

## Take the shot

As the sun blazed, Tino Collins skulked in the shadows and fought back a yawn. He'd been in position now for well over six hours and there was still no sign of the government sanctioned hit. He carefully liberated a polo and popped it into his mouth. His tongue normally found pushing out his cheek, toyed with the mint forcing it up into the roof of his mouth. A little saliva greased his palate as he sucked the life out of the sweet, wrestling the urge to bite. Rule one, stay hydrated; contradicts rule two, don't get caught taking a pee when you need to take the shot.

This was a nice little hidey-hole. A child's bedroom in a third floor flat opposite the school that his mark was due to imminently visit.

The Frozen themed wallpaper recapitulated his last SAS mission, stuck up a mountain hunting Daesh on other side of the world. It had taken him a month to thaw out.

His rifle was nestled on a baby change unit, deep in the room, so no face or gun-barrel would give the game away at the window.

His earpiece clicked and his cross-hairs picked out the bright and breezy geraniums flooding the pot outside the main school entrance. Two further clicks slowed his breathing, the calm before the calamity.

Three clicks; imminent death. He moved his arm, and operated the armpit switch to his own radio; it clicked back.

Sniper rifle locked and loaded. Two Range Rovers pulled up. Bodyguards streamed from the first scanning every nook and cranny. They were good but he was the best. He was sure one looked straight up at his hidey-hole. Their eyes then went to the next perceived threat and the next, eventually coming to the conclusion that there was no risk.

He exhaled and pulled the trigger ensuing pandemonium.

Time to exfiltrate. Same way in; same way out.

His armpit farted a coded - mission completed message.

Somewhere deep in Whitehall, a faceless minion turned to the Home Secretary.

"The PM has fallen Ma'am; shall I escort you to number ten?"