

## Chapter one, The Cellmate

It's the summer of 2008 in Kentucky's highest security prison. I just arrived on an armored bus with a few others, a bald, white man with a cliché scar down his left eye asks me what I'm here for.

"We're all here for murder..." I say flatly with out looking up.

"..." His face grim as he turns away.

A bump on the road makes me hit my head on the metal wall.

"GOD DANG IT!" I look to a see a man in the corner of the bus rubbing his head. I was wondering if I should say something, but he sees me looking at him and says, "Hello, Conner Market." He puts out his hand out inviting me to say my name and as soon as I shake it I know he'll come to me all the time, so I don't. "Not a hand shaker?"

"Rick Alen"

"Well hola Rick"

Just then the bus comes to a stop and when the back opens and we lined up walking into the prison, with armed guards pushing us with their guns.

"Hello you were all sent here for being Americas dirt bags!" a man said while smiling, of course this lovely man I now as the Warden. He walks up to me and spits on my shoes, looks in to my eyes, me being a clear 5 inches taller than the guy. He is trying to figure out who would win in a fight, as we stare at each other with the best poker face we can make are self's do.

"Some thing wrong Eggbert..."

"It's Warden McHale, don't even know why you would think my name was Eggbert?" his face puzzled

"Look like a Eggbert to me," I say with a half smile on my face. As he walks away I try to wipe the spit off my shoes.

"You will all be assigned cell mates." He read off a list of names and then I heard my name with the weird guy from the bus. "Rick Alen and Conner Market."

## **Chapter two, Home sweet home**

Later the next day after a good night of Market explaining the origin of prison. I got a good work out in before lunch. I found an empty table and it hadn't been one second when a man walks up to me. He's a big dude with a ponytail, no cuts or bruises.

"This is for last week, Jones!" he pulls back his fist.

"Two things, one I think you are one of the few men who can pull off a ponytail, and I'm-" he pops me one in the eye

"Hey!" I grab his arm and flip him on to the table and punch him in the gut.

"Hhheaa" was the sound he made of the air escaping his lungs.

I get on top of the table and say,

"WE GOT A JONES IN HERE, THIS GUY IS LOOKIN' FOR YA'!"

A guard takes me to the Warden's office.

"That was some stunt you pulled there," said Warden McHale.

"He started it!" I say trying to sound childish.

"Keep making jokes after a day in solitary confinement," he proclaimed as if he had the best come back in the world.

"That's the punishment for fighting."

"It's just like home."

## **Chapter three, Solitary Confinement**

As the guards shove me into solitaire I get a glimpse of the room, it's about 7 by 7 square foot room with nothing but cement. They throw me in and shut the door. It's very dark. I ask myself what should I do? Oh there was this one guy in Alcatraz who would take off a button from his jump suit throw it and then try and find it. It seemed like endless fun. The cement was cold, I wanted to sleep but I did the button thing instead.

I have a pretty good sense of time, it been about 12 hours before they let me out when I walk out it's about 7 o'clock, I look to my left and see the warden.

"Let that be a warning to you."

"Whatever you say Eggbert."

"Looks like that guy left his mark," said one of the two guards next to the warden

"HAHA! You're right!" said the other one. Dumb and Dumber run and grab their phones and show me my reflection, I have a black eye.

"That's it get back to your cell," said the Warden

#### **Chapter four the cell**

"Conner, when I was in there I decided to get out of this place... I'm going to escape!"

"No you're not, this place is a maximum security prison, and no one gets out."

"I've noticed that the rubber binding the sink to the wall is not as strong as the rest of the sinks. I can get out though the basement, right where the laundry goes out, I run up stairs and get in a truck and drive off into the sunset!" I say exciting myself "one problem there are cameras in all the cells that take pictures every 3 seconds, that's where you come in. You pause the camera and we get away. I mean you do know how to disable the camera right?"

"If you can get me to a computer."

"Easy."

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#### **Chapter five the plan**

The first thing I saw when I came in to the prison was the security room, the man in the room was preoccupied with his laptop to see a fight break out.

My plan is to get in there while walking back from lunch; the room is in that hallway. I'll take the man out silently and

hide the body; grab the laptop watch the camera to make sure the hallway is empty. Some one will come when the shift changes, by then I'd give us about 20 minutes to escape before someone finds the body.

I explain the plan in gentler terms for Conner

"Good plan." With a horrible fake smile on his face.

"There is one thing I don't get..." I looked at him with my left eyebrow raised. "Why are you here?" I could tell he was to a killer just by smelling in his general direction.

"Wrong place, wrong time." He says while pushing the hair out of his eyes.

### **Chapter six where has the time gone**

I wake up the next morning ready to get my escaping on when I see the sink is off on the ground and a laptop is broken on the floor. I peek my head in were the sink used to be and I see Conner with a silenced gun shoot a guard in the head. I duck back in to the room and wait to hear the foot steps leave the room to go into the hole.

I search the dead guard for a gun, I found a gun but it was not silenced I have to be careful when I shoot.

I hear a thud up stairs and run to see another dead guard. I hear a click behind my head.

"Going out on your own, why?" I say with out turning around, knowing that he had a gun to my head

"You should stay here, where I'm going your not going to want to come-" I kick him in the arm and he lets go of the gun and it fly across the room, before I have a chance to get my gun from my belt he takes it. "Nice try, but no dice!" He says while he has my gun pointed at me. Just then two guards with semiautomatic guns, before they can even turn there safety off

Conner takes them down. "Up grade!" He grabs the guns and tosses one at me.

"Why?" I say slowly aiming at him.

"You're going to help me get out of here. I decided I need the help there's more guards then I thought."

"What's in it for me?" I'm starting to get the feeling that I am getting out of this place.

" You can come with, we can be partners in crime!"

"Got nothing better to do."

We start to walk up the stairs and see three talking guards; we take them out real easy. Next we open the door to the laundry area. We the truck and about 25 armed guards. They open fire and we close the door and hit the deck. I have my ear to the wall I hear a small thing hit the wall.

"Grenade!" We get up and run.

It blows the wall down and our ears are ringing. I shoot a couple of men and run through the broken wall to cover, a bullet flies by my head. I see Conner take down a lot of men; one shoots him in the chaff when he tries to get to a truck passed the 20. I take some others out when I help him up and we get in to the truck still under firer. He gets in the drivers chair. As I open the door to the passenger seat I see him holding a gun and me with a bullet in my head. The time it takes to fall to the ground was the longest time in my life I hear the wheels skid away and when I hit the ground, I am dead.