

Operation Anchor

Rodrigo sighed; Operation Anchor was almost finished. It was only a day ago he was notified of the news. He was to accompany a Brazilian diplomat to Lisbon, where he would deliver a confidential file to the Portuguese police that revealed the identities of the powerful international smuggling gang: Battleship. Rodrigo grimaced at the thought of how many lives were lost for this information; Battleship was infamous for its cruel punishments against traitors. Another agent was assigned to this mission, Agent 109, with their surveillance Rodrigo had no doubt that the diplomat would be safe.

A bump interrupted his thinking - they had arrived. Although, something was strange, as they disembarked Rodrigo realised the beach they had arrived on was full of surfers. This was unusual, he had expected the Portuguese police to have cleared the beach. The diplomat seemed confident, he was probably used to doing this, but Agent 109 seemed particularly nervous. Not even the feeling of being back in his hometown or the glare of the beautiful Portuguese sun could distract Rodrigo from the feeling of danger he had. His eyes averted him to a glint of metal - one of the surfers had pulled out a gun! He turned around to warn Agent 109 and the diplomat, but what he saw made his blood turn cold, Agent 109 was holding the diplomat at gunpoint.

“Put your hands up, and drop your gun it’s over,” shouted Agent 109 to Rodrigo with a smirk, “I don’t want any rare resource or a huge amount of money, you know what I want, it’s right there,” He pointed to Rodrigo’s SIS (the Portuguese secret service) jacket pocket, where he was protecting the file for the diplomat to deliver, “Exchange the file with me for the diplomat.” Said Agent 109.

Rodrigo cursed; he had been caught by surprise. Whatever he was going to do had to be quick, the surfers were running to him, and the diplomat had a gun to his head. So, he did exactly what Agent 109 wanted - he dropped his gun and handed over the file, but at the last second he thrust it into his face, Agent 109’s vision was now obscured. He whacked the gun out of Agent 109’s hands and kicked him in the stomach, then took the diplomat, file and gun from Agent 109.

The rescue had been successful, the diplomat’s freedom had been secured, but now he found himself surrounded by armed criminals. He ran away and shoved the diplomat behind a car that was parked on the road next to the beach. The diplomat warned him - the surfers were close enough to fire. A shower of bullets hit the car; it was so strong for a second, he thought they were planning to completely disintegrate their cover. The barrage went from a rainstorm to a light drizzle before stopping completely. Rodrigo guessed they were reloading and took the opportunity. He aimed his pistol and fired, two surfers went down, he quickly ducked behind his cover. The barrage started again, and he knew the car would not resist another bombardment, in the blink of an eye he had a plan. It was risky, but he had no choice.

He told the diplomat what he was about to do, he nodded in agreement. Rodrigo waited until they had reloaded; emerged from his cover, put his hands up and ran to them. The surfers slapped him in the face, took his gun and pushed him to the ground. He winced as Agent 109 kicked him like he was nothing but a toy and whispered in his ear “This is for thinking you can beat Battleship.” Rodrigo grunted in understanding. “Where’s the file and the diplomat?” Agent 109 asked with a serious look. “He’s dead and the file is with him.” Rodrigo said with a look of embarrassment. Agent 109 grinned and sent the surfers to collect the file. As quick as he could, Rodrigo headbutted Agent 109 in the groin, who doubled over in pain and pointed the muzzle of his gun at Rodrigo. Rodrigo grinned he was always the best in close combat training. He swept Agent 109’s legs, disrupting his balance, Agent 109 shot but was off-balance and missed. Rodrigo punched him in the face - knocking him out. As the surfers reached the

car, he grabbed Agent 109s gun and fired; the remaining surfers fell. “It looks like target practice paid off.” He thought to himself.

The diplomat ran over and thanked him profusely, offering to recommend him for any promotion he wanted. Rodrigo declined his offer and told him he was just doing his job. As help arrived, he thought to himself “Agent 109 was wrong I did beat Battleship, this file has the power to completely destroy Battleship and I just delivered it.”

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