

The Vorpall Blade

by Larry Strattner

While I am still in shock from the Vince thing, Mel, as will any good fisherman, sets his hook deep. He first feeds me the bait by showing me the most disgusting asshole I ever laid eyes upon. Bentley Suquamish.

Bentley's surname alone disturbs me. I Google Suquamish. Some Native American tribe comes up, but that can't be the reason. Down the list of Google hits I find Squamish. A cancer cell. Squamous. Skin cancer. An apt name for Bentley.

Mel has a picture of Bentley rising up behind a little boy who is on all fours, screaming. Bentley's expression is one of vicious satisfaction. Both he and the boy are naked. Mel printed the photo from a secure internet site. The site is populated by Bentleys. Mel shows me more pictures of other little boys with Bentley. Mel says none of the little boys were ever identified or found. The first picture would be enough for me. The missing little boys are what drew the attention of Mel's group. They are sure the boys are all dead or still in a dark cellar somewhere chained to the floor. The problem with little boys is, as they grow up and when grown they aren't nearly as attractive. Better to bury them in the woods and get another.

I've always had a hard spot in my heart for abusers. It's true our Dad knocked us around some when we were young but I guess it was in the name of order as much as anything else and I may eventually forgive him. When I use the word abuser I'm talking about batterers, both physical and psychological, sexual predators and those who kill the flower of youth with the effluent of inappropriate desire. To hell with all of them. I'm not a crusader but I see some of them get caught, locked up, held for a time and released only to repeat their offenses, frequently with even greater horror and harm. I have always held the opinion that molestation of a child or unwilling woman should be quickly followed by a

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neutering process, allowing the offender to be immediately returned to society as a useful contributor, unable to repeat or perhaps even remember the prior evil darkness.

When Mel and I next meet in George's shed the picture of Bentley is lying on the counter next to a P7. Mel says, "Get into your outfit tomorrow morning and go over to this Dunkin' Donuts. This fucker stops every morning at eight thirty for a jelly donut." The bait tastes good to me. I pick up the pistol. Any thought about the current moral deluge I am swimming in is overpowered by the stink of Bentley in the water. Three points for Mel on waste management.

I get to the Dunkin Donuts early. Located in a tight neighborhood; I check out a few alleys and buildings with lobbies or doors on adjacent blocks so I can get lost quickly. I get a coffee in a Starbucks and go over to a bus stop on the Dunkin Donuts corner.

At eight thirty an old Oldsmobile Rocket 88 pulls into a slot and Bentley gets out. The sight of him makes me squeamish. I walk over to the front door behind him and go inside; get in line. I let him order his jelly donut. When he turns to leave I hand him the photograph and say, "I believe this belongs to you?"

He looks at the photo and at me. POW. I shoot him in the chest. Before he can fall over, POW I shoot him through his jelly donut. As I leave I put the P7 carefully in his ear and say, "all the kids say Hi." POW, to make sure.

The picture Mel gave me of Bentley and the boy I drop on the floor next to him. Once the people in Dunkin Donuts get a look at the picture of Bentley in action they won't remember anything about me. This may be one of the only times in my life when violence made me happy.

