



## Phoenix Caddick – Barnsley College

I continued to sip my coffee as he choked to death on my kitchen floor. It was bitter - both the coffee and the look on his face.

Bet that caught you off guard, huh? It's not every day you open up a book and the first line you read is a guy choking to death. He deserves it, though, but I won't elaborate on why - you're just going to have to trust me on that.

Trust. Hah. It's a funny thing. It can take so long for people to trust others, sometimes its months and sometimes its years, but it can be broken so quickly and then that pain stays with you for the rest of your life.

The pain turns into regret. Regret for being so stupid, for letting someone inside your head and giving them the most vulnerable parts of you, just for them to crush it in their hands and let the dust fly away.

Regret turns into anger, and anger more often than not warrants revenge. You want the person who betrayed you to suffer, for nothing but the worst possible things in life to come their way. But good people, unlike myself, never act on these thoughts and are happy to just let karma do its thing.

I am not one of those people.

I suppose I've already told you why there's a guy choking on his own blood on my kitchen floor now, even though I said I wouldn't. I'm trusting you with this information, so don't tell anyone, alright?

There's something beautiful about watching a person's life slip away from them. Call me sadistic, I may very well be, but watching the serenity wash over their face as all of life's worries and problems no longer apply to them, is a beautiful thing. The way I see it, I'm actually helping him out.

He didn't lead a good life anyway, by anyone's standards. Dead end job, no kids, no hobbies, and the only thing he really had going for him was his wife - an aspiring author with big dreams. Yep, you guessed it, that's me.

So it definitely came as a shock to me when he didn't return home at 5:30pm sharp from work as he does everyday, but rather 12 hours later reeking of alcohol and regret. The guilt was all over his face. I don't have to tell you what he did.

There's sirens wailing not too far from here now. I've finished my coffee so I suppose I should get on with figuring out what I'm going to do with his body. Maybe I'll put his head on a stick and have it as decoration..

The sirens have stopped. Right outside. You told them, didn't you? You phoned the police and told them what I did. After I told you about what happens to people who break my trust. Your treachery will not be forgotten, dear reader.

I hope karma finds you before I do.