# The Iron wall

by Agastya C

There was a man named Akira. He was a middle-aged Japanese Male settled in New Zersey. He worked in Juego studies in NJ. One day, he went out to buy groceries, there he saw a man who looked sad. He was in a great Brown Coat, he hadn’t paid much attention to it and continued his shopping, suddenly the next moment, the shop which he went to was getting robbed, Akira unfortunately kind of lookedlike the robbers. “Everyone on the ground, NOW!” yelled one of the robbers. Everyone got onto the ground except the sad man, He remained seated in his chair, “Did you not hear me?” asked one of the robbers.

“I heard you.” The sad man replied.

“You want to die?” asked the robber again.

“Maybe” the sad guy replied.

Akira was extremely shocked;how can one be so depressed that he wants to kill himself? What happened to him? Now was not the time to bother.

Bang a shot ran and red liquid filled the floor, it was a clean headshot to the sad guy. “The robber actually shot him!” Akira though.

The shot alerted the nearby civilians, and they called the police, it had been a long gunfight, but the Robbers were apprehended but even Akira was taken into custody because he was mistaken for a robber. No matter how much he tried to explain the police just didn't listen. He was first taken to a police station and had been photographed with the heightscale and his name on a black sign. Next, he was transported to another bigger jail cell with bigger and more jacked looking inmates. He absolutely hated the robbers, his pet cat Milo, his job, everything gone. He was assigned N-23 which means his cell was North Block, cell 23.

“I hate this place” Akria thought to himself.

First, he had gone through a complete body checkup before he had gone to his Cell. Once he went into his cell, he saw a few items placed by the cops on his bed which he was to share with another person. He saw a plastic spoon and some prison clothes he was told to put on before he came to eat dinner. The guards took all his Accessories like watch, chain, ring, etc.... Then it was finally time for dinner, he saw the jacked dude forcefully grabbing another prisoner’s food, Akira went and told the jacked dude to eat his own dinner. Akira got pushed by one of the Jacked guy’s supporters. The jacked guy laughed so loud that the guards turned around and pretended nothing had happened. Akira looked around to see if any guard saw that he had been physically bullied by this jacked guy.

“What are you looking for Vacca?” The jacked dude asked.

“Guards to help you? This place is under my control” he told before he started laughing like a maniac and left to his cell. Akira wanted to leave from this embarrassment. Just then another prisoner came to help Akira up, he had introduced himself as Diego.

“Mexican” Akira thought.

“What’s your name?” Diego asked.

“Akira”

“So, you are Korean?”

“Japanese”

“You are not much of a talker, are you?”

“Nope”

“Good, that's what you need to survive out here”

“What do you mean survive?” Akira asked but by then he noticed all the prisoners in the Dining hall looking at them. It was like, they were looking at someone behind him. Akira slowly turnedback; He found Jacked hovering over him.

“Alright listen up everyone, it is time we give this newbie arrival” jacked had said aloud.

There was a gasp amongst the prisoners.

“What's the arrival?” Akria asked Diego. “Just do whatever he says without any questions, that's how I got through the arrival” Diego replied.

“What do you mean?” Akira was about to ask before he got dragged away from the collar of this shirt out of the dining hall. Akira was really mad now. Firstly, he was mad at the robbers, who got him into this situation. Then he was mad at Jacked because of how a big bully he was. Then he was mad at this corrupted prison with no rules. He heard Diego saying “Be the strongest and you can get the control of the Prison. And if you do get the control, even the guard don't do anything to you, out of fear. Last time this happened and a guard had tried to stop a fight between the Strongest prisoner then and a newbie prisoner like you, the guard got beheaded In front of the Police office in the compound and once that was done, there was a ritual where the Strongest after getting his first kill of the day must bath in the blood of the person who he killed. Once that was done, he was supposed to drag the body out of the Yard into the main building and hang it up in his most hated person’s cell, and the person who he hated the most was not allowed to remove the body until a guard told him to, and because this prison is corrupted it usually took around 2 – 3 days for a guard to finally come and tell him to take the body down. Once the body is properly burned, the most hated person was to be living in more fear than he already was because the Strongest guy can come and start a fight with him without the fear of being punished. This all changed when an honest Warden came to this prison.”

“Who was that?” Akira asked.

“Roy” Diego answered.

“You don’t mean Roy Charles?!” Akira exclaimed in fear.

“That’s who it was, you knew him?” Diego asked.

“He was the most notorious amongst the city, 23 murders, 15 injured and supposedly working for a Cartel, His latest murder was on a Teenager. He was tasked to Murder him because he talked back to the Cartel Boss, and Charles killed that teenager in the most brutal way ever imaginable by a human's mind.”

“No way, that explains why he killed the Strongest and all his Goons, after the strongest was dead, he was never seen in the Compound ever again.” Diego replied.

Akira was now in a room with a bald person with black shades, He looked like a warden in a damaged and untidy uniform.

“Tell me why you are here Mr. Akira” the warden asked.

“I was framed, I am a Japanese man please help me get out of this, I was not supposed to be here, please let me out of here, I will pay you whatever you want.” Akira told.

“Even something as valuable as your life?” the warden asked.

“No, not my life” Akira told with a small sarcastic laugh.

“Well, i will see what i can do, but for now, Tell me about yourself Akira” the warden replied.

“First you tell me about yourself Mr. Warden” Akira told.

“First you then me” the warden told

“Fine”

“You may begin”

“I am Akira, i moved here from Japan about 2 years ago and I loved the States. I had settled here, found an amazing job and had a happy life, until one day when I went to go shop for groceries when I had been framed.”

“Good story” the warden said.

“Now your turn, tell me about yourself” Akira told.

“I am Roy Charles” the Warden said.

A chill ran down Akira’s spine, before the lights switched off, Akira felt himself being pushed down and went unconscious because he hit his head on the floor with a great force...

To be continued...