

Tale III
by brett

They were itchier than the bloody foam ones!! He thought to himself in the pitch black of the storage closet. His new custom fit earplugs had come in. They were a bit of a disappointment. He even pondered going back to the foam disposable ones, but he spent too much on the custom ones, so he'd learn to live with it. He kept dwelling on the uncomfortable fact until a shadow passed by the door, and the room went dark.

He gave his pockets the now ritual once over. His hand crept to his boot. It was always there, to comfort him. His tool, his knightly sword, his weapon on his quest for the mighty orbs. Still, he thought, I'll have to make a better harness for it, tucking it in my boot will not suffice.

He slowly and quietly opened the closet door and slipped out. He could see the stream of light from the adjacent room as it melted into the darkness through the small crack at the bottom of the office door. He could hear the midnight clatter of frantic typing from the occupant.

He took out his new toy. The shiny blade of his new acquisition glinted in the dim light. A full six inches of razor-sharp, killing glory. The grooved handle felt so right in his hand. Can't beat a bowie, he thought to himself.

He remembered from when he had snuck in that the desk was to the left of the door. The door would open from the left so he could spring right out at her. That and she would have her back to him. That was going to make things so much easier. His plan cemented in his mind, he reached out for the door handle.

Like those who came before her, she never saw it coming. In one fluid movement, at which he later marvelled, he opened the door, sprang upon his unknowing victim from behind and slit her throat, cleanly, from left to right. The irritating typing ceased, replaced with the sound of arterial spray hitting paper. It reminded him of the sound of rain on a tent. It soothed him and flooded his mind with images of childhood camping trips.

Slowly coming back to the present he noted that the less he sliced the throat the more they seemed to bleed, and the longer the light seemed to flicker' in their eyes. This bothered him. Next time he would make sure to decapitate his pick in one blow like the ebony beauty he found last week. She had hardly bled at all. She simply leaked a bit on the floor. The actress was messy too. He made the mistake of stabbing her in the throat, which had made a terrible mess, and that was before he ruined the left orb.

He had perfected his 'removal technique' on the ebony eyed stripper. Well, on her head. The rest he had left behind. He had attempted to dissect her but he had punctured her liver, and black blood had leaked all over the organs, making a proper observation of her insides too messy. He thought about dissecting the fiery red head, who's now completely dead eyes stared off sideways from her desk where she fell. But thought better of it. No time.

Using his new 'technique' he quickly removed first the left then the right, now empty, ice blue eyes. He trimmed the excess optic nerve and after cleaning both, dropped them neatly into a small sliver-caped bottle. He had done the 'retrieval' in this manner, with the head still attached as it was very difficult, he had discovered, to hold a decapitated head still, while trying to remove the eyes without damaging them.

His hand crept down his left leg, to the bone saw tucked in his boot. It was the kind you'd find in a 1800's amputation kit. Solid steel, about eight inches long, two inches deep with a surgically serrated edge. Oh how he loved that bone saw. He had found it while sneaking around an abandoned psychiatric hospital. Good old New York, he thought to himself, I must go back one day. He quickly dispatched her limbs from her torso.

As he was about finish and lie her out in a line, arm by arm, leg by leg, torso by head. The phone began to ring. At first he thought not to answer it, but instead popped out his right earplug and picked up the receiver. "Baker & Burke." He said, holding the head in his left hand by the hair, as it dripped on the carpet by his feet and the receiver in his right. "How can I direct you?...No, sorry she's unavailable right now, she's on a bit of a deadline. ... Oh indeed" he tried not to snicker as he hung up the phone, "Deadlines can be murder."