

# **KILLTOWN by Chad Lehrmann**

## **EXCERPT**

### **The Invitation...**

The stark white lightbulb swayed ever-so-slightly on its bare cord in the dark room, casting strange shadows on the shape bent over a workbench. It was vaguely human, but contorted as it worked on something intently. Something that would be deadly and vile and monstrous.

Someday.

So far, the shape had only planned. Planned death, destruction, murder, torture, and terror. Planned to bring forth a darkness that would shake people to their core. To make death art, and to make it prolifically.

But no blade had split flesh, no bullet had puckered skin, no bomb had charred and blasted bone from bone. No victim had experienced absolute terror as they breathed their last.

Yet.

A single ping made the shape turn its head, and the slight movement of the stark bulb momentarily illuminated a youthful face, the face of a man who was barely that. But it also showed eyes that were dark and devoid of hope or joy or even life. They were the eyes of a man who would kill you- if only the opportunity presented itself and his will was strong enough.

He moved over to the small monitor rigged up by his own hand, connected to a port that allowed him access to the blackest of black on the dark web. It had been in the recesses of the black pits of evil that he first dared share his dream of malice and mountains of blood. It was there he found...dare he say it? Friends. And that distinct ping told him that a particular friend had just sent a message.

Those blank eyes scanned over a simple message, while his fingers idly played with the object he had been crafting- a six-inch blade with sharp wings going in all directions for maximum carnage when inserted into a person.

The eyes ran back and forth over the simple words and numbers glowing white against a black background. He read it again and again, a tiny bit of drool beginning to form and ooze from the corner of his mouth.

They read:

“Killtown”  
Sundown tomorrow.  
Kingston, TX  
11:57:42

The countdown continued to tick away. After a minute or so, the white letters began to wash in a blood-red shade.

He smiled, and for the first time, those dead eyes showed life.

His moment had come.