

Happy New Year

It was holidays like New Years that Audrey Rose appreciated not being a serial killer. The resolution would be easy, *No killing for one year, no make that a month* but sticking to the resolution would be about as easy as trying to give up food for a month. Gandhi could do it, but how many Gandhis are there in the world?

Thoughts were swirling around Audrey Rose's mind as she reached in the refrigerator to grab a bottle of champagne. Before her eyes was a package with ground meat in it. *I am a killer*, Audrey Rose thought, *I am responsible for the life of this cow being taken. So what should my New Year's resolution be? Not to kill a cow for a month? But I like cows and I like eating meat.*

Then Audrey Rose thought about all the animals she had killed for nothing more than nourishment for her body. How wasteful, now unnecessary. What made a serial killer a killer, that they enjoyed killing, that they were fully aware of what they were doing as they were doing it? Isn't it worse to kill and not be aware of it, not be thinking about it?

She had to admit it wasn't that she enjoyed killing, but it was a release and a relief to know she had food, that she had met a need of her body. Serial killers also meet a need, a need of their mind, not their bodies. So *that* was the difference, maybe. But didn't her adrenaline pump when she stalked the animal that had no clue she was there?

Confused, Audrey Rose drank some champagne to tickle her mind. She headed down to Sunpie's Bistro with only hours before she had to make her New Year's resolution. Only minutes after she walked in the door, ordered a giddy-up and sat down was she approached by a guy with a happy-go-lucky smile.

"Have you heard about the amount of killings happening in Alaska?"

Audrey Rose's right ear perked up. "No, I haven't. Come, sit a little closer and tell me."

The smiley faced moved closer. "I have a girl friend up there who says guys are raping and killing women out alone jogging or taking a walk. My friend just bought some bullets that literally dissolve a head into nothing but pink spray."

"Would you ever kill a woman?" Audrey Rose asked.

"Hells no. That's sick."

"How about a mountain lion?" Audrey Rose finished the beer that had magically appeared on the bar in front of her. As soon as it was empty, another one appeared.

"Not a chance. I couldn't kill something that beautiful."

"A deer?"

"Are you about to tell me you're a serial killer?"

"I think I am."

"Very funny." The guy backed his seat away a little.

"Well, I've killed before to eat meat, I've killed deer and squirrels and I did kill a mountain lion that attacked me."

"Those are animals."

"So what, I killed them and I appreciated that they gave their lives for me. Doesn't a serial killer appreciate the people he's killed?"

"It's different."

"How?" asked Audrey Rose.

“It just is. You know, you’re kind of morbid. Bartender give her a shot of tequila to liven her up.”

“Morbid. Maybe curious. People used to think I was fun.”

Two tequila shots arrived. Audrey Rose toasted the smile, swigged back her tequila, then laid her lips over that smile. The guy gave in and their tongues danced as the final hour before New Year’s began. Audrey Rose stood on the bar and whistled for everyone’s attention. The bar quieted as Audrey Rose raised her glass.

“Here’s to the oak, the best in the wood. A little screwing does a woman good. It opens her eyes, spreads her thighs and gives her ass good exercise.”

The bar erupted with applause and whistles and glasses clinking. The smiley guy was even smilier when Audrey Rose got off the bar. “You want to get out of here?” he asked her.

“I do, but not with you.” She gave him a deep kiss, wished him Happy New Year and headed up the hill to Emerald Mountain. Deep in the shadow of the night, away from lights, everything was silent. There were no stars, there was no wind. All the elements had disappeared. As the New Years rang in, Audrey Rose wrote her resolution in the snow.