

C/w

Emily Burns

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I've had a really great day today....

I finally managed it. It took me ages. I had to make sure that everything was perfect, precise. One mistake could have been the end, before I had even started.

I thought and planned my method for months, it had to work, I couldn't have waited longer. I followed him for weeks, watching, waiting, waiting for my perfect reason. Such a jolly, friendly, old man, always smiling, waving at his neighbours and their children.

I watched him as he left the care home, he's been working there for years, all the children love him, it was dark, warm, sweat formed around my forehead. Excitement, butterflies swarmed around my stomach. I had to keep my cool, all needed to be correct. I waited as ~~the~~ the old man waved goodbye to the children. This was it, the time had come, ~~it~~ it had to be now, now or never. I swiftly crept behind the rose bush, right by his car. I waited on baited breath as the old man got his keys out and then, at the exact moment that he put his key into the lock, I pounced, like a predator on its prey. The prey turned and gasped but it was too late, I was on him, my prize catch squirmed as I forced the cloth into his face. As he dropped, I caught the heavy weight. The butterflies came back again as excitement filled in me, but ~~there~~ there was no time for excitement yet, I still had far to go. I finished ~~at~~ unlocking his car and, without noise, pushed the unconscious deadweight into the car. I drove his car down to the old <sup>site</sup> car crushing ~~site~~. It was perfect, no one used it anymore so it was just what I needed. I strained to pull the man out the car and I took him inside to

the garage. I tightly bound him to a wooden beam, that held the roof up. His head rolled around on his neck as dribble rolled down his chin and dripped onto his coat. I took out my bag which I had placed here earlier in the day. Inside the bag I withdrew a pair of ~~the~~ latex gloves, like the ones ~~the~~ surgeons use, an old coat, waterproof and a sharp, scalpel, also like ~~the~~ ones used in surgery.

I needed to be sure no one would find out. I walked out side and checked around the old reccage site and then I closed the doors. I placed a plastic sheet under his tied up feet. I wiped his dribble stained mouth and placed a strip of parcel tape on his mouth. This was all going to plan. Now I could get exited.

He stirred, the butterflys desperately trying to burst out of my stomach. He tried to speak but when he failed ~~his~~ his eyes burst open. He saw me and tried to struggle free. His panik just made the thrill better. I slowly walked up to him.

"Hello" He looked at me.

"you, such a friendly old man" I smiled.

"Children just love you, you love them to," but thats the problem isn't it, you love children, you just have to be close to them don't you?" He shook ~~his~~ his head in a paniking protest.

"Don't lie to yourself, you have been abusing ~~to~~ these children for years. You think it's not abuse? You ~~to~~ think that by being nice to them, your not ruining their childhoods?

Your pathetic and you deserve everything you get"

He tried to scream, I plunged the knife deep

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Into his throat, he stopped, his eyes bulged and he started convulsing. Blood poured out of his neck and ran down his body. I laughed, the excitement overwhelming me.

As he gradually let go of life I cut him down and buried him in a ~~the~~ hole I had also dug earlier. It took me most of the night to clean up. When I finished I drove ~~to~~ my car home, I had ~~never~~ placed my car here before to.

I arrived home, it was six in the morning. Time for work. I walked upstairs and got into the shower. I stood and let the water wash away the evidence. Everything was so clear now. I had fed the beast. I got out the shower and into some fresh clothes. I had finally made my first kill.

The first of many.

Today really was, a great day.