Holiday Man #4

By : The Novelist

Well, it's finally here! The long awaited for Holiday Man #4!!! It's Friday the Thirteenth and it is awesome! This is where the story starts to take off! My apologies to those who had to wait a while like cobalt or mike stevens. But my new aquaintance Ninjakk hasn't had to suffer as much agony! enjoy! Oh and by the way this one has 1261 words!!!

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Holiday Man #4

Jeff Fitch felt like he knew Holiday Man personally. Heâ d had so many enemies eliminated by him that he felt like a close friend. Seventeen people to be exact.
And now jeff had another for Holiday Man. Jeffâ s new co-worker was giving him a hard time. Jeff chose to solve the problem before it got worse. Holiday Man was an easy solution.
Jeff went to his email and wrote up his predicament. Jeff felt sure that Holiday Man would choose him. If not, then it would be a shame. But there would always be next holiday.

Holiday man consider Friday the thirteenth his second favorite holiday. He liked the weapons he had for it, but Independence Day had more explosions, making it his favorite. His least favorite was probably Easter. Not much to work with there.
Friday the thirteenthâ s weapons included a black katana that Holiday Man called The Black Cat, a pistol with thirteen shots a wind gun that blew out salt, and a mirror shard knife.
Holiday Man was assigned by his friend to take out a man. Unfortunately, this man was at a party. Scott Vincent was his name. Popular by the looks of things. Holiday Man knew this was going to be difficult. But he liked that.
Vincentâ s house was in a neighborhood where most of the houses were vacant. He tended to throw multiple parties. The house was fairly large and the party was fairly loud.
Holiday Man pulled out his safety goggles and took out the salt gun. He walked up to the door, opened it and stepped inside. No one seemed to be in the entryway. Most of them were in the living room or another part of the house where music was the loudest.
According to Holiday Manâ s surveillance, the majority of people were in the next room. Holiday Man readied his salt gun. He entered the room with multiple partying people and fired the salt gun. Salt sprayed everywhere, spreading quickly. The small crystals clustered in peopleâ s eyes and made them, scream. Any salt that lied on the floor would be kicked up by panicking, shuffling feet.
Holiday Man strode confidently across the room looking for Vincent. He scouted every corner of it but couldnâ t find him.
He next checked the kitchen, then the dining room, and every other room on the first floor. Next was the second floor, but after checking every room he still couldnâ t find him. The people downstairs were still in panic, then a thought came to Holiday Man.
He walked to the backyard and finaly found Vincent with several other people throwing bottles over and at the fence, with broken glass everywhere. Holiday Man smiled to himself and pulled out the Black Cat.
â Mr. Vincent,â he said as he walked towards him.
Vincent turned and looked at Holiday Man, trying to get his eyes to focus. â Who are you?â he asked.
â My identity isnâ t important,â Holiday Man told Vincent. â Itâ s why Iâ m here you should be worried about.â He took a step towards Vincent, waving the black katana around skillfully.

One of Vincentâ s friends, a well built man, stepped in front Vincent and tried to stop Holiday Man. His head was lopped off easily.

Both of the girls and one of the guys screamed in distress. Vincent and one of his friends darted to the shed and came out with shotguns. Holiday Man killed another witness and darted inside the house. Vincent and his friend fired shots at him. The salt gun must have been long since empty and people would start finding exits. Vincent and his friend stopped firing. Holiday Man took out his pistol and looked past the wall at the backyard. Vincent was reloading his shotgun, as was his friend. Holiday Man shot Vincentâ s friend and was about to take out another witness when he heard the sirens.

Great, Holiday Man thought. Cops to add to the complicated fun.

Holiday Man shot the last of the backyard witnesses before Vincent started shooting again.

The police were storming the house, so Holiday Man took drastic actions. Ducking and rolling across the backyard, dodging the spreading shots of the shotgun, until he made it to Vincent and artfully cut off his arm and stabbed the Black Cat through his heart.

Holiday Man didnâ t have time to admire his kill because the police were nearing him. He dashed through the house, passing people who were still blinded by the salt, with the gun in one hand and the Black Cat in the other.

Before Holiday Man could get to the exit, a cop stood in his way. Then another and two more, until there were nine police officers pointing their guns at him. His mind racing, Holiday Man mentally counted his bullets left in his gun, Nine. Stupid Friday the thirteenth.

Moving quickly, Holiday Man dropped down and tripped the three cops in front. He hastily shot them and rolled away from the bullets being fired at him by the other six cops.

Holiday Man turned the corner and shot three more times, catching three cops in their heads. More panicked screams filled the room. The salt in the air had gone down so the last of the people were finally running towards the exits.

The last three bullets were fired, but only two made kills. The other one missed, leaving one lone cop against Holiday Man. The police officer was shaky and nervous looking and Holiday Man easily took him out with the mirror shard knife cutting smoothly across his throat.

with no one left, Holiday Man sheathed the black cat, put the pistol in its holster, put back the mirror shard knife, and grabbed the salt gun. Then he quietly walked through the blood and salt.

On the following morning, Holiday Man woke up and followed through on his usual routine. He got himself a bowl of dry cereal and a cup of milk (he found soggy cereal unappetizing), sat down in his favorite red chair (he had only one other chair because he hardly had or accepted company), and turned on the news.

But when he turned on the news, he found that there was breaking news of a party gone wrong. Holiday Man wasnâ t surprised about that. His missions often ended up on the news. But he was surprised and infuriated at the fact that there was a witness.

A witness! Holiday Man made sure that there werenâ t any witnesses. Not unless he did them a favor like the woman on on St. Patrickâ s Day! He couldnâ t believe he slipped up!

He watched (and glared) as they showed the witness make an account of the events. Then she started describing Holiday Man.

â H-he had, like, really dark hair and was wearing these expensive looking goggle things.â

He would kill her.

â He was wearing a tuxedo and had a black sword thing and a gun. A-and you know without those , like, goggle things, he might have been attractive.â

â Flattery will get you nowhere,â Holiday Man said.

â I-I just canâ t believe Scottâ s gone. He was my sister boyfriend, and-and...â The girl broke down crying. â H-he killed my sis-sister too!â

â I donâ t feel pity, sorry,â Holiday Man said. He got up and went to his bedroom and got dressed in a deeply dark shirt and pants, with an ebony jacket.

He finished his milk and cereal and went to the secret armory in his basement (cleverly hidden. He picked a simple pistol with two additional magazines.

Then he stepped outside to get information about the girl.

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