



THE T'N'T :

Prologue

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Creation



TOM'S PROLOGUE

Chapter 1: Legacy of Shadows

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 a few hobos and a T.V. reporting the incident at Mike's place.

Thousands of people, including Tim, Agents of D.E.A. 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.

Bat-Man: “Just sit there and wait you’ll know.”

Tom: “Time is what, I’m short of.”

Bat-Man: “Oh really? Let me give you a lot of time then.”

The Bat carrying man swings the baseball bat to as back and angled as he can, then with full power, enough to kill a man, swings the

*bat, and hits Tom, on his right side
of skull, breaking the bat, and
making it look like half of Tom's
head is bleeding.*

*To know who this place belongs to
let's take you to...*

RICOR STREET,

THE LATE 80S

*Erin Martin, the late president of
United Islands of Pacific, was the
dad of Tom.*

*Since he came in power, the
Mafias started to fall, he made
much fairer and strictly implied*

laws, he reformed the whole country. But the Big Drug lords were never happy with this.

Actually, never happy with anything inferring with their greed. Not long after their complete trades went down across the country and police closing in on many. Erin was killed.

Up to this day it's surprising that he got blown up in his own car that had heavy security around it 24/7, that's what made Mike Egan, the most dangerous person, roaming in the country. He had

ties with greatest ex-mobsters of all the time, Johnny Martino.

With endless list of notorious crimes, he did in collaboration with the ex-government is frightening.

It was Tom's birthday, Erin and his wife Susan, were on their way to the hostel, to wish Tom. Under heavy security throughout the day and night, all year long. Multiple micro-bombs were fit beneath the black A-class car. No one knows who helped with this, but the explosion was so intense and

powerful when it happened. The track of a lot officers was lost.

It didn't take a genius to find out who was behind it!

Yet he was able to roam around freely, after the courtroom trials, the new president turned the constitution upside down.

The country soon became the world's biggest drug lord. Drugs on roads, stations, schools, offices, everywhere, and not to mention the D.E.A. itself under fire from President Louis White.

A few days later the death and the events of country reach the hostel, the young little, Tommy, who was eagerly waiting for his parents, was shocked to hear about his parents' death.

Tommy had always been athletic. Numerous medals in Marathons, Sprints, Sports, a black belt in Martial Arts and what not.

The disturbed young boy made it his mission to finish off the Mafia, the drugs, the business and corruption surrounding the country.

UNKNOWN LOCATION,

PRESENT

Tom was slowly gaining back his consciousness.

Tom: “That’s all the power you got?? Can’t even keep me down for a couple of minutes.”

Tom had always been daring, and loved to finger such dons, in the deepest of their holes.

Bat-Man: “You sure have the guts to mess with big people like me kid”

He swunged his bat for the second time against Tom's head, harder, in a different style. A third time smashing it on the back of his head.

Erin: "Tom we're here finally. And we're here always. *(He held hands with Susan)* Don't let them make you incapacitated, you're our son, be strong, and don't let these people be alive, this is not your mission, this is our mission." *Tom Regained his consciousness, slowly.*

He raises his hand and stops the last hit from the man.

Tom: “You think your bat can take me? You need hundreds of Bazookas to take me.”

Tom had power enough to take the bat away from that man, and guts enough to throw it away and anger him to his fullest, that he picked up shotgun, no not to shoot Tom, or the boss would shoot his whole family tree down but to use its butt against the center of Tom's head.