color setting was a lighter shade. How did she know?

I find some instant noodles in the back of the cabinet and immediately heat it up. Mom used to bring these home every Wednesday day, but after she left, it was too risky for me to go to the store by myself. I had to live off of canned beans and dried fruit for days. The sleep I have had in the guest bedroom had been lovely. The cushions were like clouds and the blankets felt like silk, and they probably were.

The back of the house has an arrangement of festive squashes, like Penelope described to me in her letters, and I wanted to harvest them. After all, it had been a while since I've eaten fresh food. I grab my Swiss Army knife and a pair of gardening gloves and get to work sawing off the vines. I know this isn't the correct way to harvest squashes, but it's close enough. I found a great butternut squash soup recipe in a gargantuan, never opened cookbook hidden behind the spice rack. Once I have a healthy

amount, I trudge back into the house. When the soup is ready, I set the bowl down on the long spruce table and grab a spoon. I stare at the beautiful creation I had just made, and give myself brownie points for the first ever meal I have ever cooked. I take a spoonful to my mouth and immediately spit it out. Too much salt. Way too much salt. I open the cookbook and frown. I had thought it said one cup of salt, not one sprinkle. I throw the rest into the full trash can and grab a cereal box.

I tiptoed around the dead body, as if I would wake it, and started to climb the long staircase. I got to my room and started to pack my things. I would be leaving tomorrow. I know there was enough food to last me a week, I can't stand to be in this creepy house with a dead body lying on the floor. Plus, I can't wait to head to Battery City and find mom. She herself wasn't sure where it was, exactly. Apparently it's in the northeast side of Los Angeles. It was a long trek for sure. My fastest route would have to be the abandoned toxic wasteland that is Nevada. In the closet, I had found a gas mask that would have to work, for I had nothing else to help keep the fumes out of my lungs. When I'm don't packing, the knapsack seems as if it were about to burst at the seams, but I ignore it. It would have to work. All my essentials were there. I put it on to see how heavy it would be, and surprisingly, it weighed almost nothing. It must have been one of those newfangled, military grade, lightweight bags that soldiers had.

I wake up right before my alarm goes off and hear shuffling from downstairs. Has Aunt Penelope come back from the dead? I put on my clothes quickly and creep out over the hallway balcony. There I see Taiwanese soldiers inspecting the body. I run as quickly as I dare back into the bedroom and grab my pack. They can't find me. I'm too close. I take one last wistful look at the luxurious room and storm out. I aim my gun at the kitchen door and shoot. Everyone turns their attention to the kitchen and I rush down the stairs. The gun was extremely powerful, I noticed as I saw the hole burnt through the tile. A soldier, younger and scrawnier than the others, shouted words I couldn't understand and their attention came on me. I held up my new gun and the all immediately backed away. "Good..." I said, not knowing if they would understand me. I held the gun up until I reached the back door and made a run for it. I heard a dozen bullet pings hit the door and floor behind me, but I didn't dare look back. I dove into the giant pumpkins, just like Penelope had, and waited. They came out and ran into the woods. I fled, not exactly sure where I was going.

Nevada was close, and I was happy that I got there in under 5 days. I can already smell the bomb gas. I fished the gas mask out of my bag and pulled it on before crossing the border. Walking was slow, but I soon got to a steady pace that would insure me getting there by the twenty seventh. I found a small convenience store in between the beginning and middle of nowhere and set up camp. I laid out my sleeping bag and grabbed a magazine from the shelf next to the cash register. I read about two pages before smelling something funny, and got very, very tired.

I wake up suddenly, upside down, greeted by fluorescent red hair. "Hello..." He said ominously. Behind him I saw the people emptying my pack.

"What are you doing!" I screamed

"Raiding." Said one of the men, with dark black hair covering his eyes.

"Let. Me. Go." I growled fiercely, hoping I sounded at least a tad menacing.

“And why would we do that?” Said the artificial redhead, pulling one of my ringlets, seemingly undisturbed. I thought for a moment and cleverly said, “Please? Pretty please?”

“On that though...No!” He yelled, and his friends howled with laughter behind him

I started screaming as loud as my lungs would let me.

“Alright, alright, calm down little girl!” Said the redhead, walking away and sitting down on folded chair, “No point in screaming, there’s no one around here for miles. Besides, we’ll let you down, but we won’t let you go, especially not with your nice little knickknack and doodads...”

“Why? You never let the other one go.” Said the another one of his friends, with curly dark brown hair, almost like mine.

“I like this one...” He said vaguely.

They let me down and I waited until every one of them were asleep and cut the bonds from behind my back with the Swiss Army knife in my pocket. I slowly got up and grabbed some cables from the hardware section. I went on to each person in the gang, silently bonding their hands and legs bashing their back. I pushed them into the corner slowly and started gathering my stuff off of the floor. When my knapsack was packed I pulled on my mask and opened the door to leave when the redhead said, “Nice going kid. I knew you would escape somehow, but binding us, really?” He said. I turned toward him and stared.

“How long were you up?” I asked

“I’ve been up since you pushed us into this corner, very roughly if you ask me.” He said.

“So, goodbye...” I said, turning back around. I was almost at the door when he said, “Wait!”

“Yes?” I said impatiently

“Are you really going to leave us here? After I graciously agreed to let you go?”

“Let me go after you have stolen all my stuff?” I asked

“Detail, details!”

We stared at each other for a long time before he said, “So, will you let me go?” He said

“Nope.”

“Please?”

“I’m sure you’re smart enough to find your way out of this.” I said, gesturing to him

“You are quite right!” He said, “But I just can’t be bothered.”

I turned away again and he sighed.

“I’m willing to bargain.” He said

“With what?”

“A drive. To wherever you’re headed. In return of you letting us all go.”

I pondered this, enjoying making him wait, when I finally said, “What’s to stop me from going outside and hot wiring your car myself?”

“Can you hot wire?” he asked

“No, but I’m sure I could figure it out...”

“Can you drive?”

“No, but I have played racing games before!”

“Doesn’t count. Face it. If you want to get to Battery City faster, I’m your only hope.”

“Who said I’m going to Battery City?” I asked

“Everyone’s going to Battery City.” He said flatly

I stare at him.

“And the map in your bag had a line straight to it.”

I'm still silent.

“What if I want to walk there?” I ask

“Do you even know where it is?” He said

“Well, not exactly-”

“Then can we just skip this charade and you come here to cut my bonds?”

I sighed and walked over to him. I pulled out my Swiss Army knife and he cut the cables.

“Now, that wasn't so bad now, was it!” He said loudly, waking the others.

“What...?” Said one

“Why...?” Said another

Before the last one could speak, the redhead said, “This young woman here...what's your name?” He said

“Thebe.”

“This young woman here, Thebe, got herself free and tied us up! Luckily, I, the great Party Poison, negotiated our freedom to a ride back home!” He started again.

I froze. Party Poison? Red hair? Battery City? Could this be... The leader of the infamous gang, the Fabulous Killjoys? I gave him a look of awe.

“What?” He said

“Are you guys...?” I stuttered

“What? Are we the best gang in the century? Are we the biggest heroes of Battery City?” He asked, “The answer is yes to all of them, by the way.” I stared

“You took your time!” Said the guy with the curly brown hair, who had to be Jet Star. Fun Ghoul, with his long black hair covering his eyes, and Kobra Kid, who had dark sunglasses covering his eyes, looked at me and I mumbled, “Big fan...”. They all burst out laughing. “This kid may not be so bad after all Poison, I hate to admit it, but you might've been right!” They all laughed again and I took a closer look at all of them. Now I saw their leather jackets had the Fabulous Killjoy symbol on it. A spider with a lightning bolt down the middle. I looked at their holsters, and sure enough, they each had the same gun as me, but different colored. I feel like banging my head against the wall, how could I have been so stupid?

The drive to Battery City was long and cramped. The red convertible we were in, no doubt stolen, had very little leg room in the back and Party Poison insisted on putting down the roof and turning on the air conditioning, so I could feel the cotton t-shirt I was wearing sticking to my back. We had left early morning, because Jet Star insisted on getting an early start so we could beat the traffic getting into the city. When we finally arrived, though, it had fairly exceeded my expectations. The city was covered with a giant clear dome, and the only way to get in was a giant door with a security building right next to it. The line was long, but I assumed it would be longer during lunchtime when we finally got to the front, instead of showing his ID like the cars in front of us, he flashed a smile at the overweight security guard manning the door.

“Hey Graham!” He said in an impossibly sweet voice, “How's Jane and the kids?!”

“They're doing quite well, Poison!” He said happily as he pushed the button to open the doors.

I leaned forward and asked, “Why didn't you just show him your ID?”

“Too many strikes. If Graham, or anyone see for that matter, knew, they would never let me in.”

We drove to a more abandoned side of town, with worn down houses, and parked in front of a small shack with bright graffiti all over it.

“Not again!” Said Fun Ghoul

“When we find those stupid teenagers, I'm going to rip their throats out!” Kobra Kid growled.

We walked into the house, which didn't have a door, but a big piece of wood you had to move to the said, we walked into the small parlor with one small couch and a big screen TV. Party Poison turned it on and Kobra Kid opened the newspaper that was next to the door when we came in.

“Look at this!” He said, pointing to the front page. The title read DEAD BODY STILL UNIDENTIFIED. I took a closer look and went pale. It read-

Last week, a dead body washes up to shore at False Lake. The body has no found identification on it and is not on any of the photo records from the police department. We talked to Chief of Police, Quintin Mawens, and he states that “this is a very serious case” because the “body doesn't match any of the records” and “it might be an illegal immigrant”. The immigration problem in the US is rare since the War has ended, but not impossible. There are many illegal immigrants in our city, and the police have a hard time finding them because of the always growing population in Battery City. The cause of death has been recently claimed to be drowning. The body is female, around 45 years of age, brunette, and African American. If you have any information on this person, contact the police department.

I gasp, that sounds an awful lot like Mom. I'll write her a letter! Then, if she responds or not, then I'll know if she's still alive. But there only one problem, where is she? I,decide to write the letter and then add the address later, if I ever figure it out.

It takes me some time, but when I'm finally finished, the letter looks like this.

Dear Mom,

How are you? We haven't spoken in ages. I would love to meet up! When are you free? There's so much I want to say that can possibly fit on this table. How about that Cafe I saw, near town hall? I'll meet you there, just tell me a date! I'm safe, I swear, in Battery City, and we have a lot to talk about!

Love,

Thebe

Now to find an address.

“Do you have a phonebook?” I ask Kobra Kid

“A what?” he said

“A phone book,” he gave me a weird look, “You know...like people's names and phone numbers...?”

Now everyone was giving me weird looks.

“I KNOW!” said Fun Ghoul,”Follow me!” we all went to the kitchen where he started searching through the cabinets.

“Don't just stand there! Help me!” he said

“We don't even know what we're looking for!” said Party Poison

"It's like a big yellow book." I said, and walking toward Fun Ghoul

"How descriptive..." said Poison, walking behind me and everyone eventually following.

"GOT IT!" yelled Jet Star. He dragged the giant book onto the small dining table and wiped away the dust with his fingers. The date reads from this year.

"Why is it so dusty? You couldn't have had these for more than six months?"

"We found it didn't we?" said Party Poison

I say nothing, and instead opening the book and flipping to the B section. When I finally get there, my mother's fake name pops up, Janice Bloodworth. Her address is there and everything! I smile triumphantly and call the phone number listed in the book. When I dial it on the Killjoys home phone. After the first ring, an automated voice telling me the number I have dialed is incorrect. I feel a bit disappointed, but I know that she would have chosen a fake number, in order to not be caught by immigration. No matter, I'll just send the letter.

Kobra Kid drove me to the post office, even after I assured him I could walk. He insisted, saying that the streets were too safe. I was about to tell him about how dangerous Australia is compared to utopia of Battery City, but thought better of it. Why argue over a free ride. When I get back into the car, he tells me of some business they need to take care of before we get back to the house.

"What business?" I ask

"Nothing that concerns you." he said.

At the house, I sat on the couch next to Jet Star and we started watching cartoons. Outside, I could barely see Kobra Kid and Poison Party talking to a scraggly man outside. They were having hush conversations and then the man handed them a giant duffel bag. He left as they walked back into the house. I tried my best to pretend to be engrossed in the cartoon as they shoved the bag into a closet.

## Chapter 2

"So, what's for dinner?" asked Fun Ghoul, coming from the kitchen

"Whatever we have." said Jet Star

"We don't have anything. Just checked." Said Fun Ghoul

"Well boys, and Thebes, looks like we have to go grocery shopping!"

We walked to Hank's, the closest grocery shop to their home, or den as they call it. Feeling bad about invading their home and fear of being alone in the den are the only reasons I went with them. I also couldn't wait to get my hands on an actual fresh fruit, which I haven't had in months. When we got there, they all went their own paths. I followed Party Poison around, not knowing what to do with my self. He was going through the instant food aisle just throwing everything into his cart.

“Don't you want to get anything, you know, healthy?” I asked, looking at the piles and piles of TV dinners

“Healthy?” He said with a chuckle, “Like what?”

“What about... Fruit? Or vegetables? Or maybe even bread?”

“Why?” He said, quite seriously

“Are you serious?” I asked

He nodded slowly, not knowing what he said wrong.

“You do they even teach you in this country?!” I say, baffled

“What?” He asked, still not getting it.

“Don't you know about nutrition? The food pyramid?” I practically scream

He nodded his head again and I threw my hands up in the air. “What school did you go to?”

“None.” He said quietly

“What?” I asked, now my turn to be confused

“I dropped out of school when the war started, and I never went back...” he said awkwardly

“So... You dropped out of school 12 years ago?” I said, puzzled

“Yep.” He said shortly

“So you have... A fourth grade education?” I asked

“Me and everyone else...” He said

“WHAT!” I said, “So you're telling me, you have no education at all?”

“Yep.”

“So you don't know algebra? Or biology? Or the food pyramid?” I asked

“I know enough to get me through life,” he grunted, “Let's get going...”

“But we need to get fruit!” I yelled, grabbing a big bag of apples and a bunch of bananas from a shelf.

When I threw it into the cart, he scolded at me, but didn't take it out.

We were walking home, bags of junk food and fruits in hand, when Fun Ghoul called out.

“Wakumi!” He said, running towards an alleyway where a girl wearing roller skates, a white crop top, and snorkeling goggles was playing tug playing tug of war with a bald, scary looking man.

“What's he doing?” asked Kobra Kid

“WAKUMI!” He called louder

“Lets guys!” said Party Poison, throwing his grocery bags and running toward the alleyway. Before everyone else got to her, Poison grabbed her bag from the thug and punched him square in the face.

“How did you do that so fast?” I asked him

He shrugged and Fun Ghoul went over to Wakumi who was cowering in the corner.

“You okay?” he asked, taking her into an embrace.

Party Poison gave the bag back to her.

“Watch out.” said Poison, warningly

When Fun Ghoul finally let go of Wakumi, we left.

“How did you know that girl anyway?” asked Kobra Kid

“She works at the printing store.” said Fun Ghoul

“How did you know that girl?” Jet Star said again

“I go to the printing store!” He said. Offended

“When?” Asked Party Poison, with a slight grin on his face

“When I need to get things printed...” He said, heat rising up his face.

We all laughed, even Fun Ghoul after a while, and then Jet Star said, “We should celebrate!”

“For what?” said Poison

“Saving that poor girl from a creepy thief!” said Jet Star

“Agreed!”, said Kobra Kid, “And for Thebe arrival!”

So it was agreed. We were ready to turn on the music and rip out the food, when we pasted the corner, but our plans were soon ruined by a image on the door, held up by a knife, and bullet hole disfiguring the image.

“What is this now?” Party Poison said with a sigh. He took the knife out from the door and his expression turned from annoyed to fear.

“They found us...” he muttered under his breath

“What?” I said, walking up from behind him and gasped. The picture he was holding was of me, from a long time ago, but still me. On the picture were words scribbled that said “HAND HER OVER”

“This is not good.” said Jet Star