

Money Pollutes Society

I glared at my starving children, I noticed the youngest of the three (at the age of four) staring at me with her beautiful yet innocent hazel eyes. She stared into my soul and without asking I could predict what she desired ever so badly. She wanted a mother. A mother who would attend to her constantly throughout her existence although even she knew that was not an option for me. Life was so much better when father was around. She was a smart and inquisitive child. I knew the only way I could feed the children tonight was to pull over my hoodie, wear my black, discreet robe and do what I do best. I equipped my jagged large knife and began roaming the streets on this still and effortless night. My target, Westbrook Adams. The man behind all the plotting, fraud and overall corruption of England. I had never heard of the man although my customer wanted him dead. Although, his last name sounded awfully familiar...

I began searching for the location supplied to me from an unknown customer. I found it. It was a large precinct that was heavily guarded by armed men, large in stature. Each wearing a identical red shirts and baggy white pants. Silently, I entered the precinct and eventually assassinated all the guards until only one man was left, Westbrook. There he was, wearing a red and black robe and saggy pants similar to the guards although a rose red color. I lurched in the shadows and eventually leaped in front of him and injected my weapon into his Adam's Apple, causing him to bleed significantly. The blood gushed forth, escaping his throat similar to that of a waterfall. He began to lose his balance, making a slight groan and a quiet sigh before he eventually fell to the ground.

I searched the body for possible loot although all I found was papers regarding Westbrook's identification folded and secured safely in his secret compartment located in his robe. I began to read the papers quietly to myself to not gather any unwanted attention. I took a pause and then realized that Westbrook Adams was my father. I had not noticed prior to this moment as the large sum of money (40 pounds) had disorientated my thinking. I had not seen father for so long, this may have also contributed to the accidental assassination. I dropped the paper, mortified and speechless. How was I going explain this unfortunate to my children? How was I going to explain this unfortunate event to society? So saddened and heartbroken I was. At that very moment, I found no purpose on this Earth and decided to take my own life my repeatedly stab myself towards the lower kidney... I also muttered a groan and sigh and dropped to the floor, dead adjacent to Westbrook. Some believe taking my own life was an act of empathy, others believe It was an act of weakness although one thing that is guaranteed is that money can corrupt

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