

Original writing: the assassination

[Law](#), [Crime](#)



The Assassin lay in wait. She knew what she had to do, where to be, where to hide and at what time. She also knew who the victim was. Now, all she needed to do was wait. She had perched herself in the neighbouring chimney. Her research had been done. The owners of the house were away on holiday. The house was hers. While she waited, the smell in the chimney was pungent. God what had they burnt in here? She could literally taste what had been burning. Pleasant thoughts were trying to take over the smell of the chimney. It was starting to work until her concentration was broken by the sound of a car pulling into a driveway.

The target was sighted. No, wait. It was the victim's son. He didn't matter; as long as he kept out of the way he would not fall to the same fate as his father. She thought about how much was staked on her to leave no recognition, to the police, that there had ever been anyone there. She never did of course; she was a professional. Her finger found the trigger of the rifle and gripped tightly. The question was asked to herself as to why she was so worried as to killing her target. She had done it many a time and was the government's first choice to do this assassination.

A few cars passed on the dark, lonely road leading up to the driveway that was gloomy in the night sky. She sighed heavily, her sigh passed down the chimney and through the rest of the house. The silent wait continued... The silence of the night was deafening. The force of the rain was extremely light but the Assassin was soaked right through to the bone. Somewhere in the distance a dog barked. Washington D. C's weather was so lousy this time of year. The darkness was descending slowly, the house, from where the assassin was perched, was dark, lonely and frightening.

Lightening flashed above the house. In the lightening, the assassin looked like a zombie. The wind became stronger as the night dragged slowly on. The lights that ran parallel with the street were all burning brightly except for one. The only one that wasn't working was the seventh one along. It was the one right outside the house. The rain had ceased now. The tarmac glistened after the rain had stopped. The line of shrubbery reminded the killer of a war movie she had seen recently. 'The Front Line'. That was the name of the film. Some teenagers passed by the house. They looked a bit drunk.

The wind carried the dead leaves along the ground and through the air. The Assassin heard a noise approaching to her left... She stubbed out her cigarette as the silver Mercedes(tm) turned off the road onto the muddy, rutted path leading to the house. The Assassin noted that the car had defective windscreen wipers; there were mud streaks on the side and a damaged bumper. As the car came to a stop outside the house, Her victim checked his watch; it was time for his favourite Radio Programme. So he sat inside of his car, turned on the radio and listened to it in comfort.

The Assassin cursed herself. Why wasn't he getting out of the car? She heard the music go on, so she lifted her rifle and looked through the scope. He was sitting with a bottle of Baileys, listening to the Radio. She waited a bit longer. Eventually, he got out. John, now drunk, looked at his badge on his suit. It said 'John Kerry'. Even though it was not raining, John stupidly put up his umbrella... The assassin grinned to herself. She was finally going to get her kill. John was staggering left and right, which meant her shot, would have to be even more accurate.

But, luckily for her, he was about the length of 3 Double Decker buses away from the front door. She lifted the rifle's scope to the man. She took aim, the trigger contracted into the gun. As if by pure luck, the man tripped and fell right at the last second, causing the bullet to narrowly miss its destination. She couldn't believe it. Anger swelled up inside her. She punched the gun so hard that it went unnoticed that the silencer fell off to the ground below. Reloading her gun was quite hard while she was shaking. The sight was lifted again and the shot was fired.

This time it hit him right in the heart. He went flying into a nearby wall. The force of the blow scattered all of his personal belongings out of his suit. The deed had been done. She wiped the sweat from her brow as she was clearing up. But as she was cleaning up her thoughts went back to the shot. Could the shot have been heard? The floor of the chimney was searched but she couldn't find the silencer. Then her worst fears came true. Lights in the nearby house shot on. Then her thoughts were broken by the sound of a low groan coming from the driveway from across the way.

John was crawling towards his mobile phone. Her items were dropped to the bottom of the chimney. She thrust her body off the roof, causing her to roll across the ground. A dagger was pulled from her belt and was driven towards her victim. Her foot connected with the bottom of his jaw and the mobile phone; causing only the mobile to scatter. He was grabbed by the neck of his suit by the Assassin and his throat slit. He died instantly. The Assassin stood up and walked towards the end of the driveway until she was

stopped in her tracks by a mysterious figure at the doorway to Kerry's house...

It was John's son, William. He was wielding a machete. William was quick but not as quick as the assassin. The second he raised the blade to charge, the murderer turned and threw the dagger, with perfect accuracy and precision, straight into the thigh of the victim's son. His eyes opened wide but, as she intended, he was stopped in his tracks. He tried his hardest to concentrate on the assassin. The pain was excruciating. He staggered forward, unaware that the assassin was starting to make a run for it and the neighbours watching.

They stared in disbelief as he pulled the dagger out of his thigh and attempted to give chase but was no match for her speed. He thought she had gotten away until one of the neighbours, named Terry, offered him a lift in his car. Terry and William drove quietly along the dark road following the assassin. The assassin thought she had lost him but then she seen two bright lights coming towards her. Using her swiftness, she ran and blended in with the bushes leading to the park. The car pulled onto the kerb and the doors slowly opened.

She put her hand on her handgun. Just in case. They got out of the car slowly and carefully proceeded through the park. Suddenly Terry disappeared into the bushes causing William to jump. He investigated the bush to find Terry. He found Terry with a sleeper dart hanging from his neck. William left him. He went into the shrubs at the side. He had a hunch. She looked back out of the shrubs only to find that he had disappeared. Her hand loosened slightly

on the handgun. She felt a crack in the back of her head as she went flying forward into the clearing.

As she got up William was upon her like a shot. As she fought wildly to get him off her hand found something to be hard and sharp. Unfortunately for her William found the same item and they held the item between them each trying to stab each other. She identified the item as her dagger. But her taking her eyes away from the struggle gave William the chance he needed to rip the dagger free from her grasp. As he brought the knife down into her chest as she found her gun, put to the back of his throat and pulled the trigger. William lay motionless.

She felt a sharp pain in her chest - what could it be? She wondered, gasping or breathe. Slowly opening her jacket, the assassin felt shocked when she realised that the blood was hers. She was feeling light headed now and cold. Maybe she needed a sit down to rest her eyes. Yes, that is what she decided to do. It was mid afternoon the following day when the police found them - William still lay motionless and pale. The assassin looked peaceful - as if she were asleep. Why was it that she killed John Kerry? I guess we might never find out...