

Not under control

Mein NaNoWriMo-Projekt für 2010 - mit täglichen Updates!

Von VideoGameCrack

Kapitel 20: Day Twenty

His arms were stretched out as far as he could, as if he wanted to greet the reality with a big hug. His eyes were full of joy, as if he finally understood it all.

Then he actually looked carefully and realised that he was still standing in his office, with an unconscious Gerald lying to his feet.

„...M-Maybe I read it wrong“, he tried to convince himself. As he yet again looked on the paper and yelled out loud: „Notarc no ruy oti ni nard eb lahs oy!“

But yet again, he still was in his office.

„There has to be something wrong with that sentence!“, Frank thought. „But I'm always reading it like it stands there: No-tarc no ruy oti ni nard eb lahs oy!“, he exclaimed again, while his eyes were focused on the piece of paper.

Frank sighed. „That only could have been a trick by Gerald...“

Suddenly, he was shocked. That was Gerald's voice he was hearing there! But when did he wake up again, and why did he say what he wanted to say?

Nervously, he looked in front of himself. But instead of the wooden floor that his office had, he stared at a red carpet lying to his feet. He jumped back, only for his feet and legs to hit something. He looked behind himself, only to find out that he was landing on a couch.

Frank took a few deep breathes in order to not become completely crazy. He just needed to remember again that this was what he wanted. Now that he was free from the novel, he only needed to get used to his new circumstances.

For a moment, he didn't know how he should feel about this. He wasn't as much after it as the Freedom Seekers were, but Helena was right about something deep inside him didn't want to stay in the novel. Something inside him wanted to laugh out loud, but something else wanted to cry tears of joy. He struggled with his choice, before he stood up again, bursting into laughter, with tears running down his face.

Meanwhile, in the novel, Anthony and Vincent had more and more problems fighting their attackers. Vincent almost ran out of ammo, while Anthony's knife proved useless in the fight as it didn't push the attackers back. But the Freedom Seekers didn't stop coming back over and over again, as Helena stood a few metres away from them with a smug look on her face.

„You got any more ideas?“, Anthony asked while he dealt with one of the Freedom Seekers was about to jump on his throat.

„Running is the only thing I can think of“, Vincent replied as he used the little ammo

he had left to push a few of them away. „Now!“

The two charged forward, with Helena being the only obstacle

„Hey, who told you that you can just leave?“ She slammed her flat hand into Vincent's face, making him fall back onto Anthony. They flew right back into their opponents.

„Please tell that you have some bullets, Vincent?“

He shook his head. „Well, looks like I have to do it the hard way...“ He grabbed his Gatling and smashed some of them away from Anthony. „We have to escape the other way! Now!“

They rushed out of the crowd again, down the street.

„And now, Vincent?“

„I need to get more ammo, or we're screwed.“

„Aren't we screwed already? They aren't able to die, forgotten?“

„I'm aware of it“, replied Vincent. „But we can't run away all the time, can we? Or do you have a better idea?“

As they continued to run down the street, Anthony suddenly had an idea.

„Look behind you! Are they still chasing us?“

He turned back, witnessing people they just got attacked by running into their direction. „Yes, they are. And they keep getting closer to us.“

„Perfect.“

Gerald woke up again, as he found himself on the floor of Frank's office. He barely remembered what happened before he lost his consciousness at the hands of Frank. He had a terrible headache as he tried to get up again. His sight was still pretty blurry and he had problems with standing, as his legs felt very weak for some unknown reason. His memory slowly came back, while he tried to get his orientation back.

He moved slowly around, trying to find some way to defend himself, as he figured that the Freedom Seekers may still be around, and he couldn't rely on Vincent or Anthony to help him if it gets rough.

As he took through Frank's stuff, he began to wonder. Was it all really Helena's fault? If it really was her goal all along to manipulate him, why would she tell him that out loud and still expect him to switch sides? Wouldn't he rather try to avoid that disaster? Or was there something he missed?

Meanwhile, he hasn't found anything useful. Maybe that gun was Frank's only weapon...

No, that couldn't be. He just had to have some souvenirs from earlier cases, maybe even-

Just as he thought about it, he spotted what he was looking for, hidden behind Frank's wardrobe. Gerald had no idea why he was having that thing in office rather than having it given to the police, but he just went with it and left the office as fast as he could.

„Oh, now I see where you were getting at“, realised Vincent, as they reached their destination: The end of the city.

Anthony nodded. „Exactly. That way you don't even need ammo to get rid of them.“

Just in time, the Freedom Seekers appeared, being as furious and raging as ever. Vincent stood ready for an attack, as he put the Gatling behind himself. The Freedom Seekers charged at them, ready to attack, when Vincent swung his gun and slammed several of them away from the street, down into the nothingness. Their screams sounded terrified as they fell down.

Helena now arrived as well, looking relatively shocked at what she just saw. „Don't get into the range of the guy with the gun!“, she yelled. She didn't know anymore if her followers were so blinded that they didn't realise that they were in serious danger.

And yet again, Vincent swung a few of them down, over and over again, with them all falling down into the nothing. Helena slapped her hand into her face, not believing how stupid they were behaving in this situation, like they lost their brains and got pure stupidity in exchange. It didn't take too long until all of them were eliminated, leaving only Anthony, Vincent and Helena on the street.

She couldn't believe her eyes. Her entire plan just fell down the street within a minute at best. The informant and the villain moved up to her, ready to get rid of her for good.

„I dare you to get closer to me!“, Helena yelled. „Or you're going to follow my fellows!“

„...maybe she's right“, wondered Anthony.

„Are you kidding me, Anthony? We finally got rid of these basterds and now you don't even want to get revenge on her?“

„Who threw you at me singlehandedly?“, asked Anthony in a snarky way.

„...okay, I see your point.“

„Well“, said Helena while she moved slowly away from them, „if you excuse me, I still have a few things to do-“

She was cut off by loud noises coming from behind her, with her hands suddenly being at her back..

„What the hell-“, she yelled, before dropping bullets from her hands. She turned around to see Gerald, aiming with a Gatling at her.

„Wait a second“, said Vincent, pointing at Gerald, „that looks like my old Gatling! How did you get your hands on it?“

Anthony shook his head. „You forgot again that he can't speak, do you?“

Gerald fired again at her, making her busy with catching his bullets. Vincent then dashed into her direction and slammed his Gatling onto her head.

„Ah, that felt good“, exclaimed Vincent, resting on his Gatling as he looked down at Helena's not moving body, before kicking her into the stomach.

„So, and now you have to explain me how you got my old Gatling...“

After they brought Helena somewhere from where she can't escape easily enough, they went into the bar again, being visibly exhausted, as they sat down close to the windows with Gerald trying to explain as much as he could by writing onto a piece of paper. After Anthony and Vincent read through it all, they were all wondering.

„So Helena got what she wanted all along...“, said Anthony as he crossed his arms.

„She turned Frank evil.“

„Yeah, but what does she have from it?“, Vincent asked. „Now she lost all her followers in one go and I doubt that she's going to find more of them in the near future.“

„That may be true, but I start to think we're honestly missing something here“, Anthony wondered. „I really doubt that this is the end.“

„So that means?“

„We need to have a talk with Helena when she's available again“, said Anthony. „She's still hiding something from us, definitely.“

„And what if she's still pulling that „making no sense“ thing?“

„It has no use for her to do that anymore. I don't think she has some hidden reserves

and even less that she has another plan.”

„Nah, I don't know... she's very good at hiding things like that.”

As Vincent and Anthony continued their discussion, Gerald drifted off again to think about what happened to Frank. It made him feel uncomfortable that he tried to get rid of him just to see the world beyond his own. But he had to agree with Anthony. Something was missing in their observations. But what could it be? Only Helena could know the answer, and who knew if she was even willing to give it to them.

They only could hope for it at the moment.