

# [Stone cold essay sample](https://assignbuster.com/stone-cold-essay-sample-essay-samples-2/)

I do not write this from Mornington Place. No more Sappho -not that I ever liked the stupid bloody cat. No more cosy flat – I can live without that. But no more recruits. My Camden Horizontals as I christend ’em, my lads. Who will look after them? Who will polish their boots and tidy their hair? And who will clean the streets of the riff-raff that is bringing down this country?

You mustn’t imagine that I’ve been idle. Oh no. after the police left me – and I must say I played a blinder there – I had an unexpected piece of luck. Laughing Boy Two turned up on my very doorstep! I had stalked that piece of excrement for weeks, ever since him and his pathetic Ginger mate laughed in my face. Scum like that need to be taught a lesson and I certainly taught copper-knob a lesson he would never forget. When I saw Laughing Boy Two standing on within reach I couldn’t believe my luck. By golly, my plan was finally working.

I did what I always do -bumble, dither, make a fuss of Sappho. I acted the fool, the silly old do-gooder and it worked like a dream. I could see Link the Stink standing under the trees trying to shelter from the rain. I made a big show of calling the cat and acting concerned about it being in the rain.

I offered Link the Stink food or money. But what really swung it was the offer of a warm dry coat. In he came like a lamb to the slaughter. I carried on behaving like the wally he thought I was.

It was all ok until he saw the watch I’d left on the sideboard. rather careless of me, considering the detailed planning that had gone into the whole operation. I knew then that I had to pounce and introduce another recruit to the Camden Horizontals. I got him onto the floor and showed him his future comrades. He knew some of them so would feel at home, by golly.

I wanted him to have a better look so I got up to switch the light on. That’s when the little sneak pulled down the curtains, but I managed to carry him back to the hole in the floorboards so he could see the recruits that he would soon be joining. Ii knelt on his back and watched as he vomited and struggled for breath. It wouldn’t be long before my eighth recruit joined the ranks.

But then I heard the sirens scream and the splintering of wood as the doors were smashed in. The police – who should have been grateful for my help – pulled me off Link the Stink. And in came that pathetic excuse for a girl and it was all a lovey-dovey reunion. I was dragged out and put into a van. And that’s the last I saw of Laughing Boy Two.

I spent the next few weeks waiting for my trial. I knew that any judge in the land would understand why I had started out on my mission and would find me innocent. The only think that I was guilty of was of making this country a better place to live in.

I don’t think the judge understood what I was trying to do. The jury were a gang of do-gooders who were no better than the filth living on the streets, but I thought that the judge would have had more sense.

I was sentenced to life in Broadmoor – a prison for the insane. Me! One of the sanest men alive condemned to live amongst the scum that I tried to tidy up. There are drug addicts here, loosers, wasters and low-life. Well – get fell in, my lucky lads. I’m ready for you.