

Icy wind slashed at his face and the rain danced erratically upon his head as he tried to get his belongings on the isolated beach. As he groveled up the moist, tan sand scattered on the island's fishing bay, he peered over at the distorted building perched on the foreshore. In its wake lay a shadow mirroring the grotesque appearance of itself; the battered cement barely managing to persist in holding itself afloat. As the son of a Russian assassin, the stakes at clearing Alexander's name were relatively high, especially with a \$40,000,000 bounty on his head. His father had come to his fate 9 years before when a target sniped him out of a helicopter. If it weren't his father as the victim, he sure would have admired the shot. Today, as he coped on with his stagnant journey he sought only one thing; vengeance for his father and maybe a mother who wasn't willing to send him to an orphanage send him to an orphanage.

Much like his father, Alex loathed helicopters with all his heart (his father would have if he had known what had killed him), especially Ah-64 Apache's, which is precisely why he wanted to blow this one out of the air. Withering around in the afternoon heat was a military helicopter, its gilded machine guns swaying around preparing to strike the potential target. "Wait" Alex clamoured staring above at the machine. Eventually, the machine's artillery simmered down into a low hum; the last thing Alex needed was another enemy. After all, at this point the whole American army wanted his head at their feet. Slowly the helicopter lowered down to a point where it was levitating right above the steaming sand. His belongings were scattered across the floor; a smashed-up AK-47, a pocket-sized vape and a few matchsticks lying across his satin black duffel bag. A figure hopped out of the helicopter, dressed up peculiarly in a white mascot jersey and denim shorts, clutching a smoked-up revolver. "Greetin's feller" the man smirked in a strong Texan accent, the smell of cigarettes wafting away as he spoke. Alex recognised this. "Brother, is that you?"

Sure enough, the man was his brother or stepbrother to be exact. Their reunion was quite short and with the same objective of vengeance they set off wandering in the battered-up castle in hope of finding resources. Trust me when I say reader, Alex was no fan of castles that looked straight out of Zelda. The hazel cement invoked a sense of insecurity; almost as if someone were watching the duo and the dusty barrels screamed "I have old, creepy pirate skeletons inside myself". This was indeed the worst possible spot for Alex took out a matchstick from his back pocket and struck it enthusiastically, a searing red flame bursting out immediately, illuminating the room with hope. Why didn't they just go back out and leave this life with the helicopter you may ask reader. According to their unreliable, ripped map and cracked compass, the miniature part of an archipelago they were on was the deathbed of their beloved father. Abruptly, a loud blaring alarm sound eroded the castle, screeching unbearably. It was a tripwire; for all they knew the same murderers of their father was after them now. Footsteps echoed across the rooms as men rushed through the castle's sleek corridors in search of the intruders. This was not such great luck for Alex and Mark!

Within minutes, the duo were surrounded with unidentified troops all wearing the same, symmetrical blue helmets and top, handling high-tech Beam6/1 laser rifles, their ammo able to pierce the densest of materials. A low click later, the troops had arched their rifles to face the brothers. In unison, they closed their eyes in hope. Would they end up like their Dad now after all the effort?