

There was this one night that I went out for pie, Key-lime pie. I was sitting in a booth across from these 2 girls. I listened to them talk for what seemed like hours. It's funny what people will say when they think nobody is listening. It's even funnier that people sitting at a restaurant table think that no one around them can hear what they have to say.

In the time that I listened to them I found out their names, Jill and Meghan. I found out where one of them lived, I found out that Jill had a brother named Ed, found out that nobody was expecting either of them home at any specific time that night, found out that they needed to catch a cab at the end of the night, found out they were returning to the S.E., found out their favorite drugs, and drinks. This was more information than I needed, or even wanted, it just strikes me how vulnerable people can make themselves. It must have been about midnight, the girls left to go to a club around the corner. I paid my tab, got in my car and followed them. I sat out in the parking lot. It must have been about 2 hours that I waited before they came stumbling out. I walked up to Jill with a big smile on my face and asked how Ed was, then engaged in a couple minutes of conversation. Jill introduced me to Meghan, and all I needed to do was redirect the attention to Meghan so there was no evidence of my bullshit. As long as I focused my attention on Meghan and kept talking shit I was in the clear. I told them that it was nice to see them, but I had to leave, I had to get to the S.E. to see my sister. I asked where they were off too, and sure enough not 2 minutes later, they were getting in my car for a ride.

I started off towards the S.E. But then took a turn off onto the highway. They were pretty drunk, it took about 5 minutes to realize that they weren't going the right direction. I stayed

calm and just kept telling them that it's a short cut, but they wouldn't stop bickering, I then had to pull out my gun, I pointed it in the back seat and shot Meghan in the head. Jill started to scream, she panicked, opened the door and actually jumped out. What a crazy broad, I was going about 60 miles per hour, she managed to roll into the grass ditch, but she was still pretty banged up. I pulled the car around and went back for her. She was pretty much hysterical when I recovered her. She was crying a lot, I do remember that pretty vivid. It was pretty annoying. We stood there in the ditch, and the only light was coming from the headlights of my stolen car. I told her that we were going to play a game. She panicked, she wouldn't stop screaming. I asked her to take her cloths off. She said no, so I shot her in the foot, and told her again "Take your fucking cloths off".

She cried and cried... slowly she took off her shirt. This chick had balls, she looked at me and spat in my face, and told me to go to hell? "GO TO HELL?" I screamed... "WE ARE IN HELL!!", and I shot her in the neck. She grabbed the side of her neck, I remember all the blood seeping through her fingers. She pissed me off. "I'm the fucking guy with the gun, I make the rules". I put my gun down, and finished undressing her myself.

She sat there naked, she was cross legged, holding her neck, and still crying. I grabbed her friend from the car, and tossed her in the ditch beside her.

Time to play a game.

Do you remember my name? tell me my name, and I will let you live.

"TELL ME MY FUCKIN NAME"

She was so panicked, that I don't even know what she was trying to say !!

"MY NAME, MY NAME, MY FUCKIN NAME" " WHY ARE YOU GETTING INTO CARS WITH PEOPLE AND YOU DONT EVEN KNOW THEIR FUCKIN NAME !!!

I calmly sat down beside her and said something like "look at yourself, you're sitting here as naked, innocent and helpless as day you came into this world," and me? I'm gonna be the one to take you out. **TELL ME MY NAME !!**, right then I fired off 4 more rounds into her dead friends head, "1 more chance" I said, as I put the gun to her head. She lost her edge, I was expecting her to spit at me again, but instead it was the most silent minute of my life. She looked at me with tears in her eyes, almost like she knew that there was nothing that she could do. I want to use the word peaceful. Everything seemed so peaceful for that moment, maybe I'm confusing it with purity, clarity, we both new where this was going.

In slow motion, I watched a tear drop from in her eye, it slowly ran down her face, it broke on her lip. It reformed again on the corner of her mouth. A stream of more tears slowly followed the same path, and eventually built up one more tear that fell from her mouth. A drop started to form on her chin. It stayed there, almost frozen in time. Her mouth shuttered, the tear almost fell off, but not yet. I slowly raised the gun to her head. I wanted to see that tear fall, instead I closed my eyes. All I remember after that was driving home. When I heard the story on the news the next day. I heard that both girls were shot 5 times. All I could think about was if that tear drop ever fell.

