

Night Shift

Everyone thinks I've got it easy with that job. You are your own boss, no desk job, you can inflict your loud music to others and you drive all night.

Yes I am a taxi driver.

But no one ever got into my cab asking me to follow that blue car.

It's not like in the movies. Late at night, you never get a beautiful woman who wants company.

You only see busy businessmen yakking away on their cell phone hoping to catch the earlier flight and never tipping when they get there well in advance.

The talks are no good either. If you feel chatty, the customer will shut you up with a music player. If you just want silence, that's when you will have to be part of a lengthy conversation about the weather, the touristy places or in-law problems.

I got so bored that I started dropping tourists off at the wrong places and looking at them from the other side of the road while they tried to figure out the signs and directions to their destination.

It got old quickly.

The tourists were too far away, I could not really enjoy their anger.

I found another hobby. When I had no customer, I made a point to just nearly overrun the pedestrians. Sneaking up behind them and suddenly accelerating in their direction, seeing them jump back and realise what just nearly happened gave me a rush for a few days.

It did not last long.

The adrenaline flowing through my veins was the only way to feel alive.

I was getting used to it and my body was asking for more.

This is why I was on the prowl. I wanted more and I knew what I was looking for.

I was always amazed at how people would take a cab in the most shabby area and feel safe the minute they set foot in a taxi. An easy and safe way out, that's what I was.

Well tonight, I was choosing a prey.

I knew exactly where to find her.

A new trendy club was by the pier, a very dark and lonesome place to be when you are young and pretty dressed to party.

I spied on her. She was alone. Her friends were still in the club or had left already.

She seemed relieved to see me approach. She sat quickly and gave me her instructions.

Feeling playful, I tried to dissuade her, asking for a fixed price twice as expensive as the normal fare, but she was clearly in a hurry to get home and agreed without discussion.

I could see in the rearview mirror she was exhausted and bored. I took the task to wake her up, wondering out loud what a pretty girl like her was doing in such a seedy part of town, she should be worried for her safety.

She gave me a weak smile "but you came and rescued me from this place."

Well, not really. She started to worry when I turned left. Downtown was on our right.

At the next traffic light, she tried to get out but I had installed a security: too many customers leaving without paying.

She started to beg. Offering me money to let her go unharmed. She did not realise that her money, her power was exactly the reason of my rage.

I was tempted to drown her voice with the radio but I needed to make sure my anger would grow.

So, I let her whine. After a while, she just cried softly.

I was driving up into the mountains. My family had a cabin in the middle of the woods. I knew a cave where nobody ever came.

When I cut the engine, she looked me in the eyes like a kitten, trying to impress good intentions in my head. But my mind was set. I got her out of the car.

Choosing a party girl had been a good move, she would not be able to run in the woods with those shoes.

She still tried it. And felt hard on the ground not ten meters away. I walked to her body.

She was hurt and would not put such a fight anymore.

It nearly stopped me. I wanted to feel I was winning over her. Still she had seen my face, I could not leave her.

Nobody knew where she was. There were no trace of me taking her into my cab. As long as she did not survive, I was safe.

Then she started to beg, again. Promising she would never tell on me if I let her go. Her voice did it. I could not stand it anymore.

I strangled her. And it felt good.

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