

A MAN sat next to the giant gate of heaven slumped over and looking defeated. His name was Jack and he had lead a troubled and violent life. For much of his life, Jack was a professional hit man, killing anybody his boss wanted dead. Jack was very good at this chosen profession. His whole life changed one morning on a usual assignment when someone jumped out of a closet and emptied his whole gun on Jack and his partner. Jack somehow was not seriously injured. He took this as a sign that God wanted him to stop this merciless killing. That he did, and spent the rest of the life walking around the earth. Although he did stop killing people, Jack still thought he would not be forgiven and fully expected to be rejected. Jack then decided to tell those around him one of his many suspenseful stories.

Many other people waiting before the gate had just heard the last story told and were clearly moved. Some gave it a standing ovation with loud clapping. Many murmurs ran about the crowd of impatient souls of that being the best story told so far.

The noise was so loud that the man operating the gate and deciding who deserved inside and who had to descend to hell, St. Peter, took a short break to find out what was going on in the long line outside. Someone explained to him that people were telling their life stories, or the story of how they died to each other to pass the time. He apologized that it takes so long, but said they came up

with a good idea. St. Peter asked who was to tell the next story. A mulatto man that seemed to completely lack self-confidence slowly stood up and signified it was he who was to tell the next story. He indicated his name was Jack. St. Peter said although the basis for his judgment was on the life Jack lead and not how well he told stories, he said he would love to take a break and hear a good story for a change. Jack weakly agreed to tell his story and reluctantly began. He previewed his story as having religion completely changing a dishonorable life that was filled with death and despair, but ends with hope.

This story involves a retired professional hit man, who quits his job after a freak occurrence on an assignment. This retired hit man is named Jack and after he retires, he decides to walk around the earth with no real paying job to speak of. This tale will describe his last assignment as a hit man and his last adventure as a global traveler.

Jack was born and lived nearly half his life a rough part of California near Los Angeles. He was mulatto which created problems in his social life. He wasn't sure whether to hang out with black or white people. On top of that, his father was murdered when Jack was only 5 years old. He lived with his mother until age 16 when he decided to go out on his own. Jack couldn't find any decent paying jobs until he caught a break helping a notorious crime boss. Jack was

soon in a serious position as a professional hit man for his boss and excelled at it. He even developed his own style and had never once had his life seriously threatened on the job.

This all changed one morning in the middle of summer when he and a slightly incompetent partner went on a routine assignment to kill a man who was suspected of cheating on Jack's boss' wife. Jack wasted no time on his mission, as soon as the target opened the door; he was soon shot and killed by Jack. Jack and his partner searched the house to look for possible hidden money.

As soon as they turned to leave, someone jumped out of a closet and emptied his entire clip on he and his partner. Oddly enough, of all the bullets fired from point blank range, only one bullet hit Jack. It caught him in the leg, but it was far from a mortal wound. His partner on the other hand, was hit multiple times, and was dead within seconds. Jack immediately gunned down, the now bullet less hidden assassin.

Jack spent the course of the next two days in a kind of fog. He was in deep thought and nobody was able to snap him out of it. Jack was thinking what the chances of this happening were, and if it was a sign by God to abandon the needless killing. He reached the decision to stop what he was doing, but new problems soon faced him. What would he do from then on, he was thirty years old and wasn't sure if he could go back to one of those low paying jobs he was so

happy to leave. Jack came up with idea of just being a borderline bum. He decided to just walk around the world, and then he if he came across a new dream job that didn't involve killing people, he would take it. Jack told his boss his decision which deeply angered him, and he even threatened Jack's mother, who even though Jack hadn't seen in years, still felt a strong connection. His Boss told him he never would be welcomed back in L.A., and if he found him there, he wouldn't hesitate to kill him.

Jack was greatly surprised at his boss' reaction to his decision. He knew he was a ruthless man who didn't think twice about giving the order to kill someone, but Jack still hoped his boss would understand his decision. Nobody knew the boss' real name. His followers just called him "Boss." The boss was in complete control of his section of L.A. The cops were part of his clique, and the judge in his region was paid off to always acquit the boss of any crimes charged against him, partly out of fear and partly for the money. This region of L.A. was most likely the most corrupt place in the whole United States.

Five years later, Jack still hadn't found his next career path and was still walking around the earth. He was now in eastern Africa. Along the way, Jack was able to raise money by helping people with various tasks such as removing corrupt people like his old boss. This time however, he didn't kill them, he

would just walk up to the door with an empty gun and show how easily he could have killed them, and usually this sent them a message to stop what they were doing. He was basically doing the same job, just stopping short of killing anybody. By now he had attracted some followers. Not nearly an overwhelming group, but a fairly respectable group nonetheless. Jack wasn't exactly a hero however; he didn't help everybody in distress. Really only people he figured would have more money. He felt bad about it, but figured he was only one guy and couldn't help everybody, so he might as well help someone who can in return help him financially.

Jack changed his policy when he came across a small town in present day Djibouti, Africa. This place was so corrupt, he could bear to just walk on by and leave this crime on society continue to exist. He asked the supposed leader of the town how he could let crimes occur in broad daylight without anybody noticing. The man told Jack everything, about a very physically large and powerful drug lord who controlled everything done in the town. News of this confession had apparently reached this powerful man because the leader of the town was found dead the next day.

Jack now realized how serious this situation was and knew in a small and weak country like this, it was bound to spread unchecked. Jack and his

crew decided to spend some time there, but news of their arrival reached the drug lord who didn't like strangers. One by one, Jack's followers were murdered. Most of the surviving few abandoned Jack. Only the youngest of his followers remained, named Jimi.

Through deep interrogation of the locals, Jack was able to learn the secret hideout of the drug lord. He camped outside of the place and took careful notice of when the guard's changed their shift. He decided there were only two times a day when Jack and his companion could overpower the guards and get inside.

They planned everything out and decided to put the plan to action the next day; if it didn't work they would most assuredly die in the attempt.

Jack and Jimi took action. Jack easily got past the first guard by the first guard without even having to take a violent action. They suspected a trap, but went through with it anyway.

When they got in, Jack immediately saw the drug lord sitting in a chair facing the opposite way of them; oddly enough the chair was the same that Jack's old boss used to sit in. He wondered if this was possible, but decided the chances were extremely slim. The moment of hesitation was uncharacteristic of Jack's style and soon turned out to be a disastrous mistake. Two body guards

spotted them and started firing. Jack was hit in the shoulder, but still managed to get off some shots at the large man, which appeared to have been fatal. Jack's companion was so shocked that he ran out in the open, knowing this would kill Jimi, Jack also jumped out and was able to distract the guards, but in doing so, was mortally wounded. Jack could see Jimi getting away and saw that this drug lord who had caused so much distress to the town was also dying. Jack decided he may have made up for passed needless killing and accepted death which wasn't far away.

It turned out the drug lord was his old boss' brother and no less brutal. His death toppled the entire drug ring that was set up and finally freed the town of the man's vicious grip. The deceased Jack was named a hero and had a statue made of him in front of the old drug lord's headquarters which was converted into a city hall.

Jack now waited at the grand gate of heaven. This story which he told to some people around him even brought some to verge of tears, and all told him he should be absolved of passed killings for this great heroic feat. They figured for all the people he killed, more were saved by getting rid of the drug lord.