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Icing on a cake

He approaches gingerly, daintily, almost like this was his first time. It is not, it is going to be his twentieth in ten years since It had started. The truth is that each time feels like it is the first, deep inside his guts the infinite joy never wears out.

His appearance is innocent, too innocent, it is unfair. With his deep blue eyes and freckled nose with thick round optics, he could be confused for that one nerdy boy in your high school class that loves math and watches star trek. If you would find yourself being his acquaintance, he had no true friends, you would be sure he is a homosexual. In the end each weird guy is gay, that is the rule, isn't it? He would sing Taylor Swifts songs while showering with women shampoo, he would bake muffins for his colleagues with pink frosting on them.

The severe anxiety when talking to opposite gender was there ever since he could remember. He relentlessly labored to get rid of it, nothing worked for him. His most intimate contact with woman was a polite handshake and he felt miserable. Depression overtook him and his life didn't have meaning, he thought thousand times about suicide, but his weakness overpowered him every time.

You can meet him in a park, see him run past you in ultratight running suit with fitbit. If that particular park would be by chance your favorite place to spend time, you couldn't stop marveling about his ethic and self-control, as he never skipped, not a single run. Not only that, he runs at exactly the same time each day, precise almost to the second. It is unnatural your brain would suggest, he is a machine, deadly accurate machine.

Regularly you don't pay much attention to oddities of people you know, self-centered egoist. Are we born like this or does our society imprints it into our minds while we are growing up? I bet you never spared a single thought on this subject, so egoistic not even being able to realize it.

Another small quirk of his is that he sometimes likes to address himself in third person. The strange feeling of control he gains while doing that is strangely satisfying. Seemingly insignificant but believe, times will come when you will use all the control you can muster just to stand up from your bed. He experienced those times, over and over again.

He takes cooking classes and is the only male attendant, yet no-one seems to give him extra attention. Since It had started the anxiety disappeared but he doesn't enjoy mindless banter so he stays silent, silent like predator waiting for his prey. Even when he stands out he blends with the crowd. You yourself surely know many people like this, the gray mass. But have you ever really pondered about the people you know?

Do you ever really think?

The reason why he bakes the muffins so often, is that he needs practice because practice makes perfect. Have you ever sought perfection in something you did? If you would you would know that action that is perfected is incomparably more satisfying. He is now, after so many tries, perfect.

He is a collector of souvenirs but he never left his country of origin. His collection didn't cost him a single dollar, yet it is the most precious thing he owns, in fact the collection is his entire world. For hours and hours, he can sit examining his adored souvenirs, touching them gently, patting them, feeling their surface.

But not now, now I am sitting in a crowded subway car right next to you. You are staring blandly ahead, oblivious to your significance. No idea that you are going to be the culmination of long ten years of work, the final product of perfection.

The blindness of my victims turns me on every time, nobody has a clue that I murder strangers for pleasure.