

This is the time of danger,

the thick grey smoke hissed and snarled from the bubbling bath water.

Jason Fleet felt no remorse only pity for his mother he had just killed.

She had been cruel and always spoke to him in a language that he did not understand. The arc light burned into his eyes he felt his skin as it was when his freckles peeled away from his face on a sunburnt holiday. He said afterwards that it was an accident and he didn't mean it. Inside he was never entirely sure.

I once fell down the stairs and she laughed at me over her shoulder as she turned away. Later her hug felt like a punch in the belly. Misunderstood perhaps, was he compelled by feeling beyond his control? Now and never again will he be accepted by others, banished and branded forever as evil. She probably deserved it, is it wrong to think there is more? Something beyond good and evil, is something worth killing for? Sorry a slip of the tongue, yes what then, through his fingers and out of his wet hands into the bath water.

A tall aloof boy, sometimes politely engaging in conversation, a tough stare through brightly coloured blue grey eyes told you something was going on beyond what you or I could see and he could barely comprehend. He was known to be short tempered when responding to simple questions. His mother was often left feeling empty, helpless and torn at the mouth. His response was to wrap himself up in his own certainties. Often thinking of his absent father's hand gun buried in the blackness of the steel safe behind the stairs.

How can I be guilty? Now having been alone for so many long years, my inner life is over populated with fragmented dispositions, who can tell me which and where the guilty one hides? I am one of the last of my race why are we not winning anymore? The recurring nightmare image of the hand held electric hairdryer, frozen in time just before it hit the water's surface, its trailing cable like a waiting noose to snap.

Bang!

The power is cut, instant blackness, her unseen naked body convulsing in the water.

The detective's lunch consisted of soft white farmhouse sliced bread. Thickly buttered and layered with coarse smoked bacon pate. How is good and bad carved into the nature of things? He tapped his pen on the grubby park bench. Fresh sliced tomato and crisp mixed salad leaves "always made with sunshine" filled the sandwich with appetizing colour and texture. A white ceramic mug sits still full with black coffee and a greasy film on its surface revealing its cheapness. Do communists get a fair shake? Jason certainly never did. He was trapped between "my struggle" and *Das Kapital*. It was all still new in 1946, the house, the kitchen, bathrooms, washing machines, hoovers and hairdryers.

Why would anybody want to change, he already knew enough. She was so pathetic, it was good for her to die; she died because she was weak and stupid, as is deserved by all liars and cowards. All of them at school how they could not see the truth. I used to feel ashamed of my earnestness. Now I have taught myself to have pride in knowing I have convictions, nobody can out reason what I have come to know. My logic cannot fail the truth is always the truth.

Haunted by her black hair, growing up he was always troubled by seeing her stretched out in the bath tub, she is still the only woman he has ever seen naked. Staring into the great vista of the white washed walls nobody ever thought somebody like me could achieve so much. The vast space is continually written large with poetry and jazz, freely improvising and shape shifting into every crack, corner and damp patch.