

# Story writing: moonlight



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

The blade glistened in the moonlight, and the air chilled against my skin. It was time.

Slash: the blade was now red, deep red. My second kill was a lot easier than the first, but it's not over. The body is starting to smell now, I guess I should leave, then I can tell you why I killed for the second time tonight, and the second time in my life.

I'm back in my car I need to visit someone, I can smell the blood on my clothes, it's a dark night the air is heavy the moons went now, only the broken street lamps to show me the way, but it will do, it will have to do.

So now I'll explain what's going on and why I killed someone. I started the day like any other and went to work like normal, but when I got home, something was wrong, I couldn't hear my kids shouting and playing like they normally do, in fact, I couldn't hear anything just dead silence. Something was wrong. I could feel it in the air.

I opened the door and instantly I knew something was wrong and nothing was how it should be. Lucas and Jake weren't shouting and playing as they normally are and my beautiful wife Brooke wasn't here to welcome me home. I walked carefully through the entrance hall into the living room and then I saw it something I'll never forget till the day I die, my wife and kids on the floor dead in a pool of blood, their faces so pure and honest, what's going on who could have done this, who would do this, which sick people would brutally murder unarmed children. I could hear something in the other room. I took out the baton that was in my pocket and followed the sound.

I walked into another room and saw someone crawling on the floor. Covered with blood everywhere it was my neighbor Nathan badly wounded but definitely still alive. I walked towards him: he looked bad. Maybe I should have tried to help him but I needed to know who had done this first. Before he died, he told me one name and an address. I gathered my things and covered my family I took each one to their bedrooms and laid them there, I then took a knife I had in my drawer and pocketed it. After finishing in my house I left and headed straight to the address I was given; 24 Ashten Park. I hadn't been to the road before so it took me some time to get there but in the end, it wasn't too far away and I arrived at my location.

That was three hours ago, it seems so long ago that I found the address and the name. When I found the name after beating it out of him he told me who had helped him and who had hired him in the murder so after dealing with him I left again with vengeance strong in my heart and straight away found his accomplice. I killed him too.

That's my story so far now I'm on my way to my brother I won't be able to get revenge on my own, my target is too big, this is a two-man job. When I killed the first murderer he told me who he worked for, a local guy known for his dodgy dealings, and he's my target but he's sure to have protection so I need to get help, here I am, number 1 the Valley home to my only brother. My brother, Jason is three years younger than me and similar to me in many ways. But unlike me, he has no children or a wife, or I should say what I used to be like, now I have nothing. I can't believe this is happening to me I'm just a normal guy with a normal job with a normal family.

We're driving towards vengeance I knew my brother would help me, as soon as I explained the situation he picked up a knife and was ready to go. While we're driving to our final destination I'm wondering why did all this happen? Why my family? Why me? Maybe ill find out why but really now all I want is revenge.

We are nearly there I can feel my blood pumping in my veins, my heart beating so fast. My hands are trembling, shaking but I must get my act together you can't kill when you're shaking. We're finally here I can see the hangout. Time to go. I'm walking towards the building with my brother we're going to go behind the back we need to be silent so that no one hears us. I can smell the stench of these backstreets. It's disgusting. I can see the dirt and filth that lives, around here, but really it doesn't concern me. I only have one thing on my mind; revenge.

I am at the door. I can hear noises inside. All I have to do is pick the lock with my knife and I'm in. There done it I'm going in, the room is quite dark and there is a thick mist in the air. The sound I heard is from another room; this one is empty. It's an abandoned room with dirt and dust everywhere a torn up couch on the side and a bed in the corner, I dread to think what might have happened in here. Damn it, someone saw me and now he's shouting and I can hear running footsteps and a door opening, but not to meet me there running outside I need to go after them.

My car is fast I'm sure I can catch them I'm getting into my car and stepping on the gas, I never thought I'd ever been chasing a filthy thug to kill him but that's what I've come to. I'm a couple of cars behind them but I can't think of

a way to get them off the road. I need to get closer. They are so close I can see the guys in the car. There are two of them and both must be killed. Its time to do what must be done. Smash! I drove my car into theirs but they're not stopping. Smash! Again and again, I drive my car into theirs and finally, their car stops and two men get out, my brother and I get out of my car and take out our knives. They do the same. I realize this might be the last thing I ever do so I must succeed and I must kill them.

'You killed my family. Now come here and suffer'

'Do you know that your family screamed, begging for their lives, especially your youngest. Do you know why I killed them'? A large smile was on the thug's face as he spoke.

' Because I was in the mood for some fun.'

He ran towards the thug blade out and aimed straight for the heart. The thug took his blade and tried to parry off his attack but it didn't work. The thug was on the floor, his blood pouring out onto the stone floor. He was surely dead. As this was happening, the thugs' friend had walked quietly towards the car and had pulled out a gun behind his back. He then jumped into his car, aimed his barrel, shot, and then drove off.

I never thought it would end like this well at least I got my revenge I'm now at peace ready to move on. Wow, so this is what it feels like to take a bullet to the chest, not quite what I imagined but painful enough.

'No you can't die you're my only brother, I love you, breath please breathe.'  
cried Jason, who now had him in his arms. But it was no use. He was dead.  
Now it was Jason's turn for vengeance.

I know a number plate and that's good enough for me I will get vengeance  
for my brother. Now my story begins.