

Agent 1407

By : Lovetowrite3813

Agent 1407 the Rookie. Agent 1407, the most wanted spy in the world. Michelle Stones, a sixteen year old orphan from a remote part of Michigan, got involved into something she didn't sign up for. She was to carry out her mission to stop a terrorist community from massacring over half the world's population. But what she didn't know that it would result in a far more worse situation. But what does this have to do with a millennium old legend? And what about the strange boy who seems awfully familiar? What will become of her mess?

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Lies. They were all lies. I never did believe any of them though. Now I'm here, strapped on a table somewhere in Iran starting to recap what happened these past weeks. I am now somewhat starting to regret my being involved in all this. However I did stop a massacre of over half the whole earth's population. I guess that'll count as something right? Even now as I lay here strapped against my will in a terrorist country by a terrorist organization at least I stopped the ALLAH project. But all the good that did was start a Third World War. "Way to go Michelle. You managed to start a whole other World War. You should get a medal for most failed agent in history," I think to myself. Agent 1407 the Rookie. Agent 1407, the most wanted spy in the world. Even the UN is after me. They hired me, but I guess disobeying and starting another World War can get you on the top 10 most wanted list. A sigh escaped me. There was a shuffling of feet on the clunky, loud metal grate floor. "Ù Ù Ø³Ø-Ù Ù Ù Ù Ù Ø³ØªÙ Ù Ø,Ø§!" A low voice of the guard outside as he opened the door for the others. With my little knowledge of the Arabic language I could make out only one word. Prisoner. But I had a pretty good guess what he was saying. The prisoner is awake. That sends chills down my back as I imagine what they will do to me. Torture me for stopping their evil plan. However, they will not kill me, but keep me barely alive. The blood purging from the knife incisions while the burns covering my body causes extreme agony even at the slightest movement. The numerous broken bones healing abnormally resulting in painful complications along with whatever their cruel, twisted minds can think of. I now was overwhelmed by fear and struggled to contain no emotion written on my face. A heavily robed man strides inside with about five or six others behind him their whole bodies covered except their eyes in many layers of long black robes, completely opposite to their leader who was in a white robe so dirty with mud, food stains, and oh my God, blood it cannot be called white anymore. His face was not covered by the layers of fabric such as the others. Instead, he had a black turban atop his head. But he had a huge beard covering up most of his face. "Ù Ø°Ù Ù Ø£Ø±Ù Ù Ù Øª Ù Ø³ØªÙ Ù Ø,Ø§," he said in Arabic. I recognized one word. See. What does that mean? See. I thought about it for a moment. He looked impatient. I knew he wouldn't understand me, but I spoke anyways, "I cannot speak Arabic. If you wish to talk, go and retrieve a translator." I trembled inside, almost fainting of fear. But I must be brave. "That will not be needed," he replied in a very thick Arabian accent, myself just barely understanding his speech. He came closer to where I was vertically strapped. Be brave. Show no fear. Be brave. I couldn't even show an ounce of fear. It would make it be easier to brake me. But I wouldn't give in. He came even closer. "Agent 1407. We have searched very hard for you. You are one hard girl to track down," he stepped back and put his arms up in the air. "But we got found you! Now we can do whatever we want! Revenge! This is Allah's will! You will be severely punished!" He turned around and began chanting, the others following along, raising their guns in the air at every chant. But I understood this word perfectly. Allah. "Ø§Ù Ù Ù !" "Ø§Ù Ù Ù !" "Ø§Ù Ù Ù !" They chanted and chanted and chanted. The leader of the terrorist group said a few things to them and they departed. Again he came over to me and lowered his head over to my ear. "I will break you." He stood up yelled a few words in Arabic that I couldn't understand to the three guards outside and left. I could hear his feet clicking and clanking on the metal grates. I listened until I couldn't hear the footsteps any more then relaxed a little. I turned my head up to the ceiling. Like the rest of the room the walls were leaking with who-knows-what and the paint was slightly chipping. How long will I be here? Along with the degenerating appearance of this filthy room with blood stains strewn all over the surfaces of almost everything, the smell was wretched. It smelt of blood, sweat, mold, and sewage. But it also has this smell of things that cannot be physically smelled, the desperation, sadness, anger, pain, evil, and terror of the past souls in this small, claustrophobic room. The tortured human beings being kept here against their will. I feel tears threatening to make an appearance. No. I must be brave. I must be brave. But my self given pep talk didn't succeed and the salty bitterness flows freely on my face. I can't even control it anymore. I pulled at the restraints desperately trying to escape my impending destruction. I tried harder and harder fighting against the tightly strapped leather straps. But it was a war I knew I couldn't win. I kept going anyways. I screamed in frustration. Again and again I yelled and screamed and shouted. Am I going crazy already? But there was no controlling me. I continued for what seemed like hours with the guards completely ignoring me. I finally gave up all hope of escape and slumped

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down on the table. I violently sobbed wailed until I just cried silently. The only thing I could do now was think. So I am. Thinking of those few weeks back when everything seemed to fall apart. I laughed inside my head to myself. And I thought I had problems then. What I wouldn't give to go back to then. I lay my head back against the cold metal. I think back, replaying those memories inside my head of the better days leading up to here.

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