

ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK NOVEL REWRITE
By Will King

PROLOGUE

1980

In nineteen eighty, the United States have invented and dramatically improved their high tech GPS and highly advanced space technologies.

1984

In nineteen eighty four, the United States have built a space station. Their technologies were now monitoring the entire planet. The United States government began to seek global control over the world. The government enacted more laws, acts and restrictions against the american people. They were gaining more power over the United States.

1985

In nineteen eighty five, World War III has been declared. A war between the three super power countries; United States, Soviet Union and China. The US government enacted more laws and restrictions gaining more power for themselves.

1986

In nineteen eighty six, Russia launched a missile attack against the United States hitting New York City. They set off a nerve gas infecting many of the citizens. They became crazy and went on a killing rampage killing the unaffected. They lived their lives craving two desires; killing and eating. If they were hungry enough, perform cannibalism. There is no cure for the disease. They became known as the crazies. New York City has become evacuated and sealed off. Only the crazies and the few inhabitants were left behind.

1988

In nineteen eighty eight, the crime rate in the United States rises four hundred percent. The loss of New York City devastated the american economy. The United States government invented self-automated machines that soon replaced many of the citizens' jobs and the poor class skyrocketed. The tough government restrictions were branding many of the americans as terrorists if they oppose the federal government.

1990

In nineteen ninety, the United States erupted in a Civil War. The persecuted and the oppressed formed a new organization; The National Liberation Movement. They are at war against the US government, the government's military and the government's police who enforced the laws against the american citizens.

1991

In nineteen ninety one, the United States Police Force is formed. America is now under martial law. The government has seized absolute power over the american people.

A large emblem: the American Eagle
against a red background.
It stood bold, proud, savage and strong with a glaring eye.
It has a marking below:
THE UNITED STATES POLICE FORCE



1994

In nineteen ninety four, the once-great city of New York becomes the one maximum-security prison for the entire country. A fifty-foot containment wall is erected along the New Jersey shoreline, across the Harlem river, and down along the Brooklyn shoreline. It completely surrounds Manhattan Island. All bridges and waterways are mined. The United States Police Force, like an army, is encamped around the island. There are no guards inside the prison; only prisoners and the worlds they have made.

The rules are simple.
Once you go in,
you don't come out.



CHAPTER 1

BANK OF THE UNITED STATES
COLORADO FEDERAL RESERVE

October 21, 1997

5:00pm

The Colorado Federal Reserve Depository bank vault room is built of thick-reinforced concrete incorporated into the walls, the floors and the ceilings with coverings installed over them.

The sides of the bank vault room have tall wide shiny bluish metal storage safe deposit boxes that are placed and installed against the long dark yellow walls that are lined up reaching both ends.

There is a walkthrough isle in front of them. On the other side of both isles stood two sets of large shiny bluish storages with deposit boxes on both sides installed to the floor with a center walkthrough isle between them. There are ten more sets of them that are separated and lined up further down toward the end of the vault Attention. Banking hours are over. Lock-up begins in three minutes. All personnel must leave the blue coded areas immediately. Thank you.

Down through the vault room stood men in suits and women in dresses. They had briefcases in their hands walking through the aisles finishing their runs and errands in the vault room. The bank manager in a gray suit with a blue tie on stood by engaged in a conversation with several of the banking employees.

The trolley rolled through the center isle passing between the first set of deposit box storages. When it passed the first set, the trolley came to a complete stop. The top ends of the trolley has two small round

coverings that slid open. Two steel electronic cylinder mechanical devices slowly appeared upward through the holes till it stood fully extended two feet high. Their lights came on with a blue glow. They were blue laser scanners that have become activated. They were scanning and detecting for sign of threat and robbery.

In ten seconds, the trolley received the signal that everything was secured. Then the scanning devices slid back down inside the trolley and the coverings slid closed.

The trolley rolled down toward the next aisle passing by several of the bankers who were walking through. The machine running on treads moved through and between the second set of deposit box storages.

Further down toward the end of the vault room on the left aisle stood a man crouched down with a knee on the carpet. There is a deposit box pulled out in front of him and an brown leather open satchel that stood by his side.

He was wearing a maintenance outfit. A brown one-piece tight outfit with black cuffs and a black collar that stretched tightly. A marking is stitched on the upper back of his uniform; Colorado Solar. He wore a brown maintenance cap.

As soon as the man was finished with the deposit box, he slid it closed and locked it. He put what he had in his hands into the satchel and zipped it closed.

The maintenance man got off his knee and stood up. He held the handles of the satchel in his left hand and walked down through the last aisle heading his way out leaving the vault room.

The trolley had passed through the second aisle and came to a complete stop to start its second scanning process in the room. The coverings slid back open with the scanners reappearing. They stood up and erected. The blue lights lit on scanning the area.

Ten seconds later, it received the signal that everything was secured. Then the scanners slid back into the machine and the covers slid closed. The trolley rolled down toward the next aisle, the third aisle.

The speakers on the trolley in the vault room became activated with the female computer voice speaking again: Attention. Banking hours are over. Lock-up begins in two minutes. All personnel must leave the blue coded areas immediately. Thank you.

The maintenance man walked out of the depository vault room and went into the next room, the vault room lobby. A room with thick sheets of red mahogany wood installed on the walls. The room was lit with square light fixtures connected to the red mahogany square frames installed to the red mahogany wood ceiling.

He walked through the lobby on the orange carpet passing by two men in suits with briefcases who stood nearby having a conversation.

To his left stood a wall at the end of the room that's painted in white with the vault door entrance installed on the right near the corner.

There is a shiny steel computer security box with a control panel installed next to the door. It has a voice activity detection phone connected to the computer security box. Nearby the phone stood several large blue box control panels placed against and installed to the wall.

The maintenance man headed toward the vault door entrance. He proceeded toward the computer security box and set the brown leather satchel down on the carpet.

The man stood up and lifted his left forearm. He slid the left sleeve back some and a steel bracelet with electronics installed was revealed. It was snapped on his left wrist.



He pushed one of the buttons on the bracelet and an opening appeared through the left side of the steel bracelet. There is a round electronic device that slid out. He took the device out, picked up the phone and inserted the device to the speaker on the phone.

He punched in the code number to connect his call with the Security Control. The Security Control electronic computer came on and picked up his call. The machine was self-operated. A male computer voice spoke through the phone: This is the Security Control. Welcome to the Colorado Federal Reserve Depository. Please give out your identification number.

The man spoke through the voice activity detection phone giving out the code numbers with the electronic device that's placed on the speaker, translating with a different voice speaking through.

When he was finished giving out the code numbers, he took out the electronic device from the phone and slid it back into his bracelet. The Security Control ran a test on his voice and the code. In five seconds, the male computer voice replied: Thank you, Nathan Adams for serving us. Please insert your identification card through the ID card slot to be scanned.

The man hung up the phone and drew out his maintenance card from his breast pocket. He inserted it through the authentication card slot that's installed in the computer security box machine.

He was required to be double checked when entering or leaving the vault room.

In three seconds, the control panel lights lit up in green. He was granted permission to leave. Click! The door was now unlocked.

The man put the maintenance card back into his breast pocket and picked up his satchel off the floor with his left hand gripping ahold of the handles. He walked over toward the door, a bullet-proof door covered with steel. He opened the door and walked out of the bank's vault lobby.

The maintenance man walked into the bank's hallway. He turned to his right and walked down the long passageway passing by a male banker who was wearing a black suit holding a briefcase. He was coming in from the opposite direction.

The hall was cut short with a steel wall that stood ahead. It has a steel door frame and a steel sliding door installed to it that leads to the man trap.

He approached to the door and typed in the maintenance code on the Digital Identity keypad that stood next to the door. The device made a beeping sound. Two seconds later, the door unlocked and slid open.

The man walked inside the man trap to find himself in a small cubicle made with steel. The door behind him slid closed and locked.

There are two cameras installed on the ceiling corners observing the man and followed his movements.

On the other side of the room stood another steel door that leads outside of the man trap. There is a card identification device installed beside it. It's connected to a data security box that stood on the wall above with an alarm box attached next to it. There are red alarm lights near the ceiling that are lined up surrounding the upper walls in the room.

The maintenance man walked to the other end of the cubicle toward the door. He took out his maintenance card and swiped it through the card identification machine. The device did a technical audit, a professional examination and verification on the man's identity and data records.

Five seconds later, the machine gave him clearance and permission to leave. It beeped and had the door unlocked. It slid open and the man walked through leaving the man trap. He put the maintenance card back into his breast pocket and walked through the hallway.

The speakers on the trolley from the vault room became activated and spoke again. The speakers were connected throughout all the speakers in the entire building. It sent a message through with the female computer voice speaking:

Attention. Banking hours are over. Lock-up begins in one minute. All personnel must leave the blue coded areas immediately. Thank you.

When the man got to the end of the hall, he turned to the left to find himself in another long hallway. The walls are painted white, with the base painted in black. The black painted ceiling had a lot of light fixtures installed providing the area with plenty of light. He walked through the well lit hallway on the orange carpet.

The maintenance man continued walking down through the hallway casually. He calmly lifted up the satchel against his chest and used his other hand to unzip the satchel. He reached his hand inside and pulled out a long shiny object; a key.

Then the man zipped the satchel closed and sets his arms down as he walked on. He held the key upside down with his right hand gripping ahold of the handle. The key stuck upward behind his forearm to prevent others out front from seeing it.

He passes by a black door to his left as he walked through the hallway. The door had a USPF with an eagle marking on it. Above stood a sign on the door: United States Police Force Security Room. It was a computer monitoring room with soldiers inside on guard duty.

The man started walking on down the hallway with haste. Further down the hallway stood a set of blue lockers to his left. Passed the lockers stood the end of the hallway that continues to the left with a long passageway but an elevator with steel doors stood straight ahead.

The maintenance man walked passed the lockers and headed toward the elevator at the end of the hallway. The trolley's female computer voice became activated and spoke again for the last time: The Bank of the United States and its employees wish to thank you for allowing them to service you. Banking hours are now over. Underground transportation to all major cities is through Concourse B.

When he reached to the elevator, a control panel with a keyhole slot stood to the right, next to the elevator. He brings up the long steel key and slid it into the slot.

Three seconds later, the control panel lights lit up in green. The machine started up and made a low humming sound. The elevator was now activated and operational. Then the steel elevator doors slid open.

Inside the elevator, the walls were covered with red mahogany wood with a steel floor and steel ceiling. There is a square light fixture installed providing the elevator with light. On the other side of the elevator stood another steel sliding elevator doors.

The man walked inside the elevator and pressed the top button for the roof. The elevator doors slid closed and started moving up.

He sets the satchel and the key down on the floor then stood up. He placed both hands on the front two zippers on the top of his outfit and pulled them down unzipping the suit. The man pulled the outfit off his shoulders and slid his arms out.

The lower part of the outfit had snap on buttons. He simply pulled the lower outfit off and the buttons unsnapped. He dropped the suit down on the floor.

Then the man took his cap off and dropped it on the suit. He has a tight stretched head band that held his hair in. He pulled it off and dropped it down on the clothing pile. His hair sprang free, spilling almost to his shoulders.

He reached down and picked up the satchel and the key.

At last, the man stood up straight waiting for the elevator to reach to the roof.

The elevator intercom became activated with a female computer voice speaking: This elevator is for maintenance personnel only. Unauthorized personnel will be subject to a fine or imprisonment.

This man was not a maintenance man. He wore an elite military outfit. He has a black sleeveless and collarless tight spandex shirt on with two silver lieutenant insignias on the sides of the necklines with a silver strip attached to them that's lined down to the shoulder ends of the shirt. The markings:



He wore tight stretch denim military camo pants. It's light gray with dark gray and black camouflage. There is a pocket sewn on the front of both thighs. There are two inside pockets inside the back of his pants' waist.

He has on a pair of knee high black leather boots with silver buckles on the sides. The boots each have a metal plate attached to the front. The boots have a strip of steel across the toes with short steel spikes on them.

He wore a black eye patch over his left eye with a scar across his left cheek.

He is a big white male who is twenty-nine years old. He weighs one-hundred-eighty-five pounds, muscular and ripped with very low body fat. He's five feet and eleven inches tall. He has brown shoulder length hair and a right blue eye

He was feeling tensed and nervous but kept himself in control. He took a deep breath inhaling the air in his mouth then slowly exhaled it through his nose. He felt more relaxed and calm now.

He lifted up his high tech steel electronic bracelet. The lower half had digital numbered push buttons and a few other high tech buttons. The upper half had two screens. The lower screen was off but the upper screen was lit on; a countdown clock. He looked at the countdown clock screen which reads:



00:29:37, 00:29:36, 00:29:35, 00:29:34, 00:29:33, 00:29:32.

The elevator finally reached to the roof. It made a buzz sound then a ding. The doors slid open. He was on the roof outside and above the complex with the Colorado desert that lay stretched out wide and desertedlike all around him; yellow sand, reflecting the afternoon heat, carpeting to the distance mountains. He stepped out of the elevator and the doors slid closed.

He had just come out of a Federal Reserve Depository bank that was built underground.

The man unzipped his satchel and turned around facing the control panel by the elevator. He reached inside and drew out an electronic key jammer. He inserts the key into the keyhole slot and turned it.

The key jammed the device as it sent an electronic attack through it. The control panel lights lit up in red along with making loud beeping noises. Then they shut down along with the elevator's machine. The elevator was now deactivated and the control panel was fried.

He puts the key back into the satchel and turned around walking through the roof heading toward the building complex that stood ahead to his left.

The outer walls were built with concrete blocks with a steel door ahead. He approached to the door with a control panel installed next to it with a keyhole slot. He slid the key into the slot.

In three seconds, the lights on the control panel came on and lit up in green. Click! The door was unlocked. The man opened the door and walked inside the building complex.

The man found himself in a computer room, webbed crazily with neon lights. Chirping, chattering, the high technology machines piled the place full like a maze. They clicked and whirred. The room was without life. It was self-controlled and self-operated.

He walked through the room passing through the equipment. His boots slapped the fake marble floors, echoed hollowly throughout the room as he walked by. He walked across the room toward the door that stood on the other side. He opened it and went through.

He looked around to see himself in a hallway. A dark hallway with long tubed light fixtures covering the ceiling corners. They were lit with blue neon lights giving the area a dark blue glow. He walked down the hallway to his right.

In the hallway ahead, both walls were lined up with a large steel frame with a thick bullet-proof glass installed. On the other side of the glasses stood huge mainframe computers and high tech machinery operated and manipulated by self-replicating machines. Other robotic machines rolled, moved and rotated around doing multitasking jobs on the computers.

The computer control lights flashed throughout the rooms in neon blue. There are computers installed above connected to the ceilings with screens filled with computer and data informations.

The man could hear the computer language speaking throughout the process. The machines spoke in low mechanical voices along with the computers making buzzing and beeping sounds.

He walked on down through the hallway. As soon as he appeared passing by the large frame glasses on the sides, the twin security monitoring devices installed to the ceiling became activated and slid down behind the glasses from both rooms. They lowered themselves to the man's face giving out a red glow and followed him simultaneously as he walked through.

When the man passed by the large framed glasses, the twin security monitoring devices' lights went out and they slid back up to the ceiling deactivated.

Up ahead stood a steel door frame with a steel door installed. There is a computer control panel with a keyhole slot next to it.

Five feet from the door on the ceiling stood a globed surveillance camera tinted in black.

He walked toward the door standing in front of the computer control panel with a highly classified Digital keypad.

This time his steel key wouldn't work nor would his maintenance card provide him access through the doorway. This installation had two locks that requires two different accesses.

The man set his satchel and key down on the floor. He stood up and lifted his steel bracelet right in front of the keyhole slot. He pushed the blue button that stood below the digital numbered buttons on the bracelet.

A steel electronic cylinder device with a key installed at the end slid out on the right side of the bracelet above his hand that extended five inches long pointed directly at the keyhole slot.

He bent his left wrist inward and slid the steel electronic device into the keyhole slot. Then pushed the green button that's located in the middle next to the blue button. The device electronically unlocked the door. Now he had to unlock the second one through the Digital keypad. The lower screen lit up with numbers.

The high tech bracelet was also a decoding device. The electronic device not only unlocked the door but it also tracked down the code for the second lock. It decrypted the code and the access numbers appeared on the lower screen.

The man pushed the red button that's located next to the green button and the electronic device slid back into the bracelet.



He typed in the code on the Digital keypad.

Two seconds later, the computer control panel made chirping noises then a low beep sound. Click! The door was now unlocked.

He picked up his satchel and the key off the floor. He opened the door and walked through.

The man entered through a data center workstation loaded with data storages, information retrieval systems and backup data storage devices.

He goes through the area down toward a hallway. He passed a door on his left that was the telecommunications facility with some supercomputers and machines with electrical and electronic wiring installed, cabling and equipment with supporting structures such as utility, ground network and electrical supporting structures.

To his right stood the server room filled with communications equipment. He walked on and goes down the hallway passing several more doorways till he reached to the end of the hallway with a door out front. A control panel with a card keyhole slot stood next to it.

He reached into his breast pocket and drew out his maintenance card. He inserted the card into the slot and the lights lit up in green. Click! The door was unlocked. He opened the door and walked through.

The man goes through a hallway with steel walls on both sides and steel window frames with glass installed in the hallway.

He turned to his right to see the doors leading to a large room, the Satellite Transmission

Equipment and Services. Next stood another large room, the Wide Area Augmentation System, an air navigation aid developed by the Federal Aviation Administration to augment the Global Positioning System; improving its accuracy, integrity and availability.

To his left stood a room twice as large, the Master Control Room. The technical hub of the broadcast operation. The room is the final point before a signal is transmitted over-the-air or sent on to a operator or satellite provider for broadcast. Television master control rooms include banks of video monitors, satellite receivers, videotape machines, transmission equipment, computer broadcast automation equipment for recording and playback of on-air programming.

It monitors the quality and accuracy of the on-air product, ensuring the transmission meets government regulations, troubleshooting equipment malfunctions, and preparations for future playback.

He saw high tech machines working on the state-of-the-art technology equipment. He walked down the hallway passing between the rooms heading toward the end of the hallway and going through a doorway that stood ahead after he had swiped his maintenance card through the device to unlock it.

The man had went through an high tech multilevel security area and found himself to be in the lobby of the building complex. Straight steel and glass, two stories tall. There were cameras everywhere, and they rotated to study him as he walked through their domain.

The information desk was long, wide and curved with a granite table top filled with computers placed on top that have display and peripheral devices attached. They were all connected and ran through the big tall cylinder multiprocessing power supply device that stood behind the counter in the middle with information appliance devices at the other end from the counter along with a couple of robot controlled data storages. They were worked and operated automatically by the high tech machines.

He was inside the Global Telecommunications Network building. There weren't anybody to be seen anywhere in the lobby. No workers. No citizens. Not even the United States Police Force. The lobby looked deserted only to be occupied by the self-controlled machines.

Then the man saw a PatrolBot installed on a pair of treads rolling down toward the lobby coming in from the opposite direction. It rolled up nearby the man and stopped still as he continued walking by.

It was a Security Service robot that is used for delivery, security, sensor monitoring, inspection and guidance tasks. It was also a Graphic User Interface machine that allowed people to interact with the computer and computer-controlled devices. It carried various attachments installed; sensors, touchscreens, and cameras.

The sensor monitor became activated and started an inspection on the man using a laser scanner. The man started moving along with haste.

Then the PatrolBot's security became alarmed with a male computer voice activated and spoke: Intruder alert. Unauthorized personnel has been detected in the front lobby. All security personnel are to proceed to the premises immediately. Use caution. Intruder, you are to remain where you are until the government authorities arrive. Lock down begins in thirty seconds.

The PatrolBot activated the security alarms and they went off blaring a high pitch shrill sound. The security lights lit up in red giving the complex area a red glow. The front entrance doorways automatically locked with steel walls sliding down over them.

The man had already taken off at a run through the lobby heading toward a long hallway. He ran as fast as he could till he got halfway through.

There stood another passageway to his right that leads to the back exit of the complex.

Suddenly, he heard some noise in the distance approaching toward the hallway at the other end. The sounds of boots, several pairs of them, running and stumping loudly on the marble floor.

Then two United States Police Force soldiers appeared in the hallway fifty yards away from him. They were in full gear and fully armed.

"Halt!" shouted one of the soldiers as they took aim at the man with their automatic rifles pressed against their shoulders.

The man didn't stop. He just kept on running and dashed toward the passageway to his right.

Automatic gunfire bursted from the soldiers' rifles sporadically with the bullets barely missing the man smashing into the walls with the wood chipping and splintering everywhere and the gunshots echoing through the hallway. He was off and running down the passageway with the two soldiers hot on his heels.

When he got to the end of the passageway, he saw a hallway that continued to the right and the left. The left was the way out that would lead him outside of the building complex. He turned left and ran toward the hallway.

Just before he passed the passageway corner, the two soldiers had reached to the other end and caught him in sight. They had taken aim and pulled the triggers firing at him with automatic gunfire. The bullets ripped and pierced through the walls around him.

The man made it through unscathed. He dashed through the hallway till he reached to the stairwell door entrance that stood ahead to his right. He anxiously ran for it breathing heavily.

When he approached to the doorway, he jerked on the handle opening the door and ran into the stairwell going down the stairs.

When he reached to the bottom floor, he saw the door exit that stood straight ahead in the center that leads to the outside. He ran toward the door.

As he opened the door, heard the door burst open from above where he came through. He took a quick glance up to see the two United States Police Force soldiers barge into the stairwell running toward the stairs. They had their rifles pressed against their shoulders and took quick aim at him. The soldiers fired at him with automatic gunfire.

The man dived through the doorway as the bullets whizzed by smashing into the door barely missing him. He had landed and slid on the smooth brick floor on his chest.

The door exit automatically swung closed. He turned around and saw the door's control panel with a keyhole slot next to it on the right.

The man got up off the floor and rushed over toward the door. He leaned his body against it as he unzipped his satchel. He retrieved his electronic key jammer and slid it into the keyhole. He turned the key and it became activated.

The key sent an electronic attack through the control panel jamming the device. The control panel lights lit up in red then the device shuts down along with the lights going out. The door locked automatically and became deactivated.

Suddenly he heard the door handle jangling on the other side of the door along with some banging noises. The soldiers were locked in trying to get through.

Then a female computer voice became activated and spoke through the intercom speakers throughout the entire building complex, inside and out: Attention. The building is now locked down. The Security Control will automatically start the security scanning process. Lock down will remain operative until the premises are secured.

The man gasped and breathed heavily as he stood still for a moment. He's got a good head start. It would be awhile before the lock down clears. Malfunctioning the control panel to the door will take more time before they could get through.

He looked to his left to find himself in a concrete tunnel outside the complex building with the transfer station up ahead. There is a concrete pillbox at the far end with a electric tram inside.

The man put the electronic key jammer back into the satchel and walked toward the pillbox with haste. He could see the long dark tunnel ahead with lights on the sides illuminating the area as far as his eye could see.

He approached to the pillbox doorway that has a control panel with a keyhole slot installed next to it. He slid his steel key into the keyhole in the control panel. In three seconds, the control panel lights lit up in green. The tram lights came on and the machine started up. It was now activated and operational.

The pillbox doors slid open with the tram doors ahead. Two seconds later, the tram doors slid open and the man walked through the doorways entering the tram.

He looked around and observed the interior of the tram. The interior walls are covered with steel plates installed. The leather seats are dark red installed on the brown carpet.

The man sat the satchel and the key down on one of the seats. He walked up to a computer installed on the wall by the door inside the tram. He pushed in the coordinates to take him to the subway station.

Then he sat down on one of the seats. He opened up the satchel and puts the key back inside then zipped it closed.

The tram speaker came on with a female computer voice speaking: Destination: The Subway Station. Please fasten your seatbelts. We'll be underway in a matter of seconds. The man gave out a deep sigh and checked the countdown screen on the electronic bracelet device which reads:



00:20:49, 00:20:48, 00:20:47, 00:20:46. Two seconds later, the tram moved and rolled off out of the pillbox heading toward the Subway Station.

This man was Snake Plissken. A World War III veteran hero. They called him Snake because he had a knack for slithering out of trouble. He could sneak in and out without anyone detecting him.

Plissken joined the Citadel Military College for two years then finished the remaining two in West Point graduating top in his class. He was an excellent soldier and a natural born leader.

Plissken was immediately called up and sent to the front to fight the Russians during World War III. He was assigned to the Special Forces and took command of an elite unit: Black Flight. A unit assigned for search, destroy and rescue missions.

He and his unit had accomplished all their missions successfully. They had the best record of

success in the entire Russian Campaign. They had an remarkable record.

Snake Plissken became very well-known, admired, loved, respected and popular in the military.

Then Plissken and his squad was chosen to go on a secret mission in Leningrad. Their commanding officer told them that one of the Allies' top Intelligence officers had been taken prisoner by the Russians and was being detained in Leningrad. They were ordered to go in and get him out before the man might reveal secrets vital to the entire war effort.

Early in the morning when it was still dark outside, Plissken and his squad flew over to Leningrad in Gullfires on a rescue mission. They were provided with a backup squad.

After the landing, Snake and his troops snuck into the building complex. They cut the power from the power source disabling the lights, radios and the alarms in the building. They put on their night vision goggles and fought the Russian guards, killing many of them along with several high ranking officers in the dark.

Plissken and his squad reached the headquarters killing the Russian general. They planted explosive devices inside then made a run toward the building's underground. They reached to the cells to find the captured officer but he was already dead. Plissken found an large ammunition depot in a big storage room nearby. They planted explosives then Snake gave the signal for the withdrawal.

An Russian elite company barged into the building. Several of them had managed to fix and activate the emergency lights in the building and set off the alarm.

So Snake and his squad were engaged in some very fierce firefights with the elite soldiers. They had to hurry for there were two Russian regiments on their way over. Snake called the backup squad over to provide support but they never complied nor showed up.

An hand grenade was thrown at Snake and his squad. It exploded killing several of his men. A piece of frag tore through Plissken's left eye with another piece cutting through his left cheek. It was like his whole head was on fire, bright orange fire. The explosion had also shattered his best friend, Bill Taylor's left knee. He helped him up and withdrew to the roof with the remaining squad killing more soldiers along the way.

When they got to the roof, they bolted the door shut and planted an explosive device to it. Snake looked around to find that the backup squad had already left. They had planted explosive devices all around the roof to bury everyone below under five hundred tons of rock and plaster. It was only a matter of minutes before the bombs denoted.

Snake and his men hurried toward the Gullfires and boarded up inside. The Gullfires flew off the building going down. They activated the jet packs on the gliders and they dived up toward the sky to head back to the base.

One minute later, the explosives went off. The whole roof blew up and collapsed down through the building along along with the other explosives Snake and his men planted going off.

The sun was already coming out and the fog was clearing up. The sky was now becoming clear blue. The Russian anti-aircraft guns opened fire at the Gullfires. All of them were shot down except for two; Snake Plissken and Bill Taylor.

As they headed back toward the base, they activated their tracer devices that notified the military personnel who they were and their locations. Only two soldiers made it back to the base; Snake Plissken and Bill Taylor.

Snake Plissken spent a month in the Hospital before he was allowed to have visitors. Then Taylor came to visit him. Taylor also sat down beside Snake to give him some very disturbing news. The backup squad were mercenary hirelings hired by the United States government.

They were ordered by the Pentagon to blow up the building while using Snake and his squad as a diversion. The government didn't care if Snake and his squad made it back or not. To the government, they were expendable. Plissken and Taylor became furious.

When they got back to the States, they saw all the dramatic changes that took effect in America while they were off fighting the war. The government's control over the american people, the United States Police Force being formed, martial law, the judicial system was suspended and the power was given to the United States Police Force, New York City becoming a walled Maximum Security Prison and anyone who fights or disagrees with the government would be thrown into the prison.

Plissken and Taylor protested against all that. They decided that they were no longer going to work for the government. Instead, they began to rob the government. Plissken and Taylor have been robbing federal banks for five years now. Because of Snake and his buddy's excellent military skills, the United States Police Force was unable to capture them.

Plissken and Taylor have helped provide their love ones and the poor with ninety percent of the money they stole from the government. Like the military, he became well-known and loved by the american citizens.

They have decided to rob one more bank then put an end to it. They plan to settle down in the

West or go up and live in Canada.

Snake had accomplished robbing his last Federal Reserve Depository without getting caught. Now he's on his way to meet his buddy, his best friend, Bill Taylor at the subway station to catch a train to head out West. They are to meet up with their getaway driver; Texas Jack. A friend of Snake Plissken. They have been friends since college. He was in the U.S. Air Force and flew Snake and his team on several missions. When he was discharged and came back to the States, he decided to go along with Plissken.

The tram finally reached to the pillbox at the end. When it slid inside, the tram stopped. The doors slid open with the female computer voice speaking: Welcome to the Subway Station. Thank you for riding with us.

Plissken stood up from his seat holding the satchel in his left hand. He took a couple of steps forward leaning out of the doorways looking to his left, then to his right observing the room and checking for any police activities. It appeared that he was inside the Maintenance Room that looks deserted.

Plissken checked his watch which reads:



00:01:58, 00:01:57, 00:01:56. Bill Taylor had disguised himself as a maintenance technician and went through the bank earlier. He had hacked through the security system sending a virus into the robot guard trolley from the vault room. Taylor had also intercepted the security system in the Global Telecommunication Network building and prevented the alarms and the emergency signals to be sent outside the building.

He had less than two minutes to meet Taylor and get on board in a train to go out West before the virus clears. Once it clears, it'll detect Plissken's bank robbery he committed and soon the alarms will go off.

Plissken stepped out of the tram and the doors slid closed. The tram lights shut off along with the engine shutting down. It was now deactivated. He looked around and sees the door exit to his right. He went for it.

He walked passed the tram's electric generator and goes through the door to find himself in the subway lobby. The lobby looked empty and deserted. The left side of the wall was painted blue and the right wall was made out of concrete with a smooth like brick floor. The lobby was well lit with gray squared light fixtures in the ceiling. There are a lot of United States Police Force symbols marked around the area. There are signs of government restrictions on the walls. A couple of security checkpoints stood ahead but there were no guards present.

Plissken walked down through the lobby with haste. His boots slapping on the smooth brick floor. He looked at the signs ahead searching for the subway map for the location of the platform where he is to meet with Taylor. Up ahead stood a map of the Subway Station.

He walked with haste toward it and looked for the location to the Pacific Express. It appeared to be two floors below.

Once he memorized the directions, he made a right turn and headed toward a long subway corridor.

The corridor leads to the descending escalators that stood at the other end of the corridor.

Plissken walked through at a fast pace. He was really nervous and tensed. He found himself to be breathing heavily. The place was quiet and there wasn't anybody around but that will soon change when the alarm goes off.

He hastens through the corridor passing by a tv lounge that stood in the middle with several couches and benches. There is a concession stand to the right but it was closed and locked up. Pass the concession stand stood the men and women bathrooms. There is a ATM cash machine further down installed to the wall. Next stood a black door with the USPF insignia with an eagle marking. It was another security monitor room with guards stationed inside. He walked with haste passing the door as quietly as possible then he took off at a jogging speed toward the end of the corridor.

He finally reached the end of the corridor approaching to the descending escalators. He stepped on the descending stairs and stood still and quiet while the escalator descends him down to the lower lobby. He checked his watch again: 00:00:06, 00:00:05, 00:00:04, 00:00:03, 00:00:02, 00:00:01, 00:00:00. Beep!



That's it. It's only a matter of seconds before the trolley detects the bank robbery and set the alarm off.

When he got near toward the bottom of the escalator, he looked ahead to observe the lobby. It

looked deserted.

It was a lobby with a red wall to the left, concrete walls to the right with big white columns standing nearby lined up all the way down through the lobby on the smooth light gray brick floor.

So far, it looked clear. There are a bunch of USPF markings in the area with two USPF checkpoints in the center but there were no blackbellies in sight.

When the electronic steel step he was standing on reached to the bottom, he stepped off the escalator and moved forward with haste.

Suddenly he became alarmed and stopped walking. He stood very still for he heard the sound of a door closed up ahead to the right. Then he saw two United States Police Force soldiers appear into view ahead passing by one of the big white columns.

They were in full gear; black BDUs with the USPF insignias with an eagle on their upper left sleeve, black vests, black backpacks, black gloves, black boots and black helmets with two face shields; a clear shield and a shield over it tinted in black. The shields were down with their faces concealed.

They carried military issued black beretta nine milimeter sidearms in black holsters strapped on their black belts along with black pouches that carries additional ammunition and magazines. They also carried military issued black AR-15 standard A2 20" barrel automatic rifles.

The two soldiers had their rifles butts resting on the right side of their hips with their right hands holding the barrels. They appeared to be heading to their right walking down the lobby and didn't see Plissken.

So Plissken walked a few steps backward as he watches them cautiously. He took a deep breath through his mouth then slowly exhales through his nose.

Then he turned around and walked with haste toward the opposite direction down through the other side of the subway lobby. It was a longer way but he didn't have a choice. He still could reach to his destination from a different direction.

Suddenly a shrill alarm goes off blaring. A female computer voice spoke through the intercom: Attention. Code Red. A bank robbery is in progress. All security personnel to code red stations. Repeat. Code Red. A bank robbery is in progress. All security personnel to code red stations.

Plissken took off at a run down the subway hallway. It was a long hallway with concrete walls and a multi-colored brick floor. There is a long electronic walkway on the left side. Some shops and concession stands stood on the right but they were all closed and locked up. The area looked deserted and empty.

He kept on running till he got halfway through. There is a passageway to the right going through another long hallway. He turned and ran down the passageway.

The passageway walls were covered with light gray tiles with a dark gray brick floor. The area was illuminated with round fluorescent lights installed on the black ceiling.

Plissken ran as fast as he could as the loud alarm blared and echoed throughout the entire station. He started to sweat. His heart was beating very rapidly and he breathed heavily through his nose.

He had no idea if there were any United States Police Force soldiers up ahead. He hoped that his buddy has a transportation ready by the time he gets there.

Plissken finally reached to the end of the passageway with another hallway to the left and right. He turned to the right and ran through the hallway.

Up ahead he saw a sign, a big sign in the distance: PACIFIC EXPRESS. He turned toward that direction running fast till he approached to the stairs that descends down to the Pacific Express terminal.

He hurried quickly down the stairs with his boots skipping a step as he went down. He jumped off the last few remaining steps and looked ahead as he ran through the terminal. There were no soldiers in sight.

A terminal with blue walls, some large steel panel boxes installed on the wall along with some posters and signs. There is a four foot high white concrete wall that stood to his right connected from the end of the terminal all the way toward the four shiny steel turn styles that stood in the middle with another white concrete wall connected on the other side that reached to the other end of the terminal. There are a bunch of United States Police Force insignia markings throughout the terminal. The area was lit with gray squared light fixtures.

Plissken ran toward the turn styles. He put his hands on them and quickly leapt over the turn styles. Then he took off running down toward the platform to the left to meet his buddy, his best friend, Bill Taylor.

His buddy, Bill Taylor, who is wearing a similar uniform is crouched down on his knee working on the wiring in the terminal box that's installed on the wall. He had a satchel that looks identical to Snake's. It was open and filled with tools and computer supplies.

"How's it going, Snake?" he asked with his voice sounding concerned.

Plissken ran up and stood within several feet from him, "Hurry, Taylor. They're on to me." he said as he gasped for breath.

Plissken turned around and walked several steps forward with haste passing the platform wall looking at the terminal breathing heavily. He was making sure he wasn't followed nor see any United States

Police Force soldiers. The terminal was clear and empty.

Taylor had been hotwiring inside the terminal box and was working on the circuits. He finally activated a subway train. The train stood in the dark tunnel in the distance. The headlights lit up along with the rest of the subway cars and the engines started up. Then the train drove out of the dark tunnel through the tracks heading toward the platform.

Plissken turned around and ran back to Taylor. He bends over picking up his brown leather jacket that laid on the floor next to Taylor.

Taylor was still working on the terminal box, working as fast as he could to have the train to take them to their appointed destination. He takes a look at the train as it drove in. Then he turned his head back to the terminal box installing a device in the box. An high tech tracking device.

Plissken leaned back looking at the terminal again as the train drove by. No blackbellies in sight. He looks at Taylor, who did all he could, finally clicked the wires into place. Then he was packing the tools and supplies, that laid on the floor around him, back into his satchel in a hurry.

Plissken took another look at the terminal. Still no blackbellies in sight. Plissken turned back toward Taylor who was still packing his stuff.

Plissken reached his right hand down and grabbed ahold of Taylor's arm, "Come on." he said with a slight pull. Taylor finally gathered all his tools and computer supplies into his satchel. He zipped the bag closed and quickly got up off the floor. Snake ran down the platform with Taylor running behind with a limp.

The long train, a steeled train with black window frames and tinted windows finally pulled all the way down to the end of the platform and was slowing down to a stop. The long train had cars connected and lined up all the way to the other side of the platform.

Plissken turned around and ran a few paces forward with Taylor trailing behind. Then the train finally halted. Plissken quickly turned around and ran down the platform passing a few cars. The subway train doors slid open. They ran inside a car that's located in the middle of the train.

They ran inside the car and the doors slid closed. The car; it has beige walls, yellow brown leather seats with a brown-greenish carpet. There are subway location maps on the walls with some United States Police Force markings.

Plissken rushed toward the window up front while Taylor limped his way over to the left side of the car and sat down on the seats waiting for it to move.

The train started moving and it was picking up speed; fast. They were riding in a high tech subway train that moves at a lightening speed. They should arrive at the West Coast by tomorrow morning.

Plissken and Taylor were tired. They were gasping for breath and breathing heavily. Plissken looked through the side windows watching the platform and the terminal till the train went through the tunnel and was out of sight. They had made it through without being seen. Or they so hoped.

He smiled and sighed with relief as he turned around taking a seat on the right side of the car opposite where Taylor sat. He put his jacket down next to him with his left leg bent upward and his boot resting on the seat in front of him.

"We wired in to Seattle?" he asked.

Taylor sat his satchel on the seat in front of him and replied, "Maybe. Maybe Seattle. Maybe San Francisco. Maybe Barstow. I couldn't tell, you know. Those damn circuits were so slow." Plissken turned his head looking out the windows with disappointment.

"So I sent a location signal through the wiring. Texas Jack will pick it up soon and will find out where we're going. Don't worry, Snake. The police force nor anyone will be able to detect the signal." said Taylor.

Plissken turned his head from the windows and looked at Taylor. Then he threw his satchel on the seat in front of his buddy,

"Congratulations." he said, "Your payday." as he breathed heavily.

Taylor unzipped the satchel and opens the bag. It's filled with credit card disks. He picked up several of them which reads; Master, US National Bank. Master, US Port Authority. Master, US Tobacco Reserve. They were all marked with the USPF eagle markings.

Taylor surprisingly looked at them with delight and at the same time he was gasping for breath. "Oh, man. Snake, will you look at this?"

"You look at it. I'm tired." replied Plissken. He grabbed his jacket, wrapping it up, and placed it on the seat below him. He leaned forward with his legs resting on top of the seats in front of him and rests his head on the jacket.

"Come on, man. We've got to split this up." said Taylor.

"I trust you." said Plissken.

Taylor stood there for a moment looking at him. He was feeling mutual to know that Snake still

trusts him.

"Yeah." said Plissken as he looked at his buddy with a smile. They had barely accomplished their mission. Now they just need to reach the West Coast to meet Texas Jack.

Plissken took his electronic bracelet off and threw it on the seats near the satchels. Then he leaned his head back on the jacket to get himself some sleep. Taylor picked it up and put it in his satchel.

Taylor gave a big smile and laughed as he puts the disks back into the satchel. He grabbed his bag and placed it next to Snake's and started dividing them up. He gave out another hearty laugh.

It took Taylor thirty-five minutes to divide up the credit card disks. He counted the money to find out that Snake had stolen twenty million dollars from the Federal Reserve Depository. None of the money were stolen from the civilians. Just the Federal government. He stood there with his eyes wide with amazement holding such a large sum of money.

Taylor faithfully divided the money up evenly. Each got ten million dollars in credit card disks but they get one million since the rest goes to their love ones and the poor. He zipped the satchels closed and set them on the seats in front of him. He slid his body forward resting on the seats and leaned his head back. He closed his eyes and went to sleep.

CHAPTER 2

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

THE SUBWAY STATION

3:50am

Early in the morning, the hotwired subway train finally reached to its destination. It drove fast out of the dark tunnel and headed toward the platform with the electric engines roaring loudly.

A few moments later the long subway train finally reached near the end of the platform and it started slowing down. When it got to the end, the train came to a complete stop.

Plissken and Taylor were still sleeping on the seats. They had fallen in a deep sleep and slept through the whole ride across to the West Coast.

Then the subway train doors slid open with a loud buzz sound. Plissken immediately awoke and stood up fast from his seats alert with his eye looking around for danger or trouble.

Taylor was still trying to wake up. He let out a yawn and stretched his arms in the air then massaged his stiffed neck with his hand. He apparently didn't sleep very comfortably along the way.

The intercom became activated with a female computer voice speaking: Welcome to San Francisco. Thank you for riding with us. Please step to your right and have a good evening.

Plissken set his legs down on the brown-greenish carpet. He grabbed his jacket with one hand while he ran his other through his hair brushing it back.

He got off the seats standing up straight looking through the tinted windows to check out the platform area. It looked clear. There wasn't anybody in sight.

The Lieutenant slid his right arm through the jacket's right sleeve while using his left for support. His eye was still watching the platform as he reached his left arm into the jacket and slid it on. There weren't any blackbellies seen anywhere. The platform from his view looked deserted.

Taylor got up from his seats and grabbed both of the maintenance brown leather satchels. He limped up to Snake and handed him his satchel. Plissken grabbed the satchel as he fixed the collars on his jacket.

They walked through the subway car doorway going outside of the train quietly without saying a word. They came walking out as millionaires and stepped onto the platform's smooth brick floor. They walked a few paces forward away from the train looking around and observing the area as the subway train engines ran loudly.

Plissken was darting his attention around staying alert. He looked both sides of the platform. The platform had a smooth brick floor with concrete walls. There were a couple of doors ahead leading to the men and women's bathrooms, a maintenance room next to them and a janitor storeroom.

To their right stood the end of the platform. To their left about fifty yards down stood a long ascending escalator with a flight of stairs next to it on the right. To the left of the escalator leads down to the other side of the platform which leads to the subway terminal and some stairs.

Plissken looked around attentively with his eye and ears open checking to see if they hadn't walked into an ambush or any trouble that may be awaiting for them. The place looked empty. There wasn't anyone to be seen anywhere.

"San Francisco ain't bad, man. I could spend a million here." said Taylor.

"Yeah." responded Plissken.

"It may not be Seattle but it's close." said Taylor as he scratches his face.

"Close enough for government work." Plissken replied cautiously.

"At least we're not in Barstow. Sure couldn't spend it there." said Taylor.

Plissken wasn't paying much attention to his buddy. He was too busy looking around for any signs of trouble. After a couple of moments later, he finally calmed down a bit and used his free hand to brush his hair back.

Plissken walked down the platform heading toward the escalator with Taylor limping along beside him. He still looked around carefully walking quietly through the platform. He looked up toward to top of the escalator that leads to the upper lobby to see if there was anybody there but there wasn't anyone to be seen. He kept his ears open but to only hear the subway train engines running.

They reached to the ascending escalator and stepped on the gray steel electronic steps that are moving on a system of tracks going up. They stood still placing their free hands on the conventional fabric-and-rubber hand rails as the conveyor transport device took them to the upper lobby.

Plissken remained calm and in self-control. He had already robbed the Federal Reserve Depository in Colorado and there was no turning back. All he can do is move forward hoping to meet up with Texas Jack and get far away from the federal authorities and the police force without getting caught.

He was also feeling nervous for he didn't know what lies in the upper lobby. It could be the United States Police Force there waiting for them. He calmly took a couple of deep breaths to relax.

Taylor wasn't too worried. He felt confident and sure enough that they were going to come through completing their mission successfully like they've done for the last five years except for one bank robbery which took place in Kansas City four years ago. It ended in a disaster but Snake barely got away. Plissken still had a difficult time dealing with outcome and he never did talk much about it.

As Plissken and Taylor approached near to the top of the escalator, they walked up through the rest of the steel moving stairs with Plissken in the lead.

When they reached to the last remaining stairs at the top of the escalator, they stepped off. Plissken got off first with Taylor limping beside him a few feet behind with his right boot stumping loudly on the floor for a few steps while limping his left leg along but Snake's leather boot soles stumped low and smooth on the smooth multi-colored brick floor.

They walked through looking ahead observing the upper lobby. Plissken turned his head over to his shoulders looking behind him to make sure no one was following them. Then he looked ahead at the upper lobby.

To the left stood a short wall with a steel double door exit installed. There are big steel control panel boxes lined up next to them. A pair of pay phones stood by the end of corner of the wall which turned left leading toward the front of the big upper lobby, a huge lobby.

Beside the corner of the wall stood a United States Police Force phone with the insignia and an eagle marking placed on it installed with a five foot tall shiny steel fence attached to it that's twenty-five feet long connected to a big white square concrete column seventy-five feet tall built to the ceiling.

A set of four shiny steel turn styles stood on the other side of the column with an United States Police Force phone next to it that's attached to a second set of a five feet tall steel fence, twenty-five feet long, reaching to the next United States Police Force phone that stood next to the second set of four steel turn styles standing beside the second big white square concrete column.

On the other side of the column stood a third but long set of steel turn styles, eleven of them stacked next to each other in a long row.

To their right in the middle of the end upper lobby leads to a descending stairway with an ascending escalator next to it to the right that's coming from a lower terminal down below with a couple of more big white square concrete columns standing nearby as support.

Straight ahead on the other side where Plissken and Taylor came from leads to an descending escalator located in the middle with a stairway next to it on the right that goes down to a platform below. There are five foot concrete walls connected between them reaching both ends of the walls.

On the other side, the front side of the upper lobby, across the fence, the turn styles and the columns stood two sets of big white square concrete columns ahead with four long black steel escalators that stood behind and between the columns located in at the front end in the center. The long escalators leads to the top lobby area.

There are sets of pay phones lined up installed on the walls beside the escalators on both sides. Beside them each stood a black door with an USPF insignia that leads to the United States Police Force monitoring rooms.

Toll booths stood at both ends of the front upper lobby but there weren't anybody there operating them.

There are two United States Police Force checkpoints that stood in the center between the columns in front of the four long escalators but there weren't any soldiers around.

The area was illuminated with lots of round fluorescent light fixtures installed in the middle of the gray squared concrete frames installed on the black ceiling.

The upper lobby walls are a white-grayish color made out of concrete. There are a bunch of United States Police Force markings on the walls along with more signs of government restrictions.

The upper lobby was quiet and looked deserted. There wasn't anyone to be seen anywhere. Plissken was starting to get nervous.

Plissken and Taylor walked passed the first column passing the left set of the turn styles and stopped with the fence out front. Snake was looking around, alert and worried.

"What's wrong, Snake?" asked Taylor as he turned around with his eyes on Plissken. Plissken was standing a few feet further down with his back facing Taylor looking around continuously with caution, "Where's Texas Jack?" he asked.

Taylor sighed, "He'll be here. It may take awhile since the train didn't take us to Seattle." he replied.

"Something's not right." said Plissken. He began to feel really nervous and felt his heart beating faster. Soon he began to sweat.

"Aw, come on, man. It's four in the morning. What are you worried about? We made it, baby!" he shouted gleefully.

Then the air exploded with a gunshot that ripped through Taylor's shoulder with blood splattering out of him. He was knocked forward and fell down on the floor dropping his satchel.

Plissken quickly spun around as soon as the shot was fired and saw his buddy falling down with a gunshot wound. He ducked down with his friend who laid on the floor moaning with blood flowing out of his shoulder spilling onto the floor.

"Damn it!" Taylor shouted. He felt like his shoulder was on fire.

Plissken looked ahead on the other side of the lobby as he crouched down low to see four United States Police Force soldiers coming down on all four of the descending escalators. Two more soldiers appeared into the lobby from the monitoring rooms. They ran and took cover behind the big columns. They all were in full gear and fully armed.

The soldier in the center escalator opened fire blasting at Plissken and Taylor with automatic gunfire.

Plissken who is crouched down low behind the steel fence grabbed Taylor's arm to get him moving, "Come on. Let's go!" he said assertively.

Taylor grabbed his satchel tightly in his hand and staggered up to a crouch with great difficulty. Plissken pulled him alongside with him on a run crouching low as they passed through the next set of turn styles to their left.

Taylor limped forward with blood trailing behind then he staggered down on the floor behind the second column with exhaustion. Plissken continued on ahead running in a crouched mode still determined to make an escape.

Then one of the soldiers opened fire blasting at him with automatic gunfire. Plissken stood up and ran for the escalator that stood on the other side as fast as he could as the bullets whistled by smashing into the wall at the other end.

The four soldiers got down to the bottom of the escalators and ran toward the eleven steel turn styles on their left. The other two soldiers who stood by the columns ran forward reaching them first.

They got down on a knee and crouched behind the turn styles with their heads and shoulders above and exposed. They pressed their rifles against their shoulders, placing their automatic rifles on top of the turn styles taking aim ahead.

Plissken had ran down the descending escalator. As he reached down near the bottom of the escalator, he jumped off the last few remaining descending stairs.

He landed on the smooth multi-colored brick floor and took off running forward a few yards ahead then stopped. He found himself in the middle of the platform with subway rails on both ends. He quickly turned around and saw that Taylor wasn't there. To his left on the rails ahead stood a subway train standing by idle.

There was still a chance to escape. He could get inside the subway train, activate it and depart from the San Francisco Subway Station. But he was not going to leave his friend.

He ran a few steps back near the escalator and looked up toward the upper lobby, "Taylor!" he shouted impatiently. Taylor wasn't seen to be coming.

The subway train on his left became activated. Its headlights along with the rest of the subway cars and the engines started up. Plissken took a quick look at the subway train as it was preparing to move. Then he looked back up above the escalators on the upper lobby. It started moving through the platform toward the tunnel ahead behind Plissken on his left.

"Taylor!" he shouted again. There was no response from Taylor nor was he seen from where Plissken stood. His heart was pounding and he was gasping for breath, breathing heavily feeling anxious.

Plissken turned around and ran a few steps toward the train as it picked up speed, accelerating

through the rails. Then he stopped to turn around to see if his friend was coming but he wasn't seen to be coming. He knew there weren't anymore time. The train was their last chance to escape but he wasn't going to leave his friend behind.

So he turned around and watched the rest of the train pass by through the tunnel. Soon it was out of sight. Plissken turned around and brushed his hair back with disappointment staring above the top of the escalator looking at the upper lobby for a moment.

Then he took off running toward the stairs. He ran up the stairs ascending his way back to the upper lobby.

He wasn't going to run out on his friend Bill Taylor. Taylor had been in the same elite squad he was in. He fought many missions and bloody campaigns with him in World War Three.

He ran through the three landings on the stairway then finally reached to the top of the stairs and took a few steps forward on the upper lobby. What he saw ahead horrified him.

His buddy Taylor was down on the floor halfway to the escalator. He had crawled through the floor leaving a blood trail behind still holding his satchel tightly to his chest. Behind him to his left stood the six United States Police Force soldiers crouched down low behind the turn styles. Their heads, shoulders and rifles were exposed above aiming at Taylor.

Plissken stood still and dropped his satchel on the floor. "Drop the bag, Taylor." he said.

Taylor staggered himself to stand up. With his arms down, he was still clutching the bloody satchel in his bloody hand, "Go on Lieutenant." he said raspingly. "Go on, man."

"Taylor," Plissken said sternly, "drop the bag." .

The USPF officer in the middle opened fire blasting automatic gunfire. The bullets ripped and tore through Taylor's back riddling his body with bullet holes.

Taylor let out a gasp as he was knocked forward with his head and eyes titled upward then came tumbling down on the floor dead.

Plissken stood there stunned and silence. His heart sank and became heavy.

Three fully armed United States Police Force soldiers in full gear appeared from the platform down below behind Snake and were running up the stairs toward him.

Plissken heard them but didn't turn to look. He just stood there staring at his dead friend. The soldiers ran up the stairway passing each landing with their black boots stumping on the stairs till they reached the third landing. They stopped running and came to a halt. The soldiers stood still standing about seven yards from Plissken. They quickly pressed their AR-15 rifles against their shoulders, took aim at him and cocked their rifles.

Plissken's eye was still on his dead friend, Bill Taylor who laid dead with multiple gunshots in his back and shoulder with his hand still clutched to his satchel.

The six United States Police Force soldiers that stood ahead behind the turn styles got off their knees and stood up straight with their rifles aiming at Snake.

He turned his head toward the soldiers and glared at them. Snake Plissken was now captured. He rose his hands in the air breathing heavily through his nose.

The three soldiers down on the stairs on the third landing walked forward ascending the steps slowly and cautiously with their rifles aimed at him.

Plissken didn't move. He just stood there with his eye still on the soldiers ahead. The three soldiers finally reached to the upper lobby floor behind him. Two of the guards approached toward him to his back while the third soldier approached to Snake's side. The rifles were just inches away from the Plissken's head.

Plissken turned his head toward the soldier by his side and stared at him. Everything was quiet except for Snake's heavy breathing.

Later, the soldiers had handcuffed Plissken. They escorted him through the upper lobby toward the escalators which were now changed and ascended upward. He got on the escalators and stood still on the step with the nine soldiers surrounding him on all four escalators taking them to the top lobby.

As they reached near the top lobby, Plissken saw a squad of armed soldiers waiting for them. They stood in a defensive formation with their rifles across their chests surrounding the area.

When the steps reached the top, Plissken stepped off the escalators with the nine guards standing beside and behind him. One of the guards pushed him forward with his rifle and he walked through the top lobby area.

In front of him stood an officer with a sidearm holstered to his side straight ahead standing in the middle of his surrounding squad. He and the officer walked toward each other till they got within five yards.

"Halt." said the officer. Plissken stopped moving. The officer walked right up to him holding a electronic device. It had two screens with buttons in the middle. It was a hand scanning device with a data transmitter below.

The officer had placed Plissken's right hand on the top screen; a dark green screen. A green neon line light appeared and moved across the screen scanning his handprints. The device made some low beeping sounds and his profile appeared on the lower screen. His photo, his background and records.

"Snake Plissken." said the officer.

The soldiers around him became alarmed staring at Plissken. They took the safety catches off their rifles and held them a little tighter, a little steadier.

"You're the famous outlaw we've been tracking for five years now."

Plissken just stared at him showing no emotions nor interest.

"Take him outside. He has a bus to catch." ordered the officer as he got out his two-way radio. "Captain Gordon. This is Captain Hendrickson. Inform Chief Harrison that we have caught Snake Plissken. Awaiting for further orders. Over."

Five soldiers pushed him forward and escorted him through the lobby heading through the subway hall heading toward the stations' two sets of double door glass entrances.

Along the way stood a man lying dead on the floor covered in blood and riddled with bullet holes. It was Texas Jack. Plissken stopped still for a moment with his eye wide with horror staring at his dead friend, his last and only friend he had left. His heart sank further. The impatience soldiers pushed him with their rifles to get him moving forward.

Plissken goes outside the subway station to find another squad of armed soldiers standing in parallels lined up on the sidewalk from the entrance down toward the prison bus.

He moved forward passing through the soldiers and got on board. There were three armed soldiers sitting in the back of the bus and a bus driver at the front behind the wheel. Plissken walked through and sat in one of the seats in the middle to keep his distance from the soldiers.

An officer got on board and spoke to the driver, "I've just received an order from the headquarters. You are to take the prisoner to New York City." he said.

"Yes, sir." replied the driver. "Who is the prisoner?" he asked before the officer got off the bus. The officer turned toward him and got close to his face.

"Snake Plissken." he answered.

The prison bus driver's eyes went wide with fear. He turned his head to look at Snake for a minute. There was a moment of silence. Then the officer got off the bus. The bus driver pulled the lever and slid the doors closed. He shut the engine on, shifted gears and drove away from the curb down toward the road.

Plissken had heard the whole conversation. He had already received a life sentence to be imprisoned on Manhattan Island. The New York Maximum Security Penitentiary. He had heard a lot about the prison and none of them were any good. Once he goes inside, he will never be allowed to leave.

CHAPTER 3

NEW YORK CITY MANHATTAN ISLAND

October 23, 1997

7:30pm

NOW



The huge gray solid structure of the massive prison boundary wall stood tall and erected. It's fifty feet tall and six feet wide. It's made out of concrete with a reinforced concrete system, reinforcement bars that have been incorporated to strengthen the wall using the method prestressed concrete framework construction.

Outside the wall to the right stood Station Seventeen with a tall watchtower fortification that's built eighty feet tall with sensors and satellites installed on the roof.

Inside the watchtower features windows, tilted outward, that surround the entire top floor with high tech surveillance monitoring computers, radars along with radio communication equipment maintained and controlled by the controllers who sat in black chairs wearing black BDUs with USPF insignias, black boots and

headsets. The tower structure provided a high, safe place where the controllers and the guards observe the prison and the surrounding area from a long distance.

Next to the tower stood a bunker built out of concrete. The roof, sides and back have black walls installed to the bunker with black automatic sliding doors. Behind the doors lies a descending stairway that leads to a passageway underground.

The passageway is straight and fifty yards long built with cement. It has square light fixtures installed on the ceilings that are lowly lit. Black doors lie down the passageway on both sides and the end that leads to the bunker quarters, weapon and ammunition storage, food and water supply and a generator room with an air purification system.

There are twenty-five stations built all around the prison outside the wall along with the main station on Liberty Island; Liberty Island Security Control.

The bunker's doors at Station Seventeen automatically slid open with three prison guards who are fully armed in full gear; black BDUs, an USPF insignia stitched on their upper left sleeves, black vests, black backpacks, black pouches for additional ammunition and firearm magazines, black gloves, black boots, military issued black Beretta nine millimeter sidearms in black holsters with black AR-15 rifles wearing black helmets on with two shields; clear and dark tinted. They both were down concealing their faces.

The soldiers walked through the doorway exiting the bunker. They turned to their right and walked by leaving their station to go on guard duty. They walked along nearby the wall heading toward the caged elevator that's electrohydraulic with columns with guiding wheels and anti-drift locks, completely integrated and protected in a built metal cage with landing doors, also with electromechanical locks and external control boxes. The caged elevators transport the prison guards and the military personnel up to the top of the wall or down from it.

Behind Station Seventeen, a black USPF jeep with headlights on is driving by outside near the prison wall. It has an USPF insignia marking on the front of the jeep. The driver is in full uniform and a vest with his black helmet on but the shields are up with his face exposed. He is armed with a military issued sidearm with his backpack and rifle placed beside him on the passenger seat.

The driver passes by three fully armed prison guards in full gear who were walking in the opposite direction. They had their two shields down concealing their faces walking by with their AR-15 rifles resting on their hips returning to Station Seventeen from guard duty.

The jeep slowed down to a stop and the driver shuts the engine off. He took a drag from his cigarette and exhaled the smoke out through his nose then got out his radio, "This is Gotham-4, North Bay, Station Seventeen. I have an escape in progress. Object in mid-way moving toward the wall." he said notifying the Liberty Island Security Control of the situation. Then he ignites the engine and drives on by next to the wall heading out of sight.

The light gray prison wall has a base painted in white. Up ahead on the concrete wall, twenty-five feet above, stood a dirty brass sign with two USPF eagles on the sides that reads:



Further up ahead forty-five feet high stood a marking printed in black on the wall: STATION SEVENTEEN.

Finally, fifty feet high up stood the concrete floor on the top of the prison wall. There are sets of dark red sturdy steel guard rails installed on both ends with an extended dark red pole welded on the front connected to the guard rails reaching nine feet high with a blue flashing light-emitting device. These devices are set up and placed every seventy-five yards all the way around the entire prison wall with the blue lights flashing nonstop.

On the inside prison wall in front of the top floor stood an high-security installation construct fence; concertina razor wire.

The wire has a central strand of high tensile strength. A mesh of metal strips with sharp edges with multiple bladed edges. It's made of hot dipped galvanized steel, fully corrosion resistant. The wire is a spiral, formed in large coils from the reinforced barbed tape. It runs in natural loops attached through heavy duty steel clips installed on the wall.

There stood two United States Police Force wall guards in full gear and fully armed holding their AR-15 rifles in their arms with their helmets' shields down.

One of them is leaning against the front guard rails holding the rifle with his right hand resting the gun on the rails looking at the prison that lies ahead.

The second prison guard slowly walked by passing the first guard with his rifle pressed against

his chest. He turned his attention to the prison as he walked on down passing through the top prison wall.

In front of them lies the dark urban desolation skyline of New York City on Manhattan Island with the black sky above and the black waters down below.

The city was a blackened shell, a concrete forest of dead, towering trees. Its erected, lifeless towers stretched like monstrous tombstones. The city had been deteriorated and was in a state of disrepair. Most of the buildings were dark and filthy. They stood in destitution and poverty stricken. They laid still and erected, squalor and decayed on the island of ruins.

There were buildings that were completely destroyed, several of them were demolished and laid in huge piles of rubble. Some were partially blown up. Some were burned. Most of the rest were sabotaged, vandalized and ravaged by the malicious and mischievous inmates in the disintegrated city on Manhattan Island.

Occasional fires flickered the streets. Some campfires were seen high up through the glassless buildings. There were very few streetlights seen in the distance that were dimmed real low.

There was a cold wind blowing in the cool autumn night. The freezing waters down below were crashing against the piles of broken concrete that laid littered by the inside prison wall. The black evening was humid with the sky partially covered with dark gray clouds. It had rained earlier then stopped before nightfall

In the south, the buildings from Lower Manhattan all the way across the World Trade Center towers up to Lower East Side of Manhattan stood in complete darkness from view. The darkness continued all the way around toward Harlem.

In the north, only the Washington Heights was a pretty well lit area with electricity which have been a suburbanization for many of the inmates along with Inwood having electric lights scattered around at the north end on Manhattan Island.

The big prison wall in the south could be seen standing erected with the concrete pilings below next to the waters. The railings on top with barbwire below and the blue flashing light-emitting devices flashing on and off on the extended poles.

There are United States Police Force wall guards in full gear and fully armed stationed on top and across the southern wall that stood all the way around till it was out of view as it reached behind the buildings of the dark skyline.

A black United States Police Force helicopter, a UH-1D Huey Helicopter flew toward the black cloudy sky flying over the southern prison wall heading over the black waters below. The whole helicopter was black with tinted windshields. Their military numbers were painted in white on the doors. A USPF insignia with an eagle was marked on the front of the helicopter below the windshields. It was heading toward the prisoners who were making an escape attempt.

The pilot spoke through the microphone that was bent around the side and attached to his black helicopter helmet, "We have the radar blip on screen showing the prisoners in North Bay, section seventeen. Object moving toward the Jersey Wall." he said in a monotone voice.

The pilots wore black BDUs with USPF insignias, black vests, black gloves, black boots and armed with black military issued sidearms in black holsters. They had on black helicopter helmets with two visors; clear and tinted, pulled down over their eyes with USPF insignias on the front of their helmets above the visors.

The helicopter tilted forty-five degrees to curl back toward the city with the low-hanging clouds. They leveled off and came in at skyscraper level over the remnants of the west side elevated near Battery Park.

Then the chopper turned around flying over the churning waters. They were scanning the surface. The pilot had the blip centered on his radar screen. He spoke through his mouthpiece. "North Bay, section seventeen. Object ahead."

The helicopter dipped and began circling, the spiral getting lower and lower, threading the needle.

The pilot flipped on a spot. It stabbed the blackness with an eerie blue shaft of light. The pilot caught sight of the thing on the water. The searchlight found the object soon enough. The helicopter flew in toward the object with its blades whirling loudly.

It was a crude raft of rot wood and telephone poles lashed together. Two thin, tattered prisoners were atop it with a long rope wrapped up with a thick steel grappling hook attached to it. They were paddling desperately toward the Jersey Wall.

They looked up, startled, when the light found them. But then they went back to their paddling, hurrying the pace even faster.

The pilot's gloved hand found the toggle for the backfires, and he gently grabbed the knob.

He activated the loudspeakers, "You have ten seconds to turn around." he said, and the words roared out of the external speakers like thunder. "Start back to the penitentiary."

The prisoners didn't listen, of course. They kept on paddling through the waters.

The pilot with his hands on the toggle moved over and had the raft directly below the chopper. He had the aim targeted on screen with the dot blipping.

When the time they were given to turn back was up, he flicked the toggle. There was a whoosh

and the copter shuddered. The tracers from the missiles zig-zag down to the water. They lit up in the water nearby the raft.

Then the pilot ignited the missiles. The explosions ripped through the night along with a big shockwave. It ripped away the cover of darkness that revealed the festering heat beneath.

The raft exploded with fragments flying everywhere. One of the prisoners was on fire. He was hurled from the disintegrating raft and falls fizzing into the water while the other inmate bursted into flames and sank down into the dark, black water with bubbles popping on the surface. Pieces of debris from the raft churned around. When the hot flashes faded away, there was nothing left of the two men and the raft except churning, crackling water.

The helicopter hovered above for a moment, then turned and dipped off into the darkness.

"Control," said the pilot speaking into the microphone, "Attempted prisoner break has been terminated. Over."

It continued flying over the waters scanning the area. It passed nearby the Brooklyn Bridge that laid in the darkness with the dark city buildings from the Lower Manhattan and the Lower East Side behind on the shores. The helicopter approached to the concrete and rock piling that stood next to the wall with the searchlights beaming and scanning the area.

When the helicopter approached near the prison wall, it deactivated the searchlights then pulled up over the prison wall.

The helicopter flew toward the Liberty Island Security Control. There lies the great wall erected outside the East River with several prison guards in full gear with firearms stationed on top with the blue sensor lights flashing.

Behind it lies the Statue of Liberty. Next to it stood the Liberty Island Security Control Center complex with the heliport field behind the center.

Behind the heliport field, fifty yards down, stood eight bunkers. Four bunkers stood on one side twenty yards apart with the other four bunkers standing paralled one hundred yards away facing each other.

Below the bunkers stood the prison guard barracks, the Air Traffic Control Center, offices, the weapon and supply depot, equipment and explosive storages, medical rooms, processing room, Conference Room, generator with air purification room, electric power source room. They were equipped with everything they needed. Toward the end of the island stood a Transportation Station with a boating dock.

The helicopter flew in close, right past the great lady's face. The interior of the crown was brightly lit. There was movement within. People manning machines, gazing out the windows with huge binoculars up to their faces. Machinery. Lots of machinery. The helicopter flew under the beam of the power searchlights that were set atop the torch of Statue of Liberty. The beam was wide angle, and raked the waters below in long, sweeping patterns.

The helicopter flew over the black sky toward the heliport field.

Down below stood a man in BDU uniform with an USPF insignia with an eagle on his upper left sleeve, black boots and a military issued 1911 .45 firearm holstered to his side. He was walking toward the main base, smoking a cigarette holding a two-way radio. Several prison guards in full gear and fully armed with automatic rifles walked by in pairs passing him by.

"Gotham-4, confirm the kill." he said through the radio.

The helicopter pilot replied, "Circled the base. Over."

"Security, this is Rehme. We have confirmation from Gotham-4. We have a kill in midharbor. South of the battery. Two in the water dead."

The Security replied, "Two confirmed."

"Very well." he said putting the cigarette back into his mouth as he approached to the base entrance with another pair of prison guards walking by.

Rehme opened the door and goes inside to see a fully equipped armed guard notifying him of an very important call on line for him from the Air Traffic Control. Rehme takes the phone while the guard was leaving the building. He picked up the phone with the reply, "Air Traffic, this is Rehme."

The fully equipped armed guard exits the building that has a sign labelled out front:



The guard walked toward the bunkers looking up watching the helicopter flying toward the landing pad.

A couple of USPF M35 trucks passed through loaded with prison guards heading toward the bunkers. Several USPF jeeps are driving by heading toward their stations.

Each bunker stood two armed prison guards stationed on guard duty by the doors. More prison guards, walking in pairs, coming from and going on patrol. There are helicopter pilots walking by coming from and going to the helicopters for a patrol run.

A maintenance crew stood at the heliport field working on the helicopters and refueling their tanks.

The armed guard that came from the Liberty Island Security Control center finally approached to one of the bunkers. The black automatic doors slid open and he went inside and was out of sight.

Two prison guard pilots exit the bunker where he came from walking toward the heliport field to go on a patrol run.

The USPF helicopter finally landed on a heliport pad. The two pilots walked toward the chopper to relieve them. A maintenance worker approached to the helicopter with a gas pump coming to work and refuel the flying machine.