

Holiday Man #5

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It's here!!! On this day it is Earth Day! But wait!!! It's not as stupid as it sounds! Holiday Man really isn't going on this mission for Earth Day!! He's doing it for something better (in his opinion at least)! The story is going to get more interesting by the end of this!!! Enjoy!!!



Published on
Booksie

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She couldn't take it anymore. She just couldn't. Rachael Lawrence had just returned from another nightmarish day at work. That woman, Phillis Carrol, was just too much to bare. She made fun of Rachael's clothes, hair, figure, and everything else. This was adulthood, for crying out loud, not high school!

Wait... Rachael heard of a solution from her friend. Rachael checked her calendar. Perfect. Earth Day was coming up. She could contact Holiday Man. He could- no, would- take care of Phillis.

She ran to her phone to ask her friend about the information. Rachael couldn't wait.

To Holiday Man, Earth Day wasn't really a holiday worth killing for. It wasn't that he didn't like recycling. It was just, in his opinion, not popular enough. But he wasn't doing the mission on Earth Day for Earth Day. Today was his birthday. And as a birthday treat, Holiday Man took along whatever weapons he wanted.

This meant that today, Holiday Man carried what he never did before: two submachine guns, two pistols, a shotgun and a few grenades for fun.

The woman, Phillis Lawrence, was at her job, a local department store cashier. Chances were high on the fact that Holiday Man's client would be there.

It was eight-thirty in the evening and the store was close to closing. Holiday Man had paid the security guard watching the cameras to disable them. He made sure the guard made it look like an accident.

But, of course, Holiday Man didn't trust most people enough to not kill them.

His entrance would have to be done in the back door.

Holiday Man knocked four times on the door in an identifiable rhythmic fashion. The door was opened by the paid security guard. Holiday Man thanked the guard, and proceeded on his way.

If Holiday Man's plan had worked out, there should be very few customers in the store.

When Holiday Man saw the first person, he pointed his gun at her and waited until she turned around. However, she seemed particularly interested in an article of clothing, so Holiday Man had to clear his throat to get her attention. When she turned around, she screamed for the split second before Holiday Man shot her.

Then came one of his favorite sounds: panic.

Holiday Man whipped out his two submachine guns and started shooting at random points. Then remembered that his client was in this store and stopped going wild. He then searched the store for witnesses and the target.

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He found one woman, huddling behind a rack of clothes. She was dialing nine-one-one.

“ Hello,” he said as he moved the clothes. The woman screamed and Holiday Man shot her.

Holiday Man decided to switch to his shotgun. He saw a man by the front entrance trying to get out. He thought about how stupid the man was, because the doors were glass. Holiday Man was about to shoot the man, but he looked at his shotgun and thought against it. He switched back to his pistol and then shot the man. He didn’t want to give these people an escape route. He’d have to make it so no one could get out.

Holiday man switched back to the shotgun (because he hadn’t shot someone with one for almost a year now) and found another woman. He galdy shot her and turned around to find another woman just standing there. He was about to shoot her when he recognized her as the clients, Rachael Lawrence.

Holiday Man pointed the shotgun to the floor and looked at Rachael questioningly. “ Yes?” he said.

“ That should be the last customer,” she said, a little nervously. “ Phillis is over here.”

Holiday Man shrugged and said, “ Lead the way.”

Rachael showed Holiday Man to the clerk counter and pointed to a fairly thin woman crouching behind the counter.

The woman looked up and screamed when she saw Holiday Man. Then she looked at Rachael and her eyes grew wider.

“ Y-you’re him to do this?” Phillis asked.

Rachael hesitantly nodded.

“ W-why?”

“ Because you treat me like dirt!” Rachael answered.

“ What?” said Phillis

“ Every day I come here you make fun of me, like we’re in high school!”

“ What? I do that to all my friends. I didn’t mean anything I said.”

Rachael’s glare subsided and she looked guiltily at Phillis. “ You thought of me as your friend?”

“ Yeah, I thought that since we’re co-workers, we might as well be friends. I’m so sorry, Rachael.”

As the two women continued on with sincere apologies, Holiday Man smiled to himself. Even with the heartfelt moment, Holiday Man would still most likely be killing Phillis.

He cleared his throat and the two women looked at him with wide eyes.

“ There’s still the matter of me killing Miss Lawrence her,” he said with a grin.

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Rachael and Phillis looked at each other.

“ I-Iâ m the client, s-so, uh, i should be capable of, um stopping you, right?” asked Rachael.

“ The cancellation fee is four times the original price,” Holiday Man told her.

“ But-but I donâ t have that much!” she cried.

“ Thatâ s a shame.” Holiday Man pointed his shotgun at Phillis.

“ No!” Rachael and Phillis screamed at the same time.

“ Then what are you going to do?”

Rachael looked at Phillis guiltily. “ D-do you have enough?”

“ How much is it?” Phillis asked.

“ Thirty-six hundred,” Holiday Man answered.

“ I-I donâ t have that much,” Phillis said with tears in her eyes.

“ Then Iâ ll have to kill her.”

Rachael and Phillis locked gazes. “ Iâ m sorry, Phillis,” said Rachael.

Holiday Man pulled the trigger and shot Phillis in the head. Her death was instant.

Holiday man looked at Rachael. “ I expect my payment within the week. If I donâ t get my payment by then, or if you tell anyone, I will kill you. And know one thing: the witness protection program has never stopped me before.”

With that, Holiday Man walked away, towards the paid security guard. Holiday Man pulled out a grenade and said, “ Hereâ s a little something extra to keep you mouth shut.” He took out the pin and threw it to the guard, who caught it, only to realize that it was a grenade a second too late. The guard died and Holiday Man took his money back.

Holiday Man walked out thinking about the next holiday. His favorite holiday. Independence Day.

Detective Alfred Larson looked at the records of murders in front of him. They had interesting but little evidence except for the cause of death. One record stated that the cause of death for multiple men had been spike wounds to the head, each man just hit once with the mysterious spiked weapon. Two or three other cases had the victimsâ neck broken twice and the face caved in. Larson was still staring at the records that someone had thought were linked, when his phone rang, calling about another large murder.

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