

Ronan File

The madman who tried to steal a ring but it turned out he also wanted to blow up the city

Chapter I

It was just a normal day. Well a normal day for me anyway – being a garda I never really have normal days. I was standing guard at the Hubbard Museum. I saw a rather sinister looking man walk through the door but thought nothing of it. He looked about ten, maybe fifteen, years younger than me. I did not have any reason to stop him so I let him carry on. The next day he came again. I assumed he must have just enjoyed the tour the first day so I let him continue again.

Then he came again a third day in a row. I found this extremely suspicious so I followed him round the museum. He stopped for ten minutes straight when he reached the torc of Brian Boru. This was extremely suspicious especially since it was the most expensive item in the museum costing £5,000,000.

“Excuse me sir –” I began, but saw a spider and took a step back. I have a horrible fear of spiders. The sinister stranger had taken this opportunity to sneak away. I extended my baton into full size and began to chase after him.

I attempted to call for backup on my walkie-talkie but the radio was jammed. “This guy is good,” I thought. “Very good,” I continued to chase him. He had a gun but I was wearing a Kevlar vest and helmet so I was pretty safe. Or so I thought.

He turned around quickly and shot me in my left foot and right knee. He continued to run. I began to bleed and I started to feel faint.

Then I saw it. I don’t know how I hadn’t noticed it before – it was probably because I was so intent on catching him. Sticking out of his shirt pocket was the torc of Brian Boru

Chapter II

When I woke up I was lying in a bed with a figure watching over me. I sat up and realized it was my friend and fellow garda John. I was in a bed in hospital.

“You were out for quite a while,” said John. “We caught the guy but he’s hidden the torc. They’re interrogating him now but they haven’t got anything out of him.”

I got up out of bed.

“Woah calm down there buddy, I don’t think you’re quite ready to go anywhere yet.” “I feel fine,” I said and headed down to the police station. I was informed about the situation by my partner. I began watching the CCTV footage of the interrogation room.

The interrogator was beginning to get really frustrated now. “WHERE IS IT?!?” he said. “Oh I’ll never tell. Teeheehee,” We were clearly dealing with a madman. “The bomb will go off any day now.” Then I understood. They were trying to find out where the bomb was. And something told me he wasn’t bluffing. He had a bomb ready to be detonated, and it could be anywhere.

Chapter III

I burst into the interrogation room. “There’s no point in getting angry sir,” I said to the interrogator.

“Your frustration just satisfies him. And there’s no point in interrogating him, you won’t get anything out of him. We are going to have to look for the bomb. I’m guessing it’s relatively small, and somewhere that he has been within the past few days.” I wasn’t a part time detective as well for nothing. It’s often my job to work things out. If there’s ever a bomb planted, a train derailed or even an unsolved murder I would be given a call.

I got out my trusty notepad and started writing down possible links-locations, other recent robberies and past look-alikes in the world of crime. I was drawn back to a child I remembered from a mystery murder five years back. This madman bared an uncanny resemblance to the woman's son. It would explain his insanity and clear desire to kill everyone in this city, and probably the rest of the world as well. The mind of a criminal mad man is a very complicated one and is hard for any sane person to understand. Then I began to try to work out where he had planted the bomb. Where had he been recently? How would I find out? Was there any way? Would this case be solved? And would anyone in this city live? That was all resting in my hands. Then it hit me. He had planted the bomb in the museum.

Chapter IV

I informed my fellow garda of the situation. We mounted a full scale search at the museum. Since the madman didn't seem to have a detonator my guess was that it a time bomb. We left two officers outside his cell to guard him just in case although I doubted they would stop him if he really wanted to get out. After all he let himself get caught far too easily. All the officers under my command accompanied me on my thorough search of the museum. Three hours later we had the whole museum turned upside-down and we still had no idea even what the bomb looked like let alone where it was. As I was searching a cabinet only half-heartedly because I didn't think anything was in there I noticed something moving out of the corner of my eye. There wasn't supposed to be any of my fellow officers searching in the same place as I was. Curiosity got the better of me but just as I turned around I got hit over the head with a crowbar. Just before I went unconscious I saw the madman grinning at me manically.

Chapter V

When I came to I was in a dark room. At least that was my first impression. A moment later I realised that I was wearing a blindfold. I tried to pull it off only to find out that I was in fact strapped to a chair. After a few moments I noticed a beeping noise from behind me. I managed to wiggle my way out of the blind fold and look behind me. I saw a large timer counting down from 60 minutes with a sort of fuse at the top. It didn't take Sherlock Holmes to work out what that was. I wriggled out of the chair straps, but I knew it couldn't be that easy. The madman had meant for me to escape. I slowly walked out of the room. I felt vulnerable and exposed without my gun and Kevlar gear so I walked with caution. As soon as I turned a corner in the hall I saw the madman and one of his goons with a gun in his hand. But it wasn't aimed at me. He shot a bullet through his own goon's head and blood splattered against the wall. I stood looking at the body horrified, in some sort of a trance until I saw some thugs on the other side of the hall.

I sprinted in the opposite direction until I came back to the room with the bomb. I didn't have much time so I grabbed the whole chair and ran out again quickly. I could smell sea air so I knew I would have to swim but that meant I could throw the bomb into the sea where it would be useless. I spent what felt like an hour but was probably really only five minutes looking for any room with a window. It wasn't easy hiding from the guards. There were only so many corners and rooms to hide in. Finally I found what I had been looking for. I whacked the window with the chair repetitively but it didn't budge. I cursed under my breath and began to pick the lock on the window with my belt buckle. When I heard the satisfying *click* I slid the window open and jumped out with the chair and the bomb in my hand.

Chapter VI

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The countdown continued. I was swimming front crawl, which I had learned in police training. I was struggling to stay afloat with the weight of the chair and the bomb weighing me down.

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Realising that there was nothing else that I could do I dropped the bomb, hoping it would quickly sink and that I could get away before the explosion. I began counting in my head

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I had no possible way of knowing the range of the explosion at this point. My nerves were shot, my heart was pounding and I felt queasy from the nerves. Then came the explosion.

Chapter VII

The impact propelled me forward to the shoreline. I drifted away from consciousness. My eyes closed and I could do nothing to stop it. As I was drifting away (or was I asleep by this time and dreaming?) I saw the dead body of the madman lying beside me. My head lolled backwards and the next thing I saw was a plain white roof. I quickly sat up, anxious to survey my surrounding. There was a tube in my body and an oxygen mask was over my face. But most importantly and surprisingly there was a group of my friends and nurses sitting around their mouths open with shock. Then came waves upon waves of hugs, screams of joy and tears. Apparently I had been in a coma for one month and six days. In that time the madman's body had been found, his island base discovered and all his thugs apprehended and imprisoned. But there was one more thing that had to be done. We had to bring back Brian Boru's torc and they wanted me to do it.

6 Days Later...

My nerves were shot but it was nothing to do with a bomb or a madman. Although I was sitting waiting in the Hubbard Museum. "And now, ladies and gentlemen please welcome the man who brought back our precious torc," said the lord mayor. "Ronan Doherty!"