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## The Job

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"Did you receive the package?" The voice was electronically modified for safety reasons. I never knew if I spoke with a man or a woman, or the same person each time.

"Yes. I'm looking at it now." My voice was also being modified and I wondered if I sounded the same as the voice I heard.

"Alright, the first page has the picture and profile of the man who is your target. He is a high government official who is beginning to propose changes for America. He is to be silenced before any of his radical ideas get picked up by others. The next page has the directions to his location for this weekend where he will be on a camping trip. You have his lot number and expected time of arrival. Everyone who is with him must be taken out as well, guards, wife, everyone. That is why the pay is so high. You'll also find plane tickets out of the country leaving that night. You will be contacted when you can return. Do you accept the proposal?"

I took another look

at the check. "I do," and hung up the phone. I packed only a few necessities for the trip to Australia. This was the first assignment where I was told to leave the country and so a wave of nostalgia coursed through me as I looked with misty eyes around my one-room apartment. I knew I would not see it again for a long time. To keep myself occupied I decided to go check the camping site, which was about an hour from where I lived.

There was a ranger stationed at the entrance, but no fence around the premises. I drove on and parked at a motel about five miles away. Using my compass and a map of the park I hiked for about two hours. Shifting my path when I heard voices getting to loud I eventually came to a campsite clearing and found the number by the dirt road. This was the correct one. I stood in the center, looked up into the trees, and spun around. I found what I was looking for to the north, a big old oak with lots of branches and

a dense layer of leaves. I climbed up to scope it out and quickly located the ideal spot.

I arrived back at six in the morning to set up. I had to assemble the rifle from pieces I kept in a backpack to evade suspicion. I double checked that the suppressor was on properly, because I wanted to avoid all the other campers being alerted to the events. Then I just waited.

The car pulled up, driven by a bodyguard. My target stepped out of the passenger door which was the side I was facing, then a woman from the back driver's side door. The target went to his back door and to my horror out popped a five-year old little girl. The woman who came around into my view was very pregnant. I froze, but my mind whirled. This was the reason I had to leave the country that my informant deliberately left out.

I was stuck in a bind. If I didn't follow my orders I would be marked for assassination. The thought of just wounding the little girl crossed my mind but I dismissed it as unmerciful. I had lost my

parents and was thrown around from one foster home to another. At the best ones I was ignored, given just enough food and water to survive; at the worst I was a slave, forced to do everything from laundry to sexual acts. I could not let her live only to be sent into that life. I would have to kill them all, but I was hesitating. My mind and my heart were at war for control of my trigger finger. I don't know how long I spent like that until I realized I was crying. Reason had won. I dried my tears, aimed, and pulled the trigger in four rapid successions. They didn't have time to realize anything was wrong. I packed up my gun and left. I would take that plane to Australia, but I wouldn't come back, I would not do this again.