

How to Kill Your Boss

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Sometimes when I'm feeling sad or lonely I like to go out and kill a policeman. Let me tell you, nothing lifts your spirits like seeing a person in uniform lying soulless at your feet, stripped of their power and of their life.

"Did you see what happened?" A man walks up and stands a few feet from the body, making idle conversation without bending down to see if the victim is still alive. He waits there waiting for someone else to do something while the policeman bleeds out onto the pavement. He might still be alive, nobody checks.

"I think he fell. From there." You point up to the top of the news building.

"Shit. That's two this month. Probably another corrupt cop who couldn't deal with it any more."

"Probably," you lie. You have no idea if he was a good or bad man, he's just a dead man. As a crowd gathers you quietly walk away.

I know what you're thinking, how can I kill a policeman? And I'll explain how in a minute.

I eventually turned myself in to the authorities because I got bored of killing people. Life has no meaning when you're the best at something.

"Get on your feet," the warden tells me every morning because I like to sleep late in the cell I share with another killer, a gangster covered in tattoos who collects bottle tops, but only the red ones.

"Yes, ma'am," I answer dutifully, knowing that I could grab her tie, wrap it around her neck, push her down hard against the door handle as her polished shoes slip and slide against the floor while I punch her throat until her windpipe collapses. That, my dear kids, is called the point of no return.

"Breakfast in five," she commands as she bangs on each of the doors. "Though why we have to feed scum like you is beyond me," she mutters as she walks past my door.

"If you don't," I say with a hint of a smile at her receding back, "you'll turn into me."

She gives me the finger over her shoulder. I walk in a line with the others to the canteen and sit with a group who, like me, have taken lives into their own hands.

I can't sit with schoolteacher paedophiles who seduced the boys or girls they taught at school, the gang members who were caught doing some initiation stunt, not because I have standards or morals, I don't, but because they annoy the fuck out of me with their dumb jokes. I'm a bit old for sex crimes. My interests are more terminal.

I know you've wanted to kill someone but didn't go through with it because you suddenly developed a conscience, or as I like to call it 'a sudden case of cowardice'. More than likely you didn't go through with it because you couldn't find a way out, an escape. Killing is mostly easy, not getting caught is

the hard part.

Maybe you were sitting in the office one day and your boss came in and shat all over your head because he's a douche-bag and as he's walking out he says to his top sales executive,

"Did you see ze tits on zat one, ey, good ey?"

and right there you wanted to pick up your monitor and ram it into the back of his fucking neck.

Yes, maybe you do have good tits, maybe they're even fantastic tits, but they're your goddam tits and not to be rallied about in schoolboy commentary to make you feel worthless.

Instead of killing your boss you save your work and make the pointless corrections he asked, not because you're a corporate slave, but because you're a good person.

You get a new mug. You wear a less revealing sweater.

I will tell you how to kill your boss and get away with it, bear with me. I have an ego too and need to tell you a few things about myself.

There are three main ingredients to any murder -

A spoon of Opportunity

A pinch of strength, mental or physical

A practised technique.

Yes, you will need to practice, you will need to work your way up, just like the high school student who thinks at the end of high school that the world is now going to be wonderful and all the judgemental bullies are gone forever, but finds out that the douche-bags in this world are about to get meaner and that the cage they are living in is about to get a whole lot

smaller.

When you finally get out of college, filled with hope, you find out you have to work your ass off yet again to pay for your own cage. You never get to rest, because the people who own you want to maximise your time for their profit. Don't ever forget that. You will work to make their dreams come true until you die.

Killing people will help you make your cage bigger, even open the door. This will make you happy. Killing people is good for you.

Let's start with stuff you already have, because I'm guessing you don't have the physical or mental ability to strangle someone, or a .45 magnum to do the job for you.

No, not a knife. Rule #1 : Knives are very difficult.

You watched countless films where some Rambo walked behind an unsuspecting guard and just slit their throat. Down they fall, stone cold dead. Let me tell you from first hand experience that if you walk behind someone and slit their throat you suddenly have to deal with an angry, scared animal who is also very, very wet and slippery. It takes about ten minutes to die, even with an expertly severed jugular, ask any medic. A stab victim doesn't die from the stab, they die from losing blood. They don't just fall over quietly, Rambo, they fight to live with a steadily increasing, struggling, gasping panic.

Do you know how long ten minutes is? Go ahead and count out ten minutes. You'll give up before you reach two, I guarantee it. That's not ADD, that's sanely realising you're wasting your time.

Knives mean you have to get within a whisper of someone, the stabbing or slicing or whatever heroic action you have in mind is only the beginning. You have to keep that

angry, wild, and slippery animal down for ten or maybe twenty minutes. Can you do that to your boss? Probably not. He probably does karate and kick-boxing, paid for by the money you make him. He probably has an ambulance parked nearby driven by two sets of hot tits just in case someone figures it all out one day. There is a reason why knives are legal.

You have things in your house. Killing things. Like drain cleaner.

If you're living in a loving family that argues all the time there is drain cleaner somewhere, because most arguments are about territory and environment and keeping clean.

Clean your room.

Pick up your towels.

Stop hitting your brother.

"I'm going to kill that child," your mother said every time you did what you wanted and not what she wanted. Sometimes mothers do kill that child and they end up shuffling up the cafeteria line for reconstituted mashed potato with the rest of the family killers.

Drain cleaner is made from borax. Borax is very, very soapy, or base, and so base that when exposed to hot water it forms a powerful compound that scours away organic matter to leave copper pipes sparkling clean. The call it MISTER clean because it's strong.

Organic things are made of acids called proteins. Acids and bases don't get along. Bases break apart proteins.

Drain cleaner works equally well on human pipes, you see. Drain cleaner poured down a person's throat scrubs away all those nasty little bacteria on the way down to the gut, and after ten minutes or so the victim feels thoroughly drained.

Did you see what I did there? Even though I have killed a

whole lot of people I still have a sense of humour, I'm not all philosophical and shit. Get moody and you lose your edge.

Here's the thing about drain cleaner – you don't have to use it all at once. You don't have to walk in to your boss's office and hold his head back and pour it down his throat. That would be stupid.

You add a teeny tiny bit to his coffee every time he snaps his fingers at you and tells you he likes his coffee like he likes his women, hot, black, and in his mouth.

I like my bosses dead. I don't like coffee.

A teeny tiny bit of drain cleaner in his coffee will taste a little bitter but he's so stupid he will think it's flavour - his slutty-skirted secretary told him that bitter coffee is better coffee.

The borax will fight with the flora in his stomach and give him the runs. After a few weeks he will develop ulcers because the base neutralises the stomach acid that eats away the predatory bacteria, it eats through the stomach wall letting stomach acid eat through the cell membrane, causing bigger ulcers that become tumours. And you thought school biology was a waste of time.

Kill the friends of your enemies and it leaves your enemies exposed. Remember that.

Maybe you don't have six months to kill your boss and risk getting caught. And maybe he gets bored of you after a few weeks when the new secretary with the bruises on her wrists starts working there and they are always having coffee somewhere else and making stupid innuendos about being tied up at work.

That lucky bitch, she has every opportunity to slaughter

that pig but she is so stupid and selfish she doesn't go through with it. Because he pays her.

The biggest hurdle for any killer is killing a child. Now I'm not saying that you should go out and practise on babies, even though that would be easy. I'm saying that every human being is still the baby they once were and somewhere in the back of your mind you know this.

This is why you get nervous to kill someone. No one cares if some fat old guy gets thrown off a bridge onto the highway. If you're young and innocent and pretty the world will mourn your death and send out search parties because that's how shallow we are.

A hundred adults can die horribly in a plane crash but if one cute kid survives people call it a miracle. No one talks about the ugly ones who survived, because it's such a shame about their parents and we should respect their privacy, they will say. People are such douche-bags.

Deep inside our brain is that little reminder that everyone was a sweet innocent little bundle of joy at some point, even me, and killing me is, oh, quite hard.

The best place to kill someone is in their own home. That's why our homes have walls and locks and our streets do not. Your home is the most dangerous place on earth.

You watch your boss and his wife going through the motions of living their shitty little lives through their Victorian stained-glass window. You killed their dogs quite expertly because you've practised on dogs and cats. Yes, you did, you jerk.

"Where's my toupee?" You hear him ask through the

imported glass that costs more than you earn in a year.

"Where you last put it," she replies in her voice that you know is a stripper's voice but you don't know how you know.

"Forget it. Where's my shirt for tomorrow?"

"I ironed it and put it in the cupboard. I cleaned the lipstick off."

"Just shut up about it now, Star, I'm serious." He gets out a pink tie, the one his wife didn't pick out.

"Why don't you just leave me! Is she so much better than me?" She throws herself down onto the silk sheets and covers her face with the pillow.

He erupts, standing over her like a gorilla asserting dominance. "Don't test me! Don't you fucking test me! You knew who I was when you married me."

"I made a mistake!" She yells and throws the bedside lamp (Willoughby and Sons, \$330) to smash against the wall far from where he is standing. He rushes over to her and slams his fist into her face.

"Shut the hell up now. Go to sleep."

And she does. She just fucking does. She gets on with the business of being his wife.

You wait outside their window until their snores fill the room.

Earlier in the week you bought two litres of petrol (gas if you're an American), and after using a copy of his keys that you took from his secretary's purse you disable the alarm and walk silently into their room and gently pour the liquid over them in their sleep. He's probably dreaming about a golden shower right now.

Earlier you watched him order her around and make her clean things and do naked jumping jacks for his pleasure while he sipped the drink she brought him.

You decide to kill her too, pouring the petrol (or gas) over them both and put them both out of their misery with a match. Before you make that final WOOF, that ultimate Viking burial, you slide their heater a little closer to their bed.

Honestly, will the world stop turning? Not even an inch (cm if you're not an Imperialist).

In about an hour there won't be a team of forensic experts scrubbing the scene for clues, no one will open a special file. The tired fire chief will just write it down as two idiots who fell asleep with the heater too close to the bed and get on to the next job.

No one cares about the people you kill, not really.

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"Hey, are you okay?" The homeless man asks you because you're a woman walking alone at night in sweatpants and a jacket and you're not a hooker.

"I'm aces, guy," you answer, not threatened by him at all. "Did you see where that guy went? The man in the black BMW?"

Your ex. The one who cheated on you with a married woman. You decided tonight is his last night on earth. Yes, you're finally changing the world like you dreamed.

"307," The homeless man answers. Homeless people see everything, you realise you will have to kill him later on your way home. It's not like he's doing anything useful for the planet anyway.

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And here I am, standing in front of you. You thought you

could get away with it forever, maybe you thought it was exciting to almost get caught, a nice little diversion from the daily grind of arresting dealers and doing the paperwork that you bitch about every time you make an arrest. The blue-grey pants from your uniform are neatly hanging on the towel rack because you don't like to take a shit with your pants on, and because it took me three years to train you not to be a slob.

"What are you doing?" You stammer out as I stand in front of you, your underpants still hugging your ankles while you sit on your porcelain throne.

Your most vulnerable place.

You can't stand up because you'd be embarrassed. You can't defend yourself verbally because you don't really know what this is all about.

"You cheated on me," I say, pretending to be upset. A smoke screen. (That will be hilarious in a minute). I'm not going to kill you because you cheated on me and hurt my feelings, I lost my feelings a long time ago.

"You're confused. I don't know what you're talking about."

"Can we talk?" I say again, swinging the bag I'm carrying around from my back and untying the knot.

"Sure, honey, go wait in the kitchen, okay?"

Oh dear. You really shouldn't have said that.

I decided that you are a threat to me, because maybe you figured out who I really am. You keep telling me how you're hot on the trail of the latest killer. How you're closing in. So I need to dispose of you. And also because I just don't like you any more. I've changed, you haven't.

You started bringing home your gun from work and leaving it under our pillow; that threatens me. I don't like to be threatened.

"I decided that you're next," I say, taking out the large plastic bag of granulated chlorine and lithium polymer batteries and dumping it in to the sink with a thump.

"What?" You say, awkwardly trying to pull up your underpants, the ones I washed for you. The ones I still wash for you.

Me.

Your little wifey.

I strike a match, push it into the white powder of the dry chlorine, step back as the dense clouds of toxic smoke billow from the pile.

I step back and lock you in your bathroom before you can untangle yourself from your own belt.

If you're smart you'll figure out that water will make this little situation much, much worse. If you spent the last ten years in the gym instead of the library you're about to have an important chemistry lesson.

Let's see how much you've learned.

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