*Touch Down Pen-Name Writing Comp*

The Magnificent Mistake

The cold metal revolver in my hand was out of bullets and the man sitting in the chair had a bullet in his chest. The door behind me creaked, so I stealthily snuck behind the doorframe.

The man who emerged looked like a gangster and he was holding a tommy gun. His feet made a creaking sound on the redwood floor.

And that’s when I knew. I had walked into the house of the world’s worst killer.

By L.C.M.R

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