

The Plot Thickens Chad Gay

The hammer comes swiftly down and meets the woman's skull. Bones crackle and blood splatters as again and again the hammer strikes. A choked gurgle comes from deep within the victim's throat. The murderer grins as he drops the hammer to the floor.

The typewriter ceases to hum and the author pulls out the finished page with bloody hands.

"Another unfortunate uni-dimensional soul bites the dust," he chuckles to himself. He shuffles over to the sink and washes the black life-liquid off of his hands. After drying off the last remains of the water with the towel, he pulls out a glass and pours a Johnny Walker Red. He turns the stereo on and collapses into an easy chair.

"Congratulations!" he offers himself. "You're on your way to becoming America's premier horror writer."

Feeling lightheaded from the drink and the feeling of accomplishment, he sings along with Ozzy Osbourne's 'Crazy Train.'

"I'm crazy, but that's how it goes," he sings, then bursts out in a cackle. The song plays on, and he dozes off to sleep.

A knock at the door jars him back into reality. He strains to get out of the chair, sets down his glass, and runs his fingers through his hair on the way to the door.

He looks through the peephole in the door and sees two officers from the NYPD standing on his doormat. He opens the door.

"Mr. Desrengier?" one of the officers asks.

"Yes?"

"You're under arrest for the murder of several individuals. You'll be coming with us," he says as he slaps a pair of shiny handcuffs on Desrengier's wrists.

"You've got to be kidding," he stammers. "I've done no such thing! I'm innocent."

The officers lead him to a waiting patrol car, reading him his rights. Desrengier continues to protest, screaming his innocence. The screams are muffled by the car door being shut. Sirens escort the murderer to his fate.

Inside the house, the typewriter starts to hum.