

Hitman



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Part 1 - The Hitman

Dear Baronet,

(Baronet is your contact name heretofore).

As agreed, I now write to you with the details. You should follow these instructions exactly, and without any shortcuts or compromise.

Do not use a mobile phone, a digital camera, or a computer. In fact, do not use any electronic equipment. It leaves a digital trail.

Wear latex gloves at all times and a pair of woollen gloves over these so no one can see the latex underneath. Then:

Buy a wallpapering table, a notepad and pen you would not usually use, a roll of plastic waste bags, envelopes.

Wearing your latex gloves and some old clothes, put up the wallpaper table in a room where there is no open window or draught. Lay a plastic waste bag on top. Then write on the pad and paper:

The name of the target

The address

A list of other people who live at that address

Their relationship to the target

Also, using a 35 mm camera, you will have taken pictures of the target, the target's house, and another from each end of the street, and developed them commercially, using false personal details. You will have collected these pictures wearing your double gloves. You will have discarded all the other picture on the roll by putting them in a waste bag that you keep next to the wallpapering table.

After you have written the details I require, you will put the rest of the pad, and the pen into the waste bag to join the unwanted pictures. Put the paper with details and the 4 pictures into an envelope and discard all the other envelopes into the waste bag.

You will have withdrawn the money to pay me from different cash machines on different days, until you have the right amount. You will have worn gloves to do this. Put the money into the envelope.

DO NOT LICK THE ENVELOPE. It will advertise your DNA. Wet a tissue and dab the envelope to seal it and put the tissue in the waste bag. Alternatively, of course, you could have bought self-sealing envelopes.

Put the envelope into a new waste bag, and then into another waste bag. Then put it out of the way.

Remove all your clothes and add them to the waste bag. Open another waste bag and put the now full one into that bag and then again, into another bag.

You will discard the waste bag in a communal bin well away from your home (at least 2 miles) and the wallpaper table elsewhere.

When re-dressed, take the bag meant for me and make your way to the Gangplank Street entrance of the Leisure Centre four days from today at 6 PM There are three bins on the left hand side of the entrance to the Hallmark shop. Drop the bag into the end bin, nearest the wall. Then, leave the area immediately. I will be watching you, but you will not see me.

You will receive a letter from me in five days' time from the date of the drop, with a date and time on it. You will make a date with the girl and take her out to a public place for a meal at that time. Do not expect to see or hear anything more from me.

If it is impossible for you to take her out on the named day, you should go to the said drop point again at exactly 7pm on any day between receiving my letter and the date set for you to go out with the girl, and leave an empty blue plastic bag in between the second and third bin. I will then contact you with a new date and time.

Consider the job done.

X

PS Burn this letter and the envelope as soon as you have fulfilled its requirements.



Part 2 - Anjali's Story

She said that her fate was decided when she was only five or six years old. The two families at first jokingly said that she would marry the son of the other family, Jay, who was three years older than her. Over time it became a definite arrangement.

She said that if she had a choice, she could see a future with me, rather than the one chosen for her with Jay, but it was inevitable now that she had to marry him. She had met him and they had gone places together, and even out on dates.

It got me thinking that if he wasn't around, then she was mine. I remembered a friend, Reg, telling me that he knew someone, who knew someone, who knew someone else, who was a Hitman. We had all laughed about it then, but now, it came back to me as a possibility. I had been thinking about it for a long time. When I woke up one morning after a very bad night's sleep I had only one thing on my mind.

I cogitated on the matter over breakfast and then called Reg. he asked me if I had thought about it properly. I said I had and so he said he would pass on the information. The Hitman would contact me if he was interested. I wanted to talk to the Hitman directly, but Reg said it didn't work like that.

After the conversation with Reg, I felt a lot better and got on with my day. It was about a week later that a letter arrived from the Hitman and the process started. He never negotiated with me, and just stated the price and the drop points that I was to use to leave information and money for him. He told me we would never meet.

But I was convinced that I was right. After all, she preferred me to him and had told me. After all, she was a free person and could decide for herself. After all, this was a free country.



Part 3 – The Deception

The Hitman had written me a letter and told me to take her to a French restaurant, and to order food in French. He said I should make a real drama of it, which was easy because I couldn't speak French in any case. I did wonder if Anjali spoke the language, but it turned out she didn't.

So we went, as a sort of last date because she told me that he was coming back from some business event and she would need to see him. And she told me it was unfair to me for us to keep seeing each other when the inevitability of the situation was so obvious.

I started by asking for a table for six; *Avez-vous une table pour six?* The waiter must have thought I was an idiot as I got into my stride, and I ended the night with; *Je crois qu'il y a une erreur dans l'addition.* This means I think there is an error in the bill.

So, we sat at a table for six, just the two of us, and she laughed so much that we had fits that upset the diners at tables all around. I told her she had to order in French too, but she just couldn't pronounce the items. The waiter, and in fact, everyone in the restaurant would remember us for a long time. And that, of course was the point of it all; to place us away from the scene of the crime that was even now being perpetrated.

She said that she had dreaded tonight because she thought we would be so sad, but I had changed all that. She said that it was my funny side that attracted her to me so much. I had a smile on my face, but underneath could only imagine guns or knives and blood.



Part 4 – The Aftermath

I didn't hear from her for three days after the French meal, and every minute of it was torture. The Hitman had told me to carry on with my normal routine, and I did, but only in body. My mind was elsewhere, imagining all sorts of things. At least, if it went wrong, nothing would come back to me because I had followed the exact instructions that would leave no DNA or other clues.

On the fourth day, my phone rang and it was her. She said that she had not heard from him at all, and that neither had anyone else in his family. I tried to be cool and told her that he might have got waylaid on the way back and he was probably having a high life somewhere else. I told her not to worry; after all he was probably enjoying himself. She rang off tearfully.

At least now I knew that the job had been done. It made me even more tense than relaxed and so I kept imagining all sorts of things. And I couldn't even contact the Hitman for details because he was the one that contacted me.

I rehearsed lots of options that I could use with Anjali including:

- He's just away doing things that men do
- He might be avoiding a difficult decision
- He might have a secret girlfriend (only to be used in extremis)

I went out with Anjali again, a few days later, for lunch. She was quite broken up and spent a lot of time telling me how upset Jay's parents were. They had reported it to the police, and she was also very worried. I played the caring 'shoulder to cry on' type of man, and kept quiet and just hugged her and held her hand.

In the end I left her with the thought that I was always there for her and she could call on me at any time. She said I was a good man. I thought that was nice, and realised there were things I would never be able to talk about again. But I also knew, she was now mine for the taking.



Part 5 – Jay’s Story

Why do people always think that I am obsessed with Anjali? After all, I can afford to have anyone I want and can do anything I want. Just because some old family members thought that we would make a good couple twenty years ago, doesn’t mean I have to waste my life.

She’s OK, I suppose. She has a good figure, is educated and has money, or her family has, but she isn’t the Brain of Britain. And she’s got lots of bad habits like talking about settling down and decorating and babies. After a date with her, I feel like she has been strangling me, bit by bit, until I become the man she wants; homely, sensible and middle aged in my thinking.

I know she has had some boyfriends, and she knows so have I. But she doesn’t know how many girlfriends I have had. And she has a boyfriend now. He’s OK. I’ve had him watched and investigated. She’d be better off with him. And so, I told Reg to drop hints about a Hitman.

Actually, the Hitman is me.

And so, I have disappeared forever, freed myself of my family and Anjali, and managed to squirrel away a lot of money over the last few years, from the family business. No one suspected a thing. I am a genius!

Of course, it’s not over yet. I am quite mischievous.

I’m going to lead the police to a place where they will find some of my clothes, with spots of my blood on them. And then, I’m going to plant one hair from her boyfriend on the clothes, for DNA purposes. I know he gave the police a swab once, so he will be on their database. The restaurant they went to have leaflets advertising themselves. I picked one up the same evening, after they left. It will be dropped near the clothes. Anjali will think that he made a big song and dance with her on the evening, and then killed me.

Then Anjali can spend lots of time thinking about me and him and where her life has got her. Then we will see where she builds that perfect life with those curtains and carpets and a basketful of little babies!



