

# Knife

Keith J. Bowers

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Published by Keith J. Bowers  
kjbowers1@comcast.net

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## Knife

I first met Knife at school on October 4<sup>th</sup>, 1987 during first period. I am Kevin Richardson, a man just turning seventeen. I'm tall and not built like Arnold Schwarzenegger but not Pee Wee either. I'm average. I hate that word. Average.

At that time I hadn't a care in the world, except Amanda, my girl and getting laid. Not much more than that. Certainly not school

First period. Commercial Art. Lovely class. Mrs. Almock, our teacher, came in and announced that we were getting new student who just transferred. Ohh! Real thrilling. I didn't really give a hoot. Unless it was feminine, of course.

The dude came into the class and surveyed the area with cold indifference. He wore a black leather jacket over a shirt of some color. Grey pants were tucked into black combat boots. His jet black hair seemed to absorb all light. He was weird. And he gets to sit beside me.

He was the slightest bit different. He had the coldest eyes I'd ever seen. They seemed to care about nothing.

"Everyone," Mrs. Almock, announced. In her annoyingly squeaking voice. She must have sucked too much helium as a child. "This is John Alcott. I'm sure you'll all want to welcome him to our school and class." Oh, sure we would.

This dude, John, looked seriously bored and uncomfortable. I thought that since I had to put up with him the rest of the year I might as well say hi.

"Hey, I'm Kevin." I held out my hand. "Welcome to JFK High." He eyed me with peculiar distaste.

“Cut the crap.” He shook my hand. “The best experience you can have at any school is getting laid.”

“Right! Like you philosophy.” Mrs. Almock was babbling on and on about two and three point perspectives, whatever they were.

“Hey, John. You got wheels?”

“Yeah, but don’t call me John. Hate it. Call me Knife. All my friends do, though they are few in number.” He paused. “I ride a Nighthawk.”

“Black?”

“Of course.”

“Excellent. I ride a red and black Interceptor.” I paused a moment, then asking the inevitable question. “Why do they call you Knife?”

“Don’t ask. Maybe I’ll tell you someday.”

“Whatever.”

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I met Amanda for lunch in the cafeteria. She was the fair-haired beautiful lady whom I loved. Just seeing her made me want to grab her and, well, you know.

“Ho! Baby!” I grabbed her around the waist and lifted her up. We kissed and sat down to eat.

“What’s up?” she asked.

“Not much, met a new kid today. Real peculiar.”

“Why peculiar?”

“His nickname is Knife.”

“Ah, I’m sure he has a good reason for it.”

“Yeah, he secretly knifes people in his spare time.” She laughed. “Hey, there he is.”

Knife, John, whatever, came walking down between the tables of the lunchroom and sat down at an empty table.

“Yo, Knife,” I yelled to him. He looked over and gave me a “V” with two fingers. “Real nice person.”

Amanda smiled. “Seems like it.”

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After dismissal at the end of the day, Amanda and I went to the student's parking lot to get my cycle. I plopped on and gave the spare helmet to Amanda.

"Hop on madam." She did so and I started her up. The bike, not Amanda. I backed out and started to pull away when Knife pulled up beside us.

"Nice bike," he said.

"Same." I replied. "Say, after I drop Amanda off, you wanna go back to my place and crash?"

"Why not?" He looked at Amanda.

"Oh, yeah, introductions. Amanda, Knife. Knife, Amanda. Let's go."

We roared off.

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"Well this is my room. Isn't much to look at, but its home," I said as we entered my room upstairs. "Excuse the mess."

"Looks lived in." He scanned the room. "Ah ha! Dart board!"

"Huh?"

Knife whipped out a knife and threw it at the dartboard on my wall which was next to my poster of a naked Samantha Fox. The knife stuck in the exact center. He whipped out three more in quick succession and placed them almost next to each other.

"Holy crap!" I yelled.

"What?"

"Don't do that man! You almost gave me a heart attack!" I faked a coronary and fell to the bed.

"Sorry." He walked over to the board and pulled them out.

"So where'd you come from?" I asked as he threw his knives at the board again.

"North."

“Oh that’s helpful. Let me see one of those.” He handed me one. It was extremely light, about eight inches long. The blade itself was six inches and the hilt another two.

“Had ‘em specially made.” I handed it back to him. “I love knives.”

“Quite obvious. Very nice.”

“Thanks.”

We got to talking and finally he opened up. He cam from New York City. He lived there all his life until he came here, to Sussex, New Jersey.

Never had many friends, never a girlfriend. Loved girls but they never liked him. Fell in love with knives instead, became a loner. A lone wolf.

“Well, I have to get going. Don’t want the old man and lady mad at me.”

“Yeah, see you tomorrow Knife. I escorted him to the door. I went to bed and had very violent dreams

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Jimmy’s head snapped back like a whip. Teeth flew as well as blood. He tried to pull himself up and was kicked in the gut.

“Get up!” Knife yelled at Jimmy.

“Uh,” he mumbled as he slumped down and fell unconscious.

“Wimp.” Knife walked over to me. “Little wimp tried to clobber me. Said I was a scum sucking fascist pig.”

My jaw was on the floor.

“You took him out wit ha punch and a kick!”:

“Yeah, but I shouldn’t have kicked him. Might have caused permanent damage.” He looked at the crowd that had gathered. “And no one saw anything, did they?” The guys assured him that they saw nothing, heard nothing and would say nothing. They soon went back to getting to leave gym class. A few went to tend to Jimmy.

“Poor jerk, that Jimmy.” I turned to Knife. “Where’ you learn to fight like that?”

“Where do you think? New York.”

After he finished dressing, he walked out. “Weak get killed off and the strong survive. Mostly anyway.” I followed.

Jimmy eventually did get back up and collected his teeth. He never bother knife again while he was here. Funny thing was that the faculty never found out about the fight. Somebody always squeals. Maybe the y did know but didn't want to get involved. Or maybe they just didn't even care.

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Knife came over to my house again that night and, like the night before, threw his specially made throwing knives at my dart board.

“What do you know about a girl named Alexandra Sutton?” Knife asked nonchalantly.

“Not much, except that she's the Supreme Goddess of JFK High. Available at present. Snob, rich and would have anything to do with either of us.”

“Really,” he replied sarcastically.

“Really.”

“We'll see about that.”

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The next day was Friday, October the sixth. The beginning of the end.

Not much happened until after school. Leaving with Amanda in tow, I pulled away from school when I saw Knife on his cycle with someone on with him. You guessed it. It was Alexandra Sutton.

“That sly little devil,” I said to myself. “How'd he do it?”

“What'd ya say?” Amanda yelled over the roar of the cycle. “Oh look, there's Knife with that little snot Alexandra!”

“I know, I know,” I yelled back.

Later that evening, I took Amanda out. She's really amazing. She can see the bright side of an earthquake. And that is why I love her. Her parents weren't home for the weekend, so were went back to her house ad well, you know. I'll tell you about it when you're older. Life is grand when you have a hot babe that loves you.

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“Geez, Knife, you sure work fast,” I told him. “I mean you’ve been here four days and you’re already going out with the supreme goddess.”

“Yeah, well, if you got it, flaunt it.” He smiled and threw another knife at the dartboard, which, by the way, was looking pretty ragged. “Just drove up beside her and asked her if she needed a ride. One thing led to another.”

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Monday, October ninth. After school, I had no idea where Knife was or had been during school. I eventually found out though. The door to my room flung open and Knife stormed in. I had no idea how he got in since no one was home and I had locked the door behind me.

“That wench! That frigging little slut! I’ll kill her!”

“What the hey?”

“That slitch set me up. Used me. You know! Used me to get her old boyfriend jealous. I’ll kill her!”

“Wait, slow down, what happened?”

“Ok. I’ll explain in small words. She used me. Understand? We went out Sunday night and after the movie she suddenly grabbed and kissed me. I didn’t know why at the time. Today she sent her best buddy Julie to fill me in. Julie said that Alex never wanted to see me again because she got her old boyfriend back. The reason she sucked my face was because she saw Stevie, you know, her old boyfriend coming down the sidewalk. Comprendo? Tried to make him jealous. Well, she succeeded. They’re back together now. All happy as two bugs in a rug. Scheming little slitch!”

He whipped out his knives with lightning speed. Thwack! They embedded themselves about three inches into my wall at the exact center of my dart board.

“Hey! Watch it! That’s my wall!”

“Sorry,” he grumbled as he pried each knife out carefully. “I swear, I’ll kill the wench. Frag her ass. She dared to threaten me! Me! Julie also said that if I tried to

interfere she would sic her boyfriend's big baboon friends on my. I swear, I'll kill her!" Obviously, Miss Perfect Alexandra Sutton did not know that to cross Knife was a serious mistake. And incredibly dangerous. Man, when Knife came in ranting and raving, I thought that I was dead. He seemed quite out of his mind.

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The next few days I thought were going to be the worst of my entire life. I actually believed that Knife was going to kill Alex the next time he saw her. But he didn't. He chilled, I guess you could say. I guess he really did care about her even though she screwed him over. Anybody else, including me, would probably be in a body bag now.

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October 17<sup>th</sup> – Tuesday. Knife finally gave up sitting alone and sat with Amanda and I at lunch. Amanda and Knife were finally beginning to get used to each other.

"So Knife, why'd ya move down here anyway?" Amanda asked.

"Ah, my parents got tired of the city life."

"Figures. Mine are tired of the country life."

"Anyone want anything while I'm up?" I asked.

"I'd like a 959 Porsche."

"I'll take a Shawn Weatherly, please."

"Funny." I bopped them each of them on the back of the head. When I came back from betting myself a chocolate milk, I saw something I never wanted to see. Alexandra and all her cronies were sitting right beside Knife at our table. They were frigging gloating! All of them. Alex, Julie, Steve, Frank, Scott and Rick. Well, golly geeet everybody! Alex had her new boyfriend back and she was darn sure going to show him off. Surprisingly Knife looked calm and serene.

I sat back down beside Amanda and tried to drink my milk and ignore them. Didn't work. Never does.

“Hey, Kniferrrr,” Frank said. “How does it feel to be dumped by the most beautiful girl in the world?”

Knife turned to face the one who had spoken. All of them were grinning like fools. Signing their death warrants.

There was a long silence. Finally Frank broke it.

“Heard what you did to Jimmy. Bet ya nailed him from behind. Didn’t ya?” he grinned manically. “Betcha couldn’t hurt a fly. Could ya, Kniferrrrrr?”

Knife faced Frank specifically.

“You talk the talk, do you walk the walk?”

“Sure buddy boy. Right here, right now.”

“Fine.” Knife got up. Frank did as well and knapped his fingers. Several guys from the surrounding tables got up and walked to the superintendents that watched over the cafeteria. They pointed to the outside and led them out. I couldn’t believe it! Either they were that gullible or they wanted to teach an outsider a lesson. Stinking scum sucking... I stood up while Amanda grabbed my arm.

“Knife...” I started to say while Amanda tried to pull me back down.

“No! He’s mine.” I wasn’t about to argue with him, so I sat back down. I looked at Amanda and shrugged. She looked nervous. I couldn’t blame her, I was nervous myself. Scared was more like it. I knew what Knife could do to them. They didn’t.

Frank and Knife immediately went into fighting stances and began circling in a counter clockwise fashion. A circle of students began to form around them, clearing the tables out of the way, making an impromptu arena.

Everyone knew Frank was best fighter in the school. Knife was new and virtually untested. Jimmy was no match for Frank. Frank struck out first. Knife dodged easily. They circled some more, sizing each other up.

Knife went in next and his fist flashed out like lightning, through Frank’s defenses, crushing his nose. Blood flew. Frank grunted as he threw a fist at Knife. The guy was too slow for Knife. He was suddenly behind Frank, pulling his right arm behind him and upwards, threatening to break it if Frank made any sudden moves. I sat back and watched, smiling.

I thought the fight was over. But Frank somehow flipped Knife over his back and threw him across the room. Knife went into a roll and jumped back to his feet. He trotted back to Frank, shaking his head as if to clear it. Frank was easily fifty pounds more than Knife and pure muscle. No brains at all though. And he fell for the most stupid trick in the book.

“Hey! Look at that!” Knife yelled, pointing behind Frank. Sadly, Frank fell for it.

As he turned back around to face Knife, he met a very fast moving, very hard fist. Frank staggered and fell very hard. I smiled. Amanda was stunned. Everyone else just gasped.

Frank shook his head to get the bugs out. Steve bent over Frank with his back to Knife. I saw him hand the fallen man something. I instinctively knew what it was. “Knife!” I shouted. “Do what you do best!”

He nodded and reached into his jacket pocket.

Frank jumped up and lunged. Knife dodged. The blade cut air. Everyone, including Knife, knew what it was. It was a five inch lockblade. A hunting knife. Knife burst out laughing. Knife pulled out a long thin stiletto, clearly twice as long as Frank’s. It glinted in the light. Knife smiled. Frank’s fell.

“Do you really want to go on with this?” Knife asked. Frank’s reply was lunge followed by a body block. Their free hands grabbed their enemy’s wrists, and they struggled into a pushing match. Knife, who was smaller, slowly gave way.

Knife released Frank’s blade and grabbed his shirt, pulling him towards him. Knife turned the pull into a roll, forcing Frank to follow him. Knife scurried out from under Frank as he fell. Frank lay still, his arm underneath his bulk. He didn’t get up. Knife toed him gently over onto his back. The knife that Steve had given him was imbedded in his chest just under his ribcage. Blood gushed from the wound, making an ever increasing puddle on the floor. Girls started screaming,. Amanda and I simultaneously jumped up. She grabbed my sleeve and buried her face in my chest. I pulled her close as I stared at the corpse. The blood flow had stopped and I assumed that he had died. All of Alex’s cronies were also on their feet. Alex was in Steve’s arms crying. Knife just stared at Frank’s body, now growing cold.

“I didn’t do it. It was an accident,” Knife kept repeating over and over again.

The full realization of what had happened finally hit Julie. She started to scream a scream that was very high pitched and annoying.

“Shut up!” Knife yelled. She didn’t stop. “Shut up!” His stiletto flashed and Julie’s throat exploded in blood. She was suddenly silent. Silent and dead before she hit the floor.

I couldn’t believe what Knife had just done. Julie’s voice echoed throughout the school. My love, Amanda, fainted and I caught her as she fell.

Alex screamed as Julie’s body stopped twitching.

“Murderer!” Steve hollered with fury. Steve, Rick and Scott all went berserk. Knives flashed. They lunged for Knife in unison and Knife leaped back. For a while, Knife didn’t go on the offensive. Finally he dove in and threw, with lightning speed, one of his special throwing knives. It embedded itself squarely in Rick’s chest. He moaned and dropped to his knees. Managing to pull it out, he stared up at Knife with a quizzical look on his face. Then he too fell to the floor.

Steve rushed in and blocked Knife’s arm as he threw his second Knife at Scott. “No!” Steve roared as the knife left Knife’s hand. Steve’s interference caused the knife to go into an erratic spin and go off course. The end result was not pretty or clean. It entered Scott’s body at the eye. It punched through and into the brain. He screamed and clutched at the hilt as he dropped to his knees. I was thankful that Amanda wasn’t conscious to witness it all.

Knife grabbed Steve’s wrist and flipped him onto the floor with a flourish. Steve’s breath whooshed out of his lungs.

For some reason, I yelled out. “Knife! Don’t kill him! Enough is enough!” Knife flashed me a hateful glare and then kicked Steve’s knife from his hand and across the cafeteria. Squatting down over him, he slashed quickly left and right with the stiletto, leaving deep cuts just below Steve’s eyes. He would be scarred for the rest of his life. I guess that was what Knife intended.

That wasn’t enough pain for Knife though. Spinning around, he cut Steve’s abdomen open. Not deep. Not enough to kill him. Just enough to keep him from any more retaliation.

Knife stood up, scanning the room for his prey. His eyes locked on Alex. I noticed that the crowd wasn't large anymore. Most had run from the scene. Probably to call the cops. Or the coroner.

I wasn't feeling well. The carnage got to my stomach. It twisted within me.

Knife had zeroed in on Alex and walked calmly up to her. She pressed herself against the wall of the lunchroom, fear completely possessing her. I'm not sure why she didn't run.

"Stay away," she mumbled in protest. Knife smiled, reaching out with his left hand, stroking her cheek. He moved into what I expected to be an embrace, but he drove the stiletto up under her ribcage, up through her heart. She merely grunted and fell against him. He caught her, held her there as she looked up into his cold eyes.

"I loved you," he said simply, pressing his lips against her, kissing her hard and deep. Blood dribbled from between their lips as she died. After a long moment, he released her and laid her down on the floor.

Knife looked over at me, Alex's blood running down his chin and neck. I almost freaked out from the look he gave me. I thought I was next. Then he laughed. Not a loud or roaring but just a little chuckle. He clearly had gone over the edge. You could see it in his eyes. Those cold dead eyes.

"See ya, bud." He pulled out one of his two remaining knives and gently tossed it to me. "A memento, you might say."

"Yeah, see you Knife," I said as I fell to my knees, pulling Amanda into my arms.

Then he left. Anyone in his path soon wasn't. I heard his cycle rev up in the distance and take off. The sirens of the cops and ambulance could be heard in the distance.

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Epilog: I was questioned and released by the police. They never caught Knife to my knowledge. I've never seen him since either. I still have his knife and I keep it as a reminder of what things can lead to if they get out of hand. School was called off for a couple of days out of respect for the dead as well as to recover from the shock. Alex and

the rest were buried several days later. I even thought I heard the distinctive sound of a Nighthawk at the cemetery. I just don't know. One thing led to another.