

## **'The Chains of the Past'**

by Jerry Weng

It was the 15th of December, just after midnight. On this cold, lonely night, a man looked up at the white, round marble in the sky, wondering about how and where his life went wrong. His parents had taught him to be a good and honest man, and he was; until he entered the world of politics. There, swayed by the wealth and power he could gain, he became a different person. He accepted bribes, co-operated with criminals, laundered money and got involved in the drug trade. He had felt no remorse, as by then his parents had died tragically in a car accident, so he had no one to bring him to his senses.

This all changed when he met his wife, Isabella, two years ago. After they had a child together, the man realised he had to change. He wanted his son to be an honest and good person, but how could he teach his son when he himself wasn't? And so, just a few months ago he decided to turn himself in and to rat out his fellow politicians. Thanks to his co-operation, he was let off scot-free as the information he held could potentially cleanse Wales of all corrupt politicians and collapse the drug trade.

This man was Kile Mason. He was short and thin, with nut-brown hair and diamond blue eyes. He had a babyface, which still made him look young despite being over forty years old. It's what netted him his wife. He was currently looking at the moon from Clongriffin dart station, in North Dublin. He had come over from the overnight ferry from Fishguard, Wales for some alone time, as in a week's time he would constantly be in court, giving evidence and testimony. Well, he wasn't completely alone.

There were four other men with him. All of them towered over Kile, and he could see every line of their muscles tensing against the black tuxedo suits they were wearing. They hadn't spoken a single word yet, other than "this way, sir" and "" wait, sir". It was really unnerving for Kile, and he wasn't enjoying his time. He thought he could shake his bodyguards off by getting off the Dart at a random station, but they kept up with him easily. Kile signed as all the men stood around him in a circle. He understood that he did need protection. After all, politicians like him who decided to rat out other politicians usually ended up dead, and he hired these body guards because he did not want to end up like Jeffrey Epstein. But they'd stuck to him like glue, and he'd had no privacy for the past few weeks.

But the thought of his future kept him going. After all of this was over, he and his wife would move to somewhere exotic and live peacefully. Truthfully, what he was doing wasn't just for his family. He just wanted nothing to do with it anymore. He could not wait to cut ties with his past and start anew. Maybe charity work?

Kile smiled at the thought, and checked his phone for the time. 00:25 am. Strange. The private train he had arranged using his connections and money was supposed to be here twenty five minutes ago. Kile shivered, and let out a frosty breath. It was freezing out there at the station, and all he was wearing was jeans, a shirt and a leather wool jacket. Kile looked at the bodyguards. They weren't fazed at all by the cold. It was like they were robots.

Suddenly he heard footsteps coming from the entrance. Instantly, all the guards became alert, and one of them drew their pistol, a CPX-2 9mm pistol, which all of them carried.

However, it turned out to just be a teenager, probably off to take the train like him. He motioned to his guards to relax and let the teenager go, and went back to staring at the moon-

Suddenly, a thought dawned upon Kile. There were no official trains running at midnight, and only he knew about his private train, so what was this teenager doing here?

His thought was cut short when suddenly a bright light filled the station, blinding him.

The teenager had activated a flashbang that had been struck to the bottom of the station roof.

Two shots rang out.

Blinded by the light and dazed at the ears, Kile tumbled out of his seat at the station.

When he regained his sight and hearing, two of the guards were already dead, lying face up on the ground. Blood covered their faces and Kile could see the two bullet holes in their skulls.

Panicked, Kile got up screaming and attempted to run. The two remaining guards yelled at him to stop, but he didn't listen, as his mind was racing and filled with panicked thoughts. But before he could get to the exit a shot rang out from the dark.

“AAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!”

Kile let out a blood curdling scream as he hit the stone pavement. Pain was coursing up his right leg. He had been shot. He clutched his leg in agony while crying in pain.

The remaining two guards immediately started firing at the place where the shot came from, but all they hit were the iron bars on the other side of the railway tracks. As soon as the guards gun clips were empty, the teenager jumped out from underneath the station platform and shot one of the guards in the head. He then threw his gun at the last remaining guard, knocking the guards gun out of his hands.

The last guard could not believe what he was seeing. In just a few minutes, a teenager had just killed off four of the other guards with pinpoint accuracy. Deciding to use his body mass to his advantage, the last guard rushed in. He swung a right hook aimed at the temple, but the teenager leaned back just enough for the hook to miss. The guard then tried another left hook but was met with a sidekick, sending him backwards. Using this opening, the teen tackled the guard onto the ground, and in an instant had the guard in a triangle chokehold. The guard could do nothing as his neck was snapped by the teenager.

All of this was seen by Kile, who had propped himself up against the wall.

The teenager got up from the ground and turned to Kile, finally giving Kile a proper look at the teen.

He was small, but seemed tall. He was thin, yet seemed insanely brawny. He had jet black hair, and in the night his ruby red eyes almost seemed to glow. And those demonic eyes struck fear right into the heart and soul of Kile.

“De-demon!” Kile screamed while backing up more against the wall.

The teenager laughed.

“Well that’s awfully rude! What have I done to you?”

He then saw Kile’s bloody leg. “Ah right. I shot your leg, that’s what I did! Apologies for that, I had to, otherwise, you would have ran away, and I can’t have that. You’re the main character of my assassination after all.”

Kile wasn’t listening. He was desperately looking around for help. Surely with all the explosions, gunshots and screams, someone would come and help him! Additionally he’d activated his emergency button, so any moment now this kid would be shot-

As if he could read his mind, the teenager squashed any hope he had left.

“No one is coming for you. I’ve jammed all communication devices, and my men have surrounded the entire area of Clongriffin”.

Kile went as white as a ghost.

“W-w-w-what do you want? W-w-w-who sent you here?”

The teenager gasped in fake shock.

“So many questions! Unfortunately, I can’t answer any. Although…”

He raised an eyebrow in amusement.

“Surely you know why I’m here and who sent me? I would think it’s pretty obvious.”

In anger, Kile spat out every single curse word known to man. Those rat bastards! They actually sent an assassin!

The teenager took out a small, simple pocket knife.

Kile looked at the blade with fear and agony. He didn’t want to die. He still had his whole life ahead of him!”

“L-l-look, I’m a rich and powerful man, if you can tell me your name I can give you whatever you want-”

He stopped when he saw the demonic smile.

“My name is Taino, and I want your life.”

Kile tried one last time.

“Please… I was going to save Wales… I was going to change my ways and live honourably… I was going to start a charity…”

“Oh shut it.”

This time, Taino’s voice had gone ice cold.

“You think you can wash the blood off your hands and just walk away scot-free? Be a saint while your past tainted as much as mine?”

Taino laughed coldly.

“Dream on. The past is always there, you can’t erase it.”

Taino readied his blade, when Kile spoke again, this time without fear.

“I’ll see you in hell, Taino.”

Taino smiled demonically once more, his ruby red eyes glowing.

“You silly man, hell doesn’t exist.”

That was the last time Kile spoke.

Taino sighed. He hated this job. It was time for a change. School maybe? Wiping the blood off his face, he looked up at the moon. He then left the station, humming to himself.