

**Bourne**  
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## Fodder For Al Basty

by James Stiffel

The whispers.

The whispers are fading now.

They bounce off the walls in his tiny flat and surround him. That's how he knows they are real and not just alive in his mind. They are peaceful now. Contented. Like a child screaming out for a new toy, but finally given in to.

The bedroom, only lit by moonlit, so as to not arouse any suspicion from the neighbouring buildings. He picks up the hand towel from the bed and wipes his blood soaked face. His eyes appear over the towel as it moves down his face. Open, but not seeing as if painted onto a new canvas. Unseeing & unfeeling. He wipes the blade with the towel. Only the towel moving. No expression, no blinking, no feeling.

Just another dead forgotten soul.

That's all they were. It doesn't matter where he finds them. An alleyway, a whore house an orphanage. That's what makes it easier. That's what makes it...guiltless.

The subliminal hint of a smile twitches the corner of his lips, eyes still staring blindly. He raises the blade. The face staring back at him looks like himself. But it's his true self. His smile broadens.

"I love you." He gently wraps the blade in the towel and pushes it back under the mattress. His body lowers down onto the bed and slowly his fingers knit together on his chest. He is peaceful. Calm. The wind, his only witness it seems, mercilessly howls through the window, knocking family pictures onto the floor. He sleeps. He dreams.

*I see him.*

*He was silent.*

*He was quick.*

*He was majestic.*

*But I still see him.*

*I am the thunder before the tempest.  
I am the terror before the confession.  
I am the nightmare when you wake.  
I am the jailer and the sentence.  
I am guilt.  
I am Al Basty.*

Wisps of black smoke slowly seep into the flat from every edge of the front door. They move in unison and with meaning, creeping ever closer to the man lying on the bed. She is here. The wisps then slowly rotate around and around one and other, giving shape to her body. The colours and contours of her body now made whole. She stares at the man. Her black eyes and white pupils judge him, read him. Walking over to him, the room echo's with the sounds of her boots. The skirts of her black coat parting, revealing her thighs as she glides over to him. She crawls over his unconscious form and sits on his chest. Not taking her stare from him, she ungloves a hand, revealing her long talon like finger nails. Her talons affectionately stroke his face.

A whimper. He is waking.

“Shhh-h-h-h-h! Not yet.” She whispers. A talon extends and plunges into his skull. The black essence from the talon enters his blood with ferocity and fire, burning along its path to his memory of the deed. Then taking a sharp turn to his subconscious, his dream...no his nightmare.

The man's mind is strong, but his resolve crumbles as he wakes screaming and terrified of the blade plunging deeper and deeper, again and again into his chest.

He sits up. He is alone. He claws at his chest. No blade. No blood. Only...a scar to remind him of what he did. He is not smiling any more.