

The Web By Will Goddard

The man sat on the chair, staring unblinkingly at the computer screen, the only source of light in the whole room. He fidgeted nervously with his fingers as his eyes ran down the page of the forum. Where was Spyder? The last message had come through two days ago. Where was he? If he didn't come soon they would never leave the country. Quickly he typed in another web address and scanned the chat-room. No message. He checked another website. Still no message. He dabbed his sweaty forehead with a handkerchief. The man hoped that Spyder hadn't woven a web of deceit which he had fallen into. Was Spyder already halfway around the world with their money?

He checked and double-checked all the websites they used to send messages. There were none. Now the man was seriously worried. He surfed to a news site. A terrible sight greeted him. The top story was 'Armed Robber Arrested'. He clicked the link and read the story.

A man going by the name of Spyder has been arrested by police in connection with the recent armed robbery of the HSBC branch on Wolf Road.

His already sweaty hands and face were now drenched. It was only a matter of time before the web closed in on **him**. As this thought crossed his mind flashing blue lights filled the room and there was a knock on the door and a voice yelled "Police! Open up!"