

Susan

by Kyle Eggleston

She stood at five foot nine. Her hair was blonde. Green eyes finished off the look with a deadly smile.

Ruby red lips and a fire attitude, you didn't want to cross Susan on a good day, or a bad one for that matter.

To describe her in a word, one would use... assassin. It wasn't her preferred trade. In fact, she wanted to get out of the killing business one day eventually. But for now it seemed to work just fine.

Everyday was the same for her. Wake up. Survive long enough to get by. Go back to bed.