

MIKE'S MAFIA HALL, A FEW HOURS AGO

The Mafia Hall was collapsing, I had no escape, I was trapped in a room, only having a few more minutes before one of the walls fall and crack open my cranium. I turned on my Walkie-Talkie.



Tom: "Hello, Tim... [Static]... you hear me?"

Tim: "I can hear you... [Static]... so fine... [Static]... accomplished?"

Tom: "Listen... [Static]... care of Phil... [Static]... is collapsing. [Static]..... it's locked and I've... [Static]... way out, no escapes."

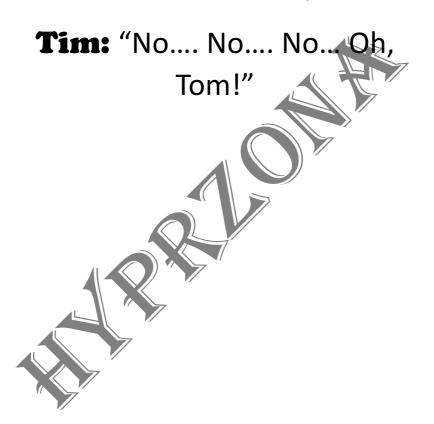
Tim: "Hey Tom don't worry I'll—"

Tim heard a hard crash sound through the Walkie-Talkie, after which it went offline, producing a beeping sound.

Tim: "Tom? Tom?"

As Tim is approaching towards the building in his helicopter he can see the collapsed building, surprised by the fact Tom couldn't make it out. He was in

tears, unable to believe that it was the reality.



Chapter 1: The Killer of Erin

UNKNOWN LOCATION, PRESENT

I don't know where I was, yes, I made it alive, the building collapsed, squishing many corpses, except mine, or maybe I'm exploring my afterlife.

Not a very Godly welcome to heaven surely, I was tied

to a chair, tightly, blowing every chance of my escape.

I could see hobos and TV.s reporting the incident at Mike's place.

Thousands of people, including Tim. Agents of D.E.A. Government and of course the police department, all shed tears, in silence.

But I was worried about Phil more than anything, much

more than the worry about the place I'm stuck in.

Tom: "Hey, you man with the bat, am I in hell?"

I felt the look on his face, he sure is one those underpaid, small time thug of a big boss.

He approached me with a smile that may fear the devil himself.

