

Kit Katros

201-968-7160

kitkatros@gmail.com

A short, modified excerpt from one of my online publications, titled here as *Stakeout*:

“Finally, the call from Commander Rodríguez comes in over their earpieces: ‘Alright, targets spotted. Moving in fr— twelve —clock. Get r—dy fo—’

Rodríguez’s communication flickers out, and that’s definitely cause for worry, but Agent Floyd’s already on his feet and heading for the entrance of the bank. ‘Time for Plan B.’

He crouches low as he moves through the hall, until he peeks around a corner to see several men—Fang agents, no doubt—clad in tactical gear advancing on the hatch of the vault. Suddenly, one of them steps into one of their laid traps, and his pained shout echoes in the building as his teammates turn to him. Floyd uses the distraction to line up his shots, and two of them drop like flies as they take bullets to the head.

Immediately, the others turn toward Floyd. ‘He’s got a gun!’ the bear-trapped mercenary shouts, while the other one lifts his assault rifle and cocks it. Floyd rolls back behind his corner, barely dodging the bullets as they chip the wall next to him.

He hunkers down, and takes a moment to survey his escape routes. That’s when he hears a shouted. ‘Behind you!’

Floyd whirls around just in time to see the muzzle of a gun pointed at him. He doesn’t even have time to throw his flashbang, and he prepares for the worst when—

The mercenary lets out a short, sharp cry, and as the man falls, Floyd catches a glimpse of his teammate Kaneko, with one glinting cybernetic arm extended, and the other grasping at the throwing knives in her belt. Then the mercenary falls onto Floyd with a heavy thud.

‘Gross,’ Floyd grunts, pushing the bleeding corpse from off himself. He sees Kaneko again, this time close enough to reach out and offer a hand. Floyd takes it gratefully, and she helps haul him to his feet.

‘Nick of time, pardner! I owe ya one,’ Floyd says, tipping his hat to his savior.

‘You weren’t answering your comms, and Rodríguez feared the worst.’

Floyd nods. ‘Speakin’ of which, where’s Rodríguez?’

‘He’s securing the last survivor for interrogation,’ Kaneko replies impassively.

‘Damn, I suppose I did take a bunch of ‘em out.’

The two agents make their way into the main hall, where Rodríguez has extricated the last Fang agent from the trap and securely handcuffed him.

‘Good job, Floyd,’ Rodríguez says. ‘Thanks for remembering to leave one of them alive.’”