# Somebody shoot, but not us

Through binoculars I watched the group of people, which stood in the middle of the room. Two guys and a gal. The rundown room was empty, filled with loneliness and glass from broken windows in half collapsed brick wall. The dim moonlight was the only source that made it possible to actually see anything.

“To bang or not to bang?” I whispered to myself as I waited for my partner to get settled. For the sixth time since we arrived, not that anyone was counting.

This time it was a person, most likely male, considering its lack of chest volume. Probably in its young thirties, who sniped people for a living. In other words not the bravest killer out there.

And one that, apparently, doesn’t have much of a social life, considering he was taking his sweet time while Saturday night cartoons changed into porn channels.

--- tuki je prehod ful čudn---

The people in the room were standing in place, talking. The woman’s hair was done like she was about to walk into an office even though it was Saturday evening. And in my mind, I was kind of sad she wasn’t dying tonight, since we would probably save her from her miserable life or the gang bang that was most likely to follow. The two men however, looked like they were working for her, having a boring normal wage jobs and following her around like a pair of creatures without their own spine. I obviously couldn’t hear them, but all of them seemed to have a monotone voice as if they’ve forgotten what fun was. Or rather they thought that the change by 0.1% in some statistic was exiting and something to dwell about for a week.

“Do you really need this much time just to kill one person? I'd be done with all three of them by the time you'll take that damn shot.”

There was no response, and quite honestly I wasn’t expecting any, I continued watching the trio. Well, this is boring. Wait, the guy with grey hair started swinging his arms around, I think he’s getting his hands distracted to not reach for his hard on, while he sees a little cleavage from the office woman- no, no false alarm he’s explaining something.

“I’m going to shoot now. Stay on the lookout. And do *not* do anything else,” its raspy voice surprised me while at the same time the words offended me.

“What the- You think I’m some kind of moron!?” Honestly I didn’t want to hear the answer, although I should be used to people treating me like an amateur. I mean, I’m young, I don’t wear a mask and I’m female. Maybe they’re jealous of my age. Or maybe they’re sexist.

“No, I do not. You are just incapable of doing anything that involves creating art.”

He didn’t even move to look at my expression, how rude, so with a huff I looked through my binoculars again.

That woman looks like a scarecrow with all the shadow on her face, it looks as if her whole body is made of a single pillar too. I wonder how she would fall if she would be shot… Probably like that! A bit on her side, mainly laying on her back, her knees bent, the right one a bit over her left leg. Her body still.

Wait… when did that happen?

“I thought you were a professional! How could you shoot the wrong target? Do we seriously need to move for the seventh time?”

This time there is a response. His head moves, piercing blue eyes look at me. I can’t see anything since he has a mask on. His mask makes him look ready to rob rather than kill. I kind of got the feeling he was almost completely done with me.

“I have not shot yet, amateur.”

Now, I was sure it was a he and sadly enough not a very nice he.

“Then who the hell did?”

He didn’t respond. He positioned himself again. Dead silence filled the space between us and even though I had no idea what was happening, I wanted to finish the job even more. I looked through my binoculars, again, I really should start counting the times I look through them, to see that another person was down. A man standing opposite of the woman, leaving our first target the only one, paralyzed with fear as it seemed, from his lack of movement. I could hear my partner get up a millisecond before the man fell as well. His long stiff body recoiling backwards. Three blood puddles were leaking together into one big red mess.

It looked like a crime scene.

Oh, wait… it was.

“We need to get the bullet, but there’s obviously somebody down there,” I sprinted for the door. I was getting my fear of heights in check, but hell looking down still took a toll on my lifespan.

“Okay, so you are not a total amateur I see,” Eagle, I think that was his codename- I don’t really remember since our introductions were about two hours ago and I won’t be working with him again anyway, said.

With a sly smirk, I closed the door in front of his face. A muffled yell from the other side made me giggle as I skipped stairs to get to the bottom. But of course, he soon followed, he had the build to carry his SR-25 and run down after me.

The building we were on top of had 12 floors, so the run down the stairs gave me time to think what the hell was going on. There had to be at least one more person there, judging by how the woman fell it had to be close range. Coming from the opposite side of us, but that was close to impossible, since all that was behind her was just a wall and a very narrow ally. Sure, the wall did have some small cracks, but none of them seemed big enough.

There was something fishy here and not just the dinner, that was happening way too late on the fourth floor. It didn’t take long before we were both downstairs. The robber already put away his Stoner Riffle by the time we were on the ground floor.

“We need a plan. I assume the hitman was within 20-meter (65-feet) radius, so they might still be there. And they probably figured out that somebody else is involved as well. We can’t just walk in there now,” I told him, putting my only useful weapon, binoculars, in my small stylish black backpack, while he was catching his breath.

He nodded, but still carelessly dashed out of the block of flats. This time I was the one behind.

This had to be one of the worst people I’ve got paired up with. Even bitches in college weren’t this much of annoyance.

“Are you mentally retarded? You can’t just dash into a building when you have no idea what’s going on!” I pushed him against the wall, just a building apart from the collapsing disaster. He took off his gun holder and put it on the floor, pushed me aside and started preparing it again.

“What the actual fuck do you think you’re doing? You’re completely mental, aren’t you! Why do I always get the freaks?”

“No, but I guess you are. Sure, snipers are good for long range, but they are also handy when it comes to distances like this. Now, listen. Here is the plan. You are obviously lighter, more flexible and have a higher chance of getting in and out without being noticed. You will go in and I will have your back. Besides, even if you do get shot, you are wearing something to not get hit directly in the heart. Now go.”

Okay, so maybe he is not a total nut job. Still a slight one if he thinks I’m going to trust this robber-looking person.

Maybe, just maybe, if I look at him with weird enough look for a minute, he’ll get that I don’t trust him nearly enough to just go in, putting my life on a line and counting on him to have my back.

“Or we could both go to jail. You decide,” he laid down and positioned himself. This guy was far from an amateur. He had experience, quick mindset and he worked fast, once he actually started that is.

“Okay, but then at least let me borrow a mask,” I said, putting my own fancy backpack on the floor besides his own not so flashy gun saver thingy. He mumbled sure and gave me directions to where it was.

Quickly working around his gun saver thingy, I was fascinated with how useful, organized and big it is. I put his spare black robbing mask on, pulling my high ponytail down, taking up as little space around me as possible.

“I’ll wait two more minutes. We are in the shadows and in concrete ruins, we should be safe for three to four minutes, no matter how amazing the other person’s observing skills are if we stay here,” I climbed through some of the ruins, getting behind a big piece. I don’t even know how they still haven’t cleared this, I would normally be angry, but in this situation, I was happy that even Canadians didn’t give a damn for this mess. Or maybe they left it, because they wanted to be polite to hitwomen and hitmen around.

“Thank you Canada for caring, even for murders,” I whispered, peering through the over-used object once again, I was seriously getting sick of waiting around and just wanted to go relax home or at least be a part of some action in this boring wipe out.

“No, it’s caring for the artists of ending lives,” the melodramatic robber commented. Artists sure have a funny way of insulting people, if that could even be called an insult. Or was it a praise? No, it couldn’t be, Not with the attitude he was having a few seconds ago.

The rest of our observation time was spent in silence and pictures of warm bed and yummy food just occasionally passing in front of my eyes. A hot cocoa with marshmallows would be just perfect right now. And to be under a blanket in front of the TV would be as perfect as it gets.

“So will those 2 minutes turn into two hours or will you actually get moving?” he sneered behind me, whispering ‘amateur’ under his breath.