

Prologue

“Stupid” Taoiseach Garrett Fitzgerald was being especially unhelpful and pejorative yet again on this particular matter. The year: 1985. The date: 4th of March. The time: 10:54. The Taoiseach was sticking to his point and as discussions ran into a second day tempers were running high and most people were generally fed up. The Northern-Irish government and the Oireachtas were having an emergency meeting about the IRA, they had gone too far. The deaths of five RUC police-men in the last year had been due to the IRA’s continuous and vicious attacks with two or three month intervals on RUC members. Both Prime ministers had agreed they needed a way to keep an eye on the IRA. Garrett Fitzgerald was in favour of a full scale arrest, which involved storming into the IRA headquarters and arresting all of the IRA leaders. What he didn’t seem to understand is that by doing that he would be sending 100 odd RUC and Garda Siochana to their deaths. Everyone except Garrett Fitzgerald seemed to be in favour of setting up a secret service. Garrett Fitzgerald, being the proud man he was wouldn’t admit to defeat and kept using his seemingly effortlessly created heroic phrases like “A country in times like this with secrets is untrustworthy and can rely on getting next to nothing for bail-outs.” He continuously said. “The IRA are on the brink of causing a full-blown repeat of the 1970’s,” is what most people said was the biggest concern. Garrett Fitzgerald still wouldn’t concede the point that a secret service was badly needed.

After six days of angry discussions Garrett Fitzgerald finally gave into the power of numbers, not to happily one might add. He knew he was beaten; there were too many people for having a secret service...

Chapter I

John Carey was very excited today, he was about to commence his first day of ISIO (The Irish Secret Intelligence Operations) training along with 30 other specially picked men and women to participate in the pilot programme (Code-name: Operation Naomh Pádraig Glas. Translation: Green St. Patrick.) If operation Green St. Patrick succeeded Alan Shatter was to become the first secretary, and the first president had not been decided yet. . .

Killian O' Dowd walked slowly up the steps of Leinster House, his gait nonchalant and easy going. He was engaged in deep conversation with one of the senior members of the Sinn Féin political party. Killian O'Dowd was a junior member of the Sinn Féin party. Although young, he was well known and well liked by people both inside and outside Sinn Féin. But what no-one knew was that Killian didn't spend his spare time reading or watching TV, he was secretly a committee member of the IRA. They had spies in the discussions that had been taking place over the last few days.

The committee of the IRA were having discussions of their own, if there was going to be spy amongst their committee it would sabotage the whole operation, and the element of surprise would be lost.

Chapter II

John Carey scratched his grizzled chin. He had been given heavy criticism in every training exercise so far. Most of it was directed at his impatience and his haste to commit to situations, most of this kind of criticism was probably because of a quick stint in the marines he had had eight years ago. In the marines you were taught to do everything quickly no matter what the cost. The ISIO said they were looking for patient agents that could bide their time and wait for the right opportunity. But casting aside John's impatience he could take a gun apart and put it back together in sixteen seconds, he could hit a target right between the eyes from anywhere within 2000m and he was a second dan black belt in martial arts.

John knew he had the right skill set and the ability to pull all of them out with uncanny accuracy and speed, which should have been enough to qualify for the ISIO, but the ISIO were the hardest military trials John had ever read about or heard of, they were a different format to all the other trials, the ISIO tested your mental faculties and unfortunately they were not looking for swashbuckling, foolhardy men who were not up to scratch mentally, that more or less ruled John out of the running.

Chapter III

He picked up the phone;

Caller: Hello

Responder: Hello, who is this?

Caller: I'm keeping it on a need to know basis, I tell you what to do and you do it.

Responder: OK

Caller: This new organisation, the ISIO, their actions, currently are concerning to our plans and future hopes.

Responder: I understand

Caller: We have a mission for you, Write this down...

Responder takes out a blue biro

Responder: Keep going...

Caller: You will be met at B hours on Liberation Street under the piers. You will ride on the Uncle Gus.*

Responder decodes the message on a pad of sticky notes.

Responder: Thank you.

Caller: Good Bye.

* "Uncle Gus," is Cockney Slang for bus" *

Chapter IV

Mr Lance Dickinson was eccentric, scrawny, but extremely agile. His mind was as agile as his body, and for that reason he had become a private detective after he left school. People liked to pick on Lance when he was at school, but Lance had a sharp mind and sharp mouth and won any verbal battles there may have been.

He was now twenty-nine years old and had the wisdom of a man who had lived way beyond a century. Now his hazelnut coloured, calculating eyes passed over the apartment. He saw the pad of sticky notes beside the phone, the clue would be there. Very often criminals wrote on a pad of sticky notes with a biro forgetting to rip out the page below leaving an imprint of what was written, and indeed there it was “O’Connell St. at 2 o’clock under the spire, go on the bus”

It was now half one and he was in the Merrion Square apartment block. The bus wouldn’t get him there in time. He would have to run like HELL.

Chapter V

He tucked his scarf into his jacket, and shivered, he slid his hand around his favourite pistol, it was a West German Heckler and Koch P9 1965. He scratched the slight stubble that was on his chin, although he had recently shaved his chin the stubble still remained. He looked at his watch. Why were they keeping him waiting? He shivered again, his pistol seemed cold and heavy in his hands, they were numb and so were his extremities. He cursed the Irish weather under his breath. When he was in America the weather was warm and dry... He cut himself off mid-thought, that was a long time ago now and he tried not to think about it. He was on the other side now and that was all that mattered.

He was about to shiver again when he saw a scrawny young man sprinting down the road towards him, he immediately dropped into a defence Tae-Kwondo stance ready to make the first move if the man tried to attack him. Three more seconds and the man would be upon him, now he had a choice to make he could either make the first move, or he could wait for the other man to make the first move. With bigger opponents he would have taken up a defensive position straight away, but this was a smaller opponent, and he fancied his chances. He changed to an attacking position and swung his foot to take the man's legs from under him in one fluid movement. He waited for the satisfying thud as body hit the ground, and the bone shaking crunch as foot connected with leg. These sounds never came his opponent was suddenly behind him and he kicked out his opponent dodged; he never seen anyone move so fast. The opponent dealt three quick jabs into his ribs. They dealt blows to each other, never concluding the battle; anytime someone went in for the final blow the other always dealt a quick jab to the head or solar plexus. Both men were injured horribly with twelve broken bones between the two of them.

Right at the end when it was clear the opponent was going to win John threw the only move he hadn't tried; he did a flying rugby tackle but opponent dodged and John knew it was too little too late. He allowed himself to be handcuffed and led away.

Epilogue

Later in the police station...

Lance Dickinson: John Carey, how long have we been after you?

John: (Spits and curses) 12 years since I got rejected from them damn secret service trials

Lance: What happened to you after that?

John: I joined the IRA, I was desperate for a job, I needed the money...

Lance: Fair enough, but why the IRA?

John: Is it not obvious; I'm one of the best trained men in the world and I can't even get into the small time secret services. I needed a way to get back at the ISIO. (Muttering stupid Military trials)

Lance: Well John military trials are the least of your worries at the minute because you're going to jail for a very, very long time

The End

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