“Target acquired”, whispered the diver. He raised the scope of his silenced rifle, taking aim at the captain of the aircraft carrier who had appeared on deck.

“Roger that.” the voice in his ear replied. But the figure quickly moved out of his sights.

He boarded the craft. Moving like a shadow, he crept on board and took out his target, silently and swiftly. But he had been seen. Shouts filled the air and men in black combat gear flooded out of the ship holding assault rifles.

He ran. Sprinting across the deck, he made his way to the rear of the ship where he had hidden a jet-ski. The night sky, cool and calm, was now being disturbed by shouts and sirens from the ship – they were on to him. Quick as a flash, he sped across the diamond-like waves, clenching the throttle of his device tightly. His brain, panicked and filled with adrenaline, was working overtime.

Smoke was rising from the barrel of his rifle. He had fired off so many rounds, whilst riding the jet-ski. But as he looked back over his shoulder, he could see his enemies floating in the water. There was just the helicopter overhead which was still tracking him closely, firing shots at him which peppered the water and aiming a huge spotlight directly at him.

All of a sudden, he struck a rock which was protruding from the water which launched him high into the air before landing with a huge splash. The helicopter flew past, unable to turn around so quickly.

As it circled round and came back to him, time seemed to slow down. He thought about his wife and his child – they would be looked after. The money he had received for the assassination on the aircraft carrier would provide for them for thirty years.

The helicopter approached and he floated in the water; the spotlight focused on him and he closed his eyes for the last time.