

Refuge

November 20th, 2025:

I guess it all started a while back, before the government changed the law, for there to be no homeless people on the streets, and that they should be terminated with immediate effect. Ever since the Queen died, and Prince Charles was assassinated, the royal family was destroyed. They all went abroad, never to rule again. And that's when he came and became a dictator. Joseph Banks, CEO of the Police Force and wealthy billionaire. As soon as he came in as P.M, with his party Conservatives, he's ruled over Britain and turned it into a warzone, and now he's doing everything in his power to get rid of people like me: Homeless, poor, Beggars and scum. Speaking of me, I guess I should explain something, I've been framed for the assassination of Prince Charles, so, yeah kind of in a spot of bother.

My name is Alex Dickens, I'm 17 years old and have been an orphan since I was 9. My father was a genius, but sadly suffered being a drunk. My mother was an artist, but we were very poor. One night, Dad came home, very drunk and angry. He'd been in a fight and lost. Mum had tried to calm him down, but he wouldn't listen, and he struck her across the face. She died, and Dad was done for manslaughter, and to be in prison for 55 years. Since then, I didn't stay with the orphanage, no I decided to run away. I tried to find a job, like a paper boy. I lived under a bridge. Life was bad, I nearly turned to stealing, when somebody offered me a job. I faked my age (I was tall for 12) and worked as an app icon maker, the pay was good, I was still homeless, but at least I didn't starve. Then, on the fateful day, I ended up in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Where I worked was close to Buckingham Palace. I was on the laptop, making a weather icon when I heard steps past the office. Naturally, I went and followed who ever this person was, eager to, but slightly scared at who would be here at 7.00AM in the morning (I would try and sleep over some nights). I went on to the roof and saw a man, with a sniper. I went into shock, but then he was coming back! I bolted down the stairs and quietly shut the door. He hadn't noticed me, or so I thought. Later that day a 5.00PM, it was the coronation of Prince Charles, and that's when it occurred, that man was going to kill him! I rushed up the stairs, and he wasn't any where to be seen. I had about 2 minutes, so I tried to lift

the gun when I felt a tap on my shoulders, a gun pointed to my back.

The man told me to turn around slowly, at which point he knocked me out. I don't know what else happened, but by the time I was awake I heard sirens and the man sprinting off. I was weak, but I got up and ran after him, catching the killer of a Royal Family member would mean no more me homeless! But, before I was down the third floor, a S.W.A.T team held the guns at me and told me to get down with my hands in the air. I tried to reason, I said "I just work here!" but they refused to listen. I went to court and was found guilty. My fingerprints were detected on the gun and none else, the assassin had played me! I was on my way to the young offenders when I saw a chance and took it.

The bus ride was long and horrible. The heater fans were broken and stuck on max. It was clammy and sweaty, with hardly. About halfway through the journey, I realised there was a faulty window, slightly open. A few minutes later, we were next to a train and before anyone could say "escape" I bolted up the bus, squeezed through the window and jumped on the train. All the other boys started cheering while the guards stood there, astonished. Then they gave me a hard stare and attempted to get me back, but it was too late, the train passed by and I was free, but also, I was an outlaw, and soon, one with a price to be given in.

I slept on the train for a week, stealing food and clothes where I could, until I ended up in Shrewsbury, a quiet town where I could hide out for a while and then maybe move on to Wales, where I could make a new life. The police were still searching but found no trace of me. When it came to stealth, I was a master. At the time I thought this place would only provide me food and shelter, But I was wrong, it would provide me so much more

One day, a sunny and hot one, I was walking down the street, when a man came from nowhere, dragged me into a dark alleyway, and put me against the wall. He said in a ruffled voice " I know who you are, what you did, and soon, what you want". I tried to act innocent, maybe he'd change his mind, but he didn't. He asked me " I've got a friend, who can grant you passage into France, where you can disappear, get a new life perhaps, all you have to do is help me deliver some stuff, for two weeks, and if you don't, I might accidentally tell a little bird called the police you're here, so what do you say, Mr. Dickens". I had no other choice, so reluctantly, I agreed.

My Job was to deliver weaponry to a certain address. I was the mailman for a gang named Scorpio. I kept on telling myself "it'll be fine, I'll be safe" but I couldn't convince myself. Then, on the last day, he came to me. He whispered "did you deliver them all?" "yes, just like you told me" good, now, I've got a plan that will make me money, but you will still go to France, now listen up". He told me was going to reveal I was here, but by the time they got here, it would be too late. I was set to leave this evening, at 11.30PM, to get on a lorry with others, where we would travel to a train-station taking us to France. There, we would get a taxi to wherever we desired, and disappear. It was a good plan, but risky, I was very worried.

It was 11.25PM, and it was raining cats and dogs. The lorry arrived, and we went off, but we heard sirens, the police were after us! I heard the Driver swearing loudly, and the lorry jerk and go faster, they were far away in terms of cars, but too close in distance. Still, after two long hours of them chasing us, we weren't there, but then, when I had begun to lose hope, I saw the station. We got out with some bags and sprinted. We all rushed onto the train, it started to go, police nearly on us, but we just missed them, I was free! Finally, I could start my new life.

I ended up going to work on a ski season, where I stayed for two years until I was sixteen, when a man called me on the phone. I recognised the voice, but I didn't know where from. Then I realised, the man was the sniper. He told me he worked for Scorpio, but they weren't just a gang, they were an organization. And he told me to come work for them as an assassin. Then, to even his odds, he said " I know your father"

The End?

