

2497147

## Task 1 Prose Defraft

Why does this always have to happen to me ? Oh my days. I don't even know how I got me hands on a gun. This thing by the way, CoD doesn't do it enough justice in the game. The texture, the feel, the power it gives it, all while making you petrified.

Oh no, they're still coming. I were meant to be 'avin' a chippy and tea with Sheila, but I'm 50 miles away from home now. This place by the way. Smells like mold and regret. I fit right in, like i never left Brum. Sheila btw, bloody hell. I'm pretty sure I've lost 10 stone in the last 3 days since I met her. Ms Super Spy, my arse. A bit more like, "let's get chased by mercenaries every 5 minutes and nearly die." Bosh.

They're at the door already? Bloody hell, it's hard ter think straight when there's a small army trynna turn ya into sieve. I 'ear 'em shoutin, in some foreign language. Doesn't sound friendly don it? Prob'ly, sommat like, 'come outside ya daft sod, we're gonna Swiss cheese yah!' Sheila's ova by the window, shooting back at the 'em, peeking through the blinds, like she's an action hero. She has that look on 'er face. Everytime she gets that look, it's followed by a bit of relief, then all goes to piss, immediately after. But this time, it also has a bit of 'I've got a plan, and it might get us killed', mixed into it.

She turns to me, dead calm, all calm and collected, like we're not about to get turned into human colanders. 'Move', she says.

'Move where ?', I hissed back, clutchin' the gun like a lifeline. She points to a door. The only door here. Same door, gettin' kick'd in by about twenty geezers. Yeah, cheers Sheila. She don't answer, instead, grabbing my arm an' yanks me towards the back of the room. Turns out there's a hatch in the floor. 'Course there is. 'Cause why wouldn't there be a hatch in an abandoned warehouse? Spy logic, ain't. Well atleast i have my life saved 'cause of it I hope. I'm not about to argue wiv 'er, mostly 'cause our nice friends over there are moving in, and wouldn't like my head to be caressed by a bullet. I drop in, and she follows. Pulling the hatch shut. It's pitch black, and I'm pretty sure I just stepped into sommat wet.

Fantastic, just great, yeah. We're stumblin' through what feels like a sewer tunnel- cause ofcourse it's a sewer tunnel- til we get to a ladder leadin' back topside. Tryin' not gag. Sheila is going first, because she's the expert at not dyin'.

I follow, after 'er, and also start thinkin' about how I'm goin' to burn these clothes when I'm done. We pop up into an alleyway, and Sheila's already off, draggin' me along like a daft puppy. She says the cars just down the road. 'Oh, brilliant', because nothing says safety like a car chase with a bunch of armed nutters.

The car by the way, it's an old Sierra Cosworth. A bleeding Cosworth, in pure black, with the golden wheels. I wanted one of these as a kid. But never thought I'd be drivin' one in this kind of

situation, while running' for me life. I'm not even gonna botha asking how she got tha car. MI6 business that. Well, that's a bit of a repreave for now. I can breathe now.

## References

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