

Liam's Creation

Written by Elvies Hu

“BOOM!” The first shot rang, piercing the evening's calm silence. The sound reflected through the dead streets, shattering the peace in them. Instantly, the city was filled with a great commotion, a vague reminder of the fragile line between order and chaos. Police went into action, sirens wailing loudly and lights flashing brightly. Officers moved with urgency, their faces set with focus and determination.

Laying down on the rooftop, with his heart pounding in his chest as he watched the chaos unfold below, was Liam. Adrenaline gushed through his veins, making him feel more alive than ever. He adjusted his sniper, fingers steady despite the slight shaking of nervousness.

He had once been a good child who was known for his kindness, the glory of his community, with a brilliant future ahead, making the fact that he ended in this situation even more shocking. He was the kid who helped the elderly; who tutored classmates; who was once top of his class. His teachers had thought he was perfect, his parents had been proud, and his future had seemed bright.

Life, however, had other plans for him, taking away all the glory he had achieved.

For Liam, the turning point was in his teenage years. His father lost his job at a warehouse, and unemployment had crushed down on his family. The eviction notice came shortly after. The 'bright' kid found himself living in a dangerous neighborhood, where survival was only given to those who made tough decisions.

Liam tried to fight the pressure and stay on the right side, but the need for quick money and to protect his family had drawn him into crime. At first, it was just robbing banks, then it was illegal trading, and before long, he had done too much to stop. The violence he witnessed, and eventually participated in, hardened him. All the goodwill and warmth had faded away forever, replaced by murder and crime.

Beneath him, chaos continued.

As he lay on the rooftop, Liam's focus returned to the task at hand. His target, Carlos Hansen, was a gang leader with a significant bounty on his head. Carlos's illegal activities had caused suffering for countless people, and his removal was a job Liam had accepted for money. The evening air was thick with the clamor of fear. Liam felt the rough texture of the rooftop gravel pressing into his stomach. He watched through the scope as he locked his eyes on Carlos. Liam's finger hovered over the trigger as he calculated distance, wind speed, and timing. He couldn't afford to miss.

From the chaos, a desperate woman and a scared child suddenly appeared, yelling out for Carlos. He turned and rushed back to them, his face softening as he kissed the woman and hugged the child. For a moment, Liam saw himself in Carlos's place, remembering how he had once been driven by the same desire to protect his family. The sight of them together hit him like a brick to the chest. How could he ruthlessly pull the trigger now? His mind raced. He had been convinced that Carlos was just another criminal who deserved to die, but now he saw love and care in his eyes, the same emotions that had once carried Liam through his glorious times. Was Carlos truly the monster he had imagined, or just another man in the same situation?

Carlos wasn't a monster. He was just trying to survive, caught in the same trap that had dragged Liam.

Lowering his rifle, Liam felt the weight of his decision settle in his chest like a stone. Killing Carlos wouldn't change anything, it would only continue the cycle of violence. What good would it do? The cold metal of the rifle placed in his hands, contrasted with the warmth he saw in Carlos's eyes.

Sighing deeply, Liam put down his rifle and packed away. He knew this choice might cost him the bounty, but it felt like the right thing to do. As he climbed down from the rooftop, he resolved to find a different way to fight the pressure that had brought both him and Carlos to this point.

Disappearing into the night, the city's flashing lights casting long shadows in the alleyways, he knew the times ahead would be difficult, but for the first time in a long while, he felt a glimmer of hope.

He had chosen mercy over murder, and because of this, he had recovered a piece of his soul.