

As Ian Rider left the towering, restricting gate of Sayle Enterprises, he glanced back to the prison-like building to see Mr Grin on the phone. The sky was clear except for a helicopter escorting him to his car. Dusk was upon them. Ian scrambled into his silver BMW. Something was wrong.

As he turned the rusty key into the ignition, the car complained. There was a WIRR next to him and to his surprise a phone was sat there buzzing. He answered. "Hello, Ian Rider speaking" He reported. Beeps on the other end of the phone were slowly getting louder. It was a bomb. He threw the phone out of the window and at once there was a colossal explosion. He had shook the helicopter off his tail at last; he looked out of the rear view mirror and a blacked out car snook out from a bend in the road.

Trying to take the bomb of his mind, Ian thought of his nephew Alex. Alex meant the world to him. He was all he had since the plane crash that killed Alex's parents and he would be waiting at home to talk about his uncle's latest 'bank conference'. It was best that Alex didn't know about Ian's true job; a spy for MI6.

He turned a corner and nearly at once a gunshot fired and skimmed past his ear. The car stopped. It was back. A silhouette of a helicopter casted a shadow on the ground. Ian turned around. "Yassen" he muttered. Yassen climbed down the helicopter ladder. He had an object in his cold hands. It was a gun. BANG, BANG, BANG. Three shots to the head, Ian was dead.