



Diary of a Serial Killer: Deception Pass

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He stood atop the narrow concrete bridge at the aptly named Deception Pass on the northern end of Whidbey Island, Washington, and admired the swirling currents rushing back to the sea while winds chilled him and tugged at his clothing, daring him to test his wings and fly. The winds whispered to him and promised him that they would catch him should he jump, but he knew they lied. Even as their allure tempted him, the rational part of his mind still lurking in the shadows argued against it and showed him images of the consequences should he take the dare. He wasn't ready to end his life. Besides, it was better to watch others die and his voyeuristic side would never be satisfied by his own death. Someone else had to die.

He leaned back from the rail and took in his surroundings. Tall, thin trunked, pine trees reached upwards from the steep, rocky island walls. Looking down on their crowns and through their branches to the ground below gave him a sense of power. Though it tried, the wind could not pull him over the rail. He was impervious. The jagged rocks below him and those hiding beneath the water's rippling surface yammered for his blood and gnashed their sharp teeth, but they couldn't reach him. He was unattainable. A thinly coiled, wire rope was all that stood between him and the traffic that rushed by on its way to Whidbey or Fidalgo. If one speeding car veered from its lane, it could pin him against the bridge's cracked railing or catapult him over the rail to be skewered by the pine trees and smashed upon the jagged rocks or swallowed whole by the roiling current and dragged out to sea. He shivered with excitement. His dark thoughts gave flight to delighted butterflies in his belly and heated his rushing blood. He could see it all. Part of him stared at the passing traffic and willed the cars to fulfill his dark prophecy. But none did.

Someone had to die. It was too perfect a place to waste on gawking tourists. It cried out for blood and confusion, but he was the only one who heard it.

He smoothed his soft gray shirt and hitched up his matching slacks. A neat, unassuming appearance was always important in these matters. With one long fingered hand he smoothed his thinning hair back down on his shiny scalp.

An elderly couple tottered by, gesturing at this or that and making inane comments.

No challenge. Besides they don't have much longer to live anyway by the looks of them.

A young couple held tightly to the hands of their small son and daughter as they carefully guided them along the crowded bridge.

They would have too much to lose to consider my offer and would be more likely to call the cops on me.

Then his heart lifted as he saw the perfect opportunity. A crowd of college aged kids bumped and jostled their way through the people standing and walking along the bridge. They joked and teased as they went, nudging one another and making as if to push each other off the bridge. Their irreverence for life and own sense of immortality should make them accept his challenge. They would think themselves immune to the power of gravity and impervious to the crushing power of slamming into the quickly moving water below.

"What would you say if I offered you a million dollars to jump off this bridge?" he asked as the tallest of the group walked near him on the narrow sidewalk.