

# Sniper Rewrite

Dublin was drowned in sorrow and despair. Sounds of guns and rifles consumed the silence of the once peaceful city. The moonlight pierced the darkness of the night. On the lonely rooftop, I stand solemn and attentive. I was robbed of my innocence when I was drafted for battle. I was a Free Stater, fighting against the Republicans in a civil war. My will burned with ambition and my eyes resembled those of a lion, calm yet dangerous. I was from a poor family, we didn't have much but we had each other. My mother works at the clock shop that our family owned. My father is a cripple and stays home for the majority of the time. I also have an older brother. As children, we used to have endless amounts of fun playing soldier and other little games. Sadly, he left a few weeks ago without giving any reasons.

It was deep within the seemingly never ending night. I was at my post on the rooftop. Although I was sleep deprived, I forced myself to remain awake and cautious for any enemy movements. As I turned my head, my eyes struggling to remain open, I noticed some activity on the rooftop opposite to mine. I quickly turned and prepared my rifle when a small light, as if from a lighter, illuminated the darkness. A fear inflicting shot rang out from my rifle as I recovered from the ground shaking recoil. As quick as I was, my rushed and reflexive shot missed and hit the parapet of the enemy's roof. I immediately reloaded in disappointment. A few moments later, I then saw the enemies head slowly rise above the parapet and instantly took another reflexive shot which was once again rushed. The bullet grazed his illusive head. I struggled reloading my rifle for my hands were shaking immensely in disbelief. As I searched for my target, an armored car arrived after crossing the bridge. Suspicious arose, could it be an enemy? The lack of light hindered my vision. I confirmed the armored car to be friendly when I noticed the informant pointing out the enemy snipers location to the man operating the turret. The informant was disguised as a normal old lady wearing a tattered shawl. The turret opened and the operator prepared to fire but he was murdered before he had the chance by the enemy sniper who had killed both him and the informant without a second's hesitation. I then saw an opportunity; I focused my rifle, took a deep breath, and fired once more. The only difference this time is that it was a hit. The enemy sniper lost grip of his rifle which clattered to the roof. It had appeared that the enemy sniper had crawled back to the parapet. At that point, the armored car retreated over the bridge.

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There was a long wait; I assumed that the enemy sniper must be tending to his surely fatal wound. As accurate as my shot was, I doubt a man of his caliber would be ended off so pitifully. All I had to do was cover the enemy sniper's escape route. I must hold him up until morning arrives. I will finish him off at dawn when he will be easier to target however it appeared as though I will not have to wait at all. The enemy sniper slowly raised his head over the parapet, a grave mistake, and I took the final shot. The bullet hit once again. The enemy's snipers cap descended to the street while his left hand hung lifeless over the roof. The enemy sniper's rifle then dropped to the streets and rung the bells of victory.

Although he appeared lifeless, something felt wrong. Was he really finished? Was our little game over? I then moved a few steps to the left, in front of a row of chimney pots, to get a better view. I immediately noticed that the body was not there anymore but before I could react, a bullet ripped open a hole in my chest. The blood of war had been shed and signaled the loss of the battle and the loss of my life. As I reeled over the parapet with pain, I realized that I had fallen for a ruse. My feet were shaking and my vision was fading away. I lost track of my rifle once it fell from my grasp. All hope had been lost as I fell over the parapet. During the fall, memories of my friends, family, and fellow soldiers rushed through my head. I never had many regrets in life but now I realized the regret of not being able to say goodbye to my family. I hit the ground with a thud and felt a pain equal to 1000 needles piercing my body. It seemed as though it was all over. While on the ground, I heard the roaring of a machine gun. Were they my allies? Have they come to save me? Is there a chance for me to live? No, it was too late for me now. The firing of the machine gun stopped. I still had enough feeling in my body to realize that I was being turned around. Could it be an ally that has come to save me? No, it was the enemy sniper. There was a long moment of silence. I shed a dying tear as I said goodbye to my brother.