

Nothing Left to Kill, but...

by

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Killing has always been easy for me. Not that I'm good at it, enjoy it, or do it with any great degree of efficiency or finesse, but rather that I seem to get away with it.

The first time I remember killing anyone was in second grade. I just took a pencil and jabbed it straight into Johnnie Slaltsburg's throat. You'd think something would've happened, like I would have gotten arrested, sent to juve, or at least had to talk to a shrink, but no. One quick little five minute conversation with the teacher in the hall and it was over and done with. All she said was, "That's bad. It's not nice. Tell the class you're sorry that they won't be able to play with Johnnie anymore. And," most importantly, "don't do it again."

If she was happy to drop it, so was I, but the other kids wouldn't. They'd taunt me with words like murderer, psycho, and killer. Needless to say, there were quite a few "accidents" on the playground at school over the next few years.

By the time I was a senior in high school, I'd gotten quite the reputation. I remember my guidance councilor advising me not to use my ability like a crutch. I mean, like that's the type of thing you say to a kid. A kid is good at sports, looks good, gets a lot of dates, or has killed a few dozen classmates and they label him. They say don't use your talent as a crutch. I wonder how many of the kids pulling straight A's in math and science ever heard that from a guidance councilor. "Now, you're smart Billy... but don't go using your math abilities as a crutch. There's more to life than homework, complex polynomials, and after school extracurricular

activities you know. Maybe break out of your mold and vandalize something this weekend... before it's too late." I would have killed the councilor on the spot, but she had used the foresight to call me on the phone while on vacation and since I'd never had any living enemies before, I'd never learned to hold a grudge. By the time she'd returned to work, I'd forgotten all about her poor choice of words.

After I graduated, I would have been happy to stay in my small town, but no one would give me a job and the police started hassling me. If they found me standing next to a dead body with a knife sticking out of its chest, they'd accuse me of littering. If I shot a waitress for refusing to serve me in a restaurant, they'd give me a ticket for hunting within the city limits. I started getting tickets for jay walking, loitering, and when I killed a cop at the scene of "the crime" for being a closed minded jerk, they filed obstruction of justice charges. I was acquitted on account of the county running out of judges... and people willing to serve on the jury... but I could see the writing on the wall. It was time to move on and explore the world.

I hit the big city... in a big way. I don't know why I just didn't join the army, secret service, or CIA. You would think one of those organizations would know how to utilize my skills, but I never thought of it, and they never asked. I also like to think I could have made it big in the underworld as a hit man or mob boss, but, believe it or not, the thought didn't appeal to me. Instead I started being the voice of the people, the white knight with a bloody knife that rights the wrongs of the little people... or at least kills the big people. I raided corporate board meetings. Killed dirty cops in their sleep. And, shot down every lawyer or elected official I could find.

It wasn't bad. It was a good life for a while. I'd go into a lawyers house, bludgeon him to death with whatever was handy, and just enjoy his home for a while. It's amazing how open minded some of those trophy wives are, and the kids... some of

them didn't even realize I wasn't their father. They hadn't seen the real one in so long.

Like I said, it was good for a while. Kill some jerk off, live in his house for a while, maybe sleep with his wife, and then move on, but I made the mistake of starting to avail myself to whatever free cash my victims had lying around. I guess you'd say I started getting sloppy. There was a trail of bodies that all led to me and I was living high on the hog on stolen credit cards and petty cash. The IRS moved in. They started talking about filing charges for tax evasion. I knew I needed to get away.

I decided to take a vacation... somewhere remote and far away from it all. With his dying breath a travel agent recommended Bali H'ama, a small island off the beaten track. He seemed to be sincere, most dying folks are, so I booked the flight. It was a travesty. Before the plane even landed I had killed half the crew and a third of the passengers. The foolish customs agent didn't last long, nor did the cabby, bell hop, or the loud group of frat boys in the hotel lobby. I was tired and cranky. I just wanted to sleep, but the next day and the entire next week was no better.

I got really upset when the local Madame said my money was no good. "No blood money. NO! My girls not for you."

Have I mentioned how I have low impulse control and anger management issues? The next few days were a blur. I remember a general sense of panic... rioting, looting, the burning buildings... and what can only be described as a wholesale exodus from the island as the locals sought to escape a "madman" who was killing everyone in sight.

A few days or weeks later I woke up with a massive hangover in one of the many bars that dot the beach. No one was around. I looked around the entire island. Nobody. I set up camp in one of the surviving hotels for a while, but eventually I moved to a grass shack by the beach, which is where I live today, sipping Mai Tai's and reading the trash paperbacks that the tourists left behind in their desperate flight to safety.

Every once in awhile a recon plane flies over the island. I wave, and after they've circled a few times, they fly off not to be seen again for another week or two. Someday, I'm going to see if I can get that anti-aircraft gun they have at the museum working again... or fuel up one of the boats in the harbor and set sail for sights unknown... but for now I'm enjoying my vacation, my semi retirement as it were. I know I'll get restless in a year or two, but for now I'm enjoying life... in my own private tropical paradise... lazing on the beach and happily killing time.