

**Bad Boy Bob**  
by Diana Hockley

Bob slouched by the wall, cracking his knuckles, anticipating what was to come. It was all he could do not to double over, roaring with laughter. Any time now...

A resounding crash came from the outer enclosure. Shots rang out, followed by shouting. Men around him raced to the fence to peer through the mesh; several climbed upon each other's shoulders to get a better view.

Bob's bad-boy grin of satisfaction turned to rage as he stared, horrified, at the guards dragging four balaclava-clad men out of a Hummer.

*His gaol breakout crew had ram-raided the wrong exercise yard.*

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