

JOHN DOE

Story of an anonymous spy....

- *Darsh Parvatikar 7S*

As I walked into market square, men with jet-black suits guarded the front door. Around them were civilians, or so I thought. There were bulges in their pockets and either they had an enormous spine or they had AK-47's slung on their backs; probably option 2. And here I was thinking this was just an ordinary surveillance mission. The more the merrier!

So, I leapt into action using my nimble legs and one went flying onto a tree branch. Another collapsed the minute he saw my face. Pretty popular, I know. I ran after the last goon who had a shotgun and kept on firing. "Just put the gun down, honestly, I'm going to beat you anyway, make it easier for yourself!" I exclaimed. Though, his mindless self still kept firing. "YOUR LOSS!!!" I screamed and I threw a punch at him. DOWN IN MINUTES, HA! Even my silhouette could beat these bodyguards. Now to rescue Manovich, a well-known scientist, and escape.

I smashed the mahogany-brown door open and grabbed my smoke grenade from my hidden utility belt tied to my waist and threw it down the corridor. Bullets immediately started flying in the air and in a matter of seconds, 3 enemies were on the floor. I strided through the hallway until a sharp object knocked me in the head. I fell to my knees. Luckily, I still had a light grenade. I placed it behind my back and a body thudded on the floor. This waste of time gave an opportunity for the enemy to get Manovich to the helicopter. I got up, brushed off the immense pain in the back of my head and ran towards the sound of whirring blades.

As I came to the helipad, the helicopter had already taken off and a little gift had been left behind. A bomb attached to a timer. 10,9,8- I ran as fast as I could away from the timer, my heart beating 2 times faster than it normally did-7,6,5,4- I exited the building and jumped into my Porsche 911- 3,2,1, BOOM!! I sped away while the forsaken building went up in flames. I noticed the helicopter hovering in the air and shot a tracker onto it. Then, I went back to HQ.

I walked through the security checkpoint and waved to Jeff (the 60 year old guard) and a group of suits came up to me. "Where's Manovich, huh, WHERE IS HE!" they shouted.

“They escaped, extremely quickly, as if they knew we were coming,” I replied.

“WHAT A LOAD OF GARBAGE, YOU WERE PROBABLY SO DUMB THAT YOU TRIPPED THE ALARM!!” shouted the suits “Chief says you are off the mission, you can go help the new scientist kid move into his new desk, now we are on the mission,”

Anger filled my lungs, steam came from my ears, HOW DARE THEY DO THIS TO ME, it’s like stabbing a man in the back after he does all the dirty work for you. I went to my room and smashed the wooden chair and threw all the spy propaganda I bought, into in the rubbish bin. The bin, where the Chief should live. Once his top agent, now a downgraded lab rat. Oh, the irony...

After my anger rampage, I headed to the lab to meet this scientist fellow. I dreaded what was about to happen. Would I have to wear laser contacts, taste medicine that smelt like mouldy socks, inhale poisonous gases to count how long it takes to die. I went into lab 78 to meet a teenager, only 17 wearing a lab coat and denim jeans. He had atrociously-long, curly hair and looked as if he had eaten a million spoons of sugar. “Hello, I’m James, who are you?” said the boy.

“I’m agent John Doe, sent down here to help a scientist in lab 78,” I said.

“Must be me then ha-ha,” replied the boy. “First thing I need you to do is, SAFELY, put the disintegrate-o-meter in that cupboard over there, the sticky-stick-grenade in the box of bombs and, make sure you don’t touch any other thing, it can have serious consequences. Unfortunately for him, my curious eyes started to wander and once he had left the room, I quickly grabbed a glass full of a pink liquid. I eyed it carefully, examining its every side, but a little bit spilled onto my hand. Whoops! I put the jar back and went back to my whistling.

When I wake up a voice is projected on the loudspeakers, “Freedom for those who cower, victory to the ones that devour...” What on earth, who is reciting a poem at 6.30 am, and that too, on the loudspeaker. I wake up to see small, thin hands on the corner of the bed. “AAAAAH, WHO’S THERE!!” I cried, but I looked closely. That was my hand, my left hand. Not only that, my legs, my face, MY WHOLE BODY HAD SHRUNK.... NOOOOOOO! Which fiend would play such a horrible prank on me. I recollected to yesterday, in the soundproof lab. The liquid, of course, it must have been some kind of youth potion. I glare at my freckled face in disgust... Well, time to get my body back, without Chief knowing. Like a confidential mission but obscured to the people who can call it that. I wore my surfer shorts that heavily outgrew me and set off on my overt mission to exchange my old self for whatever the kid wanted. I don’t know, maybe some resources from the office lab, whatever he needs. I just wanted my old self back...