

On the tracks of Mr Gyles

Mr Gyles last thoughts were, that the Grim Reaper always searches for people with a friendly life, a little family and lust for a long life. The last smell that he scents was the metallic smell of blood. The last noise that he heard was the squeaking from the washer. The last thing, which he saw were the pills littering around him. It should be looks like a suicide. His last heartbeat was twelve o'clock in the night in October in the year 1999.

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A familiar ringing woke Mrs Frighten up. Stretching in her double bed and touching her long black hair she registered that it was always in the middle of the night. Her heart beat very fast. She looked on her alarm clock. It was 4.30 am. It was an unusual time for a telephone call. 'Yes?' asked Mrs Frighten. A monotone voice explained to one of the first women that works at the NSC, the "National Security Council", a mystic murder.

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Before a half hour, Mr Gyles, a doctor and actor was found dead in his kitchen. The housemaid wanted to prepare a beautiful breakfast for herself and Mr Gyles, because she was in love. She went at 4.25 am in the kitchen und saw Mr Gyles lying on the ground in his own blood and in lot of pills. There lay also a shotgun next to him. In his head there was a big hole. Around the hole were dried blood and metal splints. The scared housemaid didn't want to call the police, because she didn't remember the number, though she called the NSC.

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After twenty minutes Mrs Frighten sat in her black car and drove with 90 mph over the highway to the scene of the crime. Mr Gyles house stood at the rand of a small wood. It was a little serial house with a twisted roof. Mrs Frighten drove in the gateway to this house and stopped the car in front of a grey garage. A small and a little bit fat woman ran to the car waving with her arms. Mrs Frighten get out of her warm car and walked with the housemaid through the entrance door. Inside was a nasty atmosphere. Mrs Frighten shivered. She squared one's shoulders and walked through the door into the kitchen. On the ground still lay Mr Gyles. His eyes were on the top misrepresented. The black-white tiles were over and over specked with blood. In his head still was a big hole. But Mr Gyles was very charming. Also when he was dead. That was a funny aspect. He had blue frosty eyes, blood red lips and he had in this moment in a serious way a perfect styling. Mrs Frighten have to looked in the other way lest to barf. She felt dreadful. Carefully she went around the kitchen and inspected the whole room. There was nothing unusual, nothing different. A cup filled with cold tea stood next to the sink. Mrs Frighten wanted so fast if possible out of this house with the bad thoughts, the bad past and this awful feelings refeasing over Mrs Frighten. Suddenly Mrs Frighten saw a cryptical thing. In the sink lay under old tea leaves different hairs. It's a kind of mystic. Some hairs were brown, some red and some blond. The red and the brown hairs were circa twenty centimeters long and the blond hairs just about four centimeters. Mrs Frighten gripped in her handbag and took tweezers and three pouches out. She took the hairs in the pouches, thanked by the housemaid for the important call and drove on the directest way to her lab. But she didn't see the hairs next to Mr Gyles head. They were ravenblack.

In the lab she hung her jacket on the hook and dressed her lab coat on. The feminine assistant of the NSC went to her microscope, assayed the hairs, looked in files about people in the USA and made some calls with important people and information centers.

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It's a buzz to leave a mark at the scene of the crime. Ever to live in fear. To dismay when the doorbell rings. And the other side, to feel great when an unblameable person walk in the prison and one's self is free and dastard. Three hairs can be navigate the suspicion from one's self to other people, friend or enemy. Or they can effect that somebody forget or displace his bad side or alternatively his real identity.

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It was already noon, when Mrs Frighten finished her study and went into the canteen. Absorbed in thought she ate her garden salad. Her study devoted that the blond hairs were from a man called Dave Lormer. He was the once of the three people lived in the same city like Mr Gyles even in Tucson. Mr Gyles was in dept by Dave. With nearly 50.000 \$. A sum that induce to murder somebody. The other hairs were from two women. One called Amy Baker and lived in North England and the other called Uleila Riviera and lived in South Africa. They both were divorced wives from Mr Gyles. Besides there is an abnormal thing. They both were dead. They were murdered two and three days before. The man was alive until this moment.

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It wasn't my criminal intend to murdered the lovely African woman. But she knew too much just as the other woman. They was too simple-hearted. They two people were still friends from Mr Gyles and after a time they wondered about some mistakes I made. The whip that I forgot on the court from Mr Gyles, the black car parked in front of the house and countless noises I made. I was too improvident. But I love him so much. His frosty eyes, his blood red lips, his perfect styling and last but not least his charming voice. But a man in this class never loved a criminal and ugly person like me. Sometimes I thought that I'm maybe addicted to murder. But this is bullshit. If I like to, I can stop it, but why? I have to be careful in the future. I mustn't betray myself. It's very hard sometimes. My soul craves for a life in peace and with my dreamboat. Nobody searches for me and nobody hates me. But how can I change my life? The police will never assign to search for a serial killer like me. The best decision in my life was to hide myself at the NSC as a people who was peaceful and willing to work.

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The calls to friends and relatives from the three suspects hadn't bring anything. Mrs Frighten was very dejected. Somebody have to be the killer. Or to be more precise anyone should be the killer. Frustrated Mrs Frighten read the news paper. In the middle of it, was an interesting article. It was about a guess that the popular serial killer T.F. works at the NSC. All the stuff had to be careful and followed the instruction. Mrs Frighten dismayed. A serial killer in the most safety organization in the USA? She took a fright. But this article didn't help her to solve the quest found the killer murdered Mr Gyles. Mr Gyles? Mrs Frighten remembered a day before two or three years. She was in this big house at the rand of this small wood. It was illegal she know it. Mr Gyles was on a trip to London and his housemaid on holidays. So the big house stood empty. Mrs Frighten loved this maturate

millionaire. And one evening she broke in, in the house with the twisted roof. It smelt to roses and old wood. In the whole house hung a lot of photos from Mr Gyles and his dead wives. In the garden hung a swing. It was entwined around with roses. In a covered corner stood a wooden bench also entwined around with roses. Mr Gyles dead wives certainly loved roses.

Mrs Frighten sighed. Mr Gyles was now irrepeatable dead. The once man she ever loved is dead. It's a cruel imagination. But it's true. She wanted to find the killer faster than ever and she wouldn't assign him.

She picks oneself up and browsed through the whole internet to found some information about the cruel murder. She worked till in the middle of the night until she decided to drive one more time to the house with the curious atmosphere.

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I felt it. The NSC found me in the space from few hours. It was the intensive feeling in the last days except for the feeling in the moment I murdered Mr Gyles.

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Mrs Frightens heart beat in the tact to the music in the radio. At the scene of the crime there must be hid another hint. A fingerprint or something else. Inside she walked through the rooms, upstairs, downstairs and at last in the kitchen. Mr Gyles still lay there. Mrs Frighten fell on the ground specked with blood. She sobbed. Her first and last love is dead. She hoped that he saw in the sky his wives and lived happily his dead second life. Mrs Frighten touched the cold hands from Mr Gyles. She shuddered and had only a last wish. With cardiac pain she kissed the cold, blood red und a little bit smiling lips. Contemporaneous she felt endless sad. The tears rolled over her cheeks and fell on the face from the corpse. She closed her eyes, but the pictures from blood, shotguns and corpses didn't want go away. Mrs Frightens legs, arms and her face were wet from her tears and smudgy from blood. She felt terrible. Mrs Frighten cried like a lap dog and trembled on the whole body. 'Theresa Frighten, calm down' she thought, but it didn't works. One thought circled like a carrousel in her head around and around. T.F., Theresa Frighten murdered her first and last love Mr Gyles.

Far away Theresa heard a police siren. Then it was black around her, the woman working by the NSC and me, the murderer.

The End