

THE NIGHT

MILA DENGANA GR 11

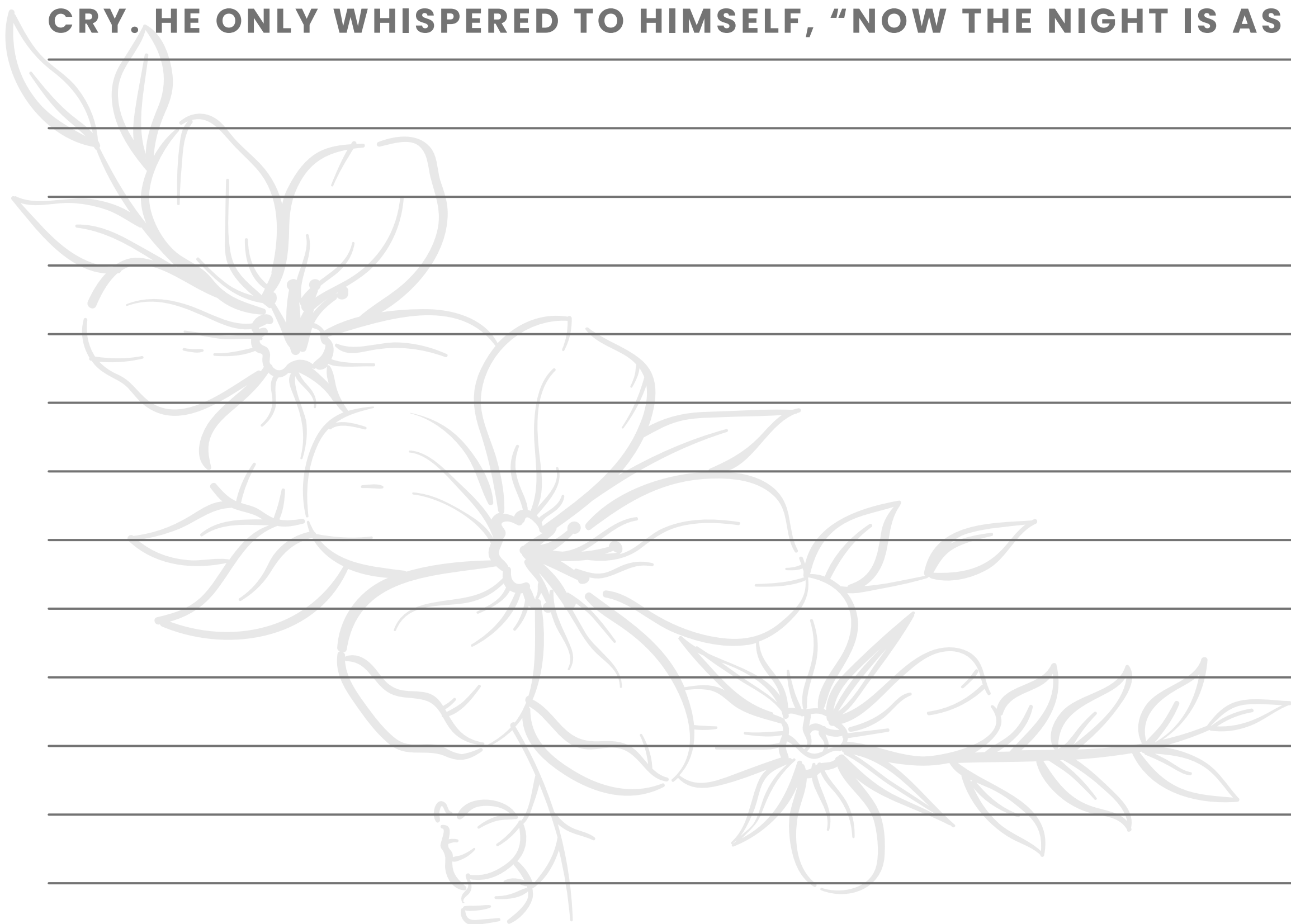
THE NIGHT WAS COLD, AND THE STREETS WERE EMPTY. A MAN WALKED SLOWLY, HIS COAT DRAGGING IN THE DIRT. HIS EYES HAD NO LIGHT IN THEM, ONLY SHADOWS. HE CARRIED A SMALL BOX IN HIS HAND.

EVERY HOUSE HE PASSED LOOKED SAFE, WITH WARM LIGHTS IN THE WINDOWS. BUT HE HATED THAT. HE HATED SEEING PEOPLE HAPPY, WHILE HE FELT NOTHING. HE WANTED THE QUIET STREETS TO FEEL THE SAME EMPTINESS HE CARRIED INSIDE.

HE STOPPED AT AN OLD HOUSE WHERE AN OLD WOMAN LIVED ALONE. SHE ALWAYS SMILED AT HIM DURING THE DAY, BUT HE NEVER SMILED BACK. TONIGHT, HE OPENED THE BOX. INSIDE WAS A CANDLE AND A MATCH. HE LIT THE CANDLE, PLACED IT AT HER DOOR, AND WALKED AWAY.

AT FIRST, IT SEEMED HARMLESS. JUST A CANDLE IN THE NIGHT. BUT HE KNEW WHAT WOULD HAPPEN. THE WIND PUSHED THE FLAME, THE DOOR CAUGHT FIRE, AND SOON THE WHOLE HOUSE BURNED.

FROM FAR AWAY, HE WATCHED THE FLAMES RISE. HE DIDN'T LAUGH. HE DIDN'T CRY. HE ONLY WHISPERED TO HIMSELF, "NOW THE NIGHT IS AS DARK AS ME."



A VINTAGE MOVIE SCENE

PHILIP GRICIUS GR 12

LIFE FLICKERS BY

A VINTAGE MOVIE SCENE

MEMORY FOR MEMORY

TREASURE THESE WITH YOUR HEART

FOR WITHIN A FLASH YEARS PASS

CHAPTERS TOO SHORT

STORIES LONG GONE

BE AWARE THEY SAID

FOR LIFE FLICKERS BY

LIKE A VINTAGE MOVIE SCENE



NOIR

CHIDI OKECHUKWU GR 11

THE CITY WAS A NIGHTMARE, FULL OF CORRUPTION FROM EVERY CORNER, AND SMOKE THAT HAS FOREVER STAINED THE AIR. OUR DETECTIVE KNEW IT BETTER THAN MOST, AFTER ALL HE HAS BEEN THROWN INTO THE STREETS AS A CHILD, SOLD OFF BY PARENTS WHO VALUED MONEY MORE THAN THEIR OWN BLOOD. THE STREETS RAISED HIM, TURNED HIM INTO A MAN WHO TRUSTED NOTHING BUT HIS GUN, HIS INSTINCTS AND IN HIS WHISKEY.

THE BAR DOOR OPENED. AND A WOMAN WITH A RED DRESS ENTERED, IT WAS THE ONLY COLOUR OUR DETECTIVE SAW IN HIS BLACK AND WHITE WORLD. HER PERFUME CUT THROUGH THE STINK OF WHISKEY AND SMOKE. SHE DIDN'T LOOK AT THE BARTENDER OR STARED AT THE MEN THAT GLARED AT HER. SHE WALKED STRAIGHT TO OUR DETECTIVE, STOOD THERE AND WAITED UNTIL HE HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO LOOK UP.

SHE CALLED HERSELF EVELYN. THE DETECTIVE KNEW SOMETHING WAS DIFFERENT ABOUT HER, SHE WAS NOTHING LIKE ANYONE HERE, NOT CORRUPTED BY THE FILTH OF THE CITY. LIKE AN ANGEL IN HELL, THE ONLY CLEAN THING IN THIS DIRTY CITY.

HER STORY WAS SIMPLE A GANG CALLED THE IRON KNUCKLES HAD KILLED HER HUSBAND. SHE WANTED REVENGE. SHE WANTED JUSTICE. JACK KNEW THEM HE PUT PLENTY OF THEIR MEMBERS BEHIND BARS. HE KNEW IT WAS A BAD IDEA BUT HE LOOKED AT HER, SAW THE PAIN IN HER EYES. HE GAVE A SINGLE NOD, AND AGREED TO TAKE THE CASE.

THE CLUES WERE SLIPPING THROUGH HIS FINGERS LIKE SMOKE. THE FRUSTRATION WAS A BITTER TASTE IN HIS MOUTH. THAT'S WHEN SHE'D APPEAR. HER HAND WOULD REST ON HIS SHOULDER, SHE BELIEVED IN HIM, SHE SUPPORTED HIM WHEN NO ONE ELSE DID.

IT WAS THE FAITH HE SAW IN HER EYES THAT MADE THE CLUES FINALLY ALIGN, LEADING HIM TO AN ABANDONED WAREHOUSE. HE WAS SUPPOSED TO WAIT FOR BACKUP, BUT THEN HE SAW HER, THE FLASH OF A RED DRESS, A KNIFE AT HER THROAT.

THE LEADER’S ARM WAS RAISED, READY TO STRIKE. HE BURST INSIDE, WEAPON
DRAWN, READY TO SHOOT. BANG! HE NEVER SAW THE GUN IN HER HAND; HER
BULLET TORE INTO HIS SHOULDER. SHE WAS NEVER THE VICTIM. SHE WAS THE
TRAP.

“PROVING MY LOYALTY HAS A PRICE, SORRY DETECTIVE.” THE IRON KNUCKLES
SURROUNDED OUR DETECTIVE; THEY WERE READY TO KILL HIM. SIRENS WAILED,
THE GANG VANISHED INTO THE DARK, SHE GAVE HIM A FINAL SMILE BEFORE
LEAVING, THIS LEFT HIM WITH THE BITTER TRUTH, SHE WAS NO ANGEL, BUT A DEVIL
IN A RED DRESS. AND HIS HEART, NOW AS COLD AND HARD AS THE BULLET IN HIS
SHOULDER, WILL NEVER TRUST AGAIN.



NOIR

GRADE 9/3 ENGLISH HL

MARCH 18 1946

TODAY I ARRIVED ON THE SCENE. THE CITY WAS AND GLOOMY AS USUAL, I COULD STILL SMELL THE UNMISTAKABLE SCENT OF A CIGAR AS I PASSED THROUGH THE POLICE TAPE. SHE WAS DEAD, THE "LADY IN RED", SOME POPULAR SINGER IN THE INNER-CITY APPARENTLY, THOUGH OF COURSE HOW COULD I KNOW, I NEVER LEAVE THE OFFICE. SHE WAS FACE UP LAYING IN AN OLD RAIN PUDDLE. HER PALE, BLUE EYES WERE WIDE OPEN AS IF THEY WERE GRASPING FOR SUNLIGHT BEFORE SHE WAS SHOT, RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES. FROM WHAT I COULD GATHER THIS WAS ANOTHER MOB KILLING. THERE WERE RUMOURS SHE HAD TIES WITH SOME.....UNFAVOURABLE PEOPLE. THE FEDS ARE SICK OF THESE, AND WELL WANT TO PUT ME AND CHARLIE UNDERCOVER TO,"CRACK OPEN THE CASE" AS THE COMMISSIONER SAID. HOPEFULLY IT GOES WELL, BUT WHEN DOES IT EVER GO WELL IN THIS CITY?

MARCH 30 1946

I CAN FEEL MYSELF GETTING CLOSER TO THE TRUTH, EVERY CRUMMY WAREHOUSE, LATE-NIGHT DISCUSSION WITH THUGS. I CAN FEEL THAT I'M GETTING CLOSE TO....SOMETHING.

APRIL 2 1946

I FOUND IT. THE EXACT THING TO TIE SOMEONE TO THE CRIME, A MURDER WEAPON. AN OLD 45. CALIBER REVOLVER BELONGING TO THE "GIOVANNI BROTHERS." FROM WHAT I, "ADREIN", FIGURED OUT WAS THAT THESE TWO RUN MOST OF THE MOB CRIME IN THE CITY. ALL THE HUSH, HUSH EXECUTIONS, MONEY LAUNDERING, DRUG TRAFFICKING YOU NAME IT, THEY RUN IT. ME AND CHARLIE ARE GONNA SET A TRAP TO LURE THEM OUT, AND TAKE THE SCUMBAGS TO THE FEET OF LADY JUSTICE. "ADREIN", WHOEVER IS IN CHARGE OF COVER NAMES NEEDS TO BE FIRED.

APRIL 3 1946

I'M SUCH AN IDIOT. I COULDN'T SEE WHAT WAS RIGHT INFRONT OF MY FACE. WE AMBUSHED THE BROTHERS, BUT ONLY ONE OF THEM WERE THERE. I THOUGHT IT WAS THE STRANGEST THING EVER, LIKE SOMETHING WAS OFF. IT'S LIKE WHEN YOU SEE BEAR CUBS WITHOUT A MOTHER, A SPIDER WEB WITH NO SPIDER, A MAN WITHOUT HIS BROTHER.... THAT'S WHEN I HEARD A CLICK BEHIND ME. THE CLICK I'VE HEARD A THOUSAND TIMES BEFORE, A CLICK I'VE DONE MYSELF, BUT THIS TIME I WAS ON THE OTHER END.

A LOUD BANG, RINGING IN THE EARS, AND I COLLAPSED ONTO THE FLOOR. CHARLIE, MY ONLY "FRIEND", HE SHOT ME IN THE BACK WITHOUT A SECOND THOUGHT. IT WAS COLD, CALCULATED AND RUTHLESS. 10 YEARS I WORKED WITH THE MAN. I SHOULD'VE KNOWN I COULDN'T TRUST ANYONE IN THIS CITY. THIS PLACE IS JUST A DARK, CRIME RIDDEN PIT THAT BREEDS SADNESS,HOPELESSNESS AND DEATH. I LAYED THERE STUNNED AS IF THOUGH I JUST SAW A GHOST. EYES WIDE I COULD SEE THEM BOTH, CHUCKING TO EACHOTHER. THE BROTHERS WERE A UNIQUE PAIR. ONE RUTHLESS CRIME MOBSTER, AND ONE EQUALLY HORRIBLE CORRUPT COP. IN THE KNICK OF TIME SOMEONE SAVED ME. SOMEONE I THOUGHT WAS DEAD.

SHE APPEARED AND SHOT THEM BOTH. A LADY WITH PALE, BLUE EYES STEPPED FROM SHADOWS WITH AN EXQUISITE, BLOOD RED DRESS. TURNS OUT THE LADY IN RED HAD A PRETTY VENGEFUL TWIN WITH SOME GOOD TIMING. THE BROTHERS RULE WAS ENDED, BUT NOW THERE WILL BE A POWER STRUGGLE AMONG THE FAMILIES FOR THE TOP SPOT. MOST SURPRISINGLY YOURS TRULY, DETECTIVE RAY KNOX, LIVES TO SEE ANOTHER DAY. I SHOULD BE OUT OF THE HOSPITAL AND BACK OUT ON THE STREET IN A WEEK. I REALLY DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH I CAN DO THIS ANYMORE. NEXT TIME THERE WON'T BE SOME LOTTERY WINNING LUCK TO BAIL ME OUT OF SOME SITUATION, BUT I'LL CROSS THAT BRIDGE WHEN I COME TO IT. IF THIS CITY TAUGHT ME ANYTHING IT WOULD BE THAT, ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN IN NOIR.
