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Mrs. Rutan

Creative Writing

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They found his body just dangling from the rafters of the atrium; the gentle breeze created by the pitter pattering of onlooking pedestrians causing him to sway gently — melodically. The sight created a disturbingly zen-like calming effect on all who beheld it, so naturally he drew quite the crowd. Don't think for a second that this was a sad occasion however, many actually thought of it as some sort of cosmic justice — karma almost. No one mourned him and no one would miss him. He knew this. Nevertheless in his final fleeting moments of human consciousness he could say, for the first time in his life, that he was truly happy.

Believe it or not, before this all started if you were to have a premonition about it and went around accusing John Smith of being a “bad guy” or “homicidal” or a “bloodthirsty psychopathic killer” you would have been met with confused stares and concrete denials, you might even have earned yourself a week or so in the psych ward; weeks later they would've been proven wrong, of course, by the numerous newspaper articles and headlines and then you could bask in the sunlight frolics gloriously through the beautiful fields of corpses taking in the mouthwatering smell of decay and celebrating how right you were — well good for you, you empathetic asshole. There were no premonitions though, there were no accusations from deranged strangers, and even if there had been it wouldn't've mattered, they wouldn't've prepared nearly adequately enough for the onslaught that was to come...

As the news met my ears the world started to fade out around me, darken. One single thought could be heard above the sound of rushing blood, a nagging, screaming voice commanding over, and over, and over... **kill her!**

“Smith?” her voice emanated a kind of annoyance that, for some reason, you can only ever find in your superiors.

I found that I'd been fondling a letter opener. *Where the hell did I get a letter opener; who the hell uses a letter opener.* Subconsciously carving into the flesh of my hand “kill her”

“Smith?” *Shut up!* Again the urge, the uncontrollable urge, and the irresistible voice now pounding in my eardrums: **Kill Her!**

No longer in full control of my body. I stood and heard the unmistakable squelch of a poorly executed tracheotomy. Seeing the beautiful red substance splatter over my hands, feeling the slick texture and comforting warmth. It was sublime. Not one regret or second thought passed through my mind. In that moment I was hap—

“Smith!”

I was sitting. Supposedly i'd just been sitting there staring into space — I do that sometimes. *What?* The image, the memory, still vivid in my head. I struggled to regain myself, unable to comprehend what in hell had just happened. What the hell had I just done, or thought I did, or...

“Look, Smith, I know this is hard to hear but this company needs to make some cutbacks. You're a great worker and you'll be back at it in no time; believe me, if it were up to me you'd be here till the day you died, but you know these things come from up top, It's just not my call.”

Bullshit.

Not again.

What you “know” is that they give this bitch total control over all hiring and firing.

Get OUT of my HEAD!

What you “know” is that this TYRANT has wanted you gone since day one, and that this company and everybody in it would be better off with her head on a goddamn spike.

No!

“No, I understand.” That's what they want you to say in situations like these right? So I played my part of the deeply saddened colleague, cleaning out my desk and going home from that dreadful place for what I thought would be the last time. One final thought coursed through my mind, one that haunted me for the rest of that day: *I should've done it.*

Pushing the knife into the gullet of my infant son wasn't what i'd call easy, not for the reason you might think, but because of the uncanny resistance that the body gave, the unnaturally tenseness, not anything like his mother but still more than I had expected; killing the woman I loved on the other hand was much harder. She struggled the minute the tip of the blade dug into her skin, flailing her limbs and screaming for help — the bitch had the most hideous look of betrayal on her face, like this was somehow my fault. The look on her face remained in my mind the whole time, annoying me as I piled their bodies out back and soaked them in gasoline. Sparks erupted, meeting lighter fluid and creating a small flame that licked the tip of my cigarette. Smoke and nicotine filled my lungs as I tossed the lighter into the mixture of blood and gasoline and watched as the flames engulfed their glistening corpses.

Cold sweat, panic, and fear raced through my body as I darted up from what was now a bare mattress on my side of the bed, the comfort of the sheets had long since past — i'd gotten into the habit of kicking them off in my sleep during my nightmares.

“Honey?”

I didn't deserve that pet name; honey was sweet, innocent, pure, honey was the sound of her voice or the colour of her hair, honey was the coo of our son. Honey doesn't have these thoughts, honey didn't have these dreams or fantasies, I am not honey.

“I just... I... It was just a nightmare, don't worry about it.”

But it felt so real.

“Are you okay?” She murmured. The tired sound of her voice after waking up was heaven, like if a sound could be airbrushed in pastels. How could I ever bring myself to kill that.

“Was it the car crash again?”

This stopped me dead, I weakly nodded but I hated lying to her.

When I was a little'un I was in an accident that took the lives of both of my parents; when my nightmares started getting bad, I told her that it was the same dream over and over again — the traumatizing memory of that night.

“I'm fine.”

Another lie, great, i'm on a roll today and it's not even noon.

I could find peace at church, but I was starting to think that God couldn't save me. Something that I had always loved was now torcher, too peaceful, too docile, I couldn't stand the tranquility anymore. When everything around me was at it's quietest, that's when the voice spoke the loudest; not only when I was stressed or unhappy, but in those rare moments when I got the faintest idea that everything would be okay. It was in these moments that all hell would break loose.

Sitting among the sea of identical benches speckled here and there by the faithful, I heard it; among the praying and whispering that filled the atmosphere of the wooden building there was the gradually growing angry ranting of the crystal clear voice that had always penetrated the depths of my mind, a manic mimicking of my own. The more I listened to it the more it started to sound plausible, rationale, the harder it got to differentiate my own thoughts and ideas from it's, the more I started to realize that this voice wasn't some outside influence, it wasn't someone else trying to convince me to kill them — it was me trying to convince myself. This scared the living shit out of me.

It was getting hard to ignore, the voice, it became more frequent and the nightmares more common, but then the blackouts started. At first it seemed to just be seconds of lost time, but as they started occurring more regularly they would last for minutes, hours. It seemed as if the more blackouts that I experienced the less frequent the nightmares became, and the less I would hear the voice. I didn't care to know why as long as my family was safe — it didn't seem right though. Maybe I would've cared had I known sooner what I was doing during these unconscious intervals.

Darkness

What the hell.

Realizing that I had had them shut I opened my eyes to see — you guessed it — only more darkness

Shit.

I bolted up. I had been sitting in what I guessed was a lawn chair, the only light in the room was coming from the faint glow of what I could only assume from the intoxicating aroma was a cigarette in my hand. It wasn't much light, but it was enough to identify the slick sticky fluid covering my hands and arms — that up until this point I had thought, or hoped at least, to be beer or piss. It was blood.

Stumbling forward in an attempt to find a light switch I managed to fall straight on my face, bashing my nose on the ground.