

Creative writing – it  
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**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

It was just like any normal day in the picturesque suburb of Massapequa, N. Y. It was in the middle of fall and leaves were scattered on people's front lawns. It was a completely ordinary Sunday morning with people either going to the shops or just casually lazing around on their verandahs, everyone leading a deceptively offhand style. But all was not the same for the Rediros. This family were living descendants and a modern replica of the infamous Gambino family.

Amongst the Rediros' neighbourhood they present themselves differently and carry out their lives in a normal manner around home and try to show the residents they are average people living an uneventful, debonair life with a nonchalant attitude to life. Most of the criminal activity comes from the father of the family, Al Rediro, he was so high up in the ranks of the elusive New York crime family he practically had his own army there was talk from amongst his father's friends that Al Rediro was to become *il capo di tutti capi*, the boss of bosses, godfather and chosen heir to Paul Castellano.

Al Rediro made his money from owning various strip joints, bars, nightclubs, drug dealing, money laundering, prostitution and owning New York's biggest illicit stolen car ring. Carlo was one of the many people visiting the shops that day; he popped along to get some bread and milk. But once he returned he was in for a shock, a very big shock. He encroached his six bed-roomed well furnished house walking up the drive to notice the front door open; it all seemed a bit peculiar to Carlo for a neat family, leaving their front door open shows means there showing the neighbourhood into their lives.

He could view through the illustrious and grand front door and immediately spotted furniture upturned and out of place; the house looked surprisingly out of touch for the neat family. He slowly peered his head inside and got more than he bargained for, he could blatantly tell someone had forced an entry quite simply ransacked the place, whether they had done anything else was for him to find out. He wondered around the ground floor and looked around, "hello, anyone there" he asked. He stood there looking helpless with a great big white, blank face as a sign of fear and desperation, wishing for a member of his family to reply.

Silence. Carlo began to step around in his hallway cautiously watching where his feet landed amongst the furniture left wrecked around his house. He found nothing of use to him in finding his family, so he backed up against one of the walls and threw a book through the living room door on his left side, to show he's there in case anyone was in there. Then carefully, very slowly, he gently moved his head so only one eye could see in, he saw nothing wrong but could only see half of the room.

Then suddenly he plucked up enough courage inside him and quickly jumped in to witness the tragic scene of his sister Ella lying with her back down on the sofa. That was the sofa the family would sit on and enjoy nights in and sing songs with the rest of the family, but now this time it was very different for his sister, Ella had been brutally stabbed in the back, the claret-red blood was all over her back saturating the back of her shirt, it was dripping off her nose from her face and staining the sofa all over. Carlo stood there about ten yards from her body standing completely shocked and dismayed.

Carlo was now engaged in an emotional outburst crying out loud as any other 12 year old boy would seeing a dead body, especially his sister's, he began to sprint aimlessly around the house not having a clue what to do. Carlo dashed in and out of every room on his ground floor of his three storey house hoping to find a member of his family alive, but there was nothing to be seen, just more wreckage of their once beautifully kept house with beautiful decor. He sprinted through his hallway, past the front door he arrived through and tore it up his staircase screaming for aid, help and to see his family.

Once at the top to see he saw straight across the landing, his worst nightmare had just got even worse, he had now found his mother hanging from a noose in her bedroom doorway. The coldest part was when Carlo unexpectedly witnessed a gruesome sight of blood stemming profusely from her stomach. She had been riddled with bullets from an automatic gun across her torso to make sure she never survived her slow death of hanging. Continuously crying, Carlo was becoming more and more desperate by the minute. He carried running in and out of the bedrooms and had noticed Robbi, Carlo's nineteen year old brother had his window wide open.

Carlo ran across and by now had learnt to expect the worst. He looked out everywhere to witness nothing wrong but peered his head out a bit more to look straight down and see Robbi square on the patio lying cold. Courageously he vowed to continue looking for his last possible living family member, his father, Al. Undoubtedly this attack on the family was from someone who knew Al and were never going to leave him be they were

certain to chillingly kill him just like every other member of Carlo's family. In utter desperation Carlo continued searching.

He had combed the whole house, apart from the basement where Carlo knew Al spent a lot of time. He sprinted down the steps to see fresh blood still wet on the floor. He followed one end of the trail to lead him to a laundry basket; quickly he opened it and straight away recognised a body but no head. He immediately followed the other end of the trail of blood to stand in front of the washing machine; he looked through the transparent screen to see his father's head knocking around. Carlo, screaming senselessly in a fit of anger, he was completely deluded as if he was in his worst nightmare, he knew he'd hit rock bottom.

Without any hesitations he ran straight up the steps and across the hallway and exited through the front door and ran down the block heading for the park where he plays with his friends after school. But Carlo bumped into a man he recognised but hadn't introduced himself ever before, Carlo recognised him from the trips he had made to the grocery store throughout his childhood. The man introduced himself as Zack and immediately could tell something major had gone on in Carlo's life very recently.

Carlo described to him the situation he was in and they wondered back to his flat and from then on they hit it off, they had a lot of things in common and they were more or less from the same background, Zack felt for Carlo and Carlo moved in with him. That night they watched the news and discovered the attack was an event waiting to happen amongst the underworld for many weeks. Ever since the trial of Vince Vandetti, Al de Miro had been waiting for

it. Al de Miro had committed the biggest unwritten rule for anyone in the underworld, grassing.

Al testified against Vince in his trial for the numerous money laundering arrangements he had made. Al wouldn't have done it but he gave in to the Courts, he was going to risk jail for all his illicit businesses had it not been for all the deceitful and corrupt judges. They had struck a deal with Al, he testified and he would get immunity. Carlo had learnt everything now, everything was fitting into place but couldn't forget his father, his father had completely let the family down. For the next few weeks Carlo settled into Zack's two bed-roomed apartment.

Together they worked well; they bonded to the extent that Zack became his legal guardian. But one day Carlo noticed something that would turn his life around - again. Zack was cleaning the barrel of a handgun. Carlo shocked with disbelief thought his days of lies and crime were over questioned Zack, " Why have you got a gun? " Zack replied calmly " this is my job Carlo. I'm a cleaner; I get paid to do this". Carlo was in an outrage. " Did you kill my family? " Zack told Carlo he would never do such a thing because he has two rules:- 1. No women 2.

No children He also told him he doesn't know who killed his family. Carlo is a soloist who does jobs for the Mafia and proclaimed he has never had links with Vince Vandetti. From then on Carlo agreed with him and believed him, he changed also as a person and began to train with Zack for the skills he needed, Zack became an inspiration and Carlo declared he wanted to be a cleaner as well. After over 9 months of intensive training and expert tips

Carlo turned into a one time 15 year old with a scrawny figure to a muscle bounding, flesh hungry assassin.

They were beginning jobs together and by the age of 17, Carlo had killed 12 men. There was one job though that the Mafia gave Carlo and Zack, this was thought to be a good incentive for Carlo, it was to eliminate Vince Vandetti from life. The job was also aimed to take out the whole Vandetti family, Vince had got off lightly as some of the charges against him were dropped for a lack of evidence, this meant he was only in prison for two years. Once out Vince and his own family had severed links with the Mafia as Al de Miro was much loved within the Mafia.

Since out of prison Vince grew links down south with the Columbian Mafia. So for Zack and Carlo to do their job they went there, they posed as drug dealers and arranged a meeting with him at a casino. However, they had other things on their mind and set up a post on the roof of a building with their sniper and night-vision scope. They found him dressed in a long dark grey jacket on the crowded street, the setting was perfect as they would never be caught as everyone would be panicking, then they aimed at him and Carlo fired with pleasure.

They decided between themselves that he was definitely dead quickly before a mass crowd occurred around him; they fled the scene and got on the next plane to New York. All was well, they touched down safely and got on with the rest of their lives and carried on doing more jobs. Three months later word must have spread, Carlo and Zack had been found out and on a

normal trip to the grocery store they were both wrestled by two men into a dark alley and executed in the head as part of a reprisal.

They paid the consequences for just one of their many jobs, people said Carlo should have given up and left the New York crime scene since the loss of his family and set up life elsewhere and continued with the rest of his childhood but he didn't and ultimately paid the price. But people who remembered Carlo and Zack, the only people who can consecrate their memory, were fellow callous minded members of the Mafia from the New York underground crime scene turned up to their joint funeral to give their condolences to two very loyal colleagues killed on the job.