

Chaotic Nation 5-17-2015

She turned on the news. A breaking report flashed across the TV. “This just in, it appears Air Force One was shot down somewhere over the Atlantic. The Vice President and the cabinet members are scrambling. Our nation stands at Defcon 3.”

She shot straight up from the chair. She rubbed her burning eyes. The ever present thump pulsated against her head. Natasha never knew her limits when it came to her over indulgences of alcohol.

Her phone rang. She glanced at the caller ID and saw the boss calling.

“Forty messages from the boss, damn,” she mused.

She swiped the screen right and heard the boss yelling. No screaming, wait... was he speaking English to her?

“Natasha, I need you right now. The world is in chaos. We’ve been attacked and we have no idea by whom. Get here as soon as possible.”

Special Agent Natasha Nostavach sighed. “Yeah okay, you said something like that last time and it was a cat in a tree. Really boss, I know Homeland Security delves in everything but even the stupid things too?” she chuckled.

“Natasha, this is serious! Get down here, now!”

She sighed and quickly threw on some clothes. Not even awake yet, she ran to the bathroom.

“Jesus, who the hell is that,” she laughed while looking at herself.

She quickly ran her fingers through her black hair that made her look like an eighties rock star. With a few quick breaths, she tried to push the hangover aside. She rushed back to the bedroom, grabbed her gun, cuffs, badge and keys. She ran out of her home. Her eyes locked onto the flamed red-orange sky that surrounded her home in the suburbs of Detroit.

“What the fuck?” she shouted.

Men and women scrambled past her. She looked at the boxes of canned goods they carried as if today happened to be the end of the world. Checking her phone once more, Twitter alerted her of the current chaos engulfing America.

*Many have claimed the state of Anarchy in America. God be with you all.* A tweet read.

Natasha didn’t have friends or family, but her job made her become the mother of them all. She stood next to her car. One thing she knew, she didn’t need to stock up on anything. With the current state of Anarchy, Natasha would try and stop the madness.

Her eyes darted left and right.

“You’re Law Enforcement. That means we are to take you out,” the bone-chilling voice spoke nearby.

She turned her head right. A bear of man stood next to her. Her nostrils flared. She took in five deep breaths, swallowed, and narrowed her eyes. Big men always tried to have their way with her short five-one skinny frame. Not today. She pulled out her Beretta M9.

“I don’t think so, pal. I’m ordered to restore peace,” she declared.

A roar of bellowing laughter engulfed the already chaotic afternoon.

She fired her weapon.