Teacher’s comments in red; police comments in blue

Dylan- To make this more readable, double space, use {illegible}, and consider a larger font. It is difficult to edit!

The town, even at 1:00 AM, was still bustling with activity as the man

 dressed in black walked down the empty streets. The moon was barely

 visible, hiding under a shield of clouds, adding a chill to the atmosphere.

 What was most recognized about the man was the sound of his footsteps.

 Behind the conversations & noises of the town, not a sound was to be Great details

 heard from him, except the dark, monotonous footsteps, combined with Well done

the jingling of his belt chains striking not only the two visible guns in their

 holsters, but the large bowie knife, slung in anticipation of use. The wide-

brimmed hat cast a pitch-black shadow of his already dimly lit face. He wore

 black gloves, with a type of metal spiked-band across the knuckles. A black

overcoat covered most of his body, small lines of metal & half-inch spikes

 layering upper portions of the shoulders, arms, and back. His boots were

newly polished, and didn’t look like they had been used much. He carried a

black duffel bag in his right hand. He apparently had parked a car nearby, &

looked ready for a small war with whoever came across his way. I have never

 seen anyone take this mad-max approach in the city, especially since the

piggies had been called to this part of town for a series of crimes lately. Yet,

in the midst of the nightlife in the center of the average-sized town, this man

walked, fueled by some untold purpose, what Christians would call evil. The

 guns slung on his belt & belly appeared to be automatic hand guns, which

were draped above rows of magazines & clips. He smoked a thin cigar, and a

 sweet clovesque scent eminated from his aura. He stood about six feet and four

 inches and was strongly built. His face was entirely in shadow, yet even though

 I was unable to see his expressions, I could feel his anger, cutting thru the air

 like a razor. He seemed to know where he was walking, and he noticed my

 presence, but paid no attention as he kept walking toward a popular bar, The

 Watering Hole. He stopped about 30 feet from the door, and waited. “For whom?”

 I wondered, as I saw them step out. He must have known their habits well, as

 they appeared less than a minute after he stopped walking. A group of college-

preps, about nine of them, stopped in their tracks. A couple of them were mildly

 drunk, the rest sober. They stopped and stared. The streetlights illuminating the

 bar & the sidewalk showed me a clear view of their stare, full of paralysis & fear.

They knew who he was & why he was there. The second largest spoke up “What’re

 you doin man . . . why are you here…?” The man in black said nothing, but even at

 my distance, I could feel his anger growing. “You still wanted a fight huh? I meant

 not with weapons, I just meant a fist fight… cmon put the guns away, fuckin Please make

pussy!!” said the largest prep, his voice quavering as he spoke these works of attempted this \*!\*!

Copy 2A of 3 99-7625 copy of doc. found in BMW

courage. Other preps could be heard muttering in the background; “Nice trench coat

 dude, that’s pretty cool there . . .” …“Dude we were jus messin around the other day

 chill out man . . .” . . . “I didn’t do anything, it was all them!!” …“cmon man you

wouldn’t shoot us, were in the middle of a public place…” Yet, the comment I the

 remember the most was uttered from the smallest of the group, obviously a cocky, power

 hungry prick. “Go ahead man! Shoot me!!! I want you to shoot me!! Heheh you

 won’t!! Goddam pussy . . .” It was faint at first, but grew in intensity and power as

 I heard the man laugh. This laugh would have made Satan cringe in Hell. For almost

 half a minute this laugh, spawned from the most powerful place conceivable, filled

 the air, and thru the entire town, the entire world. The town activity came to a stop,

 and all attention was now drawn to this man. One of the preps began to slowly

 move back. Before I could see a reaction from the preps, the man had dropped his

 duffel bag, and pulled out one of the pistols with his left hand. Three shots were

 fired. Three shots hit the largest prep in the head. The shining of the streetlights

 caused a visible reflection off of the droplets of blood as they flew away from the

 skull. The blood spatters showered the preps buddies, as they were to paralyzed to

 run. The next four preps were not executed so systematically, but with more rage

 from the man’s hand cannon than a controlled duty for a soldier. The man unloaded

 one of the pistols across the fronts of these four innocents, their instantly lifeless

 bodies dropping with remarkable speed. The shots from that gun were felt just as

 much as they were heard. He pulled out his other pistol, and without changing a

 glance, without moving his death- stare from the four other victims to go, aimed the

 weapon out to the side, and shot about 8 rounds. These bullets mowed down what,

after he was dead, I made out to be an undercover cop with his gun slung. He then

 emptied the clip into two more of the preps. Then, instead of reloading & finishing

the task, he set down the guns, and pulled out the knife. The blade loomed huge, even

 in his large grip. I now noticed that one of the two still alive was the smallest of the

 band, who had now wet his pants, and was hyperventilating in fear. The other one tried

 to lunge at the man, hoping that his football tackling skills would save his life. The man

sidestepped, and made two lunging slashes at him. I saw a small trickle of blood cascade

 out of his belly and splashing onto the concrete. His head wound was almost as bad,

 as the shadow formed by the bar’s lighting showed blood dripping off his face. The

 last one, the smallest one, tried to run. The man quickly reloaded, and shot him thru

 the lower leg. He instantly fell, and cried in pain. The man then pulled out of the duffel

 bag what looked to be some type of electronic device. I saw him tweak the dials, and

 press a button. I heard a faint, yet powerful explosion, I would have to guess about 6

miles away. Then another one occurred closer. After recalling the night many times,

I finally understood that these were diversions, to attract the cops. The last prep was

 bawling & trying to crawl away. The man walked up behind him. I remember the sound

 of the impact well. The man came down with his left hand, right on the prep’s head.

The metal piece did its work, as I saw his hand get buried about 2 inches into the guy’s

 skull. The man pulled his arm out, and stood, unmoving, for about a minute. The town

 was utterly still, except for the faint wail of police sirens. The man picked up the bag

 and his clips, and proceeded to walk back the way he came. I was still, as he came my

 way again. He stopped, and gave me a look I will never forget. If I could face an emotion

 of god, it would have looked like the man. I not only saw in his face, but also felt emanating

 from him power, complacence, closure, and godliness. The man smiled, and in that instant,

 thru no endeavor of my own, I understood his actions.

Quite an ending

Dylan

I’m offended by your use of profanity.

In class we had discussed the

approach of using \*!\*!

Also,

I’d like to talk to you about your

Story before I give you a grade. You

Are an excellent writer/storyteller,

But I have some problems with this one

Written statement by Dylan’s teacher on 4-20-99 regarding this story:

Neither Dylan nor Eric were in class today 4th hour, Creative Writing. Eric never misses class.

Several weeks ago during a short story writing unit. Dylan wrote the most vicious story I have ever read. It concerned a man walking into a town and “blowing away” all the popular kids. I told Dylan the story was violent and unacceptable- viscious indeed I made a copy for his counselor (Brad Butts). I also talked it over with his parents. Dylan simply remarked, “It’s just a story.”

Eric frequently made machine-gun gestures and writes Marine-type creative stories.

Today 4-20 is perhaps a marijuana-related anniversary since Dead Heads and others smoke marijuana everyday at 4:20.

Judith M. Kelly

(303) 989- 2201