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UM!
YO-HOO!
WARNING!
WARNING!
WARNING!
THIS STORY IS GRISLY.
IT REALLY IS.
SO IF YOU'RE NOT INTO BLOOD AND GUTS,
SENSELESS MURDER
AND SEX WITH HEADLESS CORPSES,
DON'T READ IT.

I'M NOT KIDDING.
THIS ONE ISN'T FUNNY.
EDDIE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN IN A GOOD MOOD
WHEN HE WROTE IT.
FOLKS DIE.
YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!

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*And that's where the rest of Eddie Takosori's works may be
found*

It's fiction, yada-yada, any resemblance is coincidental

See ya in the funny papers?

Nah.

I'll be on the front page.

Victoria

(Victoria I)

by

Eddie Takosori

I... Eddie Takosori... the Eddie Takosori... perhaps you remember my name. Mass murderer of some renown in the late 80's. Sentenced to 23 consecutive life sentences, one for each of my victims, and then released from jail inexplicitly on my 53rd birthday, because what do you know, 40 years is equivalent to life in the grand ole state of Cal-E-4-9-A.

In 40 years you learn a lot about yourself... and the world around you. Say for instance, did you know that in San Quentin, where I spent most of my time, you can take classes and earn a college degree when you are not otherwise engaged in the mentally stimulating pursuits of stamping licensing plates, murdering your bunkmate by spiking his toothpaste with heavy metals, planning the next riot, or plotting your escape over the prison wall...

But, this isn't a story about time in that particular big house... and in fact the only reason I mention it, is because as I flick matches into the pool and set paper airplanes on fire before I sail them back into the house, I am reminded of what I learned whilst earning my Masters in Abnormal Psychology... Us psychopaths are attracted to fire.

I should define that term, Psychopath, so we don't get into the unpleasant situation where you start to think that you know more than I do, and I start to think about ways to kill you. A psychopath is merely a clinical name given for someone who

doesn't feel empathy for other people. Say for instance the girl floating face down in the water. Young, innocent, this wasn't her fault, but she is dead and all I can think about is what a hassle dragging her body out of the pool is going to be.

Or the severed head of Victoria that I have placed on top of the writing desk to give me inspiration... as I enjoy the tropical air and the dazzling ocean front view. Anyhow, Victoria... I find it darn near impossible to feel the slightest glimmer of sorrow for her... at her passing, or her precious life cut short. Instead, I am focusing on what a deceitful little bitch she turned out to be and how much unlike her mother, her daughter was. I think the little cunt's name was Sandy... but between her screaming hysterics and comical theatrics, I might have jumbled it up and remembered her name incorrectly.

Really though, the thing to do is go way back and start at the beginning.

Victoria was, or is it is... I guess not having a body any longer the correct syntax is was... Anyway, Victoria was six years younger than me. That means when me and her brother Mark were 13 she was as cute as a button at 7... and don't think she was innocent. Let's just say two out of three ain't bad.

Could I take you back there? Let you experience the moment?

Probably not. Mark and Victoria's parents were never home. Me and Mark would get high... blasted really... at 13 I can't remember anything we hadn't tried... OK. Heroin, we hadn't done that yet, but if it was smokeable, snortable, or drinkable, we'd done it. LSD, MDMA, which I guess they are calling Xtacy these days, weed, booze, hash, and pills. My god, those were the days of pills, blue and clears, black beauties, and little white crosses. I sometimes think I decided what to take based on what color I felt like... but more to the truth it was what was available. If we had it, we did it... did I mention how much time Victoria spent with the two of us, her loving older brother and his mentally unstable

friend... Well, she was around, so we did her as well. That's where the two out of three comes in... and she couldn't wait for the day when she could complete the package.

Anyway, it was just the three of us... or the two of us depending on who was around... and it was a time of young love and innocence, but we could see the writing on the wall. The toads, the parents, they'd give Mark grief whenever they were home, so it wasn't long before he got the idea into his head that offing his parents for an early inheritance wouldn't be such a bad thing... only in the end Mark was a bit of a whimp... and an idiot.

He needed a hatchet man, and one night... I took the liberty of making manifest his darkest dreams. Mommy and daddy sound asleep in separate rooms and separate beds... Daddy never woke up. Word to the wise, use the blunt end, the blade will just get stuck... and mommy? Mommy got tied to the bed and we fucked her six ways till Sunday... her precious little Marky and me. It was so much fun, we even decided to let her live a while longer so we could do her again.

Personally, I don't see the need to go into how we explored the expansive possibilities of her orifices with various household items or the fact that blood makes a mighty fine lubricant... at first anyway until it starts to scab over... but like I said, I don't see the need... What I will do is point out that by we I no longer mean Marky and me.

Ya see, after we got done brutalizing his mother... and I think brutalizing is the best word for it... we went back downstairs and had a drink and a fistful of pills to celebrate. I guess the excitement was too much for dear sweet Marky and he just plum passed out. I admit to producing the blade and holding her hand steady, but it was Victoria that slit his throat and it was Victoria, as well, who slit her mother's throat sending her body into a series of long, jerky death spasms.

Later on the stand, she would say that it was all my idea. In my mind, it has all sort of merged together and I can see her crying

on the stand... and crying over her brother's dead body... tears filling her eyes, snot running down her nose...

“You're going to kill me too... Aren't you?”

And then, “Is there anything I can do to change your mind?”

I guess indeed there was. To assist me on a two week, 20 person killing spree, during which she sliced quite a few more necks... I guess what I'm saying is once you try those death throes of passion, you never go back to vanilla flavored S&M ever again.

Eventually they caught up with us, as I guess they always do. I went to jail, and I never once let on that it was all Victoria's idea... How she had lured Mark down that particular path of thinking... and how at seven she had played me for the chump...

Victoria visited me a few times in jail... and even wrote the letters she had told me she would need to in order to cover her part in it all so she'd still get the inheritance. The letters said what you might expect. How her therapist told her she needed to forgive me... and then a few years later how she just wanted to put it all behind her and forget it all. Once she graduated from college and got control of the money I never heard from her again. Not so much as a Christmas, birthday, or Happy I Slaughtered Your Parents So You'd Get An Early Inheritance Day card. But, believe it or not, I was OK with it all... I knew the plan... though, to be sure, originally I had expected to get out of jail at 18... but I can be philosophical about it all. I guess things change.

Anyway, 40 years later, I finally got out of prison and was finally a free man again. Now, I'm no idiot. I know they follow you around and try to keep tabs on you when you first get out of jail. It irks some folks when they do the math and realize that a human life can be had for a little under 21 months... if you buy in bulk and do your killing in a ferocious spree. The point is, I knew they were just looking for anything to put me back in the joint, so I laid low and washed dishes. I wasn't on parole or anything. I'd done my time, paid my debt. I was free and clear, so I kept my nose spotlessly clean, traveled a little, saved some money, and then on a lark bought a ticket for Hawaii... It's just a coincidence that I

ended up on the island where Victoria had moved to... and I suppose it was also just a coincidence that I took a cab from the airport straight to her house... But really, it's more accurate to call a place like this a mansion. I guess her parents really were loaded.

So anyhow, there I am, about to be reunited after 40 years with my childhood sweetheart... You know, the girl I'd kill for... standing on the front steps, acting a little nervous, making sure my fly was zipped up so I didn't look like an idiot...

Anyhow, I know, in the end, I'm pretty cold... not exactly in touch with my feelings and all... but when Victoria first saw me in the doorway and the recognition of who I was slowly washed across her face... And well, when she tried to slam the door in my face, I must admit I was more than a little hurt... and I must have raised my voice as I grabbed hold of the bitch and forced my way into what by all rights should have been our home...

That's when this fat fuck, who I assume was her husband came at me all yelling and screaming, so I shot him dead. This conversation didn't concern him. "The plan's going right on schedule," I reminded Victoria with a smile... and that's when I think she just lost it.

We need not go into the details of me pistol whipping Victoria... or the little girl... I was impressed with Victoria's calmness, her acceptance of the situation... but the girl... I cannot abide by screaming. She did not last long. Though if time flies when you're having fun, and if by extrapolation the opposite is true... why then, if that's the case, little Sandy lived a lifetime in the next half hour and Victoria must have lived to the ripe old age of 142 later that evening.

I do have one last memory of her I'd like to share. It's a moment dear to my heart... reminiscent of her moment on the stand when she sent me away for what should have been life... A bloody faced, bloody nosed, heavily bruised, finding it hard to breath, and missing more than a few body parts... fingernails, earlobes, and nipples... Anyway, it is this moment that I like to remember of Victoria when she looks up at me and pleads...

“You’re... You’re going to kill me,” and then I guess the years turned slower for her because it took a little prodding with the steak knife in my hand before she remembered the next line. “Is... Is there... anything I can do... to change your mind?”

“No Victoria...” the plan was that you were going to be happy to see me... overjoyed, elated, not terrified and aghast. It was as if you forgot all about our little plan.

Anyhow, so here I sit drinking an old moldy bottle of wine. It tastes like shit. I can only hope it’s the most expensive bottle in the house. I’d like to sit here and enjoy the sunset again, but as I was writing the neighbors called and left a message on the machine... Apparently Sandy wasn’t Victoria’s kid after all. Whoops. My bad. All the same, Margaret and Frank... I think it was... Anyway, whoever they are, they said they’d be by in a while to collect Sandy. Good choice of words for a stiff if you ask me... I’m thinking they’re not going to last long...

But, who knows? If Marge is a looker, she might have fifty or sixty years left in her... and if not... Well, it looks like an upscale neighborhood, what with the three car garages, ocean views, and infinity pools... I guess what I’m saying is if Marge doesn’t work out, there’s always the neighbors and one of them is bound to be a cold hearted trophy wife who is willing to do anything to save her own hide... and if that anything includes killing her husband for an early widowhood... Well... I guess what I am saying is, that’s exactly what it means.

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