

[EXCERPT FROM BLOODY LEGENDS, CHAPTER 14: DEAD BODY UNDER THE MATTRESS]

I've never done this before, but I decide to take her to my shrine.

It's there that she'll meet her fate. And then her blood will 'energize' my shrine. It's always such a special moment when a life is extinguished...

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I take a chair and position it right in front of Tom's altar. I tie the schoolteacher to it there.

When she wakes up and realizes what's happening, she begins to scream desperately.

I laugh.

I try to position myself so I can see her face, but without blocking her view of the altar. It's important for her to be able to admire it.

"See how lucky you are?"

"Please, please don't kill me!" she says tearfully.

"Do you see how lucky you are?"

She tries to comprehend, but her despair doesn't allow her to think straight.

"No one has ever been here before. Only you."

I stand beside Tom's altar.

"See Tom here? He thought he was my childhood friend. And look what I did to him," I say, pointing to the pictures of Tom fully skinned.

She cries.

I start walking around the room, showing off my other works of art.

"Except for this one," I say, pointing to 'Elisa', "all the others were stabbed to death, one way or another. I prefer it that way, you know?"

She begins to scream desperately.

"There are so many people looking for me, and you're here with me. You know who I am."

She keeps screaming, and those terrified screams begin to excite me in a very intoxicating manner. If she only knew how much I preferred it this way...

I smile.

She cries and begs for her life.

I laugh more and more!

"Do you understand that you'll be part of history now? If it wasn't for me, you'd go through your whole boring, silly life without meaning anything to anyone. Now the whole world will know you."

"No, no, please don't kill me!"

"You'll be famous."

"I don't want to be famous. Please don't kill me!"

"You will be very famous."

I smile again.

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I pick up my KA-BAR and show it to her.

She chokes while begging me not to kill her.

“What you don’t understand is that I won’t kill you. I’ll just make you famous.”

Then I smile nastily.

I need to put her body under a mattress, so I can’t do anything like what I’d done to Tom, the children, or the old bitch. But maybe like what I’d done to Connie, maybe I could do it somehow similar to that.

The best part is that she doesn’t know that.

“So, what do you prefer? Do you want me to take your skin off? To tear your guts apart?”

She can’t stop screaming.

“Take it easy. I don’t do exactly the same thing twice. You’ll be part of a new legend.”

She looks at me in despair. She tries to manipulate the chair to break free, but in vain.

I like her. This schoolteacher has definitely given me pleasure.

“Do you know the ‘Dead Body Under the Mattress’ legend?”

She widens her eyes even more.

“Well, that’s the one! You’ll be the body.”