

Darkness Knocks

In honour of **Patrick** Bateman

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Chapter 1

Rabies Fox

Hope is like a drowning dog. Whose owner strands the poor thing at the middle of a frosty lake. With a cinder block tied to its leash, the block - now - resting comfortably on cracking plates of ice.

And a bowl of kibble mirages from the lake's edge, the dog now scooting, pushing of the glass sheet with numb-cold paws. Almost as to think another man, perhaps a passerby, someone kind with a spare room - will take it in - **and love the dog**, shouting "Here boy, almost there!".

Its food, the only reason it's still moving, comes closer. But the ice is soon to crack - and the cinder block is soon to follow - and the dog is soon to drown.

Making this moment in the dog's life, futile. Very futile. And I'm happy sacrificing parts of my soul, each day, to the demon that warrants my comfort in New York City.

One hour prior and you'd see me outside some hick part of town, heading towards 23rd St.

The heavy worsted-wool Tom Ford overcoat, sodden with rain, now -remains slumped over a green park bench, left for anyone's take and my now-black chalk-stripe Giorgio Armani suit, starts to dry in the emerging sun.

Irregular glints from various puddles, are catching the velvety white leaves of my Edelweiss Boutonniere. And although, I'm trying my best **not** to look at it, my face *-has* been grabbed by a deep section of still puddle.

-And although you could say; my face is chiseled, my skin is tight, my eyes are *still* young and my hair is *still* soft. There is still, **no** single point of attraction.

And as this horrible unethical reminder of my self-betterment program is starting to erase itself from fallen rain. Another man would like to build himself from the collapsed remnants of my reflection.

- *Some* - homeless nigger is wanting to lurch towards me - used Starbucks Stryofoam coffee cup in one hand (fresh bright-red lipstick running of its rim), nothing in the other and water beads from his brow trickle on in. Either he's a cross-dresser, **or** its been snatched out of an another ladies hands.

His face, solemn, naturally blurred by various warts and ailments, creeps

dangerously close to mine and a used cleaning rag wraps tightly to the brim of his forehead, leaving an effeminate look to the naturally skinny face.

He starts to say something - but **I don't** catch it.

"I'm, -I'm-I'm ve-ry c-c-c COLD Mister" he starts - by spluttering, like he's some shitty Honda or a used diesel. Shaking - perhaps expecting to extract some sort of sympathy from me, the rest only unintelligible murmur.

Wiping residual powder from my nose, thinking whether or not I've left the oven on, or whether the Chinese exiting the cab could be my ex-girlfriend, or whether I've forgotten to tape 60 minutes - Irritated. I notice the bum is still standing.

"What" I say sharply, emotionless, with my hands stuffed deep into my trousers, staring at the guy's shoes.

"Amb-ba-ba Mista, you've got to c-call me one.", moving closer, his eyes practically about to pop out, like he's just seen his entire family murdered. And he grabs onto his heart, as if in doing so will help his current situation, "Quick Mista, I-I ain't got much time left".

"Jesus Christ" I mumble, not looking at the man but at his gangrened toe sticking out from thread, wondering why it hasn't fallen out yet and at his shoes, wondering where had found them. *And if he would recommend them.*

And after a long - neglected - pause, start looking side-to-side at the various passerby's wondering, if I was to hit the man. Would they scold me?

"Do you even know what you're saying?" I continue.

"Amba, LANCE. CALL AN AMBA-LU-LANC-

Preparing a softening of my voice, the readying of my tone and restraint of my fist - I pinch my nose. And I meet with his eyes. For once I'm trying to compose myself.

"Ma-ma ma body. Oh my g-gawd"

Dissuade, annoyed, slightly angry I start reaching into the belly of my jacket - searching, for something stiff and pointy to shut the fag up.

And I discreetly fold a 20, making sure no-one is watching, slotting it into the Styro cup, safe, where it will sit with *buddy's*: Lincoln, Jefferson and Roosevelt.

Red is brushing up on Andrew Jackson's face and I sense he is starting to ease up a bit, although the not-so-thankful *What the fuck are you doing?* look comes of as a bit unwarranted.

Cataract. I think there's a cataract or two in his left eye and a parasitic worm thingy, fetal in the right.

He is now coughing up blood, and something foul-smelling and very chunky trickles down his throat.

Raising my cuff to my nose, I trudge on past him, muttering, "Keep the change" I exit the park hearing the words, "OAWHHH MAnnn".

And I bump into someone, who says he knows me - but I don't know him.

And a nerdy white dude, fat, unapologetic looking, bearded, fat, is exiting a GameStop on 24th, his hand gripping a Nintendo title - that looks vaguely familiar to me. And his brown sandals slap on against white concrete.

And this is all starting to remind me of when I was 7 years old and Mother had decided to punish me severely.

The punishment for vomiting this morning's breakfast, which had consisted of grey eggs and sour milk was to have my Nintendo thrown down our apartment's dirty trash-chute.

As *extra-punishment*, I was to hand over all my games, their cases and any assorted manual/slash charger - all bundled into the same creased Walgreen's bag.

But I hid, my favourite game, knowing full well it's no use to me without its designated console. Thinking, I had gotten away with murder, I diverged some tears 0 knowing all hope would not be lost. My save files were still intact.

And my mother grabs me by the lapels, knowing wiser, forcing the case open, closing it, throwing it like it's a frisbee at the wall - the case shattering. And I retrieve the game, walking over bits of broken plastic.

And I can no longer see the plastic bag, as it falls down 30 blocks of 70's soviet looking stairs.

The school day that followed, felt like my birthday because I never wanted it to end. And I spent time talking to my teachers when the bell volunteering to wipe the boards and tuck in the chairs.

When mother, came to pick me up she was gleaming with bags of sweets and toys, in both arms and told me on the walk home how she had rescued the device before it was thrown in the garbage collector An-

What the fuck was the point of my punishment.

- God - *You could have gotten it for an absolute steal, an absolute steal* -if used, my mind is now racing and I bite sharply at flies coming out of a bin.

Giddy but also ready with vocal disappointment disappointment, I shimmy through sideways traffic, preparing my lecture on the many merits of saving. His confused head, unable to comprehend the words I am saying or why I am wagging my finger in front of his eye is simply bobbing to a yes-no-yes-no type beat, provided by Beats from Dr Dre and the song I do not know.

I'm shouting at him, stressed, frustrated, bit angry, that what I'm saying isn't getting across.

"No, not good luck - here's some advice - **YOUR** a *fat fuck*, I wanna gouge out your eyes"

"Hey thanks man, its actually for my kid" he says and the song which I now know to be, *Gangster's Paradise* blares from his headphones.

Tell me why are we so blind to see, that the ones we hurt are you and me is what I now hear.

This leaves me disappointed and dejected and I continue down 24th, soon to approach Times Sq-42nd.

Maybe - he learned something - or - if not who cares. I'm drawing out the words I said to him, trying to not make my voice appear sad.

Reaching, the subway, slightly earlier than expected I lock eyes with a hard-working Mexican teen, giving him my nod of approval.

And some punk shoves into him, which causes his hands to lose grip of the bun he's been working on.

I can hear him shout, "Hey ese, watch out man" in an accent I thought couldn't get any more stereotypical.

And the once pig, once chicken, once lamb - dog rolls down somewhere into the gutter, where it will most likely float into the Hudson river or be chewed on by rats.

The man, not paying attention is wearing a dark ensemble. His jeans, ripped denim, not sandblasted, are held up with a loose Hermès H buckle belt. His shoes are designer, probably Gucci or Louis Vuitton in perforated leather with tassels and above sits a darker, black - disproportionate, *720 fill power, DIST certified*, glossy Moncler puffer jacket. Which - is obviously, too expensive and ruins the outfit making it look cheap. And he fades of into the subway.

Directly opposite a Glenn's pharmacy, is a lone white supremacist, balding, old, semi-tall but strong-looking - And he yields a large white placard with neat red letters that read, "With Jews we Lose" or was it, "Whites for America". Either one, either one.

"Well" I say rubbing my jaw. "I'm just not one for the cause" I shout through busy traffic.

"Whaat" he shouts, wind pushing his eyes.

"I said - I'm just not one for the cause" I shout back.

And a native American woman, glares at him, does nothing pushing a baby in a pram - who wails feverously at its birthgiver, hurling various unintelligible insults into the air.

Another hobo is Wearing a yellowy-white stained tee - no jacket, grey sweat-pants with the word NIKE smeared on the seams in big bold type and ripped leather velcro shoes sits under a nearby intersection.

Where automobiles throw coins and trash at the ground he calls home. And he begins contorting his skeletal frame around a burning trash can desperately grabbing on to any heat being let of from the plastic flames, extending his arm and callused hands to sift through the thin layer of dirt-dust gravel for something, just something, to shield his eyes with. The plastic flame, knowing this, shifts direction, causing him to cough - seek cover - cough and covers a pair of burning red-eyes eyes in a thick black blanket of misty haze.

Another hobo, who MAY have been a gambler in his past life, is wearing a decrepit banker stripe Dolce & Gabanna double breasted suit, with side vents and looms non-chalantly over side-ways traffic. Hoping to hitch a ride home. I'm rattling my fucking brains here, wondering as to where I've seen this guy before and it hits me. He was my former teller at Trump Plaza

And I imagine he sings,

I was never homeless,

I had a homestead,

5 children, that I fed,

Each one, I put to bed.

"Hey John, it's me Preston" he shouts, waving his entire body around, the pong of cheap cologne slapping me - I never even called his name.

"I'm not John, I say" smiling back, with cold feelings developing in the back of my head.

"Well..." he says raising his arms in a *you've-got-me-look* "Look I really need a rid-

The traffic picks up and various hardbodied Romani Gypsy woman emerge, who try to sell me flowers, picked - illegally from various different 9/11 and Iraq war memorials, that I'm impartial to.

And I swat them away, with my back poised straight observing a group of negroes who've staked proprietary claims to rows of city bench's just outside a 711 and sprawled over uncomfortable sets of steel I notice several rounded-spikes installed on the ends of each bench - most likely installed to curb the city's rough sleeping epidemic. And the men sit and gossip.

A few feet up seems to be a buddy of theirs, who shouts loudly

"Man, this dat SAME drug that killed Michael Jackson" pointing openly to a lit joint in his right hand. An orangey-red ring forming at the end of the joint, which appears to be wrapped from a variant of the original RAW classic rolling paper.

The group paying little to no notice.

The sound of my heels on rough concrete are masked by youth's shooting hoops at a nearby court, the rim having no net and the ball soon to be run over by traffic.

That same homeless nigger, that I gave 100 bucks to? He's now spazzing out on the grass, 2 feet away from me. *Is this motherfucker really going to OD next to me?* Is all I can think.

"Hey, hey buddy" I yell, snapping my fingers at his frozen face.

But he just stares blankly at my general direction. Dude's system is probably overloaded with methamphetamines. His skinny sirloin hand is posed like Michaelangelo's, *Creazione di Adam*.

Foam dispenses from the mouth, the froth generating a deep and rich lather which coats his skinny-smooth face in a layer of one million bubbles each juxtaposed and some are even shiny, like dish soap. And the guy's eye's still frozen in place, convulse, pulsating - his mind probably, no, must be thinking one thing. Whether or not, I will call an ambulance.

The banality being, I couldn't even if I wanted to as Cricket Wireless, my service provider, has recently refused all payments from my account, due to a series of suspicious payments from abroad. They are also not answering any of my calls.

And he reaches towards me.

My Eagle Claw cufflink from Fort Belvedere, silver with onyx ball is briefly in contact with his fingertips. And he grabs on to the Luigi Borrelli, two-fold cotton, shirt's cuff immediately staining it in a deep crimson red.

I quickly pull out my gun, which is a Colt 1851 36 calibre and yell quietly, "fucking stay six - feet away from me."

"You got that?" he mouths yes, still frozen, the barrel feeling up and down his mouth, I fire a warning shot and a flock of pigeons flies of in the distance.

Chapter 2

Kissing Bus

I'm now on bus, on route towards the SoHO part of town, my cuff still red, my fingers still shaking and I'm watching pornographic film on the pocket phone - volume up on **MAX**.

A guy is getting his cock sucked by a Thai woman, tall, no ass, perky tits and the guy is buckling at the knees.

The woman is making unnecessary glugging noises even though the cameras stopped panning to her 5 minutes ago and is now showing a much taller woman -also Thai, with a tasselled whip and 12 inch Jimmy Choo platform heels. And the lady starts whipping at the guy's balls.

Kneeling due, to the pain and shrieking as she steps all over his toes, leaving them bruised battered and purple she laughs into the camera, as it pans to a shot of her spitting a fat loogy in the guy's mouth.

His shrieks of agony, only glorified and projected by this red rubbery ball thing, held in his mouth with two leather straps and at this point I'm so worried that the guy **won't** be able to get of, I -. Nod nervously at a kid, about 12, thinking he too realises the woman's moans are deeply perturbing and I slam the screen onto my thigh, wavering a sigh of relief winking at the boy.

The seat in front of me, empty, half scratched with initials of couples and dates has an old sticker on the back of its headrest, advertising a Lulu's massage, a name I should remember but - I have no recollection at all.

Behind me - an old lady, confused, frail, White - American looms over the seat behind me, adjusting her eye-glass, trying to see a piece of the action. And I think on whether or not I should show her the latest stash of cartel murders that I have archived, maybe *Sinaloa* or *CJNG*, *Los Zetas* works although their new stuff is pretty tame - but the driver, a man in his 40s, Egyptian probably has something to announce.

"It don't go no further"

And though I'm unprepared by the woman's genuinely cheerful glare and the good deeds I have accumulated for her to look so happy. And the way she is looking at me with two tennis-ball sized eyes and an open happy jaw, albeit not whatever she's thinking of - I help her get of the bus.

Exiting the portal, last, I walk past this group of noisy teens, dressed loudly. And I shoot them all death glares but their eyes are glued to either pocket phones or passing windows with bright coloured jackets and similar coloured sneakers. I think a Footlocker at 31st St.

A girl in their group, listens to *Poker Face*, by *GaGa*. And I know this because the music's too loud. And the group later poses in front of a George Floyd mural on 91st, painted by immigrant artist Ash Barker, all happy-eyed, flipping peace signs, all wearing airpods.

And *Lathyrus linifolius*, a herbal suppressant which wards off hunger, shoots pangs of un-relief down my stomach lining. This is all because I've been eating nothing but it for the past 5 days after reading an article about its dietary effects on the body fat of field mice.

I now weigh, 224 pounds an impressive corresponding figure for Men with BMI's of 27.4. And although this number looks and feels colossal, I am very muscular all round.

The enclave of land, draws further and further towards me, like a snapshot from the magazine *Pride Weekly*.

Various new shops have propped up, with different coloured pride flags sticking out from window-corners. And multi-ethnic people are all stopping to talk to each other, Fashion I'm guessing or what shampoo they use for their dogs.

I touch my nose by mistake and my fingers come back wet.

Women are outnumbered by men, 3:1 in SoHo. I walk past men in moustaches, wearing large mink coats holding other men's hands and going into men's-only-bars. And I've accumulated a sufficient amount of compliments, from how well I'm dressed, how-formal, how-proper, how-tuned I look.

The ones I care about are all from Wall Street Yuppies, who are all on lunch break.

The sun is hanging low and casts its turning glaze over me and passerby's who are otherwise all happy are starting to stop, gather, murmur and I start chewing nervously on a dry-cleaners ticket and some wall street jerk starts looking at me like all I've eaten for the past year or 2 has been **XANAX**.

Something is throbbing in my chest, wiping residual snot from my nose, exposing my nostrils to the now-cold-air, taking long calculated breaths, whispering in a dental way, looking to my left and feeling to my right, I stop at a salon to catch myself in one of their mirrors.

"You've had so much plastic surgery, I wonder if it would even be possible to go back" I start to hear, from a raspy couple walking behind me, and the words,

"POSSIBLE TO GO BACK, POSSIBLE TO GO BACK" quickly play around in my head, trying to figure out which word should be emphasised first.

And for a fleeting moment, I look past my reflection and wonder if there ever was a time, where I wanted to go back.

What I guess I think is a passionate moment, I dig into, my jacket searching for my gun - because I don't feel safe.

Leaving my fingers on the trigger, a sense of relief swoons over me and I loosen the grip on its handle, retrieving my hands from my pockets and flick of

sweat from my brow.

“You’re a weasely little shit, aren’t you” a disgusted sounding voice parses out from behind.

And as the words, possible to go back - possible to go back can no longer ring themselves out. I’ve just understood that **this**, this epicentre, is where all sin has originated from, and the air above me begins to grow dark in a sepulchral gloom.

“We two, are seperated by God, from God and when the end comes, we shall be slain and served as food for all those deemed righteous” the voice behind me says, calling out to me, in monotone.

And the woman behind me, saying these cruel, cruel words lifts her arms in an *I’m going to get you look*, although this isn’t a movie and I’m fairly certain her only intention is to kill me.

As if guided by sunlight, hearing the laboured voice of constructioners egging me on, I look back - No, no time for that and run through the darkening street, my jacket flapping through the wind like a cape my leather shoes slapping up against new concrete and the woman screams like a banshee - and the voice follows me down my path.

The woman lifts her arms even more and gives into the game of chase.

A dull thumping beat is obliterating all forms of monologue in my head and my legs are weak.

She holds both arms out, and the skin on her face, looks as if its melted, then been reapplied like clay, hanging loosely, all her teeth are fully visible though her mouth is closed and what looks like slow motion - she takes a jump towards me and passerby’s are clapping her performance.

Behind her, behind her body, looks truly exquisite. Azaleas are creaking towards warm pastures filled with all animals. And man can laugh and play, breathe without worries of being hunted, eaten or taunted.

I find an unguarded bike, raising my leg over the seat which is too high, not checking to see if its rideable, I start pounding on the pedals, down the wrong side of an one-way road. And I see the faint glow of the woman’s face from the bicycle bell - her nails - just touching the rear tire.

As I’m forced of my bike, from an enormous gale, knocking the bike into rows of new-steel cars. Crushing 5 more tablets into my mouth, oh my gosh, is all I can think as my teeth chomp down on what I think is an ibuprofen.

My vision is all but one enormous kaleidoscope of colour and I’ve hit my head hard. So hard, that I’m certain the pain signals are delayed and my mouth is teething in angst.

I hear the woman draw closer and my heavy unwarranted breath is being masked by the siren of a cop car and I’m certain I’ll shit my pants if she comes any closer.

Realising, the sirens aren’t for me, thrashing on the rough concrete, knowing I’ve fucked up my only pair of black brogues, the woman’s finger, skinny -skeletal like trying to pry my mouth apart, her nails now clawing at my tongue, a new-formed crowd applauding her and I’m certain that I’ve vomited back up some of the medication.

But an idea flashes through my head and as her woman approaches my half-sprawled body, perhaps readying to sodomise me pulling of mirror-shined patina half-brogues and throwing them into the air, she starts to fight with me as she unbuttons my jacket.

Remembering, **I am the one with the gun** I quickly pull out the glock, almost dropping it, fiddling with it, although it's just **one-shot** to knock her out.

"Hey-hey lady" I shout snapping my fingers through reindeer-skin gloves but the sound is totally muffled by a mix of leather and warm sheepskin lining.

Almost wanting to warn her of the impending bullet, so she can escape to whatever cavern she crawled out of.

Irritated, I continue snapping until one glove produces a rubbery sound but the woman doesn't stop the rape.

"Look at me when I address you." I start to yell, in a sing song voice then in absolute, yell "**YOU DUMB FUCKING BITCH**".

The short stationary burst of movement ruins the drape of the Armani suit, and a blue crimson fiery ring is placed on her forehead and the body collapses onto my arms.

Pushing her off of me gently, her hair being picked up by the wind, weaving into it like they're sticks of corn.

I flag down a cab, running after the Armenian behind the wheels, yelling "Stop, Stop" then proceeded by "holy shit, holy shit" but he is driving faster than I can run.

And startled, from unwanted glares that begin to accumulate from onlookers, I tear through my ostrich skin wallet, by Hermès, and begin throwing crisp 20's at her, most not even reaching her as she's like 50 feet away and some even being picked up by the wind, where they will most likely flutter down somewhere up-town.

And she lays there while a puddle of thick brown blood congregates on the floor, her hand which otherwise - Could aid her in standing, struggles to grip onto the stuttering concrete so it lies there, feeling around the surrounding ground for a while and then stops - revealing manicured nails - dipped in red french tip.

When I'm all out, I quickly jog sideways, careful not to work up a sweat, back and forth across upper 91st, pointing my gun at various stone-faced onlookers, threatening to shoot if the sound level raises past 25 decibels.

The exodus, which I cause provides me with sufficient time to rush into a Wells & Fargo, I lock myself in a small secluded cubicle and then prop my back against its cold metal door, exhaling endlessly.

After many hours shopping in the mall, making futile chit-chat, antagonising minorities tasting free-samples of gluten free bread and buying expensive perfume I finally leave.

Opposite a children's book shop, an incident has taken place, from where there is police cordon tape and white sheets draping over an unmarked woman's slumped body with white chalk surrounding her. Unfortunately, there is no CCTV where this incident took place and I proceed with my day, changing into

a new Luigi Borelli shirt I purchased for 95 dollars at Macy's leaving the old Borelli at a nearby McDonald's the cufflinks still in it.

Leaving upper 91st, amex still in hand, this Ebola-looking nigger tries to sell me his CD. Although I do own a player, so I buy four. And smile at him, taking his Instagram promising to listen to them as soon as I get home and high five him, shouting something positive.

And the puddle of warm stagnant blood which starts to dry, wets the wind, her body fast-frozen the white chalk conserving her remains. And arbitrary bits of trash whistle by me.

I meditate on what I had just done.

Realising I would also need to discard my reindeer-skin gloves, which are also from Armani.

Shouting, "you stupid stupid stupid bitch at no one in particular" flagging down another cab that doesn't stop for me, wondering what would happen if all the LGBT flags in SoHo were suddenly replaced with white-defeat flags, I fall to my knees crying and a wan reflection is loosely visible in a broken mirror.

Joining other bewildered officers on the scene, of unimiganiabile mayhem. And my mind pans over the scene. There is no resolve.

Chapter 3

Apartment

My head is heavy.

Unable to move, head no longer guarded by XANAX, head no longer guarded by me.

Chin cradled into stuffed giraffe gifted from Sarah, a my secretary from Pierce & Pierce. The Omega *La Magique*, is the only extension of my body actively facing sunlight, which pours in through window-walls onto the Matthew Hilton *king*-sized bed and a throbbing sensation pulses down my chest, whilst the sunlight creeps through shutter gaps. Aligned into perfect panels on persian rug.

Arms, legs, sore - clambering onto plush fur carpet by Gina Napoli, pulling an Egyptian-cotton blanket and Burmese-silk pillow covers, all by Geneva, with me I lie on the floor. Dazed, unable to recover any recollections from last night's activity's I extend my arm, clumsily trying to open a bedside dresser. My slim-cold fingers, hitting the brass knob several times before, clutching, pulling, gripping. My fingers rifling past various fountain pens, all by Montblanc, finally grabbing prescription eye-drops.

The drops trickle down my face - some going into my mouth.

Startled, I start seeing yesterday's Armani suit-jacket on a mannequin, given to me by a friend who works at Hermès. Its trousers, hanged, on a valet stand, given by someone who works at Trump Tower and the shoes, with its correct shoe-trees neatly to the side.

And through the loose eye-drops that drop from my lash, flecks of blood are visible on its lapel. Fabric and threads stick out making the garment look like a horrible scarecrow. Examining the weave, in sniper position rubbing the wool and silk lining with two fingers, breathing in it scent I look at where the fabric's been torn then at my own body. But my body's fine. And I'm confused as to whether I was the one, who put it on the mannequin and if so why was there blood on it.

Pulling myself up, my cock swinging whilst doing so and hearing the landline ring I answer it without checking the senders name and head towards the toilet with a towel hoisted on my shoulder.

“PATRICK, PATRICK” the voice blouts out.

The room is black and gold. Mainly black, some gold. Who my Korean friend, helped design last fall. Venetian curtains, are tucked into the rooms corners, exposing the room and its glory to the many skyscrapers outlining the city.

Realising, the voice is belonging to Paul Norman, my close-friend who I met at work, few years back I go back to the landline, placing the towel on its rack.

“What the fuck happened downtown?”

Panic. Desertion.

An odd tingly feeling creeps down my nails and I begin staring at my fingerprints, wondering if any two swirls can be the same.

Four compact discs, which I must have bought are sitting neatly stacked on a drawer. *Perhaps a rare artifact in my search for immortality*, Carefully putting them in a protective sleeve cover, examining the various black cover artists, opening and closing the case, thinking WOW this is really cheap.

“You” the voice blares in an accusatory tone, “were supposed to meet with our Japanese friend’s at Effes”.

And the unknown panic swoons over me.

Reruns of *60 minutes* are playing in the living room.

“Tonight’s coverage is of an 11 year old boy, who shot his Neo-Nazi stepfather, point-blank whilst sleeping” can be heard.

“Patrick, Patrick ehmm are you even listening?”.

“Yuh, Uh, One second Paul,” I shout back, still staring at the black musicians.

“Jessica, Rosie - Natasha and I are thinking of Nell’s. Jess is getting her hair and nails done first and I have a meeting with the Japanese. I’ll put you down?”

“Uh Sure” not sure if he heard, “Nell’s?” I shout back.

“Hey how long would it take me to **die** from this”.

Placing them in a protective sleeve, next to the Michael Jackson section.

Something is rattling from the landline. Pill probably.

There is music playing from the apartment upstairs, probably John Lennon.

And a mixture of Paul Norman’s voice and the televisions is coming in through the bathroom door.

“Listen, Paul I’m a bit occupied. I’ll catch you later okay” I shout from the toilet.

“What? You’re breaking up”

“Neo-Nazi Jeff Hall’s son has had a history of violent outbursts at school”.

After an interim of radio-static I hear the landline click.

I own an extensive archive of DVD, Bluray, VHS, laserdisc almost every film format except old film reel. Because old film reel is very flammable.

Everything is meticulously organised in A-Z order Shows, Movies, Documentaries I particularly enjoy are set as assignment to interns who shadow me. And I later probe them on what about film/show moved them.

I am Not a collector and anything I do not gain utility from. I have my secretary, give away and write it of as charitable donations.

That night, I had a dream where I was being killed, slowly, by a small man-child who I had insulted and not gotten away with.

The closet I'm walking into has A large Julius Caesar bust, on top of a quartz pillar, I had commissioned last June directly opposite me.

One side of the room is partitioned for my many sets of bespoke suits on steel poles. The other for tailored off-the-racks, all designer or Saville Row.

Then rows upon rows of drawers, with clear glass cases, hold: silk, wool and mohair Hermès ties. All 180 bucks a piece.

Shoes, by John Lobb and George Cleverly, too many too describe are on shelves, mirror-shined.

In the corner, are pens owned by Harry Truman, Richard Nixon and Donald Trump.

And several large cedar blocks are in the room to stop moths.

Putting on a Corporation of London, charcoal grey double-breasted slack-cut suit, shirt in french cup, silk-mohair socks from Tom Ford and Cleverly black brogues I exit the room, flicking the switch off.

"When he was taken into juvenile hall, he was so little they didn't have shoes to fit him so they had to buy him a pair of tennis shoes"

And I dissolve into the sofa, temporarily tuning into shots of the now dead Neo-Nazi, Jeff Hall's exploded brains and I switch channels to a more cultural one.

But all that comes out from the soundbar are eerie african drums and sweet preruvian panflute and snapshots of different groups of indigenous people.

A monk who killed and tortured various black protesters but wasn't really a monk, just a bald white-supremacist, who looked Thai is being held in custody in New Jersey and will also be the topic of next episode's *60 minutes*.

And at the front-lobby of my apartment, the man today is looking at me like I'm an anaconda who's just swallowed a large goat, whose horns are still wriggling inside of me. Like he's some horrible part of my past, who's been brought back by God to punish me.

And I sign my name on the log.

Chapter 4

End of Month

The remainder of the month's days are uneventful.

I meet and confer with various homosexuals, to discuss what perfume is best to leave a good impression, whether certain shades of brown can be worn for formal occasion, to shave with or against the grain and other normalities.

Liane Williams, the escort is calling me, asking if I'd like to meet or whether I enjoyed the Broadway show we saw last Tuesday.

I bump into a faggot, outside a bar on 6th street, some fat chinese wearing horn-rimmed Oliver People's glasses a brown-patina'd atache briefcase by DH Sanders and a beige suit, by I'm guessing Hugo Boss. who is wearing a pink and blue polyester bow-tie.

And I tell him, stretching my jaw, exaggerating the word love - "I-looove-it" stabbing at the bow-tie with my finger.

When in reality I actually hated the bow tie.

And I look down at my wrists wondering if I were to cut them off with a high-powered chainsaw would I either *A* bleed to death, *B* pass out from the shock of not having hands or *C* run down a one-way road screaming, "I have no hands, I have no hands" over and over again raising my arms at passing cars, blood gushing out from cartoon limbs coating frost-covered windshields.

I am still unable to get a phone provider and also am now unable to get a credit card - not that I need one, just that it's nice to have.

I also grabbed and french kissed a girl, I walk past everyday. She is startled and might file a report on me or mace me next time. But I have my wits.

Chapter 5

Personality Test

“And how often do you think about race?”

“No”.

She looks at me sideways from the monitor.

“No, I mean I never. Never think about race”.

And she starts typing something.

“How often do you think about gender?”.

“Seldom”.

“Age?”.

“Never”.

“And how often do you think abo- she pauses, laughs nervously, “Sorry not allowed to ask you this” blocking her ears with cupped hands saying, **ha-ha**.

“No please do” I say confidently, feeling an upper hand, although not sure why.

“Patrick” she says surprised, expecting me to know something that is universal knowledge, that the whole world and its minions should know. “It’s - illegal”.

Sarah, my secretary - a little softbody who just graduated from NYU, a woman I plan on making a move on and one that is capable at her job, stares at her keyboard, maybe wondering why the first row starts with **Q,W,E,R,T,Y** or why the space is so big.

I exhale her name, softly , smiling, “S-a-r-a-h” And I place my hand above hers, which cups a mouse, raising her chin to mine.

She doesn’t really look at me and turns the monitor to the side and the cursor hovers over the sentence, and I can almost hear through the screens pixels, in a singy-enquiry voice “Are you a homosexual?”.

Chapter 6

Dinner at Nell's

“Alright... what about college girls” starts Timothy Price.

“Congested” comments Van Patten, rubbing his brow.

“No - a good athletic girl is what you want, someone whose pussy **needs** a good stretch” McDermott adds.

“Wants -guy” Price corrects.

I'm sitting by myself at Nell's, joined by Timothy Price, Craig McDermott and David Van Patten - all because Paul Norman's cab broke down and the girls are late as usual.

Mcdoofus is sitting cross-legged, sipping on a J&B, wearing a pale blue Valentino suit, navy Hermès tie and a Patek Philippe watch. And I can sense he is going to ask me something because the way he has been uncomfortably eyeing the Omega La Magique.

“So.. Bateman you've been awfully quiet what's emm, your type of woman”

“Jeez aren't you quick to know McDermott” Price says coolly, folding up a German cigar case.

“Well.. I mean” Craig coughs, “lets **all** be on the same page here, what do you look for in a girl” expecting the others to take him seriously.

I'm a bit stumped by the genuineness of his question not before he adds, “A little hardbody no-less, easy women” grinning endlessly.

“Well...” I say taking a pause longer than I should.

“Go on Bateman, **blow** our brains out here”, Van Patten says pretending to have his mind-blown with his fingers.

“I-” start by saying, unsure where this is going to go.

“I like a girl who has a clear career path” I say crisply. “ But also someone who is not afraid to explore their options, diversify in a way.” I stop, stirring my martini. “I like a girl who is also not too sexually active - someone who can share a common ground with me - but not too common - so that we lose interest and eventually fall apart. Someone who is so desperate for the lost art of male satisfaction, she is completely oblivious to the M2.50 caliber rifle, wedged deep inside her pussy, which will send shockwaves of pleasure up her spine **-no-doubt**” and I finish my JB.

Something seems to have been lost in what I say and Price is looking at Van Patten and McDermott, who both look back uncomfortable.

"Anyone hear about the escort girls-up North, who went missing" McDermott chirps, breaking the silence.

"Prostitutes go AWOL all the time, guy". Price mutters under a J&B.

"Look, look imagine that guy" McDermott says pointing Price's eyes to a tall, burly black guy. "That nigger over there, could hear what you've been saying about the black Race". "Ha" he squacks.

Craig is right I have to admit, the guy is huge, swollen, probably an actual African.

"Imbeciles" Price mutters, looking at me and I nod my head.

"If - McDermott stops, evaluates what he's about to say, "If aliens hunted humans, for food, what race would they prefer".

Van Patten is about to say something but I get to it, quicker.

"We'd die first" I say not looking at them but at the squid calamari, which is dressed with light and

"How so" Van Patten says, leaning in - looking intrigued.

"We're pink, we look more like pigs" then I add "Oink, Oink".

"Bateman's right" Paul says before leaving for a business meeting with the Japanese, not before leaving a hundred dollar bill, smirking saying "Lack of currency" to us.

Tonight's topic on 60 minutes was about choir boys, who were castrated so they wouldn't lose their voice.

"Women don't believe in marriage" Van Patten says suddenly.

"Really" Craig, says disinterested.

"Yup, it's just an economic reunion to them" Van Patten says, although I'm unsure what that meant.

"Hey, if I give that Maître d' 1000 bucks, do you think she'd marry me" McDermott points.

"You" he says, examining Craig's face, "I'd say 5 grand".

"Say that bit again" I say leaning in forward.

"5 grand?" Van Patten asks, head confused.

"No..." I say coldly, "about the economic reunion".

"What about it" McDermott responds, then after a pause, "the reunion?".

"Yes, explain. Why is it a reunion and not a **union**" I say coldly.

"Well... as girls, women are economically reliant on their dads. When adulthood kicks around - marriage - this reliance comes together again... joint bank account, mortgage, kids, did I say marriage?"

"So then it's a union?" Van Patten asks.

"No, it's not a union" I say annoyed, then confused say to myself, "Is it?".

"Well yeah it can be both" McDermott says.

"No - but that's not as commonplace - both women And men are preferring separate bank accounts, joint mortgages are more common,

I interrupt whatever McDermott is about to say, "While yes, marriage spurs other socioeconomic benefits, a-much-better chance of getting a loan or credit card, greater general economic gains, a better reputation in the community

- that's not to say we are no longer allowed to view marriage from a more conservative standpoint - which is a gift from God" and I finish, saying softly, "Something that shouldn't be taken for granted".

And Craig starts to clap softly, very softl and I swear I can hear some faggots behind, from JP Morgan start to jeer.

Before Paul arrives, Van Patten and McDermott both leave 100 for the bill.

"So long shlomo" Craig says, slapping me on the back and I wave a goodbye to the two of them, staring at the Maître d who is attending other customers.

Dinner with Paul Norman and the girls.

"My call in life, is to kill the people, kill the people. Did you get that Jessica"

"Yes yes Patrick kill the peace, might as well kill the world. Why haven't you touched your lobster escargot?"

"Do you want to be a fantasy"

"Yes Patrick I want to be a fantasy"

Chapter 7

Halloween Party

“Patrick?”.

“Yes Sarah?”.

“You have a paper bat on your back” she giggles

Chapter 8

Vomitting Food

“Are we aware Price?”

“What, that we’re horrible human beings? Yeah, I’m aware” he says, face morose, sitting up from the backseat of the cab as it passes the chemical bank on the corner of Eleventh and First.

“Well, yeah not that but”

“Gram?” Price offers, whilst doing a bump himself.

“Price what if you had some super-sensitive ability that others would exploit” I ask, ignoring, staring at the cab driver, making sure his eyes **are** glued on the road.

“What you mean like those math olympiads from China they got working at JP Morgan” he says all the whilst sniffing - all in one breath.

“No” I sigh, “Don’t those kids hate their lives?”

“Eh, its what they do, **What** gets them paid, **What** makes their parents proud, **What** gets them through this city..” he stops, leaning his head out the window, making sure the Armenian is taking the shortest route. “Saw an article about the ethics of Rolex ownership”

“Ethics? What does ethics have to do with a watch.” I say sharply.

“Well...” he says, rolling up the window, “It’s easier to buy a Rolex, than not buy one, - if you have the currency -”.

“Right” I add, “You’ll think about it all day, so you might as well pull the plug.”

“Right- but, 15K on a watch. I mean. Can’t you dump that amount on something. I don’t know a char-

“Price a Rolex is an investment, a *commodity* - that holds its value incredibly well. Not only, is it a smart financial decision to own one, you could, theoretically. Pass it to your kids...”

Price doesn’t respond, gazing into the fare meter and just as it hits \$19.80, the cab in stalemate the traffic thick, a bum moves clumsily spraying some think neon-blue liquid onto the windshield. Wiping it with some dirty rag. And Price doesn’t respond. And the driver honks.

“What model is it, that you’re looking to buy Tim” I say, my voice soft, my eyes caring but Price doesn’t respond.

Then after we pass D’Agostion’s Price finally says, “Jeez, would you take that diaper of Bateman”, he’s referring to the blue surgical mask I’ve been wearing all day, for no particular reason.

Aerating the cab, with my slow breathing, I rip of both the straps, tossing it out the back window, watching it expand like a kite across Eleventh and First.

When we get to my apartment, Price is wanting to ransack my refrigerator - because he’s been *sobre for too long*.

“Bateman, why’s your fridge so fucking empty” Price shouts, sounding genuinely concerned, his fingers probably rifling through cans of tinned peach, moving them - only to find some ladies fingers and a head of lettuce, that I’ve been saving for later.

“Check in the cabinet”

“Won’t they be cold”

“Wait. I’m coming”

I enter the kitchen, discovering Price on his knees examining the contents of the fridge and he’s positively startled when I slam a cabinet to get his attention.

“Fuck Bateman, why’d you do that for”

I guide him to a mini-fridge on a bottom cabinet, covered in a dish towel.

“Woah, where’d you get that from”.

Don’t say Trump tower, Don’t say Trump tower, Don’t say Trump tower,

“Trump tower” I say proudly.

“Woah ho-ho” Price says, examining it.

it’s cold and i’m cold, which makes me colder

’You make a mockery of the law itself.’

“gifted price, i didnt steal it, a bell boy was gonna throw it out,” i mutter he nods.

I nod no emo pinata recruit more tissues, for the snot on my nose

conjur where the extra-weight will go, my thighs, stomach, face oh god not the face is all i can think in the lobby of

A searing piece of hunger is ripping my side waffle iron, tossing a whole kitkat in there and eating it whole the molten chocolate running down my Borelli shirt cereal pools into my belly button

Children of the second world war was the topic on

Chapter 9

Dinner at Barcadia

Slash or Sty is sitting half-sprawled at our private booth in Barcadia, Sty is a moniker I've recently invented for him because he looks like a styer and probably lives in a sty too.

"I *won't* be having the abbatoir slurry in bleached bun." he says, without looking up, his voice resolute, low and drool, his long black acrylic nail poking at something on the menu.

"That's okay" Sarah says quickly, "I checked beforehand... let me see."

Slash stares at the walls of the booth, which are soft and padded - red velvet. Maybe the only commonality between us - is that we both know they look like walls of a psych ward.

"Okay, so they have roasted hazelnuts, celery root soup with apples, creamed onions, puff pastry, vegetable tarts, vegetable strudel, vegetable soup - and her voice fades of into classical violin.

Slash doesn't seem to listen but yawns, stretching a long crinkled arm, revealing several tattoos, a burnt out Casio watch, not metal, not quality, several horrible looking rings, probably all from Hot Topic and I kick him hard under the table, which causes him to splurt in his black faux leather jacket, probably H&M.

"I'll have the ginger root and the his voice trails off again, probably, not because of drugs but genuine disinterest and his eyes fade of into other people's booths.

"Why the fuck are we here with this turd" I whisper to Sarah.

"Patrick" she whines whispering, "Slash is one of Evelyn's friends. Evelyn was called away last minute. Price wasn't able to come. And emm you asked me to-

"I-know I-know" I interrupt, which is quite rude of me, "Thank God you're here" and she smiles.

Her lips peel away as she chuckles, revealing naturally white teeth, no whitening, no UV and her lips are lined with a faint red lipstick, which is neither too slutty and ne-

"Excuse me, does this have gluten" Sty says, his voice dull, drawn.

And I gnaw on a breadstick.

When our entree's arrive, Slash leaves for the rest-room, doesn't excuse himself, and as he leaves our booth I can feel every eye focusing on while black attire, black hair, black eyeliner and I laugh at the thought. pale red and bloated

Tonights segment of *60 minutes* was solely dedicated to *SNICKERS* chocolate.

Sarah is the only person I know who consistently watches 60 minutes, the second person I know who watches it but not as much is my best friend Timothy Price. A twitter account, I asked her to make, that I posted a selfie of me received 23 likes, 1 comment telling me *how hot I look* and I looked furrowingly at the little avatar, then realising its some total fag who retweets a bunch of political shit and gay porn - I block the account. The last porno, I watched completely was titled, "The Stars Cum Out", where women with abnormally large clits, were eaten out. Drowned migrant babies and migrant ships turned away from ports, will be the topic of 60 minutes next week. Sarah, has scheduled a meeting with me and Marcus tomorrow and the shades I ordered will arrive tomorrow.

"Patrick, Evelyn left a message saying she arrived at Geneva. I booked reservations for Newport. Kathey, told me to tell you she won't be coming to the... And Ma-

"Sarah"

"Yes Patrick"

"What's emm.. What's emm - I stop, pause, sit straight "Is there anything that's made you laugh or giggle the last few days".

I take a large gulp of the wine, studying her. Thinking, how plump her breasts must be under that sparkling white dress. Really good, really good I think. The concealing blouse, blazer and skirt she wore today is replaced, her breasts swelling against and the cloth swims beautifully, creating little divets where her collarbone is. It's her face which mystifies me, something so beautiful, white, freckled, her eyes brown, her chin somewhat pointed, her voice meliflous. natural not a lot of makeup, none at all except a bit of eyeliner. her brown eyes liquid, but penetrating, as though she could see into his innermost thoughts."

I have an ok sense of morals for someone my age, so I stop staring at her breasts.

"Well, what about you" I say coolly, gazing of into a booth where I think is Mark Anthony but I'm not sure.

"Well when I graduated from NYU.. Someone from careers office, was able to find me a job, at a credit card firm. But I didn't like the environment there. It was really hostile Patrick"

"I bet" I say, not sure how to react.

She smiles, a sad smile, and looks dimly at her hands, "And then after 1 or 2 years, I decided to quit, I left everything behind and went job-hunting online, And that's when - She pauses and drinks some wine, "I found you" she laughs and smiles.

"Me?" I reply, jokingly.

"Don't you remember" you created the job listing, "silly".

“Oh yes” I muse, “Gosh it’s been so long”.

Then Slash returns, literally dissolving into the booth and a violinist starts to play and Slash, starts to clap very slowly.

“Welcome back” I say, for no reason.

And he shoots him a look so hateful sara=hooper young england wait your not white, no silly, im algerian oh.

Chapter 10

Red Mist

Another morning,

Nobody notices what I have in my front pocket.

Nobody notices the homeless women, crawling up my leg - who I've maced several times.

Nobody, notices I've done something good -

And *nobody* notices how **I've** just stopped a shoplifter who's walked out of D'Agostion's with several-several high-price wagyu steaks, all up in her coat pocket.

"Why did you steal these?" I enquire, quietly getting down to her level, which means kneeling onto cold-wet concrete, soaking the Armani trousers in it.

The woman's face is pale and sad, like scrunched up paper -but isn't old and she wants to cry but because of the excess amounts of mace and the governance of -I'm presuming lithium? Is unable to.

She's in her late 20's **MAX**, dressed in some chic trench coat, which is beige-now brown and wearing a crude skirt, which I'm guessing is Armani along with faded Chuck Taylor Converse, the sole flapping of the shoe and because she doesn't or cannot wear socks, her heel is all scratched up like some dusty pole.

I soften my voice and ask her again.

"Why did you steal?"

She doesn't answer and just as she is about to look up, a bus with an advertisement for Les Miserables as it passes by Fifth street.

Pulling herself up, positioning her cold frail hands onto my hip, clinging, feeling my warmth, like we're something out of a romcon, only for it to fall because of the cold, and reverse her hands on my suede boots, which are from John Lobb.

Stop playing God, Bateman, just kill her already or torture her for Christ sakes.

Pulling herself up again, letting go of my calf, looking angered, bitter. She glazes into my eye.

"Fuck you, you evil man" and then she coughs.

“Woahoho, you’re an American?” I say, exaggerated, surprised - but not surprised at her lack of articulateness.

The woman doesn’t answer and uncomfortably fidgets with herself, as the bus drives away.

“Doesn’t it hurt” I say flicking residual mace, of her cheek, shaking the can like its spray paint, laughing hysterically in the alleyway.

The woman is young and incredibly pale like some mysterious apparition and she makes my skin look way darker due to how pale she really is. In an alternative universe, where she hadn’t fallen victim to whatever horrible behind the scenes decision that led to her position. Led her to meeting me in the alleyway. Led her to stealing the wagyu beef. Led her to- I’ll never know I’ll never ask where she came from.

Thinking that the woman is very pretty, thinking that the woman has a nice body and if - given a financial prompt could get back on her feet - could sense a role in society and even contribute to the economy.

Unfortunately this is where the plaudits end and I let my head hang back as if hypnotised by the low hanging moon and laugh even more hysterically at the advertisement for Les Misérables, as it comes to an halt - allowing all passengers to leave - something I do not let the woman do.

In some twisted logic, what I’m doing is right, what I’m doing is removing a leech from the pond of koi, and I’m giving the women, now gasping for her breath a chance to fight back. And I’m bittered by how the woman is watching my face contort with the moon, bittered by the woman’s bruised and how it is still bleeding from the punch I delivered earlier, bittered by how our eyes are still strong watching for what I do. I bite into her neck.

Knowing, my incisors can’t, won’t do any damage and the woman fearful - scared I will kill her - rolls with me for a while in the large cold puddle of dark grey liquid, like we’re two alligators doing a death dance.

When I sense, I have at least punctured the girl I immediately start suckling on her warm irony blood, forcing her face into the ground to stop her from squirming and when I allow her to twist, my knuckles clamp her cheeks so that her scream’s lost voice and the heavy gasping become one breath.

The woman is shaking, flapping about like a fish, in the puddle. And because her movements are so uncalculated, so floppy, I’m able to maneuver jk her *And I* into a much more comfortable position. Still splashing, our cloth’s wet, covered in filthy water.

When the woman is tired, can’t go on any longer, won’t go longer and breathing hard, I roll her so her beautiful face can see the moonlight, see the stars that are tonight and I swear I lay next to her, not caring for the Zegna suit or my Allen Edmonds.

It’s doubtful, I’ll kill her but I stick around anyway, hiding in a corner, leaving the woman who is too cheesed out to move to dry on a cardboard sheet I dragged from the back of a McDonald’s.

She is now lying on a her eyes puffed out af from mace, looking like an outstretched anus.

Leaving her there, but not leaving the vicinity I hide my shadow inside a large cardboard box, my eye's occasionally peeking through a slit in the top, eyeing the lady, ignoring the cold all around me.

After 30 minutes, a bum who looks like has a tumour/lump on his right leg, lurches towards her like he's a zombie and the woman poises a hand towards him, as if this is her calling to be rescued by him.

on her atleast i think but he takes his cock out and tries to dip it in her mouth, like it's a McDonalds french fry. mouth, knowing what he is doing is silly and wont work he gets down on his knees, looks like he's praying in happiness that he finally will be able to get of, unbuckling his pants clumsily and please explain to me what at my watch, not caring if the Omega La Magique is damaged, not worrying if the band is ripped,

The apartment is dark when I enter and I don't bother to turn any of the lights on. Dissolving into my sofa, feeling cold from the wet suit, I turn on the television. Tonight on 60 minutes is about a man who.

I stare out

in some twisted logic, what I am doing is right, by prolonging her suffering, causing her to believe her death is near, then showing her there is hope I'm doing good for the world.

When I cross the road between upper 5th and 11th, I'm stopped by a fat cop who asks me why, I'm so hot, why I'm so wet and why I'm so sweaty and I pin the blame on a Jew named Richard, who has stolen my pot of gold and the cop shoots me a confused sideways glare, scratching his bald head and walks away muttering something about men of our generation.

And I pretend my fingers morph into pistols, shooting at back of his fat bald head, wondering where his centre of gravity is as I make bang bang noises with my mouth.

Ripping the Armani jacket of, tossing it God knows where, hastily undoing the Hermes silk jacquard tie, running my fingers through my hair, oiling them, I dart down broadway, clothes flapping fitfully in the wind and after I vomit some chow from earlier, on a woman's shoe I escape into a McDonald's. Panting as the revolving doors close on behind me.

The franchise is so busy, no-one notices the freak who's just walked in looking like a zombie who just fell in cement and I track the nearest available seat and immediately dissolve into it. Pulling out a cordless phone, from again God knows where I punch in the numbers to a made up pizza place.

Shouting, Do you SEE. Do you SEE at fat cunt next to me, halfway through a BigMaC.

"emm i can see your orderin a pizza" he offers cheerfully, confused, stunned.

"Hello is this the Pepperoni department. Hi yes, I would like a large extra thick pizza" my tounge salvates grossly as I say thick, like I have a speech impediment. "With extra asbestos".

And the man, intrigued, slurping on a chocolate milkshake which I am eyeing madly wanting to lunge for it but after noticing the straw leave his mouth and see his spit ringing around the straw's opening I quickly lose interest.

"Quick I need more toppings" I shout, waving the cordless phone.

“Ginger root?” he says thinking it is a joke, thinking I will not order a pizza, that the both of us will love and enjoy.

“Yes Yes” I say delighted, “Cut evil from the root, cut evil from the root”.

Then pretending I am Edward Scissorhands, I shift my weight towards him - pretending to cut locks of thin-oily hair with my fingers, going *snip snip* alst whilst singing, “I want to break free”.

i croak you have your mothers eyes as the blade’s edge skims past thinning neck hair.

hummina hummina as i jam a knife in the back of his neck, his whole body immediatly seizing up And the-

Chapter 11

GQ Magazine

People are eating too much food when they are not hungry. This is wrong was the topic of 60 minutes last night. As it explored the routines of America's fattest men.

"Hey if a trans chick, has a bigger cock than me, is that a fault on my part or hers" Craig says setting the mood for the rest of the day.

"What?" I say, sharply annoyed.

"I mean" McDermott sulks, in the chair, "ya know, hormones should reduce penis size" then after a pause, "it's only reductal".

Price coughs, "It's a fault on your part -guy, one you shouldn't be hooking up with trannies, two y-

"Not all trans women, are on hormones" I tell McDermott, trying to not fidget in the Valentino suit, wondering who dressed me in the morning and what I had to do to get so hungover, "Also, trans women probably have enough in their lives, to contemplate who has a bigger cock size between you to".

Just as I say this, a fat caterer walks through the conference room, with a tray of sandwiches and the leather shoes she is wearing, Doc Martens the model I do not know start to belch.

"Hey Bateman. Why do shoe's belch" Price asks, jokingly.

"What" I croak, "Oh emm" then resuming my place"- Shoe's belch for two main reasons, one friction between the tongue and the laces - which can be remedied with saddle soap, or the boot may not be broken in, which mean's -" I pause unsure what my next point is, gazing at McDermott who is leaning to hear my next point.

"Which means the leather is stiff and has an extremely -dry surface, usually remedied with mink oil/ leather conditioner/softener, -or that there is excess material, a wider shoe will cause air gaps if you have thin feet which pushes the air out with every step you take causing an air gap in the shoe" Van Patten says walking into the room.

"Van Patten 1. Bateman 0." McDermott squacks, "You've lost your edge Bateman, you've lost your edge" he mutters.

I've decided if there was to be a nuclear fallout, I would kill Craig first, to conserve the room's oxygen and make cute little wallets and trinkets from his skin and bones that I would then use to barter with bandits for food money and drugs.

Today's agenda, is whether or not we should continue investing in Japanese business's.

Sarah, sneaks into the room, scanning the sea of suits for me and when she does, looks relieved and hands me a stack of neatly organised items. Postcards from Mom and Dad after their holiday in Boca Raton, a letter from Lianne Williams and a copy of GQ magazine Price ordered using my card.

"Is he wearing sneakers with a suit" McDermott croaks peeking at the stack in my hand, "Oh god he is".

"I think it's hip to wear sneakers with a suit, display your casual side once in a while" Luis butts.

Staring at the male model, at the bright green two piece suit, which I'm guessing is Gucci or Louis Vuitton and at the white sneakers on his feet, I feel every. Like I'm on death row, .

"No it is NOT OKAY, to wear sneakers with a suit" I yell, causing Sarah to freeze and I tilt my head smiling at her as she leaves. "

"Well" Price croaks, "That is not on the itinerary" amused by my outburst softening his voice adds, "But I don't see why they wouldn't like it"

"Bateman?"

"Huh -oh, smoothie's would be great, really smooth and chewy..."

"Are you even fucking listening" McDermott shuns "He asked if it's culturally appropriate to invite a Japanese to sushi, or as a guest should we be pointing them towards American cuisine?"

"I don't see why not" Van Patten says.

"What if it turns out it's actually really horrible sushi and we've been ordering and tasting shit all our lives because we've never been to Japan or indulged in the actual thing. We wouldn't know, would you" he says pointing to no-one in particular, "Guys, I've heard them speak MANDARIN in the kitchen"

Both Van Patten, McDermott and I stare in disbelief at the mouthful that's just come out of Price's mouth.

"Have you been" Van Patten asks actually concerned, " doing cocai-

"Fuck you" Price says.

"Look" I say, more alert, "Let's just pick a non-specific non-ethnic restaurant."

Chapter 12

Rolodex

My stomach literally boils, this total bitch from JP Morgan, keeps calling, asking why I called her and her friends a bunch of skanks as they exited Barcadia and I fail to mention that one of them, tossed a shoe at me.

“Gosh, Bateman is that a rolodoex? Oh my God, get rid of that” Craig McDermott says strolling into my office. Then as if it is the funniest thing in the world says, his voice high and pleased, “Hey Van Patten Bateman’s got a rolodex”.

“What’s wrong with it” I say, spinning it.

“Get rid of ittt” he laughs, “Jeez Bateman, it’s like your stuck in the 80’s.”.

when the japanese, come to your office and look at it slanty eyed what are you gonna say wht is he going to say wht is he going to say van patten says stunned looking at it perplexed like its something pulled wrongly out of a time capsule rolodex? Price says walking in hands in his pockets, wearing a

Chapter 13

HOMELESS MAN

Tonight's topic on *60 minutes* was about city bins which would overflow, leading to a "rat 'n mice" outbreak and featured sewermen who waded through New York City fatbergs.

I find myself wading through the antique district just below Fourteenth streeth, wading because the fog pools low and wading because the sky is dark and heavy.

Cartoon stinkmark trills surround bums passing up Fourteenth street, their shopping cart wheels, struggling to grip onto its unpaved concrete. One even falls and his buddy picks him up. Black guys and faggots shimmy past me, offering either crack or sex. I choose neither. I walk by an abandoned newsstand, barred up by spidery rusted steel and a faded 1989 edition of Time magazine is visible through the gaps. The heading, "This may turn you green with envy - or just turn you off. Flaunting it is the game, and TRUMP is the name". A woman in a dry-cleaners, neatly folding some sort of garment -stops and sets a cold accusatory glare onto me and doesn't seem to stop until I'm out of her radar. A baptist church, is open and kids sprawl in and out of it, all dressed in suits, all black-American, all suits and when I set the Serpina atache case down, its steel feet bashing the concrete - they all scamper. Coming out of a diner, another bum can be seen being "*shood*" out with a broom and when the waitress see's me, stops and closes the door.

Bags of frozen garbage, sit outside broken-down apartments, most abandoned, most hosting crack-whores and meth addicts. The bags have been ripped by rats, but still hold their structure due to the cold, the rats pour literally inside the bag, their two long yellowish teeth pulling and bringing lumps of rotting food out and I swear one brushes past my shoe.

I stand there for 10 minutes, quietly observing the neighbourhood as the fog pulls around me.

A bum, not a white bum, not a black bum, or even an Asian bum. But a bum whose skin was so dirty, darkened, dirt-filled it was impossible to identify his race, on skin alone, sits sprawled on the curb. His trousers drop several inches below his ankles and he starts to sob. Perhaps, crying over things, that relate

in no way to his life. I laugh at how ridiculous he looks and every movement he makes - I see a jibe. Any-any desire to work or contribute to society inside the bum has probably burnt out like lighter fluid left too long - in the air.

The street is quite, the day young and just as Patrick's watch hits 11, a man not too far away from Patrick huddles up in filthy bedsheet, using crinkled newspapers to wipe the sweat trickling from his brow. A shopping cart, bestowing the few items of value he has, sits next to him: a backpack, some books, all tattered and rain-stained, some cloth's and rations for the night. And dim shadows seem to float beside Patrick and the man, as car headlights catch the metally mesh of the cart.

Looking at the sobbing man, Patrick smiled and kneeled on a patch of concrete, which gave way for the weeds and occasional dandelion to grown in. As a child the man, was reared on spoonfuls of rum or gin at night, because his mother had grown old, too tired to wean and hoped he would sleep early, to wake up for the long school day ahead.

The bell of a bicycle rings and the man begins to detect Patrick. A high pitch squeal breaks loose from a frozen garbage bag and rats scurry out and bound towards it, instantly 5 or 6 more appear from aloft a wall, immediately syncing sharp incisors with the loose black material, biting hard and ripping at it until more rats are exposed to the cold air. A rat frenzy.

Tonight 4 other of his friends would gather, safe, in the confines of the desolate road, safe in numbers, safe from college kids who would throw rocks at them from their trucks and safe from crack dealers that would try peddling them low-grade product at a low-price, which was actually laced with fentanyl as it would be cheaper to produce but still could give the same high. They had all reached the same sensory deprivation, they had all reached the singularity in their lives, where nothing else had mattered. They would rarely speak but the warmth they each provided was better than the combined smell they each gave of.

"Hello" Patrick says, with a wan smile, his knees patchy with dirt, the same dirt the man was oh so accustomed to.

The man grumbles something and slowly raises his head.

"My name's Patrick. Pat Bateman. What's yours".

The man lifts up his jeans and spits into a cup, but doesn't respond.

"It's dark out, do you have a flashlight, something to see with" Patrick whispers, his hand shifting through the loose dirt and gravel, his manicured nails brushing close to the man's thighs.

The man fumbles with his coat pocket, a cheap black nylon shell that looks sort of like the garbage bags that Patrick had walked by and pulls out a thin flashlight.

One click, second click but the light doesn't go.

The man grumbles again.

"Must be the batteries" Patrick jokes, "Lemme guess AA right, Alcoholics Anonymous, just kidding, let me see what batteries it takes, I have a few".

Patrick saunters towards him and when the man sees Patrick's double-breasted suit and mirror-shined wingtips, his mind automatically suggests re-

laxing.

The man unscrews it carefully, allowing one existing batteries to hit the concrete, rolling down the street, the other is a triple A.

“Okay so two triple A’s” Patrick says, unzipping his backpack, “Here ya go”.

Patrick carefully drops them into the mans hands, careful not to make contact.

One click and a thin strobe of light, finds its way onto the dark curb, illuminating weeds and flowers nestled in its holes and Patrick’s mirror-shined wingtips.

The man smiles and splutters, “Th-an, Than- not before breaking out into a serious cough.

“No need” Patrick interrupts, offering his handkerchief, which the man grabs tentatively, placing his hand on the man’s shoulder, something which jolts the man, because no-one had done this since he was a child. “Listen what’s your name”.

“Colm” he says.

“Colm? Listen Colm, I’m just going to ask you a few questions”.

The man looks up, meeting Patrick with a sulken stare and sniffs, blowing his nose into the same crumpled newspaper which he wiped his brow.

“How’d you get here Colm?” Patrick says, his voice low, curious and morose.

“I have no self-respect” Colm sulks.

Tears start forcing their way through Colm’s cracked skin darting down, the long and matted beard.. The pores of Colm’s nose were clogged and corkhole like, every part of his face was dirty.

All you’d need now is fur, though Patrick and everyone would think your bigfoot, he mutters to himself.

Colm’s monastic habitanace of crackdens, shelters, streets and parks, meant he seldom spoke to people apart from the occasional police officer, telling him to move along so when Patrick asked him, “How’d you get here Colm” his instinct was to say, “no self-respect” because that was what everyone he met growing up would tell him.

“You’re damn right Colm, you have no self-respect. You need to start respecting yourself” Patrick says, with a hopeful gleam in his eyes.

“You’re right, you’re right” Colm says, retreating into the nylon shell, “I should think like you more mista, you’re a kind-kind m-

“Colm?”

“Yes mista”

“Do you know why you have no self-respect Colm?”

Colm, stops, not-thinking, but holding onto the wheels of his shopping cart as another bum, someone he’d seen around, walks by.

“Because I’ve got no job, no savings, no ca-

Patrick cuts him of, momentary sobs still escaping through Colm’s now heavy breath, “No people like you, are absolutely not worth respecting, let alone acknowledge”.

Colm starts to stiffen up, the last of his tears running down his hardened cheek and a car flashes its headlights on both the men.

"I walk past you on the street and all I can wonder is what deity, up there - Patrick begins gazing into the clouds pointing at a few clouds, which look like faces, "is keeping you alive!"

Patrick begins to back away a few feet, "Why would a self-respecting person allow bacteria and odour to allow themselves such a pungent stench".

"I have no job Mista, no home, no access to running water".

I know you do, I know you don't have a job, or home, or fucking water. You wanna know something Colm, here let me blow your mind.

Patrick sets down the attache case, unclasps it but clasps it again. "I always think you should be executed, no really, What do you Colm bring to the table. You are a net less to society, You are the sty in my eye, Colm".

I bet you change your clothes less than once a year, you fucking disgusting thing. Who do you pass the blame on to, Do you tell yourself you get a pass because you have no home, do you tell yourself you have a pass because of some made up mental disease, the fact you had some sort of difficult childhood. because drugs are like catnip to you.

i dont even pity you colm, none of us do, we all wish you'd just pack your bags and go. but nowhere will take you colm, i mean why should the locals here have to tolerate your stench. noone wants to be around you colm, your parents think your dead, the government stopped getting social security checks, people you knew in highschool will probably think once in a while, i wonder whats going on in colms life. tell me what went wrong all those yearsk, bck, i really do despise you

i haven o purpose You know what's a great purpose in life? Feeding your family. "my life is over." Cop: "it wasnt that great to begin with." That is fucking awesome!

"But you know what Colm?"

"Wh-a What" sulks Colm.

"Our lives, you and I, are a satire of the people we surround ourselves with, HA,

Another car passes by, which looks a lot like the ones college kids would drive, chucks out several beer bottles when it passes, Patrick seizes the man by his throat, grabbing the flashlight from his eye, bludgeoning both his eyes in a deep bloated purple.

Unable to register, Colm covers his neck instinctly and raises both hands to his eyes, now bloody and raw.

Patrick peels back, his palm in full contact, with the raw red loin-like skin, his skin literally peeling from the side and patrick peels his eyes.

and as if his eyes were photo-lens, they snap, capturing the macabre eye in timeless imbolity, the embelem.

Chapter 14

df

Tonights topic on 56 minutes was about homeless people who were pushed into the hudson river and drowned because they didnt know how to swim or because their tacky green jumpsuits filled with water palidrome prostrinatoin

Chapter 15

Zoom Call

Pierce and Pierce, have agreed to tour and host a select group of seniors around the office's, having one-to-one meetings with them, detailing the managerial aspects of their positions, what suit's they should first buy and how to get their head in.

"Ask questions, volunteer information, explore different avenues, better yourself -these are all things you can start doing to get ahead in life" I say proudly, examining my face in crisp HD.

Then add, "Of course a good GPA is a criteria and getting into a good university, involves a huge element of luck, yet you should also ruthlessly seize the opportunity when it calls" A girls face turns on the camera and she look's happy to what I've just said, like I am Jesus Christ, and I've come down to eath. absentate

"Bateman sells. Good looks sell. Money sells" Van Patten says, patting my back after I've hanged up the call.

"Anyone worth knowing, is worth at least 100 thousand dollars" he adds.

"That's true" Craig says. And although this mock-politeness should infuriate me

Chapter 16

Army of One

A woman's face is stitched to the body of a rat - it still alive and wriggling - the woman still alive and squiggling. And the smell of decay is soaking into everyone.

- *Homeless man* - who I found rotting in the back of an alleyway, sits at the head of the tub, just where the hot and cold water pipes jut out, his arms crossed, looking sort of alive and the woman lies just below his navel, her heels resting on the guy's shins.

I begin pouring heavy amounts of lye and powder into the tub, the powder close to my face, I really should be wearing a mask but the faces of the two warrant me otherwise.

If the lights were off, the rat's eyes, orange, would look like two floating balls of fire. Pupils scanning the room like radar. And I begin feeding it anything I can muster up from my pocket, McDonald's french fries, McDonald's ketchup, a napkin from Wendy's, tortillas from Taco Bell and a used condom I found in an alley.

Sweat drenched, delirious I experience a sickening moment of fear as if the bottom of everything was falling away from the bottom of my feet as it starts nipping and licking at my fingertips, and I pinch the rat's face for a bit, uncontrollingly wanting to vomit

"Bateman Bateman" croaks the man, which causes the rat to which causes me to let go of the rat his skin literally melting from his arms, his hand digging in his jacket pocket, "take the watch, take the watch"

shocked, at the man and at my own eyes, at the watch

"It's a date just, you can tell from the steel and yellow gold jubilee bracelet"

"W-what" I ask genuinely afraid, as if harassed, trying to smile, on the verge of vomiting.

"The dial is factory set and it's automatic movement" and perhaps a gesture of sincerity, the man unstraps the watch, holding it out towards me like for him this is a normal gesture.

And I stand in horror as his body dissolves, the rat fades breaking free of his stitch crawling into the woman's mouth, disappearing by the tail.

“The rolex datejust holds its value better than the submariner because datejust’s are always in”

“Because datejust’s are always in” we repeat in chorus.

Chapter 17

XX

“You took pharmacology very far Price” warns Van Patten.

“Lay off him” Craig exhales “It’s already enough his bullshit wife won’t give him head” he says, eyes peaking through shutters, “Shit, where are those motherfuckers”.

“What” moans Price, “Hey, I have a luxurious king sized bed from The Hamptons, fro-m Christ I forget, Hey!” throat sore, hair slicked stiff but ruined from all the movement, too dazed to do -or know anything.

“I said you’re depressed and in an unhappy marriage” Craig shouts, still looking through the blinds.

The effectiveness of *To catch a predator* was the topic of 60 minutes today, the show’s most apologetic men made statements to the public on why what they did was wrong and why they will never do it again.

As I stare through conference halls, my eyes adjusting to the various shades of Mexican, Chinese, Indian, Mexican who cruise through company hall’s - all recently hired, some direct grads even. Sarah who is wearing a really nice Louis Vuitton suit, double breasted, tight skirt, is bending over to talk to a little boy who is Paul Owen’s son who is decked out in Polo by Ralph Lauren and is visiting for the day. And the amount of corduroy on Sarah really makes me want to fuck her. This causes an erection to build and to kill it, I force myself to think of three cringe things.

1. Aiming a gun at your teacher, only to reveal at the last moment, that it is in fact a bb-gun and not capable of firing live rounds.
2. Wearing a non purple label Ralph Lauren suit.
3. Having your credit card declined at a restaurant.

Luis Carruthers and Van Patten are now discussing 60 minutes after Craig confirms the Ford that’s now pulled up outside Pierce and Pierce belongs to the Japanese. Luis is wearing a pale cream coloured and a brown herringbone tweed bowtie from Brooke’s brother, slightly prettier than the reverse silk-wool black mohair one he wore yesterday. And Van Patten is wearing a two-piece.

“To catch a predator” Van Patten scoffs, “What if they’re all predators”.

“What” McDermott squacks and then leans back on the office chair, brushing

lint of his dark grey pinstripe suit, from Brookes Brother.

“Well” Van Patten stretches, “How’d you know” he says quickly, “Bateman might be a predator”. And then raising his hands in self defence, says “Relax, not here to arrest you bud” winking- his Rolex Submariner in view.

“Yourrr a lawwman?” Price asks, still dazed, at Van Patten then at me, like we are the last two people on this planet and have come to kill him -saying abruptly, “Bateman isn’t the problem. It’s you. Mister Predator. Your the problem. Yep. You are God’s problem. Your going to hell. ” he says all in some raspy breath.

“Don’t joke about things like that Price. It put’s me of”. Van Patten says sternly, watching as Price’s eyes fall back and out his sockets.

“Bateman’s not a predator, he’s the boy next door” McDermott whines, then adds, “all -grown up”.

“Awww who’s all grown up, no longer cute and wubbly” Louis says, the one-liner all in baby talk, his face purred up like some gross old man, his cock probably fidgety and his hand leaning on his cheek.

Craig looks grossed out and I do to.

Then Van Patten breaks the silence, “It’s the digital age” sitting up from the chair, “Everything you’d wanna know, everything I’d wanna know - About who’s fucking your ex and who your mom is cheating on your dad with - it’s all out there”.

We all, move in on Van Patten listening attentively to everything he has to say -

“I knew a guy” then corrects himself, “My mom knew a guy, he’d been over the apartment a few times used to watch dateline all the time with us, Chris Hansen and To Catch a Predator. Always used to joke how fucking dumb those retards that got caught where. Punchline, you guys ready for it”.

“What, he got caught, he went on the show?” I ask, intrigued.

“You’d think that, no he went on to fall in love with one of the decoy’s, obviously they don’t list any of their personal info in the credits or shit. So he scoured some modelling and acting sites and you’d guess it. He found her” his voice is very soft as he says that bit.

“How’d she die” Craig interrupts, heavily interested but unsure when the Japanese will arrive.

“She didn’t”

“Oh” Craig says.

“Guy found out where she lived, where she worked, who she dated 5 years back and who she wanted to get married to, raped and tortured her, burnt her quite a bit, said it was for all the guy’s lives she ruined”

“Poor girl” Craig says, looking genuinely upset.

I’m silently murmuring, *There is no punchline, there is no punchline* but calmly in resolute ask, “What was his name?”.

“Hogg”.

After the meeting with the Japanese, Craig McDermott, David Van Patten, Christopher Reeve’s and Marcus Halberstram go sushi with our asian friends, where they will probably end up doing a lot of cocaine afterwards and karaoke.

Luis, Price and I are now the only one's in the conference room.

"You coming, Bateman? Price?" Reeve asks.

"We're alright" I reply.

"Suit yourself" then, remembering Luis is also there, also there sitting right with us, nods and Luis tips the trilby hat.

Luis who had been listening attentively to the dialogue between whether or not American business's could ease Japanese deflationary pressures prior has something to say.

"It's psychological guilt Patrick"

"What is" I reply.

"You know, what David was saying" his voice is hushed, "I heard half of those men who go on that show, go on to kill themselves or others because of the guilt".

He looks scared and I almost want to hug him before remembering the remark he made on me earlier, which causes my body to tense.

Sensing, my silence, he coughs, softens his voice, which makes him sound even more like a fag, "well, I watched the Jimmy Kimmel show the other night an-

"Jimmy Kimellll" Price groans, resurrected from the cross, "I-hate-Jimmy-Kimmell".

"The talk-show?" I say amused..

"Yeahh, he's awful Bateman" waking up, still dazed, Price says once more now awake , "Luis?"

"David"

"What are you wearing, you look like a fa-.

I cough.

"Van Patten" Luis says.

"Yello"

"David" Luis says once more, looking down at his perforated brogue's which are probably bespoke, as no brand would quantify something so hideous.

"Price isn't feeling so well, so his sartorial judgement is a bit clouded, You look fine Luis, just lose the bow-tie and wear black slash grey coloured socks".

Luis smiles at me and I smile back.

"So David" Luis says, smiling at me but not looking at him, "Why do you hate Jimmy Kimmell".

"Jimmy Kimmell" Price begins, disgusted, "I fucking hate that show it makes American's look stupid, -Well we are stupid, -Not we, or atleast not me".

"I agree" I say honestly, "The Jimmy Kimmel show is anti-Am"

Chapter 18

Bird trapped in glass cage

I'm staring at a budgie in a cage, outside a shop window on 860 broadway and the bird starts making a sound, I know birds are not mean't to make *this* sound and I step forward, not before looking side-to-side at the various pedestrians making sure I am not seen.

And the bird hands me some paper, it was holding with its claw.

"How did you write this" I ask, my voice curious, my stare cold.

"I used a Montblanc M fountain pen, with gold carot nib and turquoise shell casing" the bird croaks, his voice dehydrated and parched.

The note repeats, itself in big bold type, "DIE YUPPIE SCUM. DIE YUPPIE SCUM. DIE YUPPY SCUM."

And I read instead, "Die hippie scum" walking away, my shoes slapping on concrete.

"Wait" his voice croaks out.

I decide to adopt the bird, paying just \$10 dollars for it, the cashier some skinny Mexican kid, getting all excited when I hand him a 100, thinking I'd give him the change.

I try to swallow the bird whole, or bite its head off in one fell swoop but something is stopping me from doing so and the Mexican starts to shake.

Chapter 19

fd

Liane Williams, the escort has called again asking if I could pick her up from a client's house.

“Why what happened?” I say into the pocket-phone.

“P-Patrick, just come please, th-this Is the last time I'll you ask you this, I promise” her voice blares, sobbing from the other end.

When I kill the man, Lianne watches in horror but a thankful horror because I have saved her life and I tell her I need to dispose of the body when in reality I will torture the body, scraping away fat from the man's bones, enscribing my initials into the bone, then chewing and licking the bone, allst while I stomp up and down on the man's nose, breaking the cartilage,

asking why I haven't

Chapter 20

df

Tonight the budgie doesnt talk but just looks dimly at the other bird ive bought for it to play with the other. bird skips around in the cage, looking merry-eyed and the other budgy looks at its feet

“So... you brought me a Mexican” the bird mutters, voice heavy, eyes tired.
And I almost spit out my J&B.

Factoring in what the bird has just said and whether I ams stil Tonight’s topic on 60 minutes, was about the Strangeleer’s a boy band gone rogue which strangled various female fans backstage, their tools varying from fiber wire, amp cords, guitar strings and skipping -rope.

“Hey when I *bought*, I didn’t want a racist bird”.

Chapter 21

Shoplifting

While fucking this total hardbody I picked up outside a ... , I start whispering cruel hate-filled words into her ear, “You slut, you total ugly slut”.

Then I’m back at it again, shouting low-effort hate-filled slurs, as her body moans into mine, twitching in static as I cum and when done. I push her off me. Ragdoll-like, not caring for her, I toss some 20’s at her and she scampers away, picking up every bill.

Tonight’s topic on 60 minute’s wasn’t really a topic, but a discussion with a panel of experts, all from various fields of law enforcement, some judges, a couple cops, a lawyer, some host girl; which was conveniently titled, “Got a guilty conscious?”. And people would phone in, confessing all the bad things they did. Some of the confessions were more rational, admitting to making illegal U-turns, however some were more scandalous and involved people admitting to keying neighbours cars and committing insurance fraud. The segment ended with a bleak but stark message, “You will not get away with this”.

The porno playing is titled, “Love 2 Fuck” starring Jessica Ashley, Britney Maddis and Judith Callice. However, unlike the title would suggest there is no love and Jessica is harping on about how she loves being fucked, whilst Britney plucks at her clit and Judith bounces her tits up and down.

The smell of perfume is intermingled with the smell of burning hair, which is sort of like the smell of burning feathers, but that is sort of like the smell of burning pubic hair.. But it’s all very hard to explain.

The constant hubbub of the television and the constant rush of traffic outside, pisses me off and I roll off my bed, hastily putting on my suspenders.

Whilst at a Target, outside the buildings. I’m knowing the only way I’d be arrested if I was to walk through the doors [12:39]

Chapter 22

S

While it is possible to skate on park benches, it is not possible to walk through walls - was the topic of 60 minutes tonight, as it explored the lives of America's poltergeists.

McDermott looks denatured.

And some ugly Indian girl sits with her legs crossed, her face literally looking just like a skull, in fact her whole body looks like a prune. Like some shrivelled up 90 year old buddhist monk left in the sun. Ugly Bitch.

And McDermott is probably thinking "Ugly hateful bitch, why the fuck am I paired with you".

A fat girl is dressed up in a floral dress, probably Belarusian, the flowers stretching at her sides, so what would look like a dandelion looks like, *I don't know a pancake*. In fact Price looks sad he's been paired with her, but I can't tell because he's leaning on his hand and I can see he is wearing a Rolex submariner. Her whole getup is basically the same as putting lipstick on a pig.

"But that's not the point" I say outloud, accidentally.

"It's not?" Price says, voice morose, low and cold like something out of a movie. Everyone in my department, has been paired up with a senior for the remainder of two months, the good thing being we get Friday's of because of this, the bad thing - *I don't actually know*.

"Do you think my coat looks bad?" Luis asks, raising a raccoon coat to my eyes.

"No Luis." I say, slightly in awe because i-

"It cost a pretty penny" Luis jokes, "You know I picked it up at an antique store. When I saw *it*, I knew! I just had to have it, oh but the lining was fraying so I had it relined."

"I bet" I say, slowly losing interest, thinking about the steak slice I will eat when I get home, which is really nice because it is steak and onion wrapped inside a-

"Patrick where's your student", Luis says tapping my shoulder.

As my eyes begin to scan the room, I can see Luis has been assigned to the only boy in the room and Luis looks positively flushed.

Craig is squinting as the indian chick starts talking about true crime tv shows with the belarusian girl, and i swear his face can't get any more shrivelled. "Bateman" he croaks "help me".

"O-M-G" the Indian actually says omg, but says it in a way you'd think she is white, American, blonde, dumb. "Did you see the the episode about the guy that poisoned all the evians"

"Yesss" the other replies, looking heavily interested and for a second I think I have a common interest with them, not before they quickly change topics talking about, "the weather".

"You girls see *60 minutes*" I say to them.

"No? What's that" one of them replies.

"Nothing" and I swear Craig is eating his own hands.

Case study I am thinking. True crime I am thinking. I am a future case study I am thinking. When I was in college and took philosophy, I used to quote from Ted Bundy and the Unabomber as my key thinkers, which my teachers thought was not appropriate.

"Patrickkk" Luis sings, his voice high and faggy, "Where is your student Mr Bateman?"

"Oh right, my student" I reply.

"Well" Luis says, "Looks like someone is all by themselves"

A girl is standing with her back flat to the wall, opposite to me, both hands clutching a leather bag, definitely designer, definitely good-quality, definitely designer, but the logo has been removed and looks conditioned. Her eyes and hand look soft, her face warm, but looking down, her hair neat and in a bun. Her skirt and jacket, pinstripe.

The corner of a room is a place for a child who has little say in the constitution of a wider world.

"Is everything okay, I wont bite" I say softly, getting up from my chair kllkkj

Chapter 23

Devil

The greatest trick the Devil ever pulled on the Earth, was convincing everyone he didn't exist. Or that it within our metaphysical remit - it was possible to even fall in love with the devil.

Kenneth Copeland is the last person - I've decided to kill, for a while. Because after my dinner at Newport, with Tom Riddlestone, Alexander Macab, James Newman, the remote at my hotel broke and I was stuck watching the religious channel all night.

"Why do you have a rolex" I ask at the tv, half-expecting a response.

"Yes Bateman, why do I have a rolex" the tv blouts back.

I'm not sure what 60 minutes was about but Price tells me it was about surrogate mother's who died in childbirth and Sarah tells me it was about mothers who find out their daughters were still alive after school shootings. June shooted me an email, saying she was sorry for her nervousness and would like to schedule coffee, if thats okay with me - and i send her a single emoji back saying, "Send me the deets". McDermott texts me saying how much of a bitch the indian is working with, "Christ, Bateman the girl has all A's and her gpa is a 6. What the fuck am I meant to mentor her about".

"Tell her she's an ugly bitch, and you'd much prefer she'd die".

"I tried that Bateman, I really did. But the bitch keeps insisting I reveal some sort of trade secret. That I'm under some sort of oath not to.

"Then try- harder " I say, gulping down some ibuprofen.

Price, texts saying although his mentee is a bit irritable at times she seem's willing to learn and I can imagine Price and the Pig.

Killing Kenneth Copeland is not an easy task. This will require copious amounts of heavy thinking, hard heavy thinking maybe paired with the new Taylor Swift CD. Kenneth is a televangelist, as I've come to know.

Chapter 24

June

Chapter 25

fs

Mothers who found out their daughters were alive after school shootings was the topic of 60 minutes today. As it panned to the

Chapter 26

Who am I?

Tonight I walk in on the bird doing cocaine wiht Yogi Bear and Woodsy Owl. I wear a dogtooth check tweed Armani coat, armani socks and slcaks, socks which are probably Ralph Lauren, shoes bespoke shirt and tie all RL

My desire to die is constant, like a pure thought in the mind, devoid of emotion. Yet I needed to feed. my existence is to excercise a morbid fascination with the accult and to this day no attempts have been made to reconcile my anti social behaviour by others I am surrounded by those who only serve to mock me, and even the people I love the most are only there to laugh Sarah is lesbian

Chapter 27

Pitch out

When Aliens do DMT they see **Patrick** Bateman. When Aliens do cocaine they see Timothy Price.

“Jesus, someone call him a cab” McDermott shouts through the exiting evening crowd.

“No segment of the population is immune to drinking” Van Patten coughs, hoisting Price up with one arm, I the other.

“He’s not drunk” I say, feeling Price leaning to my side, hearing literal friction between his coarse stubble and my armani overcoat.

“Will someone call our buddy Price a fucking cab” McDermott shouts again.

“Why don’t you” Van Patten barks, struggling with Price.

“I’m not calling him a cab” Craig barks back, “especially after what he said to me abo-

“Fuck you” Price says, jerking, his voice fading in and out of palindrome.

“Bateman?” Van Patten asks,

“Can’t, left my wallet at home”

“That’s alright, I think I have a fifty”

“No-no, it’s alright, I’ll walk him”

“You sure”. you said you dint work [03:02] i work irregular hours

Then suddenly, like miracle

Chapter 28

MR FBI

The bird doesn't speak or do anything notable today, just shift through play-sand I bought it and stare out the apartment window.

Chapter 29

Handsome Faggot

The bird hands me a ring today. its okay patrick your safe, your safe with me, and i love you and just as i touch her, the rolex drops from my wrist and the dial shatters. "I love you to, June".

Part I

Homeless