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The Hitlady

by Richard Rewell

She hated the word retirement but not as much as she hated the word village. And she really hated the Sicilian hill-top village of Adrano, where she had been born and lived until she was twenty.

Sicily was fine, retirement was fine but when the boss said

“There’s going to be peace and as a condition, the other families say you’ve got to go. Go back to Sicily. They are terrified of you Angelica. You’re 54, good looking, you can have a good time, you’ve plenty of money. No person will dare touch you. I’m sorry. But you’ve got to leave New York and return to Adrano.”

A month later Angelica sat outside Sarti’s cafe sipping a cappuccino in Adrano’s piazza. However, years of assassinating rivals for one of America’s biggest mafia families made her acutely aware of who was where, and who could be the most dangerous. She observed that her means of escape was cut off by the old woman in black pretending to be mixing something in a bowl whispering to the tall powerfully built waiter who she knew had sneakily watched her for most of the time she had been at the table. She became un-nerved and thought, ‘Do some of these people remember me? The girl who shot Guisseppi Baggio. But he was a pervert. Didn’t they know.’

Angelica was abruptly distracted from her thoughts when she saw and heard a group of women walking one way then the other, out-side the little town hall opposite. ‘What were they doing?’ she thought.

“The regional town planners want to knock down the school, hospital and church for a new motorway. Well one of them at least. Ernesto Trappatoni. Bastard. Rumour is he gets a ‘back-hander’. Ten million Euros.”

Angelica jerked her head upwards towards the voice and locked eyes with the waiter noticing that each of the other patrons were studying her. ‘How did the frigging waiter read my mind?’ she thought as her heart started to accelerate. Was one of these people related to the pervert Baggio she killed thirty-four years previously? Or that corrupt cop, Maldini. The bells of Adrano’s church, Santa Teresa chimed eleven times as the waiter backed away from Angelica his eyes never leaving hers as she fumbled unsuccessfully in her rucksack for her gun.

Silence. The bells stopped. The women protestors were gone. A mangy dog scurried across the piazza. The only sound was a moped fading into the far-off somewhere.

The old woman with the mixing bowl walked towards Angelica.

Angelica heard wood scrap on terracotta. She knew the other patrons had risen from their chairs and had moved close behind her just as the old woman removed a gun from her mixing bowl. Then the waiter eased along-side Angelica throwing a menacing dark shadow over her. Without a word he kicked her rucksack out of reach.

‘God’ she thought, ‘Angelica Lentini, the Mafia’s first hitwoman. Outsmarted by a bunch of frigging peasants.’ She shook her head puzzled by her emotions, a cocktail of fear and humiliation.

Then the old woman bent over her saying, “we never forget dear.”

‘I’m going to be executed’ thought Angelica before the old woman added ‘Little Angelica who killed the pervert and corrupt policeman. We beg you save our community. Use this gun to rid us of Trappatoni the town planner.’