

# Begging Mercy

1. Adverb
2. Noun
3. Verb
4. Noun
5. Proper Noun Plural
6. Verb Ending In Ing
7. Noun
8. Location
9. Proper Noun
10. Past Tense Verb
11. Conjunction
12. Event

# Begging Mercy

The murderer of my family \_\_\_\_\_Adverb before me, eyes toward heaven, bound hands outstretched, palms up, gesturing upward, then down. He prepared to receive his execution.

And I prepared to deliver it.

He was mumbling.

'I must hear,' I said. But the \_\_\_\_\_Noun they \_\_\_\_\_Verb too loudly, forcing me forward, hoping...

I halted, held my breath, listened, hoped...

He prayed.

My features remained stone, with \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Noun</sup> eyes for the crowd to behold, but I bit hard on the inside of my cheek. 'Recall the Sharia,' I spoke to him in my mind. 'Recall the code. Mercy!'

He continued praying. I waited.

At first, the onlookers believed I honored his prayer, but \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Proper noun plural</sup> grew quickly impatient, their voices soon \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Verb ending in ing</sup> in pitch.

Still as stone, 'Recall the Sharia,' I said, only for his Noun. In response, he gestured more fervently, admonishing heaven---only Location.

Forward I dragged the Proper noun rifle, grunting, 'Recall! Beg my mercy!' He Past tense verb no heed.

Mercy! If I could beg for him... Conjunction the Sharia spoke. Mercy came only to those who asked. And he refused.

So

be it.

I hefted the rifle, \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Event</sup> his head. 'Rage,' I spoke, 'come,' and forced myself to return---my children's blood, my wife's blood, red, staining my rugs. 'Rage!' I said, looking again into their faces, 'Come!'

It obeyed. My cheeks burned with the vision, and my temples throbbed.

As I squeezed upon the trigger, I opened my eyes and looked into his face. My finger hesitated.

'Rage,' I spoke, and again forced myself to return...

