

Prologue

Ethan Morgan was the night watchman at GB & Sons Bank in Brampton, Canada. He liked his job even though it was a bit boring. This was his second job, his other job, was a night watchman at a demolition site. He hoped nobody would break in to the demolition site, but his friend Steve was the back-up watchman. Right after thinking this, there was a huge bang and then, blackness.

The next morning... He woke up in hospital with a bandage around his head and in the corner of the room a TV was on with the news. "Last night, there was a huge explosion at GB & Sons Bank in Brampton. The night watchman, Ethan Morgan, was rushed to hospital after the explosion. In other news, Steve Tremblay, the night watchman at the demolition site on the outskirts of town has been found dead in the river. A large amount of explosives was taken from the site. Police are looking for the culprits of both crimes." Ethan knew what was going on. He had to inform the police.

Nathan Cruz was a detective in Brampton police department. He had solved a few small crimes before, but this by far his biggest case. He had known Ethan for a very long time, so he had to solve this one. But when he got to the hospital, he was too late. Ethan was found in a janitor's closet in the hospital. He had been poisoned. Just then he got a phone call.

Man on phone: "He knew too much," He sounded old, 50 or so.

Nathan: "What?"

Man on phone: "Ethan Morgan was there on the night of the explosion. He could have ruined everything,"

Nathan: "Who are you?"

Man on Phone: "Let's just say, you don't need to know. But I will tell you this,"

Nathan: "Tell me what?"

Man on phone: "Duck,"

Nathan hit the floor, just as a missile flew right over his head and crashed right into the reception desk, blowing the whole bottom floor of the hospital to pieces. The hospital was only small so everybody was fine. There were news reporters and journalists asking Nathan all kinds of questions, but Nathan didn't answer any of them. He was thinking of only one thing. He had to stop this madness.

Chapter 1

Finding the Caller

Nathan rushed back to the station to see if he could trace the call. He tried to call the man back but nobody answered. He asked his friend Mark in forensics to go down to the hospital to see if he could trace from where the rocket was fired. Nathan managed to get the area code of the call. It was in Downtown Brampton. He went down there with three other officers. They went to every house, every warehouse and to every back alley, but found nothing they could use to find him.

The next day, Nathan went to GB & Sons Bank. Every dollar in that bank was gone. A team of forensic scientists went into the safe. Meanwhile, Nathan got a call from Mark down at the hospital

Nathan: "Did you find anything yet?"

Mark: "Yes. The rocket was remote controlled. It could have come from anywhere. But judging by the amount of fuel left in it, it was fired within a mile radius of the hospital. Nathan? Are you still there?"

Nathan was on his way to the hospital. There was only one place high enough within a mile of the hospital where the rocket could have been fired. Nathan's apartment building.

The apartment complex where Nathan lived was a twenty floor modern-looking behemoth in the middle of town. Mark said the rocket was fired on the north side of the building from the seventeenth floor. Nathan and his team checked every room on the seventeenth floor. Not a single thing was found that they could trace. Nathan was walking away and then thought to himself "There was never a draught here before. Was there?" He followed the source of the draught back along the floor. *THUD!* Nathan banged his head off something. He looked up and saw.... The old laundry room.

The old laundry was no longer in use due to complaints about the electricity which kept shorting out in there. So the landlord put a new laundry room two floors down. The day the new laundry was ready, the landlord had said "Nobody go in the old laundry room. The electricity company said it is too dangerous to go in or to take the old washers out." Nathan went in cautiously to make sure he didn't set off the alarm. He took one look in the room and called the rest of his team.

Chapter 2

The Hostage

There were two things that made Nathan call his team. 1. The big gaping hole in the wall and 2. The huge shipment of guns hidden in there. The shooter took advantage of the old laundry room because nobody would go in there. When Nathan's team got there, his phone rang

Nathan: Mark?

Caller: No, this is Kevin from the forensics team that was at the bank. We found some prints on the safe door. We ran through some tests and they match to somebody called Darryl Wolin. He lives in Caledon.

Nathan: Ok, Thanks

Nathan was already on his way to Caledon. Nathan didn't have any other leads so he had to get there. Fast.

Wolin lived in an apartment on the outskirts of Caledon. It was a run down block and, compared to Nathan's building, it was tiny. He lived in apartment number 11, but when Nathan knocked, there no answer. Nathan kicked down the door, but as soon as he walked inside, he blacked out.....

Nathan woke with a start. He was tied to a old, wooden chair in a room that smelled of sewage, blood and something else he could remember but was too tired to think. In the far corner of the room, two men were speaking in a language

Nathan could only describe as Russian. Nathan sat up. The guns in the laundry room were Russian....

One of the two men walked over to him and looked at Nathan and said something in Russian. The other man came over to him and said something back. There was a small light in the corner of the room and the two men were gone. Nathan stood up (they forgot to tie his legs together) and went over to the light and saw what it was. A fuse off a barrel of petrol! Nathan jumped out the window at the side of the room at then...*BOOOOOOOM!* The whole room blew up just as he hit the ground in a shower of rubble and wood splinters. He got up just and saw an old truck pull off. Nathan grabbed on to the back of the truck and got inside. It was time to end this.

Chapter 3

The Mastermind

Nathan ended up hiding in a box full of guns in the back of the truck. He heard the truck stopping and jumped in. There was some movement in the truck and then, Nathan started moving. He was put in a storage room for a half hour before somebody came in. The man looked in all the boxes before he came to Nathan's box. The man came over and the box exploded with bullets. Nathan stepped out of what was left and looked at the man he had shot. He took a look and stopped. He checked his phone. The man he had shot was Darryl Wolin.

He stepped over him and walked on. Great. He had shot the only lead he had. He took one of the guns from the box, Darryl's radio and some weird looking ball out of a box, and went out the door. Nathan was amazed.

He was underwater (he knew that because of the windows). Nathan found it hard not to laugh. "The guy running this place watches too much old crime film's"