

Change of Plans *(Nina Henderson)*



'Christmas this year didn't quite turn out as planned.'

She composed her Christmas letter in her head as her little white car whistled down the motorway. Instead of having Christmas with her daughter and family at the Gold Coast, she had planned to surprise Mike by having Christmas at home, with him. Then the photo she'd taken of the man with the devil's face, flashed through her mind. She was nearly sick.

He was proud of his nothing face, it was quite forgettable. The features were all there, in the correct order; the dull grey eyes, the pale greyish skin, the flat, straight colourless hair, the constantly blank expression. He never smiled, never showed his teeth. He had spent years protecting his forgettable face, and now that bitch had shoved her phone into his face to take a photo, the only mugshot ever taken of him. It didn't matter now he was dead, or just about.

Australia has hundreds of non people like him with no identity, no ties, no family. He considered himself one of the cleverest, and certainly the richest with over four million dollars in cash hidden in his mother's shed. Although he had returned to his mother's house once a month for 15 years to hide money, he had never been seen. He had seen his sister once and had felt the same irresistible urge to kill her. He had first felt that urge when he was three and his sister was a week old. He had tried to smother her with a pillow but his mother had caught him. He didn't resent his mother, it was her duty to protect him and his sister, but school teachers he hated. He was six when he tried to kill a teacher, the principal's wife.

He and his mother disappeared to South Australia after that, in fact by the time he was 12 they had lived in every state except Tasmania. He left home then because his mother was giving him the shits, always on at him for hurting people when they had it coming. After running with some street kids for several years pinching wallets and hand bags and bashing up dero's, he left them. Most were relieved, they thought he was cruel and some thought he was evil.

Every kill was meticulously planned. No one knew he existed except for a couple of associates in a Melbourne syndicate, and they shared the spoils. Neither had ever seen him - contracts, information and money were left in a back lane down pipe near a homeless centre. He had never owned a phone. He especially enjoyed killing women with their silly doe like eyes, and their whimpering like wounded rabbits. Every woman he killed was his sister, but this bitch was different.

He had planned to collect his stash of money soon, take a cruise to Thailand, jump ship and live happily ever after, attended to by an endless stream of local girls. This bkie paid well, almost a mill, and he'd been an easy kill - soft, fat and hairy. He hadn't counted on his moll though. She shouldn't have been there, she was supposed to be at the Gold Coast for Christmas. Suddenly there she was, blubbing and wailing over the fat old carcass. Nothing for it but to top her too, free of charge, gratis, a bonus.

As he reached down to grab her hair she swung around and whacked him across the face with a chain, followed by a monkey wrench to the head. She secured him naked to the clothesline with zip ties and waited in her car for him to regain consciousness. He opened his eyes to see her holding phone a metre from his face. They both turned their heads towards a distant rumble of bikes down the road a bit.

“The Brothers,” she said. “They are really looking forward to meeting you.” She took a photo of his face before leaving.

“This is a face I’m never going to forget” were her last words