

Tale IV
by brett

"I don't usually do this you know." He said to the quivering sac in the back seat. "Normally you'd be dead by now and I'd be on my way home."

He had never spoken to one of them before. Not even to the ebony-eyed stripper. He'd just flashed her the hundred dollar bill and she had led him in the back room. Her personal morgue. She hadn't even made a sound when he nearly decapitated her and dug her eyeballs out. It was so quiet, which was strange, because they had been in the middle of a rip joint and the music had been deafening a moment before.

He stared at the sac in the rear-view mirror. It twitched and moved with the struggling of the creature inside. The 78' Cadillac, guzzled gas, sucked down oil and had the worst suspension in the history of all cars he'd ever owned. Every little dip in the pavement sent his sac-encompassed prize a few inches into the air and crashing down on the tattered seats.

"I don't quite know what to say. Hi how are you? Seems so very inappropriate right now. I'm not going to introduce myself. I don't quite see the point. And it's not like I'm going to fuck you or anything. So I don't see why I should tell you my name. You know what I'm here to do. That seems to substantiate my existence enough at the moment." He chattered on as he ate a half stale oh Henry bar. "It's going to be a few minutes till we get to my house so we may as well have a pleasant conversation until then."

He tossed the wrapper out the car window and laboriously rolled it up. "How about I tell you what I'm going to do to you when we get to my house?" he asked to the bound, gagged and sacked figure. "No I'll save that for a surprise. I know! I'll tell you why I picked you!... It happened yesterday. When you were at work. All I wanted was to re-new my plates. That's all. But you were such a snotty little bitch to me."

He reached into his pocket and produced a cigarette. "You looked through me," he said as he lit it, "You were like the rest of them, you looked at me with disassociative eyes, like I wasn't even a person. Just one more inconvenient piece of filth you had to deal with on the way to your pay check. So I decided I'd add those pretty golden eyes to my collection." He smiled at the sac, as it began to squirm and twist on the seat.

He pulled down his street. "I don't really think I want to talk to you anymore. And anyhow, we're almost home." He said as he turned down the 200 foot dirt path that led to his house. He got out of the car and opened the garage door. He walked back, got in and pulled the lumbering vehicle into the privacy of the dank garage. As he got out and closed the garage door he noticed, through the rear side window, that his prize had urinated on his seat. "Fucking Bitch!!" he swore. Good thing the seats are leather, he thought.

He grabbed the writhing, piss-soaked sac out of the back seat and threw it over his shoulder. "You little bitch, I was going to kill you first but your ass is staying awake for this." He carried her to the room he had prepared, through the kitchen, down the hall, into the basement. He switched on the light and threw the sac onto his newly-procured autopsy table. He smiled, revisiting New York had been such a good idea. The old psychiatric hospital had been in exactly the same state, forgotten, and open for pilfering.

He opened the bag and unwrapped his present. The woman stared up at him, her eyes in a state of terror beyond that of madness. She looked into the face of death. "Now you see me don't you? You fucking cow?!!" he screamed at her. He took a moment to calm himself. He decided then and there not to ever, ever speak to one of them again. He wouldn't even tell her she'd soon be laid out arm by arm, leg by leg, torso by head, lying on the side of the parkway, with her eyes in a silver-caped jar.

After tying her down and removing her shirt he carefully began to slice her open, starting at her navel all the way to her breast bone. She screamed from behind the duct tape for a few moments but soon fell silent as she began to bleed to death. "Oh by the way," he giggled in her ear as she died, already breaking his promise to himself, "Susie at the next window was kind enough to help me out with my plates. We struck up quite a rapport. She's coming over for dinner tonight. Guess what we're having?"