One Moment

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Tyson 3B

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He popped out from behind the door, which I think is crazy for a 53 year old man to do. His greasy black hair was all in his eyes and he blew it away. His piercing gray eyes bore into me and I was scared. He reached up into his roof and pulled out his gun. He keeps it up there since he is so tall. I could just barely hear his 1970 Cadillac revving up downstairs.

The Boms Inc. building was about to blow, but he nor I knew that. The reek of chocolate was so overwhelming I could barely breath. He stared at me for a moment or two, and then he shot at me. Right as he was going to pull the trigger, I held up a mirror. He just barely missed. I lost a chunk of my left ear.

The first time I was here, in his office, my dad was killed by that vicious 2K0V4 Pistol. That is when he got his fear of crossbows; the police came in with crossbows and took off his left pointer finger. Sometimes for fun, I would put a hologram of a crossbow to freak him out, but now is not game time. This is the end. He, Jordan White, stands before me and I must face him now.

Since he missed he knew that he could not win like this. He strapped an orange parachute on his back and jumped out the window. I ran to the window to catch him but could only see a glimpse of his Cadillac speeding away. So sad that he got away once again. I started to feel a rumble and the building started collapsing I too strapped on an orange parachute and jumped out the window. Amazingly, I landed in a cop car. He said that he was chasing down Jordan White.

We could see his car in front of us. The driver turned around to see who we were. This road ended in a cliff so the driver did not see it. The car and Jordan White went off that cliff. That was the end of HE forever.

Word Count: 356