

Silence. Acres of land spread wide across for miles. In the extensive fields, stood tall a substantial, elegant castle with an oxidized sign. It read "WARNING KEEP OUT!" Cobwebs hung off walls as shrieks of horror gave an eerie feeling to the ancient castle. Its rusty, dilapidated torso shook in the intense heat while its crumbly edges trembled and quivered simultaneously.

What was this place? A terrible sight awoke in the distance, his fading skin gleaming in the extreme burning sunlight. He rapidly accelerated towards what seemed like his castle, and hesitated to make sure no one was looking to reveal his unknown secret. His stare was like that of a crow. It possessed a disturbing ability to track its prey down, despite the futile attempts it made to frantically evade. He walked straight in, lights blackened as soon as he swept out of the room. An eerie aroma formed.

"I WILL DESTROY!" he bellowed at the top of his lungs, his terrifying voice rushing through the echoing hallway as his midnight black cloak brushed along the chequered stone floor. Little did he know, two glaring, beady eyes were watching the mysterious man's every move closely through binoculars. His mask nearly fell off to reveal his true identity, but he kept quiet and low, so he could investigate further without being seen. He crept in to find out that all this time the unknown man was a spirit... Two henchman pulled their guns out and...

BOOM! They had hit the wall instead, leaving two huge heavy bullet marks in the castle. The masked man was petrified. He sprinted expeditiously towards safety, but couldn't escape the area. What could he do? A large rock was gently sat behind him, so he darted through the thick grass and rushed behind the rock. The threatening, deadly duo of henchman tried to keep up but they couldn't. They were soon lost...

The mysterious man strutted out of his neglected, decrepit castle and observed the landscape closely to find where all the action was. He later found his two henchman searching everywhere for this curious man hiding deep into the shadows. The masked man let out a large cough, giving the trio an idea of where he was.

"THERE HE IS!" yelled one henchman, catching a brief glimpse of his shadow, his foot sticking out because he was underneath a huge rock with shade.

"AFTER HIM!" exclaimed the other henchman. They chased him down like a pack of wolves catching their prey, but this time no one could capture him. He outraced the two perilous henchman, sidestepping their powerful, deafening heavy bullets shot from a Desert Eagle(a powerful gun). Time passed by and the masked man remained so fatigued, he couldn't feel his legs. But he suddenly remembered that he was in a race for his life, and as fast as he could, he increased his pace by a lot.

He tripped over a root sticking out by his leg and fell over. He was eager to carry on but felt like he had to give up. His disadvantage made him anxious that he would be caught. The leader of the trio, the spirit, was chasing him right behind. His pounding shook the ground beneath him to make him even more startled. What would happen? His heart's pulse was faster than his speed now. The masked man ducked and crawled behind a consolidated tree, praying that he wouldn't be seen...

Time passed by, and all he could see was forest and bushes. He was surely never going to be caught, because he was camouflaged and hidden right in between two trees. One was isolated and had no escape route if the henchman somehow found the man, so if he was seen from the other side where he could make a run, he was dead. The man was extremely cautious where he laid his footsteps, because one stupid, wrong move could cost him his life.

He heard henchman speaking outside his hiding spot, and carefully clambered around to hear...

"Let's check out this forest area, it's such a great hiding spot for enemies trying to evade our property," explained one.

"I see, agent 2, but we need to quickly get back to work before master sees that we're standing around, chatting," stated another.

"WHAT could this MEAN," whispered the masked man, remembering one of his previous jobs, his face turning into a frown, "if they're agents, there could be more than o—

BOOM! A terrifyingly loud noise shook the ground. He could briefly see a fading army dressed up in black slowly coming to view in the distance, and all their eyes were targeted on one person...

An escape was planned for such a terrible occasion, so he had his two fast-firing pistols, one in each hand. He looked like he was in the army, armed with two pistols, camouflaged in trees and bushes, and aiming lying down on the ground on his front. An unexpected shock was yet to hit him though, he was shooting some henchman when agent 2 crept up on him and brutally shot him powerfully in the right leg, blood drenching his helpless body. The shock was horrible as it left him stunned, completely still on the floor, the staggering pain overwhelming his body until he was forced to pass out. Everyone was speechless, no words, just silence...

Until the unexpected occurred... The masked man got up with no problems, shot every henchman, one by one. Until the only ones left were Agents 2 and 3. He confronted them and ordered them to drop their guns immediately or he would shoot them on the spot.

"I will give you an amazing offer, you be my henchman now, or your heads won't be here for much longer," ordered the masked man

As soon as they both agreed, another shot was delivered to his right leg. The spirit had sniped him. No groans, no pain, no bullet mark...

"WHAT!" said the spirit shocked in what had just happened. The masked man walked up to him and overheard the spirit murmuring,

"Why is our Agent 1 missing?" he asked himself, confused.

The masked man walked up to him and confronted him by shooting one of his pistol bullets high into the sky.

He carefully removed his mask and...

One of his eyes was missing and the spirit noticed a familiar face to his,

"I recognise you," said the spirit, baffled into even knowing how.

The masked man cautiously removed a badge pinned to his jumper and lifted it up to the spirit to see,

"Agent 1," it read.

"I'm back!"

BOOM!

...

...

Guns shot everywhere, while the two fierce men retreated to get more troops involved in the action so that their side would come out victorious. The spirit got henchman and Agent 1 got some more of his best recruits such as Assassin Midas; a loyal right hand man to him, always telling everyone on his side information about the opposition; their weaknesses. He was also sly and knew how to work his way around to beat his opponent.

"You are losing confidence and have way less troops than us, do you surrender?" questioned the spirit with a small grin slowly gaining on his face. But as soon as he said that he let out a large shout and dropped onto the floor, as dead as a dodo.

"WHAT HAPPENED!?" asked a henchman in shock. BOOM! Not much later he was on the floor on top of the spirit. An accumulation of henchman gathered round to see the spirit not only get up but shoot a bullet directly at the person who shot him down. The spirit was already dead, so he couldn't possibly die again. Two sides both came charging up the hill in disgust, and not too much later attempted shooting the third side that had joined in on the action.

"GET BACK NOW OR I WILL PULL THE TRIGGER!" yelled the third side's master.

"Master Zedd, they are too many," explained one of his men.

"Nonsense!" he replied back to him, not even paying attention that he had just been captured and was being sent to the spirit's castle to be locked up and never coming back out. He tugged and pulled for his life but he couldn't escape the 5 henchman dragging him along the floor like a ragdoll. He was soon locked up behind bars. Agent 1 and his team evacuated from the area and created a border from their team and the other two. There were holes in the wall to shoot the enemy if necessary, and it didn't take long to build due to a huge pile of logs and approximately 500 people to help construct it. The spirit and his side tried shooting it down, but it was too strong and big, it measured up to 5 metres tall.

"Come out and fight us properly you group of wimps!" ordered the spirit. But they wouldn't budge, they were smart enough to know that if they did so there would be many fatalities and didn't want to lose crucial troops.

"NO!" they chanted back. They threw grenades over instead, and wiped out hundreds of henchman in the process. The spirit and his crew pulled back to the castle, hoping that the grenade thrower didn't blow up their shelter, the castle. A creepy noise started to frighten soldiers, and it was coming from the basement...

"SURPRISE!" shocked the troops in the castle, it was Master Zedd. He had come for revenge after being locked up. He had reached for so long to claim the prison key for himself. He left all of the henchman on the floor in agony, and confronted one particular man. It was the spirit. The battled it out for hours, trying to win in many different ways. They hadn't realized that their other team to battle had gone strangely missing, so they would either just forget and say that their won, or just assume that Agent 1 and his crew had just surrendered. But they hadn't given up yet; they were still behind their colossal wall discussing tactics and strategy's so that they would have more fight and stamina left in them than their opponent. They would surrender due to just fighting an opposition; they would be too fatigued to carry on.

It was a cunning method and was a great key to winning. Even though the spirit might not be tired, he definitely could not overthrow 500 trained troops that would easily beat thousands of henchman in minutes. Agent 1 took a deep breath and charged at his enemies alongside 500 of his troops, eager to defeat both sides immediately. The rampage began...

“Obliterate them!” shouted a desperate Agent 1 with no time to lose. Soon after, the battle was over, with Zedd and the spirit gone missing. A rambunctious stomping noise was faintly heard from the mountain by Agent 1. A terrible sight awoke in the distance, but this time it wasn’t the spirit nor Zedd. In fact, a substantial man three times the size of them marched over the hill in disgust.

“RUN!”