

The Secret Agent

I could venture a few guesses said Le route. Bruce Baner backed off from the precipice. He was close to being defenestrated from the precipice. It was an unusual place to plant a bomb. The c4 he exclaimed wildly. It was obvious now. There was only 1 bomb. Something broke from under his foot and his foot became trapped in the trapeze underneath La Le Routte hotel. The trademark villa was no within view

I do not like you're odds exclaimed Le route, the villain. It was obvious now. The C4 was about to be timed out. Ha said Bruce Baner, it is over. Now surrender your arms, he said.

Little of Le Route's knowledge involved the bomb, not being activated. Bruce Baner was concealing he information. It is now close to being exploded. Said Le route. The Paris city-view below housed a big landscape. It would be dangerous if he failed and the bomb exploded. Le Route, ex-police officer of the law was now on the other side of the balcony.

The surprised them. Bruce Baner's right-hand-man arrived on the scene as the other guy took the fall. Argh, he exclaimed wildly as he fell to the precipice below. The balcony was way out of view now. It was obvious as Fort-Nite the bad guy turned ex-cop, became a private0eye, later, was on top of his game today. He caught the bullet Bruce Baner fired at him 2 seconds ago and redirect it at Le Route.

It is over now, Fort-Nite said agreedly. It was a big problem. The large overhead fee was tremendous and too much to bear. Damn!, said the captain, now ex-captain, of the police force formerly. Bruce Baner was on route to the next location. Bomb has been planted said Le Route.

That is a bluff!

The End
-By DCG

Pont de la Con Codrde

Brown Quartz varies in color from yellow-brown cairngorm, named for the cairngorm mountains. Squalerite. Resinous luster and color, often associated with galena, pyrite, quartz, calcite, barter, and fluorite. Color dull yellow-brown to black, also greenish to white, but nearly colorless when pure. Luster resinous and adamantine. Streak pale brown to light yellow. Transparency transparent to translucent. Cleavage perfect on 110. Fracture conchoidal. Tenacity not applicable. Forms dodecahedron, massive to granular, Hornblende amorphous. Various names. Uses principal ore of zinc. Occurrence can occur in veins in most rocks, where it is associated with galena, pyrite, quartz, and calcite. Romania, Italy, Switzerland, Spain, UK, Sweden, Mexico, Canada, USA, Missouri, Colorado, Montana, Wisconsin, Idaho, and Kansas.

Arsenopyrite distinctive features, color, streak. Also, when heated in an open tube, it gives off sulfurous fumes and produces a white sublimate of arsenic trioxide. Color silvery-tin white to iron gray. Luster metallic. Streak black to dark gray. Transparency opaque. Cleavage good on 110. Fracture uneven. Tenacity brittle. Forms prismatic crystals often flattened, Granular. Varieties none. Uses principal ore of arsenic. Occurrence often associated with cassiterite, wolframite, sphalerite, and galena mineralized veins in granite and associated rocks.

Street by street Tuileries Quarter. St-Roch the papal statue stands in this remarkably long 17th century church, unusually set on an north-south axis. St-Roch is a treasure house of religious art. Elegant squares, formal gardens, street arcades and courtyards give this part of Paris its special character. Monuments to monarchy and the arts coexist with contemporary luxury: sumptuous hotels, world-famous restaurants, fashion emporiums and jewelers of international renown. Sandblasting and washing have given a new glow to the facades of the Loure and the Palais Royal Square, where Cardinal Richelieu's creation, the royal palace is now occupied by government offices. From here and the ministry of culture survey the cleaning and restoration of the city's great buildings. The other former royal palace, the Louvre, is now one of the great museums of the world

The Tuileries area is bounded by the vast expansion the Concorde square at one end and the Grand Palais at the other. There was a place for the kings and palaces. The Sun king (Louis XIV) lives on in the place des Victoires, which was designed solely to show off his statue. In place Vendôme, royal glitter has been replaced by the precious stones of Cartier, Boucheron and Chaumet, and the fine cut of Arab, German, and Japanese bankers, not to mention the chic ladies visiting the luxurious Ritz. The area is crossed by two of Paris's most magnificent shopping streets: the long Rue de Rivoli, with its arcades, expensive boutiques, bookshops and luxury hotels, and the Rue St-Honore, another extensive street, bringing together the richest and the humblest in people and commerce.

Getting there this area is well served by the metro system, with stations at Tuileries, Pyramides, Palais Royal and Louvre. There are frequent stations at Tuileries, Pyramides, Palais Royal and Louvre/ There are frequent buses through the area. Routes 24 and 72 travel along the quayside passing the Jardin des Tuileries and the Musée du Louvre.

John perused around the internet. Today was not his day to be staying inside. It was a warm day and a lot was going on. John was an ex-detective turned police captain. He was also an avid gamer. John looked out at the street. He was not alone. There was a strange man staring back. It was the bomber!

The bomber man was not after John persay but more likely to be just there. It was a strange situation. His friend Fort-Nite was on the curb waiting for attention from his friend. But John was more concerned about the situation going on around him. It wasn't in his head after all.

He became slightly afraid of what was going to happen. With the bomber man just over yonder. Fort-Nite was just kind of standing there too. "What's going on man," said Fort-Nite. "John, here, just waiting around for something to happen." John was known to keep it real, but it was definitely in the back of his mind concerning the situation. The street was dark and paved with sandstone, which wasn't unusual around these parts with the weather and everything being like it was. It was dark today and darker still the day before. Things were kind of looking up, but it was difficult to say how.

The bomberman perp decided to turn the other direction and just go away. It was probably a smart move on his part, since no one was really sure why he was here or what he had planned going on. He just walked away.

"How strange," said Fort-Nite. "He was supposed to do something like plant a bomb." John whistled and wondered in that direction, "I think he wasn't who we thought he was." John decided to continue in that general area of thought. The balcony around him seemed to support what he needed. He peered below and the scene changed. It was completely dark now, very peculiar to the situation. He became slightly afraid of what was happening. But it became easier to manage as he went on.

It was the same as todays headlines that showed dark and stormy days, but soon afterwards were nice and warm and sunny. He kind of treated the situation like that. John turned over to Fort-

Nite and said, "I'm not sure I'll be needing this today." He said so while holding his walkie talkie. It was an overgrown version of a child's toy. It seemed like something John always had on him but rarely told anyone about. It was about time he shelved that one in and bought something more grown up.

It was still a ways to the 2nd balcony. Away from the plaza where John had originally spotted the bomberman. Fort-Nite had left too, it was about time. He went on his merry way without a thought in the world. About John that was. The bomberman was away on some other mission or thing that bombermen do, though John was entirely unsure about the second part of that. Overall it was a fitting end to a bizarre day. The 2nd balcony was littered with debris and broken glass. It being covered this way was a step in the direction of being unusual.

Being worried about stuff like this was out of character of Le Route. He saw little in the way of being discarded in that direction. Although his life was a little on the abstract side. Le Route and the detective left on a bitter-side note. But only in the way that men do in situations like this. It was easy to see, the way out was to do something else and come back and do whatever you was doing before. It was easy. In situation like this sometimes, it gets difficult to remember this. Remarkably so, however it became something of a habit between Le Route and his friends. It was more or less something to remember, just parts of things to do and other things to submit in. Today was just one of those days.

Le Route looked outside at the balcony and saw a bunch of men and women walking up and down from where they were. It was the usual ritual that took up time in peoples days, getting from one location to another. He had a difficult time getting a good description of one person or another, but it was clear that there was no problem here. It was just hard to see who he wanted to target today for his investigations. Le Route was a notorious crime-hunter part of a syndicate in the underworlds. He was kind of a private eye that looks fro other private eyes to do cases with.

The Loopy Dog

I was still loopy in the head from playing in the park with my dog. It was a day that I wanted to remember. But it was far from ideal. I had lost my ball and Frisbee that I was playing with and my dog, Sparky had seemed to have eaten it or discarded it somewhere. It was a strange set of events where everything seemed connected. I wanted to go back to the park and pick up on some trail to find what I was looking for, but for some reason Sparky didn't seem to want to go. I was unwilling to part with him even for a second outside.

I was kind of sentimental person that way. It was just in my nature to play tag with dogs and kind of shun people. I had remembered putting my ball and Frisbee down and next thing I know it was up and missing. I think Sparky had gotten his hands on it or something. It was difficult to do, but I'm sure he was capable of being able to pull it off. Since that's what dogs do best I'm sure of.

It wasn't like I could rewind time, I was a bit worried about not having anything to play with Sparky the next time we went out. If I could I'd have had those toys back in an instant. But times were kind of tough and it wasn't unusual to want to stock up on a couple of those for your pet if you were an avid park goer. I had made some mistakes in the past but this one was a bit big, but I didn't think it was something that would trail me for too long. I thought it was time for me to get going and move onto something else, but that was hard to tell. It was easy to tell when something was a bad idea. It was one of those days I guess. I was constantly on the downside of the struggle. It was one of those times when I really wasn't sure what to do because I felt so much like doing something simple. It wasn't a hard choice overall, but simply to go get something and take it easy on what I was doing. Getting worked up only ended in disappointment. If I had lost the ball, I wasn't going to find it mindset. But it wasn't all bad, Sparky was still there even if he had lost the ball and the other Frisbee. I wasn't so nervous after a little while, but it took a lot of what I had to come back to terms with what I was doing.

It may have only been a ball and Frisbee, but it certainly took up a lot of my day. I felt like eventually I was set on a certain mindset and nothing could take me from it. But that kind of thing was part of growing up as a person.

It felt a lot like a reset, thought John. He ran out into the open and saw the road diverging before him. There were many people on each side just chilling out and walking in relatively slow motion. I was again just a bit worried. But that came with the point I was in everything. I had some trouble believing myself sometimes. It was completely different from what I was experiencing and I felt like I got myself into trouble often. It was a plaid out experience, without much of me to contribute.

Out on the streets everything looked like Fallout New Vegas. There were lights everywhere, but everything was so dim and dull. It was like all the life had went from this place. I was coming back to get my Frisbee catching dog, his name was Sparky. He was particularly good at fetching and responding to his name. This was what I was most fond of him for being. It was difficult however to get him to say his name out loud for me.

It was about time I take a look for it now anyways. I felt like I had wasted enough time. But that was just for kicks, it wasn't as though I had wasted any time. It was just something to say. The park next to it was bright and green, and had everything a park goer and catching dog would need to have fun. It was far beyond something so basic now, but at the very same time hard to see. Stuff that makes me feel too strongly sad is too much to handle. I have to stay away from stimulation so I don't have strong urges to eat. Even after eating I still felt like it for a second and that's a dangerous thing. Especially when dealing with Sparky, I don't want to get lost.

I walked next to Sparky, he seemed not out of sorts at all like you'd expect from a dog. He was outgoing and courageous. It seemed like all he needed was a direction and someone to point him in it. It seemed like it was just because I was so close to getting out that there was no future for the other side. Even though nothing was really happening either way.

I regret it regardless some 20 minutes later. I just need to read Lord of the Rings. It was an easy situation regardless. I was getting out no matter what.

I walked outside without him and there he was 20 minutes later. It was difficult to get away from him, when he was always waiting for me. The Frisbee and ball were no longer missing, but I needed something to keep going. I didn't want to be outside in the park in this weather.

Sparky always thought ahead when it was times like this and he already had the Frisbee in his mouth. The ball was lying in the grass just outside the door. He was walking away, diverging from the path. It was a complicated situation. Should I stay or should I go? I had no idea what to expect, and didn't think that it was such a good idea anymore. It was already difficult enough. Just finding the ball and Frisbee that was.

I decided to go, despite all the problems involved. I was getting desperate at this point. I needed a way out of what I was doing.

Sparky was now excited, it was going to be close to his last day not being able to go outside. It was kind of a big deal for him. He was scared for a while but now was ok. He began to debate whether or not he wanted to go Frisbeeing and balling today, and decided against it. It would be better on another day, he thought.

I always wondered what went on in the mind of Sparky, but never really thought about it. It was a bit of a mystery for me, being the person that I am. This was an odd reconciliation.

I was afraid no one would come. It is a very scary thing to me. That's what I thought at first going on outside. It was irrational however since there were always people near the park. I was considering going without my gear and just walking around, that always made me feel better.

I decided against it, and just went to the park with Sparky. We ended up walking around but not playing Frisbee or ball. It was just a nice day. There were a bunch of park goers. Walking down from my street, there was already a bunch of people just going up

and down, cars parked on the side of the road. The sky was bright today and the sun high in the sky. It was quite a beautiful day. The park itself was intricate, a lot of statues and flowers were everywhere. It was quite nice to look at. I often recommended people go just to see the scenery even if they didn't intend on going to the park itself.

Sparky seemed excited for some reason, even though I'm sure he knew we weren't going to be Frisbeeing or playing ball. It was alright though. I recognized some of the people from before just perusing around the park. It was a catch and go situation. It wasn't as though they knew who I was though. That would be a bit strange, considering how good I was at telling people apart. The first few times were the most difficult. Small moments like these.

I was still worried, I had little to no updates. It was still extremely hard. I had a set deadline of tomorrow though.

Sparky went out of his way to tell me it was getting late and time for lunch. They had a bunch of food carts parked at the edge of the street waiting for people to come by and buy their food. I was particularly hungry and wanted to buy some food from them. It was a green street with many people dressed in green, fortunately for me I was used to this by now.

Sparky thought to himself I kind of wanted to play Frisbee and ball after all. Now I can't right now. I want some food from the trucks too, good thing they sell dog food.

I walked to the edgerow of the street and waited on Sparky to make his way over here, he was a bit slow now. It was late morning anyways. It was coming on to 12 o'clock soon though. They were selling cakes and pudding in one of the trucks. I decided on getting a breakfast pizza and some pudding, on top of that a cake. I got sparky a dog burrito. He really likes those. It was a nice and bright day out.

We ended up eating well and got up and walked away. It was a good day to just walk around outside, even if we didn't know what we were doing or where we were going. I recognized a few more people, but some of them were completely oblivious to me. It was kind of strange at this point. Hi, I said to one of them and

they completely ignored me. It was pretty annoying. But that seemed OK because it was in a different way than normal. It seemed weird that someone would be there that way anyways.

Sparky ran up alongside me and greeted me the same way he always did. It felt like an empty gesture but it was OK. That was because on the other side of what he was doing was totally normal. It's strange that I haven't considered it this way before. But there was really nothing to look forward to in the future without Sparky to play ball and Frisbee with. There wasn't really anything going on anyways and I hadn't made any waves, so nothing stayed going on. This was completely normal and part of the scenery of the situation. This caused me a lot of grief but was completely normal. I felt sad because of it too, and didn't know what to do sometimes. Analyzing the situation with Sparky was a difficult task but nothing that I couldn't surmount to.

I felt like going outside again, but realized that it was kind of moot. Every time I left the clock struck exactly on the hour now, it was a confusing and strange thing. It was because it was allowed to progress this way. I felt like going outside still though.

I was still scared and nervous, I needed perfect reassurance. That was that me and Sparky would always be there to play ball and Frisbee. I'm always attributing "real world" reasons to understand why something is causing me to feel a certain way, when in reality that's usually just a mask and has absolutely nothing to do with what's causing it to begin with. Like I'll feel afraid of losing a Frisbee when in reality it has more to do with stacking in the moment. It's real all of it. I just gotta chill sometimes.

I looked inside, it was a dark well lit room. There was a lot of stuff going on inside that room, but it was pretty obvious by now how close they were to accomplishing their task. There were a bunch of movers moving things around all around the room. He wasn't sure how but it only mattered that things moved along at this point to him. That was the way it seemed, because he'd been moving things so long. It was just exciting that it'd all come together perfectly at long last.

It was Sunday again, Sparky was getting a bit of motivation to go outside once again. But it seemed like a lot of effort. Sparky went off once again to go again. I was a bit afraid even though there was no problems and it was all green. But all I needed was to persevere a couple more days. I can't do both things at once, but I can do both once I'm finished I'll be motivated enough I think. I also just need one day, that's why I can do it. I have two days to cut down to normal diet and with that It'll be really easy to do stuff with what I'm doing now. That's why I think I can remain motivated enough. And then it was just time to wait.

I was being cool, it was a difficult and precise matter that required a lot of my time. That was just the way it worked. There was nothing more that need be discussed, it seemed a ways a ways from the way things should be but sometimes that's just how it goes down, realistically. It should be known that is little to be said on the matter other than I am the oberman.

I walked outside it was cool and warm at the same time. That was saying something because it was in the middle of fog. Fall the month I should say.

I bear a heavy burden, a weight to be lifted just before the sack quarters of the month. It was just away from the last of the ways behind me and I kept it away still.

I looked in front of me and there it was, still isolated like a simulation of painstaking accuracy. But that was lacking something.

Burgie walked out into the park after hours, it was a clouded day outside. He recollected himself and recognized the situation about himself. It was a clouded day with minimal recollection. He thought long and hard about himself and realized there was little he didn't know already. It was all coming together simply like it was minute maid. It was already a good time, just needed to realize it himself. Although there was noone around he was still cool about the school he was at. Here he was situated in the middle of the school and no one was here to bother him. It was

really all cool for school. No one after hours and beyond that little to say of the recognition he could be given for simply being there. It was that cool and stuff. It was simply phenomenal.

He collected himself again, this time with a spoon. It was his way to be fed before the big time games. It was that day again, for the games, so he had to make sure he was already fed before them. It was a cool day outside and little in the way of being bothered by the surroundings, even if it was in the least way tempting for the moment. There was a memento of the truth he knew hung on the wall back at home but not so much for that kind of thing out here. He was more a naturalistic kind of guy and they kept him real for that, he was cool jazz so they say. It was quite a ways a ways from home anyways, so they say. It was a cool day outside and he intended to keep it that way. Once more he stood around just outside and made sure he kept everything in check.