


It went wrong
because I've given
up control.






The mission: collect information on--and proceed to neutralize--an international assassin planning to cause a false flag event in Glasgow.

The assassin's plan--kill multiple lower-ranking European Union dignitaries during their three-day stay. The Brexit tour of decay, goodbye people and all that. An unpleasant transition of power further fractured by an act of killing designed to seed further uncertainty.




Which is where I come in.



Utilising the appropriate authorities, I worked the job from far away for once--on explicit orders from M, who was not entirely happy about how I handled my recent outing with the neo-Nazis.

I told M I was just a human being. I had a feeling that, deep down, M was actually pleased with how that mission went.



The assassin, on the other hand, did not enjoy the special operations team I sent his way at all.

He managed to escape, and we knew he used multiple identities, but his targets were secure, and with that being sorted, M believed it best to recall me and offer me some time off to heal from the recent events.

It was made
clear I should
say yes.

Of course,
nobody informed
the assassin.

I don't know
how he knew
about me.

He should
not have.

It's taken steering a
car off a bridge and
seventeen kilometers
on foot without a
weapon or a phone to
at least temporarily
lose him--

--it's also
taken seventeen
kilometers to
lose about a litre
of blood.

All weapons in the car.
The car at the bottom of
a river. No time.

He is most certainly
following the trail of
blood I spilled all
across the woods.

No matter.
No time.

I must keep
in control and find
a place to--



