

Pig  
By Brett

He looked down at the ever-expanding pool of blood. It crept slowly towards the walls like a living entity, escaping its human prison. He marvelled at how the red took on a thousand shades in the cool moonlight. How it moved, flowed, danced, across the floor.

Suddenly the sound of a car door closing ripped him from his moment. His heart sat, momentarily forgetting to beat, as if it had been frozen in time. He crept towards the bedroom window and peered out. A police cruiser was pulled up close to the curb. One officer still sat, drinking coffee, reading a piece of paper, in the passenger side of the police car. But it was his partner, a portly, greying slob of a man. Who he watched with growing anxiety.

Someone must have heard, he thought to himself as he peered carefully through the drapes, they must have called the police. Dam!! He yelled at himself in his head. You usually so careful!!

He watched anxiously as the officer walked up the walkway to the front door. He held his breath as the police man raised his flashlight and knocked on the door. Of course, no one answered. The two occupants of the cape cod style home would never again answer their front door. Nor would they answer anyone, for that matter.

He looked down at the body parts as they lie, still bleeding out the last of their precious life's fluid all over the master suite. He hadn't expected the husband to be home. The wife, the bitch, the cuntly old hag, had had it coming for weeks now. She had been giving him grief for months, nagging, picking, pissing him off. But it was almost three weeks ago now that she had crossed the line. And he almost lost his job because of it.

Now she was dead. And all he could think was how damn inconvenient it was. He looked around the room for an idea, any idea. The husband's housecoat hung, like an executed prisoner, in the corner of the room, dangling from an antique coat rack. It was just like the one in the doctor's office. His mind went back to that afternoon. To the over-the-counter high, to the bizarre things he had done that day.

Another knock from the police officer snapped him back to reality. He grabbed the bathrobe off the hook and quickly removed his clothes, his gloves, the earplugs, his bone saw and finally his boots. He threw on the bath coat and slipped the husband's slippers off his feet and on to his own. He took a deep breath and walked down the stairs.

He approached the door cautiously, took one more deep breath, grasped the handle and turned.

"Is there something wrong officer?" He asked, pretending to wipe sleep out of his eyes. "What time is it?"

"Sorry to disturb you this late sir. It's almost two in the morning. But we received a complaint of a woman screaming. Is everything alright sir?" The portly officer asked, peering over his shoulder, trying to get a glimpse of the interior.

"Oh everything is fine officer." He answered, picturing the two corpses upstairs. Each laid out arm by arm, leg by leg, torso by head in a neat line, their eyes snug inside a silver capped bottle on their night table. "That was my girlfriend. You actually just missed her, she has to be in to work early tomorrow. You see officer, we were, I don't know quite how to say it sir. We were involved in a ... well frankly sir ...we were having sex. And I'm afraid I may have been a bit rough. Someone must have heard us and mistaken the sounds for something else."

"Oh." Blushed the portly police man. "I understand sir. These things happen. More than you'd think. As long as things are fine I supposed we'll be writing this off as a false alarm. Our apologies sir. Have a good night." He stepped down the walk. As he did he turned and smiled. "Just a thought sir. But you may want to gag her in the future. Save us a trip."