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Date: 23<sup>rd</sup> March, 2018

2016 Q6. One of the planned activities for the Creative Writing Week at your school is a short story writing competition. The theme of this year's competition is 'Revenge is Sweet'. Write your story.

Write in  
around  
—  
words

"No! Stay away from me! Arghhhhh!" he screamed at top of his lungs. But it was no use.

The shadow was approaching, and to his horror, a sharp blade was floating in the air. Suddenly, everything went black, and all he could hear was the mocking sound of laughter...

A week ago, Mr. Kim, the supreme leader of North Korea, was standing around in rage at the national conference. He was cursing and swearing as he had heard his brother was conspiring against him. "I want him killed! He's like a fly in my ointment!" he shouted in agony, "Where's he now? Travelling to Malaysia? Nice. I won't give anyone who is against me another chance." He smiled cunningly, and nodded at the two secret agents beside him.

A couple of days later, a man was found dead at Kuala Lumpur International Airport in Malaysia. He was attacked by two women with VX nerve agent. After investigation, the deceased was proved to be Kim's brother.

"Haha! Now that the obstacle has been cleared, and finally I can rule absolutely!" Kim thought joyfully. However, just as he was dreaming of all citizens obeying and bowing to him, he didn't know that the worst was coming...

After dinner, Kim was taking a rest in his bedroom. The room was so quiet that he could hear his own heartbeat. He lay back but he couldn't fall asleep, so he stared at the ceiling, deep in thought. All of a sudden, he saw a pair of eyes staring back at him. He gasped, and then the pair of eyes went out of sight. Rubbing his eyes, he calmed down and comforted himself, "It's just an illusion. I am so exhausted that I have started seeing things." He sat back uneasily and tried to relax.

"Knock, knock!" There was a light tapping on the door. Who would come at midnight? Thinking of the floating eyes, Kim felt his hands were shaking and sweating. The tapping grew louder — BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

"Kim Jong-un, I'm coming for you!" a voice shrieked. Bang! The door broke open and a ghost was floating in the air. Kim recognised its shape — it was his brother's spirit! "Argh... I'm sorry about the assassination. Le... leave me alone!" Kim stammered, horror-struck.

"You deserve this," replied his brother's soul, "You will feel the pain of death..." A sharp blade came out of nowhere, stopping at Kim's neck.

"Noooooooo!" Kim tried to scream but all that came out was a strangled croak. The cold knife was moving down, inch by inch.

The last thing he heard was a voice whispering, "Revenge is sweet!"