

Naomi Davidson and Alice Murphy

Inside the mind of a psychopath

Her long blonde hair blowing in the breeze, soon to be stained with the red ink of blood. Walking down the street, I see her perfect body soon to be mine. It's getting late, darkness consumes the town. As the darkness comes, so does the fear. She hurries up, walks faster and faster occasionally glancing over her shoulder. I lurk in the shadows, evading her gaze. Nearly at her apartment block, she removes her keys from her bag, her blood red nails glinting ironically in the orange street light which bathes the scene. She fumbles, drops them. I take my chance, stalking over to meet her. Bending over, I grasp her keys, my arm brushes hers.

"Thanks," she says hurriedly, her eyes begin to dart as though looking for an escape, my impenetrable gaze beginning to concern her, "er, I best be off."

She turns to leave, but I seize her arm,

"Get off me!" she squeals, through gritted teeth, attempting to pull away. Her feeble attempt was nothing in comparison to my iron grip. She claws at me – almost humorous, her pathetic efforts to escape me. Reeling through my plans in my head, I know what I must do. My aggressive tendencies must not get the better of me. I want to enjoy this; I'm going cold turkey afterwards, on the straight and narrow.

My grip tightens, and I advance towards her.

"Now, now, play nicely." Her face alight with fear, she pitifully threatens me –

"I'll call the police" – I've managed to avoid the police for almost two years; as if they are going to catch me now! As if they even dreamt they could catch me, the one who they describe as being 'morbidly insane'.

"You're coming with me", and I smashed her across the face and dangled the keys in front of her wide eyes. I dragged her limp body across the pavement, up to her apartment, her feet, enrobed in stilettos, making a dull clunk at each step. I threw her on the bed, and went to lock the door. 'I've dreamed about this for weeks', I thought to myself. Seeming deeply unconscious, I went to prepare my stage. I wanted to wait for her to arouse, so I could watch the suffering in her eyes. I turned all of the photographs on her bedside table to face the wall – I did not want an audience for my final act.

I sat, slumped lazily along the chaise longue, waiting for the awakening, death approaching. Sliding the knife softly over my hands, enjoying the feeling of the harsh brutality associated with my weapon of choice. My back to her, I contemplate the coming act of violence. A noise – was that her? I turn around; she is slowly stirring from her pain-induced slumber. I stand at the foot of her bed. She sits up, groggily, confusion clouding her expression.

Confusion quickly turns to horror. I grab the knife, she recoils reflexively.

I laugh,

"Don't worry my dear; it'll all be over soon."

Raising the knife high in the air, relishing her high-pitched scream. I cackle. 'As if she thinks it's for her', and grinning with satisfaction, bring the knife into my chest, the fast, frenzy of slashing begins. I see her horrified expression relax for almost a second, covered in the splattering of my gushing blood. I fall, as a curtain on my final stage.