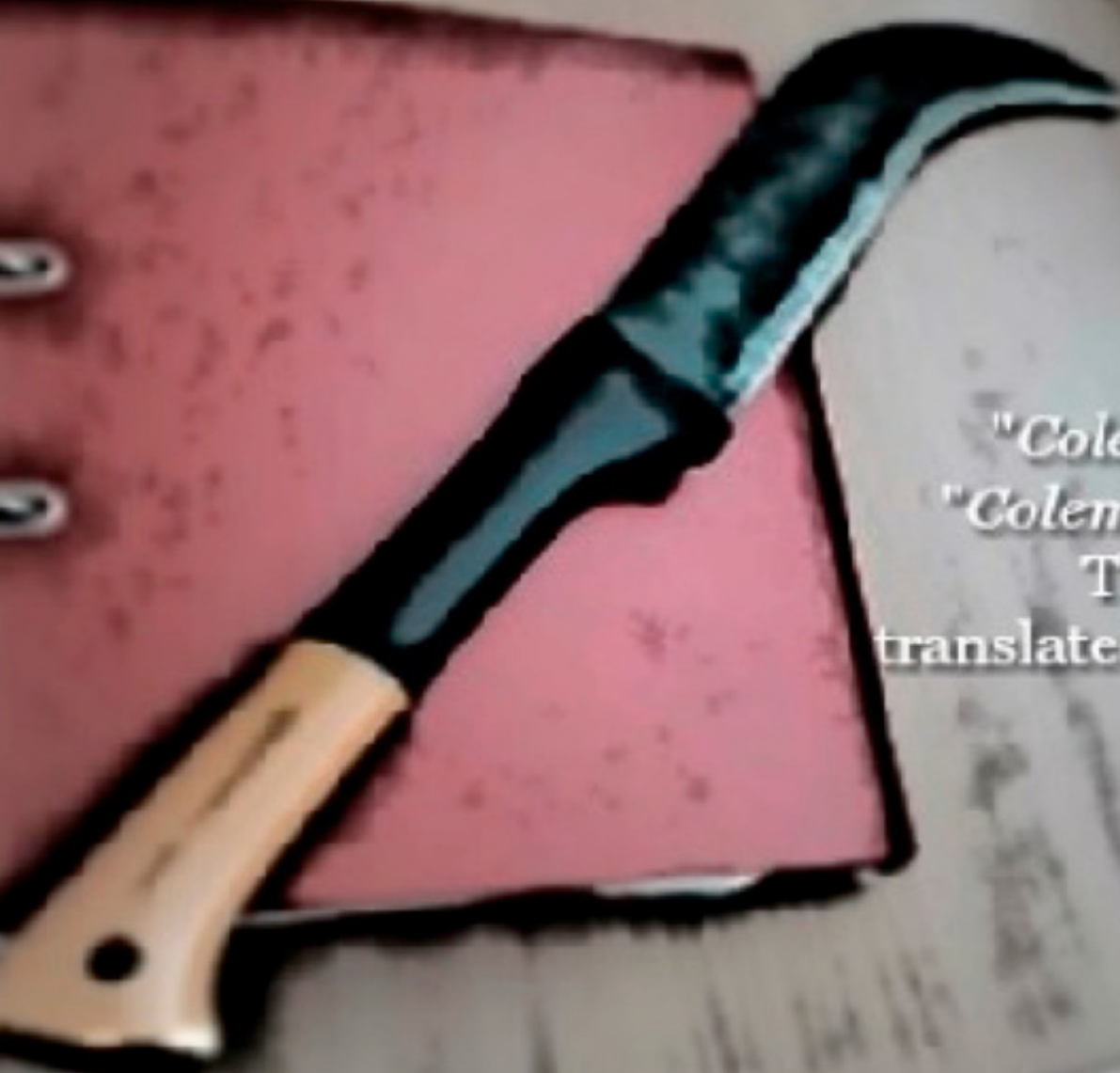


THE COLEMAN STORIES



"Coleman-Tarinat"
"Coleman-Tarinat 2"

The 2014 novels
translated to English by
the author

Jani Ojala

This is a re-release, reworking and an English translation of the first two novels I ever released, *Coleman-Tarinat* and *Coleman-Tarinat 2*.

Originally written in Finnish, these books saw their original releases in March and July of 2014, respectively.

I was 16 years old when I started writing the first story. The year was 2013. Next year, when the first book was finished (at least to me), I took it to my local book store, making a deal beforehand with the owner, that he'd sell it to people coming in the store, I'd bring him a new batch as one was out, and he'd get to keep his part of the sales for advertisement. The books were printed, but besides this working deal with the local book-store, never released in any "official" means of publishing. No other stores had it, and what libraries in Oulu City still do, bought it from the local book-store.

In 2015, **KIPA Kirjakauppa** closed its doors, and the stories of James, William, Damien, Anthony and Alex Coleman, were no longer available for the public.

Until now.

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Final Words

**THE FIRST
COLEMAN STORIES**

STORY 1

WILLIAM

Chapter 1 Johnny Green

[May 2004]

"Hi, I'm William.

There's a few viable ways of starting my story, but the one I've concluded to be the best, is that it's far from that of the ordinary amidst kid of my age group.

I moved from New York to Finland 8 years ago, due to my mother's premature passing and my father's... well, complete and utter loss of all sense and reason. Sherri Coleman, my mother, lost her life as a bystander to gang violence, and my father, being a witness to it all, first had to forego the depressive episode that is expected under such circumstances. After that, hallucinations begun to kick in... first subtly, then, before anyone'd notice, taking over his *whole entire* mind. The rest of this *happens to be* too painful to go over right now. But don't worry, I'll get there! Gotta warm myself up a lil' bit before I do.

We got time. For now, let's say that the loss of mom was too much for dad. Yeah... probably safest to say.

My father's sitting in a jail cell and isn't ever getting out, the last I heard. And that's good enough for me at the moment. As far as my mother... you're actually the only person in the world right now, who I feel safe even speaking her name to.

I was taken away from that broken home, and situated in a foster-home in Finland at-random. Guess this should come as obvious, but as a 7-year-old kid, having just gone through that fucking chain of events, I was not that crazy about the

idea. Be that as it may, this city has accepted me, through multiple twists and turns, as its' own.

When I came here as a second-grader in elementary school, there were a certain couple boys that had their fun on my expense for a good while. I'd made one friend in school, a girl, by the name of Sanna. Sanna Karjalainen. She was excluded by *the big group* simultaneously to me at that time and I realized I had a lot in common with her. Sanna also had a regular family. ...I'm sorry, I've been trying to get rid of self-deprecating humor. Anyways, Sanna's just turned 16 right now, Anna's 18, and Aaro isn't with us anymore. Those are her older siblings, did I mention that?

The siblings fought a lot when they were young. One sunny summer's evening they went a tad too far. Sanna was ten back then. Her parents were of course working, and home was shared by the three kids when there was no school. Summer vacation, you see. That day, Anna and Aaro were just *at it* all day long. Like, they couldn't find a moment's peace with each other. I can't say I don't know what *that* feels like, but from what Sanna has described to me - the days she felt comfortable enough to talk about any of it - I understand that this shit was *just constant*. Their family lived in this Kaukovainio apartment house, real *block of flats* as we call 'em in 'Merica. 'Twas a second-floor apartment. Now, where was I... yeah, this *fateful day* started for Sanna - who really was a bystander in most of the worst arguments between siblings, the quiet one of the bunch without a doubt - as a regular-ass day. Before rubbing the sleep from her eyes, Sanna started hearing sis and bro yell at each other in the living room, right before noon. This time it was about something different, the stuff they screamed at each other was radically different from what she's used to hearing. Aaro was manically screeching that he'd throw her down from the balcony if she didn't listen.

I'm gonna skip details *though I know you'd love to hear 'em*, since all this is, is strictly what I've heard from her.

Anna screamed back at him, and he just attacked. As she yelled to let 'im go, Sanna - still in her sleep-wear - grabbed a frying pan and threatened his brother to let Anna go, *or else*. Think she called him a lunatic too, or something. Bottom line is, she was stepping into the defense of her sister.

That's when homeboy got self-righteous. He did as asked, and let Anna go, standing by their balcony, and grabbed Sanna by her arm instead, putting her down for sticking her nose into his business. Anna had to step in, and she made an effort, which the demon-brother dodged, then shoving her down the two-floor flight, onto some grass in the downstairs-neighbor's backyard.

As he left the balcony, he just looked at Sanna with what she told me were the most evil eyes she's ever looked at, asking, "anything else from you?"

That's when she swung. She always tells me, when we talk about this day, that she's got no idea how she could muster up the force to instantly knock her brother out with a single swing of a pan. I think I might've neglected to stress how *big* Aaro was. Sanna doesn't remember much from the moment, how it felt and shit like that. As you can imagine. The rush was probably inconceivable for a 9-year-old.

Sanna'd been talking to me about running away from home long before that, so the next thing she did after the shock, was to pack a bag and get on a bus. Later on my foster-parents got custody of her as well, with the general instability and abandonment going on in her home. That's a separate story, maybe a little too long for tonight's story-time.

Her parents did try.

Anyways, Sanna's moved in with us, and my foster-father Hugo and -mother Sara have welcomed her with open arms. By the way, if I didn't mention this already, I actually love my foster-parents to death. The most understanding, accepting and overall *neat* pair of people I know. They're

old, and due to some troubles in the past, unable to procreate. I always knew I was safe with Hugo and Sara. And what's best, Hugo's offered me something I never imagined to be able to have in this lifetime: a stable father-figure.

Moving on, I'm now ready to tell the most important part of this story: That day in New York. The darkest day of my life. I had to sit there and watch as my mother's blood and brains washed into the gutters, and people walked past too scared to give a shit. For a 2-hour-long, torpid stream, I cried alongside her dead body, until finally my father came home from work, saw what happened and took me inside, in complete and utter shock himself. Dad didn't talk to me - to anyone, actually - for two weeks. For a fortnite, James Coleman wouldn't speak a mumbling word, besides an occasional curse in his sleep. When the silent treatment finally stopped, he called me by a different name. Sherri...

I already went too far into that part of the past, let's move on.

Still, I noticed something changing about me after that day. The day my mother died, I cried for two hours straight, in complete shock and disbelief, but really, most of all, devastated beyond anything. I thought I could go on crying for days, but when I finally came back home and started to quickly realize what it was that happened... after that day, I've never shed a single tear, and every smile needed to be forced.

I don't feel bad,
or feel good,
ever.

I've already once lost everything I love and care about. No amount of accomplishment, loss, happiness or pain reaches my emotional centers in any way... But I hide it well. I'm a perfectly functioning member of society, *believe you me*.

The best way for me to have fun is by myself, in the dark, in a cold environment. I guess I'm a little bit of an adrenaline-junkie. In wintertime I like to take these long

walks alone, not listening to music or anything, just... the sound of my shoes stepping on fresh snow, hearing it lightly creak beneath me. When the streetlights are off and people should be sleeping - and the decent folk *are* - I feel more at-home than ever.

At school I could be doing better than I am. I'm just getting out of grade 9, and am facing failing in 11 different subjects. In reality I don't even see myself needing an education, or a 9 to 5-job in my future. My three hobbies keep me well-occupied: the aforementioned walks alone, training myself physically in any way, shape or form possible, and best of all, *killing*.

You heard right. Killing. Before I used to do it just for thrills, actually.

My foster-father has is forgetful ways, and I happen to know he owns a firearm or two. I've never asked him about their origins, because sometimes it's just better to be quiet. Often, really. More often than many people I know, understand.

When I came to my current school, there was a hierarchy between students, as there will tend to be. Me and Sanna - the quiet blond-haired pair that rarely spoke to anyone else, and did all the group- or pair-assignments together - were easy to pick as outsiders. That's just the way it is. I remember these two kids named Janne and Jasper being particularly bad to us. They'd made a target of me since day one. An important thing happened with Jasper and Janne, one day walking home from school. We were still in second-grade by then. ...They stopped us, stating boldly that Sanna can go. That they don't beat up girls. She did go, and I guess these guys were surprised that my face still hadn't flinched. They asked me why I kept staring at them with the same face all the time, to which I had no real response to even think of, besides just a frustrated sigh. *I really just wanted to get back home, it'd been a long day at school.* So I picked up my pace and started running, hoping they'd

leave me alone. This, I guess, led them to believe I was scared. Maybe I was actually, to a degree,

but not *of them*. It was at that moment that I realized what this mysterious, underlying feeling is, that's been fucking with my head since that day with my mother. I realized, that if I'd spent another second with Jasper and Janne at that spot, *I would've killed them*. Or at least tried; I would've gone at 'em with everything I had and I wouldn't have stopped until they were no longer breathing. Or I was knocked out. And all the nice neighborhood-people didn't want *or deserve* to see what I would've done.

It's hard to put that killer-instinct into words, but I knew for sure what I felt at that moment.

The next morning the city of Oulu was hit with a devastating headline about a second-grader, *Janne Moilanen*, dying in a school bathroom by having his throat cut. I remember how much the security tightened at our school. Shit, they even hired some Securitas-people to watch the main entrances in case of shady intruders. For a while they were there every day, but in a couple months without any further instances, just some hours on Fridays. By third grade, none of my classmates even remembered those security-guards walking around. It was such a blast for everyone in my class, poking fun at those douchebags, until they became a distant memory. But anyways, taking Janne's life was just the first part of my plan. I wasn't gonna stop there. Later that day they held a heartfelt moment of silence for our student that died, and during that time, I made sure I'd look Jasper in the eyes long enough for him to notice, *long enough for him to know*.

Now that I think about it, it's weird Jasper didn't say anything to any teachers or anyone else. *Actually, he hardly said a mumbling word ever since*.

The investigation never lead anywhere either. When cops asked some kids, who'd been seen with Janne in the days prior to his murder, about any suspicious adults walking the

halls, they'd make a joke of it and answer that they've seen the principal walking around that day. I don't think anyone knew how serious it was back then. *But I knew.*

It's been roughly 6 years now, since Jasper's suicide. When he was a kid, he was an upstairs-neighbor to Sanna and her family. He hung himself from their own balcony's fence. Anna had originally told Sanna about this. She was the one who called the cops, that day.

That day was a couple years after Janne, my first official kill on my own. All I remember from that night, is that I slept like a log. A whole 12 hours. And woke up the next morning from the sun shining in my eyes. Guess it had to be a Saturday, because Hugo and Sara were pretty strict with me not skipping school back then; back when I allowed them to be.

I'd risen up the ranks, into the most popular kid in my class by 4th grade. It's funny how things change so quickly, with kids that age around me. Back in those days, respect could be earned by just whipping the ass of anyone that even looked at you cross-eyed in the schoolyard. I got into a little trouble now and then with the teachers, called into meeting with my foster-parents about my allegedly *violent behavior*. But I didn't give a shit. They had no idea what violence was. And the trouble never amounted to anything big anyways. There's one big difference between me and the other serial killers; I understand social norms, cues and stuff like that. Not that much into socializing myself, but ever since 4th grade, I've been one of the popular kids. Whatever that means.

I even went out with a girl once in grade 4. Her name was Elina. We dated for some 2 months, and it was a horrible time. I don't like relationships or romance at all. Cuts out too much of my own time. Anyways, a big hindering factor to that relationship was *also* the fact that this girl's parents were overprotective to a fanatic degree. One time we had an argument, and Elina went to lie to her parents that I'd

bullied her in school, and that we were never even together to begin with. *Ugh...* just talking about the bitch gives me shivers down my spine... her parents came over to our place, to talk the situation over with Hugo and Sara, and, the discussion had no other possible course than for my foster-parents to tell them the story of my parents, what happened back home, *what daddy did to me...*

I went right back to not getting enough sleep at night, thinking about everything that's at risk with them two knowing. Of course I never blamed Hugo or Sara, they had to tell them everything, to clarify the situation, and get Elina's parents off my back.

However, that night - whether willingly or unwillingly - they got *me* on *their back*. I couldn't live life with some strangers knowing my life-story. No. The only way for me to rest easy again, was to kill them. For who in this world can you trust, besides people that are about to die? That's why you're still laying there, and *no*, I'm not taking that tape off your mouth. I got a heart that needs some more pouring-out.

The next night, a couple hours after everyone else in the house fell asleep, I went on my walk again - with a clear target. Back then my ways of covering tracks were so primitive, I think about them still sometimes and laugh. Actually that was one of the nights when I wore a *garbage-bag* on me. Hah, glad I got rid of that tradition. I put on my leather-gloves, broke in through the bedroom-door silent as a mouse. I wore some shoes I'd return to the store in a couple of days. Hah, the amount of times Sara would ask me why I keep returning shoes I'd just bought... it was hilarious. And those were my favorite gloves, by the way. Wore them up until grade six or seven, until one winter's day I lost them. But it was time to move on; they were getting tight on the wrist and had been for a while. God gives and God takes away, right?

Sara and Hugo never knew what was going on. All they knew was that I was the world's most picky shoe-shopper.

Walking silently is not as hard as all the movies make it out to be. You just gotta be slow and careful with every step - counting the steps you walk actually helps you concentrate - and the breathing always has to be shallow, and quiet. And *never*, under any circumstances, breathe through your nose. *Ever*.

I took my foster-dad's handgun and put a silencer on it because back then, being such a rookie, I thought a double kill without a silencer wouldn't be possible. I put the barrel to each one's head, the mother heard nothing of the father dying, in her deep state of sleep. That was the first time I'd taken the life of anyone else's parents, and I was afraid before doing it, that it'd bring me some terrible flashbacks of Sherri's death. But it went well. I could rest again the night after that.

You see, my killing's motives might seem questionable to anyone on the outside, but I always have my motivations. And I always have my methods. That's why today it's *drilling time*."

Finishing his story, William Coleman turned back into cold, dead silence, and reached into a backpack next to him on the floor of this huge, dark and empty warehouse, getting out a powerdrill. He put the batteries in, took duct-tape off the mouth of his hostage laying on a table next to him.

The man, **Johnny Green**, yelled:

— Please take this blindfold off, William. You have to come back to America! You father's on good medication, and he isn't going to hurt you anymore.

— "You just had to mention that, didn't you?" William said, with frustration a-mounting.

A teardrop fell on top of another piece of duct-tape on Johnny's eyes.

— "Listen to what I'm saying, William!" Johnny urgently insisted. "James can take you back in with him. He was in a

horrible state seven years ago, and regrets the day of raping you more than anything in his life. You know he does.”

— I thought I’d made myself clear that you **don’t mention my fucking father!**

William took the duct-tape, took his time lighting it on fire and threw it on Johnny’s face. Screaming and frantic turning on the table began to occur, and William reached his hand back in the backpack, getting out a kebab with fries in a styrofoam dish, and eating it as he went. Minutes passed like this. Every time Johnny managed to swirl enough to get the burning tape – and paper that was added on as it burned – out, William put it back on, returning to eat at every turn he did this. After having finished the meat and potatoes of his meal, he finally said something again:

— “This has always been my favorite way of killing people with a big fucking mouth.” He said, and started force-feeding Johnny the salad-parts of his meal. “I don’t like the salads in these things. So soggy, so much dressing.”

Disregarding the sounds of Johnny choking, William took his powerdrill and drilled right in through the temples of his victim’s head. Johnny died then and there. William closed the rest of the zipper of the bodybag his victim’d been laying inside, for the whole duration of all of this. To contain him if and when he decided to start struggling under those ropes, to give him as tight of a space to be in as possible, but not without an illusion of opportunity.

Just a little bit of wiggle-room for the limbs is enough to give them the illusion of opportunity. And Johnny was grasping for it for the whole time until it was too late for him.

William was getting out of the warehouse where all this took place, when right outside the door, a voice stopped him, saying:

— Hey!

William was caught.

— Shouldn't you get rid of that?

Chapter 2 **Another Green**

William's tense state, leaving the warehouse, got him startled by that sound from his left. Out of the dark, and toward him walked a man with a surprising name.

— "Ronald Green, g'day." He said with a nonchalant-ness about him.

William drew a pistol with a silencer in what looked like an instant, calmly telling him, "You two look alike."

Ronald took a cigarette from his back-pocket, not paying any mind to the threat of that piece at his face.

— As well we should; we're twin brothers. Earlier this week when I started following him, I had a hunch I would run into something interesting. Turns out my gut didn't fail me.

— "You got any last words?" William asked.

— Nah. My life doesn't matter, and as much as I can't tell you everything, you blowing my brains out right now wouldn't be near as bad as what's waiting for me back home.

William stopped pointing at **Ronald** and effectively surprised the man.

— "You're the first of my victims that's actually peaked my interest. Go on." William laid out a demand, in his deadpan way.

— Johnny was an amateur who couldn't keep his mouth shut. Even back home he was a little tattletale, golden boy, mom & dad's pet.

— "You're losing me more with every word you're saying." William informed Ronald, *visibly* getting ready to reinforce

the position of his aiming-hand.

— Well you seem to be in a pissy mood. I suppose the ground-rules of common diplomacy require me not to *judge* the man holding the gun. But I can tell you're too weak to hear what I have to say, so go ahead, pull the trigger.

— You forgot another common diplomacy: the guy holding the gun, doesn't have to prove a fucking thing to the other guy.

— "The Green family is a serial killer-family, just like yours", Ronald started explaining - ignoring yet another one of William's threats. "A couple of us are following your father back in America as we speak. We've been watching you Colemans for a long time, knowing that you have this tendency to snap. Seems like what you did back there is *just that.*"

— "Nah." William calmly replied.

He reached for his back-pocket, got a freshly-sharpened knife from there and blindsided Ronald with a high swing, sticking the blade right in his eye. "I can't stand people with big fucking mouths." He muttered to himself, letting Ronald - who was screaming in agony - hear only half the words. He dropped the blade, shoved his hand into Ronald's mouth, stretched the tongue out as far as he could and sliced it off in a moment of pure, blinding, *blackening* anger.

Noteworthy amounts of blood started rushing out of Ronald's mouth, as William landed his knees on the man's shoulders, and his attempts at squirming became more and more futile. William reached into his backpack to grab the roll of tape he'd just used on Johnny, and struggled a piece of it in front of Ronald's mouth.

— From now on, you just communicate by nodding or shaking your head. You got it?

Ronald looked deeply into William's eyes, frightened to extreme degrees, with tears and blood falling down his cheeks and combining as streams near his sweaty hair.

— Are there more of you coming for me?

Ronald shook his head.

— Stupid motherfucker... how many of you?! Raise a fucking finger for each one or something.

A moment of silence followed. Following the order, Ronald struggled through the limits his pain set for the simple task of raising his hand. He did it, with the middle finger up. William beheld the sight for a second.

— "How classy." He said in a deadpan way, taking the knife and putting it on the middle-finger, sliding it open from nail to the root. Ronald tried to scream, but the sounds he was able to muster weren't loud enough for interrupt William in any way.

He knew what he was doing.

He got up, went back to his pack, took a needle 20 centimeters long, and pinned it straight into the dome of Ronald's head. It pierced through with surgical precision, and stopped the rest of Ronald's movement then and there.

William stood, walked back to the warehouse and looked the most determined he'd looked all night. In a short moment, he came back outside while swinging a canister of gasoline in his hands. The trail stopped at Ronald's corpse. He lit a match, dropped it, and was done with it.

— I'll be ready for you all.

The morning had emerged from the night, and William arrived to the great hall of his school, 15 minutes before the 8 o'clock bells would ring. There to greet him was a pesky young female voice with a familiarity to it.

— "Billy!"

He turned to look with a smile.

It was that of his classmate, **Mira**.

— "What's got you so cheery?" She asked.

— "Well, long story short, my nightly walk got a bit *long* and I ended up staying out the whole night." William went right into his explanation. "Hugo wouldn't have exactly been jumping around with joy if he knew, so I didn't even bother

checking in before I got here. Walking here, I was sure this would turn to a shit day. But how could it, when the first person I saw was you?"

Mira gave William a sugary smile, proceeding then to put her arms around him, coming *unexpectedly* close, and kissing him on the lips.

Another thing I don't understand about people, William thought to himself in his head, while giving and receiving cold kisses from this affectionate young girl. Why these little rituals to express affection, to announce it in front of people? All I've ever been is nice to this girl, hoping just to be in good graces, but I guess since she's the prettiest girl in our class she feels bold enough to just do this when she feels like it. Like she's entitled to it.

I hope no one sees this. This shit's embarrassing.

Mira stopped kissing him as softly as she'd begun, and William faked a pleasantly surprised reaction:

— What was this, now?

— "Come on, William Coleman, don't act surprised." She flirted.

— Alright, you got me. I've liked you for a long while now... I just don't like keeping a *high profile* about things like this. I know you understand.

— "Fuck..." Mira sounded like she was about to change subjects.

"Class is about to start. I don't wanna go. My folks are at work, you wanna come over for a while?"

— "You needn't ask me twice." William replied, less cold than before.

The clock struck 9:20 as Mira and William entered a classroom where there was a chemistry-lesson on its' way. After opening the door, Mira was quietly and swiftly placed on her seat, while William's walk got interrupted by the teacher:

— William Coleman! I'd lost count, but I know this is at *least* the 70th time you're late from my class.

William stopped, raised his right eyebrow and turned to look to the front of the classroom.

— Oh, where did my manners go? My sincerest apologies for the tardiness, and all the possible disruption it caused.

— "Quit trying to be clever and go take a seat." He heard a command.

— Define *trying to be clever*?

— It's the thing you're doing right now.

— That answer's something I would've gotten from a five-year-old. Did you wake up on the wrong side of the bed? Or are things just not going well at home?

The rest of the kids in class were audibly amused by the boldness, as one would expect - some more loudly than others.

— Mister Coleman's the last person I'd have thought to bring up *problems at home* in my classroom.

— What, you're really interested in my problems or don't feel like doing your job? Let's all just focus on me, right? Teaching doesn't matter.

— A pubescent child in the middle of my classroom is quite hindering *me doing my job* at the moment.

— And *to think*, if you could just shut your mouth for a moment and stop trying to be clever, I'd already be back there on my seat.

After he said that, William ignored everything else that was said afterward and, having made his statement, felt ready to walk to the backseat.

Sanna Karjalainen was occupying the seat in front of William. Her straightened, blonde hair that reached down to the elbows, smelled like home to the tired boy's sense-receptors. Before long, William fell into a thoughtless daze that felt welcoming; almost like it'd been waiting for him all through the sleepless night and this eventful morning.

How can people still get this giddy over William's behavior? Sanna was thinking to herself. She'd also lost track of what the class was even going over, before that little moment there. *He's always been like that. Never took back-talk in silence, and never took no for an answer when he really wants something. He's a guy that doesn't demand much, besides the comfort of his own space... but when he doesn't get what he wants, a response is as sure as sunrise. Quick-wittedness has always been in his blood. He never asks for trouble, but **does** return what people bring to his doorstep.*

As the class ended, William - who was busy staring out of the windows - got stopped from his intentions of going off somewhere - *anywhere, as long as it's alone:*

— "You wanna come for a smoke?" Mira quietly asked him up-close.

— "Yeah." William succinctly answered, not having the time to think up an excuse not to.

As soon as the two made it out of the classroom, after everyone else, and were followed out by a marring stare from the teacher which neither one paid attention to, Mira made another affectionate gesture to William. *Right there, for everybody to see. Jesus Christ, what's this person's limit?*

She looked at him, and he forced a smile back at her direction in response.

This girl's gonna turn out to be a problem. Gonna be a little more tricky to get rid of this one, though...

Chapter 3 Weekend

The drab school-week had culminated into a Friday.

William sat lazily on a sofa at the back of a living room. **Joonatan**, a classmate, had his parents off somewhere for the weekend, and such a time was opportune for hosting a house party. Peers with familiar faces and walks about them, scampered in and out of William's sight in a seemingly aimless way, but he couldn't be reached in his floating state of mind.

Sanna quickly sat on a chair facing him, popped the cork of a beer-bottle, and said:

— Never would've thought you to be interested in Mira.

She came right out with it. William had to take a moment to exhale, try to break off the impression that he'd been caught off-guard via her approach - which was the case.

— "It's not that, I just..." He started explaining to her. "... Couldn't see another way out in that situation.

— "What do you mean?" Sanna asked, forthcoming. It didn't bother William, because of how familiar the two were.

— "Apparently she's been basically in love with me for God knows how long." William answered the question. The trouble in his eyes was visible to her, as she leaned in a little bit, closer.

"The bitch won't leave me alone. I don't know what to do."

— Well be that as it may, are you guys... a *thing* now?

— Yeah...

William was almost wistful in his delivery of that response. Sanna saw this, and got a couple measures more agitated

herself.

— "William..." She started speaking, grabbing his right hand in the grip of both of hers. This sparked a reaction; the two were rarely ever that physically familiar. William knew that whatever she was about to say, was quite serious. "Knowing this is probably gonna change some things between you and me, but I have to tell you. I know about you. I *know* what you're capable of. And fuck me, William, I'm worried as hell."

— *What I'm capable of?* What are you talking about?

— "I notice things going on around me." Sanna said bluntly. She never liked when people talked to her like she was clueless. It always drew out that tone. That's all William knew to call it. *That tone.* "I have witnessed you coming back home from a kill at least two times, *that I'm sure of.* Please don't try to deny it, William - I'm only brave enough to talk to you about this because I got a little alcohol in my system."

An unfamiliar sense of panic was drifting into William's voice of delivery. "Do you realize what kind of information it is you have? What would happen if anyone found out?!"

Sanna had never seen William react so *widely* to anything before. Even with a bold state of drunkenness, she got taken aback.

— "I've known for at least a year, William." She continued her confession, unsure of what else there was to say at that time.

— Sanna, if you know what I am... what I *do*...

— ...Yeah. I know.

— No, you clearly don't. By what I've gone by before, I should--

— "--I know." Sanna interrupted. The cold, dead-serious look that followed, was the icing on all of this new information.

William walked off without a second thought, distressed, inspiring some looks back his way from the other people

sharing the room; but none of any consequence.

A brown-haired, shorter boy with an earring that always caught Sanna's eyes, walked next to her. It was Joonatan. Just the smell of Joonatan was enough to alarm Sanna that he was near. It was a good smell; she liked it. She just was never vocal about it. The admiration of Joonatan's scent was where Sanna's affectionate feelings for this guy in his Khaki jacket and black jeans begun and ended; this, she knew. All of this was, however, not enough for her to resist a delighted smile, when she realized those were Joonatan's fingers tapping on her shoulder, his whole self confidently taking a seat on the handle of her chair.

— "Hey. I'm sorry," the boy politely spoke. "But what were you two talking about, that got William so stressed out?"

— Just some shit about the home life.

— Ah, I see. Hopefully nothing too serious?

Back home, William sat down on his chair, with the waves inside his mind calming considerably. The luxury of at least *some* alone-time, at least gave his brain the opening to return to its' normal patterns of working... he thought.

It was a good enough thought to lull yourself into comfort with.

As soon as he thought that, he felt a vibration from his phone in the pocket of his jeans. It was a call, and it was from Mira. He picked up.

— "*Are you coming over to Joonatan's?*" Mira asked. "*I just got here.*"

— "Nah, you come over." William answered, thinking more visibly. "We got nobody home either, and the air's too thick to breathe over there, with all those people packed in the same room."

— *Alright, I'll be there in no time.*

— Alright, bye.

William placed the cell phone back in his pocket again. He got a focused mentality from *somewhere other than here*. A plan was brewing. He opened the lowest cabinet-door of his desk, looked at a nailgun that brought back memories, and was interrupted by a growling from the stomach, announcing dinner-time.

Finishing the sandwich he'd made, and looking silently at his nail-gun standing on the kitchen-table, William chewed for a bit more. He was focused as a stone. A ring came from the doorbell; one he'd been waiting for.

— "It's open!" William hollered.

Mira stepped inside the house, took off her shoes and jacket, and her delight was detected by William by the rhythm in which her steps rang out to the hallway, where he was now quietly walking. The last couple of months had been an emotional time for the girl, having a blind crush on someone that felt more distant by the day. She got a giddy smile on her face after the undressing - *at least the part we're gonna do here before we get to his room* - was complete. Somewhere, deep down, she thanked God for giving her the initiative to make the first move on this distant boy.

Just as she came out of the apartment's vestibule, William whacked her over the head with a baseball bat; rendering her unconscious then and there.

A mere hour later, Mira came back to her senses. She was somewhere she'd never seen before. A room full of shadows. Pain and the reality of things were racing for that spot of the *first to strike*. The palms of her hands had been nailed to the sides of this brown little chair she was sitting upward on. She tried to scream, but was held back by a gag - tried to squirm off, but was held back by ropes. She realized where all parts of her were, but one question was still left. The biggest one of all:

What the hell?

William Coleman walked out of the shadows, and up close to her.

— "Good, you're done. I was getting sick of your voice anyways." William said, in a lower tone than he usually uses. In a more frightening one, a more *intimate one*. "Hi. I'm William..."

It took the regular time for William's story to be over, and Mira's cheeks were flooded with tears of pain and desperation.

— "So, as you can see," William extended the monologue a bit. "The motives and ways of my killing are questionable to most, but I always put the due effort into it. That's why today it's *nailgun's turn*! Been a while since I used this tool, but it still works, as you can probably feel in the roots of your fingers right now. *Anywho*, a thought came across my mind as I was telling that story to you just now. I remember it by hand, and reciting it gets boring sometimes. So it got me thinking. We shouldn't have hard feelings about our short time together. We should relish it. So the least I could do for you, is at least let you have some final words."

William took the gag off.

"I FUCKING **HATE YOU!** YOU SICK PIECE OF **SHIT!** HOW THE FUCK CAN YOU **LIVE WITH YOURSELF!**"

It was all expectedly instantaneous. With a cold expression locked-in, William shoved the gag right back in Mira's mouth. Her trying to bite it off, and throwing her head around, turned out to only make it worse for her, as every snappy turn of the head was met with an open-palm smack. Somewhere between the fifth and seventh open palm Mira was struck by, she realized she'd vastly misunderstood this boy she liked.

— "I would've expected something more poetic from a bright girl like you." William replied to Mira's words as soon as he was done getting in the gag.

William surgically took Mira's left nostril to the grip of his index-and-middle fingers, and shot a nail up her nose. He

held her head up with a thin glove in his hand.

The pain was too much for Mira to grasp, let alone handle. She was rapidly losing consciousness. All this was noticeable from just the expression on her tired face.

It seemed for a good half-minute, to Mira, that William was then away in the shadows again. Enough for her to look for any possible things to break out of this *hell* from. She couldn't muster up a thought. Just then, five nails, shot fast as rapid fire, pierced her brains through the soft spot at the dome of her head.

It took a mere moment before all the bodily functions in Mira stopped. William took the gag off her mouth, and huge amounts of blood poured out of her mouth. *As if the dead were able to vomit.*

— "Better luck picking your boyfriend next time." William said as he started walking away from the scene.

The next night proved the hardest for William and his attempts of getting sleep. The words circled in his brains. *What the fuck do I do, what the fuck do I do, I can't **kill Sanna.***

He was wet with sweat. This had been going on for some time, he knew. He looked up at the portable radio placed on his desk, equipped with a digital clock. **3:04 am**, it blasphemed.

At just that very moment, a light shone into William's room. The door had been opened, and Sanna walked in. She walked right up to William's bed, sitting beside his pillow wherein a weary head was laying. It had returned to that distress from the house-party; it was unavoidable.

— I'm serious, William. Don't worry. Nobody's gonna ever find out from me. I've known for a year.

— "I'm supposed to kill everybody who knows. That's what I've always done. What the fuck is happening to me?" William spoke from an unexplored, deep place of confusion.

— Listen now, I'm gonna come here and sleep next to you, and stay up, and wait until you can finally get sleep. You've been too deprived lately. It's affecting your mind.

— I'm so tired, Sanna.

Just as soon as Sanna landed her feet down next to William's, him cuddling her up, got his breath back to steady rotation again.

Chapter 4 The House Party

Monday morning:

"Do my old eyes deceive me?" William heard his foster-father, **Hugo** call out to him in a disrupting, loud way in the middle of his sleep. It was time for another early-morning wake up-call. Hugo's known for his way of disguising these drill-sergeant-ish mannerisms into conversationalist outpourings. William saw through this, but didn't mind. He enjoyed the old fella a lot. And a wake up-call now and then didn't bother him; he was usually precise *himself* about not sleeping too late - or sleeping too much at all, since so many hours of the day can be used for something productive. After nights like last night, however, his head was in terrible need for resting. He wished the old coot would stay away in his chambers for the evening, *but of course when you wish for something... eh, no point mulling over it.*

— "Have I missed something going on under my own eyes?" Hugo asked in a friendly manner. "The third night I caught you two sharing the bed.

— "Oh, daddy dearest", William said, putting on his shirt and feeling like sunshine all-around. *That quick get-up really did the trick.* "I'll tell you everything first, you know that don't you?"

Sanna, on the other hand, was not a morning-person in the slightest. Lying beneath the covers still, she tried to squint her eyes open, looking at Hugo standing there. From that angle, Hugo's posture really made him look quite tall for a 5'2" man.