

Monday Insanities

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Monday Insanities



Monday morning. Tom was calm. He hadn't felt calm for a long time. His hand felt the cold metal of the gun in his pocket and it made him feel good. It was strange, as he had never been a fan of guns. But they had been his father's. He remembered one day in particular. He must have been about eleven years old. His dad had smiled at him and Tom had felt his throat getting dry.

It hadn't been a pleasant smile. It was a grin that made him shiver. His old man had pushed the weapon into his son's hand and said:

'You are almost a man now. It is time you learn how to hunt.'

'Dad', Tom had cried. 'I do not know how to use it. Mum wouldn't like it'.

His father's face had turned into a grimace.

'Your mother has turned you into a softie. Real men hunt. They go out into the woods and kill their food before they eat it.'

Tom remembered that his dad had almost dragged him into the nearby forest and had tried to make him kill a deer. But his father had to shoot it because Tom hadn't been able to pull the trigger. He just shook uncontrollably. His father had pushed a knife into his hand and had forced him to slit open the still breathing animal. Tom had been violently sick right in front of his dad. He still remembered the feeling of shame and could still feel his cheeks getting unbearably hot. He had known back then that if his father hadn't hated him already, he would do so from this moment onwards. He had completely ignored him ever since, no matter how much Tom had tried to get his attention. The only time he wasn't being ignored was when his father felt like giving him a good beating. He just gave all his affection to his beloved guns. Maybe that's why Tom hated them so much.

He smiled.

Today he would show Daddy that he was a real man. Today would be the start of a new life. He would show everybody what a hard man Tom Manson could be. He opened the door of his Ford Fiesta and sat down. Not exactly the car of a hero, but he wouldn't need it any more after today. He started the engine and drove to Nottingham city centre. His office was just behind the Park Plaza. He could be at

work in half an hour. The Monday morning rush would slow him down, otherwise it would just take fifteen minutes. But it gave him time to think. He needed a proper plan if he wanted this to work. His boss would already be there before everybody else. So, nobody would see Tom walking in and killing Mr Watling. Not that anyone would miss him. He was an asshole. Nobody needed people like him.

Tom wished he could take revenge on all the people who had made his life a misery, but that would be impossible. There were too many. Apart from the logistical issues, the guy had told him not to waste his time on insignificant people.

The guy! Tom grinned. Without him, Tom would never have considered getting out of his miserable life. He didn't know his name. All Tom knew was that this man had been standing next to his car one morning and told him how well he understood Tom. They had a lot in common and should work together. The instructions had been obvious.

'Kill Mr Watling. He's the worst, and then just go on a rampage.'

Tom had questioned nothing. Finally, there was someone who understood him. He would kill enough idiots nobody would miss and who had probably annoyed him at some point in his life. The guy was strange, but he was right. Just letting his emotions out was exactly what Tom needed. But he wasn't sure what was in it for the guy. Not that it mattered.

He put his hand back in his pocket to feel the metal of his gun. His palms were sweating, and he could feel the tightness in his neck. The madness of the rush hour was worse today than usual. Maybe today wasn't the right day.

No! Today was the perfect day. The praise for another project he had been working on had been handed to someone else yesterday. Mr Watling knew Tom had worked his ass off to get where they were now and hadn't promoted him. Again!

'You are next on the list', he had said, patting Tom's shoulder, 'as soon as they approve the headcount'.

Tom had heard this a thousand times before. It would never happen, and now Mr Watling would have to live with the consequences. Well, maybe live wasn't the right way to say it. Tom chuckled.

He was almost there. His hands were sweaty. What if they caught him before he could reach Mr Watling's office?

Nonsense, why should someone stop him? There wasn't anything written on his forehead. He looked the same as every day. He wore a grey understated suit with a pale tie. He blended in perfectly with the Monday morning office crowd.

The lift was just in front of him. He knew exactly where he needed to go. It was the first floor on the right. The biggest office on the planet was Mr Watling's. The biggest office for the biggest asshole.

People rushed past him, to squeeze into the lift. Everybody seemed to be stressed out and the week had just started. Well, for Tom it would soon be over. First Floor. Maybe Mr Watling wasn't in today, but of course he was. He was always there. He would crawl into the office if he had to, just to show off to his inferiors.

Tom swallowed hard. His hands were curled into little fists, but he didn't realise he was doing it. Just thinking about his boss made his blood boil. He grabbed the gun and opened the office door. 'Good morning, Mr Watling'.

Mr Watling looked up from his desk and smiled his dark shark-smile when he saw Tom coming through his door.

'Tom, what a surprise to see you so early? What can I do for y...?'

He didn't have time to finish what he wanted to say. His eyes had opened in shock when he saw the gun. Tom had pulled it out of his coat pocket and Mr. Watling's tongue had refused to serve him any longer. But it was too late, anyway. Tom had said nothing. He just looked at his boss and fired. All the tension that had occupied his body for weeks shot out in one colossal blow. He could almost see the bullet entering the forehead of Mr Watling. Tom hadn't realised what a good rifleman he was. He hadn't even made a big mess. Just a small hole in Mr Watling's head and a little blood on the mirror behind Mr Watling showed what happened.

But there was someone there. Tom's smile froze. A familiar figure had appeared in the room.

The guy who had instructed Tom was standing right behind the dead Mr Watling. It looked as if someone had punched his nose. There was blood running down his face.

'What are you doing here?' Tom asked. But he stopped almost instantly. The guy's mouth had moved in sync with his own. Tom lifted his right arm. The guy did the same. Tom felt hot, but his body shivered. Reality hit him like a heavy brick being thrown at him.

There was nobody else telling him what he had to do next. The stranger was no other human being. This was just his mirror image. Tom had been alone all along. There was no big conspiracy. Tom was no hero. He felt tiny and wanted to curl up into the corner. But he just staggered backwards. It was like a big punch was hitting him when he realised what he had done.

He had just killed his boss for no other reason than that he disliked him. Of course, they would catch him. He could not run away. There was no way he could get away with probation. He lifted his right hand, which still held the gun, put it on his temple and pushed the trigger.

His last thought was just how good it was that his father wasn't able to see this. He would have thought his son to be the biggest loser on earth.