

YOUR DEAD

“Goodbye,” Yassan shouted as Ian got in his midnight blue Lamborghini aventador. Like fire, the sky was orange and red. The sun was dipping down for the night. Ian looked back at Yassan, he was giving an awkward wave.

Just as Ian drove out of the drive he noticed a small piece of paper pinned to his door. He ripped it off and read it. All it said was, YOUR DEAD! Confused and worried, Ian through the piece of paper out of his window and drove faster.

The sun was completely down now, and the only light was coming from the car. Ian noticed that the car was strangely on low fuel. As Ian past a corner a black range rover with black out windows started following him. He did not like the look of it, so he drove faster away. Suddenly a strange bang came from the engine and the car started slowing down. Ian steered over to the side and the car stopped. Although Ian wasn't an engineer, he knew a lot about cars and there didn't seem to be anything wrong. That moment he heard a click of a gun lode.

Ian raced back into his car like an Olympic runner. The car wouldn't start! He looked in the wing mirror. A black hooded figure appeared out of the trees and pulled a gun out. The man aimed at the car. Finally the car started and Ian slammed on the accelerator. Once again the black range rover drove out from behind the trees and followed. Two men that were sat in the back of the range rover leaned out of the windows and started firing. At the worst possible time the Lamborghini ran out of fuel. Ian crawled out of his with his hands up. One of the hooded men walked up to Ian with a gun pointed at him, he pulled down his mask. “Yassan I should have known, “Ian muttered. BANG! Ian fell into a deep sleep but will never wake up.