

### *Massacre on French Hill*

There I stood on the corner of French Hill Road and Seventh Street, the darkest intersection in our little town, like a King admiring his kingdom. I had already chosen my mark several weeks ago, but I couldn't help reveling in the fact that I could have had any one them. Tonight this street; my street, will be talked about until the end of time.

There was only one street light on French Hill Road and that was at the far end of the winding block on corner of eighth. I remember when I was kid every Halloween my brother and I were forbidden to trick or treat here. Even though my parents knew just about everyone who lived on French Hill they could never understand why, with the winding road and all its sharp turns, the town never bothered to put up more than one street light, as if it was the street the town had forgotten. The truth is French Hill Road was like every other suburban road in this god forsaken town. Filled with happy little families, PTA members and Soccer moms in two story colonials, cars neatly placed in their respective garages and like everything else, it was a completely different place when the lights went out.

Everything is different at night, when the world as you know it and see it every day suddenly becomes a place you can get lost in. Pleasant day-time sounds like birds singing, cars humming and people chatting transition to an ambient hum of hidden night creatures and sometimes, absolute undiluted silence. It was the silent nights when I liked going to *work* best.

I dropped my duffel bag on the ground and began to unload. Latex gloves then regular black gloves, black face mask, rope, my homemade lock picking kit and an extremely long incredibly sharp chef's knife....