

ENGLISH- CREATIVE

Creative Essay

The air conditioning unit dripped constantly as Mohammad struggled desperately to get at least one hour's worth of sleep. His rusted spring bed screeched each time he moved his body even the slightest of positions and to add to insult the overhead fan has ceased working again. He had to be up early so he laid staring blankly at the roof, contemplating. Mourning finally dawned and with it Mohammad became all the more conscious that he had not received any sleep the previous night. He stood upright, his head spun and his vision went momentarily blurry. He pushed aside the junk that was gathering next to his bed just far enough to allow him to open the door freely. His scruffy beard itched, yet he couldn't even muster the energy to reach up and relieve his discomfort. He was utterly exhausted from the thought of what he was planning to do today, or was it the lack of sleep? Either way Mohammad had no silver lining to hold onto.

After a silent breakfast he made his way to his room to get changed. He skipped the shower, even though he knew that it would energised his devoid body, what was the point anyway? Getting changed he reminisced about how dull his life had been. No success, no girlfriend and no legacy to leave behind, but today was the chance to change that, or so he had been told. Mohammad opened his wardrobe and got dressed. He did not forget the most important article of his attire, placing it on his body firstly. He didn't think about it but once it sat heavily around his waist his heart-rate quickened and he began to sweat. He reached into his chest of drawers and pulled out a pill canister, emptying it into his dry mouth. The label ran through his head "2 tablets max daily". Did that really matter though? Of course not, not today. Mohammad sat in front on the television hoping that his last viewing would be in the least memorable or significant, yet all he was presented with soap operas and evangelism. He switched off the television and just sat, pondering his life.

Mohammad began to froth at the mouth, his vision became blurred again and his stomach ached. Coughing out the forth he realised that it must have been a side effect of taking too many of the pills. Maybe he should have taken more care; else he would not have ended up making his 'appointment'. That how he liked to think of it anyway, an event organised by someone other than himself for what he believed to be righteous. This would finally give him the respect he so desired. He would finally live up to his name and he would belong among the legendary heroes he had been told of when he was a young boy. These heroes were..... Murderous tyrants who stared death in the face and yelled "I am not afraid". He tried to rationalise his situation yet instead he led himself into more confusion. I've made a terrible mistake, this is all wrong. His heart rate skyrocketed at the prospect of not making his appointment and its consequences. Certain execution, maybe the execution of his remaining family, they had done nothing wrong. It would not be a quick death, traitors do not deserve quick deaths, and perhaps he would be tortured or left to starve. Those before him had not faulted, they bit the bullet for the glory of our people. This is the way it had always been, the way that the world had respected yet feared us for after September 11th, 2001. The heroes did not falter and they were not afraid, they stared death in the face and screamed that we are not afraid.

Mohammad remembered his training, as short as it had been. You strap the nitro-glycerine to yourself. The trigger sits in the breast pocket. It has a deadlock that will generate a static current that runs to the nitro-glycerine, igniting it, immediately redeeming yourself and saving your people. Mohammad thought the use of the word redeemed was ironic, as Mohammad's thought process was now inverted; the taking of innocent lives being 'redeeming' now seemed to be the murderous and terrorizing act that it truly was. Tears streamed down his face as he pondered his own inevitable fate. If he ran they would find him and kill him, the longer he ran for the harsher his death would be. Sighing, he stood, grabbed his keys and left his drab apartment for the last time.

He walked down the 5 levels of stair for the last time. He passed the Elderly Mrs Clarke's number 9 door for the last time, the paint that he had offered to fix peeling off in flakes. He exited the building for the last time and unlocked his car for the last time. 'The last time', this expression circling in his mind as tears streamed down his dirty face once again. All this sacrifice just to belong, was it worth it? Was the feeling of belonging worth the destruction of innocent life? Those ordering him to do it would say so, his religion would say so yet they were murdering him. They were holding a gun to his head and forcing him to pull the trigger. "It's fucking murder", he screamed as he bashed his fist against the steering wheel. A shabbily dressed homeless man stared at Mohammad contently, having seen his sudden outburst. Oh, did he envy this man, this man who had no food, no home, no clothes and no family. All Mohammad wanted to do was be that man, to live with no ties to others regardless of his lack of wealth. To just.....live. He wanted to live. He started his car, his mind seeming changing from decision to decision with each grunt of the struggling engine. So ironic was his deed occurring during Fajr, the first prayer of the day, a Muslim tradition. A time of worship and prayer and now to be a time of mass murder.

Mohammad slammed on his brakes, reaching for his phone he dialled 911. It didn't matter that they could trace his location, in minutes it would all be over. "911, what's your emergency?" The line fell silent for a few seconds as Mohammad ran over what he was planning to say. He slowly began detailing the whereabouts of his 'companions' and that they had planned to blow up the Chrysler building with what he described to be an 'overkill' of explosives. Before the operator had a chance to respond he threw his phone out the windows and slammed down the accelerator. They mustn't track him, not where he was going. Mohammad was speeding forward, he couldn't believe how clear his mind was at this very second. Void of any doubt or regret, void of everything but complete and total control. Even when he had been spotted by a police car and was being chased at 100 m/h he was in total control. Even when he narrowly missed three potentially lethal accidents, he was in control. Time seemed to slow, he glanced out his window spotting the stars that were still out. A single star caught his eye as it shone brighter than all others as sunrise rapidly approached. A smile formed on his face, his scruffy beard moving to fit the form of his face. Today he was going to redeem himself, today he truly did belong among the names of the heroes, in this minute his life finally belonged to himself.

As the car hit the water with a sudden impact he flicked the deadlock and ignited the dynamite. It only took one second, just one second with a phenomenal sound as his vision went white. No longer will his life belong to another and no longer will he be kept awake by the leaky a/c unit or creaky bed.