

“DEAD RIGHT”

by

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What's that? Let you go! Are you stupid or something? You know I can't do that, just let you go. No! No, I am not going to kill you just yet. I AM going to kill you, that's true. First I will tell you my story. Why? Simply put, I guess because I feel someone should know the whole thing. Are you reasonably comfortable? No, the blindfold stays. So do the handcuffs. Hey, you have one hand free, that's enough, plus you can speak when you want too.

It's time to set the record straight. Contrary to the movies and television, and all the detective novels, very seldom do the good guys catch the bad guys. I guess it is because of the Jon Benet Ramsey case that I have decided to tell my story. Look at the years of horror her mom and dad have gone through because the media painted them as suspects. Hell, even the investigators pointed the finger straight at them. Mark my words on this. Her parents had nothing to do with the murder. From everything I've been able to learn about her murder it was done by someone the family knew.

That's right, they knew the killer. It was probably a neighbor or former neighbor in Georgia. Probably a schoolteacher or someone involved in the teaching field. When they finally catch the bastard they'll do so because he gets charged with other sex crimes. I'll say it again; the parents are innocent! I'll bet the bank on that.

You'll need some way to think of me so I better give you a name to use. Let's see, why don't you call me Derek. No, I don't see any reason for a last name at all.

Questions? I suppose so if you feel like it, but try not to interrupt me too often. I really would prefer not to kill you until I'm finished with the story, but I will if you interrupt me too often with asshole questions.

Let's see. I think I was twenty four when I shut down the first one. Yeah, I was twenty four and had been out of the service for about three months. Actually, the first one wasn't intended or even my fault. Just some hyped up kid who thought I was an easy mark. Dumb shit! Basically I guess he is to blame for all that followed. No, that's not true. I AM to blame, but he was the catalyst that opened the gate.

I had just left a bar in Houston, Texas. It was 2:15 on a Sunday morning in August and I remember the air was sticky humid. You know what I mean. Your shirt feels clammy with your own sweat and you feel edgy, like you do just before a storm. I was getting into my truck when some young punk stuck a knife in my face and screamed, literally screamed at me with spit flying everywhere, to

give him my wallet or he would cut me up. Looking back now it was kind of funny.

Yeah, funny. I had served in Vietnam and survived shit you don't even want to begin to imagine, then some punk in the states thinks he can just take what's mine. No fucking way.

Taking the knife away from him didn't even take any conscious thought, more instinct I guess. He sure looked funny, though, when I broke his arm and stuck the knife in his groin. He really did, at least until the pain hit him. Then he started blubbering and begging, the little shit. As long as he thought he had the knife and I was bait he was a tough guy, but when the pain started he was just a sniveling little helpless bastard. I even remember when it came over me to kill him instead of just walking away.

Why? What do you mean? Oh! Well, I guess I should have walked away, or maybe called the cops and let them have him. I even started toward a phone booth, but I only walked a few steps. Suddenly I knew with crystal clarity, almost like a vision, that I was going to kill him. I could no more have stopped from that point on then quit breathing. It was that strong an emotion to me.

Oh yes, I had killed before. In 'Nam I killed because that was why I was there, but it was a government sanctioned "guts and glory for America thing". Uncle Sam spent a small fortune turning me into the supreme killer and applauded the shut down of the "enemy". I was awarded several medals for my expertise and five separate commendations for my "courage and heroism in the face of the enemy". What a pile of shit!

You know how hard it is to just walk away from that? Our government actually and truly expects a person to suddenly set aside all the training, all the Gung Ho crap, and just one day go back to being the All American boy next door. Mom and apple pie up the ass. Can you understand what I mean? You're kind of young to know about all this shit anyway. What are you, maybe thirty? At the most you can't be more than thirty-two or thirty-three. God! You're so bare baby-assed it sucks. What can you know about the shit the government does?

Anyway, I picked up that crying piece of crud and leaned him against the wall. When he saw his own knife at his throat he shit his pants, he was that scared. There definitely was no tough guy anymore. I remember looking into his eyes. They were reflecting the light from a street lamp at the end of the block. I could see the pinpoints of light reflected in them. No, it was too dark to know what color they were. Probably blue or brown, since he was a white guy. His eyes were showing a ring of white around the pupils, from the fear I think. I could smell his urine and shit and he just kept whining in a pitiful way. You know, begging me to let him go 'cause he was sorry and all that crap. Kind of like a kitten mewling.

I could feel the instant when he realized I was going to kill him. It was a physical change almost. He was like a rabbit when it knows it can't get away and is almost welcoming the death it knows is coming. He got real still like and his breathing slowed way down. He quit struggling and just relaxed against the wall so that I barely had to hold him up. Oh, he knew all right. He knew what was coming. For just a moment I almost changed my mind, but only for a moment.

I laid the edge of his own knife against his throat, looked into his eyes,

and slit him from ear to ear. Man, did he bleed! I had to jump back as far as I could to keep from being sprayed with the blood. I still got a lot on me, though. People don't realize just how much blood the human body has in it. I've laughed a lot since the O.J. thing. Stupid ass prosecutors trying to say Simpson killed both his ex-wife and Coleman. What a crock. They nailed his ass from the get go. There was no way in hell he could have sliced both of them like the cops claim. No fucking way.

Why? Simple. I've cut more throats in the service than most farmers do with their animals and I have never ceased to be amazed at the amount of blood. It sprays, really sprays like a fucking garden hose. You know, with the artery pumping the blood out and all. To claim that a pussy like Simpson could do that to two people is a crock of shit. He was a football hero, for Christ's sake. He didn't have the training and the previous experience to pull that off. No way in hell. If he had killed them, he would have beaten them with his fists, shot them or even used a club. Simpson is afraid of knives, did you know that? Yeah, he's scared shitless of them. Oh, he can hold one, use it to cut food and stuff, no problem. Even a hunting knife is probably no big deal, but the knives used on those two were used by professionals, not some dim witted jock in a fit of passion. If someone went after O.J. with a knife he would drop dead with fright.

Hell, the damn so-called experts who testified knew that because of the path of the cuts and everything. No civilian jock can hone the blade to a surgical edge like was used on those two. No way. It was a professional hit, no doubt about it.

Anyway, I watched the life go out of that kid. I stood there and I wasn't the least bit concerned about witnesses or anything else. I really wasn't. Amazing isn't it. You'd think I would have been in a hurry to get the hell out of there, but I wasn't. That's something the government drilled into us. Never hurry, never. Hurry means dead. Hurry means movement and movement means being seen. Being seen means you are dead.

Who do I think killed Simpson? Hell, I don't know and I sure don't care. I only know he wasn't the one. Why? His fits of rage for one. Really, he has always been a person to release in physical action, true, but against his peers, not against wooses. Yeah, he probably hit his wife, but he sure as hell didn't kill her.

What? Why did I pick you? Think about it for a moment. You're actually the perfect choice, you know. I mean look what you do for a living. A regular Mister Crime expert. Oh yes, I've read all your books. I read every single one of them. Some I read two or three times. Hell, man, you're way up there as a writer. Well, you're not in the same league as Koontz or King. Did you know Stephen King worked in a laundry when he first started seriously writing for sale. Really, he did. I read somewhere that his book, *Carrie*, was rejected nineteen times before it got published. Nineteen times, can you believe that?

I think most people would have called it quits long before that. Nineteen times someone tells you what you worked on is garbage and you believe in yourself enough to ignore them, to keep on trying. Man, think about it. That's courage. And he proved them all wrong, didn't he. Look at him now - coasting along on top. Hell, he's reached the point where he doesn't actually write anymore. He just puts a bunch of words down and the public buys his book just

because he IS Stephen King. The last few books of his I think he was laughing at all of us. No, you're not in his league. Not at all, but you're up there for sure. Up there pretty high!

I picked you because you write with an edge I can understand. You strike me, especially in your writing, as a Walter Mitty kind of person. Hell, look at yourself. When is the last time you had any serious exercise? Your belly is hanging over your belt. Gutting you will be like sticking some fat hog out on a farm. You write all this crap about the criminal mind, the mentality bullshit, and people call you "Gifted with Insight into the warped mentality of the serial killer". Gifted, my ass! You make most of it up. Don't try to deny it, you do.

You pick through the writings of others like a seagull in a garbage dump. Did you ever actually talk to one of the murderers you wrote about, just one of them? Hell no, you didn't. All you do is rewrite their words and call them your own. But, underneath all the bullshit, all the posturing you do, is a real writer. It comes out sometimes when you forget you're in it for the money and glory and let yourself actually write. Like your book, *The Pine Cone Murder*. Man, that was a true piece of good, and I mean REALLY GOOD, writing. I couldn't put that book down. I actually read it twice in the same evening. That was when I picked you. About halfway through the book, you know where the killer takes the kid out of the house right in the middle of the afternoon. That was choice. It really was. There was the mom in the bedroom fucking her brains out with the neighbor and the killer just walks in, in broad daylight, and takes the kid. Just takes her and walks right back out again, cool as you please.

You nailed that scene down perfect. You really did. I've done it and reading it in your book I knew right then you were the one. I knew it. Man, it was *deja vu* almost. Made the hairs stand out on my arms it was so powerful. I couldn't believe someone could actually put the feelings into words, but you did. Maybe you really do have a "gift" after all. Maybe so.

Anyway, where was I? Let's see. I spent the next several weeks worrying about whether or not I would get caught and charged with murder. I sweated those weeks, I really did. Every time the telephone would ring I knew it was the cops and every cop I saw I just knew was going to arrest me. I still don't know which was the worst - expecting to be caught, or being afraid I would get away with it. I could bring up no remorse for killing the little bastard. He truly deserved it. No telling how many lives I ended up saving by shutting him down. And that got me to thinking. I mean really thinking.

I had a good job which allowed me to travel over the country with no problems, plus I was a respected war hero and above reproach. I soon realized that I was going to keep on killing, but I would add a little sport to it. I decided I would only kill those who are of no use to society. I began to make up a list of potential victims. I began the list with violent child molesters and rapists as I considered them the lowest form of life there is. Next I added drug pushers and then I just kept adding to my list as it occurred to me.

You're right of course. It was rather egomaniacal of me, wasn't it? I made myself Judge, Jury and Executioner all in one fell swoop. Yes, I suppose a psychiatrist would call me a sociopath or delusional. Perhaps even that I suffer from an Oedipus complex. It is rather God like, isn't it? But I kept at the list and outlined it much as you would a story outline, or a report.

I worked on the details for over a year and all the time I weighed the possibility of just throwing it in the trash and forgetting all about it. But of course you know now I obviously didn't do that; throw it in the trash.

I mean I did spreadsheets, graphs, list after list of victims and different methods to use for killing them. Oh, I was very thorough. I still am. As ridiculous as it might seem to you, I did not want to kill wantonly like a raging maniac. I decided early on that since I had fought for my country overseas, then the proper thing to do in this case was to fight for my country at home. Really! Think about it. Our government has declared supposed open war against drugs. That wimp in the White House is actually nothing more than a power rapist. The whole world knows he is a pathological liar and worse. He is the consummate target, you know. He uses his power to prey on those he wants. He did that even as a gutless kid. He has been hiding behind a woman since he was a small child.

Sure he has. Look back at him through his life. His mother covered for his ass over and over. Of course she did. He was a wimp, a nerdy wimp. Sure he was smart. Smart enough to know books were his only option through life. Hellfire, if he hadn't met up with Hillary he would have ended up another rather obscure professor in a university somewhere, just another glorified teacher fucking his students because of his power over them. That part of him wouldn't have changed.

I did a numerology chart on him and Hillary early on in his bid for the President. Man, I tell you what. I don't put too much stock in numerology, horoscopes and such, but their charts laid them open like an eight page bible. Time has proven the charts accurate as hell, even to his overeating and drinking and her hard ass hatred of men. Unbelievable!

And the masses, those suck ass morons we call the public. Shit, most of them would vote the way the damn television tells them too, anyway. The people of the United States have the collective morals of a bitch in heat.

Actually follow up on the President. You know, I can't honestly rule it out. It lurks in the back of my mind, I have to admit. What a coup that would be! Of course I would never be able to take credit for it. I have never claimed credit for any of my victims, never. And another thing I have never done is keep any kind of records, not souvenirs, nothing. Too many criminals are caught because they just had to hang on to something from their victims. Not me. I have it in my head and that is it. Nothing is kept written down to come back and get me.

Oh yes, of course I have considered it. Hell, I have a scenario all plotted out detailing just how easy it would be. Security? That's a crock of bull and you know it. With all the Secret Service, FBI and NSC, the President is still the easiest mark of all. All it would take is patience, nothing more. Man, remember Hinckley and Reagan? If John Hinckley had been a better shot back in 1981 Reagan would have been dead, Brady and the two guards, too. The Secret Service took him to the ground AFTER he shot four men, not before. That's the only difference between an assassination and an attempted assassination – one kills and the other doesn't.

All the background hype about the extensive training the various organizations receive is exactly that – plain media hype. Sure they have the training, but it would have been totally worthless if Hinckley had just been a

better shot. Anyway, that's enough about such crap.

Listen to me closely, Robert. We have about three or four hours to cover all the things I'm going to tell you. That's all, just a few hours. I will relate to you several killings I accomplished and explain the reasons for them. Your job, and you truly have absolutely no choice in the matter, is to hear me out and then you get to make the decision of whether I kill someone else or not.

Nope, forget it. You will have to make that decision and I will give you every single piece of evidence I have uncovered about the individual so you can make an informed decision. Why? Actually, I'm not completely certain if the death is more important than the potential future of the individual. He has caused a lot of harm to so many innocent people along the way, but I am still not sure if he deserves to die for it. We'll come back to him later.