

Misadventure

A man and a boy played a game one day
A game without any rules
But the fun and games stopped when the man found out
The boy had nothing to lose

In the cool breezes of a late summer afternoon, with the first touches of autumn hanging her chill promises in the air, two men meet . . .

The older man is elegant, carrying with him an air of muted creepiness and arrogant superiority, the boyish younger man inarticulate and insecure.

Life, it seems, has left her marks upon each of them; the man misanthropic, the boy broken and bruised.

Their encounter has all the stilted awkwardness and discomfiture present whenever strangers come together for the first time, but for these two individuals, politeness, disappointment, and banal chitchat is a mild distraction to the deeper and more sinister layers of their agenda.

For, unlike the countless victims of the murderous, the perverted and the insane, rotting in their secret graves, excused from their fate by youth or naivety, the younger of the two men has come to meet his killer, not by chance, but by desire, not by misfortune but by design.

Fully complicit in his own impending murder, the boy is due to become the latest in the long list of the man's willing conquests, and readily enters his suburban lair, the seduction of death and dismemberment something he covets as thirstily as wine. As lasciviously as sex.

But the night drags on . . .

Finally the man, bored and unimpressed by the boy's stupefying mix of eagerness and ignorance, withdraws his part in the bargain and cruelly rejects him, unwilling to allow him to become a part of his rotting flock.

Life goes on for the man, who moves, in blissful ignorance, on to the next candidate, lusting for the piercing touch of his knife.

However, what he has unfortunately chosen to overlook is the fact that contenders for the kind of macabre games he likes to play are generally not the possessors of healthily adapted minds.

A consideration particularly pertinent to the boy; one of the world's pitifully misplaced loners. Walking wounded and puzzled through a desperately lonely half life where he never quite fits and a family who simply cannot understand him.

Reeling from what he considers the ultimate rejection, he steals his way back into the man's world, invading his home and his life with a no holds barred plan for one long night of aptly befitting and juicily nasty revenge.

