

# Cleverly Done!

*by* Gyanban

Switching off the television in the kitchen Chef Gomez said 'I just knew it, he is the killer.'

'It's a bizarre case isn't it — I mean what kind of sick man chops body parts and keeps them in the freezer?' asked his apprentice Sandy.

'Exactly, this is a cruel, cruel world — I just knew it from the moment they aired this on television — he was, he was the man!'

'Yea right, and how were you so sure?' Sandy asked.

'Well, he shows the classic symptoms' Chef Gomez said pulling out the cleaver from the knife box to chop the meat.

'O yeah? Like what?' Sandy asked.

'Ah the usual, troubled childhood, alcoholic parents, abuse, innocent looking etc. .' Chef Gomez rattled off while slamming the cleaver on the cutting board splitting the rib eye into two.

'Disagree, Sanchez was saving up to send his parents for a holiday, and he had a rather normal childhood!'

'That's an assumption Sandy — he even forgot his pug's birthday, wouldn't give him a bath for weeks and not even take him out for a walk in the evening' Chef Gomez said wiping off the faint reminiscent blood, off the meat with his white gloves.

'Oh Come on, it was minus temperature for most part of the season' said Sandy looking at the cutting board.

'No, no you don't understand these serial killers, you're too naive, they just appear to be normal, but they don't do normal things, they do bad things, oh terrible things they do and then just forget about it' emphasized Chef Gomez and shaped the cut perfectly.

'I think you are reading too much into it, the trial is still on, and the prosecution still does not have motive proven' argued Sandy.

'They like to kill, have no feelings, cold, cold blood and no no feelings, they trap or seduce the victim, and then corner them before unleashing hell' Chef Gomez slammed the cleaver one more time. This time the spoons fell off the hook.

Just then, the wall clock chimed at the top of the hour.

'Guess the jury is out on this one — and I should head home.'

'Sandy wait, why don't you show me what you learnt today, like how to cut the rib eye perfectly?'

'Err Chef its six o'clock, can we do this tomorrow?' Sandy said looking at the clock.

'You can check in anytime you like but you can never leave, welcome to hotel California' Chef Gomez sang loudly waving the cleaver like an orchestra conductor & started dancing to the tune while chopping the meat pieces with razor sharp precision and speed.

Sandy broke into a nervous smile.

Sandy took a step back without turning his head, and suddenly Chef Gomez stopped singing, the cleaver had stuck into the cutting board, he slowly turned his face towards Sandy and said 'what's the hassle kiddo, chopping meat is fun, come here and listen to the music of the chop, the sound of steel ripping through air, slicing through flesh and hitting wood, poetry I say'.

Sandy wiped his sweaty palms on the cape. 'You mean we cut the meat now?'

'That's right, now stand close to me, give me your hand and I will teach you poetry'.

'Come closer, here hold my hand' said Chef Gomez pulling him closer. Sandy turned his head to notice the exit door was latched. Chef Gomez grabbed his hand and pulled him closer.

'That's good, now first lose the fear of failure —feel the power of the cleaver, watch the meat carefully, notice the soft pink parts from the dark red ones, know exactly where to strike and then let yourself go,let me show you one more time'.

Sandy noticed the blood splattered cape Chef Gomez hung from his neck and blood stains looked fresh. He glanced down the pocket to see four chopped fingers inside

