

Stone cold essay sample



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

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. I 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, losers, wasters and low-life. Well - get fell in, my lucky lads. I'm ready for you.