

Teslageist:

Amber Wasp

written by
A.W.Black

dedicated to
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Catholic Primary School
St Joseph & St Teresa's Catholic Primary School

in loving memory of
Hirameki Jishin

special thanks to
Cam Reid
Your continued support has been a great inspiration

Legends of the 23rd Century Volume 2

Prologue: A Broken Dream

This was the moment seven-year-old Delta Stevens had prepared for ever since she had seen an Olympic gymnastics tournament as a toddler.

The applause of the crowd, the bright lights and the television cameras - they were more awe inspiring than she had imagined.

The young girl was the highest ranked gymnast in her age category throughout all of America, but she was still overwhelmed by the grand scale of the arena. Without an audience the performance area had looked so much less intimidating the previous night.

For three years she had been honing her technique, practising for at least four hours almost every day. The last seven months had been spent learning and adapting her routine.

Day after day, night after night, landing after perfect landing; with so many eyes upon her now she held her breath, as though letting it out would take her confidence with it.

Delta felt her long, deep-brown curly hair, which had been tied into a bun to make sure it didn't get into her eyes during the performance.

She looked down at her glittering leotard, which was adorned with red and white stripes; a blue rectangle with silver stars dominated the top-right half of her chest.

Her father, Maxwell Stevens, had recently been promoted to the position of CEO of Atlas Automated Systems Incorporated.

Most of the family celebrated for three whole days, but Delta continued to train as normal, pushing herself to be the best performer she could possibly be.

Her oldest brother, Herc, seemed annoyed at her lack of enthusiasm for their father's success, but Maxwell

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understood how she felt to have such talent, yet to be in somebody else's shadow.

The chatter of the crowd died down at the request of the announcer.

Delta hesitated for a moment; hers was the first name to be called out.

Taking her place on the corner of the performance area, Delta put her hands together over her head, closed her eyes then looked towards the uneven bars.

With a run, a leap, a summersault, then a jump, she grabbed hold of the lower bar with both hands, swinging almost all the way to the top of her arc.

In an expert twist, she swapped the position of her hands and changed direction, this time completing a full circle under, then over the bar - once, then twice - before leaving the bar altogether.

After a 1260 degree twist through the air, Delta grasped the highest bar, changed direction again, and built up the momentum for a return leap.

A double forward summersault through the air was followed by another perfect clasp of the lower bar, three further orbits, and a flawless dismount.

The crowd applauded for a second, before settling to an attentive hush.

Delta took the opportunity to catch her breath and set her sights on her next instrument; the balance beam.

Once silence had descended upon the audience, she began her approach.

This segment of her performance had been practised at least a hundred times, and she rehearsed it one more time in her mind.

Light glistened along the length of the balance beam, its sheen and lustre giving it an unusual glow - even more so than during last night's practise session.

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Delta didn't notice the extra shimmer; she was too busy planning her next step. Even if she had noticed, she might have thought it was due to the extra lighting for the cameras.

Her foot touched the laminated carbon fibre beam; in every practise session it held fast, giving her time for her other foot to come down next to it so she could find her balance.

Tonight the beam felt different; her first foot didn't hold still, but instead seemed to slide out from under her.

Instinctively, she held her arms out forward to steady herself, but she was travelling too fast for this to work; a loud thud echoed through the arena.

The crowd gasped as Delta's spine took the full force of her fall onto the balance beam, before being damaged further as she tumbled face down onto the crash mat.

Seconds felt like minutes as the pain surged through her body.

Delta held her breath for a moment before gasping silently. She wanted to shout - to cry out for help - but she was so overwhelmed that she could only manage a short, high-pitched squeal.

Most of the audience members stood up, as though the extra height would give them a better view of the accident.

Liliya, Delta's instructor, was the first to run in from the side-lines, closely followed by her mother, Astra.

Her long, curly ginger hair and fair skin made it difficult to tell at a glance that she was Delta's mother, but the family resemblance was clear to everybody who knew them personally.

"No! Don't touch," demanded Liliya as Astra knelt down to be at her daughter's side.

Astra hesitated for a moment before taking the girl's hand. "It's alright, Delta, Mommy's here," she said, tearfully.

Liliya carefully felt Delta's back before standing up and yelling, "Bring a stretcher! NOW!"

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Two young men jogged into the performance area carrying an empty stretcher and placed it next to Delta.

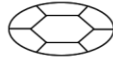
Herc, Jason and Gill, Delta's brothers, also ran to comfort the girl.

Nineteen-year-old Herc grabbed one of the hovering camera drones and said, "Get these damned cameras away. Turn 'em off!" before he hurled it against the padded floor.

The holographic recorder bounced harmlessly off the ground and joined its flock, before whizzing upwards into a hole in the ceiling.

Delta cried out as she was rolled carefully onto the stretcher, before being carried slowly out of the arena.

"Ladies and gentlemen, please remain calm," insisted the announcer as the young girl's family followed her closely.



Astra looked into her daughter's eyes when she awoke the following morning.

"Mom? Where are we?"

"We're at the hospital, sweetie."

"What? Then it wasn't a dream," cried Delta. She tried to lift her head from the pillow, but found herself held down by the restraints over her forehead and chest.

"Don't try to sit up; the doctor said you need to lie perfectly still for a few days."

"Mom, help me! I can't feel my legs."

"I'm sorry, Delta. I'm right here," she said, trying to reassure her daughter. She held Delta's nearest hand in both of her own, squeezing it firmly.

"Where's Dad?"

"He's on his way. I sent your brothers to meet him at the airport. They needed some air, but I'm not leaving you, not yet. I have to give you this first," she explained as she unfastened the silver bracelet from her wrist.

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The sparkling chain was encrusted with six perfectly smooth egg-shaped gemstones, each one a different colour.

“Your lucky band?”

“Yeah, my Mom gave it to me the morning I landed my job at Atlas, and I met your Dad on the same day,” sighed Astra as she closed her eyes and pictured the happy events of the interview. “You need it more than I do, sweetie. The doctor said you might not walk again, but I know it’s not true. I looked around and found the best neurosurgeon available. I think his name is Doctor Douglas.”

Delta’s eyes welled with tears at the thought of her mother leaving her side when she needed her most.

“Stay strong, my plane doesn’t leave for another three hours. I won’t be long, I promise.”

Delta closed her eyes and begged, “Please don’t go, Mom.”

“I’ll be back tomorrow night, but for now I’m right here,” whispered Astra before giving her daughter a tender kiss on the forehead, “My brave, brave little girl.”

Chapter 1: Parting Gift

A police car screeched to a halt on the icy road outside the boarded-up Manchester Applied Physics Labs building.

Boris Petrov slept peacefully in the driver's seat.

His lack of sleep over the previous night and a run-in with a pangolorb tank had left him quite exhausted.

"Boris? Wake up, we're here!" shouted B.O.R.I.S from the boy's black mask, which had been cast onto the passenger seat.

The child snored without stirring.

"I told him I wasn't loud enough," grumbled the artificial intelligence before it remotely turned the car radio up to full volume.

A riff of loud heavy metal music screamed from the interior speakers, shocking the fatigued boy and forcing him out of his deep slumber.

"B.O.R.I.S! Turn that classical music off!" roared Boris over the din.

"Just making sure you're awake," stated the AI once the din of guitars and drums had faded into silence.

"Back the car up into the alley. I've got a few things to pack," yawned the boy as he completed his Teslageist costume and activated the stealth feature, turning him completely invisible.

He squeezed himself through a gap in the wooden boards which covered one of the shattered ground floor windows.

After a few minutes, a trolley came out through the fire exit. It was loaded with cardboard boxes of various sizes.

"I hope these supplies will be enough to get us to Athens," said the Teslageist as he opened the car boot and wedged the cardboard packages next to a robotic mannequin, which stared blankly into the winter sky.

"I've been meaning to ask, what do you have planned for that thing?"

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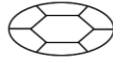
“Douglas took my Dad’s mind and killed his body, so I’m going to load his memories into this until I can build him a better one. Just promise me one thing, B.O.R.I.S.”

“Anything.”

“Whatever you do, don’t give me any details on the time machine; we’ve got a big enough bootstrap paradox on our hands as it is.”

“No problem, Teslageist. Let’s get your Dad back first. We can worry about time travel later.”

“Not yet. There’s one more thing we need to finish here. To the Medical Labs!” chanted the boy as he slammed the boot shut and ran to the driver door.



The Manchester Medical Labs building had been cordoned off by a large team of police officers.

An army of forensic experts were searching for clues, both inside and out of the tower.

“Stay very, very quiet,” whispered the Teslageist as he slowly opened the door of his commandeered vehicle, “How’d they get here so fast?”

“I called them just after we left the last time. I thought your father deserved a proper burial.”

“I didn’t think of that,” admitted the boy as he crept through the smashed front door.

On the first floor, the Teslageist found a room containing six large cylindrical water tanks.

Five of the tanks each contained what appeared to be a small misshapen animal, which swayed gradually in the invisible current.

The sixth had been smashed and was being examined by a team of forensic experts in white coats.

“I want as much of this tissue brought back to the lab as possible,” insisted one of the older looking women in the team.

Chapter 1: Parting Gift

An indistinct dark pink mass lay on the bottom of the tank, with only a long thin tube extending from its top.

The end of the fleshy tube had been cut and clamped to stop it from bleeding.

“Where’s the boy?” wondered the Teslageist.

“What boy?” whispered B.O.R.I.S.

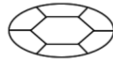
“The boy June told me about. They must’ve already got him out.”

“We passed an ambulance on our way in. They were loading a child into it.”

“That’s him then. Nothing more we can do for him, but there’s one thing I need to do downstairs.”

“Is it important?”

“Vital,” said the Teslageist quietly as he made his way back to the stairs.



Eight cryogenic cylinders lay silently in a room on the ground floor. The door to the room opened, then closed.

“Lock the door and don’t let anyone in!” instructed the Teslageist as he removed his hooded mask.

“Done,” stated B.O.R.I.S as the lock clicked.

“I promise I’ll get you back, Dad. I’ve got you a new body, and I’m coming to save you, and our family will be complete again!” said Boris with a tear in his eye.

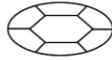
He examined the tube where his father had lay frozen earlier that morning, but it was empty.

“They’ve emptied them all, Sir,” said B.O.R.I.S.

“I didn’t even get to say goodbye!” wailed the boy.

“Come on, the sooner we find MINTnet, the sooner you can say hello.”

“You - you’re right,” he admitted before securing his mask onto the rest of his costume, “I just need to grab something from the next room.”



In a room further along the corridor, a pair of men in hard hats were examining a large hole which had been smashed through a wall.

“What do you think did this, our kid?” muttered the elder builder.

“Couldn’t say. Good thing this isn’t a supporting wall, though,” said the apprentice.

“Another foot to the left and it would’ve hit a girder. Looks like we can give the all clear.”

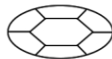
“Hey, what’s this?” wondered the young tradesman as he plucked a dusty ballerina bear from the rubble.

“Put that down, lad! You don’t want to get your fingerprints on that!” ordered the senior man as he slapped the bear from his apprentice’s grasp.

“Oh yeah, the serial killer. How many bodies did they find?”

“Half a dozen, all in the other room.”

While they chatted, they failed to notice the cuddly white bear rise up from the ground and disappear, followed by its dusty gold dress which had been discarded nearby.



A lone officer examined the Teslageist’s borrowed police car, “What’s a Cheshire cruiser doing all the way up here?”

The driver door opened, then closed a second later before the vehicle started, apparently on its own.

“I didn’t see nothin’!” whispered the bemused police man as the car in front of him sped away.



Chapter 1: Parting Gift

Almost an hour later, the police car slowly made its way through a crowd of news reporters which had gathered at the gates of the United Military base at Menwith Hill.

Once on the grounds, an armoured personnel carrier barred the vehicle's path.

"You again?" came a female voice from the loudspeakers on the APC.

The door of the police car opened.

"Yeah, I'm back. I've got a couple of things for the Stormbringer," stated the Teslageist as he made himself visible.

Mills and Private Sampson jumped down from the APC.

"Is June alright?" asked the boy.

"Oh, yeah. The ambulance took her, but I was given this to pass on to her twelve years ago," sighed Mills as he produced a yellow envelope, "Funny, I didn't think at the time I'd see her again, but the date it says to pass it on to her is two days from now."

"Right," said the Teslageist sceptically as he paused to think about what Mills had just said, "Of course! The time machine! This suit I'm wearing was left for me twelve years ago too. What about the others?"

"Miller's gonna be fine, but it looks like Carter'll lose her leg. They left with June. But the Sarge-" explained Private Sampson before he trailed off.

"The Sergeant didn't make it," interrupted Mills, sadly.

"Oh, I lost my Dad too. Doctor Douglas will pay for what he's done!" vowed the Teslageist.

"Anything you need, just ask," offered Mills.

"We could use a ride to Greece."

"Ah, there's a problem there. Greece isn't signed up to the UM yet. We could have flown you in to an air base over there, but there's no way I could get clearance."

"Thanks anyway, Mr Mills. B.O.R.I.S, how long will it take us to get to Athens?"

Chapter 1: Parting Gift

“That depends on our mode of transport. There’s a daily train which takes damaged cars to the Atlas Auto Repair yard in Aspropyrgos, just a few miles from Athens.”

“How would we get on board?”

“There was a big pile-up last night in Macclesfield town centre. They’re still clearing the wrecked police cars. They might not notice an extra vehicle and we should blend right in.”

“B.O.R.I.S, you genius! And you’ve given me an idea. How long will it take to get there?”

“The train is scheduled to arrive in Aspropyrgos on Thursday morning.”

“Thursday? Looks like I won’t be home for Christmas, but if I can get Dad back, that’ll be better than all the Christmas presents in the world! I’m sorry I couldn’t save the Sergeant, but thank you for helping me to stop the Pangolorb.”

“It wasn’t your fault. I’m just glad your friend showed up when she did, otherwise we’d all be dead,” said Private Sampson cheerily before giving the Teslageist a firm pat on the back.

“Good luck, kid. You said you had something for June?” sighed Mills.

“Oh yeah, here,” mumbled the boy as he produced the dusty ballerina bear and its golden dress.

“This has seen better days!” remarked Private Sampson.

“It’s June’s. Someone stole it and I think it means a lot to her.”

“We’ll look after it.”

“Thanks. Oh, I need to leave a message for June, but I don’t have time to write it,” said Boris, sadly.

“Dictate it to me on the way. When the power comes back on here, I’ll print it in Mr Mills’ office,” offered B.O.R.I.S.

“You can do that?” said Mills, surprised at how easily the artificial intelligence could get around the security measures.

“I can. I have stored your network structure, and the program I installed on your server will give me direct access.”

Chapter 1: Parting Gift

“Great! I’ll dictate the letter on the way. Well, goodbye. I’ve got a train to catch.”

“See ya!” cheered Sampson.

Mills waved before turning away to hide his sadness from the crowd of journalists; they had trained their cameras on the boy, who had apparently appeared from thin air.

The police car, with the Teslageist invisible in the driver’s seat again, reversed slowly through the crowd before speeding away once it was clear of the swarm of camera crews and reporters.

Chapter 2: Camping Trip

Narrow beams of moonlight filtered through the neglected roof of an old building.

The graffiti covered walls featured images of brightly coloured, ferocious looking creatures, each with six or more legs.

A band of six rough looking teenagers occupied the dilapidated warehouse, two of whom were sparring in a make-shift boxing ring.

“Steve!” called out one of the young men watching the fight.

“What is it?” asked Steve, the most brutish looking of the group. It was hard to tell how much of him was fat and how much was muscle, but he was clearly the sort of young man you wouldn’t want to annoy.

He gave his opponent an impatient right hook to the face, knocking the unsuspecting boy onto his back.

“Johnson’s calling. He wants a word with all of us.”

“Put him on, Rick. Somebody wake up Ty,” grunted the intimidating Steve before he began to unfasten his boxing gloves with his teeth.

“Good evening, boys and girls,” came an enthusiastic voice from a loudspeaker on a table in the corner of the room.

“Johnson! It’s been a while. How can we be of service?” asked Steve.

“My children, the moment I’ve been training you for all your lives is upon us. The house on the hill will be completely unguarded tomorrow morning. I have an associate who will neutralise the security. Get in, take the eggs, and get out. Then you can complete your training, and we can bring unity to this world!”

“What time?” asked Tyler as he wiped the blood from his lip. He was tall and thin, but by no means underweight.

Chapter 2: Camping Trip

“I’ll have the adult out by eight a.m., but you’ll need to distract the guards,” cackled an old man with a Scottish accent.

“Who’s that?” asked Steve abruptly as he took a seat at the table.

“This is Doctor Robert Douglas. He’s been monitoring our operation and has offered us his services,” explained Johnson.

“What’s the catch?” asked Cecilia, a blonde haired girl who was sat lazily next to the table. She checked the nails on her right hand and inched her chair away from Steve’s.

“Aye, Johnson tells me these eggs you’re after will give you great power. There’s one who seeks to destroy me. All I ask in return for my services is for you to eradicate him.”

“Sounds like a fair deal. What’s he look like?” asked Rick.

“That’s the tricky part. He wears a suit that renders him invisible. When it’s inactive, it’s all black, from head to toe. His name is Boris Petrov.”

“Invisible? How are we supposed to find him?” grunted Steve.

“He’ll come to you. Just make sure you get there before he does. And look for a hedgehog. You can use it to distract the dogs,” cackled Douglas.

“My children, you have your instructions! Hide in the woodland behind the house until eight in the morning. The good doctor will do the rest,” ordered Johnson before the speaker fell silent.

The group looked at the speaker in the middle of the table for a moment before Steve yelled, “Well, come on! Get the tents and the wire cutters. We don’t have all night!”

Four of the others ran to a corner of the room and started rummaging through a messy pile of equipment.

“You don’t want little old me to carry all that, do you, Steve?” asked a girl with long, brunette hair. She put her arm around him gently.

Chapter 2: Camping Trip

“Jessica,” said Steve, looking deeply into her eyes, “GET ON WITH IT!”

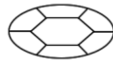
Jessica fell to the floor as Steve slapped her in the face; he’d struck her so hard that she couldn’t breathe for a few seconds.

One of the boys ran from the equipment pile to her side.

“Do I have to remind you who’s in charge too, Tim?”

“N-no! I was just showing Jess to the tents,” said Tim. A pair of daggers were sheathed at his hips, but he didn’t dare to use them against a fellow gang member; not when they were so close to completing their life’s work.

“Good. Meet me outside when you’ve got everything ready. We’re burning moonlight.”



Half an hour later the gang had arrived at a wire fence at the foot of a high hill.

A uniformed man with a dog walked slowly along the inside of the metal barrier, sweeping the light of a torch in front of him as he passed.

Once he was out of sight, Rick, the fourth boy in the group, whispered to the others, “Damn it! What did the Scottish guy say about the dogs?”

“We need a hedgehog to distract them. Not sure how that’s gonna work, but it’s worth a shot,” said Tim.

“Well, go find one!” grunted Steve as he shoved Tyler.

“Where?” asked Cecilia.

“I’ll wait here. You five split up, and keep it quiet,” whispered Steve impatiently.

The other five wearily made their way through the bushes. They hated the way Steve treated them, but none of them dared to say it aloud.

Rick was the first to return; he held a pillow case, in which struggled a frightened hedgehog.

Chapter 2: Camping Trip

“Looks like a hedgehog to me,” said Steve quietly after snatching the cotton bag and checking the contents. He was about to hurl the poor creature over the fence, when Tyler put his hand on his shoulder.

“Shh! Get down!” whispered Tyler as the next security guard came by.

Again, the guard passed the group. He whistled a happy tune as he strolled along.

Once his chirpy whistling was too quiet to notice, Cecilia and Tim emerged from the bushes on the outside of the fence with the pillow case and a pair of long-handled wire cutters.

In under a minute, Cecilia had made a flap in the wire mesh large enough for Steve to crawl through.

Pleased with her work, she and Tim crept back into the bushes to wait for the next guard to pass.

Like clock-work, a third security guard with another large dog came by. Everything was going to plan until the dog started to growl.

“What is it, boy?” asked the stout looking officer as he shone his torch along the ground, following the canine’s gaze.

The spot-light continued over the grass until it shone onto the hedgehog.

The frightened animal had curled itself into a spiny ball upon hearing the Alsatian’s aggressive rumble.

“No, bad Kerberos!” shouted the guard as he jerked the dog lead. Kerberos whined for a moment before continuing the patrol with his handler.

“What now?” grunted Steve.

“Five of us go through. We need someone to pose on this side of the fence to distract the next guard,” suggested Rick.

“Tyler, you just volunteered,” said Steve with an unnerving grin.

“Me? What do I do when the guard comes?”

Chapter 2: Camping Trip

“Run for the van. Whatever you do, don’t look at us. If you get this right, they’ll bring the dogs round to this side of the fence. They should think you’re on your own,” explained Rick.

“How are you gonna get out with the eggs?”

“Hello! Once we have the eggs, all the guards in the world won’t be able to stop us!” said Steve.

Rick put his hand on Tyler’s shoulder to reassure him and said, “Stick to the plan, Ty. We’ll meet you at the docks with your egg in the morning.”

Tyler nodded nervously before the rest of the gang followed Steve into the shrubbery on the other side of the fence.

As if on cue, the fourth guard came past, sweeping her torch light along the ground in front of her.

The five gang members had made it to the bushes, but one of their tent bags was sticking out slightly from the foliage.

The dog caught the sound of rustling and an unfamiliar cent; before he could bark, a distinct click caught his attention. The canine turned to face the fence, growling at the source of the sound, which was the pair of wire cutters held by Tyler.

The teenager gave a wide, false smile as the beam of torch light illuminated him.

“Get him, Diablo!” shouted the guard as she released the German shepherd, which bolted towards the flap in the fence. While her dog ran for the teenager, the guard called into her radio, “Officer North to base, I’ve got an intruder on the east fence.”

Tyler threw the cutters down and ran into the woods, followed by the barking dog a few seconds later.

Officer North waited a few seconds, but there was no answer on her radio. “Base, respond! Intruder spotted on the east perimeter fence.”

Chapter 2: Camping Trip

When the usually prompt reply failed to come through, North threw her radio to the ground and crawled through the damaged fence, muttering “Damned batteries!”

Tyler heard angry growls growing louder and nearer with each passing footstep when another sound caught his attention; the engine of a van.

He looked up and saw the rear lights of the stolen vehicle his gang had used earlier that evening - it was reversing towards him!

The worried young man kept moving. His heart pounded and his lungs burned as he began to lose speed. With one desperate leap, he jumped onto the metal step below the rear door of the van and grabbed the door handle.

A sharp pain in his leg told Tyler the dog had finally caught up with him. He yelled in pain before shouting, “Get off me!” as he fell onto his front in the back of the empty, dirty vehicle.

A loud bang preceded the cracking of the glass on the other rear door; Officer North had caught up with her dog.

“Get out of the van and put your hands in the air!”

Diablo jumped onto the edge of the floor, ready to sink his teeth into the same leg once again; but the van lurched forwards, causing the trained Alsatian to lose its footing and yelp as it hit the ground.

Tyler held on for dear life as the vehicle accelerated until it reached a public road. “Who’s driving?” he shouted as they came to a gradual stop.

“Take the wheel,” said Dr Douglas.

“Give me a minute,” sighed Tyler as he dragged himself out of the rear door and limped towards the front of the van. Upon opening the driver door, he noticed the cab was empty.

“Stop gawping and get in.”

“How are you-”

“I hacked the autodrive,” cackled Douglas, predicting the rest of the sentence.

“Great, then send me to the hospital.”

Chapter 2: Camping Trip

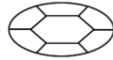
“Tis but a scratch.”

“A scratch?” asked Tyler as he fastened his seatbelt, “he nearly took my foot off!”

“Stop whining, you big Jessie. I’ll hack an ambulance and you can grab an antiseptic dressing.”

“Cool, mobile health care. We might want to-”

“Get out of here, yeah,” interrupted Douglas again as the van started moving once more.



As Officer North returned to the breach in the fence with Diablo, two more security guards were waiting for her.

“Did you catch him?” asked the older man.

“Does it look like it?”

“Oh yeah. We’ll stand guard here for a while. Is your radio out too?”

“Wait, yours stopped working? Must be a technical glitch,” sighed North.

“Could you get to base and let them know?”

“Sure thing. Just let me get my breath back,” she said as she crawled back through the hole in the fence.

The younger security guard piped up, “Wait here, I’ll go back.”



While the security officers were distracted, the other five teenagers had made their way through the shrubbery and started to set up camp in a hedge maze.

“I can’t believe that worked,” whispered Steve.

“I hope he’s alright,” said Cecilia quietly.

“Let’s get some sleep. We’ve got to be up bright and early,” said Rick as he closed the door of the camouflaged tent.

An awkward silence filled the canvas quarters; the people inside weren’t used to sleeping so close together.

Chapter 2: Camping Trip

Even with their eyes closed, the anticipation for the following morning kept everyone awake. Nobody dared to talk out of fear of alerting any of the guards.

Without noticing, one by one they fell asleep.

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