

Little Brother Sequel

Prologue:

It's been two years since X-net and the incident with the DHS. I was released from Juvenile prison in November of last year, it was hard finding a job after being locked up and being the center of media attention for a whole year. I had my parents and friends to help and support me though. It took me a while to find a job, but who wants to hire an ex-terrorist that started a a riot in San Fransico? Not many would.

Remember my teacher Ms.Galvez at Caesar Chavez high? Well, after she got replaced by the DHS, she started a little book store in the heart of the city, and yes she hired me in January. Its been seven months, I've been saving up for college tuition. She pays me fairly well \$12 an hour eight hours a day, five days a week. Thats a total of \$106 a day, \$530 a week, and \$2120 a month. Not bad for an ex-con huh?

It was the of June 2014. I was leaving work at 5pm. Joseph and Julia were checking in. Ange and I were leaving, I was waiting outside while Ange was in the restroom, when Joseph walked out the store with Ange. "Where are you going Joe? Don't you work now?" I asked. He replied, "Don't worry man Julia is going to cover for me I got something to take care of, and my aunt Galvez won't fire me, I'm her beloved nephew."

Ange just rolled her eyes. I scratched my head, "Sure whatever you say man."
"Where are you two going anyway?" said Joseph while putting his arms around my

shoulder and Ange's waist. "To the park workout a bit run a few laps you know Marcus, can't break a convicts workout habits." Said Ange while giving me a smile.

"I'll go with you guys I got much time to kill anyway." "Fine by me," I said while putting my arm around his shoulder and returning Ange's smile. We walked to the park since it wasn't too far away from the shop. Joseph and Ange were running a few laps while I did thirty pull ups at the pull up bar.

Joseph ran up to me and punched me in the stomach saying, " Work them muscles out boy!" I grinned and jumped down from the pull-up bar wiped the sweat of my face with my shirt. "You're soaked." Said Ange with a playful look of disgust. I replied, "Well maybe you can dry my off." I tried to give her a hug but she started to run in circles while screaming, " I swear to God you better not MARCUS!" Two good looking blonde girls then walked up to me saying, "Uhm, are you Marcus Yellow?" "Yeah, what is it to you." Said Joe while getting in front of me. We had to be cautious ever since the DHS framed me for things I didn't do.

"Oh my God, you're like our Savior! We know you didn't do any of those terrorist attacks. Can we please have an autograph?" Said the girl with the shorter hair while jumping up and down. Joseph patted me in the back and whispered in my ear, " Looks like you have some fans." I smiled and put my shirt back on. "So who should I make it out to?" I said while taking the notepad and sharpie from her hand.

"Maria" "And Sasha" they said. Maria turned to Ange and asked "Do you mind taking a picture of us together?" "Absolutely not!" she replied. Thats something I love about Ange she's not the jealous type. I noticed Joseph took out his phone and

started recording, I guess because it was the first time someone other than a cop or a paparazzi wanted something from me.

Ange started to count down "3...2.." She was cut off by a screeching car her eyes widened. I started to turn my head to see what was going on when someone put a cloth over my face and instantly everything slowly went black....

Chapter one: New Guantanamo

When I awoke I had a bag over my head and I could tell by the sound of the engine we were in the back of a truck. Probably a military humvee. All the memories of my first and second times being kidnapped came flooding back. My hands were tied behind my back really tightly I couldn't move them at all. I heard whimpering, so I very carefully whispered, "Sasha, Maria is that you guys?"

"Yes, it's Sasha, Maria isn't responding I think she's unconscious." "Shut up you b**ch!" Screamed a voice I won't ever forget, it was severe haircut lady. I heard Sasha weep as they smacked her. She learned her lesson and didn't speak again.

I don't know how long we were in that military humvee, but we eventually came to a stop. They pulled me out the humvee and dragged me by my arms. I heard muffled sounds and a lot of movement around me. I was shoved down a small dirt road then all the noise was flooded out by the roaring of an engine, a plan engine. I then knew I was being taken some where really far and never coming back. I was shoved in the plane and my shine slammed into the plane's metal.

I could also hear Sasha and Maria breathing over the engine and I could feel their hearts beating thats how close they were to me. Arms came and untied my hands. I could feel my blood flow through my now useless fingers. It only lasted a few

seconds, because someone put some kind of cuff over my wrists I felt an electrical charge then it dug into my swollen skin and if I moved my hands it would cause agonizing pain.

Someone screamed over the roaring plane engine. I couldn't make it all out, "Orders are to take them ----- facility and hold ----- there for-----." Then without warning the plane started to move on the runway and quickly took off. We were in the air for what felt like forever, and to make it worse I couldn't sleep.

At one point Sasha and Maria decided it was safe to speak to each other then to me. "Where are we Marcus?" Asked Maria, she sounded like a scared little girl like me when I was kidnapped the first time. I couldn't blame her no one could. But after being kidnapped for the third time I knew what to expect and not as scared anymore. I guess it comes with the job of being a revolutionary.

"We're on a plane going God knows where," I said with a calm soothing voice. "Marcus where are they taking us?" Asked Sasha. "I have no clue but listen, they want me not you. You where at the wrong place at the wrong time, tell them you know, answer every question they ask, and never lie do you understand me?" " Yes," they said in unison. "What is going to happen to us?" Said Maria. "You'll be questioned and if you answer honestly and do everything they say, they're most likely going to let you go, me on the other hand is a different story I'm going to get tortured."

They never replied. I think they were angry at me, they should be, I would be angry at myself if put in their situation. After another eternity we land suddenly and slowly came to a stop. The doors were ripped open and I could hear movement again. Hands and arms grabbed and reached for me, pulled me out the plane onto the

concrete runway and escorted me into a building. I heard beeping noises, monitors, and scanners humming. I could also hear doors sliding open and close once we stepped through them. We took many twists and turns. I don't know if they did that to confuse us of the building was just set up that way.

They took the cuffs off me and my hands felt like useless lumps of meat. The bright white light blinded me. They shoved me one last time into my cell. The walls were all white not one dent skid mark nothing. Perfect white jail cell. I quickly realized they where four beds and Sasha and Maria where in the same cell as I was. There was also a stranger lying on his bed. I turned around quickly and severe haircut lady and utility belt man were standing right in front of me. My blood boiled, but I kept my cool. They removed the bags from Sasha and Maria's head also. Removed their cuffs and pushed them in also. They both just stared at me with questioning eyes, both saying with their facial expressions, "What's going to happen next?"

I took a step towards Severe haircut lady but I was stopped short but a blue laser force field appeared two inches in front of me. I accidentally touched it, I felt the electricity spread through my whole body like wildfire I screamed in pain. As I fell backwards Sasha caught me. Severe haircut lady just stared at me with those icy cold blue eyes, as she walked away down the hall.

I hadn't realized until now I was wearing an all white prison uniform. I guess Maria saw me desperately yanking at my prison uniform and said, " They stripped searched us and forced us to wear these in the humvee while you were unconscious.

The voice of God blared through out the prison, " All prisoners report to the food hall!" The force field disappeared. The other prisoner in the room walked out. As

he did two DHS guards grabbed him and put cuffs on him but none like I've ever seen before. They were like the forcefield blue laser. I followed and the guards did the same to me. The cuff felt familiar and dug into my skin like the ones on the plane but these didn't cause agonizing pain every time I moved my hands, so I could eat.

I followed the crowd, there were many types of people white, black, old, teens, gothic, thug, Mexican, Asian, men, women and whatever else you could think of. I looked back and saw Sasha and Maria. I turned around and kept walking keeping my head down. Learned to stay out of trouble in Juvie.

We arrived at the food hall and we all formed a line, which moved really slowly. Accidentally I bumped into the man in front of me. "Watch it punk!" Said this bald redneck. "I'm sorry" I replied with confidence.

I soon noticed that the room only had one entrance and no windows. It took forever to get a tray when I did I had little movement with my hands but it was enough to eat. When the line finally began to move faster I noticed there was no lunch ladies or prisoners serving the food. It was just robotics arms moving back and forth picking up and dropping food on the tray once it sensed motion under it. All serving small portions of food.

I got a little mashed potatoes, rotten looking green beans, small piece of corn bread, and some rice. I started to look for a table to sit when my cellmate bumped into me saying, "Name is Vincent follow me." What choice did I have? All the tables were filled and divided by race. Whites on one side blacks another, Latino, Asian, Arabic, you name it they had it all in that prison.

Strangely enough there was another group, a teenage table with all kinds of people, and sitting there was Sasha and Maria. I sat down next to Vincent and a bunch of other teenage looking guys couldn't really tell. As I sat down Sasha gave me a look of disgust. "Well, whats your name cell buddy, and I would shake your hand but I can barely eat as it is." Said Vincent while smiling at me.

I replied, "I'm Marcus... Marcus Yallow." Some guys patted me in the back when they heard my name. "We know what you did and you have my respect for that." Said one guy "Yea me too." Replied another. I began to eat my food when the bald redneck came grabbed my tray and threw it across the food hall. "Oops my bad you littleF**K." I got up and confronted him. "WHATS YOUR PROBLEM DUDE!?" I yelled. He responded by grabbing me by the neck lifting me up and saying, "Your my problem terrorist!" I then noticed his cuffs weren't on his wrists and theres no way he escaped. The guards had let him out.

He spat on my face and threw my across the room. By this time the whole hall was silent, but the guards hadn't moved an inch from their positions to stop this prison brawl. I fell on my side and scabbled to get up. I looked around a second time and the guards acted as if nothing had just accrued. Even though I was still cuffed I charged at him and slammed him to the ground. I lifted my cuffed knuckles and was about to bash them into his skull, but someone grabbed my arms and pulled me backwards onto my back. Thats when the sharp pain began. The guards were smashing their batons on my sides. Cracking my ribs, kicking my head, and holding my arms down. I couldn't protect my head but I didn't squeal or even make a sound. I didn't want to give them the pleasure of me begging them to stop. I was focused on

protecting myself as best as I could. After what seemed two minutes of this relentless beating, I thought they were going to beat me to death. Until the rough voice of the chief officer screamed, "Stop, get this piece of sh** to solitary confinement." He didn't ask who started the fight, he just sent me to solitary confinement, that's when I knew the DHS not only hated me they hated my guts.

They dragged me away and I looked up and I saw Sasha and Maria crying silently as they took me away. I was put in a tiny cell. It was so small it made an outside house feel like a mansion. I couldn't tell if the walls were black or if it was so dark that made it seem so. I was in there for a long time I don't know the specific amount of time I was in there but it was a long time. I took advantage of my alone time and meditated like my master told me to do.

While being locked up I met this old asian guy who came to help out the troubled youth. He taught me how to defend myself, clear my mind, and control my emotions. I came to the conclusion, the DHS kidnapped me in broad daylight. That makes no sense they were forced to give control of the DHS forces to the governor of San Francisco. So they can't touch me or it would start a huge amount of problems. The governor wouldn't send me to jail again I already served all my time. So there is only one answer the DHS has power over the government that they are defying them so openly.

The door was eventually opened I don't know how long I was in there. Blinding light came splashing through. I covered my eyes, the guards didn't say a word they just pulled me out the tiny room and back to my original cell, with Vincent, Sasha, and Maria. They shoved me inside and turned the forcefield back on.

First thing I asked, "How long?" "Twenty-four hours give or take, we just had lunch." Responded Vincent. I laid on my cell bed for the first time and turned to the girls, "I understand if you're mad at me, I just wanted to say I'm sorry. This is the reason that I stayed away from people when I was released from juvi, to avoid this. I knew they were coming for me eventually. Thats all I have to say"

Maria just stared at me blankly and Sasha said, " Marcus when we first got kidnapped I blamed everything on you, but after you got attacked by that disgusting man, yet the guards didn't do anything I realized how much they hate you and that you're a victim in all this too. They didn't kidnap us because we were near you, but because we loved you as fans."

Sasha had just finished talking when two DHS guards in black military armor with batons on their utility belts walked towards the forcefield. The one on the right pressed a button on his utility belt and the forcefield disappeared. They walked in and pointed at me. "Marcus Yallow please come with us the Warden wants to meet you personally."

Maria jumped up from her bed and said, "But he just got back you can't take him away again!" "It's ok Maria, I'll be fine," I replied putting my hand on her shoulder and walking towards the guards. They put cuffs on my press the button on their belts and the blue field appeared to hold my hands tightly together. The familiar feeling of the blue energy cutting into my skin was on my mind as they led me through the maze they called a prison. When we arrived at this fancy door with Warden carved into it.

They opened the door and pushed me inside. First thing I notice is the television in the corner of the room and the mahogany wood desk with a leather chair

in front of it. On that chair was the Warden. He was a tall muscular man for his age. He had gray hair, was balding, and had dark brown eyes that without light seemed pitch black.

“Mr. Yallow it’s great to finally meet you. You can call me Jason Turner but all the prisoners refer to me as Warden.” I didn’t respond I just stared at him. “Ok Mr. Yallow if that’s how you want to be.” “With all due respect warden why am I here I haven’t committed a crime.” The warden’s eyes widened with surprise, “Oh really?” He turned to his desk and with the control turned on the t.v, the news was playing. “This is channel four news live and right now across the country there have been a number of simultaneous terrorist attacks. Experts have estimated over 100,000 have perished and over a million severely wounded. They are calling it the worst terrorist attack the worlds ever seen.”

The warden switched the t.v off and his facial expression changed to anger and rage. I was shocked thousands of things were spinning out of control in my mind at that moment. He pointed at me and said, “You saw that? That was you, take him away I don’t want to see his f***king face again!”

The guards roughly grabbed me and led me away. I wiggled around and freed myself from their grasp. Out of the blue my cuffs were turned off. I turned around and swung at one of the guards. He was flung backwards, fell to the floor, he was out cold. The second guard tackled me from behind, I flipped him over my shoulder and punched him in the face numerous times. I got up and ran through the endless maze looking for a way out. The security alarm went off. I could hear DHS guards shouting as they got closer.

Doors started to close slowly, they had but the building on lockdown. Guards behind me had hand guns but didn't fire because they wanted me alive. All the doors had close except one in a few more seconds it would close too. I took my chance and dived through the door, rolled out the landing. As I stood up I had several guns pointed at my face. "Welcome to the new Guantanamo, take him to the basement." Said the chief officer. I saw the butt of a gun then everything went black. I woke up in a chair my hands and ankles tied so tight I could feel my blood flowing dangerously slowly. I had a bag over my head and I was completely naked.

"So your awake huh? Lets get started boys!" Yelled severe haircut lady. I will never forget her voice ever. I was asked multiple times, " You bombed New york, San Diego, D.C, Detroit, and Los Angeles, where are you planning to bomb next?"

"I don't know what your'e talking about!" "Bullshit!" she screamed while striking my face with her fist. "There were innocent women and children killed in those explosions, you're a monster Marcus." "No. the real monsters are the ones who frame innocent citizens for their crimes." I whispered through my teeth. All she said next was, "Get the bucket!" They pulled my head back and water started trickling slowly down my throat. Then a familiar feeling came pouring down my throat. I was being water boarded, the water burned my lungs they felt like they were on fire.

They were relentless wouldn't stop. They let me breathe for a few seconds then continue pouring water into my lungs. I didn't complain or cry didn't want to give them the satisfaction of seeing me in pain. I was there for a few hours that felt like an eternity.

A door was opened and a man yelled, "Stop take the bag off his f**king head!" The chair I was tied to was set upright and the bag removed from my head. It was the warden and in his hand were two leashes, on each leash was a large German Shepherd. He spoke very clearly and slowly. "Did you know that a well trained hunting dog will kill anything they are told to, I wonder will they kill you? Think about your next few words. Who is Dixon Matthew Ford?"

I looked up at him, and said, "I don't know what you're talking about. I looked at the warden's hands as the leashes were slowly slipping from his grasp then he let go and the dogs attacked."

END OF CHAPTER ONE