**Smiling jack**

By Jacob cumner

The moon light illuminated her face I stood there for serval moments stroking her cheek, before walking to the broken window of the warehouse peering out and down on to the street. running my finger along the glass feeling the sharp glass push against my skin yet carefully enough so it would not pierce and rip my tender skin .

‘Where am I ?’ a voice rang out from behind and echoed around the room

‘Relax officer rogers ‘I replied smiling tearing my eyes away from the ally below the window and walking over to her she strained against the handcuffs that held her to the table as I pressed play on the ipod dock that sat on my work bench and before too long the music of David bowie – the man that sold the world started playing softly .

‘w..who are you ?’ she asked finally laying back exhausted

‘The man you have been looking for my dear ‘I replied

Smiling as her eyes adjusted in the dark and saw my demonic smile inches from her face as the words “you’re face to face with the man who sold the world”.

The room grew dark as the clouds hid the light from the moon behind a think vail and the room grew colder and when the light returned she was staring up at me her eyes as wide as saucers.

‘You are the Boston butcher ?’ she asked

‘Boston butcher? Hmm I don’t like that but then again with little to no information people will always make up stories and assume they know all to mask their ignorance pleases address me as ‘jack’ ‘ I replied

I looked over her restraints checking they were secure I only stopped tightening the restraint when I heard a yelp of pain