

## Sinultimata

Echoing sounds of steel shutters bellowed across the darkening sky, as the sun seemed to force its escape on the horizon. Dull streetlights flickered into life, their weak illuminations a direct cause of power being directed to the more affluent suburbs so they could retain their twenty-four hours of daylight and security.

The howling of the security dogs, if one could call them that, pierced the night sky as they crawled from their fortified cages below the suburban houses. These were no ordinary guard dogs; they made the Pit-Bull of the late twentieth century seem like cuddly puppies. Even their owners, safe in their cocoons of steel and cement, never ventured outside while these beasts patrolled the high fenced gardens.

Gone were the days when children played in the streets against a backdrop of chattering women as the sun dipped low in the west. Gone were the days when children could safely walk and play in the streets at dusk, the orange glow of the sun their forever friend and guide – it was a sad day indeed when the government widened the gap between the haves, and the have nots.

Samuel preferred a non-confrontational lifestyle, but it rarely happened that way although his wealthy appearance did help on occasion. His ankle length leather coat and polished boots left him well out of place in this canyon of high wire fences and rabid dogs, but he enjoyed the silence it brought.

Rounding a corner he saw there, in the distance, the nightly group of well-heeled *brats* as he called them, four teenage boys and three girls – their designer label clothes completely out of place in this area of no name foods and people who threw their new born to their guard dogs to rid themselves of one more mouth to feed.

His leather boots made a small clicking noise as he made his way along the path, doing his best to ignore the name calling from across the street. “Look, it’s a faggot, it’s got to be in his girly coat,” one of the *brats* yelled. Samuel stopped and slipped his gloves off, folded them and put them in an inside pocket of his coat, and then began making his way across the street.

As he neared them, the caller slid down a fence to the footpath and grinned a stupid grin; the rest formed a semi circle in his path.

Samuel stopped and looked at him as he sat there, oblivious to the world around him, drugs surging through his veins. “Now why make such an insinuation?” Samuel asked. The group just giggled.

“He even talks like a faggot” the caller continued. Samuel bent forward, tipping his head to one side to get a better look at the name caller.

“From your posture and the way you greet me, you must be the lazy one,” Samuel replied, and then before anyone could even blink Samuel’s hand gripped the boy’s throat and he lifted him off the ground.

The popping sound his larynx made as Samuel squeezed bounced from one fence to the next, then in a single movement he threw the boy over the fence to land on his neck, the snapping bone and his gurgling

soon had the guard dogs of the house in a frenzy. Soon there would be no trace of him; the homeowners increasing the volume on their televisions to drown out the howling of the dogs.

“You fucker, you mad fucker, you killed him” shrieked a girl from the remaining pack.

Samuel, his head still tipped to the side looked her up and down. The girl beside her pouted her lips and smeared a bright red lipstick over them, smacking them together as she did - then began to dust her eyelids with the colour of the day.

As if talking to no one but addressing her, Samuel commented on the vanity of the group, then without appearing to move, his arm shot out from his side, two stiff fingers with pointed fingernails piercing her eyes to the backs of their sockets.

As she stumbled backwards screaming, Samuel surveyed the eyeball that clung to his index finger. The girl screamed and wandered across the street – Samuel pointing the eyeball to her fate, just as the girl tumbled down the decaying stairs that led to the street below, her head cracking open like an over-boiled eggshell.

Turning to the remaining five, he licked the eyeball and flung it to the four winds. “Jeremy Blaketon-Smythe, how are your parents? You realise it was me that made them the richest in the country, don’t you?”

Jeremy stood quietly, unable to take in all he’d seen in his drug induced stupor.

“Do you still wear mummy’s panties? Do you still make love, if one could call it that, to your precious mummy, or is it daddy now?”

Jeremy began to shake uncontrollably as Samuel moved closer to him. In the blink of an eye, Samuel gripped Jeremy’s testicles and popped them like grapes – a pain so great, Jeremy dropped to the ground unable to utter a single sound.

The remaining four stood transfixed as if their feet were set in cement. Samuel turned to the nearest girl and placed his hand gently under her chin, running his thumb across her lips.

Staring deep into her eyes he said, “You seem so thin for someone of your height, are you eating enough my dear?”

Without responding she turned and began to walk across the street and down the stairs to where her friend lay. Kneeling beside her, she stroked and kissed the dead girl’s face then pulled back the shattered skull to feed on her still warm brain.

A sly smile crept onto Samuels face as he surveyed the remaining three teenagers. “Anthony, my dear dear boy, did you know that when I last saw your father, he too was in bed with Jeremy’s mother? If he’d done as he’d been instructed, then you’d be the richest family in the country.

Anthony looked at him then looked at Jeremy, then pounced on the prone figure, biting and kicking and punching in an unfettered outburst of anger.

Turning to the last remaining boy, Samuel produced a small handgun and placed it in the boy's hand. "Why should they have it all Martin?"

With that, Martin let off two rounds, one to Jeremy's head, shattering Anthony's weak skull with the next. Putting the gun in his pocket Martin turned and began the long walk back to the affluent side of town – tonight, four adults will bid this plane goodbye before Martin would take his own life.

Theresa-Anne stood motionless; she knew this was where her life ended, but how could she live with what she saw anyway.

Samuel walked to the girl; the only one left and hugged her gently, whispering in her ear. "Your life will be a long one Theresa-Anne, a long one filled with memories. Enjoy, there's no need to be envious of your dead friends," although Samuel knew it was the only way she could live.

As he stepped back, she brought her hands to her face and began to sob. Samuel smiled and started to walk down the street.

The last thing Theresa-Anne heard that night was the flapping of leathery wings disappearing into the night sky.

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