LUCKY stooped down and started creeping along the wall towards the supermarket's sliding doors. Confused and intrigued, Sly followed him until they were within 100 metres of the van.

Without warning, Lucky broke into a run, heading for the van. At the same time, Sly saw the man lean into the trolley and come out with an automatic weapon. There was a staccato burst of gunfire, the windows of the van imploding as bullets tore into it. Where was the motorcycle cop when you needed him? The gunman turned and Sly froze with fear when he realised the weapon was now trained on him. Feeling vulnerable and petrified, he looked around frantically for cover.

A single shot rang out. It had come from behind the van, pinging off the shopping trolley and distracting the man with the machine gun. He span back towards the van and unleashed another volley of gunfire. At the same time, Sly heard a rumble and saw a motorcycle racing at speed across the car park. It pulled up beside the trolley, the rider making exaggerated hand signals.

Sly realised it was the woman who had earlier been helping to push the trolley. Dropping the gun, the shooter jumped on the back of the bike and it screeched out of the car park, leaving smoke trails in its wake where rubber met gravel.