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I am not a killer

Till this day, people still blame me for the death of my worthless brothers. I mean really? My stupid little brothers were to blame. They were poor, irrelevant low life people that happened to be related to me. My most glorious and most successful day was when my brothers no longer existed.

Ten years ago, Mom told us that we needed to move out and make our own honest living and build our own houses. The three of us decided to have a little competition of who could build the strongest house and who could build the fastest. I, of course, would have the strongest house of all and complete it before my puny, deficient brothers. Before building the houses our relationship wasn’t good, but back then I didn’t have a reason to order a hit on them.

During the time we were building the houses, I decided to be nice and tell Cent, my youngest brother, that straw was a trashy material, and he told me, “Shut up you stupid twit, and mind your own business!” I mean, he didn’t even appreciate my kind advice! As for Penny, when I told him that a bunch of wimpy two by fours aren’t going to make a good house, he also replied, “Shut up and go away you depraved pig!”

As for me, my house is made out of reinforced metal and concrete a billion times better than straw and a million times better than wood. I had a beautiful garden made for Mom and a target practice ally complete with sub machine guns to keep me satisfied.

When my dumb, selfish brothers, Cent and Penny decided to burn my house down to win the competition; that’s when they pushed my limits. The day after my house was burnt down, I ordered a hit on my little brothers. My friend the Wolf showed up after I gave him 30 million dollars to assassinate my ungrateful brothers.

The next day Wolf showed up to Cent’s house. He simply blew his house down with a sneeze and ate Cent up after deep-frying him on his portable burner and marinated him with Hines 57 for breakfast. The smell of the fried meat made Wolf tinkle with excitement making him crave for more. Four hours later he showed up at Penney’s house and blew his house up with plastic explosives that he bought on eBay and made pork chops for lunch.

After the hit was completed Wolf got 30 million dollars and two free meals. As the days passed I rebuilt my house with an even bigger garden with roses that had a sent so strong it made any one that walked by filled with happiness, and this time with automatic fire extinguishers. In the living room a statue of my brothers reminds me of my glorious day, the day my brothers were finally exterminated. I was happier than any rich pig in the world could be, but as the news spread people started to blame me for the deaths of my worthless brothers.

In my opinion all the bastards in the world that called me a killer should go die in a hole!!! I mean, it was my hoggish brothers that decided to burn my house down; it was their fault they build their houses out of lousy, weak material. I was just getting revenge and also proving my point that I was better than the two lowlifes that told me to shut up. All the things I did weren’t wrong, they weren’t offensive, and so people should stop calling me the big bad pig and just mind their own business. In fact they should be thanking me for extermination those fools, so the world would have two less idiots to feed. I bet if you were me you’d do the same; if not, you are all wimpy, scared, unreasonable cowards.