**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, I feel the sharp glass push against my skin, yet lightly 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. She strained against the handcuffs that held her firmly to the table. I pressed play on the iPod dock that sat on my workbench 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 to the dim lighting and saw my demonic smile inches from her face as the words “you’re face to face with the man who sold the world” cuts through the air.

The room grew dark as a thick veil of clouds shielded the light from the moon and the room grew colder. 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. Please, address me as Jack.” I looked over to her restraints, checking they were secure. I only stopped tightening the restraint when I heard a yelp of pain and returned to the desk where I set my tools. A variety of shiny killing weapons perfectly arranged into parallel lines stand so boldly against the stained wood: a dangerously sharp hunting knife, a few scalpels, a range of empty needles, a magnum python handgun, a length of piano wire and much needed black leather gloves. Just how I like it.

“Jack, huh? What are you? Some cheap Jack the Ripper wannabe?” she quipped, trying to look over and see what I was doing. Amused, I turned slowly and smiled. With my large hunting knife cushioned in my black leather gloves, I began to approach her with my hands down by my side.

“Officer Rogers, you have *no* *idea* what type of monster I am. Speak out of turn again and I slice your perfect pink little tongue from your skull”, whilst tapping the knife on her cheek, “Though I am glad you brought the Ripper up. We are one of the same blood”, I smile crookedly at her while I took the hunting knife and began to cut the buttons off her police uniform.