Jailbreak - Start of a Revolution

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Can 1 man revolutionize an entire justice system...from within? and At what cost? Justin Rhodes believes he has been treated unfairly by a corrupt justice system and decides to take matters into his own hands. Surely he cant succeed...

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Jailbreak

Justin Rhodes took a step back to behold what he had just done.

On the floor lay the bloodied body of local MP David Marsh.

In life David had been a hard working man, priding himself on helping his local community. However, there was one black mark against his name. In 2010 David had been caught up in a row over MP expenses, this had led to anger and resentment from his constituency.

For one person in particular it had caused far more than resentment, it was more like pure hatred. Justin had worked hard for the modest wage that he made, so for somebody in a position of trust and responsibility to con the public was far too much to take.

"awright Justin, how's it goin'?" asked Billy, a fellow worked in the Warehouse

"No Bad Billy"

"Did you hear about that twat of an MP hoovering all that money from the public, the whole thing is bloody ridiculous"

"Don't get me started" came the angry response

"By the way the gaffer wants a word in his office"

"aw crap"

It transpired that the company had been making significant losses, therefore they would have to cut costs, which had ultimately led to redundancies.

One of those redundancies was Justin Rhodes, although he was a good worker, Justin was seen to be a loose cannon, whose notorious short temper had led to no less than three disciplinary actions against him. Suffice to say his temper was displayed when the news was broken to him.

Justin had a twisted smile on his face as he looked at the body on the floor of the MP's fancy living room. He had no regrets whatsoever about what he had just done.

Justin had made no attempts to hide the murder, this was obvious to the police as his fingerprints were all over David's body and clothing. The police knew that this murder had been committed by either somebody very stupid, or worse, somebody who didn't mind getting caught.

Sure enough, Justin was arrested and charged with the murder of David Marsh. Justin made little attempt in court to convince the jury of his innocence. Stating that he had performed a 'public service'. Helping to gain some revenge for the downtrodden. This had been greeted with gasps and shock from the full courtroom.

Justin sat in his cold jail cell contemplating his punishment. A life sentence was the punishment handed down by the judge. The lack of remorse shown was perhaps one of the deciding factors for this.

He was stuck in this cell for the rest of his life, with one thought for company, one thought that would help him get through the days and nights ahead. Revenge.

Time passed slowly, days felt like weeks, weeks felt like months. He had befriended, if you can call it that, a few fellow prisoners. One of them was a man named Kev Chambers. Kev was in for GBH, he had viciously attacked a man outside a nightclub for no apparent reason. The two had formed a bond, based on their views on various subjects, mainly the political and judiciary system that put them here. Justin had often voiced these views out load, particularly when guards were about, on one occasion an outburst was rewarded with a week of solitary confinement.

It was during this time that his hatred for the system really took hold, he wanted to punish anybody and everybody involved.

It was during dinner, if you could call it that, it certainly did not resemble anything Justin or his fellow offenders had seen before, that an idea formed in his head.

"Well done Justin for voicing your opinion, just about everybody in here agrees with you, don't stop now though"

Justin observed the man in front of him cautiously. He was easily 6 foot three and built like a tank

"I don't intend on stopping now, not until the system changes"

"Wake up you fool it's never going to change"

"In that case we will change it"

"How exactly?" asked the tank, intrigued

"By force if necessary, I am sick of all this crap"

"Is that all you've got? You need to do better than that"

"You said everybody agrees with me"

"They do, but that's not enough, they need action, a leader, somebody who can bring the system down. You

"I'm not a leader"

"Then you better learn, think about it and let me know" he left, leaving Justin with an idea forming in his head.

A week passed without incident, all the while Justin was fine tuning his plan. Would anybody actually help him carry it out though, that was the question that was nagging at him.

The answer was a resounding 'yes', at least from most of the prisoners. Justin had always had a sort of hold over people, he was using it to the full now, 'recruiting' as he had dubbed it, convincing people they were the victim of a conspiracy.

"Well, well well, impressive, everybody in this nick seems to be talking about you and your idea's." Tank had approached him in the exercise yard.

"It's only the beginning, I want to bring this place down" said Justin , not even looking up to face Tank

"What do you mean?" asked Tank cautiously

"I mean I want to bring this place to its knees, overpower these scumbags"

"How exactly do you plan on doing that?"

"How many prisoners in here?

"About a thousand, why?"

"How many Prison guards?"

"How the hell should I know?"

"guess"

"Och I don't know, fifty maybe"

"So they are heavily outnumbered then?"

Tank began to realise what Justin had in mind "You are not serious surely?

"Of course I am" Justin's grin scared Tank, this guy was a nut-job

"That's crazy, it'll never work"

"Says Who?" finally making eye contact with Tank

To this Tank had no answer

"I have about three quarters of this prison in my pocket, the rest will join in time. I am going to put the word out that I want to break out, I have talked this over with many of the other guys in here, and they are up for it"

"What about those who won't help you?"

"They will regret it, it's really simple. You're either with me or your against me"

"Ok, even if you do break out what are you going to do then?

"Bring down the system that plagues this country"

To that Tank had no comeback.

Later that day, Justin had assembled some of his most trusted subjects at a table at the back of the dining area.

"Right the time is coming for action, whose in?"

"I'm in" said Mark, a tall, gawky looking man who was in for arson

"Me too" came the deep, threatening voice of Roger Milligan, a man who practically owned the streets of Glasgow. Roger had been a drug dealer, somebody who wasn't afraid to take the law into his own hands. He was in for brutally murdering two students who bought from him and made the grave mistake of not paying on time.

"I'm in for sure, as are my whole landing" said Phil O'Brien. Phil was a conman, whose 'get rich quick' scheme had cost many people lots of money, some even lost their life savings.

"Excellent" said Justin, both delighted and shocked as to how well everything was going "Right guys I have been thinking about when the best time for action would be. I reckon it should be during recreation time or whatever crap they call it, that way we will all be together and the guards may be a bit more evenly spread making it easier for us to overpower them. Any thoughts?"

"Sounds good" said Roger with a wicked smile on his face.

A time and place had been officially decided. It was now just a case of spreading the word.

12-06-2012 12:30pm was the date and time decided by the prisoners. The word was spread throughout the prison. The atmosphere was one of tension and apprehension. Everybody was on their guard. Any prisoners who didn't want to take part were 'dealt' with, that is to say, they were beaten into submission until they either decided to join, or were simply just too beat up to talk.

David Johnson watched the prisoners carefully, not failing to notice the difference in attitude and behaviour lately. There had been almost no trouble recently. Prisoners were quiet and seemed lost in their own thoughts. David could not determine whether this was a good or a bad thing.

It wouldn't be much longer before he found out that is was a bad thing.

The day had arrived, and Justin was in high spirits, nothing could go wrong, it was all coming together now. Justice was about to be served.

"Are you ready Justin" asked Mark, knowing it was a stupid question

"Of course I'm bloody ready, just make sure you are too"

"I will be"

Justin had doubts, Mark was the weak link and everybody knew it.

"Is everybody in position?" asked Justin not even trying to hide his excitement

"Yeah, everyone is ready to go, just say the word" said Tank

"Excellent. This is it then, see you on the outside"

David was on duty in the exercise yard with a fellow officer by the name of Michael Marshall. Michael had been in the Army, and had fought in Afghanistan. He was as tough as they came. It was he who first noticed the odd behaviour that afternoon.

"What the hell are they doing?" he was referring the fact that no fewer than twenty prisoners were grouped together, making their way towards their post.

"I don't know, but I think we are about to find out" David's reply was a nervous one.

The punch landed with such force that David could feel the hit ringing in his ears, before he had time to register what was happening, he was being mauled by countless bodies, punching and kicking him, David's life ended with a well placed kick to the skull, by a large man, who looked as if he was having the time of his life.

Next to David Michael was doing his best to keep off the marauding prisoners, kicks and punches were landing hard, Michael was fighting valiantly against insurmountable odds, lashing out with fists, elbows and knees, anything that could give him a chance to escape. After david's demise the other prisoners joined the attack on Michael, the numbers game payed off as Tank stomped down on Michaels head repeatedly until the

Michael lay motionless on the ground.

"Time to move on" Tank said, barely noticing that he had just killed another human being.

The guards were all out in the yard now, they were outnumbered by about 15-1. After a few moments staring each other out Justin cried out for his troops to attack.

Many of the guards retreated, the ones that dint soon regretted it, they were swept aside with relative ease in what could only be called a massacre.

The retreating guards did not get far before they were made to suffer too. It was turning into a bloodbath, some of the prisoners were intent on killing every guard in the whole prison.

"Keep going, we are nearly out, keep an eye out for more guards" yelled Justin leading his troops closer to the exit.

"They won't dare try and stop us, if they do they will die tryin'"

There was to be only one final confrontation before they escaped. The Warden had gathered all the remaining guards in one final attempt to halt the onslaught.

"Surrender right now" demanded Warden Nelson

"No chance" replied Justin laughing" your beat, just give up and move out the way while you still can"

"Don't threaten me you murdering scum bag, I won't let scum like you lot into society"

"You do not have a choice Warden, it is for the sake of society that we are doing this. This system is corrupt, and we will expose it for everybody to see. Now step aside"

"never. Guards! Stop these prisoners" demanded the Warden

there was a delay before the guards advanced. The melee that ensued was the toughest challenge yet, these guards attacked more ferociously than the others, Justin's army were suffering casualties. Mark had been hit on the back of the head with a baton, fracturing his skull.

As the body count rose, the numbers game once again told, with the prisoners gaining the upper hand. Roger and Phil finished off the last two guards, leaving them a bloody mess on the floor.

This left only the warden.

"What now Warden? Asked Justin

There was no response from the Warden, who simply stared at Justin, " rot in hell scumbag" was all he could manage

"Disappointing way to end things. Tank" Justin indicated to Tank to finish the warden off, which he did with pleasure. Kneeing him in the stomach, before head butting him. The warden stumbled back. Tank grabbed his head and smashed it off the wall, repeatedly until the warden was no more.

As Justin and his army left the prison, Justin afforded himself a self satisfactory smile. He looked around at his fellow prisoners. Justin had put himself in the position of General, as these prisoners were his own personal Army, an Army that would help him start a revolution.

Justin looked at the road ahead, then stated to the listening army:

"And so it begins"

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