

# Accuracy

Keith J. Bowers

This is a work of fiction. None of the characters are real people and any similarity is strictly coincidental.

It may not be reproduced, shared or transmitted for a fee by any party to whom the Author has not contractually granted permission.

The author retains all rights not explicitly granted within.

Published by Keith J. Bowers  
[kjbowers1@hotmail.com](mailto:kjbowers1@hotmail.com)

Copyright 2006 by Keith J. Bowers

## Accuracy

J.D. spoke to me, prompting me to pick up the glass and take another sip. Cold and smooth as it went in... down my throat, burning and twisting in my stomach. The hotel room, threadbare as it was, cost me an Andrew Jackson. Tonight it was home. My lid rested in the other chair, emotionlessly staring up at me like a decapitated head...

That reminded me.

I missed. Clear as day, I fucking missed.

I never miss.

I looked over my shoulder, staring at the throwing knife embedded in the doorframe. They were specially made back when I was just sixteen. Just before the Rents died. Before I decided to go out on my own, saying fuck you to social services. Before JFK High and the corpses I left there.

I could still taste the blood. Her blood. First blood I ever tasted, though not the last.

My eyes lowered, moving down to where the man lay on the floor. Dead. I didn't know his name. Nor did I really want to. But then I didn't know her name either. Anonymous sex freed the mind of constraints imposed by names...

She lay on the bed, her blood slowly congealing like it always did.

I missed when I threw at him.

Motherfucker, I missed.

Second one didn't.

And I didn't miss at all when it came to her.

The door remained open, but it was late at night and the opening didn't face the highway, only darkness and bushes and trees.

I'd have to close it. Before someone saw something they shouldn't and I was forced to run again. Or kill again. I'd be running by morning, but that was still a few hours away. My baby sat out front through the open doorway. Nighthawk. Black. Getting old. Like me... Road rash from where in the past I was forced to lay it down... Beaten and bedraggled, like me.

I stood up, walked over, kicked his legs out of the way and slammed the door shut.

Staring down, I had no pity for him. Only myself.

"Why'd you come kicking your way in here like that?" I asked. "Shouting how you'd caught us..." I didn't know why I was talking to a corpse.

J.D kept calling my name. My only friend, he'd make my screaming conscience go away. I flopped back down on the chair, cradling the heavy glass I'd stolen from the bar.

Another sip and the sobbing of my conscience muted a bit more.

I heard a soft moan low behind me. A gentle wet cough. Turning in my chair, I searched out the source. Had to be him, her mouth was full of steel.

I wiped my face with a calloused hand. Looked back at her again where she lay. Soft curves, big ass and breasts. Older than me. Tired eyes. She had liked what I was giving her.

The bar had been packed, smoky, dark. Just the way I liked it. Minding my own business. Smiling at me across the room, she bought me the first drink. Next thing I know she was beside me, hand in my lap, promising me things I hadn't had in years...

She smelled of strawberries and cigarettes. I overlooked both. Moved back here, she wasn't put off by the location or the low state of the room. She was looking to get fucked by a bad motherfucker. And I gave her what she wanted. Did her proper. Three ways from Sunday. Every orifice. Every hole. Rough. Hard. Ass slapping. Hair pulling. Teeth biting. Anal doggy for the third time when he came crashing through the door, screaming her name, calling her a whore....

I reacted.

Perhaps I overreacted.

I leaned back - one handed - grabbing a handful of steel from the bed stand and throwing in one motion...

Never expected that it would miss.

I never miss.

Ever.

Inconceivable that it blew by his left ear – it slid right through his dirty cornstalk hair - I watched it flutter as the steel blew by and embed itself in the wooden frame behind him.

He never noticed with his raging focus still on her. Still screaming at her from the doorway. Hands clenched in fists.

I threw again, dead on this time, curving the blade so that it slipped clean through the ribcage, popping his lung like a balloon, pinning it to his heart. Fell to his knees, continuing to curse and rant at her – not me.

Not me.

His voice grew quieter with each word that escaped his lips. “Goddamn whore... always fucking everything... everything... that moves... bitch... whore...” Fell face first into the filthy brown carpet just as she began screaming. She turned to face me, her mouth a gaping black hole... Like a bull’s-eye...

I let fly again.

Christ, why do I do that?

Why? Why? Why?

Another pair of corpses on the floor. And each time it happened, they got a little older...

Goddamn, how many have I killed? My god, I’ve lost track.

A second moan met my ears, catching me up to the present. I rose again from my chair, toed him over onto his back. Eyes blinked from the light of the naked bulb above us and his mouth kept opening and closing silently. Red flecked lips. Soon. Very soon. He didn’t have long. I’d seen it too many times.

“I didn’t want this,” I told him, my shadow easing over him, giving him that one kindness. One step closer to the darkness. “I never want this. But it always finds me.”

As soon as his heart stopped beating, I’d be able to take back my steel. I pulled on my jeans, and sat back down, pouring myself another couple of fingers of my best friend J.D.

I became Death the first time back in '86. Seventeen at the time. In a cafeteria, I killed five people. Left one alive, scarred for life. I've run ever since. Robbed for cash. Disappeared into big cities... Did what I needed to do... Worked construction, blended in with the Mexicans outside of Home Depot... Bartender... Bouncer... Always one step ahead, even though the name and docs I used at JFK led nowhere. Hell, I didn't think anyone was even looking for me, but I kept icy. Constantly moving.

I am no one. No social. No ID that's real. Nothing to link me to the past I had in New York. No one knows the real Knife.

Fuck, half the time I don't even remember my real name.

Killing just... happens. It really does. I've never actually put any thought into it, never took the time to plan someone's death. They do something, I react, and they're suddenly dead. It's like I'm cursed to defend myself far too aggressively.

Like the bar brawl in Portland where I ended up killing eight people. They just kept coming. If they'd have just run away, they'd still be alive... All they had to do was run away...

The pimp in Reno... Beating up his woman when I walked by... All he had to do was stop. But he didn't. Instead he drew a blade on me. So I pinned him and gutted him. Then his friends came rolling up... They died too... I'm called the Eviscerator there... If they only knew... how that felt, to defend something and then be hated for it. I'm a serial killer in twenty different cities and really I'm not. 'Serial' anyway.

I wasn't violent before JFK. I'd never killed before that day. Fights yes, but nothing so extreme. I'd done jujitsu. Aikido. Some sword. But throwing knives was where I really shined. Never wanted to kill... and yet I had crossed that line and could never come back.

I have an overdeveloped sense of self defense brought on by what happened at JFK.

Because of her.

Alexis.

I never loved her or anything. Thought she was a hot box, sweet pussy and all that adolescent shit. Only fucked her once, but it was memorable. Then she fucked with me and when I was surrounded by those six, only one came out alive.

She wasn't one of them. Her blood tasted sweet like honey - clear as day, I remember that most of all and it frightened me.

I'd been in fights before, but it was the drawing of steel that sent me spiraling out of control. I left this world when that happened, entered one where when I threw - it never missed.

Now, time was catching up with me. This world was bleeding into the perfect one I held in my mind's eye. And reality ate away at it like water on iron.

So here I sit, drinking whiskey out of a stolen glass with two corpses in the room with me. I have thirteen hundred dollars I stole from a house I did construction on. My cycle is on its last legs, my leather cracked and worn from the countless miles. Everyone I come into contact with dies or looks the other way. Either way I'm alone...

It took another hour to finish the bottle.

The sun was about to rise.

I slipped on my boots, stood up and scooped her jewelry off the bed table and into my pocket. Rummaged through her purse; taking the cash and cards.

Bending over, I pilfered the guy's wallet. Then I noticed the ring on his finger. A wedding ring.

Shit.

Married. Hoped there weren't any rug rats sitting at home waiting for mommy and daddy... I slowly opened the wallet. A photo of a child. Then a family shot of the three of them looking happy.

Closing my eyes, I rubbed my face. Destroyed three lives tonight.

I hadn't missed with that first throw.

The victim... just wasn't here.

As I pocketed the ring, I pulled my weighted dagger from his chest, watching the remnants of his blood drip from the blade. Mesmerizing. Wiped it on his pants and slipped it away. Did the same to her. Her eyes accused me...

Thieving... Lying... Murdering...

This isn't how I thought my life would turn out...

I was cool.

I was slick.

I was ice personified.

I should have been an assassin.

At least I'd be paid for what I do best.

Ending lives.

Instead, I'm running again.

End