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## The Same Old Story

by James Stiffel

The door closed with defiance and evil intent. The man, already rattled from the howling wind, spun around & knocked over his chair. The blade was noticed first, not the expression. This was made from pure channelled rage. No motive, no plan, just an end, resulting with a lifeless corpse. His world blurred vertically up and over as the man reeled from the punch he didn't see coming. He finally became one with his art as he went crashing into his easel and paints. A shower of colours and spittle painted the fresh canvass. His upturned paint table connected with his ribs, then he finally found the floor. Without time to clutch his side, the blade sunk deep into his larynx and his neck sang one last time as his life blood whistled up his body and through the gap. The man's dying body lay there, creating his own final masterpiece. His essence flowed & intertwined with the paints, hinting only this once, that the man can actually be...beautiful.

Story by Jamie fowler. The end.

Jamie: Hey John, Finally fking finished my story. Thanks for your idea's. :-)

John: No probs m8. Enjoy all da praise you'll get from dis one. ;-)

Two weeks later.

John: Hey Jamie thort you'd like to see wat I found. Does it look familiar?

P.S this is my fking annoying next door neighbor.

The Daily New-spread.

Local artist found dead at his home in Weymouth. Michael Cartwright was stabbed in the neck and left to bleed to death. Police say there was no apparent reason for the killing and called it a cruel and callous act.

John: Kinda looks allot like your story yeh? Why was it so similar Jamie? Lol. I thort the old bill would like to hav a read of it. Still glad I gave you ideas? ;-). I'm out of town for a bit while the heat cools off! Later; ;-)