

That afternoon was a hot summer day. Everything was drowned in everyday tiring activity – work. The sun in the sky burned like a hot coal and bit in the face, while the shade pleasantly cooled the surroundings off. You can barely see a normal person on these streets of the neighborhood.

I'm not saying they are not here, you just will not see them. Every other person is either a thief, a killer, a criminal wanted for crimes, a drug dealer, a dependent drug addict or an illegal immigrant there.

But then New York changed a lot. The criminality of Bronx, Harlem, Brooklyn, or Queens has dropped significantly. People are starting to feel safer here. However, these four big poor town districts constantly and probably more and more hate uniformed police officers.

Police officers, who in people's view, use a disproportionate brutality against local residents. Both sides are constantly attacking each other. Gangs lose most battles, but law enforcement officers also record life losses. No wonder that the Bronx is still the most dangerous district in America.

This is the story of a barely twenty-year-old boy Jonathan 'Joy' Ritchie in the role of a policeman and his older colleague Stanley Greenwood just before the retirement.

They received a fake report of a trade strike on 150<sup>th</sup> street in the Bronx. It was already the fifth report this week. In particular, Joy did not have the feeling of enjoying this eternal return to a place where nothing was happening. He had boiling blood and thinking of a snake. A star sign in which he was born.

Stanley Greenwood looked more like a hippo. He was a bit overweight, older and looked forward to the retirement. His fat did not allow him to run, so he had to roll. Stanley spent all his life working, even though he was happily married over last twenty years.

His hair dripped, gray and white strands began to appear quickly. The skin around the whole body shrank like a rubber carpet that is time to replace.

Stanley preferred to drink hot coffee. He prayed every time he was forced to pull out and use a gun. He remained faithful to his wicked colt.

Joy Ritchie maintained a perfect figure and a great sporty look by constantly practicing kung-fu martial arts at home in the gym or in the garden. He often trained in the afternoon and blindfolded. Still, he did not look like an ordinary 'cop'.

There was something mysterious, pleasant about him that attracted people. Perhaps, it was a golden earring or a distinctive tattoo on his back and shoulders.

Maybe it was a golden ring with the darkest stone that ever existed in this strange world. Joy inherited the dark hair of his father, black as coal. He had a nice nose, narrow lips, tanned and very soft skin and smaller ears, dense eyebrows and the same gruesome eyes of a snake beneath.

Joy's sifu saw him in a dream as the great mighty Sanho Kanh, who descended from the sky to avenge two deaths. The Master also told him about the Chinese warriors. Joy spent a lot of time with him, thanks to training, from the age of thirteen.

But when old sifu (kung-fu master of martial arts) died when Joy was sixteen years, he never went on in the arts and never tried to find a new master. He just repeated what he had learned. He would be able to defend himself, but if another powerful fighter crosses his way, who in his training had reached the black belt of the master, Joy could be in trouble.

Joy was also slowly getting used to Stan. They have been partners for a short time. Stanley did not like him at first because of his overbite and bravery. Joy, on the other hand,

kept telling Stanley that he was too fat. He made fun of Stanley all the time.

On the same day, when Stanley and Joy rushed back to help the supermarket, Joy noticed two masked robbers as they were running out of another supermarket on a different street.

“Look at them!” Joy frowned, waiting at the crossroad.

“Damn,” Stanley grunted, reaching for the radio transmitter.

The feeling of nervousness cluttered over his back like a cold wind. He did not have the bad feeling of robbers like Ritchie sat behind the wheels of the car.

Stanley did not really like it. He would rather watch the burning down of kindergarten!

The robbers jumped to a prepared getaway brown Ford near the sidewalk. They ran out of the scene like a ball flash. Joy did not hesitate and followed them. Stanley switched on the blue and red lights on the roof. Ford and the police car raced together.

Joy did not even hold back.

“Ritchie, this is not your Ferrari, this one does not get a hundred in six seconds, man!” Greenwood said as he poured coffee on himself.

This is not a good sign! Joy did not answer and stared at Ford. He enjoyed the wild chasing car in the city. The robbers finally noticed them.

Suddenly policemen lost the brown Ford out of sight. Ritchie hesitated to go in or out for a moment. He kept going straight. Stanley announced the car number at the switchboard. The warehouse and the fallen factory appeared in front of them, which has been abandoned for years.

Getaway Ford stood alone on the grassy part at the former gatehouse with broken pieces of glass. Joy broke hard on a nearby road so the dust wave rose up to two meters high but

immediately settled back. He pulled the silver pistol Smith and Wesson out of the case, inherited from his father. It was not the usual service weapon the police receive.

He jumped out of their car, made a couple of graceful jumps to the robbery vehicle. The hot air blew through the door.

Nobody was there anymore. Stanley shook his head as he could not follow super fast colleague, hardly climbing out. Ritchie was already in control of the rotten entrance of rusty metal of the warehouse. Stanley grabbed quickly his colt to make sure they both stay out of trouble.

Joy waited for him hidden in the sitting position near the door. Stanley was upset. He felt like an unnecessary old man, who should rather stick to the fireplace with warm socks on his feet. He just was not too fast for a young guy.

Ritchie acted quickly, but often hurriedly. Some of his pieces could cost him a life because they were really dangerous.

Stanley acted with experience, slowly, and deliberately, so he called for the reinforcements on the switchboard. He was also responsible for that guy.

“I’ll take the front door. Take the back door,” Joy commanded.

“Sure,” Stanley muttered with great effort, he ran to the wall and headed for the rear entrance.

Ritchie penetrated inside the large building. He searched for the smaller rooms with boxes kicking of the doors that looked like former offices. It looked scary because of the dust and spider webs. Then he hid behind one of the nearest concrete columns in the giant hall that touched the roof structure.

The place was empty. He did not hear any steps, just his own steps. Ready to fire to everything every second that

was moving, he went on. He stopped at the posts and listened from time to time. Silence.

Only small part of the daylight penetrated inside through small, dirty, high-rise windows. In addition to the strange nervousness, there was a great abandon and impurity in the air. Stillness.

No one has been working for years here, which is a great shame. Investors are simply not interested in this warehouse. No one will maintain it anymore. They all wait for the building to fall down alone in order to build the most modern warehouse full of technical excellence.

Stanley was horribly angry that the young boy gave him the order and he did it without thinking. He hated the abbreviation of his name 'Stan' and did not know why. Ritchie possessed an admirable characteristic that he unconsciously shortens each name into the smallest possible form. Stanley simply did not like that. For instance, his sister, who is just nine years old and named Deborah, Ritchie called her 'Deb'.

Stanley quietly snapped. In a moment, he walked breathlessly around the building in constant prudence. One never knows what can happen in this job. He stepped out of the stairs of the rear entrance. Then he found out that a huge rusty lock was hanging on the door. The area was too large and spacious for the two men who were looking for two criminals. There were many innumerable places to hide.

Ritchie was extremely careful. Everywhere he looked, the barrel of the gun lined his sight. He blended well with the surroundings in black uniform.

Darkness sat in every corner. No one anywhere. "Where are the bastards hiding?" Ritchie whispered. The policeman thought the robbers probably had rubber soles when he heard the shotgun charging behind his back about four meters away. He stumbled.

