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I was Good at Murder

by Sho Botham

Murder made me panic. Why wouldn't it? A simple enough question. But not when you're a murderer. Beliefs are funny things because most people I've spoken to believe that murderers are hardened criminals with no heart and no feelings. That's simply not true. Imagine how it's been for me. Each time I committed murder, panic was a vulture inside my body, trying to get out, pecking and flapping wildly at me.

Destined as I was to murder, I had no idea that I would have to suffer the extraordinary hardship of panic. Why? Why, did I have to endure the horrors of panic? On dark nights when I sat at home with only the low glimmer of a lamp in the corner, I would trawl my deepest thoughts wondering the cause of my panic.

There was nothing else in life that excited me like murder. Nothing that I felt I would be good at. I was good at murder. The only problem was instead of my expected elation when witnessing life draining away as a result of performing my artistry, I felt panic. That vulture in my body, trying to get out. It was as if I could feel the pecking of its beak and its wings flapping wildly within me. Each time, driving me a little more out of my mind.

Panic only happened in those few moments leading up to and crossing over between life and death. This transitory state was when my panic occurred. There were no issues for me when performing my artistry. Deep feelings of achievement and contentment filled my soul as I prepared another body for transition. But as the unavoidable, final passage came closer, I recognised the vulture within me start to wildly flap and peck in its own efforts to get out.

I couldn't brag about my successes. They were not the sorts of successes that others appreciated. But once my inner vulture settled on its perch after a murder, I was free to feel the success of my achievement. Numbers don't interest me. So, I never kept count. You'd think I would have developed a pattern of choosing individuals to perform my artistry upon. To murder, if you like. But believe it or not, I haven't. Perhaps the nearest I've got to a pattern is that I like variety. I guess you might describe it as, anyone will do. I think, that's the secret of my success. I'm not fussy. I don't discriminate. Everyone is equally welcome to have my artistry performed upon them. Of course, they don't know they've been chosen and don't have a say in being chosen. But that's part of the excitement for me. I never know who my next canvas is going to be, until I find them.

I've never had any complaints about my work. About my murder-style. All of those who died by my creativity seemed happy enough as I helped them on their way to the other side. If only I hadn't had to put up with the panic. In the end, it was the horrifying panic of my inner vulture that made me close my murder tool-kit for the last time. Since then, life has not been the same. I miss murder terribly. It was what made getting up in the morning so exciting for me. I miss everything about murder apart from the panic. I wonder what murder would have been like if I'd had an inner angel instead of an inner vulture.