

Smug with Anticipation

by Sho Botham

In the beginning, I wasn't a very good serial killer. I just couldn't get a slick, clean kill. Too many didn't die. Well, if I'm honest, none died. But it was all good practise and I was excellent at hiding my identify. This enabled me to keep trying. Although all these non-deaths meant my confidence took an absolute bashing. I needed to find a way to not be distracted by my failures and I'm pleased to say that I think I found the perfect solution.

A motto I adopted is, if at first you don't succeed, hide all evidence that you ever tried - then start again as if for the very first time. This has worked for me. Not only did it distract me from my failures. It gave me the confidence to know - I could do it. I could be a successful serial killer. No sooner had I adopted this motto I managed to create three deaths within three days and what a lovely sense of achievement that was. I was on my way.

Not wanting to be greedy after these first three deaths, I would be patient and bide my time. Sometimes this was weeks, months or even years. Once I knew I could do it, I could wait to feel that sense of accomplishment. And if I'm totally honest, the waiting was most delicious. I could take my time to plan my next kill. I don't have a particularly type unless you count being a human being. I'm not fussed about male, female, young or old. That's part of the game and why I haven't been caught. So many in this profession like to have a type. If they start with a young, blonde women with a slender figure and high heels then they stick with that. They seek out similar young blonde women. Likewise, if they start their career with smartly dressed, middle-aged businessmen, they like to continue with that sort of victim. But I'm too clever for that. I know they will look at patterns and expect me to have a type but they don't know my motto. They don't know that they should start again with every kill. They do love to clump things together and see them as connected. But really, the only connection is that I killed them for not good reason other than I wanted to.

I realise now, that I allowed myself to become a trifle, smug. Yes, I know, dear reader, with all my cognitive powers you would think a silly little slip up like that would be far from possible for me. But it wasn't. I became smug and oh how I loved it. A smug serial killer. What joy. What ecstasy. Quite the most wonderfully exciting period in my professional career.

And I decided that a quite lengthy period of biding my time was due.

Reflecting on my smugness gave me an inner glow that seemed to be popular with the women I met. It was never my intention to fall in love and get married but, well it was a great cover for my profession. I met a lovely lady who was not too young and not too old. She was good looking in a quiet sort of a way. And she seemed very keen on me. Actually, dear reader, I got quite excited when I realised that this was another way to find victims. If they fall in love with you, they are just there, ready for whenever I felt the need to kill. But then I came to my senses. It was imperative for me not to be connected with my victims in any way so as to remain a mystery serial killer.

Marriage had its ups and downs. I had a few jobs that gave me something to do, as far as my wife was concerned. Money wasn't a problem because she had inherited very successfully from an old aunt. I'd never killed anyone for a purpose other than I wanted to. So, I was surprised and slightly confused when I found myself thinking of my wife's money and how if I killed her it would all come to me.

All of this happened a very long time ago now. I've had years to consider my mistake. I allowed myself to be lured into what I'd always said I should never do. I was connected to one of my kills. And yes, dear reader, it was my wife. The thought of all her money coming to me was just too much temptation. And like many before me, I yielded to that temptation. I knew the minute her blue eyes took on their last open staring look that I'd put myself at risk of being found out.

Once five years had passed with no knocks at the door from the boys in blue, I once again, became smug. The fun of the money was indescribable. And the fact I had it all to myself, just too, too, wonderful for words. Unfortunately, I got a bit carried away and something, I did, I won't bore you with the details, was my downfall. The boys in blue turned up one rainy autumnal afternoon and took me to the station. And the rest as they say, my dear reader, is history. I've been sitting here incarcerated for my wife's murder for many years but I'm due for parole in the not too distant, future. Will I return to my profession? They don't know about my serial killer past and the thrill of me being able to carry on when I get out is overpowering. I'm starting to feel smug with anticipation.