

I saw the children, all of them. The spirits of them danced around me like a fairytale merry go round.

I recognised one of them. A girl of about fourteen, she was the first.

She was the daughter of a restaurateur in suburbia. Life in that sector was dull to the point of stagnation, unemployment was high, the whole area was in decay.

The people in this area were on edge anyway, they tend to be when the risks of poverty loom large over the area.

The family was an average one, working father and mother, daughter and younger son. A simple suburban home, close to the factory where the mother worked.

The house was simple, with all the trappings of the average family home. There were toys on the floor, there was a basket of washing in the kitchen, keys on a hook next to the door. I passed a table still laden with the previous nights crockery, moving into the living room. I passed a tv set still on with the sound off, showing late night contract circuit highlights. The fight was bloody, and cruel, vicious and drawn out, I only gave it a few moments glance as I passed. Walking into the hall, I looked up the stairs, the house was unlit and orange streaks were coming through the windows from the streetlights. there were posters on the walls of the landing, a few current and old contract circuit killers, obviously both the father and son were aficionados of the sport.

The parents were first. I carry a silenced caf pistol for this kind of work. the calibre is small and easily silenced, and when I say silent I mean *completely*. two shots. I shoot through the eye as it saves the round the effort of passing through the skull, a much more straightforward kill. I've seen round deflected by the

skull, even when they shouldn't: Suicides when the bullet was found embedded in the ceiling above the subject bounced ninety degrees off the bone.

The son was next, asleep in a bed surrounded by action toys, replica contract killer custom jobs, blades, pistols. I'd seen him playing with them in the street against his friends earlier in the day. I carefully slit his throat with a small vibro knife. There wasn't any struggle, just a slight gurgle as I removed the blade.

I entered the daughters room with the very beginnings of the rush growing inside me. I pushed the door open, brushing aside clothes dropped on the floor. I took out a hypospray and covered my face with a sterile white mask, and leant over her bed. The rush begins to grow, faster and faster, the change is beginning, and the thrill is very close.

You're going to hear from me again. This is just a beginning, and I thought you might print this in your magazine. I hope you do, after all, wouldn't you rather hear my side of the story?



Every one I've taken, they come to me in the quiet moments, they dance for me, and they take me into the dance with them. Their dance is so beautiful.

You'll hear from me again soon.

I feel a rush coming on.