

The first thing Spencer knew was an awful stench in the room. Then he noticed the pain in his leg and head. It felt like someone had dropped a ton of bricks on his head. Thankfully, the wound from the shot wasn't that bad because his combat suit was somewhat bullet proof. He had to escape now. These two men in the room were no more than petty thugs. He could get past them easily. What he worried about was when their boss, Brett Dunlap, came back with his assistant Veronica Wilkins. Those two would be much harder to deal with. They would be back at around 6:00 A.M. Spencer thought back to the last few days' events, what he had done wrong, and how he got into the predicament he was in now. "It's funny," he thought. The people in the city had started to call him "Invincible" since they didn't know his name, and he had never really thought much of it, but down deep he probably thought he was Invincible...until now.

Beep...beep...beep went the alarm at 4:00 P.M. Spencer groggily hit the alarm and rolled out of bed with his medium-length, brown hair messed up all over his head from the night's sleep. It had been another long night. He didn't get back to his apartment in downtown Detroit until 7:00 A.M. The 26-year-old David Spencer had finished law school at Notre Dame just one year previously, but had already made a big name for himself and a lot of money as a partner with his good friend, Tim Johnson. The two of them founded the Johnson & Spencer Law Firm with the mission of cleaning up Detroit. Spencer cleaned up Detroit by day as David Spencer, the attorney, and by night as the masked vigilante referred to by the people of Detroit as "Invincible." Spencer knew ever since he was a kid growing up in the suburbs of Detroit that he would dedicate his life to cleaning up Detroit. That was what he always wanted to do. Ever since middle school he had been preparing his physical attributes slowly. He played football and basketball through middle school and high school and did a lot of lifting and running in the off-

season. Then in college he really kicked it into high gear doing workouts every day and running. If the workout he planned didn't make him throw up at least three times, he kept going. Now David Spencer was six-foot two, two hundred pounds and in excellent physical shape, achieving the perfect balance of strength, speed, and agility. He told no one in his life that this was what he planned to do—not his best friends, girlfriends, or even his parents, who despite their efforts couldn't get David to join them in Florida. No one knew what he did at night.

Spencer got dressed quickly and headed for court. He was defending the new owner of the bookstore chain, Borders, a Mr. Brett Dunlap. No one knew how this very rich, 30-year-old was able to buy the chain so quickly. The accuser was Tom Logan a customer of the Ann Arbor branch, who says he saw Brett Dunlap in his front yard the day that he got robbed. Mr. Logan has no other witnesses, and Mr. Dunlap has an airtight alibi, which is what Spencer told the court, and that is why Brett Dunlap is not going to jail, and why Mr. Logan was placed in an insane asylum.

Spencer was pretty satisfied with his work until he heard Brett talking on a cell phone by the back door. "Veronica, this is unacceptable. That shipment was supposed to be here yesterday! Okay...okay meet me back at the Ann Arbor branch in an hour." Brett was about five feet ten inches tall and had a stocky build. He had short, military-cut, blond hair.

"This just doesn't feel right," Spencer thought. "Of course he could be talking about a shipment of books, but I don't think so. Spencer could tell by the way he said "shipment" and look in his eyes that this Dunlap was not talking about a shipment of books.

When Spencer walked into the store, he was hit with the smell of fresh-roasted coffee and new books. It's December so the place was very busy as it would be at this time of year, but yet it was very quiet. The place had kind of a busy calmness; however, Spencer had no time to sit and enjoy the atmosphere. He had work to do. He first walked over to the shelf that said "Holiday Deals" next to the "Employees Only Door" and picked up a book, pretending to be an ordinary customer. The book was hardcover and read "How to Keep from Going Bald," but Spencer paid no attention to the title. His attention was focused on what was going on in the backroom. He heard two men arguing. "I don't pay you to stand around! Now go pick up the shipment."

"Uh...yes...ah...right away, Sir" A man about six-feet tall and African-American with short, black hair walked out of the backroom quickly and then ran out of the building. The man proceeded to get into a semi-truck and drive away. Spencer turned his attention back to the door. Two people were arguing again, this time a man and a woman. "I can't do this anymore! Someone is bound to find out. Brett, we could go to jail for the rest of our lives," a woman's voice said.

"You are in this way too deep to back out now, Veronica! Besides, no one is going to find out," Spencer recognized Brett's voice. .

"What about that man, Mr. Logan? He saw you rob his house," Veronica said.

"You don't need to worry about that old fool anymore. The idiot lawyer the state gave me got that man classified as insane," Brett said.

"I'm going home to get some rest," Veronica said.

“Don’t you try and run away, Veronica, because I’ll find you, and I won’t be so nice next time I find you on the streets with nowhere to go,” Brett said.

Spencer pretended to look at a book again as Veronica walked out. She was a slender woman who looked to be in her early twenties. She was about five feet four inches tall with ear-length, black hair. She wore ripped jeans and a t-shirt and was mumbling to herself as she walked out.

“How stupid can I be?” Spencer thought. “I got that perfectly sane man put in a home and let a criminal escape. Not to mention that man was a witness, but unfortunately, I can’t do anything about Mr. Logan right now. Right now I need to figure out what is going on here, and to do that I’m going to need be here at night,” thought Spencer.

Right as Spencer turned to walk out of the store, Brett came out of the backroom, wearing big, baggy jeans with a zip-up hoodie. Brett looked like he wanted to kill someone. Spencer walked out of the bookstore, got in his blue Ferrari and headed back to Detroit. Spencer immediately plopped on the bed and took a nap when he got back because he knew he would need it.

He got up at 2:00 A.M. and started getting ready. First, he put on his black military suit and then his night vision goggles, which allow him to both see in the dark and see heat so he can detect bodies. Then he slung his AK-47 and his grappling hook behind his back, put his pistol in his leg pocket and his knife in his boot. He jogged out of his apartment complex into his Ferrari and headed for Ann Arbor. When he arrived, he knew the doors to the store would be locked, so he went to the side of the building and threw up his grappling hook. There was the soft “clank”

of it attaching, so he started to climb up. With each step, he was careful not to make any noise because there could still be people inside. Once he got to the top, he secured the grappling hook. “Gonna need that again if I want to leave,” he thought. Next, he opened the vent on the roof and climbed in. It was a tight squeeze. He continued to climb down the vent until he reached the end. He kicked out the panel and slowly climbed out. Once he got down, he immediately spotted a security camera, so he pulled out his pistol, loaded his EMP (electro magnetic pulse) ammo and shot the camera, temporarily disabling it. He then slowly crept to the door of the backroom keeping to the shadows and making sure not to make any noise. When he got to the door, he heard voices in the room. They were heading towards him, so he quickly put his back to the wall. There were two of them. They opened the door and walked out the exits into the parking lot. Once they were gone, Spencer crept into the backroom. It was very small and square shaped. The only things in it were two chairs in a corner and a desk with a computer on it. Spencer went immediately to the computer. When it asked for a password, he typed *WK87*. He had learned from a computer hacker at school that if you typed that sequence, you could get into any computer. He accessed a list of all the people that were members of that Borders on the screen. They were all checked until about halfway down the screen. The last name checked was Mark Logan. It hit Spencer like a ton of bricks. They were using the addresses of the members to rob them, but then he thought of something else. What about that shipment Brett kept talking about? It could have just been books, but he didn’t think so. After looking around on the computer more, Spencer saw an e-mail from a man named Tom Perkins to Brett Dunlap. It read, “ I’ll have the money there tomorrow. You bring the “books.” Spencer looked around the room and found a book box filled with cocaine. They were pretending to be shipping books, but they were really

selling drugs, and he had all the evidence he needed to convict them. Spencer suspected the main operation was robbing people's houses, and the drug dealing was a side job for a little extra cash. Now all he needed to do was get out, but as Spencer started for the door, he heard a sound. He crouched down and listened through the door, "I can't believe I forgot my cell phone," the man said. Spencer had to think fast. He couldn't hide. There was nowhere to hide in this room. He was going to have to take the guy out. He positioned himself by the door so that right when the man opened the door, before he could think, Spencer would knock him out with an iron fist. The door swung open; Spencer took one step forward and saw the look of surprise on the man's face as he sent him to the ground. However it was Spencer's turn to look surprised because the other thug was standing a few feet in front of Spencer. Spencer tried to pull out his pistol, but it was too late. The man saw Spencer first and had his gun pulled. The last thing Spencer heard before a bullet went through his leg and a baseball bat hit him in the head was, "The Boss is gonna want you alive."

Spencer's head was still throbbing, but he knew neither this nor his leg wound were serious. The air in the backroom smelled like dead rats. Spencer's mind was running at a hundred miles an hour while he still kept a calm demeanor. It would be morning soon, and he only had a couple of hours at most to get out of here before they killed him. Spencer noticed that although his hands were tied behind his back, his legs weren't tied. Then Spencer realized they hadn't taken the knife out of his boot. They must not have noticed it. He could easily just put his leg back and grab the knife. Unfortunately though, both guards in the room were watching him, granted not too intently; they both looked half asleep, but they would see him and shoot him right away if he tried to do anything. He needed to find a way to get the guards out of the room.

Then he remembered something. He had put a tracking detector on his car that made a soft “beep...beep” sound if someone was tracking his car, but he could also manually activate it with his remote. He couldn’t believe it; the remote was in his back pocket and was just reachable even with his hands tied. That gave him an idea, “Oh...oh no!” Spencer said stupidly. “I forgot I placed a bomb in the parking lot!”

“Yeah right,” the African-American guard said.

“No...no...really.” He casually pulled out his tracking remote and said, “This is the remote to detonate it.” Then he pressed the button and the soft beeping started. “You’ve got three minutes to disarm it boys, but even as he said it, he knew that these were not professionals. They would just run away, and that’s what they did. Spencer then pulled his leg back, grabbed the knife and cut his bonds. He figured he could just barely walk on his shot leg. He got up and started to walk with painful agony to the door when he got shot in the right shoulder. The pain made him fall on the ground. “Not so fast, Mr. Spencer,” Brett’s voice echoed. He and Veronica walked into the room both with shotguns.

“I suppose you figured out our little operation here,” Brett said. “Too bad you won’t live to tell anyone,” Brett said as he aimed the shotgun at Spencer’s head.

Right as he was about to shoot, Veronica turned and shot him in the arm. Brett dropped his gun and crumpled in pain as Veronica said “I’m done, and you are too, Brett.” When Brett tried to get up again, Spencer mustered his strength, rose to his feet and punched Brett in the mouth. That was the last thing Spencer remembered before he blacked out.

When Spencer woke up, the mayor and police chief were standing next to his hospital bed. The mayor was a short, stubby, puffy bald man, and the chief was tall with grey hair and a mustache. "I wanted to thank you personally" the mayor started, "not only for your work in this event, but the work you have been doing for two years. Oh, and don't worry, no one has taken off your mask. Your identity is safe." Then the police chief chimed in saying, "I thought you might want to know how everything panned out. Veronica told us everything they were doing and with her testimony and the evidence you found, we were able to convict the whole gang. Veronica got time off for testifying, so she is only going to jail for two years if she behaves. As for Brett and the rest of the gang, that's a different story. They are serving life sentences. Also, because of you, we were able to catch the man they were selling the drugs to." Then he thanked him and they said their goodbyes. A few weeks later, Spencer was able to leave, and the hospital administration told him it was on the house. He was in and out without ever having to take off his mask or give his identity by paying. Spencer started out of the hospital for the first time since the backroom when he was stopped by a man in a black suit. He was about five feet ten inches with short, salt and pepper hair and a stern face. The man pulled out a badge as he said, "I'm General S. Riker of Division 8, U.S. Special Forces; that was impressive work, Mr. Spencer."

"How do you know my name? And how did you know that was me?" Spencer said.

"I think we need to have a little talk."



Invincible

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