The sniper test questions essay

I lay there on the roof of the building not knowing what to do. I had been hit. I could hardly move. There was silence on the warm June night. The wind was calmly blowing and the light of the moon shone through the clouds.

I could faintly hear the ruffling of the person that had hit me down below. I was going to get them if it was the last thing I did. I had my rifle next to me and a knife ready in my pocket and I was ready to attack at any moment. The throbbing pain was not enough to stop me. I slowly pulled back my jacket and looked at the wound. The bullet hadn't ripped through my skin so I realised it must still be in there.

The pain had gone and it felt like my arm had been cut off, as there was more of a feeling of numbness. I ripped the sleeve of my jacket with my teeth and made myself a bandage. I covered up the wound to try and stop the blood. As I was doing so, I thought about how I had come to end up in this situation. To be only 16 years of age and sitting on a rooftop with a bullet wound to my arm. Still a student, still a whole life ahead of me.

It all started of as a joke back when I was 14. My mates and I got hold of a gun and we started firing at random people walking past. We shot someone in the stomach and none of my mates stayed behind to see the damage. They all ran. As I was running I had a strong urge to go back and see what I had done.

I turned over the heavy body and looked the dead woman straight in the face. Seeing her lying there gave me such a rush of adrenaline and I couldn't wait to get my next victim. I don't know how to describe the feeling but I

loved seeing the damage that I had done to people and I wanted more. It was addictive.

I waited a good few months before going after my next victim. It was a cold January afternoon and I got my rifle ready. I walked around looking for somebody to kill and an innocent looking boy whom I recognized from my school walked past. I had never really liked him and a sudden rush of excitement came to me as I thought of seeing him lying dead on the ground not being able to move. I had got away with killing the woman and I thought I would get away with this too. I gave a few of my best shots and he was down.

As I turned his body around to look him in the eye a woman saw me. She saw me leaning over the body with a rifle in my hand. I knew this was it. I couldn't go back home. My dad was in the police force. I knew he would be out looking for me.

Since that day, I have been on the run. I don't know what I have put my family through, but to be honest I couldn't care less. My mother was more concerned about her job as a successful lawyer than her family and she had never had time to spend with us. My dad was in the police force and I hated the police.

I knew what it felt like to kill somebody and I knew why people did it. The feeling of watching someone die right in front of you gives you such a rush of excitement but the people in the police force do not understand this. Then there's my brother. Four years older than me he is. He was just finishing college when I had to go on the run.

Although, I never admitted it, he was one of my best friends. He was the only one in the family that I could rely on. I have been missing him a lot but there is not much I can do about it. He has probably moved on with his life.

Moved out if he had any sense, even though he was always the mummy's boy. I would love to catch up with him one day when this is all over and just have a talk with him like the old times. Watching myself on the news as ' the sniper' has been amazing. Nearly everyday, I see appeals to catch me, yet nobody has. If only they looked around more.

Since the day I have been on the run, I have never actually left the city. Nearly one and a half years now. I make sure I keep a visual image of every person I kill. I can count no more or less than 33 people throughout the time that I have been on the run. Every murder, every life I take, better than the last. A better feeling, a better rush of excitement.

Knowing that people are frightened of me makes me happy. I do not want to be liked, I want to be feared. I kill in such a way that nobody forgets who I am. I want to leave my mark on this world before I go. I want to show people what I am capable of. I have plans for the future, big plans.

I have now nursed my wound the best I can. I can still see the blood soaking through the sleeve of my jacket but it will have to do. I need to find the person who has done this to me and kill them like I killed the others. I have a plan formed in my mind. I won't be using the rifle as it's going to be too hard for me to get to him. I need to use the knife that I have in my pocket.

I lean over the building knowing that the person below can see me. I hang the rifle over the building and just as he shoots up, I move my head and drop the rifle. Hopefully, he thinks I'm dead. Yes, I can hear him climbing the building. He is near the top. The knife's ready.

I make sure to make no noise, as any sound would be clearly heard in the eerie silence of the night. He turns around. He is wearing black clothing and there is something familiar about him. Something strangely familiar.

He slowly creeps towards me and just then there is a tiny shuffle behind him. He turns his head for a moment and that's when I attack. I dig the knife straight into the back. I pull it out and stab the idiot a few more times, each time a rush of adrenaline going through my body. With each stab comes more excitement.

Each time the knife penetrates into someone else's body I get the most amazing feeling ever. I carry on until I can take no more. I want to see my victim so I can add him to the list in my head.