

La costra tony creative writings example

[Family](#), [Parents](#)



I remember walking through some double doors and all of a sudden, I am come under a hail of gunfire. With two guns in hand, I shot a guy to my left, right and behind me just before I was shot in the head. It should have never happened I said as I lay here dying, I am reminded of how I got here in the first place; let's turn back the clock to March 11, 1981. It all started when I was 7-years-old; my father was a low-level informant in the family, and he feels he was destined to be the next Al Capone but the pressure was a little more than he could handle most times. As a result, he and mom argued about money continuously, and there were times that he would hit mom. If it felt like I was challenging his authority, he would punch me in the face and grab me then throw me to the ground; he was an abusive jerk. I figured since he could not do that to his boss then he does it to mom and me; it was not fair; I hated him for it. Times were tough, and the only money we had coming in was whatever my dad did not throw away gambling. Growing up in a catholic family, I was taught that in order to make it in this life, you have to be tough; it did not matter if you were smart. Later that year, I started school and met a girl by the name Paige Rose Finnerty. She was the prettiest girl in first grade, and we sat together in class, we became fast friends. I did not know what it meant to have a girlfriend, but I know I wanted to be closer to her than anyone could be to a person; I felt lucky to have her, and her parents were crazy about me which was a definite plus. I got into a fight one day with the school bully Rico Vincenetti and after getting suspended for one day for beating him up; I had to keep my distance from him, so it did not happen again.

Shortly after returning to school, Rico and I talked then we patched things

up. I ran with him and his boys, they figured that I was cool enough to tell some of their secrets to. They called themselves the little Gambinos, they told me that they were responsible for the vandalism and destruction of people's property in the neighborhood; they lived two blocks from me. A year later, I found out that Paige, the girl of my dreams, was moving away to Upper East Side of Brooklyn; a piece of my heart went with her when she left. School never seemed the same. April 20, 1988, seven years past and things never really got better at home. Money was still tight, and my parents were still fighting about money, I decided that it was time to get out away from them, so I started running with Rico and his gang a lot more. When I was 14, Rico, and I was out one night. We went to his dad's house; he would let us drink a little bit of alcohol under his supervision then we went to this prick's house named Ernesto Cornalius, and we beat him up took then his money because he bullied Rico's cousin Marv. I was 15 when I stole my first car; my friends and I went for a joyride in Rico's uncle's 1990 Lincoln Continental Mark III. After that, Rico's uncle offered me a job and brought me into the Gambino family; it was then that I learned that Rico's family are my father's bosses. Also, I learned that the Gambino family is the most undisputed and important family in the entire mafia. My father never knew that I was in deep with the Gambino family, and I was getting a little bit more respect than he ever has. There are other crime families like the Victorians and Vincenelli. Most of the mafia families had one thing in common, drugs and lots of them. My job was simply to make deliveries to the respective families whenever there was a call, and I did my job; I kept my nose clean; I never gave anyone a reason to suspect that I was working for the Gambinos.

The Gambinos had enemies as well, but as Rico puts it, they were just jealous because the Gambino family is the most feared in the land and other families knew it.

Over the next 11 years, I took care of most of the Gambino family's heroine selling deals and trades. All of the other families got their cut, and I got my share of the profits, there was never a need ever to fear not having money. I saw it so much that I could not even imagine my life without it. Paige and I were decent but not great, I can tell she still hates me for what I did to Rocco; sometimes I hear her on the phone with her sister talking about what I did to Rocco. Paige's sister, Roxanne dare not run to the cops because the Gambinos owned them too as well as the best legal defense in the entire state. There were times we would argue about what I did and sometimes I see the look she gives me, if looks could kill, I would have been dead that night too alongside Rocco. By now, I had my own crew was handling a lot of my business deals, and I always got my share of the profits; they got theirs too. We have one rule in the Gambino family; the family comes first no matter what and the higher ups always got their cut first then you would get whatever was left. No one in the family has ever complained about not getting enough money, there was more of it than there were of us. In the family everybody was happy with the way things were because when you are a member of the most notorious crime family in the known world, you never had to worry about people trying to take anything from you. Ironically, the only ones that people in the family had to worry about was the higher ups in the family but doing what you are supposed to do will keep you devoid of that. February 28, 2007, I met with a few of the higher ups in the Gambino

family, and they were telling me about these wanna-be mobsters that are trying to shake down some of their associates. This disturbed them so deeply that they felt like it had to get handled fast quick and in a hurry, a couple of the boys paid these jokers a visit at the local pool hall. We went in guns blazing and took them out including their boss Mike the “ Money Tree” Traskavino; these guys were no longer a threat to the Gambino family. The family was proud of me for taking out the trash, it almost seemed like there was someone else calling the shots for them; Paige worried that I was getting a little in over my head, but I told her that everything is fine. I love that girl; she worries about me day and night. She was good to me despite what I did. Coincidentally, I saw Paige was counting a boat load of money she said she “ acquired” from Rocco’s life insurance policy; Paige told me at the diner that Rocco did not have life insurance. I knew something was going on, I could not put my finger on what it was but I knew Paige was at the center. On the fateful night of September 16, 2007, Paige was on the phone yelling at some guy. I knew it was not her sister because the language she used was something of a profane sort; Paige told me that some “ relatives” of her father’s side was coming over. I was in my office counting my money when all of a sudden I was interrupted by these black guys who came into my office talking about showing an interest in becoming partners, I assumed that these were the “ relatives” that Paige were talking about. They were talking big time cash with a continuous flow of it if the operation was a complete success; they gave me an address to go to. Paige offered to walk the guys out, it was harmless enough to where I did not mind. Paige was talking to the guys saying that tonight he pays for what he did to Rocco, he

is in for a surprise when he gets to that address. Suddenly, Paige ran downstairs to put her feet up while hanging out with some of my crew and I went downstairs to tell them about the deal of the century. All of them got pumped up by just hearing about the offer. This was a deal we could not pass up, we would get there, meet with their associates, talk about turf and dividends then leave; cut and dry. Normally, the Gambino family does and would not consider selling to anybody outside of the family's associates. However, because we were told that these guys were reliable and trustworthy, we decided to take a chance. We knew this deal could evolve our entire drug selling business, and we could not afford to not meet with these guys. At 8: 55 pm, we arrived at the place of business. We were escorted upstairs to where the meeting was going to take place, we got to the room where everything was going to take place. They offered to take Paige downstairs to make her comfortable as well as keep her away from the deal; I agreed. After that, Paige got a call on her phone and she asked if everything was in place for the setup. " Paige's words were, I want him dead and this is how it is going to happen; Rocco would have wanted it this way" She hangs up the phone, it is Showtime. I opened the door and all of a sudden, a huge gun battle breaks out and my crew took out their respective weapons. We were all shooting; my men were dropping one by one from gun injuries and I was killing my fair share of guys. Then without warning, I get shot in the head from who I thought was one of the guys; I turned around and I saw Paige holding a gun saying " that was for Rocco" just before I hit the ground. Paige got her revenge on me for killing Rocco, all of the phone calls, walking the would-have-been associates out, the nasty look at the

diner, the problems we have been having over the years; she planned it all just to make me pay. So there you have it, it all came full circle and it all should have never happened. I remember a saying that Rico told me when we were 13-years-old, he said just because you have all of the money as well as power in the world; you are still human and capable of weakness. My money and need to make it was the reason why I got to where I am today, it is ironic how something you need can mean the difference between life and death. Tony dies.