

**Write an action / thriller story about someone wanting revenge. The story ends with the line I'll be back.**

The story began in quarantine. In my quaint cottage by the sea. Just me and my beloved dog, Rebel. It was lockdown. Me and Rebel were alone in our very own realm. The same routine every day. Cup of tea in the morning, quart of hot milk. Bowl of biscuits for Rebel. Then Rebel spends the morning asleep under a quilt that I made for him. While I watch the waves on the beach, trying to write my book. But one morning everything changed. The house was ransacked by ten men dressed in police uniforms.

Let me recapitulate... my house was ransacked. They burst through the door. Shouting. Yelling. 'Get on the floor' they screamed. I tried to refute them. 'No! Who are you!?' But they just started smashing the house. Rebel tried to bite one on the ankle. They hit Rebel with a truncheon and dragged him from the house. "Nooooo!" I cried. My regal dog, my faithful dog was stolen. How could I rectify this? I would get revenge. I would not be reconciled. These people would refrain from doing this again. I would make sure of it.

I had a premonition. Those men who broke into my house. They weren't real police. Their uniforms weren't pristine. There was a scrap of uniform left in the lounge. Rebel had bitten it off. On the scrap, it said 'Kenny's Kennels'. These men were dog thieves! I started planning a premeditated attack. Who was Kenny? I asked around. Most people prevaricated in their answers, and that made me angry. I bought a toy gun and began to use it in my questioning. 'Tell me where Kenny is!

‘Tell me now!’ Eventually someone cracked. They gave me the location of the dog thief. It was on.

I took a big baseball bat from my garage. My profuse anger could not be contained. I headed for the Kennels. I was not planning to propitiate anyone. I was going to be violent. My heartbeat proliferated its pace. I didn’t care about prison or probation. I just wanted Rebel back. I burst into the building. There were dogs everywhere. A big man blocked my path. ‘Who are you’ he demanded. ‘I’m here to get my dog back, get out my way Kenny!’

He blocked my path. I swung the bat. Kenny wouldn’t steal anymore dogs. I recognised Rebel’s bark and went to his cage. ‘You’re free now’ I told him. ‘Come back with me’. But Rebel didn’t move. Rebel was looking at the other cages. I understood what he wanted me to do. I unlocked them all. I started leading the dogs out.

Kenny groaned from the floor. I threatened him. I said ‘you touch anyone’s dog again ... I’ll be back’.