

Riona and Mobeen
10W

The Playground of Doom

'Swoosh' I heard the round about continuously spin on its hinges. The pleasant sound of children playing and laughing in harmony with each other. The smell of damp, mud wafted throughout the air. It was fairly late and the sky was slowly turning grey. The boys were chasing each other with a bad sense of wickedness. One after the other, they ran with big branches of a tree ready to fight. On the opposite side of the playground were the quiet, reserved girls; each of them picking a daisy to pieces, petal by petal. I scanned the open space for a sign of the child. This child's father was the man who murdered my brother. How my insides ached and my stomach twisted at the thought of his dad. How I longed for the revenge that I would finally be receiving tonight. Little did the innocent, naïve children know they were about to receive a bombshell.

There I stood with my revolver safely tucked away in my coat pocket. The feeling of security washed over me and blood started pulsing rapidly in my veins. I scanned the playground carefully, not to check if the close was clear but to see if my target was there. I was in the middle of looking at a helicopter contraction when I spotted him, climbing the monkey bars very agilely. He was very fit like his father; fit enough to withstand a bullet?

I started to approach, cautious of the fact that a mother's incentive was to stand protectively over her child. The child turned to face me and the unexpected occurred. I had always been taught to shoot first and ask questions later, but when I looked at that child a sense of remorse flashed through me although I had not done anything wrong... yet. Suddenly I found myself trapped in an emotional whirlwind. I couldn't kill this kid, he was small and his life had not even taken off yet. He was not responsible for the mistakes his father had made. Realization made me turn the gun around, 'BANG'. The gun went off but who did it shoot? My body started to go cold and blood starting leaking through the wound in my chest. Yes I had shot myself, a turn of event. But suddenly I felt complete, and as if I was not leaving anything behind except the precious life of that child.