

Operation
REVERT

One MI6 agents fight against terrorism suddenly turns him into an enemy of the state.

** Brian Fulton **

(OPERATION REVERT)

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Dedication

I would like to thank my family and friends who have given me the encouragement to take this big step in my life. A HUGE thank you goes out to my wife Louise who has been my biggest supporter and advisor in completing of this novel. I also need to thank my children Ethan and Christian for all the hugs and kisses that kept me upbeat throughout the making of this story. I would also like to apologise to my parents for the number of C-bombs and other profanities that are heavily used throughout this book.

LOVE YOU ALL

Chapter 1 – Jason Wright

Where do I start? I suppose everyone needs a name to begin an introduction. Well, mine is Jason; I am thirty-two years old. I am five foot eleven inches tall, muscular build, fifteen stone on a good day, hazel eyes and short dark brown spiky hair. I was born in Northern Ireland and moved to Canada when I was only a few months old. This was because my father was under threat from the RVA (Republican Volunteer Army). They are one of a few Republican terrorist organizations that infest my homeland like vermin. I've built up a great hatred towards the RVA from a young age; this grew as I gained more of an understanding of who they were and what motivated them to kill.

Currently

I am sitting in a secluded part of Black Mountain overlooking the flickering lights of Belfast City with my best friend Mark. On a beautiful moon lit night in July. The moon was shimmering down its dull blue light over everything it touched creating a hazy atmosphere. The street lights seem to dance and glisten in the distance which made the sprawling and troubled city almost look alive. It was surreal. All you can hear up here is the faint hum of traffic which almost puts me to sleep. The local wildlife seems to be in slumber, ignoring our presence as we wait for surveillance information to be passed back to us in a live operation taking place below us in a Republican housing estate.

Sometimes I wonder how I got to where I am today and to be honest it hurts my head just thinking about it. I guess I always thought about Northern Ireland while I was residing in Canada and had made plans to move in with my grandparents after graduating high school. However, in 1996 to my delight, my family decided it would be in all our interests if we moved back home together due to aging grandparents and losing touch with loved ones. I was seventeen at the time and was soon to understand why my parents were so reluctant to make a move back home to a place they supposedly loved. I remember the excitement of making the transatlantic journey. The feeling of contentment, knowing it's not just a visit. We were about to re-establish ourselves back where we belong. Most of our family including both sets of grandparents lived in and around a picturesque part of the country called Cookstown located in County Tyrone. We had to move into our grandparent's house which was situated just on the outskirts of the town. We would have to stay there until my parents could save up for a deposit for a place of their own. It took them just over a year before they found a house we all liked in a growing housing estate in Portadown.

My story starts to take hold in 2002 after attending University in Londonderry or Derry as some people call it. I just obtained a degree in IT and was itching to find my dream job that would make me loads of money to buy a fancy car and a big ass house to park it in. Unfortunately, it was not going so well on the job front as I had to take a few jobs on temporary contracts and worked in some pretty shitty places. Gears and Son's sausage roll factory, being the worst of the lot. Never had I seen so many unhygienic people working together under one roof. They were coughing and spluttering over the freshly baked goods as they quickly trundled past them on the processing line. I even saw a few scratching in their ear and nose holes while wearing their latex gloves and what disturbed me, even more, was the fact they were still handling and packing the food with those same gloves. How I felt for the unsuspecting public, who were purchasing these products and all the contaminants that came with it. It put me off them for life. I will never forget the one positive thing the factory did for me. It forced me to rethink my life. I promised myself bigger and better things! And from that very point in my life, that's just what happened!

I never talked about my work or personal affairs with my family or friends as I liked to keep that side of my life private. There was no hidden agenda; I have always been like that. It was never an issue to other people as I made friends easily enough without giving too much away about myself. During my daily car journey to work, I started to take more and more notice of the army check points I encountered periodically on the roads. I had always admired how tough looking the soldiers were and how they always looked prepared for a fight! The way each one assessed a part of the surrounding area, looking for that small element that didn't sit right. Always alert and ever ready.

The massively armoured Land Rovers looked menacing. The exterior was painted dull grey which to me made it appear like a small tank. How that chassis took the weight of it was beyond me. The thick green glass of the bullet proof windows in the land rover looked intimidating to some, but I always thought they looked cool. The soldiers would usually block the road to allow a single lane of controlled traffic to go through and occasionally stopped and searched cars for weapons or wanted people.

They usually had a printed manifest outlining military intelligence that would help them highlight the cars they needed to focus on. I kept wondering what action the soldiers might have seen, how many terrorists they may have taken out if any? I used to think about the Army so much I applied to join it a few months later as I wanted to be a part of that team.

When I was in the recruiting office in east Belfast, I was watching a lot of the younger men checking out the Army holiday posters. These training trips are fully paid on behalf of her Majesty. I had to laugh to myself as I found it funny that for some of these boys that could have been the deal clincher for signing up. I had my own reasons for joining, and it wasn't for the free fucking ski trips let me tell you. The office looked minimalistic and the furniture uncomfortable. I sat down waiting for the recruitment officer to come over to me, but he was dealing with a potential recruit; the applicant looked like a fucking worm to me, kitchen staff at best. Stop slagging people off Jason, your better than that, I thought to myself. I kept looking over at the coffee machine, wondering if I would have time to have one before he calls me.

I stand up anyway and walk over to the clapped-out looking machine and search my pockets for change. Hmm, it looks like I don't have to pay as the money hole was blocked, fantastic; I will have another before I leave. Just as I am about to sit my ass back into the chair, the recruitment officer calls me over. "Jason Wright!" He shouted out as he stood up and leaned over his desk from his cubical, watching me approach with a grimaced look on his face like he has better things to do than talk to me.

As I walk over and sit down, I noticed we did it simultaneously. Well, I am faced with a ginger cropped haired recruiting officer called Chris Pearson, as his name is engraved in brass on a little id bar across his left chest. I love building profiles on people and try to take everything in as he is talking to me. I start with the basics; he is clean shaven and well-spoken. Most likely attended college. A bit rebellious as he has a tattoo peeking just above his collar. His right hand has bruised knuckles from punching an object or some poor sods face, due to the coloration of the bruises, it must have happened at least three days ago.

Eye brows looked plucked, and nails looked too over done to be heterosexual. He is sloppy with his ironing as I observed double creases in his jacket and shirt. This would suggest his lack of ambition within the military, he is probably no higher than a corporal, not that I could spot any identifying ranks on his uniform, but rest assured a higher-ranking officer would never let such a small thing go unnoticed. The whiter patch of skin behind his watch tells me he has obviously not been in Northern Ireland the last couple of weeks and was posted or on holidays in a hotter climate. As I snap out of it and actually take in what the man had to say, he informed me that my degree would allow me to be trained as a Captain, to which I was over the moon with. Happy days!

I fill out the forms he has given me as he photocopies my passport and drivers licence. I thank Sargent Pearson for his time and make my way past the coffee machine again to take one for the road, for my train journey home. It's not long before I received a letter inviting me down to Ballymena for an informal lunch with a Colonel Lyndhurst. The days dragged by thinking about the meeting, but it wasn't really until the night before I was to go up to Ballymena when reality hit me.

This was the point in my life that things were possibly going to change for the better; the tide was turning so to speak.

When I was on the train to Ballymena, I couldn't help thinking why a lunch instead of a formal interview? I could not put my finger on it, but it seemed odd to me. I was looking around the train carriage and thought the train looked empty for this time of day. As the snacks trolley finally makes an appearance, I purchase two chocolate bars and a diet cola. The trip took no time as I was transfixed by watching the countryside fly past me in the huge picturesque windows of the train. At Ballymena station, the train slows to a crawl and then finally stops.

I quickly gather my belongings and rubbish and depart the train with excited adrenaline running through my veins. The weather was overcast and a bit cold which was the norm for Northern Ireland. As I am walking towards the taxi ramp to pay for a lift to the base, I was hoping the rain would stay away as I hate having to keep fixing my hair.

I climb into the back of a waiting taxi and buckle myself in, I was building up in my head what sort of questions he was going to ask me and the possible model answers I could give back as I am sure he will be consistently probing my character for my suitability of the position on offer. I arrive at the gates of the Ballymena base and get out of the taxi. I am now walking towards the security barriers, and I feel like the whole place is watching me; which I don't know why but makes me a little nervous. I stand a little taller holding myself with confidence as I approach two steely eyed soldiers guarding the main entrance. I hand them my letter which was read in its entirety. They then check the visitors' roster for the day and confirm the information I gave them. I am searched and put through a metal detector before being given instructions on how to make my way to the mess hall. Walking through the base felt good as I had a sensation that I was surrounded by like-minded people with the same morals as I had. Coming into the mess hall, I couldn't help but notice Colonel Lyndhurst himself was the only person in the big empty room.

He was sitting at a table at the back and didn't look at me while I approached him; he appeared to be reading the papers he had in front of him, flicking through them quickly back and forth in his hands. I couldn't even tell you if he was reading them or organizing them. "Sit down Jason," He said without breaking his concentration on the papers he was currently looking at. "I understand you come from Portadown, did you have a pleasant journey?" he said. I replied, "Yes sir."

He then asked me what I fancied to eat for lunch even though it was only 10am in the morning. He recommended the grilled chicken and immediately proceeded to shout over to the kitchen our order without conferring it with me. Someone in the back of the kitchen shouted back "Yes, Colonel!" The conversation we had over the next hour had nothing to do with the army which confused me greatly. After eating our early lunch, he looked at me and said: "You passed!" I was taken back as it didn't seem like an interview at all; it was all a little unbelievable, to be honest. The Colonel took me for a tour around the base and asked me what type of work I was interested in? I replied I would like to go into the intelligence corps as I wanted to fight terrorism in Northern Ireland. "Yes, that would suit you I think. You fit the profile of the kind of candidates we are looking for at the moment. I will make the arrangements", the Colonel replied. With that, he escorted me to the front gates and sent me off with a firm handshake. I am now standing in front of the base, wondering where the time had gone. I was feeling euphoric as I now felt I was important. With a huge grin on my face, I pull out my phone and use the number the taxi man gave me to book him for a lift back to the train station. On my train journey, back home to Portadown I was going through the conversation I'd had with the Colonel in my head, analysing what was said, trying to work out what made him say "You passed?" I could only think that this was too easy and that they had an ulterior motive for the decision.

I was honest about who I was and wondered if they had Intel on me already, did they pass me for that reason? I could just hear my friends telling me to wind my neck in. Still, I couldn't help myself connecting the dots, slowly building a picture of what they might want from me. The strange things that have happened to me over the years made a little more sense when I put them in perspective. When I was in my early twenties, I believed I was under surveillance by the security forces. There were plausible reasons behind why I would think this. I don't believe it was because I was a bad person, not evil but there were points in my life if I had to do over again, I would have taken a different path. I believe that certain people could be a focus for authority's due to the friends they hang around with. Was I guilty by association?

My circle of friends consisted of a wide range of people who come from every sort of background possible as I based my friends on who they were and not where they come from. This gave me an incredible insight into the many different sections of the community in Northern Ireland.

I met my 1st group of Roman Catholic friends at college through a few wood work classes we shared. We hung out together doing what mates do, going out clubbing, attended house parties and from time to time coming home drunk, with my friends singing pro-RVA songs, which I didn't take part in. They were good lads; I knew they would have my back if I got into any trouble which was the case on a few occasions. They stood up for me even though I didn't support their cause and was a Protestant. Their families were very friendly towards me, often having long chats, taking a real interest in what I was doing and how I was keeping. I remember this one time before we went out clubbing. I bought this tube of fake tan and swore this was my secret for pulling all the ladies. So, all the lads wanted to try it. We were all fighting for a spot in front of the hallway mirror, rubbing this fake tan on our faces and arms. It was a rare sight to say the least, when Brandon's mother came walking in and asked us what we were doing, with a big grin on her face. It's moments like this why I keep in touch with them, even today.

These were the friends I met with periodically.

I then have the 2nd group of mates that are made up of Loyalists Protestants and Roman Catholics. We would often poke fun at ourselves and each other with derogatory remarks about the other's religion, never taking offense. I met these fellas through work and friends of friends. We all had nick names which reflected a part of our personality. Some of the nicknames were suited like "Stains" who got the name from always spilling food and drinks down his shirt on a night out. "Mongol" was another name of a mate who always behaved like he had severe learning disabilities. He was fearless and always talked with a stupid put on accent which made us laugh, and others cringe. He also loved to walk around a nightclub trying to chat up as many ladies as possible using his radical theory based on the law of averages. Which to his credit actually worked as he would at least pull one or two during the night!

We then have "Rock Star" who had the long hair and every visual characteristic that would associate him to that of an 80s rock god. Pulling ladies came easily to him as he stood out from the crowd. He is best known for not sharing his takeaways after a drunken night out. Then we have "H-Block" who is Roman Catholic; the name was given to him because of our stereo typical view of the RVA movement. He was once asked on a weekend trip over to England how he wanted his breakfast, to which I then blurted out "Shoved under the door!" referring to the way prisoners are served their meals.

We used to also make fun of him by connecting him with dirty protests; this was over silly things like, hurry up and bring H-Block a drink before he shits all over the walls. He liked the nick name too and gave as good as he got. Last but certainly not least we have "Browner". Aptly named because of the reckless way he drove his expensive sports car. If you got a lift off him, you would shit your pants during the car ride or come very close to it!

These were the friends I had the most fun with.

I then have a 3rd group of friends that were more sensible but still great fun to hang around with. It was also a mix of Roman Catholic and Protestants. This group usually liked to go out to more Roman Catholic areas such as Newry or Warrenpoint. We never joked about religion in this group, and everyone respected each other's beliefs. We had fanatic pulling competitions when we went clubbing seeing how many women we could pull in the night and the ranking of each one.

I have to laugh at this one time when we didn't pull any, and we were almost sobbing on the way home convinced we were ugly. We all loved the gym, and every one of us was vainer than the other.

This is the group of friends I hung around the most with.

I then have the 4th group of friends who through different social outings became very prominent in my life. These friends were people of influence. Their reputation earned through fear and respect. Their missions were highly successful and deadly. People would call them freedom fighters, family or even friends like I did but others would call them gangsters or even terrorists. These friends were broken down into two Loyalists associations which were the Ulster Commandos and the Loyalist Freedom Fighters.

These were the friends I learned the most from.

I can remember the first time I met my link to the Ulster Commandos. It was when I was a cashier at a petrol station which was nearby to where I lived in Portadown. This was one of the not so crappy jobs I did part time in my youth while at college. It paid for my new car and gave me a bit of extra money for clothes and of course the weekends on the lash. While working a Friday evening, I noticed the manager Tom faffing around with a wad of money which he counted two or three times before sticking it in a brown envelope.

"Jason," Tom called. "There is a man coming to collect the shop's oil money at 9 pm, make sure he gets this envelope." "No problem, does he have a name?" I replied. Tom shouted back, "His name is Ryan". Tom was on his way out to support the men in his lodge at a protest taking place in a field near the M1. I belonged to the same fraternity but a different lodge and would be camping at the rally later that night after my shift. As Tom walked out of the shop, he said he would be back in time to lock up. I waved him off and helped myself to a few of the pick-an-mix beside the cash register. I was anxious to how the protest was going as it was bringing Northern Ireland to a standstill, so I turned on the radio to listen out for any news on it. Practically dead on 9 pm, a man walks up to the counter waiting to be served. I go back around the cash desk to see this huge fella in a very stylish and expensive looking black leather coat. He had a big smile on his face and looked friendly enough. "How are you mate? You got the oil money for us?" he said. I told him I did and asked him his name to which he replied "Ryan." I then went into the back office to pick up the brown envelope for him. When I came out, Ryan had helped himself to a handful of the pick-and-mix.

He was shaking the sweets about in his hand while investigating the cigarette rack at the back of the counter. I handed the oil money over, and Ryan quickly stuck it in his inside pocket and left. I didn't think any more about it as it wasn't my money or any of my business and went back to listening to the news on the radio. As the weeks turned into months and the months turned into years, I found myself being on friendly terms with our so-called oil suppliers. I understood from day one it was protection money to fund the Loyalists group who operated in our area. They used to come in all the time selling counterfeit Euros and the latest pirated DVDs and dance CDs. I would buy a lot of stuff from them, and I would also give them a discount on their purchases. Swiping some items past the till scanner and letting others go straight into their shopping bag. I thought I was the big man by ripping off the shop as the owners were millionaires and had stores all over the country. So, I didn't feel bad about robbing the rich to help the working class.

It was New Years, and the boys were around again. I was invited by Ryan as a guest to his night club which was inside a football stadium on the outskirts of Lurgan. It was a Friday night, and I got a taxi there for around 8 pm. The party was huge and in full swing by the time I arrived! The music was rave, and I loved it! The lasers and strobe lights were almost going in sequence to the base of the music which was mesmerizing. The food was amazing, and the booze was in abundance. One of the guys came out of nowhere and dropped a couple of small pills in my hand.

I didn't do drugs, so I just stuck them in my pocket and thanked the guy for them. I was still in awe at the high-tech disco in a football club of all places; you can tell big money was spent on it. As I was being introduced to everyone, I felt like a king. Everyone was really nice and friendly. I was particularly enjoying being surrounded by the girls who kept asking me to talk as they liked my strange Northern Irish / Canadian accent. I was kissing one girl to the left of me, then the other on my right. The party was unbelievably good. I kept being dragged all over the place being introduced from one person to the other. Around 1 am a fella comes in and starts shouting that a well-known RVA man has been spotted twice driving past the front of the football ground. Half of the lads and two of the women walked out to investigate. I wasn't ready for what came next. Under one of the tables at the club, Ryan began to pull out a huge duffle bag and proceeded to dump it on top of the table. By the strain on his face while he was lifting it there was something weighty inside it. He continued to unzip the heavy bag which was jam packed with things that slowly began to protrude as he wrestled the zipper open.

It was like slow motion as everyone was pulling out rifles, locking and loading and running towards the exit doors with enough weapons to start a small war. The qualities of the armaments were second to none as they looked new or had been looked after well. I was shocked at all the different types of guns they had as I only ever seen weapons like these in the movies.

All the men and a few of the women made their way past me and over to the weapons. Some already had guns on them. Ryan looked at me in a way almost to say, your move mate. I didn't hesitate; I went over to the bag and gripped a small machine gun from it. Ryan nodded and smiled. "Welcome brother." He said before storming out the side door with an AK-47. Most of us made their way outside and placed themselves strategically along the road, carefully positioning their weapons, waiting for their chance to riddle the unsuspecting RVA twat. My actions were automatic, I didn't think about what I was doing, I just did it. While we were waiting for this drive past to happen again, I was still in awe of the fire power they had. I wanted to hold the bigger guns, even maybe fire them into the air. We waited 30 minutes to see if we could spot the car again but knew he probably wouldn't risk another drive by. A few men stood guard outside as the rest of us headed back into the club. That famous volunteer would never realize how close he came to death that night.

We carried on partying and took turns doing watch throughout the night. I didn't get home until 5 am, and till this day; I still don't know how I got home. I just remember stinking of smoke, having more cash in my pocket than I went out with and a hangover from hell.

My parents were very worried and didn't sleep till I was home. Only for my sister telling me, I would have never known. I felt bad, but they had to let me live my life. I started to meet with the boys every so often at night clubs and on different outings in Belfast. I used to get excited when I got a text from them. I was one of the lads, a defender of Ulster. They continued to greet me with respect and made a big fuss over me which felt good. I remember one time they took a chair off this really big guy at our local pub in Lurgan where we often met at and gave it to me to sit on, as some kind of grand gesture. It was surreal, the guy gave his chair up without question; he just gave up without even making eye contact with the man. It was like he understood if he put up any kind of resistance it would end up looking like a challenge to their authority with all outcomes ending in the same way, the certainty of being beaten to death.

The pub we always hung out at was small; with most of the décor looking like it was last in fashion during the seventies. The low-level lighting in the pub gave the place a shadowy look and feel to it with windows that were small, and mirror tinted to only allow people to see out and not in. It stank of stale smoke, but you got used to it after a while.

There were all sorts of CCTV in and outside the place with the video being scrutinized every day by people looking for faces that didn't fit, developing profiles of patrons and keeping a data list of every car registration plate that entered their car park. The pub had doors that needed you to be buzzed in twice to gain entry to the pub. One door opened and the other stayed locked till it, in turn, was shut and locked before allowing the second door to be released. I found out later it was designed to prevent any one trying to run in and spray the joint with bullets. I never had to pay for anything as they always picked up the tab in the clubs and bars we often went to. They even gave me a grand to spend in Ibiza after Ryan inquired how much I was taking with me. "£500 wouldn't keep you, son," Ryan said while counting out the notes and then sticking it in my front pocket of my leather coat. It was the first holiday I took without my parents. All the positives I felt did not extinguish the shadowy presence I felt in their company which was always that of fear. I considered them my friends but I always, and I mean always chose my words carefully around them. As time passed I was officially sworn into one of the groups. I was then branded with a nick name "The Canadian" as my accent was strong and I didn't quite merge with the local dialect yet. They started me with low-level foot soldier jobs such as spraying graffiti in Republican areas, collecting protection money and selling counterfeit Euros. I even spent some evenings cutting down any road signs around the country that had any Gaelic dialect on it as that sort of stuff didn't belong in Ulster. I was also to attend function's and rallies to provide support if Republicans ever tried to attack the events. I recognize that some of the stuff I was doing was wrong but I couldn't exactly say no, could I?

The internal feuding and rifts always made me nervous as you didn't want anything heading back your way as it was always shoot first ask questions later. The knowledge I gained whilst in their company was to put in a word, fascinating! I picked up new tips on how to dispose of evidence; for instance, you would be amazed at what chlorine does to destroy forensic evidence. To the way you would carry out surveillance operations, always working in four men teams, using the latest technology. We had bunkers everywhere and made sure we didn't have all our munitions all in one place to make sure any losses through police or military finds were minimal.

When we had to transport stuff, we made sure to give the police a false taste of how we smuggle money and weapons just to take their focus off how we really moved our stuff about which was using more of a public transport method.

We also had a great way to launder our money, we would ask our people to hand in a bundle of cash worth up to ten thousand pounds to the police and say they found it in a field. The police would hold it for a short-allotted time and if no one could prove they lost the money it would be handed back to the person who found it. That's how we bought our fancy cars outright with clean cash. We also had friends in high places which were a huge help in our fight against the RVA. There was Intel handed to us that was so intricate that you could make accurate predictions with it as to when and where to hit, who to kill, where they frequented, patterns in movement. Without mentioning names, we had a high-ranking Republican's mobile phone movement traced over two weeks on a digital map with different colour lines representing the different days of the week 1 and week 2. It even had a time scale on it. Unfortunately for him, it made our job all too easy. It made me almost pity the security forces as to what they were up against as they had their hands tied with red tape but ours were not!

We also had our pick of weapons as they were smuggled in on fishing vessels from Morocco and other countries that did not care who they sold arms to as long as we had the world accepted currency, US Dollars, we could buy pretty much anything we wanted. One of the sneaky ways we used to get past the coastguard with our contraband was to have several submerged plastic tubes which kind of looked like torpedoes. They were attached underwater at the stern of the boat and travelled about five meters below the waterline behind us. They were also painted dark navy so they couldn't be seen from the surface of the water. So even when we were boarded they didn't find anything. I was always surprised how much stuff we could fit into them. I was enjoying all these jobs that paid me extremely well and thought about making it a career. It was all fun and games for a while until my friends tested my loyalty to the group. I had to kill two RVA men called Gabe and Peter McClean. I can remember the moment I was asked like it was yesterday. I was having a few pints with Ryan as we normally did in Belfast when Ryan just came out with it. "Jason, I need a wee favour off you." "Anything!" I replied. "Good lad, knew you wouldn't let me down. I need you to kill two fellas for me." Ryan said. I laughed at first but Ryan wasn't amused and just blankly stared at me while taking long drags out of his cigarette. I suddenly felt the hairs on my arms and neck start to rise as a cold chill went through me. I nodded and said, "no worries." Ryan then stubbed out his cigarette and downed the remainder of his pint.

He then got up on his feet and put his hand on my shoulder and leaned over near my ear and said: "I'll fill you in with the details later tonight." He then patted my shoulder twice before walking coolly out of the pub. When I got over the shock of the unexpected request, which in reality I knew was eventually coming. I took myself outside of the pub for some fresh air. I was already semi mentally prepared for this test.

I thought I was a hard man, but it didn't stop my guts turning and I understood all too well the consequences of turning down such a job offer. What helped me through it was later that night being told who they were and the evil deeds they had done. They have been on the news numerous times for terrorist related offences, but they never stay behind bars for long. When they appeal the charges, they always seem to magically be dropped due to lack of evidence or introduce serious doubt to the charge. It made what I had to do next much, much easier. They didn't give me a gun; I had a cut throat blade and a tiny stun gun. They gave me information on how to immobilise the brothers and use the blade to slice a major artery which in this case was the inside upper leg. It was to look like a mugging that went horribly wrong.

I got a taxi from Belfast to go home that night after being prepped at another pub which belonged to our group. I had literally one day to prepare. I didn't sleep much that night as I was racked with nerves. I got a bus into Lurgan and made my way over to a safe house where I got into gear that would disguise me as a Republican local. This was the easiest part of the mission. The club I was going to had no dress code and all the local scumbags were seen to frequent the place. I remember from my Intel that my targets would be there most Friday nights.

I was dropped off near the centre of Lurgan and began walking towards the rebel strong hold, making sure I avoid the police cameras as previously planned. It becomes all too apparent as to why the lads did not give me a gun. The six bouncers at the main entrance searched each person methodically.

You could tell who the RVA were as they just sailed past security without so much as a glance. My turn to be searched comes quickly but they find nothing. I have my weapons stuck in my hollowed-out rubber soles of my shoes.

While I was using the toilets in the club, I get my killing tools out and assemble them in a cubical. I placed them in my jean pockets, so I could access them easily now. I was amazed how relatively easy it was to sneak in so I felt things were going my way. Nevertheless, I took out a little package I hid in my under crackers and unwrapped it. I wet my little finger in my mouth and rubbed the fluffy white powder in and around my gums in a circular motion and then a little on the tongue. Just a few hits of coke to keep my senses sharp. The boys recommended it to me for jobs like this. I tried coke for the first time the week before to experience the effects. WOW! I can see the attraction as it keeps you really focused for a few hours at a time. I get out of the cubical and make my way over to the sink and mirror to wash my hands and fix my hair when I see my reflection. I nearly laugh aloud as I couldn't believe I was wearing this shitty top.

Don't get me wrong it was a nice navy polo shirt, but the sports team on it was everything I hated. I get the cologne guy to let me have a few sprays of his best stuff before leaving the gents toilet. As I grab a pint and scan the place over, I start to relax and enjoy the mission I was on. The music and atmosphere complemented the setting I was now in. I see a beautiful lass staring at me across the bar, and I stare back making sure she knew I noticed her. She had piercing blue eyes with long brown wavy hair and a body that would make a super model cry. I play it cool and turn away from her to make it look like I wasn't eager but unfortunately when I turned back she was gone.

My heart sank a little as she was perfect in every way, well almost every way I smirk to myself. I do however catch a glimpse of my targets and move closer to them as I need to have them continually in my sight. I need them to notice me and understand in their minds that I am not a threat to them. So, I start dancing with a few ladies near them to get their attention. All goes well, and they seem relaxed in my presence, so task one was done. Task two is to find a girl to walk with me behind my targets as the best place to hide is in plain sight. I feel a bit shit about this part of the task as I will only be using her to complete my mission. Plus, I have to knock her out.

As I was chatting up the ladies, I noticed this woman at the bar who was being a complete prick to the bartender. She gave him such a hard time and was so demeaning towards him I decided to use her as my walking partner. I made my excuses and left the girls I was with and make my way over to her. As she was walking to the dance floor, I bump into her knocking her drink out of her hand. "You fucking dickhead!" she shouts at me. "I am really sorry, how about I buy you two of the same as an apology?" I answered back to her trying to be as charming as possible.

"Fine, let's go!" she said in a strained voice while rolling her eyes. At the bar, I started to compliment the way she looks telling her that she was stunning and no one in the club was her equal. I was continually feeding her inflated ego. Which wasn't impressing her. As I was paying for the drinks, I made sure she saw the wad of notes I had in my clip to give the appearance I was a wealthy man. Too easy, I thought to myself as she was then all over me like a rash. Love or money as the saying goes. Task two complete. As I try to keep her at bay, I am continually watching the RVA pricks. Keep getting pissed boys I thought to myself, this after all, is your last night on earth.

The music stops, and the flood lights suddenly burst on illuminating every corner of the club in a brilliant white light which signalled the club was about to close. The bouncers were as always starting to kick out everyone like they do every weekend. I was in front of my targets going out the door, so I pulled my girl close to me for a lingering kiss against a wall outside until the boys had passed me. As the lads started their long stagger home, they took their regular route along Brownlow Terrace which is a semi secluded street which was perfect for what I was about to do. My Intel was impeccable. I also had no trouble convincing my girl to come back to mine and used her to keep the distraction off me in case the boys glanced behind them. I was gaining on them. I quickly got my blade and stun gun ready.

You know what? They never looked back once! ZAP! My girl was down. It was like a slow-motion ballet. Then ZAP! ZAP! In the neck of the two lads who dropped like a ton of shit. All three were out cold. The effect of the stun gun is short lived, so I had to work fast before they had the chance to come round. I quickly confirmed their identities before taking their wallets, watches, and rings. Their stuff was to be kept for later in case we needed to send a message to the RVA that we did it. I made the cuts where I needed to and then add a few more to make it look like a struggle. Some of the cuts I made spurting blood wildly in all directions. My face, arms and Fenian polo shirt were covered in blood.

I couldn't help thinking these dirty fucks may have all sorts of diseases and couldn't wait to get all these clothes off and shower. Now I have to erase my presence from the kills. I smeared their blood in every crevasse of the blade, but I used one of their hands to do it. This took away any prints that I may have put on it. I then took the other brother's hand to place the blade close to him. This was to make it look like they fought the attacker and got cherry picked of their possessions by the local hoods. As I get up to leave the area, I zapped my date again, so I could get at least a five-minute head start before she starts to make any noises.

As for the RVA cunts I left behind, well, I know they will keep their mouth shut. I was officially now a foot soldier in the Loyalist army. My reputation grew and was no longer walking on egg shells within the group as I passed my initiation with flying colours. This then brings me back to the strange occurrences that were frequently happening to me. I can remember this one time at College I was doing a graphic design course and was given a brief to design my own night club. The brief to me was piss easy; I was an expert with graphic design software and was convinced I was going to achieve a high grade. All we had to do was gather research; put together a few ideas for the interior and exterior of the building before making a final proof of a night club using 3D graphic software. I had the bright idea to drive to Belfast one night and get my friend Jamie to take some pictures out the window of my car as we drove past the clubs. The car I had at the time was brand new with eighteen-inch alloys, a white paint job, super-size spoiler on the boot and tinted black windows. It looked bad assed! I knew we would be doing this in style, maybe even picking up a few ladies along the way.

I wanted to take the pictures of the clubs from my car, so I didn't look like a dick with a camera with people jumping in front of my shots as I didn't have the temperament for idiots. Jamie took the pictures for me out the window of the car as I pulled up next to each of the clubs. We got some nice pictures of a few night clubs and a few phone numbers if memory serves me correctly before calling it a night and heading home. I was at my grandparents' house the next day when my father rang and spoke to my mum in an irate manner. "Jason! Laura!" my mother shouted, "We have to go home right now!" We said our goodbyes in a rushed manner and proceeded to the car where our mother was ignoring our questions to why we were heading home in a hurry. My mind was wandering about all sorts, but I was completely confident it had nothing to do with me. The sky was a beautiful pink dusk colour as we pull into our cul-de-sac, you could see all the neighbours out on the road, then the police Land Rovers, Police cars that were marked and unmarked along with the police constables and soldiers surrounding our house.

I didn't feel nervous as I didn't have anything at the house that would get me into trouble, but I did, however, change my mind as we pulled into our driveway, this was maybe something to do with me. My dad had his arms folded across his chest standing very solid. He was the only figure in the middle of all this I could instantly recognise right away. He was in a heated exchange of words to what looked like a detective. I say this as the man he was engaging in a shouting match with was not wearing any paraphernalia to connect him to the police or army. My mother's lips were trembling and her eyes wide. She was not taking this well and looked like she was going to break down in tears. The atmosphere was tense, and I was now convinced they were here for me. The detective and the rest of the officials stared at our car as a few police men and some of the soldiers approached us slowly, starting to take positions around our vehicle. We all stayed in the car as we were almost waiting for permission to get out. I see the detective, and my father walks quickly towards us. They opened my door right away and said to be calm as he held my arms and directed them to the roof of the car. They then began to search me. As they emptied my pockets and placed the contents on the roof, the detective was talking to me, but all I could hear was him mumbling at me as things began to slow down.

I was trying to take everything in that was happening around me. I'd look over my shoulder and see my father looking at me; his eyes were lit with rage. If there wasn't this circus going on, I think he would have caused me damage without even hearing my side of the story, that's if I knew what the story was to begin with. I was excited and nervous about the attention I was getting and was confident that my reputation was growing even bigger thanks to my nosy neighbours who will no doubt be spreading the word on the current antics. I even bet one or two of them will even exacerbate what happened, here's hoping I laughed to myself. "JASON! Stop fucking sitting there like you're some hard man, you little bastard!" Dad said through gritted teeth. I was sitting in the living room on the couch; I can't even remember walking through the front door? "If I find you were up to anything I will break your neck before throwing you out of this house." my father said with his face inches from mine; I couldn't stop staring at his huge canine teeth as his voice began to raise and his spittle hit my face. I know he loves me, he just shows his concern for me in a different way. My father ranted on about how he had spent the last few hours trying to stop these men from tearing our house apart looking for a gun!

Only by chance did my father know the man who oversaw this team, otherwise our house would have been totally wrecked looking for a non-existent gun.

The detective interrupted and explained to me that they had a search warrant and said: "We know you were in Belfast last night, we know this because we have your car on CCTV and traced the number plate." he said. That was fast I was thinking to myself. The detective continued; "We saw a bright flash of light coming out of your car and which could have been a muzzle flash. The report made to the Police, was from a bouncer that you'd tried to shoot him." the Detective continued.

I explained my circumstances and handed over my camera film to be developed and looked over by CID to verify my story. Everyone was staring at me whilst I was speaking. After what had seemed like no time, the circus that was my house, dispersed leaving me with a still irate dad and upset mum.

I was invited to the Portadown police station to pick up my camera and printed photos a few days later. Each of the photos was professionally printed out on A4 glossy paper which led me to believe they were examining every little thing in the photos. The Police men laughed about it and how such a little thing ended up being blown out of all proportion. That was Northern Ireland for you, innocent things like that could potentially end in a bad way. My dad still gave me a rollicking over my antics with the camera and what I did. Looking on the bright side of things, I did get two rolls of film developed for free, result! I then kept thinking about how excessive that response was by the security forces and why they would react that way with me?

On a very sunny day a few weeks later, I was on my way to the town centre to buy a new amp and stereo system for my car. I got into my car that was always parked in front of my parents' house. While in a seated position I lean out of the car and check underneath it before starting the ignition. I was told by my associates that this was the done thing to do to keep safe from bombs, as they all did it. I unexpectedly noticed an aerial; it was about three inches long sticking out my front passenger side wishbone. I felt my heart race and thought this was it; death has finally caught up with me. I nearly took the door off trying to run out of the car and into the house, thinking each step away from the car was a blessing from God.

No blast could be heard as I fall on my face in the hall way. "DAD! There is a bomb under my car!" I shouted. My dad came rushing down the stairs and went out immediately to investigate the underside of my car. I shouted over to him while walking back outside it was under the passenger's seat. My father went to the passenger side of my car and got on his side to get a better look at it.

"What the fuck?" said my father while staring at the inanimate object protruding out the hole. We both scrutinized the aerial and wondered how it got there? We looked at it for a while before my father lost patience and ordered me into the house. He then got into the car and kept the door open while he drove it.

Keeping the door open while driving a vehicle limits the blast pressure of a bomb. Nothing happened. He then pulled my car over, and we both looked at it again. As soon as we clapped eyes on the aerial it started to retract back into the little hole. My father then grabbed me by the arm and brought me across the road and up the street away from our house. "You know what that is?" my father asked me. "No?" I said.

My dad went on, "that's a fucking bug in your car, the security forces have been listening and tracking your movements! What THE FUCK have you been doing? Have you put your family in danger, HAVE YOU?!" My father kept shouting at me, and it was at that moment I started to acknowledge the error of my ways. I was dragging my family into something that had nothing to do with them; because of my bad life choices, I was putting my family at risk. If the spooks in the army were taking an interest in me, you can almost guarantee the RVA movement would be as well. They don't exactly care or take into account innocent bystanders when they want to take out a target. A bomb discriminates against no one. Within no time, I got rid of the car and bought a new one. I didn't want to tamper with the device and wanted it as far away from me as possible.

With these series of events I started to stay away from the Loyalist groups and as the years faded by so did the memory of my name amongst the ranks. I was a civilian again. I concluded that the interview at the army barracks was a sham; they must have used my national insurance number against me to sabotage my interviews for any jobs I went for until I finally went and sought the army out for work. I could keep calm under pressure, my hand would be steady even in the most distressing of situations, and I can tell you I have been in a few. I also had a nose for avoiding trouble as I always calculate my actions and probable outcomes to a high degree of accuracy. This turns out to be a set of skills the government would like me to develop further. The security forces saw the potential in me as an undercover MI6 agent that would work on operations in Northern Ireland and the Republic. I was never asked about my past endeavours or to divulge information on the people I used to knock about with. I wouldn't anyway; I'm not a fucking rat, I'm a patriot, loyal to my Queen and country. On a lighter note, while working for the government, I started to hear all sorts of rumours about MI5 and MI6 being part of the Illuminati organisation. A lot of my staff thinks it is entirely possible as the agency is engulfed in dodgy emblems such as the All-Seeing Eye. Even the art work on the wall has a weird look, almost all of it conveying some sort of hidden message.

I like to keep an open mind about it. The facts will always present themselves, so I was confident one day I could get to the bottom of it. To be honest, it keeps me curious about the organisation I am now working for, but I am more interested in my own country and solving their problems. Six months into my new job I am sent by my employers to a small B&B in a village near Whitehorse. There is around twenty of us being trained for different areas in the security service. We are not allowed into the base or the "Sweatbox" as it has been lovingly named by recruits until we have passed certain checks. There is a time clearance that we must stick to, so once we are in the base, we stay there for four weeks. I never make any attempt to be friendly with my peers as they are the ones who stand in my way of the leadership role I am after. I wanted to stand head and shoulders above the rest of them, and that wasn't going to happen if I started to let my guard down.

Training was beyond intense and very unpleasant at times, but there was no way around it, it had to be done. Even the days when my energy was sapped from me with endless workouts and anti-interrogation techniques that would deprive you of sleep for days at a time. I stuck at it. I made myself angry during these exercises and used it to my advantage as it made me even more determined to finish what I started. After successfully passing my training I was given my first assignment in Poland. It was the longest two years of my life. Most of the friends I use to have, now gone. All the while lying to my family and what few friends I had left, that I was in England working as a police officer. But now I am a success as I finished top of my field and now guaranteed leadership roles within the secret service. I was told at my low-key graduation by my mentor that I needed to be a ghost. I needed to blend into my surroundings and become that invisible man that takes everything in and lets nothing out, and that's just what I did.

Over the next three years, I was living in and out of different countries doing assignments I would never have dreamt of. Learning about things I wish I was never exposed to. You know when people say ignorance is bliss, it's true. There are images I can never get rid of, those awful thoughts of helpless victim's crunch around my head like glass. All those memories of faces frozen in death, their innocent lives snuffed out by cold blooded political killers, it changes you indefinitely. The laws have more clemency and tolerance towards terrorists and killers than the victims could ever hope for. My hands are ever bound by witless white-collar law makers, which makes my job hugely complicated in every way and slows my progress in bringing long overdue justice to the victims. I sometimes would look at the stars on a clear night and just burst into tears for no reason as I am over my head and well out of my comfort zone. I am turning into a wreck, but I keep it well hidden from everyone as it would show weakness.

I need to play it cool, or it could end badly for me. The agency has no empathy, no understanding or mercy for the weak. I am slowly finding out that the agency has an agenda which is clearly not in the UK's interests. Their agenda is hidden as we fight their war and everything else is considered collateral damage. I need to make my way back to Northern Ireland. I have done everything they have asked of me. Investigation after investigation, I consistently find myself locking horns with senior agents over the way I handle my cases. I continue to bring criminals in and connect them with hard evidence, undisputed evidence which is then, in turn, transforms into light sentences and acquittals as most of these psychotic terrorist killers are agents. My blood boils at the clemency they are shown!

It makes me remember a quote in the bible "Woe to those who call evil good and good evil; who put darkness for light, and light for darkness." (Isaiah 5:20) The quote from Isaiah fits what I am feeling right now. The sense of evil people walking this earth and allowed in politics. I don't want any part of it! To me it's easy. If the laws don't bring justice to the victims, I WILL! I changed completely, almost overnight. As I have a lot to answer for in the eyes of God. I will be paying for my atonement by doing good from now on. Regardless of what my puppet master's orders are. Evil is evil, put whatever spin you want on it. I will be a champion for good, this I swear. And for over seven years I did just that. I brought justice to the innocent and leak information beneficial to my vigilante brothers. The criminals now more than ever sense a presence they never felt before, it was called justice. Rumours and whispers of rogue agents that operate above the law spread throughout the underworld. Putting fear and uncertainty back with the criminals who were once untouchable are now themselves vulnerable. I did all this under the very nose of my handler's. As long as I did what I was told, and it didn't go against my new-found moral code, I had free reign for my side line projects. I was doing so well at the agency that I was given my very own team to lead, on an operation called REVERT.

Back to the present:

On a beautiful moon lit night in July; I am sitting in a secluded part of Black Mountain overlooking the flickering lights of Belfast with my best friend Mark. We are talking about our weekend and other crazy shit, just passing the time.

I am listening to Mark while drifting in and out of focus trying to follow the distant lights of the cars going up and down the M1 and around the little twisty roads of the housing estates. I was excited; I have been after this terrorist child killing bastard for years. Mr. Mordha is 38 years old with a new age hippie look to him. He now has a man bun in his hair, which is a big change from the shitty dreads he had. I guarantee that fucker never sees a bar soap but once a month.

This piece of shit has over twenty souls that I am aware of to his name with three of them being children. He goes by many aliases, Martin, Sean, with Gérard being his latest name change. The agency always uses the Christian names when building a portfolio which reveals the marks true identity, which in this case is Michael Mordha. This cunt gets funded by deluded American plastic paddies who think it's alright to donate to support groups for the RVA who in turn fund RVA bombs and guns that kill innocents on both sides in Northern Ireland.

They believe in the deluded Irish cause that masks the genocidal killings of men women and children who they think shouldn't be living in their country, even though those British families have lived there for hundreds of years. Then the same American plastic paddies have the audacity to cry about terrorism when it visits their country. Words escape me when faced with the sheer hypocrisy of the whole thing. The American wannabe Irish Republicans biasedness towards Ulster Protestants is beyond sickening! Could you imagine trying to explain to God when you die why you felt it was right to support the killing and maiming of a section of the community in another country because you feel they should live somewhere else because you don't agree with their culture or religion? Thank God, most Americans are not like that, just a minority of idiots that can't think for themselves.

The mess that is the RVA is cleaned up partly by temps from MI5, and MI6 from time to time. "Temps" is a code word we use for paramilitary killers. We pick them up from different groups and give them large sums of money to take out targets we think are a threat to the country. This is how the government keep their hands clean.

You hear about a gangland killing on the news; we see orders that have been issued and carried out. Due to the nature of the job, it's better not to form a friendship with any of the temps as they don't normally last too long in the land of the living as they often get killed through greed. The more jobs they do for us, the more cash they get but the risks are always the same. When they do get taken out, it is kind of a good thing for us as it ties up a loose end. When it comes to my own team, regardless of temps. I will study everyone in detail as secret service portfolio profiles mean nothing to me as I build my own views with each one of them. One of the temps I am using tonight is called Ian.

He has been with us for a few years and has been most useful so far, but has a bit of a temper. He is a Loyalist, which means he is loyal to Queen and country and usually from the Protestant community. Ian's tattoos were an interesting study into his persona. Firstly, all Ian's arms were inked using a bamboo tattooist which is the most painful way to be inked. This indicates he has a high pain threshold and therefore wouldn't shy away from a dangerous situation.

Secondly, he had two web tattoos, one on each elbow which can be interpreted in Northern Ireland as a sign of carrying out a successful kill. Not going to delve any deeper into that as he is now working for us. Nonetheless, if police connect him to any murders outside of his office hours, he will be facing prison. He also has a skull and dagger in the middle of his chest which has his old regiment named underneath it. It turns out that he was a former soldier who was once based in Yorkshire. For the most part, he had a very impressive record, but there have been notes added which appear to show Ian having a few discrepancies with regards to missing weapons and ammunition.

He was suspected but never formally charged with the crime due to lack of evidence. It would be an educated guess that said weapons are most likely now in the hands of Loyalist terror groups. Thirdly Ian is trained in mixed martial arts and believes himself to be a bit of a bad ass, and from what I have seen already with my own eyes, he is. Fourthly, I understand why he joined the Loyalist paramilitaries. Most likely due to a vicious attack, he had at the hands of Republicans. Everyone has a story; you just need to know where to look to find it. Ian's profile lets me know he was the temp we needed for this job tonight. Let's hope he doesn't fuck up.

The talkie was crackling beside me, "Hello, are you there?" a voice said. "Yes, Ian! What's the update?" I asked. "The rat has entered the cage!" I paused for a moment..., "Dry run?" I inquired. "Yes, clean run," Ian replied. Bringing the radio closer to my lips, "Shake the cage!" I ordered. "Received!" replied Ian. I inform Mark that it was "Showtime!" While getting up onto my feet from my scenic perch, I lifted my AR-15 up and throw the strap over my shoulder. Mark also picked up his rifle, but he carried it differently from me, almost as you would cradle a baby which is endearing in a strange way. As we both made our way back to the car, Mark asked: "When can I get stuck into these scumbags?" I laughed and said, "You're very keen mate, be careful what you wish for mate as you might just get it" I replied. I was thinking about Ian when he mentioned that, and how I hoped he had followed protocol. He can be a bit of a loose cannon at times, to put it mildly.

Meanwhile

The street started to fill with people, among them armed RVA men frantically looking for the perpetrator or perpetrators of the gun fire. Which was our man Ian who had to riddle Michaels house to start an internal feud as we had intel there was a possible power struggle happening amongst the higher ranks.

A few men entered Michael's house to investigate the damage done and to see if their hero was still in the land of the living. Michael eventually came out to cheers and roars of delight, from his neighbours in the estate. The men held his arms up and laughed at the incompetence of their would-be assassins and started to talk and speculate who had tried to take out Michael. No doubt their mobiles were going crazy to inform their political wing of their latest news and how to maximise the media coverage for this event. As I drive to the rendezvous point, I ponder about what Michael will make of tonight's events.

Little does Michael realise that what just happened was a strategic hit that will confidently create a feud between Republican paramilitaries which will hopefully thin out the ranks, if you catch my meaning?

The RVA will eventually find the evidence we planted. No doubt they have a few samples of those left-over cartridges Ian left on purpose. Normally the cartridges of a sanctioned hit get caught in our improvised blowback scoop to leave no shells at the scene. We also file the bullet ends in different directions to create different metal scoring so forensics can't use them for evidence.

Before we riddled Michael's house, we tracked him for several months. The Intel gathered was very useful and all thanks to a very small tracker we planted on his van while Michael was getting his MOT. We now have his movements recorded and the people he was meeting named. After a lull in information, we really needed this avalanche of new data to get on top of this terrorist group. Mark and I arrived at the meet and went over our next steps. Ian came strolling in with a big smile on his face. "Well, another rat scuttled," Ian said. "Yes, very good work but it will be all for nothing if our mole doesn't plant the evidence we need to start this feud," I replied.

"What evidence?" Mark inquired. "The tip-off our mole needs to make to the senior RVA man after he finds the planted rounds used in today's hit. The rounds will be placed in a rival Republican safe house. The shells used at Michaels hide out will match the ones planted at the safe house. The ammo is specific to one automatic weapon which in turn needs to be modified to fire the new bullets. Therefore, we will also plant the rifle Ian used in the same safe house. Someone will come across them, and it will eventually get back to Michael. If retaliation doesn't come soon, we need to initiate a further hit, maybe taking out a few low level RVA men," I stated. This is how the agency cleans the unwanted problems that still infest Northern Ireland. We try to get them to do the dirty work for us. I pull Ian to the side and inform him that I needed to meet with him this afternoon about a new operation I wanted him on board with. Ian nods and then waits with the others for me to dismiss them.

Now comes the hard part, waiting. I already knew the low-level RVA scumbags we needed to take out if we wanted to speed up events and how to go about it. Time at the moment wasn't our friend as I had to report back on the progress we were making with the feud. The agency needs Michael to be killed by one of their own for him not to become a martyr for the movement. There is no reason for us waiting about at the rendezvous point as this attack will take time to fester, so I dismissed the men and made my way home. The sky was clear, and the stars were bright. I am in and out of muddled thoughts when it sinks in about the number of hours I have put in again! My doctor is going to bollock me again if I can't keep my blood sugars in check as all I eat is shit while doing this job, I thought to myself.

Down the M1 past Lisburn, past Lurgan to pull off at the Portadown junction. I always do alternative routes home as a precaution as I am as much a target as the ones I mark. I passed a car dealership to my left that has the most beautiful set of wheels sitting proudly on top of a car stand. I drive past it with envious eyes and the thoughts of someday climbing the ladder high enough in the agency to easily purchase one outright. I'm starving and know I won't be bothered to make anything to eat when I get home as it's too much of an effort. Fast food comes to mind, but none are open at this hour, so I pull into a petrol station and get a dozen doughnuts to eat. I am standing in line in the little shop at the petrol station, staring at myself on the CCTV screen. It was so blurry and in grey scale, how could anything recorded on it be used as evidence in court I wondered.

A blonde girl is behind the counter; she looks like she is new here. "Hello," I said in a tired voice. "Hi there, you look like you need your bed," she replied. "I do indeed," I said giving her a big smile while taking my doughnuts. At home, there was nothing on TV I wanted to watch, so I stuck the news on to see if we made this morning's headlines? Sure, enough under breaking news, we have a news station reporting a warped sympathetic version of events that portray the RVA as victims. The news station is trying to connect it to Loyalist paramilitaries not keeping the ceasefire. If only the public knew the truth. If only the people of Northern Ireland knew what sort of shady deals were being made behind closed doors on their behalf. It would shame the devil.

The news station added further insult to injury to have that twat Michael interviewed at the scene saying the RVA was showing restraint after being attacked a number of times by the British Loyalists. Michael, the hypocrite, says this while only last week killing two young men that were in the right place at the wrong time when an improvised explosion went off killing them both. Not much news coverage on that!

But I knew the evidence was key, and it never stuck to Michael. The way I look at it is, you don't get to lead a large rebel terrorist army without getting your hands dirty. Can't be done! Michael loved planting bombs; he got off on it. The huge following, he has in the Republican community was unreal, making him out a hero for killing indiscriminately. The RVA believe no one is innocent and any collateral damage as they call it is quickly dismissed with their broken record of how both sides have lost loved ones. There is no empathy, no reasoning, just killing for a dead cause. There will never be a united Ireland as the Commonwealth would then have an Island beside them that is friends with all the UK's enemies. Enemies that would want to see England blown off the map. The Agency will make sure that doesn't happen.

Anyway, their wannabe army doesn't see the clean-up operation happening right under their nose. I turn the TV off and head upstairs. I check in on my son Daniel who is three. I just lean against the door frame staring at him. The moon is shining through his window, dimly lighting his room. I was thinking to myself how beautiful and innocent he was just sleeping there. I went over quietly to him and gave him a kiss on his forehead. I pull his blanket up and tuck him in and closed the door over, just leaving a crack open in case he shouts for me. I get into the shower and scrub myself down looking at all the scars I have accumulated over the years.

The bullet wound through my right shoulder was the one that made me realise that the action wasn't always one way and that I needed to be more careful. I always wear a heavy tactical bullet proof vest now because of it. I do have other scars from my childhood, like my chisel mark on my face from shop class and part of my elbow that I ground off during a onehanded bike ride due to a half cast on my arm, but so what, doesn't everyone? I make my way to the spare room as my wife Olivia hates me waking her up; it has almost become a regular row we seem to have most weeks. I am sprawling out over the bed, and my eyes get heavy fast with my breathing ever slower, calmness takes over my body and I drift off to sleep. "BEEP, BEEP, BEEP!" My trip for the silent alarm goes off, and my heart jumps out of my chest. I lock and load my gun which is under my pillow, then jump out of my bed and head over to my monitor which is turned off. I quickly press the power button and impatiently wait for the images to appear on my screen to see what the hell's going on. I check the cameras and see two drunken twats in my driveway taking a piss over my car. I glanced over at my digital clock, 3:35 am, fucking never get a night's sleep! I quickly go down stairs and creak the front door open then head quickly and silently towards them. They were that wasted that I used one guy's head to knock the other out.

Now I am standing in my boxers over two unconscious men in my driveway. Shit, Olivia is not going to like this. I quickly go through their pockets to find their id and levied them both the cash contents of their wallets for pissing on my car. As I go through their wallets, it becomes apparent that the fine doesn't work out great for me as the pair of them only had twenty quid between them.

I do however find their id and information about where they live. I see one of them works for a welding agency in an industrial estate not too far from here and the other drives a taxi. I keep the IDs to run through more thoroughly later to make sure they are not caught up with any of the paramilitaries. I am enraged that these two pricks have not only woken me up and pissed all over my car, all they have for my troubles is twenty quid! "Mother fuckers!" I get on my mobile and order Ian to come over to my place as quickly as possible. I go back into the house and get dressed and make a brew as I wait for Ian to show up. Twenty minutes later I can see Ian rolling up in his Jag through my dining room window as he parks outside my house. I lock the house up and walk over to meet him. The night is cold, and the street I live on is quiet as people are in a deep slumber at this time of night. Ian makes very little chit chat with me which indicates the poor man is tired as he is never one to keep his gob shut.

I like the way he has asked me no questions about these two pricks and just gets on with the task at hand. We drag each of them over to Ian's car and throw them roughly into the boot. I don't give a fuck right now if any of my neighbours saw what happened, they know better than to cause problems for me. Wait that sounds bad. I wouldn't do anything to them but play the fool and insist I have no idea what they are talking about. I must keep reminding myself that I need to repent my sinful ways and be a changed man. Fighting for the innocent against all that is evil in the world today.

I ask Ian to drive to a super market near the centre of the town but on roads that avoid ANPR cameras. The government has these damn cameras everywhere that record all car number plates that pass them which are date and time stamped. They are then stored on a database for several years.

The government can type in a registration plate and accurately track the car's movements in real time. Very useful for us and a great burden for the unsuspecting. We leave my area and get onto the back roads which are very narrow and full of dips and curves that will be shaking the crap out of our lodgers in the boot of the car. It takes a little longer than normal to reach our destination and pull up alongside the road. We jump out and make our way to the boot of the car expecting to hear muffled cries for help. We look at each other as it's eerily silent like we no longer have breathing guests in the trunk of the car.

I whip open the boot and to see the two of them still out cold but to my relief still breathing. We grab the men and drag them out of the car. Ian's guy has crapped himself as unconscious drunks do and the guy I have weighs a ton but nevertheless, we strip them down to their pants in an effort to punish these two pricks for taking liberties. We pull on our clavas and fire man lift their unconscious bodies a short distance towards the trolley station in the middle of the car park of a well-known supermarket.

I use my old hand cuffs to attach them to separate trolleys and spray the cuffs with my small bottle of oxygen bleach which kills all traces of our DNA and finger prints. I then stand back and admire my work when suddenly, I feel awash with guilt. I am not a heartless man; I leave them a pound each in their trolleys so when they wake they can use it to release themselves from the rack. They'd better wake soon as it's only a few hours till opening time and this is a busy wee supermarket. As for the cuffs attaching them to their trolleys, well that's a gift from me.

On the way home, Ian and I laugh about their predicament and how we could have made it worse. I feel so tired now; my eyes want to close and just sleep in the car. The soft eighties music in the car makes my eyes finally shut and go into a semi doze, the music makes me remember happier times in my life when things were simple and uncomplicated. The car comes to an abrupt stop which snaps me against the seatbelt and instantly awakens me. "Your stop boss!" Ian said. I give him a dirty look and pull myself slowly out of the car. I tell Ian I will see him later at HQ which is a lie as I have no intentions of going up to Bangor today. As I lock the house door behind me and make my way upstairs into my bed. Around 6:30am I can hear my little monster getting up.

I then get prepared for what is inevitably going to happen next. My door slowly creeps open, and a little face peeks around. My boy makes eye contact with me, and a big smile covers both of our faces as my son comes running and jumps onto my bed and gives me a big cuddle. He is getting so strong; I can feel my neck crack at times when he does it. I have so many plans for him. I think about my son often, wondering what he will be like when he is older? What type of career does he want? Will he hang out with me when I am an old man and shoot the breeze?

I love him to bits as he is the one thing that is consistent in my life. He is unbiased and wants nothing from me other than to be his daddy. I wish I could say the same for my wife that all she wants from me is to be a good husband and provider, but I felt like we have drifted so far apart that we are only together for the sake of our son. Those words haven't been spoken between us yet, but it's just a matter of time. "Daaaaad," Daniel said in a semi quiet voice, "I want chocolate." "No chocolate, its morning time" I replied. I grabbed his hand, and we both went down stairs to the kitchen. I have now crossed over from being "sleepily tired" to "tired awake" as my second wind kicks in and feel more alert in myself. "Well little man, do you want cereal or toast?" I ask.

"Chocolate," Daniel replied. I pour him a bowl of cereal and give it to him. When will I learn not to negotiate with a three-year-old? My son eats his breakfast as we both watch the cartoon channel in the living room together. We are eating our breakfast when the mail flap suddenly snaps as letters are posted through the door and as usual Dutch our dog goes mental outside barking at the postman. The little man runs from the living room to retrieve the mail, and I quickly follow as Daniel likes to open our letters by ripping them apart.

God love him.

Chapter 2 - Ian Stewart

Ian was sitting in a stolen car in a well-known Republican estate in Belfast. He has his window rolled down a crack to let the cool night air in and let the gentle twirling smoke of his cigarette out.

I hate this waiting game Ian thought to himself. I feel pumped and ready to do this assignment, but that bastard has yet to show up, and it's boring the shite out of me. I was only parked a few houses up from where Michael was now living. The man liked to move around a lot and was very hard to follow which makes this intel we have on his new digs, very significant for the agencies plans to start an internal feud. His house looked very out of place compared to the rest of his neighbours.

His home looked like a fort with all the security cameras, sensor lights, dogs and a five-foot iron fence with a security gate to finish it off. Michaels Republican palace probably had bulletproof windows, not that it would matter with these new state of the art ballistics I had locked and loaded. The Republican estate the house is situated in was notorious for churning out new brain washed recruits, ready to shoot someone in the back for their pathetic RVA movement. The estate never seemed to sleep. If you watched carefully, you could see the odd face appear from the second-floor windows, ever keeping watch, ready to alert the estate for battle.

The estate was quite similar to others I had seen before. It had the crudely painted curb stones in green, white and orange plus they had the Tri colour flags on most of the lamp posts. It was an eerie sight as the place looked a little deserted and too quiet for my liking. I was watching the flags limply blowing in the wind when I get fixated on bouncing headlights coming down the road. It looks like a van, which seems to be slowing down behind me which makes me nervous. I play it cool as I sink low into my seat and watch the van trundled past me and stop a few houses away from Michaels place. As I strain my eyes to get a better look I can see an outline of a person getting out of the van on the passenger side. The van does a three-point turn and honks as it speeds off down the road past me. The man waves goodbye to the driver, and then I see him! Yes, yes that's Michael! I wait for a few minutes and let him get settled as I want to make sure he is in his living room when I riddle the house with bullets. I pick up the talkie beside me to talk to Jason, my overrated MI6 boss. "Hello, are you there?" I said. "Yes, Ian! What's the update?" Jason replied. I excitedly proceeded to inform him that Michael was finally home. "The rat has entered the cage!" I wait for a reply, "Dry run?" Jason asks. Meaning did I have a plan of attack with a safe escape route. "Yes, clean run," I replied.

"Shake the cage!" Jason said firmly. "Received!" I replied as I threw the talkie onto the passenger seat. Ian took his woolly hat off his head and slowly unrolled the rim and stretched it out before him. He then took a long draw from his cigarette and burned two holes into it for his eyes to see through. He then put the woolly hat back on and stretched it slowly over his face to make a balaclava. Stubbing out his cigarette on the dashboard of his stolen sports saloon. He proceeded to cock his automatic rifle and gave it a once over before getting out of the car, calm and cool like he has done this a thousand times before.

He proceeded to walk up to the house while taking short glances all around him as if he was expecting trouble. Quickly and without hesitation, he unloaded his clip into Michaels hideout. The bullets began creating massive craters in the pebble dashed wall and cutting through the bricks and windows like they weren't even there. The drapes in the living room caught fire due to the heat of the bullets pummelling through it. Ian made sure he got rounds into every room of the house. The large calibre weapon was spitting hot smoking shells all over the street, and the deafening echo of the automatic gun fire was rattling the windows of the nearby houses. The gun fire stopped, and the last empty cartridges could be heard clinking onto the ground. Ian then made a hasty retreat to the car where he threw his smoking rifle into the passenger seat before speeding off into the night.

I make my way back to the rendezvous point after ditching and burning the car; I had used. After our short briefing, Jason asked me to meet him later that afternoon for an assignment he wanted to use me for. I'm fine with that, so long as the money is good as I don't have a day job to go to. I am making my way home after popping in to see my on-off girlfriend Emma when my phone rings. It was Jason again! What the fuck does he want now? "Hello?" I said answering my mobile. "Ian, I need you down at my place in 20 mins!" Jason ordered and disconnected the call.

Going to be a long night Ian thought to himself as he pulls on his trousers, before making his way to Portadown. I let Jason know I'm outside his place, I can barely muster any enthusiasm for anything else. Next thing that happens leaves me questioning Jason's mental sanity. Needless to say, two poor fuckers have got on the wrong side of him and we ended up causing them some upset and grief. I leave Jason at home after the night's shenanigans, I don't understand that guy sometimes as he often says I'm the loose cannon, hypocritical prick! I drive myself home and manage to get some sleep before dragging myself into work at HQ for 11:30am. It's a bit of a dump inside with areas of peeling paint and poor plastering patches dotted about the place. They would need to knock it down and build a better headquarters that would represent the police force in a better light. The compound that surrounds it, however, is first class! I would hate to be the terrorist that fired on this station as the defences would be devastating on the poor sods.

The building perimeters have advanced automated weapons that pin point the sound/flash source of firing weapons and then, in turn, hit them with controlled bursts of heavy calibre projectiles. Death is guaranteed instantaneous. These security measures are never on until the building has been actually hit by munitions. The walls also host a variety of manned and other automated high calibre weapons that would shred an armoured truck and of course anyone hiding in it. Plus, to make it all legal the barracks is swarming with CCTV inside and out, which is streamed and stored in data clouds, held on SD drives in London and Belfast. The armour and reinforced concrete wall make this a safe place but the only stickler is the mortars as they can fly over the high walls, but the automated systems would make sure that whoever fired the mortar would never do it again. On a lighter note, it has lovely helicopter bays and the most spectacular sea view a military headquarters could ever hope for. I wish I had a full-time job here, Ian sighed. Ian knew all too well, in their eyes he was nothing more than an expendable killer for hire.

As Ian walks into the MI6 operations room in the basement of the building, he quickly scans across all the agents' busy working at their stations. He stands strong and puts on his game face, trying not to show the disappointment of truly not belonging to the agency. Trying to make his presence known, he shouted aloud "Where is Jason?" All the people in the office stopped for a moment and looked up at Ian without saying a word, until one by one, they went back to work. That could have gone better, I thought to myself. Maybe I was coming across rude, but that's just my nature. I realise I have a bit of a reputation for losing my cool and wrecking things in the office. Probably the reason why everyone tries to give me a wide berth.

Fuck them! I walk a little slower to try to rile up these pencil pushing pricks even more. They think they are above me, even though it's me that pulls the trigger, me that puts my fucking neck on the line, me who has the fucking minerals to do what they can't! Fucking English pricks! Northern Ireland is more loyal to the crown than any of these wannabe MI6 cunts! My anger is building again, and I am desperate to smash something or even someone, but I don't. The eyes, they never lie. You can see it in my face not to approach me as I'm wound tight and ready to explode! I walk into meeting room one and sit down at the conference desk. I let out a deep breath and try to take in what they are talking about as they have already started wittering on about today's brief. It's of no importance to me as my only ever input is saying yes, I will be there or no I won't. I don't even need to be here as I am but a tool for a job, but they make me come in any way. I love the fact I get to take out Republican terrorists legally or any terrorists for that matter which threatens our wee country.

People might call me a terrorist, but I fight against those that wish to destroy my heritage and hurt my people. I do what the government has failed to do time and again, protect its citizens from murdering bastards. The government used to say they would never deal with terrorists, ha ha ha, what a joke! You ever hear the saying "that you would be robbing Peter to pay Paul?" That's the best way I can describe the mess that is called "The ceasefire". I do the jobs for British intelligence as it firstly, it pays well and secondly, it allows me to send information back to my comrades to take the fight directly to these RVA scumbags. That's the only way I can sleep at night otherwise I would be nowhere near these fucking white-collar hoods. Do I feel I am working above the law? I could say yes, but that would make an assumption on my part that we have a tangible working law to begin with, which we don't! If we take into consideration what terror, bombs, guns and murder get you, well that would equate to a right to stand for a seat in our government! How's that for fucking crazy?

They hand me a paper folder that is stamped with "Operation REVERT - Eyes Only." I put the folder in front of me without opening it. Trevor is again talking away, and as usual, he is oblivious to the people around the table using their phones and laptops, not really paying any attention to the old man. The agents all know it's a white wash game the British government is playing and have lost all respect for the roles in which they play in Ulster, or they just don't give a damn about any of it. Ian moves the folder closer to him on the table and opens it up. This must be the mission Jason wanted to talk to me about.

It seems that Trevor is poking his nose into this "Operation REVERT" again looking at this brief as it has been amended by him according to the notes twice already. Don't get me wrong, what little I know of Trevor is that he is good at data gathering, and his plans for assignments are always impeccable which is why he always gets involved with the big job roles, but it looks like he has watered down the plans by cutting the size of staff down and reducing funding and management. This name "Operation REVERT" that the agency gave the project; it gives me a little hope for the future. Operation REVERT means to return to a previous state, practice, or topic. I start to get a good feeling building up inside me, not unlike an excited sensation as I start to put the pieces together and realise that this cease-fire with the terrorists was part of a master plan to kill off the RVA and their supporters. The old divide and conquer strategy. The hard-core RVA movement has already split with their political wing or near enough for reasons best known to them.

I know the money and arms coming in the country for these terrorists have dramatically dwindled to nothing over the years, and the threat they pose is nothing significant as they now rely on homemade weapons which have been literally death traps for a few of them. I say this in regard to the failed homemade mortar round that exploded in the hands of an RVA man a few months ago. Rumours were that it was a very messy clean up. What essentially the government are doing according to this document, is slowly making it very distasteful to support the RVA movement as fewer and fewer Republicans jump for joy at their terrorist acts. There are good people on both sides of the community, all they need is a chance to escape the bigotry of the hard-lined dinosaurs in their own area and realise we are all God's children. That we all need to respect one and other like the great man Martin Luther King said not so long ago with his "I have a dream" speech.

The more I read, the more I thought, you sneaky, sneaky bastards. Well done! Well, I am the rough tool they need to bring a means to an end in this conflict. I didn't kid myself; I always knew my role in the agency. The promise of a short life, great pay and with no recognition of any of my heroic deeds. I am expendable, ten to a penny. It is the only reason I am allowed to be here at this table. I have made my peace with God and am ready to die fighting for this country, how many in this room can say that? Whether I go to heaven, well that's an entirely different matter altogether. That's for the big man upstairs to decide. I am now reading my role in this master plan. Well, it's a bit different to what I am used to. To be honest, the last job they gave me to pepper the house of that scumbag Michael was a breeze, so I was hoping for something similar. They want me to pose as a taxi driver in Warrenpoint? Sounds easy enough but why? I read on and it becomes apparent it won't be as easy as I first thought. I would be a mobile interrogation centre on wheels which is a new one to me. There is a section outlining the specs of the taxi I will be driving. The taxi itself is protected with Dynamic Armour which is fucking amazing for this day and age. This is the same advanced armour used on military vehicles which protect it against kinetic energy penetrators and other high explosive projectiles. I feel safer already; I laugh to myself.

There are Taser pins that push through the back seats of the cab with a hidden push point to activate it which would render the passenger or passengers immobile. You can control the amps and volts of the current which could turn a little shock into one that was lethal. It becomes more apparent through each paragraph I read that this taxi is for exploiting potential whistle blowers from within the RVA community. As I keep reading about the specs of the taxi, I become more impressed by the tech they have crammed into it. The front of the windshield acts as a monitor to show data on various parts of the glass which will be invisible to anyone looking into the cab as all windows are electrically atomised to blur and deflect light. The hidden cameras situated around the outside and inside of the vehicle will be used in conjunction with facial recognition software to ID potential targets. "Ian, IAN!" Trevor shouts. I look up to everyone staring at me. "Well?" Trevor asks. "Well? Well, what the fuck do you want?!" I replied. "Can I see you in my office!", Trevor commanded in a sharp tone of voice.

As I get up, I place the folder under my arm like a newspaper ready for a read on the shitter. I casually walk into Trevor's office and closed the door behind me. "I take it you like your new assignment?" Trevor inquires. "Yeah, it's alright," I replied. "I would like you to go through the assignment with Jason to see if there are any changes that we need to make to the mission to reduce detection. It will be largely an intelligence gathering operation before and we'll need you to clean up what needs to be cleaned up". Trevor continued. My blood boils, as I struggle to put the words together to give back a response to Trevor's request. "Once again, my years of experience are overlooked by you! You bureaucratic fuckwit!

Why do I need... you know what, if you can't trust me to do a fucking simple recon job you can go fuck yourself as I have more experience and prowess over the years in the military than that wannabe cock Jason!" "Did you even look at the file I gave you? It's not just a recon mission." Trevor replied angrily. "Right... I will have another look at it again." I told Trevor. "That's a bit of tough shit now you fucking moron," Trevor said angrily. "I have had enough of your fucking autistic mood swings to last a life time, and in this unit, your antics are becoming more of a liability every day for this agency. Any fucking wonder Jason keeps you on a short leash with your fucking tantrums ever ready to shit all over our operations that have been methodically planned for months on end. You're a fucking liability and are suspended until further notice." Trevor shouted at me while I was walking out of his office.

I will read the file again later and give Trevor a few days to cool down. Why do I keep putting myself in these situations? I can't even have a civil conversation with these spooks without being defensive or difficult. I do however know why I am always abrupt and quick tempered, but I have always chosen to ignore or maybe even deny it. It could have something to do with my blue and red tablets I take, which is a common side effect of HGH (Human Growth Hormone). I need it to stay in shape as I am approaching 45 years old and can't produce the testosterone I need to build the essential muscles I use for the type of work I do.

I need a coffee! I can just imagine everyone's fucking delight that I am suspended. Fuck them; they need me more than I need them, pricks. They can come and find me when they are ready to go with this new operation. Who could replace me? No one, that's WHO! I head to the canteen and grab a black coffee to go. I try to make a point to be nicer and practice on the people passing by me in the hallway as I make my way out of the building. "Hello, nice day, isn't it?" I ask a colleague in passing. "Hey, there missy!" I shouted giving this beautiful woman a wink and a smile. This is easy; I could be nice all day if I wanted to. I make my way out of the building and head towards my car when I hear footsteps running up behind me. I turn around quickly to see Lynne approaching me. "Ian wait! I need your file back. Trevor has sent me down to get it off you!" she shouts. I take out the pages discreetly and hand her the folder as I get into my car. "See you later Lynne!" I tell her while I close the door. Lynne walks off towards the entrance to the building. I know I have seconds to get out of here before she realises there is nothing in the folder. I quickly drive to the security gates, and the barriers lift to allow me to pass. I can see Lynne opening the folder. Shit! She is running over here. I roll out of the gates very quickly and speed down towards the coastal road. I can't go home for the minute as that will be the agency's first port of call; I hope they tidy the place up after them. I head down to a quiet little fishing village I know called Portavogie.

It takes about 25 minutes to get there, but what a view it is along that coastal road. On a good day, you would swear you're in the tropics when the waters turn a clear aqua green against a brilliant blue sky. I love it up here. Someday I am going to buy my own place up here by the sea. As I slowly drive into the centre of the small village, I pull into a petrol station. It's nearly 2 pm when I start to fill the car up; my stomach starts to grumble. I walk into the shop to pay for the fuel when I feel compelled to check out the sweets. I'm not going to eat sugar as that makes you fat so I settle for a diet cola. I suddenly realise on the way back out to my car that there is a beautiful wee chip shop by the docks that do the best scampi. I decide to grab a bite to eat and pull my car along the docks to read this assignment in peace. As a rule of thumb, I always park with my back to a big wall so I can observe anyone approaching and have my car ready for a quick getaway. I can see all the usual big boats tied up and that tame seal the fishermen always feed in the port. The wee seal has been hanging around the docks here for years. I could watch him all day, but I need to focus my attention back onto the brief as I want to know more about my role in this operation. When I read further about the taxi, it mentions it has an automated facial recognition system which is streamed to HQ to analyse and build profiles on the people in that area. It monitors faces?

I scratch my head; how do they have the tech to do this. I read on. The windscreen highlights possible people with links to the RVA movement along with painting the known people of interest in red as credible threats.

The agency has located two RVA units around Warrenpoint and has discovered a huge catchment of weapons that all need to be destroyed. Due to the weapons being stockpiled within close proximity to the active RVA units, it would be a forgone conclusion that they intend on using them very soon. Intel warns, that if the internal feud doesn't take place soon and with the desired effects, plan B was to go into immediate effect. We kill all the problems at the source. Ian's eyes start to widen as he contemplates what he just read. Ian continues reading about how they intend on carrying this operation out. The RVA marks will be dispatched during a 110-minute window. They also want the main players to be killed in such a way as not to make them martyrs, so it must be made to look like they left the country. Their bodies are to be kept and disposed of in international waters using concrete coffins. That's how they took out a problematic bomber called Nigel Haroon last May. There was a lot of Republican uproar about it when his case was thrown out of court due to lack of evidence that would suggest he was assassinated by British intelligence. MI5 knew Nigel would be back into the Republican ranks within weeks, so they waited till they got evidence confirming this before a kill order was issued. I feel myself grin as I am looking forward to this part of the job. Just like old times, I thought to myself, here's hoping for option B to be chosen. FUCK! One problem, I forgot I was suspended. I need to get Jason to fix this for me, after all, he owes me for that Portadown job we did together, among other things.

I put the papers above my visor and finish off my scampi supper, "Yum!" I think to myself as I scrape my chips around the bottom of the box trying to gather up as much salt as I possibly can before wolfing them down. I then select my favourite FM dance music channel and turn the tunes up as I decide how I would get back into the game. I can't fucking think straight with all the shit that has happened to me today, so I do what was asked of me in the first place and make my way down to Portadown to speak with Jason. I get out of the car and pull out two freshly cloned plates I made last week and stick them on my Jag as I don't want to be stopped by the police or picked up on the ANPR cameras on my way to Portadown. Jay is not going to like me coming unannounced or that I have caused a shit storm down at HQ but he will have to get over it. I have to remember to keep my cool and accept Jason is my commanding officer even though he is nearly ten years younger than me with less experience and nowhere near my size and strength. Ian suddenly stops his mental ramblings about how great he is and laughs to himself, man I feel old! Ian starts to reminisce. It feels like only yesterday when I was sixteen and living in an estate off the Shankill road. I remember life was very different back then. Children were brought up with manners, and their parents knew where they were at all times. I was taught always to be respectful to others.

Sometimes it didn't matter how nice you were or courteous to somebody, as there are always going to be some people out there that will hate you for one reason or another. How can you love your neighbours when they themselves were unwilling to love you back? That's when I became bitter towards all Roman Catholics as they were in one way or another connected with the RVA movement. I suppose that's hypocritical of me to say as the same could be said for all Protestants. so that statement I will take it back. The fact that some of these terrorists believe if they confess their murderous killings to a priest, the priest actually has the power to absolve their sin? So, it begs the question why did Jesus need to die on the cross for us when a priest can forgive your sins? Jesus went to the cross willingly, and his sacrifice was to atone for all our sins as his blood alone was the only thing that could save humanity from Hell. Since when did man think he could forgive himself for his own transgressions? I just don't get the way they think.

My mother, could never explain to me in a way that I would understand why the RVA hated us when we worshipped the same God but in a very different way? Protestants like myself believe Jesus to be the head of the church, not the Pope or Mary. We believe that only Jesus has the power to save sinners. We believe that God gave his only begotten son to die on the cross so that we might live and have everlasting life in heaven. Well, that's our belief, and the Roman Catholics can believe what they want as long as they don't try to push it down my throat. Religion does have a massive influence in this wee country of mine. I can remember as a lad walking home from school, passing a group of guys, there was nothing significant about them, just guys talking. Nevertheless, those same guys were always at the same spot, every day after school. Until this one day I passed them, and they suddenly stopped talking and began to walk behind me. I was a fast walker and was a good bit ahead of them, but they soon caught up to where I was.

I again didn't pay much attention to them as I seen them every day. "Hey, mate! Do you have a light?" One of them said friendly enough to me. "No, I don't smoke, sorry." I replied. "You live around here? I just live down that street." He said as he pointed across the road to a well-known Loyalist estate. "Yes, I live there too," I replied. The guys face changed, and he looked over at his friends and nodded before looking back at me. All of them just started to beat the shit out of me. They were calling me a dirty Hun, black bastard among other derogatory sectarian remarks. I don't remember much after that as the next thing I knew; I was in an ambulance, on its way to Belfast's Royal Victoria hospital. It turns out I was stabbed, and my body went into shock.

My parents were by my bedside in bits asking me what happened. As I was telling them everything that took place, all I could concentrate on, was the tears welling up in my mother's eyes. Ever since that day they wanted to move to another house away from the flash points but couldn't afford to. It bothered them a lot that they couldn't protect me from the hoodlums that visited our estate from time to time. The attack on me did have a positive effect as it toughened me up. I began to see the world through very different eyes and become a less trusting individual. I was hitting the gym hard and took my diet seriously which had me eating every three hours, which in turn piled on the muscle. A year or so later, I started to take the same route again and again, just as I did before hoping the same gang would be about. They were nowhere to be seen, so I went looking for them. It didn't take me long to find them. I would feel more justified for what I am about to do if they came to me. All I needed was a red flag to draw them to me, so I unzipped my jacket to reveal my East Belfast supporters football top. That did the trick. I made sure to bring them to an area that I now could control which was the gates on the peace wall. I went back over to the Loyalist side, and as I planned, they did the same. But this time I had a few friends with me to block their escape as they passed through. I had pre-warned my crew not to step in as I would be taking them all on at once. As I asked, my mates stepped back and made sure they couldn't escape. I informed my Republican aggressors that I alone will be fighting them. One of them recognised me. "Didn't we beat the shit out of this Orange bastard a few years ago?" said the tall Republican to his mate. "Yeah, we did, but this time we will finish the job!" he replied as they all prepared themselves for a fight. A few of the Republicans grinned at as if it was some kind of joke that I was taking them on by myself.

They probably thought the other Loyalists would jump in at some point. They were about to get their eyes opened to what I had in store for them. The built-up anger and hatred I had for them over what they had done to me, and what they put my family through. It was about to manifest itself in blood, their blood. The tallest of the Republican hoods was going to go for me first, I could see it in his eyes, but I needed to gauge who was going next or possibly at the same time for me. Then I spotted him as he was slowly pulling out a blade. Before I knew it, the tall one went for me and just liked I guessed so did the hood with the blade. I had to take a punch from the tall guy to grab the blade from the other and use his momentum with the clutched knife to stab the tall guy. I stabbed him in the chest, and then there were four. The tall guy just slumped over on as side as the look of horror started to contort his face. His mate who was still holding the knife spun around wildly at me as all four came at once which I was prepared for. I found out then and there that I could take a punch or three as I steadily and brutally beat them using my new-found strength and uncontrollable rage.

As my opponents lay twisted on the ground, I was stood over them. I was hurt and hurt badly, but I was nowhere near as damaged as those cunts were. Catching my breath, I slowly hear the sound of applauds building up from my Loyalist brothers and sisters around me. I stood up straight, snorted the blood out of my nose onto the ground, before individually positioning myself on top of the bastards and breaking each of their noses with a devastating forehead smash! I did this so they would always remember today. Whenever the cunts looked in the mirror, they would see their scars; it will be a reminder of the monster they made of me. I ordered the boys to throw the limp and badly damaged Republicans over the wall as I was not going to allow them the courtesy of using our gates as an exit. The peace wall was at least 12ft high in the majority of places, but near the gates, it dropped to about 6ft. It took a bit of effort, but every one of those bastards was thrown over the peace line to their side of the wall, landing in a bloody heap. I felt vindicated and powerful that day!

The next day I was feeling very sore and stiff. I sat down to the breakfast my mother made for me and started scanning the local paper that was waiting for my dad on the table when I came across an article of interest. It was about the death of one of the guys in the group I beat up yesterday.

I recognised his name, "A murder inquiry has now been launched by Special branch in Belfast after the death of a local man Doran Aadamsk of no fixed address, Ardoyne. A serious incident took place near the Crumlin road, yesterday at around 1 pm. We are asking for any witnesses to come forward to help with our inquiries. If you have information regarding this serious incident, please contact Special branch on..." Blah blah blah. I put the paper down and continued to eat my toast as I felt totally indifferent to those fuckers as they themselves left me for dead all those months ago. I wasn't worried about the other Republican dickheads touting on me as they would never go to the police. Those type of cunts like to take care of things themselves. Unbeknownst to me at the time, but I would be bumping into one or two of them in the near future. I get up and throw the paper in the bin. "Son, your father never got a read of that paper yet!" my mother scolded. "Nor will he ma", I replied as I kissed her on the cheek goodbye on my way out to the gym.

Presently

Its 4pm and I am minutes away from Portadown when I try to reassure myself that Jason will need me on this operation. I am after all a bit of a silent hero when it comes to working for the agency. I must be of some use to them otherwise they wouldn't keep knocking on my door and giving me more and more assignments.

As I pull off the motorway and head into Portadown, I think again to myself that Jay might be upset and to keep a cool head no matter what he does as he has probably already heard all about me and what happened in Bangor, so I can't bullshit him. A few minutes later I pull into the barracks, and I am greeted with a squad of officers all pointing automatic rifles at me, shouting to see my hands. I freeze and ponder about why they are pointing weapons at me; my mind goes blank. I can't help but smile back at them. What the fuck are they doing? Jason comes around the corner and straight over to my car. He yanks open my door, and before I can speak, he punches me square in the face, which I accept and take like a man. I can see he is a little fucking furious with me. The veins in his throat were bulging as if he was going to scream.

Jason whispers closely to my face. You know Trevor is proposing to scrap Operation REVERT because of you? Do you have any idea how many hours were put into Operation REVERT and the huge risks we had to take to put this together you cunt!" I hold back and take a passive approach as I could easily kick Jason's ass, but that course of action would end badly for me. My mind starts to wonder about all the people I could have affected and start to feel ashamed. Jason and Trevor are right about me; I am a liability. I need to make amends with my team and behave in a more professional manner. I need to prove to all of them that they need me and that I can do the job they expect of me. God forgive me, why did I not think about the bigger picture. We all knew what the agency was like and the littlest mishap could set the tamest of operations back months maybe even scrapped altogether. The armed men started to hold their guns at ease while I parked the car. Jason has already stormed back into the barracks. I could feel the glare of all those officers looking at me while I walked past them going into the building. I keep telling myself I can fix this whilst making my way to Jason's office. As I walk in and closed the door, Jason is roughly opening different drawers of his desk, looking for something. I am starting to feel anxious about what he is going to say next. Jason finds what he was looking for and slams it on the desk. It was discharge papers. Jason looks me in the eye and tells me "Ian you have been relieved from duty." I pretend I didn't hear him, "excuse me?" Jason then repeats "you're fired!" Jason continues, "I heard Trever had to suspend you this morning, then you had the balls to take the agency's sensitive operations data from the compound, jeopardising everything we have been working on over the years. You might not know this but that fuck Trevor would gladly blackball this operation given half a chance as he is a liberal prick! AND YOU, just gave it to him on a fucking plate, ready for his big red pen to scrap. You potentially could have put our agent's lives at risk due to exposing their undercover roles if you lost those papers. YOU KNOW those files never, ever, leave the building!

You're not even an agent, you stupid cock sucker, do I have to continually spell it out for you? You're a fucking temp! I could have a hundred other temps replace you if I wanted. All you do is pull the trigger at who I want, when I want it! I have fucking given you chance after chance, your commitment to us is bullshit as you're a selfish prick!" Jason then hands me my discharge papers and tells me to get the fuck out of his sight. I don't try to defend myself and just leave as asked. My heart sinks as the words Jason spoke cut me like a sharp blade because everything he said was true.

As I make my way home to Belfast, my mind is stuck on auto pilot as the journey feels almost instantaneous. I sit down in my living room and stare out the window. I feel and think about nothing. Did that just actually happen to me? Am I really out of a job? Shit! I just came to the realisation that I no longer have a fucking income and I have all sorts of bills that I need to get paid this month. "FUCK! FUCK!" I shout aloud. I pause for a moment. Jason didn't take the brief back off me, did he? I rush out to the car and look above the visor. A smile starts to come across my face; it's still there! Relief washes over me as I can now do some unpaid work for the government and line my pockets with all that RVA money I am going to take off them.

It's a win, win situation but I need to be a ghost and not let Jason suss it's me taking advantage of the situation. Time to put the failed Volunteers feud back into full effect! But first I will make some copies of the REVERT Intel and then return the file to Jason, so he doesn't get into any more shit over me. Ian quickly makes a copy of the entire file, leaving the original with "SORRY" scrawled on the front, on the kitchen counter. Ian knows he has minutes to get out of his apartment before he is arrested. Ian makes his way to a Loyalist safe house in Belfast to start his own plan to reinstate the RVA feud which he schedules for this evening. Ian rubs his face whilst pondering about his first targets, which is definitely outside the game plan of REVERT, but it could pay off big time in the long run.

Chapter 3 - Michael Mordha

Michael is sitting on a cushioned reclined chair in front of a turf fire with a cup of tea in his hand. Michael always liked to keep his house traditionally old-fashioned as his surroundings were almost styled on the house he used to live in as a boy. It reminded him of happier times when his life wasn't so complicated. Deep in thought while staring blankly at the TV.

Another year and I feel like I am spinning my wheels Michael thought to himself. I feel like I am carrying my crew as I don't feel they are giving their heart and soul to the uprising. Do they not want a united Ireland for their children to grow up in? How can they stand having those British fuckers on our land? I could kill them all and still sleep sound in my bed. They have their own island so why don't they fuck off over home to the Queen. They are like vermin, moving into an area and multiplying like rats. The thought of it makes me want to kill them all the more. I have no remorse or sympathy for them as they shouldn't be here. They are all hell bound anyway, well the ones who are not Roman Catholic. Even then I don't even want Roman Catholic English pricks over here either. To me, they are too far gone being brought up with so called British customs and values. Sure, the fuckers burn Guy Fawkes every year, who to me is a true hero. He would have started a Roman Catholic revolution that would have begot us a united Ireland hundreds of years ago and rid us of a Protestant monarchy and community. I am doing my bit just like Guy and ridding this island of all the parasites that shouldn't be here. We have given them fair warning over and over again so in a way there asking for it. Once Ireland is restored to its former glory we then move to the next evolutionary stage which will be to destroy the Monarchy.

We have already been planning this for years in some detail. With the rise of our popular anti monarchy political parties throughout the U.K, the decent people of this island are no longer going to put up with them. We need more new blood in the ranks of our RVA. We need Volunteers who don't blink and do what needs to be done without hesitation, no matter what the cost. Ah well, suppose the fun jobs will as always be placed in my lap as my kinsmen know I am good for it. The security forces know I am good at what I do as well as they have been after me for a long time but here I sit unhindered. I don't stay too long under one roof so it makes it difficult for Loyalists and my other enemies to find me. I do however like this new house I am in as I am surrounded with much better security features than my last place. This house has been kitted out with stuff that will alert me to anyone straying too close.

I also have the support and protection of my people on this estate who know who I am and have my back. We have Volunteers all over this estate including watchers who regularly take the reg plates of any cars that come into the area and run them through our connection in the police to find out who they are. Yes, we have a good system going here and at other strongholds across the north of Ireland. I know myself and other volunteers don't always see eye to eye with our political wing, but I have to give credit where credits is due. The long lists of demands were practically all given to us and we are still getting even more on top, ever erasing the prods and the Brits from Ireland's history. Little by little, pushing them to the north east of the island and then into the sea where they belong.

Equality is what we want and that will never happen with these types of human beings as they refuse to conform to our Irish way of life, we are actually doing God a favour when we do get rid of this unholy filth. We are taught from an early age we don't have to respect or oblige the hell bound. That's why it feels so easy to kill them. I know some of the volunteers have trouble doing what needs to be done but rest assured they do it! I will always make sure of that! Michael Gets up from his chair and makes his way into the kitchen to make another cup of tea when suddenly objects all around him start to explode as bullets come screaming in unannounced. He falls fast to the floor covering his head in a blind panic. His face drained of colour as he realises death has come for him. Michael scrambles across the floor over to a set of drawers and takes out a hidden gun taped to the underside of the bottom drawer. As the bullets knock massive holes in the house and tear up his furniture time almost seems to stand still. The house was thick with the dust of bricks and mortar being smashed by multiple rounds thundering through the walls. When the bullets stopped Michael had his eyes focused on the back door as that was one of the many ways killer hit squads entered the house whilst distracting their victims from the front.

They also try to make their victims flee from the back door of the house and then gunning them down as soon as they step out or by strapping a trip explosive to the door. Michael knew to stay put. The bastards will have to come in to finish me off and that will level the playing field, Michael thought to himself. He was a crack shot and knew he had a better chance of taking out his would-be attackers if they entered the house. I have one in the chamber and am good to go, he thought to himself. Smoke started to bellow into the kitchen as the curtains were on fire in the living room due to the glowing hot rounds tearing through them. Panic was starting to step in as he thought they might throw petrol bombs in next and for that he knew there was no defence other than escape.

Michael keeps his back flat on the ground and pushes himself under a table whilst aiming his pistol at the back door. Fuck! I can't stop fucking shaking as he tries to hold the gun steady. "Mick! MICK! Are you there?" Paul shouted while trying to figure out the best way into the bullet riddled house. "MICK, for fucksake where are Ya?" Wee Paul who is a captain in the ranks of the RVA comes into Michael's safe house through the shattered living room window. Michael gets to his feet and shakes the debris and dust from his hair and clothes. Paul and other armed volunteers start to fill Michael's living room to find out if he's OK. Michael walks into the living room and leans on the wall while brushing his hair back with his hand. Then with a big grin, he raises his arm in a clenched fist and shouts "UP THE RVA!" to whoops and cheers from the people inside and outside the house. As he makes his way through the wreckage of the house he stands on his front lawn and pulls a cigarette out and coolly lights it up. Smiling as everyone has now come out of their homes to see the aftermath and celebrate the foiled assassination attempt of their beloved leader. Paul and another volunteer hold Michael's arms high in the air in triumph of the failed assassination attempt. Paul whispers to Michael "We have a number of cars in pursuit of his attacker." Michael nods and continues to take big long draws from his cigarette. Michael doesn't phone the police as they are not welcome on the estate but he does ask someone to get in touch with Odhran who is an RVA sympathiser that works for a well-known newspaper.

Michael knows Odhran is not well liked in the unionist community as his views always seem to dismiss the RVA violence and swaps them with reasons as to why the Unionist community is actually to blame for the so-called terrorist attacks. He loves to use the words provoked, dialogue, north of Ireland and situation in practically all his stories.

Odhran is part of the Volunteers media war machine which is responsible for portraying the RVA and its political wing in a positive light. He knows the political wing of the RVA could milk this attack and make it look like, what it was not. The RVA is all too aware of adhering to their winning strategy they use in this fight and to the role each of the Volunteers has to play. This is how my political party always win more votes. This is how we still carry on with our campaign against the British occupation of the north of Ireland using a twin track approach of politics and violence. This is all done with the blessing of our people. Anytime we are attacked, we stand together and blame the British army. It doesn't even matter if it wasn't them, just so long as they are the ones stuck with the blame. You repeat a lie often enough and people started taking it as fact. We make it look like it was an attack on an innocent member of the Catholic community and immediately we have more sympathisers that approve of our cause. Unlike the Loyalists community who would cut their own noses off despite their face.

We continually poke fun at how divided the Unionists are and how they fight amongst themselves. They, however, can be ruthless so this is why we don't engage them and keep our fight to the British army as the law won't protect us from them. Besides, we have committed no crimes, nor have we broken any laws as this is a war! What we have done in the past and what we do now is for Ireland and its people. I need to meet with our military council to discuss where we go from here. I believe we should take the opportunity to place a few well-placed bombs at a couple of barracks to show our supporters our defiance and keep them on side as this will be what our people want in response to the attempt on my life. Another dissident Republican group will take the blame for what we did so we can stay in government. I know what you're thinking if the British government are blatantly so stupid to accept these attacks by blaming dissidents all the while knowing it's us then what else could we get away with? The British high elites are so scared of us they would do ANYTHING to appease us and that includes ignoring our non-commitment to this so-called ceasefire!

So not to disappoint my fans, I will be implementing a few more bombing campaigns. Its late afternoon when Michael is overseeing repairs to the house, when Paul shouts over "MICKEY!" from the other side

of the road. "Come on over here and meet the new Volunteers." As Michael makes his way over to where Paul is standing he sees two lads along with him aged around sixteen and seventeen. "Dia duit." Michael said to each lad while gripping them with a firm handshake. A little grey haired old lady comes scuttling over and holds Michaels' arm. "Are you alright son?" she said looking up at him. "Aye, I am," Michael replied. "I have sent over me grandsons to be Volunteers. They are good boys and will do you proud." and with that said, the old girl walked back up the street and into her own house. Casually looking over his shoulder to the two new recruits. Michael asks, "That's your granny boys?" "Aye." they both said. "Priceless," Michael whispers to himself with a grin. As Michael is rolling a cigarette he shouts out. "PAUL, show these boys the ropes, two weeks training at the Tyrone camp and then test their loyalty by throwing them in the deep end. Two dead cops, one for each of them. I want the hit to be plastered all over the papers. You know the score, call it in as one of our dissident groups. Got it?" Michael said. "Done," replied Paul.

Enough bravado, need a new fecken house to live in or do I stick it out? It suddenly it hits me. How the fuck did they find me so quick? Couldn't have been here two months? Running over to his van Michael immediately knows it won't be a Republican that has let him down as everyone is shit scared of the repercussions of helping the British.

He looks under the wheel arches and then spots a little brown and round device stuck under his wheel hub. He says nothing and goes back into his house with a few of the volunteers. "Right! The British fucks have tagged me van, however that has happened? Anyway, I am going to draw these fucks out and kill them." Michael turns to Paul and says, "those new pups will be needed for this one." "Consider it done Mick!" Paul replies. "Meet up at Mass as usual and we will discuss how to make these bastards drop their cover," Michael said to the crew and with that, they all dispersed including Michael. We take the van as normal, but we go and leave it somewhere safe. "Andersonstown?" Paul asks. "Aye, Andersonstown," Michael replies. Paul then drives the van over all the rubble strewn over the driveway as the crowds quickly make room for the van to leave. It's around 7pm when they make their way to Andersonstown, Michael is again in deep thought with that ever-distant stare angrily fixed as he looks out the window of the van. Suddenly Michael shouts "Pull over here." With a confused look on his face, Paul does what he is told. Michael then gets out and makes his way across the front of the van towards the driver's door and asks Paul to jump out before driving off. Paul stands dumbfounded by the side of the road while watching Michaels van driving away from him.

Suddenly Paul realises he is in a Loyalist area and starts to get nervous of being spotted. He knows his face is well known to his enemy. He keeps his eyes low and tries to calmly walk towards Belfast city centre. Ten minutes and I will be safe; Paul kept reminding himself as his pace quickened, he was walking ever faster. Paul was sure people were starting to notice his odd behaviour. Paul pats his jacket where his gun is, in a vain attempt to reassure himself he was armed and could protect himself.

"OI YOU!" A cold sweat creeps out of Paul as he turns around quickly to see four men looking at him. "You alright?" Inquired one of the men who is roughly around ten meters away from him. "Yes, just fine, I missed my bus and I am late for work," Paul shouted back and started to walk away further from the man. "SO, you're worried they might give you the sack then if you're late?" The man continued. Paul, then shouted back "Yes," as he kept walking. "Didn't know RVA cunts could be sacked? Aren't you guys usually shot in the back of the head when your fired, Paul?" The man shouted.

Paul stopped in his tracks when the man called out his name. He wanted to run as he never fought the enemy face to face before. "PAUL! Look at this!" The man shouted. Paul didn't want to turn around but felt he was far enough away from them to pull his gun and still make an escape if he needed to. Paul turned around slowly finally laying eyes on the man who was doing all the talking to him. He now had his gun in his hand but hidden behind his back. The same man who was talking to him was now making a gun gesture with his hand and pointing it right at him. "You know who I am Paul?" The man inquires. "NO!" Paul replies whilst taking the safety off his gun. The man cups his other hand around his mouth and shouts "I'm the man who is going to kill all of you Republican cunt's!" Paul pulls his weapon and aims it at the man shouting at him. "Are Ya? You fucken Hun bastard? When I finish with you I am going to kill your wife and kids you fuck!" Paul replies. Paul holds his breath as he aims his gun, ready to pull the trigger, the man suddenly shouts "Lights out! YOU CUNT!".

A flash of white light and the feeling of cold air is seen and felt by Paul. Why am I falling Paul thought to himself as everything went dark and the noises started to fade away. Paul is lying in a pool of his own blood with half his head scattered across the pavement.

A man is standing over his kill. It's Ian with a Silenced Desert Eagle in one hand and his mobile in the other. He leans over the body and reaches over to Paul's right arm and roughly flips him over. Ian is greeted with Paul's mangled face with blood streaming from every orifice. Ian looks up and gives a nod to the men from his brigade. "RFID tracking is a bitch isn't it Paul?" Ian said before quickly walking off towards his car. Ian had been quietly stalking his marks for a few days now with his crew and had been following the van when Michael left Paul at the side of the road. It was too good of an opportunity for the boys to miss as they will bleed Michael for more Volunteer intel later.

Weeks earlier under the orders of Jason we broke into homes of a few of the most prolific Republicans to attach tracking dots to most of their clothing. The unknowing RVA could scan their entire wardrobe and not pick any of these bugs up as they use the kinetic energy of movement when worn to power the tracking devices. So, when they stop moving the bug stops working. My men were not part of Jason's equation but nonetheless, they are part of it now. The men in Ian's Loyalist Brigade quickly start the clean-up of the body; they know they have about nine minutes until a possible police response.

They open a trunk of a car to get the equipment they need for the disposal. One man is on DNA scrub, which is by far the easiest job. He has a manual air compressed dispenser which is filled with a liquid blend of Chlorine and Hydrogen peroxide. A quick and thorough spray of a three-meter square area around the body will do the trick. DNA material that could have been used to identify the killer is now useless. The second man has to roll the body into a body bag and wraps it tight in stretchy plastic wrap before lifting it into the waiting van.

The third man has to do the dirty work later which involves the removal of hands, visible tattoos, all teeth and the bullet. He puts the teeth and hands into a grinder and mixes the pulp with lime and disposes of it in small chunks down the toilet. They then cut the body up into six pieces and put each of the parts into one large black plastic barrel. Filling it to the top with Hydrofluoric acid. The barrel is sealed and the metal lever for locking the lid on the barrel is given a few tacks with a MIG welder, so it can't be opened again. The finished barrel is given false labels and then mixed with other barrels of toxic waste which come from the likes of car mechanics, fast-food restaurants and dry cleaners. The waste is headed to a big liner in Belfast ready to be shipped to the Ukraine for disposal. Total estimated time of 5 hours from kill to boat.

Meanwhile

Michael is parking up at a shopping centre in Andersonstown. Totally oblivious to the events that he himself caused. Michael was unconcerned about how Paul was going to make his way home. His only motive for kicking Paul out of the van was so he didn't have to put up with him kissing his arse the whole day as he deplores people who can't be themselves. He had things to do and needed to stay focused on how to deal with today's events so having Paul out from under his feet was a step in the right direction.

Where the fuck am I going to stay tonight? He thought to himself while walking down to a car he spotted being packed with groceries. As he approached the car, the woman who was packing her groceries stopped and closed the boot. Looking her in the face and without hesitation, Michael stated "On behalf of the RVA Belfast brigade, you have been asked to provide transport. Do you comply?" Asked Michael. The woman knew refusal could end badly for her, so she agreed to take Michael wherever he wanted. Michael didn't want to be chauffeured about as she was just another liability, so he took the keys of the car from her and quickly sped away from the car park. Time to head to Dundalk, Michael thinks to himself as he makes his way towards the motorway. As Michael is making his way down the road his mobile starts to ring. Looking at the id on the screen he sees its Paul calling him. "What is it Paul?" Michael said annoyed.

A voice that has been altered, speaks back to him in a deep menacing digital altered way. "Paul, can't come to the phone now but he has left a message for you.... Would you like to hear it?" Michael felt a chill

run up his spine as he knows this person is not affiliated with the British Intelligence as he knows the rules of engagement prohibit stealth calls. The person on the other end of this phone is either a Republican or a Loyalist hitman.

Michael quickly disconnects the call as it can be traced and pulls the sim out to destroy later and chucks the phone out the window. Michael knows now that Paul is dead but doesn't understand how it happened. As Michael is driving; he analyses the events of the day and what possibly links them together. The only thing that links them together is me, he thought to himself. The tracker has been left on the van in Andersonstown and this is a bug-free car so what else could they possibly put a tracker on? He then slams on the brakes and pulls over. "My fucking clothes!" he said aloud. He then jumps out to the side of the road and strips all his clothes off in case there are any micro tags. He then jumps back into the car. Turning the heater on and was about to drive off when he realised this was an opportunity for him to kill his shadows. He opened his door and leaned out and grabbed his clothes. He threw them into the backseat and sped off down the motorway. There was only one person that could help him right now with advice and that was the Chief Commander of the RVA, Brendan McMurry.

Arriving in Dundalk he could see different passer byes gawking at him, after all, he was driving around naked. As Michael made his way to Brendan's house he couldn't help but remember how much he yearned for a little place to call his own. To finally have roots and to put the war behind him. Brendan's house was very secluded with no neighbours for miles. A few trees dotted around the house with huge spacious fields surrounding the property.

The fields were filled with all sorts of crops and other plants which were sprouting up in clumps. Michael thought to himself; I bet Brendan's dogs love a good run around in the fields. His mangy mutts are all he needs for his security as they bark like mad at anyone that goes near that property. Better give him a heads up about myself dropping at his door. It was nearly 8pm by the time Michael arrived at the village outskirts.

I will use the phone box at the little convenience store before the turn off towards Brendan's house. You don't see too many pay phones these days but thankfully this part of Ireland hasn't changed much over the years.

It's getting dark now with the sun ever slowly sinking behind the horizon with light and dark in limbo with each other, the twilight. Pulling up to the wee shop, Michael parks his car close to the phone booth. Michael puts his old clothes on again despite concerns of tracking before he gets out and makes the call to Brendan. With the street lights dimly lit Michael gets out of the car and makes his way over to the pay phone. Fumbling around in his pockets he discovers he hasn't any money. In a fit of rage, Michael shouts "Mother fucker!" as he smashes the receiver a number of times against the dialling buttons.

Standing in the phone box with the receiver damaged and dangling Michael angrily says to himself "Can nothing go right for me today?" Michael then spots an elderly man walking along the road and quickly walks over to him, all the while hiding a gun behind his back. "Could you spare some change for the phone box kind sir, me cars broke down?" Michael said. "Be away with you boy!" The man shouted at him. "I don't have any money for the likes of you!" Enraged, Michael quickly brings his weapon round and heavily pushes the gun against the old man's forehead before cocking the weapon. "Do you still have no fucken money for me?" Michael snarled!

The look of fear never changes Michael thought to himself as he could see the terrified look on the old fella's face. "Hold on now, just hold on boy and I'll see what odds I have in me pocket, calm yourself now. Look here's a few euros, that's all I have please, please don't shoot me," the old man replied. Michael knew the score even if the old man didn't but took mercy on him nevertheless and let him go. "Go on now, hurry up and remember not a word to anyone or there will be trouble for you and yours," Michael shouted at him as the old timer walked away awkwardly up the road.

Holstering his pistol in his front trouser waistline, Michael went back to the phone booth and put the money in the phone box and lifted the receiver to his ear. As he was about to dial Brendan's number he notices the buttons he smashed in minutes earlier. "For FUCKSAKE!!!! Fuckin proddy scum, hun bastard of a machine! I haven't got time for this fucking bullshit!" He shouted in a rage. I will just go over to

Brendan's and he will have to get over himself with his fucken do's and don'ts of contacting him! Fuck him!

Getting into his car Michael spins the wheels of his vehicle and makes his way down the road. He sees the old man that gave him some Euros and rolls down the window. He grabs what's left of the Euro coins and holds them in his right hand. Slowing the car down beside the old man, he angrily throws the coins at him and shouts "YOU USELESS FUCKER!" before speeding off again. Michael pulls up the road from Brendan's house to assess his situation. He could see no lights were on at his house. This keeps getting better and better Michael thought to himself. I honk the horn and keep honking till Brendan's up as I don't want to be bit in the arse by any of his dogs. The lights in Brendan's house start to flicker on, one by one before his entire property is engulfed by flood lamps.

Right now, he will be checking the cams before coming out to me Michael thought. "CLICK!" Brendan holds a gun to Michael's head. "What are you doing Michael?" Brendan says in a quiet voice. "FUCK ME, that was fast! I am in a bit of a situation and need your help, ok so ease off, I know how it looks". Michael said. "You better come in but don't think I'm making you a fucking tea! You scared the shite out of me. Pull your car around the back." Brendan replied. Michael does what he is asked and pulls the car around the back. "Is the car clean?" Brendan asks? "No, it isn't," Michael replied. "Then fucking get rid now. Get it to fuck a few miles away and make sure it's lit, just to be safe." Brendan shouts. "Aye," replied Michael. Brendan waits half an hour outside for Michael with only his dogs for company when he spots Mick strolling back down his lane. As Michael is walking up the drive Brendan sees he is in distress. "Mon in and tell me what's been happening," Brendan shouts over to Michael and puts his arm around his neck.

As they were making their way into the kitchen Michael notices Brendan has a two-door entrance to the front and back of his house. "When did Ya get the big fuck off security doors?" asked Michael. "Ages ago, the wife didn't feel safe as the dogs have been barking more than usual lately," replied Brendan. "What if they want to come through da windys? Then you're fucked?" said Michael. "It's bullet proof safety glass Ya muppet, anyway what's this situation you're in?" Brendan replied. Michael explains to Brendan the events that have taken place. They then start to put a plan together, to kill the shadows stalking Michael by using the tagged clothes that are now in their possession.