

Deep in the jungles of Algeria, a nefarious plot was brewing. A terrorist cell in Algiers, originally linked to Al-Qaeda, had broken off and formed its own organization known as Nod after they ran off with an ancient artifact was uncovered beneath their hideout, being branded as traitors and heretics. Intelligence from an inside man had informed the U.S. government that the artifact was likely worth millions, yet they appeared to have no intentions of selling it, and the underground and disjointed nature of the group meant that any formalized attack on the group would likely send them into hiding, alongside their treasured artifact. Only one man could save them, Nick "Havoc" Parker, a renegade commando with a sarcastic streak and a penchant for handling issues with gunfire rather than words.

After a long talk with tactical agent supreme, Nick Parker, involving the signing of several contracts, exchanging of uncounted threats, and promise of enormous payment, the Commanders of the U.S. Army managed to convince Havoc to work for them. After being briefed on the situation and equipped with the latest in tactical weaponry, Havoc was on an aerial carrier to Algiers, and parachuted to the ground about ten miles outside of the last known location of the terrorist group. Havoc, not being one to walk, took his collapsible desert motorcycle out of his backpack and sped off towards the horizon.

Within minutes, Havoc was able to see tents in the distance, as well as a large plume of smoke billowing into the sky. It was clear that the terrorists have not moved their base of operations yet, but whether they are burning evidence or doing something more sinister wasn't clear. Either way, not wanting to be spotted, Havoc pulled a sick drift and brought his bike to a stop before collapsing it and throwing it over his shoulder into the sand. He knew that he would be able to buy more when he needed them, after he got his payment. Equipping his desert camo, Havoc dove into the sand below and started swimming towards the enemy encampment, not wanting to be spotted.

As he got closer, the situation became even more confusing. The smoke he saw was from a giant bonfire, cobbled together from whatever scrap wood the terrorists had available, with the artifact in the center. The artifact was a huge statue of a tightly coiled serpent, carved out of marble and covered in gleaming gemstones. Even though the intel reported that it was buried for years in the sand, it looked as untainted as the day it was made. Havoc asked Central Command if they know anything about it through his wrist mounted Electronic Video Agent, or EVA, and they said that it appeared to be an idol of the ancient Egyptian god of destruction, Apep. It was unclear why a formerly Muslim terrorist group was now worshipping ancient Egyptian deities. Havoc remarked on the expensive nature of the statue, only to have Central Command mention that they hope there will be no conflict of interest. Nick, with a tight smirk forming, replies, "Conflict of interest? Heh, nah, I've got interest in conflict."

Havoc squirmed through the sand silently, sneaking up behind one of the terrorists that has stepped out to rock a piss. Rapidly emerging from the sand like a dolphin leaping from the water, Havoc unsheathed a tactical combat knife from his shoulder knife sheath and drove it into the terrorist's neck, severing his voice box from the back of his throat. He fell to the ground with

a whistling noise, and Havoc dragged him into a nearby empty tent, where he changed into his clothes. Havoc, master of disguise, appeared as nothing more than a generic mujahid.

Using his secret talent, the power to do really good impressions, Havoc passed unseen throughout the encampment. By eavesdropping on a few conversations, he picked up that there was some sort of ritual going on, known only as “the turning of the tides”. Using his incredible powers of subtle questioning, such as “how about that ritual, huh?”, Havoc was able to learn that the ritual had almost come to an end. Havoc was able to decipher that they seemed to think that they are helping Allah in some manner. Havoc concludes that he needed to stop the ritual before whatever dark plan they have in mind comes to fruition, but once he heard a chant pick up around the statue, he realised that he had come too late to stop it. He would just have to deal with what comes, as he often did in his line of work. Ducking into another conveniently placed empty tent, Nick ripped open his backpack and slipped on a kevlar vest before he starts equipping his weaponry on his body for easy access. He placed an assault rifle on his back, a flamethrower on his right inner thigh, a silenced pistol on his left thigh, a variety of grenades on his belt, two throwing knives on his ankles, and a caustic chemical sprayer on his right thigh. Just in case.

Right as he finished making himself into a human armory, Nick heard a horrible sound coming from the statue. It sounded like a thousand human voices groaning and moaning at once, and the hissing of snakes over it all. Nick knew that now was the time to act. Grabbing his silenced pistol and peeking around the corner, Nick sees that the smoke from the fire has gotten much thicker, blacker, and heavier, blanketing the area. Even so, he could see beams of red light piercing the cloud of smoke, and evil emanates in waves. Nick knows that the time for stealth is over, and it was now time for shooty bang bang gun violence.

Slicing and dicing his way out of the tent with his knife for dramatic effect, Nick jumps out into the middle of the ritual, no longer clothed in his shemagh. The terrorists are all able to see his beautiful Western features. Disgusted by his beauty and righteous fervor, they all take out AK-47s and begin firing at him. Nick dodges their inaccurate blasts with ease and blasts half a dozen shots with his pistol, lodging bullets in seven brains before his magazine runs dry. Diving behind a stack of crates filled with Korans, Nick realises he's going to need extra firepower to take care of this fight, emphasis on the fire. Whipping out his flamethrower from under his western-style jeans, Nick rolls under a storm of bullets and spins around, spewing burning death all over the camp. All the terrorists nearest to him burst into flames and run screaming from the fight, while the ones furthest are tramped to death by the burning Muslim retreat. Nick wipes a bead of sweat from his brow, pleased with his work.

“Man, I'm hot stuff,” Nick quips, dusting some sand off of his vest.

“Not as hot as you're about to become!” A booming voice shouted from above him, and Nick suddenly realised he forgot to take out one key opponent. The smog covering the area suddenly cleared, and before him stood an enormous snake, standing on four legs and spewing gouts of

fire from four hands. It was none other than Apep himself.

"Apep? What the hell are you doing here?" Nick picked his teeth with his combat knife while he talked to possibly one of the strongest entities on the planet. "What would the Egyptian god of evil want with a bunch of desert loonies like these?"

"Fool!" Apep screamed, breathing a massive pillar of flame into the air to accentuate his words. "Don't you see? With the power of these 'desert loonies', I am more powerful than ever before, and can destroy the sun god Ra!" Apep laughed, the sound echoing for miles into the empty desert. "I will blanket the world in one thousand years of darkness and evil!"

"Not if I can help it!" Nick shouted back, throwing his pistol at Apep's head before swinging an arm over his shoulder and bringing out his assault rifle, blasting bullet after bullet directly at the god's face. Every single one bounced off his scales, however, as if they were made of lead. He didn't move like he was made of lead, though, and Apep swung one of his many hands towards Nick and sent him barrelling through the air into a tent.

"Ha ha ha! I am invincible!" Apep laughed, flicking one of his fingers and sending a fireball towards the tent. Nick dove through the canvas wall to avoid it, rolling behind a dune as the whole thing went up in flames. Nick didn't have the equipment to take out a god, but he'd have to make do with what he had. Grabbing the throwing knives from his ankles and his trusty shoulder knife, Nick tied them all together with his belt of grenades, creating a knife bomb.

"Man, I should take up tinkering," Nick thought to himself. There would be time for that later, though; for now, he had to focus on committing deicide. Pulling the pins on every one of his grenades, Nick hurled the bundle at Apep, hoping (but secretly knowing) that his plan would work. As soon as it touched his scales, the whole thing exploded, sending shrapnel and knives right through his scales and deep into his flesh.

"Ah! How did you know knives and explosions were my only weaknesses?!" Apep screamed, as the knives poked holes straight into his god gland, the source of all of his divine power.

"If you thought the sword was bad, you haven't seen the pen!" Nick jeered, reaching into his pocket and pulling out his explosive pen. Clicking the button three times just as he was instructed, he hurled it with all of his might, sending it spinning right for Apep's snake face. The tip poked right into his eye, mildly irritating it, before exploding with the force of two tons of dynamite. Nick was thrown back from the force of the explosion, while Apep was blasted into a thin red mist. He laid there in the sand for a moment, recovering from how incredibly awesome he was, before bringing his EVA up to his face.

"Mission accomplished, Command," Nick said haughtily into the microphone, "I took out Apep and every single one of his followers."

“Good work, Nick, but we have another mission for you. With Apep gone, Ra has come back to retake his rightful place as ruler of humanity.” Nick could hear loud stomping and gunfire coming from the speaker. “We're going to need your help in killing more gods.”

“This is gonna be a long day,” Nick sighed, before lighting a flare to signal his location for pickup.

Reflection

Throughout the story, I used several scenes that evoke the senses, such as sight and hearing and whatnot. For example, when he sees the beams of light emerging from the cloud of black smoke, or when he hears the hundreds of human groans topped with hissing. Additionally, I would say that Havoc is a very interesting character that was put on the spot of protagonist, and although he didn't have much of a backstory, his wild western style as a one-man army is quite appealing. I would also say that one of the techniques that I used were the hair-pulling, teeth-grinding action scenes that showed up throughout most of the story, mainly being the fight against the terrorist group, and finally, the egyptian god Apep. I think that, overall, this represents the techniques that the class has taught me being applied to my work. For example, before this class, I wouldn't have bothered to mention any of the sense-evoking parts of the story, because I would've preferred to get from point A, being the start, to point B, being the rising action as soon as possible, because in my opinion, the rising action is the most entertaining to write. However, doing so wouldn't have made it interesting for the audience to read, while a full serving of filling between the rising action at the very beginning of the story is what the audience craves.