

Through anothers eyes...

I close my eyes as I wash my hands.

Still can't look in a mirror after seven years doing this, never can handle the reflection...

"Reckon they'll give this one to us," I hear Marsden call from the observation lounge as the lights go on around the chair.

"Yeah?" I lean out of the bathroom and look up at the gantry, "How so?"

"He's coming around the 406 southbound, figure he's going to come off at the Redbridge roundabout and try and make a break for it down the 12." Marsden flicks the lights off upstairs and walks down the metal staircase, "Best you get set up and I'll get the recordings going."

"So we're near the east end this time?"

"Got me," He shrugs, "You know they never tell us where we are, saves on us getting nervous if they get too close."

"So how do you figure?"

"Just got a burst transmission from Bosco telling me they're headed to us, Bosco never works anything except North London."

"Who'd he have to shag to get the permanent posting?" I grin, "And are they still open to offers?"

I walk back into the observation lounge and walk around the chair, running my hand along the side. It always reminds me of a dental chair, that ergonomic design and the clean plastic all the way up and down the construction, the only difference is the pad where the dental tools would rest, now taken up by the hand scanner and monitor controls. I sit in the seat and lean back, strapping my hand in place as the display in front of me comes up. I feel Marsden behind me and I lean back, resting my head in the transmission device.

It's like laying on a recently dead squid...

The jelly cables on the device wrap up and around my head and I close my eyes as one of the bands goes around my eyes, one around my forehead, then two plugs of jelly in my ears and I pause to breath as the rest of it locks my head in place.

Like being strangled by a recently dead squid...

I tilt my head to look up at where I imagine Marsden is and nod my head. There's a jolt of electricity and I shudder slightly as the connection is made, the lights on the inside of my eyes change, there's a burst of static and I'm driving a car on the A406. I fight for a second to gain control till my mind remembers that it's not my body I'm sitting in and I go still. It's cold where I am, there's a breeze coming in through the sun roof of the car and I look around the periphery vision of the person I'm inside.

"Katja 14 online and placed," I hear my own voice say, "They're in a Blue Honda on the A406 heading south, two miles from Redbridge junction and doing more than ninety."

"Any Passengers?" I hear Marsden

I focus my attention on the driver and place the thought of *something behind you* as hard as I can.

The driver glances into the rear view mirror and I catch a glimpse of her eyes, then two people in the driver's seat and the silhouette of one in the passenger seat, something bulky and long in their hands.

"Three passengers," I say, "I think the one in the front is armed."

Marsden taps my shoulder to let me know the information has been relayed.

"Heading into Redbridge roundabout," I say, "Coming down into the second exit, heading up towards Gant Hill, speed now seventy plus."

The driver glances sideways and the car squeals as she pulls the wheel hard, the car screeching as it turns violently into the exit route, she glances upwards into the rear view mirror and I see something spin and crash.

"Paramedics needed at Redbridge roundabout," I say, "They just caused a crash, not sure how many injured, progressing east and not slowing."

Marsden taps my shoulder to acknowledge.

"They're tracking the car," the man in the back yells, "They've been on us since the top of London."

"Not this car," the Driver says through gritted teeth as she threads the car through two lanes with the skill of someone born to drive, "Not this Driver..."

I feel the smile on my own face as she spins the car on the Ley street turn off, barrelling up towards the centre of Ilford, the streets at this time thankfully deserted. I feel dizzy for a second and there's a break in the transmission as the car bounces off the kerb for a second.

Not surprised at the speed she's going...

"Turning up Ley Street, speed still above fifty," I say, "They'll be at the bridge in twenty."

Marsden taps my shoulder to acknowledge.

"Why are we going this way?" I hear the passenger yell as the car accelerates again, "We need to get out of here."

I feel the drivers left hand do something out of my eyesight and her head shakes slightly. There's a tap on her left thigh from her left hand and the car drifts around the roundabout, coming up over the top and drifting back around to the right as it accelerates again.

"Down past the Cinema, speeding up again, think they might be heading back towards the 406 on the Ilford entrance." I say.

Marsden taps my shoulder to acknowledge.

"We're just stopping off for a second..." The Driver nods to the side of the road.

"They're stopping," I can hear the urgency in my own voice, "Tell Ilford PD, fast responders to the Ilford Hospital Chapel, four targets, two armed with shotguns, two with pistols, the doors are open, best tell anyone in the area to keep clear."

Marsden taps my shoulder to acknowledge.

The drivers field of vision goes dark for a second as she passes into the open doorway, there's a moment of confusion as she turns around and I hear the boom of a shotgun, the sound unbearably loud in the enclosed area. There's a thud of a body falling.

"Shots fired," I say, "Possible medical intervention required."

No Tap

I feel her move in the darkness and then she turns, the sudden light blinding and I feel my own hand jerk skywards as she looks up into the blinding lights above. She looks down at the body bleeding on the floor, wearing jeans and a T shirt, what looks to be a pair of headphones attached to a device on his belt, but there's no head left for him to wear them upon. I feel sick to my stomach as she continues on, coming into the main part of the church where bright lights are shining down from above.

"Man down, medical assistance not required," I say, my voice sounding loud.

No Tap

“It’s her then...” I hear one of the other criminals say.

The Driver turns, there’s a person laid on a long chair, wearing what look to be surgical scrubs, the gaze goes up the body to the face and I see the Jelly like helmet around the head of the person laid there.

Oh God No...

“Yeah...” The Driver says, “That’s got to be her.”

I can’t break the connection without Marsden.

I see the driver reach down as my body twitches in the seat, futile impulses being sent by a consciousness that isn’t wholly there at the moment. The Driver reaches down and taps the forehead of the person with her finger.

I feel the tap on my head.

“You’re...In here, aren’t you...?” She asks as she taps her own head, her voice echoing in my ears at the same time as I hear it down the connection. “Tell me...what happens if your body dies while you’re out of it...”

I see the body on the seat jerk violently as I try and get out of her and back to myself. The Driver looks up at the others and nods for them to leave.

“I think me and her have some talking to do...” She draws her knife from her belt and places it above my heart, the cold of the blade causing a shudder to run through the body. “Only you can’t talk, can you...?”

The driver presses down with the knife and the body goes into spasm, the drivers hand releasing the knife as the blade goes deep, staggering back as her head throbs with pain as the link is severed between the two of them. She staggers back to the body on the table as the spasms become weaker, tearing the jelly away from the face to look in the eyes of the dying person.

“It feels like that...” She whispers to the body as the eyes grow still, taking up her shotgun and walking outside to where the others have got back into the car. She pauses for a second by the body and then closes the door to the outside, reloading the shotgun and locking the door with the heavy bolt over the back. The sound of sirens get closer and there’s the sound of frantic hammering on the door.

“Come on, COME ON,” the yelling gets louder as they pound on the door, then the screech of tyres outside and she hears the shouting of twenty armed police over the sirens and then the silence as the sirens cease and she hears the police dragging them away. She puts the Shotgun on the table beside the bed and removes the bar from the back of the door, going back to sit in the chair where Marsden has sat and not looking down at the body on the other chair.

Five black clad policemen burst into the room and she puts her hands on her head, twisting the palms to give the appearance that she’s mimicking rabbit ears on her head.

“Do you think you can make it here faster next time?” The Driver looks at them with open scorn.

The police look at each other in surprise as the woman stands up, still leaving her hands on her head.

“Think I’m joking...” The Driver looks around them in turn, “What sort of a bloody response is this, is this what you call fast around here?”

The policemen fan out and their lieutenant steps into the room. He looks at her and nods for her to take her hands down.

“Lieutenant Amsel, fourth Precinct, forgive me the formality, but you are...?”

“Katja 14,” I look down at the body and shake my head, “No, thanks to your incompetence, Katja 15, didn’t you get the emergency response code?”

“We did,” He nods, looking down, “I’m sorry, I don’t know what to say.”

“How about you tell the two people who died here today...” I look down at my old body and then over at Marsden.

“But...” He looks between the two bodies, “Only one of you...”

“Two,” I slap him across the face and leave my hand on the body below me,

“You think I’m sharing this body with anyone else? Where else would she have gone...?”

“Oh...” He holds his cheek as the police around him lower their weapons,

“I’m...”

“Sorry...yeah, I got that...” I stride past him into the cold night air, the other members of the gang looking at me in disbelief as I stand free in the doorway to the chapel. There’s a twitching in my fingers and I realise that the body I’m in has addiction problems. I look back at the lieutenant as he comes back through, still in shock.

“And you’re paying my rehab bill...” I spit at him as the department car arrives,

“Expect something in the post from department P.”

I walk over to the car and get in the back, winding the window down so I don’t see the face in front of me.

“Rough night, Katja.” Mac’s rough Yorkshire accent from the front of the car,
“I’ll get you home.”
“Thanks Mac,” I say, still not used to the voice in my ears.

I hate this job...