

## **Pilot (Clark)**

It was a small place. The part of the island that was inhabited was no large city, but it also was no small village. With just over 1800 people on the island, Limetown considered itself a decent size. They had no comparison however, since there was no contact with the outside world. Education on Limetown was a joke. Children would go to school from the age of 2 to the age of 14. When they turned fourteen, they would be legal adults and eligible for jobs. At the end of the school-year following their fourteenth birthday, school became irrelevant and any of the teenagers who had just graduated must begin to apply for jobs.

Limetown was simple in that regard too. The only jobs that were really needed were the ones any society would need. There were some teachers at the local school, mostly for girls who couldn't find

another job. Others became medical apprentices, some were farmers, gatherers of water, island politicians, actors at the theater, the occasional priest, emergency care physicians (fireman, emergency dispatchers) and police officers (among other less essential careers). Competition was tough for any of the teenagers who had just finished school, and once you had a job, you would have it for the next 35 years. Upon reaching your 50<sup>th</sup> birthday, you would retire and live out the next 20 plus years relaxing.

The island was a good place, with good people, until one teenage boy named Clark Kamble changed everything.

Clark knew that his job wouldn't be an easy one, which is why he chose it in the first place. The Limetown Police Academy only took 15 applicants at the end of each school year, and he was honored to be one of them picked. After undergoing six months preparing for the job, Clark was ready to begin serving his island. As far as Clark knew, there were only two islands on the planet Earth: Limetown and Jadeville. Limetown was a paradise-like place that was free of care and worked with its citizens for peace. But Jadeville, on the other hand, was nothing of the sort. Jadeville was a prison northeast of Limetown that all of Limetown's criminals were transported for the rest of their days. It was Clark's job to find any of these people. Guns were nowhere to be found on Limetown except in the Hall. The Hall was a massive building right near the perimeter forest where the Mayor resides and works, but also served a purpose to city politicians and the police force. All police

personnel were required to carry hand guns with them in case there was any trouble near them. They also needed to carry at least three vials of vas with them. Vas was a type of drug that, when injected into a person's blood stream, would cause them to pass out and then forget the events of about 20 minutes prior to them being injected. Clark learned that nearly all of the criminals who were sent to Jadeville were given vas before being deported.

Clark had been working at the actual police station for about three weeks, and was still inexperienced, so he had been assigned to mostly small positions. Clark's mentor Genghis had worked on the police force for his career, but had just retired. Clark wished that he had an opportunity to work with Genghis, since Genghis was on the most elite police task force on the island. Genghis told Clark that had 25 years to try to make that task force, and that it wasn't bad

to start off slow. These words resounded in Clark's head as he walked to the Hall to retrieve his gun and vials of vas for the day. On this particular day, Clark was in for a treat.

He was assigned to the perimeter forest.

Clark learned about the perimeter forest three times in his educational career. When he was five, his third year teacher took the class on a field trip to the forest, and told them that there was no more civilization after the forest began, and it was dangerous for kids like them to go in there. When he was fourteen, in his thirteenth and final school year, Clark learned that water-gatherers would sometimes have to venture into the woods to purify the water. They would be back within a couple of hours, though. And lastly, while he was at the police academy, Clark learned the actual regulations of penetrating the forest. There were several paths that lead from the actual town of

Limetown into the woods. Two were in the dead center of town, almost right next to each other. One was along the beach coast, and the other lead from the Hall back into the woods. The woods were supposedly a dangerous place to be, but Clark was not entirely sure what that was supposed to mean. The regulations stated that if one were to go out into the forest, they have 48 hours from that exact point to return to town before they were pronounced dead. Certain exceptions were made, in the case of the mayor or other significant politicians if they would need to talk to the Council.

The Council was the overruling force of Limetown. Though there was a mayor, the Council could supersede any decision the mayor makes. Also, if there was any criminal with just cause, he could make a statement to the Mayor and plead his case to the Council. But if that man was found guilty, then he would not be sent to Jadeville, but instead

put to death. If he was found innocent, he would live a life of luxury in the Council's separate town on the north end of Limetown.

Either way, they never came back.

However, Clark knew some people who had returned from the forest. Unless they were politicians, they would hardly talk anymore, and something about that made Clark wish he could go inside and check it out. Unfortunately, he couldn't without a warrant or criminal to arrest. If he was found on duty in a place he didn't belong, Clark would be fired from his police job and possibly sent to Jadeville.

Clark did think that the police conditions could be considered a bit harsh, but he knew they were just so the island could remain safe. Clark entered the Hall, which was made nearly all in marble and glass. There was a grand staircase that lead up to

many conference rooms, and there was a grand chandelier in the great open space. Clark went straight to the right of the grand staircase, and went for a small door underneath the grand piece of art. He had to punch in a four digit combination code, and Clark heard a small shaft coming up behind the door. There was a small click, and the door opened, revealing Clark's revolver. He knew that some more experienced police officers had pistols, rifles or even some submachine guns (mostly for those on the Elite Task Force). Clark grabbed the duffel bag that had been sent up the elevator to him, and he swung it around his arm to carry.

When he got outside, Clark opened up the bag and took out his badge first, clipping it to his chinos, then his holster which he connected around his belt loop. He then took out his old, metal revolver and the small sack-like felt bag with the bullets in it. He was loading the gun on his way the forest's



perimeter behind the Hall, that particular forest entrance he had been assigned to. When the gun was loaded, Clark placed it in the holster. Behind the hall was actually quite a mess. The back of the building was brick and looked extremely old. There was overgrown grass covering a few ground-floor windows and even an old bulkhead leading to what must be the basement. There was an even older wood bench that Clark set down his bag on. He pulled out another holster-like object that was used to carry the three vas needles. He carefully took out the vial of vas and poured a safe amount into each container. After each was complete, he placed it on the container, which was also buckled onto his chino belt-loop. When he was finished, Clark put the empty glass vial back into the brown duffel bag, and pulled out the final thing in the bag: a case file. He opened the manila folder with papers in it regarding the forest safety, and to make sure no one was re-admitted to town who had left more than two days ago.

The file stated that only one person, James Smith, had been gone for more than two days. That didn't say much though, since the last time Smith was seen was over four years ago. It said to expect water-gatherers at 9:32 a.m. exactly, and that he should be on the lookout for an ex-cop named Flynn Carney. Clark had heard of Flynn at the Academy. He was one of the only men who had been tried by the Council and returned home. He was supposedly dealing weapons to other non-police on the island for protection a few years ago when crime was up. There was a lack of evidence so he got away scot-free. The trial was four months ago, and he returned three months ago with few memories from the experience (Clark assumed he was injected with vas upon departure), but Flynn had since begun to go crazy and would even make failed attempts to run into the forest and kill himself.

Clark was a bit worried the man would come by today. He had to stay strong. Clark was an officer of the law, but was still only fifteen years old, and things scared him more than other adults were lead to believe.

The climate on Limetown was always changing. Some days being near the beach was good, and you could go there and enjoy the sun. But the next day, the weather may dip down to 20 or 30 degrees. There was never any snow, though.

Clark seemed to be lost in his mind, always keeping a cold hand on the end of his gun, but that stopped when he heard a *crack* in the distance of someone firing a gun.

Clark didn't know what to do. He knew that only policemen carried guns, but this shot had come from the beach less than a half-mile from his point, and no police were stationed there. Clark

decided that just to be safe he would go about finding out who had shot the gun.

He ran briskly along the forest edge, and had one hand on the edge of his gun, and the other on one of the vas shots. Clark came to the open beach, and saw who had caused the discrepancy: Flynn Carney.

Carney had a pistol with him and was using it to hold four civilians on the beach hostage. Clark couldn't get close without disrupting the situation and possibly getting a hostage killed. Clark pulled out his revolver and held it close in his hand, never putting his finger over the trigger. He watched Flynn Carney fire off another shot but not at a civilian. He fired up into the air. The four hostages appeared to be a woman in about her 30's, a girl in her late teenage years, and two school boys around twelve or thirteen. The beach they were on extended a little further up the

island shore and was cut off by the large forest. There were smaller huts, one of which Clark stood behind that lined the shore right before the forest cut it off. The huts were usually used by old retired women or young school boys with single parents.

Clark wondered if Carney had some kind of elaborate plan figured out and he wanted to get caught or killed. Clark, standing on the side of the clay and wooden hut, pulled out his revolver and lined up a shot right at Carney's head, or thereabout.

"On your knees dirtbag!" Clark yelled as loud as he could to Carney. Carney probably didn't like this. He turned his wrist down and fired three straight shots at the clay hut, missing Clark, but putting some major damage into the house's side. Hopefully it was currently vacant. Clark only had six chances to hit him. The Council and Clark's

supervisors on the police force would probably be mad if the guy was killed instead of imprisoned because Limetown was strict about that sort of thing. At first Clark's hands were shaky and he fired a shot at random somewhere between the man's stomach and head. It seemed to have no effect. It either missed or the man was wearing bullet protection, which hadn't been manufactured at Limetown since the 1960's. Clark had to pull the hammer down again to make sure that the weapon was loaded. He was looking at the forest, and hidden by the house from the view of the man. As far as Clark could tell, no hostages had been fired at, and no more shots had been fired either.

When Clark turned to fire another shot, this time aimed at Carney's face, he saw that other uniformed police officers were running down the beach from the other end also with bigger guns out. The shot was apparently ineffective again as

Clark looked quickly at Flynn Carney from around the corner of the house. There were at least a half dozen police officers lined at the other end, to the right of Carney. One of them had a large machine gun with a scope hung over his shoulder. Clark thought that the man was probably on the police's elite task force and had some kind of communication with the others on the force, ready to fire and kill the man at a moment's notice.

"Sir," a police officer said to Carney, "let the hostages go!"

Flynn was obviously completely out-of-his-mind, so he no longer let his gun hang by his one hand, but instead held it with both hands and raised it at the police officers.

Clark heard a large voice from the other side of the hut he was standing against. It had to be less than ten feet away.

“Execute!” the large voice ordered. The man who was assumed to be of the task force used his machine gun and fired several rounds into Flynn Carney without missing once. There were six drops of metal from the casings that fell and exactly six holes in his chest. Carney dropped the weapon and fell to his knees. He then collapsed to the sandy beach floor.

Clark was about to run over to the other cops, badge out to prove who he was, but first looked on the other side of the hut to see who the man with the deep voice was. Whoever it was seemed to be walking away slowly, and had a large gun in hand. The strangest feature, however, was the black ski-mask that covered his face. Even for a particularly cool day, a ski mask seemed to be



warn on purpose to conceal his identity. He showed his ski mask covered face of simply eye-slits to Clark for just a second before turning around another hut and leaving.

Clark walked briskly over to the police who were either comforting the retrieved hostages or giving Carney care in his open wounds. A medical team arrived in less than five minutes to tend to his bullet-holes, and even though there were so many in such grisly places, it looked as though Carney might just barely live. Clark had the honor of injecting the criminal with vas, although Clark had a feeling that he would already forget much of what had happened with all of the anesthetics. Carney was last seen being transported by four muscular men to the closest hospital.

The man who had taken down Flynn Carney talked to Clark for a little bit, priding Clark on his courage and handling the situation when it was

close by. Clark called it just part of the job, but the man said that he really meant it and to take the next week off in case he had any post-traumatic stress. The man also introduced himself as Periculum. Clark had not heard of such a name, but the man said (without giving too much away) that he was indeed on the island's elite task force and upon acceptance, each member was given a Latin name to respond to on missions. His meant Danger. Clark and Periculum parted ways about two hours after the hostage crisis, making sure with the other police that there were no loose ends.

On his way home, Clark thought that he may not have handled the situation as well as he should have. Actual peoples lives were at stake and Clark was just trying to be a hero. What if Carney had killed one of them? Clark thought that Periculum was probably right and that he was

having some post-traumatic stress. Hopefully it would get easier as his career moved forward.

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

**This was a "Pilot" episode, just to try  
and put some cool stuff in to impress  
you all, get you want to read next  
week's episode (which will be a little  
less action packed).**

**I Hope you Guys liked the Pilot and  
that You Tune in for Next Week's  
Installment: *Kiley*.**

