

Deport

A prison is defined as a facility in which individuals are forcibly confined and denied a variety of freedoms under the authority of the state as a form of punishment. Limetown has harsh rules relating to any person who has broken their sacred laws. Whenever a law is broken, the arresting officer will inject the criminal with vas and bring them to the Hall's maximum security holding cells until deport. The criminals is handcuffed with four different cuff sets (two on hands and two on feet), while they are prepped for transport. The Jadeville Prison Facility uniform consisted of a green jumpsuit with white, non-laced shoes and a tattoo that ran up their left forearm. Jadeville was nearly impossible to escape from, but since nothing is actually impossible, the tattoo would be

used to distinguish the prisoner from other Limetown citizens. No one had ever escaped Jadeville. Even if they had, they would have died trying to get back to Limetown. It was a two-day voyage (four round-trip), and two police officers would be sent: the arresting officer and a superior to him. They would depart from the marina on the East Shore very early in the morning and travel about 15 hours north to Jadeville. They would ride a rather nice boat with two decks (the bottom for sleeping/eating and the top for traveling and holding the prisoner. When they were within visibility of the always foggy Jadeville, the two would go on the wood lifeboat with the prisoner, and use paddles to sail him to the guard checkpoint. The two would board the wood lifeboat and sail back to the main boat. They would sail further out into the ocean and go down for the night, before

awaking exactly six hours later to return to
Limetown.

Everything went smoothly.

This is the story of Clark Kamble's first
deport.

Clark was up at exactly 4 a.m. that December morning. He got up and put on jeans, a button-up dress shirt and tie. Clark would usually wear his chinos to work, but the department's rules for deportation were less strict than their rules for the regular work week. Clark hadn't gone back to work since the Flynn Carney incident, no matter how much he was ready. It had been six days of him just hanging around the apartment, reading about police procedures and how to be safe with his revolver. He had gone up to the shooting range on West Beach a few times. Clark couldn't help but wonder how much worse of a situation the hostages were in. He wondered if they hated him for gambling with their lives.

Clark wished that Carney was dead.

That was a terrible and cruel thing to say, but Clark knew that if he was dead, then he would be free of some guilt. Clark didn't know what he had to worry about, since Jadeville was unrealistically secure. He hoped to pass a special message to the checkpoint guard about how carefully this prisoner should be treated, if the department or Council hadn't already let them know.

Clark opened his apartment door to the outside, which was still mostly dark, with a little light shining over the horizon. Today was extremely cool, maybe even in the 30's, so Clark went back to his room to put on a sweatshirt. The sweatshirt was red and had "Limetown P.D." written across the center front. Clark knew from an early age he wanted to be a police officer. It wasn't considered cool to be a police officer when he was in school, but there were still many kids

fighting for jobs on the department after graduation. Unemployment was not an option on Limetown. Any person who just refused to get a job would be sent to the juvenile hall of Jadeville for a couple years until they shaped up. Chances are, if you were fired, then it was because of something that would have you sent to Jadeville. Other than that, it was mostly just unpaid suspension for doing something irresponsible.

Pay at Limetown was also a different matter. There was a credit system and depending on how many credits you earned at your job governed how large a house in your community you would have, how much food you could take and what sorts of merchandise you could buy for pleasure. For the houses in a community, most politicians lived near the Hall, actors near the theater,

doctors near the hospital etc. Police were different however. Any police officer on Limetown was assigned a particular section of town to live in (sometimes more than one if the community was too large) and they would always be in that section for the night if anyone needed assistance. Clark had been assigned to teacher part of town. The previous officer who lived there had retired last year and went to the older, retired community. Most teachers at Limetown were women who couldn't find jobs elsewhere, and besides, teacher jobs were always popping up. Clark living in a community of almost all women could have been an easy win for him, but most teachers on Limetown were either in their late 20's or mid 40's. There were only two from his graduating class that had become teachers: his best friend Kiley Brown and a girl he lived next door to, Ruth Jones. Living in the

teaching community was good too, since there was a small number of teachers, meaning only he needed to be there and he didn't need to stay with another officer.

Clark took off his tie last minute and pulled the sweatshirt over his head, ready to go. He shut and locked the door to his apartment, duffel bag in hand, and walked down the sidewalk, gazing at some of his neighbors huts. He eventually got past the teachers huts and came to a point where there was a set of wooden stairs down to the beach. Clark stood there for a moment, looking out at the rumbling ocean and dark clouds. He hoped it wouldn't storm.

The pitch black turned to grey outside as Clark got close to the Hall. Clark sometimes wondered the functions of everything in the massive space, but it was better not to

question things. Clark was getting somewhat distracted when he realized that he was just about to the hall. Clark pulled from his pocket his police ID card, which also was swiped to show his amount of valid credits. He would have to keep this to show the Jadeville Prison Guards. From what he heard, become a guard at Jadeville was very prestigious. Anyone who was chosen was someone that you could barely notice was gone, and they would be appointed by the Council itself.

Clark got to the Hall, and opened the large doors as he has before. He proceeded to the elevator beneath the stairs and entered his passcode. Five seconds later, the black duffel bag came up, and he unloaded its contents right there in front of the small shaft. He clipped the holster to his jean belt buckle, loaded the gun and placed it in the holster,

and then he stuffed his maroon duffel bag with his clothes in it into his black duffel bag provided by the department.

Clark ventured down the long hallway of the Hall until he reached a grey metal door with white paint smudges on it. There was a retinal scanner that Clark had to place his eye in front of. The screen scanned his eye and opened the door.

The room had a small bench, with another grey door with white paint at the other end. That must have been the official holding cell. There were several men standing in the room, some of whom Clark recognized. One of them was his direct superior, Sgt. Jeffries. Another was Periculum, the only task force member who seemed to show his face around the island. Clark had begun to develop a theory that when new task force members

were selected, the highest one would be promoted to warden of Jadeville. It was still working though. The others were some police officers just a few years older than Clark who were always kept on holding cell duty.

Flynn Carney was shackled and prepped for departure. He was already in his lime jumpsuit with short sleeves, and no tattoo yet. Periculum placed a blindfold over his eyes, so he couldn't stare down any civilians whose houses they passed by.

Periculum opened the grey door and the six men began a march out. The two holding cell guards were in front, Carney was in the middle, Clark and Sgt. Jeffries were behind Carney, and Periculum trailed several feet behind. They continued like this for a half mile until they reached the marina.

The marina only had two boats, and they were both used for police personnel only. They were used to transport prisoners, usually only one or two at a time, but both would be used if there was extreme caution or there were over five criminals convicted from one incident.

Once the marina was reached, the guards hoisted Carney up, one hand under each shoulder. They hoisted him onto the ship, and took a chain set from Periculum, using it to tie him to the clean wood border of the ship, just beneath the rim.

Periculum pulled Clark over, and gave him some instructions:

“Don’t pull his blindfold off until you’re out of Limetown’s view. The boat’s navigational

system has Jadeville programmed into it.
Good Luck.”

“Wait, aren’t we gonna give me vas?” Clark
whispered.

“Common misconception,” Periculum told
him. “I’ve been to dozens of drop-offs and
maybe two had vas in their system while
being transported. They were really
persuasive.”

Periculum hopped off the boat, and untied the
large rope attaching the boat to the shore.

It wasn’t long before Limetown was
completely out of sight.

Clark had never been off of Limetown his entire life. That didn't say much, though, since Limetown was the only place there was to be. He didn't know much of Jadeville, or what it looked like, but he could only assume it was especially cold on a day like this.

He thought of asking Sgt. Jeffries if he had ever been inside Jadeville, but figured he already knew the answer. Sgt. Jeffries was commanding the boat, while Clark was left to tend to Flynn Carney. Clark sat at the other end of the small boat, looking at Carney who had barely moved, and wasn't complaining about his blindfold not being taken off. Clark wondered if he was asleep, or maybe he was a mastermind trying to concoct some evil plan in his mind. It was probably the first one.

Clark worked up some courage, and within the fog and dampness out on the water, Clark

went face to face with Carney, and untied the blindfold from the knot touching the back of his head. Clark pulled the long piece of black fabric off and saw into the dark, almost black, eyes of the criminal. Clark put the blindfold into his pocket and backed up to the other side of the ship. They were about an hour into the voyage.

Clark sat there for a while longer, looking out onto the ocean as the sun rose, and some fog set away. Carney hadn't said anything, and Clark wasn't expecting him to through the trip.

Finally Carney spoke: "You're the one who took me in?"

Clark, baffled by this first statement, replied: "yeah."

“But you didn’t shoot me?” Carney said back.

“Nope.”

“Why not?”

“I don’t gamble with lives, and you need to serve your time like everyone else,” Clark said. He was trying to sound cool, like his inner (and outer for that fact) teenager. He didn’t want to say ‘I tried, but I missed...’

“I think it’s because you were scared,” Carney said, a dark grin falling over his face. “You were, weren’t ya? You’re still young. You’re insecure. You haven’t killed anyone yet because you’re worried about the consequences.” Clark couldn’t let him win.

“I could have shot you, but you could have killed a hostage. Why did you want me to kill you?”

“I’ll be in prison rest of my life anyway. But my family won’t be.”

“Your family’s dead, what’s that supposed to mean?”

“I have brothers and sisters everywhere on that island. At least one of them will follow you. They’ll master your every move. You may catch on eventually, but just when you think you’re a step ahead, you’ll turn back to look, and in that split second when you look back. There’ll be a knife in your back. Because we’re everywhere.”

Clark didn’t know what to make of this.

Firstly, he was frightened, because Carney was a criminal and all criminals on Limetown

have based their kills off of other criminals. He thought that there may be some kind of killer conspiracy, but was doubting himself. There were barely 2000 people on Limetown, and he has people everywhere? That couldn't be right. The only friends Clark really had were Kiley and Ruth, then of course some colleagues from the station. Should he be worried that when they get back from the deport that one of them will be dead?

Wait, wait, wait. Clark knew what was happening. Flynn Carney wanted him to overthink this possibility, knowing that in reality no such people were really even on the island. Carney was trying to see if he had the upper hand in this conversation which he most certainly did not. Knowing this, Clark came up with a reply that was the best thing

he could say to a criminal who just threatened him.

“Go for it.”

Clark went inside to see how the Sergeant was doing, and to possibly take over. The sergeant said that he was going to put it on Auto-Pilot while he went below deck to nap. Clark decided to do the same.

When Clark woke, the Sergeant had already gone back above deck to steer the ship once more. He checked his watch, and saw that they were in hour 11. Had Clark really slept for nine hours? This could make sense, since Clark hadn't slept much since the hostage situation.

When he surfaced above deck, Clark saw that the sun was fading, and that Carney was still in the same somewhat-frozen position. Clark asked Sgt. Jeffries if he should steer, but the Sergeant politely declined.

Clark got some fresh air from outside, and watched the sun set, and set, and set... He made sure to be on the front of the boat this time, so he wouldn't have to look at Carney.

It soon became extremely dark out, and they were into Hour 14.

Sgt. Jeffries yelled to Clark that they were ahead of schedule, and were about to stop. Clark grabbed the blindfold from his right pocket, and went to tie it back around Flynn Carney's eyes.

Carney was still just staring out at the ocean, probably wondering what he would be doing at Jadeville for the rest of his life. Clark tied the blindfold around his eyes, and watched him maintain the same position.

The boat stopped.

It was foggy up ahead, and Clark couldn't see anything. He assumed Jadeville was somewhere close by, and that it wouldn't be too much longer. Sgt. Jeffries went over to the wood boat, and made sure it was ready to be deployed. He then came over with the key that bound Carney to the ship, and unlocked that set of cuffs. Carney still had his other three pairs on, however.

The two processed Flynn Carney into the boat, and Clark hopped on behind him. The Sergeant released the boat, and it was

dropped by a pulley system into the water. Sergeant Jeffries then climbed down the ladder, and hopped onto the boat.

Clark and Sgt. Jeffries each had an oar, and paddled for a while.

It must have been twenty to thirty minutes of utter silence on the boat, with Carney in between them.

The fog finally broke, and revealed a beach coming up ahead. The beach was smaller than Limetown's by a long shot, and was only about 10 feet long before it broke into a solid forest. There was a path up through the center of the forest, and when they finally reached the end of the path (which was about a half mile), there was an enormous stone fortress. This must be the prison.

There were four guard towers just in the front, and thirty foot black gates that two more guards with loaded machine guns stood outside of.

Clark and the Sergeant, with one hand on each side of Flynn Carney, pushed him over towards the guards, who took the blindfold off.

There was a large screech, and the gates opened just a single foot. The guards with Carney proceeded in towards the prison, and while the gates were closing behind them, Carney turned and gave a malevolent smile to Clark.

When they were back on the boat, about an hour away from the prison, Clark began to

consider the idea of Carney's following to be a reality.

"Hey Sergeant?" Clark said. The Sergeant turned to him. "When we were on our way here, Carney mentioned that he had some followers that were gonna wreck havoc on the island. Should I take that seriously?"

"Probably not," the Sergeant said back.

Clark decided he was right, and went back below deck to catch up on some more sleep.

**Alright Guys, That's the Episode
for the Week!**

**This has been my favorite episode
so far, to write that is, and next
time we'll see more dialogue, as
we see the two major characters
together for the first time!**

**I Hope you Guys liked Deport and
that You Tune in for Next Week's
Installment: *Ride-Along*.**

