

His name is Charlie. He's 22 years old. He lives by himself, works at a local food chain as a courtesy clerk. Loves video games and murdering young women. He's available last time anyone checked...

Cold and calculating, yet sexy and seductive. Those are the traits to watch out for...

PSYCHOPATH



BY RANDALL BROOKS

Hi, my name is Natalie Busfield, but you can call me Nattie, most everyone else does, and you shouldn't be any different. Ok then. I am only 33 years old, and I've been married twice and divorced twice but ain't got no kids but I don't need no man to take care of me no ways, that's all. I live by myself with my Mamaw and my ex-boyfriend Bubba Watson. Bubba is a cute man, and he still loves me, so I don't mind having him around the house, so that should explain that for you, so leave me alone and stop asking so many questions. Ok then.

My favorite color is beige and my favorite number is 42 and my favorite letter is capitol Z, and my favorite animal is a squirrel, and my favorite time of year is the 1980's. And I have the hugest crush ever in this whole world on John Tesh. He is so really awesome. I don't know too much about sunsets but I love swingsets. Ok then.

Mamaw had me in training by the time I was 2 and when I was 12 I was old enough to prostitute and bring home money for everybody to have cigarettes to smoke and pills to take. I was very responsible, mind you.

I work as a cashier in my spare time at the local Food City, and have been in their employ now for almost 10 years, I believe. I only work part time, so I am able to qualify for the food stamps I draw, so don't be thinking I am doing something illegal by getting them, 'cause I'm not, so move on.

I also get a very small SSI check every month on the first of the month, but that's only for me to buy my cigarettes and beer with. It's not enough for me to even think of surviving on, so I have to sell my prescription pills, like Valium and Xanax to make ends meet sometimes, so if you ever want any, give me a call.

Oh, and I'm also a writer and rapper, and several people tell me all the time how much they like my poems and stories and rhymes I throw out from time to time. Here's a small example:

My name's Nattie, they call me Grave Digger.

Got a man named Bubba, and he my nigger.

He got a big dick, but mine is bigger.

My ass so chapped because I sit in chiggers.

And that's about all I got so far on that one, but I'm sure you get the general idea. Ok.

And last Halloween, this little poem of mine got posted on a billboard in the employ break room.

Trick or treat. Beat my meat.

Give me bug spray with extra deet.

Hang 'em hi. Hang 'em low.

Your mamma is a dirty ho.

I got some kind of reward given to me for that one from one of the managers, and he said that he would do more than write me up next time, so I am still wondering what kind of prize I may get if I can top that last one. Hmmm?

Well I just got me a new laptop and I been hearing all about the Facebook and want to see what all the rage and hoopla is about it. The first person I friended on there was a young man I work with. His name is Charlie Baysinger. He's 22 years old, and cuter than an all hell! And smart too! He's smarter than me, Mamaw, and Bubba all put together, so that should tell you something. So there!

And he likes me, I can tell. I like to watch him play his Xbox game at work, and he asks

me all the time if I would like to meet him in the break room and give him a hand job, which I do, because I'm so good at it and it would be a shame to waste such a talent. One day he even asked me if I would like to put it in my mouth, and I said ok then. It was like swallowing a big banana, and I eat the bananas all the time for practice, so he said I was really good at that too, and I was so proud. He told me he loves bacon, so I told him I would feed him bacon all day long if he would keep feeding me his sausage, and he just laughed and said ok.

I think we're a couple now, I'm not too sure. He still has his Facebook status as single, but I won't pressure him none to change that. I know in my heart how he feels about me. He makes me feel like a whole woman, something that neither of my ex-husbands or my ex-boyfriend Bubba knew how to do. I want to have his babies some day, but not today. Ok then.

One of the cashiers at the Food City told me I was obsessed with Charlie, and I told her to mind her own fucking business and stay the hell out of mine ok then. That Loretta acts so snooty toward me all the time, I swear I could just kill her and bury her dead body in my back yard next to Bubba and not think twice about it. Ok.

Oh, I don't mean that about Bubba, so don't be thinking you need to call the police or anything, he fine, he is alright, you hear me, so stay away from my back yard! Ok then. He's just on vacation at the moment, yeah, that's where he is, so there. Now you know, you nosy busybody.

I'm seriously thinking of asking Charlie to take care of snot nosed Loretta for me. He told me one day in secret how he liked to kill women, he likes to terrorize them and then kill them slowly and violently, and then lick their blood off their body. Damn he so sexy and charming! At first I thought he was joking, but then one day I saw a report on the news about some woman being violently stabbed to death in her house, and I had just seen that woman in the Food City earlier that day, and I saw Charlie bag her groceries and then follow her out of the store. He never came back, but I didn't think much about it at the time. I do now.

I love him so much! I want to marry him and have his babies and be in love forever and ever, amen, shout GLORY! Hallelujah! Praise be! Ok then.

I feel so safe and secure around him. And I just know he would never ever hurt me or break my heart or try to kill me, because, well, I just know, ok. Ok then. A woman like me has her instincts and has ways of knowing things, and has ways of talking to a man to let him know how I feel, and let him know how much he is loved by me, and that he'd be a fool to ever leave or hurt me. Understand me now? Ok.

Anyways, I heard another news report today that there was another young woman killed in her home, and of course the first thing I thought of was Charlie, and I had to go to my room and masturbate. Just thinking of him makes me come to orgasms I didn't ever think possible before. And that's when I'm pleasuring myself thinking about him. When I'm actually with him, I melt and turn to butter and feel like I just ate 5 or 6 pancakes and am in Heaven.

I just wish he would stop murdering so many people. It could jeopardize our relationship if he ever got caught, you know. And I would just die if that ever happened! That's why I feel like I must try to stop him. That, and the fact that I get a little jealous that other women are getting so much of his attention.

I got so excited the other night when Charlie came by the house unexpectedly, knocking on my window waking me up sometime around midnight. At first I was mad that some fool idiot was knocking on my window so late at night, and thought it was probably Bubba clawed his way out of the ground and was coming back to get revenge on me for burying him alive, something I didn't do, mind you, so never mind what I just said. Charlie looked ever so sexy standing beneath my window covered in blood, the full moon reflecting on him, his eyes looking so sexy and manic, and it made my heart swoon and made me love him even more.

Of course I invited him in, what do you think I would do, turn him away? I'm no idiot! I asked him what happened, did he maybe get attacked by some wild animal, and at first he just sat there all silent and not saying a word, simply reaching over and grabbing my hand and placing it in his crotch. Oh my, he had the biggest hardest erection ever, and my heart just about beat its way out of my chest right then and there, I do declare.

As I proceeded to get down on my knee's to do my business, he started talking, telling me what happened.

A slight drizzle was beginning to fall as Cheryl Whitlock pulled her station wagon into the garage, the door opening and closing on command. Cheryl had been shopping at Food City and had a car full of groceries, and the last thing she wanted was to have to carry them in the rain.

As she made her way toward the back of the car, she thought she caught sight of one of the courtesy clerks from the store she had just left, but dismissed the thought to overactive imagination. But, he does look a lot like, she began to think, as she picked up two bags of groceries and walked toward the back door of the house, already fishing for her house key with her free hand.

Cheryl couldn't believe some of the people Food City hired lately. Sure, she knew they hired mentally challenged and disabled people, and was very supportive of it, but some of the people working at the store she shopped at looked like they just escaped from the local loony bin. They actually scared her!

Especially one young man in particular. The one she thought she had seen outside her house while getting out of her car. But, surely that wasn't him, she thought, again pondering on the odds of him leaving work and following her home. He had been so creepy, the way he just stood, playing some video game on his cell phone, while groceries piled up on the counter, and the female cashier giving him flirting looks as she rang up Cheryl's groceries.

Cheryl didn't consider herself to be the judgemental type - to each their own is what she was always known to say - unless it was something weird or disturbing; and forgive her, but she was the type who thought some middle aged haggard looking woman who looked like she lived in a barn lusting after some young man barely old enough to be considered legal was both disturbing and weird - and something to be judgemental about.

She set the bags down on the counter and turned to go get the last two bags when the phone rang.

"Hello," Cheryl said, her voice not hiding the irritability that had been caused by the sudden sound of the ringing phone.

"Hey, Cheryl, what are you doing?" Carol Lawrence, Cheryl's close friend of over five

years asked, her voice sounding jubilant and gay.

“Oh, kind of busy, just got back from the store and am in the process of unloading groceries. I did some last minute shopping. How are you doing, Carol?” Cheryl wanted to scream and throw the phone at the wall and let it bust into a million pieces. Damn, why does she of all people have to call me right now, she found herself thinking without apology for her thoughts.

“The same. We must have just missed each other.” Carol’s voice hinted at mockery, as if she really didn’t believe Cheryl had really been at the store, or she was really glad deep down that the women had missed seeing each other. She was known to be a catty bitch to a lot of people, mainly women, but she thought a lot of Cheryl, and meant what she said, even though her voice betrayed how she really felt at times. “I won’t keep you, I was just calling to see if you and Fred want to come have dinner with me and John tonight? Short notice, I know, sorry.”

“Sounds lovely, but I’ll need to check with Fred when he gets home. Plus, what ever am I going to wear? I dropped most of my wardrobe off at the dry cleaners earlier while I was out,” Cheryl said as she emptied the two bags she had carried in and put the groceries in the cabinets. She thought she heard a noise in the house, but ignored it, figuring it was just the house settling.

“Wear that green blouse you bought last month and some blue jeans, and you’ll look just fine,” Carol said as she lit a cigarette on her end of the line. “Well, since I’ve invited you, not much else to say, so I’ll let you go and take care of your groceries. Just call me later when you find something out, please.” Carol paused for a moment to take a puff of her cigarette, inhaling and exhaling deeply, almost sounding like something out of a porno movie in Cheryl’s ears. “Oh, shit, I almost forgot to ask, would you care to let me borrow a pair of your earrings tonight? I’ll be forever in your debt.”

“Ok, sure, no problem,” Cheryl said, almost stammering and biting her tongue, anxious to end the conversation and hang up the phone so she could get back to putting up the groceries and be done with it all.

“Thanks a million, bye,” Carol said, and hung up.

Cheryl sighed when she heard the click sound, then she turned her phone off and set it on the counter next to the kitchen sink. She heard another noise, this time sounding like it came from right behind her, and she jumped, causing her to drop the glass of Coke she had fixed while on the phone with Carol.

“Shit!” she hissed under her breath as she walked over to the closet and retrieved a mop and broom. She tripped over one of the dining chairs, banging her shin pretty hard, making her curse out again, this time a little louder.

When she got up, she noticed the kitchen closet door was swinging open, causing her alarm, making her feel tense all over. She slowly walked on over toward it, glancing around the kitchen frantically, her eyes wide and alert. She froze in one spot, her heart beating so fast it felt like it might explode when she saw the young man stepping out of the closet, holding a huge carving knife in one hand, his eyes looking manic.

“What the hell are you doing in my house?!” Cheryl called out, but never got an answer. The young man rushed toward her, and started stabbing her over and over.

Carol Lawrence sat in her posh living room talking on the telephone when she was put on

hold right in the middle of some good hot juicy gossip. It wasn't anything really racy or anything, just a few new tidbits on some mutual friends of hers and the person she was on the phone with, her good friend Loretta Page.

Loretta was kind of the town gossip, and since she worked at Food City, where pretty much everyone in town came through, well, she pretty much knew the scoop on pretty much everyone. And she loved to talk and share what she knew. And she had been filling Carol in on some of the latest dirt she had on two employees who worked at the store with her: a young man named Charlie who was involved with a middle aged woman named Nattie, something considered very scandalous to everyone at the store, both employees and customers alike.

Carol meanwhile was contemplating all this while she eagerly awaited Loretta's return to the phone as she sat at her kitchen bar, lighting a cigarette.

"Carol, you still there? Sorry about that, that was Larry letting me know he was coming over later. He had to make a quick stop by the college on his way home," Loretta said, referring to her fiancée Larry Williams, the young man she had dated since high school and had been engaged to for seven months. They had both gone to high school together, both graduating the same year, and both going to the same college the next fall. And now only 2 years later, they were both successfully employed - Loretta as store manager and head cashier at Food City, and Larry as an assistant basketball coach at a local middle school -, and were in the process of buying their very own home; something that Loretta had dreamed of ever since early childhood.

"Loretta, girl, you're really crazy about Larry aren't you? I am so happy for you both!" Carol exclaimed, fawning excitement, trying to mask her resentment for not having the same kind of relationship.

"Yeah, you could say that, I guess. I like him a little bit. See, it's really the first time I could love anyone since my brother died in Vietnam when I was a child. For some reason that haunted me for so many years, and I was almost afraid to let myself love anyone, but then that all changed when I met Larry," Loretta said, her voice reaching decibels that seemed to sound like someone screeching nails on a chalkboard in Carol's ears; or so it seemed to sound that way in Carol's mind.

"Well, I hate to cut short, but I do have to do some chores around the house before my man Tom gets home from work. He's a grumpy old Gus if I don't have the house all tidied up and food on the table when he gets home, but I love him to death," Carol said, gritting her teeth so not to sound angry or jealous because of how unromantic her and her husband's life sounded next to Loretta's. "Tell Larry I said hello," she added, bitterly, feeling pangs of resentment settling in that she'd never felt before, and would have never imagined ever feeling.

"See you, Carol, have a nice night."

Loretta hung up the phone and went into the living room to finish a painting she had started earlier in the day. She had the day off from work, and around midday she had found herself getting a little bored since she had nothing to do, so she decided to paint a water color landscape she had bought two years ago and had stashed in a closet and forgot all about until today.

She noticed she was out of paint, well, the color she was using, and cussed lightly, and considered calling Larry and asking him to stop and pick some up on his way home. But

then she decided not to bother, seeing that Larry's memory was really bad, and he really couldn't be accounted for remembering things, especially after the death of their 3 month old baby girl. The doctors had called it crib death. It was a tragic accident that had shaken them both to the core, but it seemed to rattle Larry more-so than it did Loretta for some reason. This was something that neither one had ever spoke of, not even to close friends or relatives. Matter of fact, not too many people even knew that they had even had a child, much less one that died.

That had happened two years ago, the first year of them moving in together fresh out of high school, and Loretta and Larry still mourned over the child's death. Tragic as it seemed, it was quite mild compared to the two miscarriages Loretta had in the two years following; something else kept very hush-hush, only between her and Larry.

Loretta had always blamed herself for all the tragedy in their lives, even assessing at times it may be brought on by the wrath of God because of the two of them living together in sin, but Larry would always reassure her that was nonsense, and that if anything, God wanted them to be together.

Loretta sighed deeply, glancing around the living room, then suddenly remembered there was some extra paint in the attic, where her studio used to be until she had redecorated it to be the nursery, and then of course abandoned that when their first-born child died so early.

She headed for the landing between the living room and the foyer, and was almost about to pull the steps down when the phone rang, startling her, causing her to lose her grip on the trapdoor she was holding, and it came crashing down, almost slamming into her foot. "Hello!" Loretta all but shouted into the phone, her frustration on full display.

There was silence on the other end, followed by a click.

Shit! Loretta thought to herself as she clicked her phone off and put it back in her pocket. She started to pull the steps down again when she heard some noises in the house, coming from all directions. She was on the attic stairs when her phone rang again, causing her to jump and bump her head on one of the upper rungs of the attic steps. She decided the phone could wait until she was all the way upstairs, so she ignored the ringing and continued to climb.

When Loretta stepped into dark attic, the icy cold atmosphere assaulted at once, causing her to shiver uncontrollably. She stood in one spot, fidgeting with her phone, trying to get it out of her pocket and answer it before it stopped ringing. She screamed when a closet door swung open and an old mannequin came falling out, falling right at her feet.

The phone stopped ringing, so Loretta put it back in her pocket, then decided to forget about the paint, and turned around and headed back downstairs. There was a loud noise behind her that made her take off running down the steps. She tripped over the last step, losing her balance for a second, and almost came crashing to the hardwood floor.

She heard another noise, this time coming from above her, sounding like descending steps on the stairs, but she ignored it, thinking she was hearing things, or the house was just settling.

She walked through the empty living room, noticing how silent the house was, heading for the kitchen, letting herself forget about painting, and wanting to go ahead and start preparing dinner. As she walked through the arch doorway into the kitchen, an axe came swinging toward her, hitting her right in the stomach, knocking the wind out of her. The

axe came down again and again.

Loretta never had a chance fighting off the young man she worked with at Food City as he proceeded to end her life chopping her into little pieces.

“Just put them anywhere,” Carol Lawrence said, referring the groceries the person she was speaking to was holding. She had needed to run to the store for some last minute stuff for dinner, and the cute young bag boy who helped her with her groceries, Charlie Baysinger, was also someone that she had been having an affair with, and it just so happened that he was getting off work at the exact same time she was shopping; hers being the last cart he helped unload before he clocked out, and then followed her home. If not for Carol already knowing Charlie’s schedule, she might have surmised it as neat coincidence that she just happened to need to run to the store when she did, and he be getting off work when he did; but she had timed her trip just right on purpose.

Charlie set the three bags down on a counter next to the sink, and then stood in one spot while Carol walked over to him and leaned in close and blew softly in his ear.

“You know my husband won’t be home for another two hours, so we have time for whatever you would want to do,” she said, trying to sound as coy as possible, hoping to seduce him and have a nice quickie before Tom got home. She had first met Charlie a few months ago, and was immediately attracted to him, with his short black hair, stout 5’8” frame, and huge brown puppy dog eyes. Plus, he was so quiet and shy, hardly ever saying a word, and that was something that Carol really liked in a man. The first time they had ever fooled around involved her simply giving him a hand job while he played a Nintendo game online, and she had loved every minute of it.

“Ok, that’s cool, whatever,” Charlie said, almost stuttering, speaking so low Carol could barely hear him, his eyes darting toward the floor.

“Well, then, why don’t you and I make our way toward the bedroom, and let me see what kind of tip I can give you for helping me with my groceries,” Carol said, her voice sounding all sultry and seductive, as she walked into the living room and turned the television on in time to catch the 4:00 news.

“This is an unusual finding in the area. Two women were brutally murdered, and savagely mutilated in the confines of their own homes. Police are urging all young women who live alone to make sure to lock all doors and windows, and stay inside and don’t open the door for anyone you do not know.”

“I want to play my Xbox,” Charlie announced, startling Carol a little, because he was standing practically atop her, which turned out to be convenient since she was sitting in a comfortable spot that made it easy for her to simply reach out and unzip his pants and pull his penis out.

Suddenly Carol was struck with the urge to use the bathroom, so she excused herself and stood up and walked to the master bathroom and left Charlie unattended playing a video game in her absence, while masturbating with his free hand.

It didn’t take Carol long to do her business and refresh herself, checking herself in the mirror and dabbling on a bit of fresh make-up. She was startled when she heard the sound of something snipping outside the bathroom door, coming closer and closer. It was a metallic sound, with the hint of sharpness behind it. She immediately recognized what it was: Scissors!

Carol felt every nerve in her body stand on edge, as she called out for Charlie.

“Hey, are you enjoying your video game? I’m sorry to take so long in here, I’m almost done,”

The snipping sound was right outside the door, then it stopped for a second, and then there was the light sound of something gently tapping against the bathroom door.

“My, aren’t you the impatient little devil? I’m eager to return to what we were doing, too, I just need to finish refreshing myself,” Carol said, not sure why she was suddenly so afraid. Surely it was just Charlie playing around, trying to seduce me in some new way. I sure as hell hope it’s not Tom returning home early from work and finding Charlie in the house with his dick sticking out, and me trapped here in the bathroom, Carol fretted, nervously, her anxiety getting the better of her. Where the hell is my Valium when I need it, oh lord!

“Carol, darling, come on out,” a man’s voice spoke that Carol didn’t really recognize, causing her to back into the bathroom sink.

There was a loud thump against the door, and Carol almost screamed. There was another thump, causing the door to shake in its frame, the hinges almost coming loose. Carol was completely paralyzed with fear at this point, not knowing what the hell was happening, or who was on the other side of the door. She wanted to call out for Charlie, but was afraid to because she feared her husband may be the one standing on the other side of the door trying to make his way in.

She suddenly remembered the news broadcast, and a whole new set of fears set in, as she started imagining the worst, some kind of serial killer breaking in and killing her while her husband was at work, and her private boy toy was distracted playing some damn video game and was about as useless as a screwdriver without a handle.

There was yet another loud thump against the bathroom door, and this time the door came crashing down, and Charlie came walking into the bathroom slowly, with an awkward smile on his face.

Carol was practically catatonic, trapped alone and scared. She screamed as loud as she could as Charlie continued walking toward her with the scissors held in out in her direction. He reached out and tore at her dress, ripping one strap completely off. Without turning around, Carol frantically searched the sink counter with her hands and grabbed a can of hair spray, and started spraying it in Charlie’s face.

Charlie shut both eyes to keep the hairspray out, and blindly grabbed Carol and tried to stab her, but she was a little quicker, fortunately for her sake. She turned around and searched the interior of the bathroom, seeing a cap, a ball of yarn, and finally a knitting needle. Charlie’s vision was still unclear, so it gave her a bit of an edge, a little upper hand, as he stumbled around and tried to grab at her again.

Carol grabbed the needle and plunged it deep into Charlie’s ear, grunting as she did it, frustration and fear driving her all the way. Charlie dropped to the floor, dropping the scissors, with both hands over his head, apparently dead.

Carol ran from the bathroom screaming as loud as she could, searching for her phone every step of the way, not remembering where she last placed it, and cursing herself for having such a bad memory. She glanced back at Charlie, and felt herself relax a little in the comfort that he was dead, and that she had killed him in self defense, making her not only feel safe but proud of herself as well.

She saw her phone laying on the coffee table in the living room, right where she left it she now remembered, and sat down and picked it up and started to dial 911. She didn't notice that, ironic to her situation, the movie "Halloween" was playing on her television. And, in the film Jamie Lee Curtis was sitting outside a door while the Shape is lying in the background. Jamie has her back turned and doesn't notice when the Shape rises up and starts toward her for a second chance.

Carol was gazing into space as she listened to the phone ringing, waiting for a 911 operator to answer, when she heard something behind her. She slowly turned around and froze, her heart palpitating.

Charlie was standing there, staring her face to face. And, before she knew what was happening, he had his hands closed so tight around her neck that three of his fingers popped. He continued to squeeze as tight as he could, as he leaned in closer toward her and proceeded to chew on her face, biting into it with a ferocious fierceness.

After consoling Charlie for about an hour, he let me lick the blood off his face, then I fed him some milk and cookies, and told him one of my favorite bed time stories, and he laid down on the bed next to me and I played with his no no place until he came and then he went to sleep. He slept like a baby, even snoring like one too. He is so cute!

And Mamaw said he could move in with us when he marries me, which should be pretty soon, seeing how much he loves me. I hope he would propose to me and be done with it already, but he's shy, so I understand. Maybe I may need to be the one to ask him.

Women do that in this day and age, so don't be thinking I don't keep up with the modern times. I do! Ok then.

I saw on the Craigslist sight the other day that Charlie took down the ad he had placed there a while back, looking for a woman to love. He told me about it, so it wasn't like it was a big secret, so shut up. Don't be thinking he kept secrets from me. He even told me about that whore Carol Lawrence liking him, and making him do stuff he didn't like doing, especially since we was dating and all. That's why I asked him to kill her. He did that for me.

See! He loves me! He chewed that slutty whore bitch's face off too, hahaha! I wanted him to cut her into tiny little pieces, but I guess what he did was good enough for now. I'm happy, so that's all that matters. One of these days I am going to buy him a ring so the whole wide world knows he's all mine. Until then, ladies, even though you may think he's available, he's not, he's all mine, you hear me!

Oh, and how do I know about all this, all these murders that Charlie committed, I hear you ask. Well, it's really a very simple answer, and it wouldn't take a rocket scientist to figure it out, duh! I was there! I hid in a closet and watched! And I loved every single minute of it!

And, I have since told Charlie that if he ever as much laid a hand on me like that, trying to do me in, I would fuck his sorry ass up worse than polio! Truest story ever told!

THE END