Seated in a newsroom two anchors were in the process of telling the world what was happening with the race. They watched in horror as JoAnn detonated her weapons of mass destruction killing hundreds of innocent people. The race contestants included.

“We'll be back in a few minutes as this incredible series of events continues to unravel.” One of the anchors said to the camera.

As soon as they were told they had gone to commercial, Joe one of the lead anchors, looked over to his producer. “What the hell was that?!” He yelled across the newsroom.

A woman walked forward. She was wearing a short miniskirt with high heels. To keep things somewhat professional she wore a white blouse with a blazer. She too had been dumbfounded at the incident that had just taken place.

“Joe I need you to report on this.” She said. “No ifs ands or buts. You hear me?”

Joe nodded. He turned away from her for a moment. Regaining his composure he turned back to the producer. “Of course Sandra. Of course.”

Sandra looked her friend in the eyes. “I know your sister was in that complex.” She said attempting to get on his level.

Joe shook his head. “You don't know jack!” He said. “I'm going out there.”

Sandra nodded her approval. “Yes get out there. We need our best man on the job!”

Joe shook his head. “I'm not going out there as a reporter. I'm going out there to bring my sister back to justice.”

Sandra's eyes grew large. “Your sister is JoAnn Makelson?”

Joe nodded.

Sandra could see all of the news stories now. She could see the government seizing her newsroom. Saying they were connected to the terrorist attack in someway or another. It was too much for her to process right now. But she did know one thing.

“Joe, you can't go.”

Joe turned from the news desk and looked up at Sandra. What did she mean he couldn't go? She saw for herself what his flesh and blood had done. She watched as helpless innocent people had died. What the hell did she mean he couldn't go?

“What?”

Sandra walked up onto the platform holding the anchor desk. “You can't go. We can't be held liable for what happened to the race today.”

Joe shook his head. He couldn't believe what he was hearing. Of course he had to go. It was his family. He had no other choice but to go. How could he make her understand? How could he make her realize that it was his responsibility to get through to his sister and bring her in?

“That's bullshit.” He said “You know it.”

Sandra placed her hands on her hips and stared Joe in the eyes. “Listen to me.” She said. “If you walk out that door, don't even think about coming back. You will be out of a job.”

Joe smiled. “I'm going to make this easy on you Sand.” He said. “I quit.” Joe walked away from the desk leaving Sandra standing there with the look of shock on her face.

Her main anchor had just quit.

Family ran thicker than the news in Joe's eyes. He had to get to the bottom of it and see what had happened. Why it had happened. Joe had a gut feeling but he needed to hear it from his sister instead.