

UNTITLED

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On a busy train Pablo was struggled to get his wheelchair onto the train being thrown around by the swarm of people rushing onto the train. As he finally makes his way on he realised his wallet was missing

"Uhh bro you dropped your wallet".

"Ahh thanks man 'preciate it, take a seat with me my boy".

"Sure".

They both sat down and began to talk to eachother

"So where were you off to Home boy?"

"Naw jit im cracking down to me ends".

"Which are?"

"Chicago", said Dimitri.

"That is fresh my boy, what's your name?"

"My name is Dimitri sins, what about you?"

"My name is Pablo Philepè".

Suddenly a massive group of people stomped over.

"Oh no", said Pablo.

"Who are they Pablo?"

"I used to work for them years ago and they are all mad at me".

"Why are they mad at you Pablo?"

"Oh I betrayed them and now they are here to kill me", said Pablo

"What! kill?"

"No time to explain".

Then Pablo rolled his wheel chair real quick to the jacks, the group followed.

In the bathroom Pablo was crawling out the little gap in the window it was a bit of a struggle he got through in the end, now he was on top of the train without his wheelchair so he was just crawling on the roof of the train the people followed up quickly.

Dimitri began to hear banging on the roof of the train and he started to get off his seat and bust through the window and climbed on to the roof he saw Pablo struggling as the men all came at Pablo. Dimitri rushed up and grabbed one of the men and chucked him off the train, the next with an uppercut and the man was out cold.

As Dimitri took out the man one by one he saw a man approaching Pablo with a knife, but Pablo was way quicker he dodged the knife grabbed the knife and stabbed him right in the throat. Dimitri kicked the dead body off the train and put Pablo on his back.

"I got you homie", said Dimitri.

"Sound bruv".

They both calmly got off the train at the next stop which was Evanston. They went to a bar that was near by a seaport to have a pint.

"So why are you in a wheelchair?"

"Well I was at war in Syria and I got shot on my leg and we had to amputate them because it got infected badly".

"WOW you are a true hero going to war!"

"Nah I am no hero. I'm just a normal guy, so why would you help a guy like me?"

"My mother told me once no matter how people look you should treat them all equally".

"That's really good of you my boy", said Pablo positively

As they chatted on four muscular-looking police approached Pablo and Dimitri.

"Are you Pablo Philppe Dimitri Sins?" Said the police officers aggressively.

"Umm yes", they both said in unison.

"You are under arrest for six murders".

"Murder?"

"Yes you killed six people on the train. Now hands behind your back".

Then Pablo whispered to Dimitri, "Run!" They belted away into the distance, the police dashed after them.

Dimitri was aggressively pushing Pablos's wheelchair.

"FASTER, FASTER!!" bellowed Pablo.

"I am!"

More and more police began to join the chase. The police shouted, "We will not hesitate to shoot if you do not stop!"

Out of the corner of Dimitri's eyes he saw an empty tourist boat that was just about to leave.

Dimitri dashed towards the boat and pushed Pablo onto the boat just on time.

"Stop! Right now", shouted the police "this is your last warning".

"Dimitri! Quick you can still make it", screamed Pablo.

But Dimitri knew it was all too late. Dimitri saluted to Pablo and then gunshots.

Pablo couldn't do anything about it as the boat moved away from the port and the scene slowing becoming fainter and fainter.

This is not goodbye, just farewell for now!