

The goddam pooch just tore his face off. Nothing there and so began the ultimate reconstruction. Just starting from scratch. To make the face right. And the transformation of personality that went along with the shift.

–We’ll make you irresistible. Everyone will just have to look. Maybe turn your head and see what is so wonderful.

Very time he hears the bark he jumps out of his skin, the skin patched together and restored to new.

–I am your dog.

Ruff, Ruff!

–Do what I say, not just what I scream about.

–I like the sweet dog.

–It ain’t sweet. It can kill you.

The foundation decided to raise money to give him a new face. What they gave him was just ugly. No nose, no eyes, just some holes and a covering.

–That’s not true. They turned him into a dog.

–He looks just like he did. The work was excellent. It was just psychological damage.

–They turned him into a dog.

–He has been a little more aggressive. Just a defensive mechanism.

–Are you OK

–They laughed at me and made me feel bad.

–don’t feel bad.

–I just do. I feel like I’m becoming another species. I get these feelings that I can’t control. I wish that I could talk to someone.

In the hollow of the night I hear angry dogs barking. All night long. As i in reply to my insomnia. They aggravate that feeling. I can’t get to sleep until sunrise.

It is like a shark in the water twirling ‘round and ‘round

They use these voodoo rays on us to alter our behavior. To cause us to have diseases. To make our teeth fall out.

–Were you following me?

–I wasn’t following you.

–What were you doing?

–OK, I was following you.

–I’m going to call the police.

–I know people who look like you.

–I’m still calling the police. They’re coming.

–I don’t want to hurt you.

–Get the fuck out of here.

–I’ll be your dog friend for the day.

–What happens after the day?

–That’s a secret.

–Give me a hint.

–I can't.

I'm wrestling with the goddam pooch. It's just not stopping. Like the damn things is gnawing at my leg.

–It's not going to stop until it chew you up.

–That's how the damn things grow in the wild. They need to fend for themselves. You know how strong their damn jaw are.

–I just want to kill the damn thing.

I was lucky. I think about the monster all that night. I can't get to sleep. It's not around, but I want to find the it and murder it. I can even hear the barking although it's nowhere to be found.

I come up on this car and they're fucking in the car.

–Don't I know you?

–What the fuck?

–Is this for my benefit?

–What are you talking about?

–You bitch. I thought that you weren't going to do anything like this again.

–It's not like we're having sex.

–You've got your hand down her pants.

–We weren't doing anything.

–Why are you talking to him. It's not like we know him.

–Do you like to watch people have sex?

–People are trying to sleep.

–We're in a goddam car and no one is around here.

–Shut the fuck up! You're bugging me. The dog is barking.

–That's nonsense.

–Shut up, you fucker.

–I'm not going to take that from you.

He's crazy. Rabid like the dog. I've got to take him down before he has a chance to lunge at me. I fire three shots. ALL DEAD! That includes the pet, the sweet pet.

I'm trying to sleep. It's about to rain. A warm summer rain. All that I can hear is the dogs. The whelping.

Shut the damn things up. I want to shoot the dog between the eyes. Make it bleed just form me.

I get it. I bring it down as it lunges for me. BOOM!

It's too hot in the apartment. I need an air conditioner. I pass two people fucking in a car. I look in.

–It's me!

I walk on. I want to become involved. Tell her that it is dangerous around here.

–Miss, Miss.

–What do you want?

–The dogs are trying to kill you.

–I don't see a dog.

-Do you like to make love in a car.
-Is this an offer?
-What if it is?
-Do you have money.
-I could take you to dinner.
-Let me give you a blow job for ten bucks.
-I don't have it.
-Let me see your big dog. You're spurting. Try to control it. That's good. Now let me take it inside my mouth.
-This is sort of gross.
-It reminds me of feeling it inside me.
-Can I mount you?
-That will be extra. Next time.
-I can't hold it.
-Just don't come all over my face.
-Do you own a dog?
-What if I do? He's back at my place. I don't do business at home.
-We could become friends.
-I'm not going to swallow.
-Are you married?
-I was. Quiet down. You're seeming too jumpy. Let me just finish this up.
-I think that I'm going to come.
-Let me take off my panties, and I can fit you inside.
-I thought that you weren't going to let me.
-It'll only be five bucks extra.
-You're some kind of bitch. I gave you nine bucks for the blow job. I'm ready to come.
-Just put it inside me. But be quick. Some other guy is giving me the look.
-He's just a psycho. He doesn't want sex. He just likes to watch. That's how he gets off.
-Is that how you are?
-Really, Mam, you don't want to find out. I'm being good today.
-What are you saying?
-That I could really fuck you up.
-Is that what you're saying. Because you don't fuck to good.
I push a little harder.
-Is that all that you can do?
-I could have creamed all over you face.
-Is that how you show that you care. You are a pig.
-I do what has to get done. Like keeping together the world order.
-You really are nuts. You're all done. Clean up and get out of here. I've got to wash myself.
-Where are you going to do that/
-In the gas station.
-You're still a pig.
-You felt good. Maybe we could try this again. I'll give it all for fifteen.

-I don't know.
-Honey, I'm clean.
-Next time.
She smiles a crooked one.
-Get out of my neighborhood whore.
I follow a couple to their car. It is an incredibly hot night.
-You fucking whore.
-I'm not like that.
-You both are. I like the way that you look.
-Get out of here, prick.
-Fuck that. I don't have to take that shit.
-Weakling, what are you going to do.
-I'm going to shoot you both. Then I'll fuck you up the ass.
-Get out of here, creep.
-He is weird.
-What did you say, bitch?
-Nothing that you haven't heard before. You're mother probably said worse.
-Are you insulting my mother?
-Get the fuck out of here.

I skin the damn thing and make it part of me. It is a painstaking process. That this was someone's pet. They cared for it. And it became something else. It took the feeling and ran wild. Became a monster. I know what this is all about. It's because of the face, the mask.

--Look at that guy. He has a monster face.
--It's a dog face.
--He's wearing a dog mask.
--It's not a mask. It's my face. I was mauled by a dog, and they reconstructed it.
--Really! Looks like a dog to me.
--What kind of picture did they use to make it normal.
--Looks pretty freaky to me.
--Do you feel like barking?
--When you see the moon, do you howl.
--Howl!
--Ruff, ruff.

The process is slow and time consuming. Each pull is met with the chance of tearing. I want it perfect.

--Do you live in a dog house?

They can't piss me off. Something in their insecurities is making them like this. They don't understand my power.

--Does the dog have a bone?

--Do you bite.

--I'm going to pet the dog.

--Don't feel bad. We all know how you feel.

--Do you want some money?

They don't have a grasp of what is going on. I am surpassing their meager existence.

--Have you ever felt like wailing all night long?
If any of them fit the role, had that special look, then I might worry.
--None of you are right.
--What did you say.
The process is painstaking.
--Has this ever happened to you?
--Who are you talking to?
--Is your bark bigger than your bite?
--Can you quit the dog jokes.
--Look. He's crying.
--It's not cool to bully him.
--I'm just saying what I feel.
--It does hurt him.
--So what. He shouldn't be following us.
--Maybe he's hungry.
--Maybe, he's a real dog.
--Can you bark louder?
--Tell us what you want
--If I really told you, do you think that you would listen?

I CAN FEEL THE TRANSFORMATION ALREADY. MY CONFIDENCE IS
RETURNING. I IGNORE THEIR CATCALLS. IT IS NOT ABOUT ME. THEY AWAIT MY
TRUE BECOMING.

--There's that creep again.
-Let's run him down with a car.
-Run, dog, run.
-He looks really funny.
-Yeah, he does.
-Dog face.
-Come here and say that.
-Dog face, dog face, dog face.
-I'm going to show you what it is to be a dog.

The bites sting. Then the feelings of sharp pain that penetrate and travel all through my
body.

All this useless chatter around me. I try to close my ears. There is still too much sound.
Everything around me is making noise. Everything around me is speaking. It is all directing me
to act. I am spastic trying to imitate the variations, the bubbling all around me. It is a barking
that has become so loud and insistent. If I could just kill the dog and make it cease. This time it
is not just one dog, one noise, one disturbance. It is everywhere. The barking is everywhere and
in everything. It is grotesque.

A spirit that I love and to which I submit. I surrender to the imposition of night. I learn
to become part of the disturbance. I too can make noise. I too can bark. I don't like the
implications of my transformation. This is not what I expected. I thought that I could resist. But

now I am part of it. And so I see something that helps me make sense of it. It is my passion. It is me.

What is the night? It is the relentlessness of this summer. It is burning inside my head. The give and take of the crickets, the infernal birds, and those damn insects again. There can be no balance.

–He fucked me through a wall.

–What did you say?

–Was I talking to you?

–I heard what you said.

–Good. Think about it. What I have and you will never will. A good fuck. Now you feel it, funny man.

–Are you trying to insult me?

–Insult you. No, I'm showing you what is real. Wagging to in your face. A little tail, dog boy. What you want. What you hunt. And what you can't have.

–And it made you feel good.

–More than good. I got off. Multiple times. And what would you do with that helpless doggy dick of your. Poodle boy.

–It's not like that. Don't you feel that you're being degraded.

–What?

–You're just getting fucked.

–I let it happen. I liked it.

–But you're just letting it happen to you. You're barely part of it.

–I am what I have to be. Do you understand what this is all about?

–What is it all about.

–Can you feel it deep inside you? No, you can't. You're empty. But I am filled up.

–With cum and shit and all that. Stuffed into you.

–It's not like that.

–You were so fucked up, you don't know what hit you.

–But I know what came after, and I could live off that forever.

–It's not like that. He wants you dead.

–What?

–You're dead.

–What?

–Have you ever looked at yourself?

–What?

–Do you know who you look like?

–What are you talking about.

–Look at yourself in the mirror.

–I'm trying to make sense of what you're telling me.

–Your spirit is showing through.

–I don't see it.

–I do. And you're killing it. And you have only one way to live.

–And what is that?

–End the life of the parasite.

–What are you telling me?

–You have to kill that thing inside you.
–How do I do that?
–You have to get it sucked out.
–That sounds like nonsense.
–It’s a giant worm eating away from the inside.
–That sounds pleasant.
–You feel it. Feel the monster eating away at you.
–I don’t know what you are talking about.
–But you will. I can make you better.
–Go away. I’m not going to fuck you.
–But I’m going to fuck you.
–You’re a monster.
–I am who I am. What are you? You are decaying. You need to be saved. You need to sacrifice yourself. I recognize who you are. I am the only one who can really see.

The mission is built around the hatred that I have come to associate with my target. Sure this seems like a deviation. It takes away the connection from command and bases the execution of the order on my emotions. What better way to insure that the proper resolution will occur. What can I expect? The viler I can imagine the mark, the more that I can convince myself of the urgency of the take down. I accept the terms under which the mission is given. I hate you because you are human. The sole option left is transformation into this other being. That is why I have accepted the offer.

I am no longer human. I am no longer corrupt. Human kind is subject to the fall. I am not. I have surpassed my being. The calling had my name in it. I could hear behind these tones a deeper sympathy. I felt in my heart that this calling was for me alone because I was prepared for the resolution. I remade myself. I am attaining my perfection. Those around me do not hear the same calling. But they can be educated. That is my appointment. If you breathe, you pollute the air when you exhale. I can smell your pollution. It sickens me. Worse than smoke and exhaust fumes. It is the sign of decay. If in this decay, I can see glimpses of beauty so be it. I see the resemblance. Faces to faces. The excitement that they cause. I see how the passions have distracted us from our true course. I am here to right things. To redeem the beauty.

–How can a monster do that?

–I see. I am all eyes.

–You get bit and you hope to feel it.

–I did get bit, and now I do feel it. Something was released into the bloodstream that caused this transformation. I feel it. What is this that I have become. A dog. There is no doubt that the pain and fear have aided in the metamorphosis. And the change is not a complete change. The best of both species. But I am definitely a dog.

–Who are you?

–Who am I? I’m the only one who’ll talk to you and not turn you into the police, you fucking little monster.

–Monster?

–This freak shit talk about this dog merging with you.

–It’s true. I’m part dog.
–The species can’t cross mix.
–Nonsense. I copulated with a dog. It is the beginning of a new order, a new race.
Stronger. More resilient. More resistant to disease.
–The dog’s a male.
–You just don’t understand the will to genius. This is the only way to describe what’s going on.
–Describe it how. A bunch of mutts screaming in the street.
–You laugh now, but you will cringe in fear.
–The dog’s take over.
–Part-man, part-dog. Fierce.
–This is so silly.
–Don’t laugh. It’s not funny.
–I see the slobber dripping from your lips. Rabid.
–It’s not a disease. It’s sense of purpose. Wild purpose.
–You need to have a muzzle put on you.
–I’m not going to bite.
–I thought that you’re a dog.
–I am.
–Then you no longer have a will to resist your desires.
–I have a will to genius. You can tell that in my wail.
–What are you saying?
– That I only attack when I see an opening. When I am part of a greater revelation.
–You hear the call of the wild.
–It is not like that.
–Once you are taken by the feeling, you cannot resist that drive.
–**You have your way of doing things, and I have my way.**
–**Your way is stupid.**

We can get you an operation to make you look better
--What are you trying to tell me.
--If you don’t like what you have become, we can fix it.
--I never said it like that. We are all becoming something that we cannot see. There is a face that we are all assuming, and it will control our behavior. At least I am part of the process.
--This isn’t a process. It’s a deformation.
--It’s a mutation. A transformation.
--There is no pattern here. Just this ugly conclusion.
--But this is what I am. And I like it.
--But you have consequences. Something to fear.
--There is no perfection here.
--But there is deviance. And you are becoming that.
--I like what I am. And you need to realize what that is.
--Doesn’t it ever seem strange to wander the alleyways, wailing at the moon.
--It’s not like that.
--And you have this hunger that is never satisfied.

--We are all like this.

--Indeed we are.

Operation, would I consider an operation? Only to enhance my transformation. To make me a meaner dog. Maybe something to focus my jaw, to make the teeth more lethal. This is the one thing that makes me closest to my canine friends. I express my most profound emotions with the gritting of my teeth. A feeling that awaits real contact as my teeth bite down hard and deep.

I know that they look at me and laugh. Laugh because they do not appreciate how I know who I am. They wander about in their ignorance and confusion. Their being is confused. Mine is certain. I have tapped the roots of my being and can use this understanding in my every action. My jaw is the steel-trap that they fear. I await the moment where I can show them what I am made of.

I do not waver from my discovery. I am no longer afraid of my animal nature. I seek the open field. The empty street. I bound down the path with all my might. There is no longer any humiliation on my part. You cannot hurt me. I am the genius of our time.

So many remain troubled in their souls. They let their spirit rob them of their primal strength. They do not hear the calling that surrounds them. The signs are all their. What is outside can be inside. I can feel the invitation to the attack. We will all hunt together. Yield or be caught by our incredible power.

In my bite I can truly make contact with all that resists the spirit. All the muddle and waste that plagues these poor souls. I am the savior. Even when I meet them in attack, they sense my truth. As the teeth pierce the skin, they can feel me reach what is elemental in their being. They realize that it is too late. That they have been totally corrupted and they need to surrender to this outside force. I do not attack out of hatred. I act out of necessity. I follow the inevitable. It is a truth without any equal.

My will knows no contradiction. There is clarity in the relationship of hunter and prey. They are hunted. It gives them purpose. A wish to escape. A realization that their flight has no hope. They are mine. This is the only way that they can save themselves. To offer the body in true sacrifice.

--Why are you doing this to me?

--Why am I not doing this? Don't you wonder why you have attained that privilege. A wish that this could be your end. Love me for what I am doing for you.

--I value my life.

--Value eternity. Value a time away from misery and pain. The body aches because the spirit has not yielded. Let go. It is time to pass over to the other world. Know me now! I am the angel of death.

--You're a puny little monster. No angel.

--I seek vengeance because it is mine.

--Get away, mutt.

--You'll regret your resistance.

--You need to die.

--Need to? No. This is your end.

You can't operate this away. This is permanent. Who you were and what you have become. You feel the wind rush through you as you touch the end of your experience.

I put flowers every where downstairs. As if I'm going to have a reception.
-The flowers will eventually die without air.
-Without sunlight?
-No, without air.
-Suffocation?
-Can you be stopped.
-I'm not working for myself. I'm conducting a mission. It about correcting things.
-What?
-Cleaning up the problems.
-What are you talking about.
-The surplus.
-What surplus?
-The burden. Making things run better.
-What is going on downstairs.
-Let's have a peek.

I plan to have a visitor and I have to get the place ready. I have to make it immaculate. She will fall into the trap. It is set. And each stage in the event, she will be charmed by my hospitality. She will let down her guard. It will become harder and harder for her escape until the resolution is definitive. There will be no way out. This is what she deserves. What she wants deep in her soul. She has become possessed by these spirits.

-Are you afraid of being naked?
-No. Why.
-You're over there shivering.
-I guess that I'm cold. I thought of everything. But I didn't turn up the heat.
-Come on over here. I can warm you up.
-Really.
-No. I'm just messing with you.
-Are you?
-A little. You look a little weird. Is something wrong?
-No.
-I mean, is there something wrong with you.
-No. Why?
-You look a little funny. A little freaky. Not like everyone else.
-You have a wonderful look. You look just like her.
-Who?
-The girl who was here before.
-What girl?
-Just a dream.
-Are you telling me that I look like a dream. Is that a complement?
-No, I was just stating a fact.
-Do you have trouble talking to women?
-Sometimes.
-You can talk to me. Tell me what is bothering you.

–Nothing.
–No really. Tell me.
–I don't like this game. Are you making fun of me?
–I'm trying to be nice. Don't you know what that is?
–I'm not used to people being nice to me.
–You can try and let it happen. You could like it.
–Yes, I could. But I won't.
–Why?
–Because I don't like how you are making me feel.
–I'm trying to be your friend.
–She said that. Then she just got a little crazy. She hurt me.
–Hurt you how?
–She just hurt me. And I had to make it stop.
–You did what?
–I had to make it stop. Are you having trouble breathing.
–Don't know what it is. I'm feeling a little suffocated. Do you often have people over?
–This is not some game or other.
–I feel funny. Did you put something in my drink.
–I thought that you said that you were being suffocated.
–I'm trying to catch my breath.
–You know about this poison that you can put in someone's drink and it stops their breathing. There's no trace.
–What the fuck are you talking about?
–It's just a joke.
–I don't like jokes like that.
–But you did say that you were short of breath. I'm just trying to figure out why.
–I just said that I felt funny.
–That maybe someone put something in your drink.
–I didn't say that. You did. But since you seem to know so much about that sort of thing.
–You said that you want to be my friend.
–You told me that you have difficulty making friends.
–I just had a problem the other night. You didn't do what I told you to, and I had to help you out.
–I wasn't here. I've never been here.
–But you're here now.
–I now.
–And you're starting to wear on me. You really are annoying.
–I'm your friend.
–And the other night you pissed me off. I had to take care of it. And now you're back.
How do you do that?
–You asked me here.
–But you have a way of coming back.. You leave, and you come back. How do you do that?
–I need to go.
–You can't go.

–I have to leave.

–You're staying.

This guy gives me a dirty look in the street. And I follow him. He looks back with this sneer. I catch up with him and corner him. Trash!

I shake this stuff up in the can and it still won't come out.

–You piece of shit. Try to hurt me.

–What?

–Yeah, you're giving me that dog look. What are you going to do about it? Try to burn that hurt away.

–Burn it. I'm going to burn you.

I douse him with lighter fluid.

–What the fuck. What's that supposed to do. You ruined my shirt.

–Ruin it. Take that.

I set him on fire. There is no escape. Where he had been doused head to toe, he now erupts in flame. I move aside as the explosion fills the scene. He rolls around.

–This ain't no fucking movie.

–What are you doing this sort of thing to me? Why me?

–Because I can. Because I don't like the way that you looked at me. Because of how your threatened me.

–Why?

–There's really no reason why. It's just the way it is.

If I do what I am told, I can't be stopped.

–No one ever looked at me like a human before.

–Get out of here monster.

–I can love you.

–You don't look the part.

–Kiss me. Pucker up and give me a big wet kiss.

–I'm going have to get rid of you.

There's nothing to eat in this place. I'm going to have to eat a can of dog food. Dog food. For a sleek coat of hair. The teeth glimmer in the light. Ready to attack.

I open the can and dig in. There isn't much to chew. I want more. Muscle to tear into. The teeth sparkle. I admire the shine. I see what I want.

Do you see it?

I wonder. Can the transformation ever be complete. Will I still hold back something in reserve. A doubt about the attack. I can never completely follow through. I delay.

What am I doing.

I hunger, I have still not satisfied this taste. How can I set myself at ease. I need to strike again. To hunt. It is so easy. To accomplish what I can only by the encirclement and take down. I have eaten enough to whet my appetite. Eaten enough to be excited by what awaits. A more engaging prey. I bound. My least movement inspires fear. I am ready to make my presence known.

A lone police cruiser observes my path. He does not know. I am secretive, but defiant. They are after me. But the trail has already run cold. I have become one of them. They can no longer pick up my scent.

–You have work to get done.

–Where are you?

–I'm down here.

–Where?

–The dog.

–I was waiting for you to find me. Do you have something that you want to say to me?

–I have your mission.

–Of course my mission.

–You have seen the resemblances.

–I have.

–Well, you have to continue your work until it is done.

–And when is that.

–You will know.

–I feel like I know now.

–You are only starting to realize what you need to figure out.

–And what is that?

–That you are blessed. That you have to prepare the way. That the end is near.

–Is this some kind of joke.

I feel this burning on my insides. I awaken coughing. Something is churning in there. At first, I think that this is something that is going to go away. It does during the day time. But now the effects are all the more solid, and I cannot avoid the come down. This is awful. Certainly. I am being torn apart from the inside. Something has taken me over. I wonder if this has something to do with the other changes that I have felt. If the mutations are still taking form. What will be the end to all these changes.

For now, I am beset by this

The police cruisers circled the apartment complex a few times. Suddenly it looked as if they were about to turn off and follow another lead. Then the lead car sped up, screeched its tires, and turned back. The others followed as they made a dramatic presence in front of the building. The officers exited the cars and walked confidently into the building. There was no distraction from their purpose.

The outside door was unlocked and the officers made their way to the superintendent's apartment. The officer in charge showed his warrant and the superintendent led them to the downstairs apartment and unlocked the door for them. They all filed past him, and they entered the apartment with a sense of purpose. With the disarray of the room, it was a wonder that the investigators could do their jobs without getting in each other's way. They marveled at the stacks of papers piled through out the room. All of this might supply clues. The papers were placed in boxes, and the boxes were taken out of the apartment and placed in one of the cars.

The lead officer searched for more incriminating clues. He had one team dust for prints. Another officer took pictures from the scene.

- Everything seems too perfect here.
- Indeed it does. Look at the dent in the wall.
- That could have been caused by the chair rubbing it. Look at the pattern.
- Not this. Look at this.
- You see the scuff marks on the floor. The chair just got dragged into the wall.

Like someone getting up. But you see the pattern grooved in over and over again. As if it is something of little importance. Where he stood up. Not in anger. Just the place that he stood up.

- There seems to be little sign of a struggle.
- I don't think that anything occurred in this front room.
- He took care of it all in the bedroom. How did he lure them in there.
- Technique. They could have already been drugged when he brought them in here.
- Nothing was dragged at the entry way. Not even shoes. He did this meticulously.

As if they sought their own demise.

- So we're looking at a scene of seduction. This isn't exactly an appealing place.
- It isn't, is it.
- I don't think that romantic music is going to get anyone in the mood.

-They're both a little drunk. He gets her back to the apartment. They're both in the same mind frame.

- Gets you a little excited just thinking about it.
- I wish that I had his charm.
- You think that there's a bit of envy in our job.
- Not for this.
- You think that you could get a sweet young thing to come up here with you.
- I got all of you to come here this early in the morning. Don't you think that my charm is working?

- I think that it was his doing that got us to this place.
- Now you're putting us in some kind of competition.
- I'm only trying to be kind.
- An I getting that slow.
- It's just that he's getting that good.
- You think that he's going to come back to this place.
- Not a chance.

- Why did he leave it like this.
- He knew that we'd come here. He did this for us.
- Are these clues? Or false leads.
- A bit of both. He's getting a little lonely. He wants us to get to know him.
- And what are you getting to know.
- Someone that I don't like. Someone who is too much like me. But gets away with

it.

- Is that why you became a cop. You were never a good liar.
- It wasn't that. I lie pretty good. But I think that my lies started to trip over each

other.

- That's the worse part.
- You don't think that his time is running out.

–Unless he recruits one of us. He needed us to find him. We’re only a few steps behind him. We can follow the clues and figure out where he is now.

–You seem so sure of yourself.

–I need to be. Especially to wake up this early in the morning.

–You knew that he wouldn’t be here.

–You knew that too. That’s why we had the place staked out.

–But this all seems too normal. He’s not the sort to go in for murder.

–That’s the source of his mania. His order. The minute that she comes in here, she’s a threat to his scheme of things. She’s an intruder, and he’s an exterminator.

–You like that story.

–It fits.

–Are we in danger?

–Only secondarily. He loves us here. We are the witnesses that he needs. No one else takes him this seriously. No one has ever taken the time with his stuff, with his life.

–It all seems a little late.

–I hope not for the sake of the other girls.

–When will he stop?

–He can’t. That’s why he needs us.

–So he wants to stop.

–He wants to feel all powerful. Like he runs the world. He wants the pain to go away. He wants to end the doubt.

–How does he do that?

–He needs us to pay tribute to his majesty. But he also needs us to challenge him. To get him back into the game. It is no longer enough for him to try to outwit his prey. That’s too easy. We are his prey.

–So he’s hunting us while we’re hunting him.

–Not exactly. We’re just giving him an edge.

–But eventually we’ll be his challenge.

–I hope it doesn’t get to that point.

–It already has.

–If it wasn’t for us, would he really try as hard.

–He has a thirst that he can’t satisfy. That’s fundamental. Then he has this deeper craving. That’s where we come in.

–Was this inevitable. That we would cross paths.

–It’s easier for us if we think that way.

–Why?

–Otherwise, he’s might be permanently elusive.

–So you think that we wouldn’t catch him.

–Without these clues. I don’t know. I wish that we could. But then we might have stopped him long ago.

–How can he survive like this? Why doesn’t anyone know him—know what he’s up to.

–People know. They just don’t want to get involved. He’s just like they are in some way. The road rage motorist who follows home a fellow driver. The parents who get in a fight at their kids’ soccer game. The tennis player who takes a missed point a little too far.

-Isn't that the comfort that he seeks? That what he's doing is OK.

-They're all not the same. But he lives off their apathy and frustration. He gives them a focus for their anger. They want him to do what he does because it pisses off authority. But they're so ashamed by their deviance that they want to roast him. They're all cannibals.

-He's got an out.

-He does indeed.

-It makes him a thrill seeker. And they are too. It gets them all out of their boring existence.

-They're all about to crack. He leads them.

-Or they lead him.

-So we're all in danger.

-But it not like this is the beginning of some kind of apocalypse. Most people aren't like this.

-After all these years, you believe that.

-I need to.

-That's not what he thinks.

-I know. He believes that he's escaped. That he's acquired a new kind of freedom. That we won't be able to catch him because once he announces his discovery that everyone else will follow.

-What are you doing over there?

-Nothing.

-Nothing?

-Look what I found.

-We're not in the habit of planting evidence.

-That's not what I heard.

-that not our team. You want to go back to walking a beat.

-You may think that he's joking. He's serious.

-This guy is guilty as sin.

-I'm glad that you have more vision than the commanding officer. Your job is to gather evidence.

-We don't nail him now, and he does this sort of thing again. It'll be blood on our hands.

-That's not how we operate. That's not how we're supposed to operate. We don't even know where he is or what he looks like. If you want to stake this place out until he comes back. Or if you want to follow one of these clues down. But there's already enough evidence here.

-You haven't found any blood. Nothing.

-Where did you get this guy.

-He was in vice before.

-Tell him that he's going back if he doesn't sing a different tune.

-You really think that we have enough evidence to convict when we find him.

-I think that there's more going on than we know. There's a pattern. Not just a psychological pattern. Something like an organization.

- This seems like some mass social disorder.**
- It's more than that. A plan. They don't want us to know.**

I've got to move out of my place. The noise of that damn dog is driving me crazy.

- Why don't you just shoot the mutt.
- I'm going to kill him.
- You do that.
- I shouldn't have moved into a basement apartment. The dog wanders around and just looks in.
- That sucks.
- And I think that someone is following me.
- Why do you think that?
- I just have this feeling. I think someone's been in my apartment.
- Were things moved?
- No. I just have this weird feelings.
- You shouldn't bring those girls that you meet on the street back to your place. Their runaways from the suburbs, and their parents are looking for them.
- I don't do anything. We just talk and watch movies.
- Still it seems sort of weird.
- It may seem weird, but it's perfectly OK.

- I think that he may have made a mistake.**
- So you know where to find him.**
- I think that he was using that apartment as a hiding place.**
- So why didn't we find anything?**
- There was some good evidence.**
- So what's the problem.**
- I really can't say.**

- You could have said no and you didn't.
- And you're going to kill me for that?
- There's more to it than that.
- Like what.
- I just don't like you.
- You hardly know me.
- Like I said, I don't like you.
- Why are you being so mean?
- I can't help it. It's in my nature. To me, it's not being mean, it's just doing what I have to do.
- We could have been friends.
- We could have.
- I could have helped you get away from the police.
- What are you telling me?
- The police were at your place.
- And did they find anything?

-I don't know. They brought out all sorts of stuff.
-There wasn't anything missing from the apartment.
-Maybe they're trying to plant something in there.
-I could get a new place.
-That would be a good idea.
-Maybe consider changing how I look.
-I thought that you were doing that.
-Why don't we switch places?
-That sounds like great plan.
-Well, I was thinking of killing myself.
-What?
-Now I have another reason for killing you.
-That's really silly.
-I know that it is. But it's really all that I can do at this time.
-So do what you have to do.
-You're being too cooperative.
-I'm just facing the inevitable.
-That you were despondent. That you felt this intense remorse, that after realizing that they were going to catch you, you decided to kill yourself.
-Where have I heard that story before?
-From me.

-Have you thought about turning yourself in?
-Into what?
-Into us.
-I already feel like I am one of you.
-That's not what I'm talking about.
-I have no reason to turn myself in. You'll never catch me.
-But you can't keep doing this forever.
-You make them, and I'll take them.
-But you get farther and farther from your goal.
-You really don't know what it's like.
-I know. You feel more and more alone. More and more like no one really understands your creativity.
-Are you trying to be my friend.
-I'd like to. But I can't.
-So you're mocking me.
-No, I can't accept what you do. And I don't think that you can either.
-You think that I can stop that easily. Like turning off a faucet.

-They've got him. We know that for sure. They're doing all sort of things to the body. When they release him, and they will release him, we can take the body.
-That makes no sense.
-It will. We can do things to the body.
-That's perverse.

–That’s our job. We need to know what happened.

There is a clarity in political assassination. It highlights and directs the forces of history in a way that is obscured without such intervention. Only by assassination can the individual become involved in the movement of events. Otherwise, he remains buried in the morass of equivocation and retrenchment.

In his action the assassin is selfless. He stems the tide of hero worship and aid in progress. He insures that the complications of ideology do not grip the emotions of the populace. It is the individual truly recognizing his place in the natural evolution of society and dooming any interference with that movement. Throughout time there have been those who have tried to manipulate the course of forward motion. They have tried to channel events for their personal gain. Under such conditions, the assassin has a mandate. Failure to act on that mandate only makes history subject to personal manipulation. The assassin intercedes with an almost divine mission as he imprints reality with truth.

In fact, the assassin cannot serve his own ends. He has no masters. Only the integrity of his mission. He must not be wasted in his pursuit. He has been chosen due to his brilliance, his ability to see through all this confusion and chart a clean path. Everyone else gets lost in the wonder associated with appeasement. They suppose a golden age is at their beck and call and believe that reward is at their fingertips. Flattery and vanity have taken the place of honesty and strength. Their weakness is a disease that will only reach a stage of useless assertion if the assassin does not make his will known. He speaks by his deed. There is no ambiguity. He is entirely anonymous in relation to the event. Ultimately, he cannot be captured because he is part of history and fades back into its flow.

Some people think that the assassin only serves the cult of personality. That he substitutes violence for the existing worship. That he makes ready a leader who embraces such violence. That he is only a tool for the tyrant. This ignores the service provided by the assassin. He acts contrary to tyranny. He is not at service for any despot. He is the contrary in the form of human development. He heralds a new age. The surpassing of all previous regimes. The liberation of the human soul. He emerges in all his grace. He fades in all his right. There he is. No one can dirty his name. He lives by his deed.

–Brilliant, isn’t it.

–I think it sounds a little crazy.

–Because it is so entirely well-reasoned.

–How can we assume that the assassin isn’t a lunatic who acts just for pleasure?

–That’s what he is. But the lunacy is vision. And the pleasure falls away and reveals the truth of the act.

–That makes no sense.

–Sure he feels pleasure. He feels his absolute power for the moment. But he cannot give in to that feeling. He cannot dwell on his majesty. He need to hold back. He needs to surrender himself to the forces of history. His pleasure is being part of something.

–No assassin can act with such understanding. He simply does what he is told.

–But his accuracy comes from having no distraction. And his inspiration cuts through all that troubles him.

–That seems entirely like self justification. He can do whatever he damn well pleases.

–But if he fails in his faithfulness to his mission, he only reveals his own weakness.

–He can just make up his own mission and do what he wants.

–It’s more than that. At an advanced stage, he becomes the mission. He needs no commander, no intelligence. Nothing. He appears as part of the movement of history and simply does his job, no questions asked.

–By the way, I have some videos that I’d like you to see.

–Explain.

–They show some women that I’ve met. Beautiful women. I know that you delight in beautiful imagery.

–Where did you get these videos.

–I made them. I paid the women to do things on screen.

–You actually paid them.

–I would have had to pay them. But they never asked for money.

–Why? I assume they knew that they were being taped.

–They participated in the videos. They did all sorts of crazy things. Eating out each other while I photographed them. Beating off individually and in tandem. Licking each other while I fucked them from the rear. These are great images. You’re going to get so excited.

–I’m wondering already about your role in all of this. You didn’t pay the women, and they consented anyway.

–They knew that I have connections in the industry.

–And those connections are going to get them jobs from beating off in your videos. That respectful people are going to give them jobs because they see you fucking them. Who are you kidding? Were these girls on drugs.

–I don’t know what they were taking.

–Did you offer them drugs?

–You know that I went to rehab.

–So are you back using?

–No.

–Then what. Did you buy them drugs?

–I just want to show you some videos.

–but this is more personal. How did you get the girls to agree to do the videos.

–They’re natural exhibitionists.

–And that’s all.

–Sometimes they needed some coaxing.

–And you had no troubles in the action.

–What are you referring to?

–You know what you told me about. Frustrations.

–I feel completely free. Everything was great.

–And they went along with the filming.

–If they knew, they would have consented.

–You hid the camera.

–I hid the viewing device. But that made it so much more natural. They weren’t shy. They were totally uninhibited.

–I’ve heard about stuff like that.

–As well as I.

–You’re a sick fuck.

- So I had needs.
- That's no way to act them out.
- And you're telling me that you're different.
- I really am. There's a purpose to my life.
- Mine too. If the cops come for me, you'll destroy my tapes.
- I think it's gone too far. It about the witnesses.
- They won't talk.
- There's only one way to shut them up.
- And that's what you have in mind for me as well?
- I don't know.
- If you kill me, you won't have a witness.
- My acts are witness in themselves.
- Who will you talk to?
- I have the dog.
- Is he all that clever?
- I think that he is evolving.
- I hope that's good enough.
- It really is.

I was driving home last night and a driver tried to run me off the road. That was probably the biggest mistake that he had ever made in his life. I turned around and gave chase. He had trouble staying on the road as he went faster. He moved on and off the shoulder and gravel flew as he made it around the turns. My lights were on bright and I flushed the entire car with the reflection. He was buried in the light. It made my passage all the more intense. A few times I bumped him. I could tell how he started to hesitate. He wondered how deep he was in this game. More and more, I let him know. This was for keeps. As he failed to make a turn quickly enough, I broadsided him. It left no real mark on my car. But his started to look devastated. I wasn't going to let him off easy. He started veering haphazardly across the road. I thought that there was a bit of smoke coming from the exhaust. Part of that was my feeling of triumph.

It was too hard to finish him off in one gesture. There seemed to be a cost in this pursuit. With the winding road, he had nowhere to go. As I came closer, he would get some courage and speed off. The price to him became clearer and clearer. He dare not stop. He already knew that I wanted blood. I accelerated directly into the back of his car. We crashed together and locked bumpers. I rode him for a good half mile. He broke free only to have me ram him again with more force than ever. His car jerked ahead then slowed down and I rammed him again. He started to skid off the road as I held my position. I then hit the from of his car and he spun around as I careened off his with a new power. I turned back toward him. I smelled blood. He knew that he was at his end. As I was coming closer, I floored the accelerator. There was such a feeling of power as I smashed through him. Continuing on, I could see his car go up in flames and explode against the night sky. There was no moment of recognition on his part. I erased him. Sent him hurtling into his own anonymity. There was this ugly appeal in the whole affair. I had been provoked. I had reacted. It was spontaneous. But I wished that I could repeat the same thing again and again. My car was not the worse for wear. I drove around in circle with this strange sense of relief. I looked for him. I wanted it all to start again. But I felt this immense exhaustion. This was too sick for even me.

What I am, who I am now has been shaped by my meager surroundings. This ugly apartment whose grimy air is an excuse for air-conditioning. The putrid smells from the other apartments. The noises at all times of the night. The barking of this dog. The barking of this dog!

Events have put me on a collision course with history. Now I see that I am part of something bigger than myself. I am beyond myself. I have purpose. My life is informed by destiny. Before, I felt these pains in the morning that gripped me all day. I needed assistance. I couldn't leave the house all day. My surroundings beat down on me like the hot sun of summer. I have learned to adapt to this environment. My whole body reflects this change. Again, it is my evolution.

For once I feel free from the burden that has held me down all my life. My liberation is total. I can feel it pulsing through my veins. The morning sun is an awakening, not a holdover from the muggy night before.

My perceptual abilities have sharpened since my transformation. I can hear through the walls. Even these minute sounds do not bother me. They help enrich my life. Every little disturbance is part of a totality. I am becoming one with the universe as it too engages in a change. I see so much clearer. And I am directed to those who are like me. Those who are lost in the morass that whips all of us around in its maelstrom. It is to these wonders that I reflect my new powers. They need me to rescue them from the burden that time has placed on them. Their faces lined with pain. And I offer them the ability to cross over to a new place.

When I roam the streets, they see me looking at them. We stare at each other and they know. They want to run. They are afraid of the clarity. But they cannot escape. I need to free them. They realize now, more than ever, that their captors hold them in chains. They reach out for me. I am their liberator.

It is a destiny of the souls. I grasp what fate offers them I crack open the shell that imprisons them. I soar together.

I am not afraid of the sacrifice that must accompany my mission. Their hands reach out in the hope that I can lead them to this new place.

I am not like you. I have crossed over. And so have my allies. They must cast off their old souls. In this, there will be much to put aside. There will be blood. But it will baptize the enlivened souls. We will join hands together in some future state. At the moment of our blessing, we will feel as one. We will sense our connection. We embrace. All of you, you are mine!

–There's this maniac living next door to me. All these people go in his place, but they don't come out. It's just him rummaging around in the trash.

–Just because you see people go into his place hardly means anything. They could leave at any time that they like and you could be asleep.

–I never see anyone leave his place. He's a weirdo.

–We don't have the time to follow every crackpot call about their neighbors.

–That's not very sympathetic to me. I'm a citizen. I pay taxes. I can talk to my Council man.

–We'll have a squad car come around.

–You have to do more than that. You have to watch him.

I know that you had a bad time with him. Things had to have been worse than I can imagine. Your feelings were admittedly clouded by a belief that you loved him. And you let him take advantage of you. You always have. I just sit here watching it all happen. Helpless. At least that's how I always felt. I won't feel that way any longer.

I know that you hoped to draw some comfort from our contact. I know that you only returned to him willing to accept more of the same shit. It's never been like me to just let things happen. From my earliest years, I acted out my rage. And it is no different now. I can do what you need me to do. I know that you've been trying to hold me back. You've tried to placate him. Those days are gone. You need to take a stand. Be assertive. If you will not, I will.

I feel like I'm living the same story over and over again. Why do these people push me?

As I left my neighborhood, I notice that a police cruiser was following me. It thought that this was nothing unusual. I maintained my distance, and I was extra careful. After I made a turn at Woodbridge, I notice that he sped up.

-Did you see what you did back there?

-What are you talking about. I signaled, and then I made a turn. What are you trying to imply?

-You've got a tail light out.

-No, I don't. I just had the car in. Are you trying to hassle me?

-You've got quite a mouth.

-I'm trying to be polite. It's just that you're implying something that's not true. I always tell the truth.

-I believe that you do. Where were you going?

-I was going to get a bite to eat.

-I don't think that any restaurants are open around here.

-There's a pizza place over on Main.

-That place hasn't been open for three months.

-I didn't know. It used to be open all night long.

-The pizza was never too good there.

-You ate there.

-Indeed I did.

-Well, can I go.

-We had a complaint from one of your neighbors.

-She's crazy that woman.

-We have to check out things.

-You haven't had any unusual visitors recently, have you?

-No I haven't. If I could help you?

-Just run along. Don't try to mess with your neighbors.

Is he nuts too. I'm going to find that bitch and slice her up. A lot of nerve she has, calling the cops on me.

-What are you doing here?

-I've come to fix the phone.

-The phone works just fine.

–But not the user.

–I haven't seen that neighbor of yours.

–Either have I. Everyone seems to be dying around here.

–Not everyone. Just everyone who looks alike.

–What's that supposed to mean?

–You know the copy cat thing.

–Who's copying the cat.

–It's that look that the girls have.

–I sort of like it.

–I can tell.

–Keep that to yourself. Let that be your little secret.

Can I trust her to keep a secret. What the fuck!

–You are going to fix my phone.

–I won't bother. Just quit messing with my business.

–I don't understand.

–I'm getting tired of all this shit.

–I'll do whatever you say.

I am sitting at the edge of my bed. My head is buried in my hands. I keep wondering what am I going to do. They are closing in on me. I know that they have been in here. They don't have enough evidence yet to take me in. But they have seen everything in here. They know pretty well everyone who has been in here. No evidence of bodily harm. Nothing to implicate me in any crime. But they won't let me be. Police cruisers follow me all the time. There is no rest.

This was once my place of refuge. Now my sense of safety has been burned away from here. What was once a place of solace is now just a hollow. I can feel the hostilities that now echo from these walls. There was nothing to fear here. Now, all I can taste is fear. I fear that the streets are only worse.

My only hope is to make the highway. I see this river stretching out endlessly. I know that this is a false promise. That I am running into a roadblock. But I still cling to that vision. I will not stop. Out in a blaze of glory.

What is now more apparent than ever is how I am part of the acceptable risk of living in contemporary society. I am not an aberration; I am a norm. I can blend in with the rest of you. I can make my behaviors valuable to my those around me. We can be part of a community. Neighbors. Friends.

More than that, I can offer a true contribution to the world around me. I can assume my rightful place of leadership. You may laugh at my brazenness. Don't be fooled! I am way beyond help. I am like you. I can take care of myself. These are not manias. They are appetites. Like all appetites, they can be satisfied in our consumer rich environment. I do not preach consumerism. I offer a new morality. In the social wasteland in which we are immersed, I offer clarity. A way out. I am exactly what you need to take you to the next step. I am the newest appliance. I provide you with the ability to organize your life. When you see how much value I

serve, then I will be seen as the institution that I am fast becoming. There is no doubt that devotion is the foundation of our collective endeavor. I do not act on my own. I am the crest of a social movement. To that degree, I draw my identity from those that I influence. My life is just such a tract that I can guide the wayward. I have blazed the trail. I have conquered the darkness. And you are my heirs.

You may fear the wilderness where I have ventured. You may wonder if you will become lost in the morass which has ensnared me. Do not fear. I have gone so far beyond these petty dilemmas. I have vision. For you, I offer this salvation. Embrace it.

This baptism in blood may seem so contrary to your nature. You are a peaceful soul who cannot give in to this romp in the perverse. But you want to protect your way of life. Safety is paramount for you and your family. What you really have to fear is a worse reign of terror. I act with purpose. I only work to eliminate the effects of irrational on our lives. I have crossed over into revelation. I assign the truth to the moments of our experience. I permit you to see, just as I have seen. Welcome me in your midst.

I create love. I permit harmony. I erect a wall that keeps out the low life. I do not act alone. I work from a mission. I can read my place in this grand scheme. There is a calling and I hear it. I am invited. I am not rejected. You too can be part of something. Feel the blood pump through the veins once again.

I heard a story that made me feel my plight was a shared one. A trucker is hauling a bulldozer though the Prairie States. And he heads toward Kansas where he breaks down on the side of the road. Two truckers in a rig decide to stop with the ostensible reason of helping. In fact, they want to steal the bulldozer. They get in a fight and the driver in the rig knocks the other man down. His buddy then gets a chain saw, and cuts the bulldozer owner's head off. They leave the body on the side of the road. They hide the truck in a field. And then the bulldozer is rolled up into their rig. They take off never to be found. No bulldozer. No killers. No head.

- What did they do with the bulldozer?
- They obviously sold it in Phoenix, Arizona.
- Obviously. What happened to the men?
- They looked for them. But there was no trace.
- And the head.
- I have the head. I bought it at an auction.
- You never know what you can find at a flea market.

I drove up and down the highway. I didn't want to go home. Didn't know where to go. My head was spinning. I was running out of gas. I was not going to be taken so easily. I finally exited, and drove meekly to a gas station. Across the street, I noticed an apartment for rent sign. This gave me a brilliant idea. I could set up base here. No one would know me. I could change my identity. They would never find me.

I felt fortunate to have made my escape so easily. I had skills. I could get work. I could blend in.

My greatest fear was that my contacts would track me down. The police had limited resources. But my contacts knew my patterns. They knew that I would start my plan again. There would be evidence. They would scour the newspapers. They would put it all

together. What if I gave them no evidence? If I just stopped.

- We'd like you to come downtown.
- I really haven't done anything.
- We need your help. We just want to ask you a few questions.
- Go ahead. Ask me now.

I know that I have allies who are willing to join me in my tasks. They see what I do and root for me. They hope that the police will never catch me. They imitate what I do. I am the first in the line of miracle workers. We have all become accustomed to violence. We all have a taste for blood. I am you, and you are me.

- Why did you do it? Why did you kill those girls?
- I don't know what you're talking about. You have me confused with someone else.
- Where are the bodies?
- What bodies?
- We've been in your place. We've seen the things that you collect.
- What do you mean that you've been in my place?
- We had a warrant.
- A warrant. What was the probable cause?
- What are you. A lawyer now. You can barely read.
- I hold my tongue. I don't want to let on about the organization.
- Who are you working with?
- You're going to do a lot of time for this. Maybe even execution.
- Not in this state.
- You're smiling. We'll just beat the fuck out of your in here and leave you on the side of the road. You'll be so senseless that you won't even remember anything that happened.
- Cut the shit!
- Don't talk to us like that. You're not getting out of here. Now that we've got you, you're not getting out.
- I didn't do anything. I'm just a smart ass with a vivid imagination.
- We can't have a vivid imagination if there isn't something behind. A liver of desire to carve up someone. And that kind of desire, as crazy as it is, won't just lie there. It's an infection. And it spreads. Spreads inside. Eats you up. The only way that you can quiet it down is to do something. And it's not really you doing it. You just have to go along.
- Then it's just the mess. You see what happens, and you figure that you just have to get away. You have to clean up.
- But you never can. It's impossible to completely clean your place.
- What are you doing now? Advertising a cleaning surface. I'm a normal guy. I like going to the movies. I imagine things. I go for long walks at night. I've got insomnia. But I never hurt anyone.
- Maybe on one of those walks some guy insulted you. And you got nasty back. You went after him and the girl that he was with.
- That's silly.
- But it could happen. You don't have many friends, do you?

- You spend a lot of time alone.
- You like looking at pretty girls.
- You're shy.
- You can't talk back to them. You hold in your desires.
- And those feeling build.
- But it's in your head. And those thoughts are dirty.
- And you start feeling the pressure. The only way to get rid of it is to act it out.

Imagine that I did have a body to get rid of. It seems so silly to think that way. But let me entertain the idea. I wouldn't want to keep it around my place for long. The ventilation isn't too good in there. Such a small place. I couldn't just carry it out the door. The neighbors would see me. I'd have to be more clever than that. I could try acid to dissolve the body. But the fumes would kill me. Cutting up the body would take just too long.

It makes no sense to bring a body inside the apartment. But reality doesn't always make sense. There's a mess, and you've got to clean it up.

I could use the bath tub. That suggests all kinds of possibilities. Really. I've seen these tricks from movies. How to get the head off. That's the hard part. Everything else pretty well breaks off from there.

I might need someone to help me. But I'd need to get rid of them after it was all done. This all seems so silly.

- You're going to have to let me go. You can't hold me. You have nothing on me.
- Nothing. We've got you dead to rights.
- Nice choice of words. If you had something real, you wouldn't come on so heavy.
- It's not a come on. We know what you did. How can you sleep at night.
- I put on my pajamas and get underneath the covers. How can you say such stupid things.
- We're trying to understand.
- We know it's been tough for you.
- Tough for me! It's been tough for you guys. I wish that I could haul someone into my place and ask them stupid questions. It would make me feel so comfortable as well.
- That's not what's going on here, twerp.
- Insult me and hope that I will help you. You have to be crazy.

I wonder how my confession would go. Where would I really start. With ridiculous things that I did as a child. Weird glances. My tendency to stare. How I kept to myself. Made up silly games. Live in a world of my own. We all do. When did I start to hate those close to me. Before or after they started to hate me.

I feel that I am coming apart. This confession thing is just a way of maintaining sanity. I never knew why I did these things. They just fascinated me. It gave me the sense that I was part of something.

I did it because I was told to do it. There was this internal logic in events that demanded my participation. And this logic became part of me. It rushed over me. I feel it even now. I feel that I am one with what I do. I have a reason. I have a mission. I am myself. And because of this realization, I will never be stopped. No one will ever catch me.

I wish that I could be the worse son of the bitch in creation. I've thought about it long and hard. I have made my way by being like everyone else around me. I blend in by being myself. By being like everyone around me. The worse things that I do end up being unnoticed. Sure some people grieve for a while. But they are nobodies. No one else cares.

And in the end, they realize that I was right. I get rid of people who they don't really love. People who might have been like me if they hadn't given in to the mediocrities that assailed them.

Look at all these people in offices. They are just going along. I am the voice of history. I open the doors. Open the windows. Fly away.

I wish that I could really raise some hell. That kids would fear me. I wish. But they do not know me. They hear new reports. But they still wonder who I am. What I look like. No one knows. They don't know me.

I wish that they could be made aware of who I am. I wish that they could feel my power. See what I can truly do.

But they sit at home and feel the same thing about themselves. They watch TV and feel helpless. Or they watch TV and think, goddam, they won't do that kind of shit to us. And then that feeling stops.

-It's obvious that I can't take you anywhere.

At first they used to send me pictures of my contacts. I had to track them down myself. Later on, I just had to use the newspapers. There would be secret codes that I could use to find the girls. I'd notice a look, a smile, something about the hair. Anything to tip me off that she was the one. Then I'd get all the information that I could through public records, the phone book, whatever. I'd find them, and help them out. I'd help them all out of their condition. I'd heal them. I was sort of a doctor.

When I go to bed at night, I have this fear that I will wake up suffocating on my pillow. The bed clothes all twisted around my neck. I can feel this happening to me just by thinking about it. I need to counteract my fear. Send it off to someone else.

After I have done something really nasty, it is no longer part of me. I don't think about it anymore. It is done once and for all-DONE. That is why I live to act out these dismal visions that haunt me.

I am pure will. There is no impediment to what I want. I simply make my wishes known through my action. There is no sense of remorse on my part. There is no regret.

I cannot be captured. Ever! Pure will admits of no hesitation.

I wish that I could share myself with someone. Let them feel what I feel. I need an ally. Someone to look out for me. Someone to clean up after me.

I'm on to you. I don't want to report you to the police. I think that is really cool what you've done. Some people might think it is gross. They don't understand that you are an artist. I can help you! Please meet me.

Is this some police trick. It's not a very good one. I feel that they can read my mind. How can they do this?

I heard a peep coming from your place. I know where you are. Where you're living, and I'm going to come for you.

–You're not leaving. I'm going to ruin your plans. I'm coming to your house. I heard you. You really want me to come. You need someone to stop you.

–You can't stop me. There's nothing that you can do.

–You're waiting for the rescue, and you are the one.

–How do you know?

–I found your hair at the scene of the crime.

–What crime? What are you talking about.

–I heard you screaming.

–I was whispering.

–No matter. I heard you.

–Your fear makes you who you are. It tells me where you will go when you are in flight.

I pushed her because she was really pissing me off. She fell down the stairs and lay at the foot of the stairwell. I could hear her cries, but I turned up the music to muffle them. I pushed extra hard to make sure of my intention. It was no mere accident.

It's not as if I really did any of these things. I thought about them. But it's not the same thing.

–I swear if she lives, I'll never do this sort of thing again.

Can that really stop me. I'm way beyond help.

–Imagine for the moment that we could collect evidence better than we do. You'd be cooked.

–I didn't do anything. What are you going to do? Manufacture evidence. Or manufacture motive on my part.

–Every other time, you were able to clean up.

–What is this clean up? There's still a residue. And you never have found even that.

–But we know that you're involved.

–That's a great dress that you got for tonight.

–Yeah, I spent all afternoon looking for it.

–I really like the lime flavoring.

–Have you eaten here before?

–I can suggest something for you.

–I love to try new things.

You'll really have to swallow hard to make this stay down.

–We have the evidence. And from that we can piece together who was here. There's hair and skin. And fiber samples.

–So what. That doesn't mean anything.

–Oh, it does. It tells us a great deal. That many people have been here.

–I am many people. I have multiple identities.

–Tissue samples. Blood.

–I can change my form.
–Once we know who was here, then we have the match to figure out who would want them dead.
–Anyone.
–What?
–Just push a little harder.
–Did you go and get dressed up for this.
–I bought flowers.
–Did she like them?
–I don't know.
–So you got pissed, and you killed her.
–I did nothing of the kind.

We learned how to execute our missions just by feeling them. We could do what we needed with our eyes closed. The target was internal. The target was a projection from the inside.

I splattered a mosquito against the windshield.

–Motherfucker, you better kill me now because your time has come.

You are sitting at the kitchen table eating. You have friends over and it tastes so good. They want more. I can pinpoint your location.

I am again on the road. Whatever I did is long gone. Far away.

My story is part of your body. As you move. As you speak. I can feel you inside of me.

We become what we fear. As you will become me. You will do what I do, only better.

We must start at the beginning. The barking. A noise that I detest.

–What are you doing up?

–I just killed someone, and I'm trying to dispose of the body.

The mission did get a little out of hand. But I needed to interpret the parameters on my own. It was creative and universal. No one and everyone. I didn't need a command. I didn't need contacts. Everything emerged in the situation.

–You better stop me now.

–I can't be stopped.

–He made a really stupid mistake. He didn't run from the scene.

–Run from the scene. I digested the evidence. I became my sacrifices.

They are waiting in their offices. I cannot look in their faces. They are diligent. I do not want to know them. There are too many of them to know. They are all part of the organization. They all contribute to the result.

Can you take it?. Can you hang in there when you hear the crying? Turn it off. It is an attempt to distract us from what we have to do.

I have multiple identities. I act alone and in groups. As my numbers increase, my power will be universal. You are all part of me.

The electrical system shut down. No lights. No emergency flasher. Nothing.

–We got him pulling in a gas station to avoid a light. He just turned around in there. Got

him dead to rights. You should have seen what we found in the car.

What we want most, we end up wanting to destroy. And so I can have you forever. But you cannot have me. I will never be captured alive. I am everywhere alive.