

# Going Postal, well more Council

By Dante Harker

Jake was bored again. He sat glaring blankly into space, prying for something to fill the void that these days seemed to be his entire life. He looked at his computer, he counted, he had six different internet windows open, random shit that meant nothing.

Jake had read once that if you were bored with the internet then you were bored with life – was this true? Realising that the blank space he was staring into, was still blank, Jake knew that it had to be.

‘What am I going to do? I can’t do this every day – I’m so fucking bored’. Jake’s voice echoed around the empty, open plan office.

Jake’s department in the vast council building was devoid of life. There was a team meeting talking place on the other side of town, but Jake couldn’t bring himself to go. Instead he had faked an emergency deadline, which he ‘just had to finish.’

Of course he didn't have any work to finish. Jake just couldn't bear another team meeting about 'council business'. Meetings which seemed to cover everything from the increase in council tax to the cost of wheelie bins. And it was typical of the council to arrange a half day meeting, covering 'general issues', on the morning when the Christmas party was planned for the afternoon.

Jake just couldn't face it, he had decided that staring into nothingness was a far a more suitable alternative. Nobody would miss him, and they would all be back soon enough with thoughts of buffet food, and the free glass of wine would surely put them in high spirits

Jake thought about this time last year, before his 'promotion'. He nether felt like this back then, he felt useful, not empty. His life had meaning, or at least his life was busy enough that he never had to think about it one way or the other.

'You're 35 now. You're not getting any younger. You've can't stay a supervisor forever. This policy management job would be fantastic, just think about what we could do with the extra money. Christopher needs new football boots, and Nicky is growing at such a rate that she is going to need a whole new set of clothes soon.'

This was Jake's wife, and she had gone on and on. In his head, Jake had screamed 'Thanks, you bitch, thanks for pointing out that I'm not getting any younger. I'm amazed that you haven't pointed out I'm not getting any thinner either – you usually do - though I wouldn't have this beer gut, if you didn't drive me to drink, or for that matter, if you let me play footy with the lads once in a while.

And maybe if you got off your fat arse and went back to work, I could keep a job I really enjoy, rather than having to take the most boring job man ever invented, just so that you can sit at home on your fat lazy arse. Plus, it would be handy if when you did bother to drag yourself away from Trisha, you didn't spend my hard earned money on stupid football boots for Chris, especially when we both know that he would rather have a Barbie doll.

And the only reason that Nicky is growing so fast, is because she takes after you – I mean, does she really have to stuff the entire packet of biscuits down her throat. If she stuck to one, she might still be able to tie her own shoelaces.'

Of course none of his rant ever left his tired brain. Jake chose to go with 'yes dear' instead as he thought that this would save a lot of fuss.

Jake looked around his partition to make sure that the vast open plan office was still empty. A five grand rise and grey partition was all his promotion had really amounted too. That and now he was trapped at his desk the entire week, because now as a policy manager, Jake got the choice of either researching policies or writing them. Oh, no, as Jake began to flick once more through his bunch of random websites, he realised that he also got to re-write policies, because very little of what he put on paper ever made it to the final draft. And generally, his new boss, the policy director, would get to write the final version of the policy, or if nothing else, the lazy shit would just put his name to it.

Jake looked at the policy he was meant to be working on now, at the top it said 'Draft 19'. Which was a new record, the last being set by the 'staff smoking policy', which had been sent back from high, seventeen times. At the thought of the smoking policy, Jake could almost taste the bile building in his throat. He had sworn the day he had sent off draft eighteen, that if this one was returned he would knife the policy director in the face. A reaction he had felt a little strong, but necessary.

After taking a second look around his partition, just to be doubly sure that it was empty, Jake took out his car keys and located the small flash hard drive that was attached to the key ring. Once plugged into the USB port, Jake waited for it to be recognised and then clicked on a file marked

simply, 'The end'.

The file opened in Word and was entitled:

| | |How to deal with my fucked up life | | |1. Release some tension. | | |1a Wank, a lot. |2b Have sex with the wife (though remember that this requires a | |lot of drink). |3c Cut yourself (remember to keep them small, so no one notices) | | |2. Get another job | | |Interview 10th Jan – didn't get it | |Interview 12th Feb – wanted someone with less experience | |Interview 15th Feb – didn't get it | |Interview 2nd March – didn't understand why I wanted to take a pay| |cut | |Interview 5th March – didn't go down to well, when I called one of| |the interview panel a wanker | |Interview 20th April – called back for second interview | |Second Interview 25th April – didn't get it, thought that with my | |experience I wouldn't stay long | |Interview 8th May – didn't go, rang in sick too, spent the day | |watching 24 | | |Giving the applications a rest for a while | | |3. Leave the wife | | |3a Sat down and talked with her, told her that I didn't think | |things were working. She said that we should work on it, and then | |went to bingo. | | |3b Tried to have sex with her sober, she wasn't interested, I told| |her that I thought we were supposed to be 'working on it' she told| |me I needed to work on my beer gut first. | | |3c I told her I thought we should get a divorce. She said that | |there was no way that we were splitting up while the kids were | |still in school, and if I tried she would take every penny I have. | |

|4. Have sex with someone in the office. | | | |4a Started talking to Jackie, she's the office bike, and should be | good for a bit of entertainment. Spent ten minutes flirting with | |her at the cooler, she seems up for a bit of fun. I asked her if | |she wanted to meet for a drink on Tuesday. | | | |4b Went out for the drink, went well, had a good laugh, meeting | |her again Thursday, for some dinner and a bit of a drive – not | |that the wife cares, but I'll start talking about late meetings | |anyway. | | | |4c Dinner was nice, drove somewhere quiet, kissed. I got a nice | |feel of her tits, but then she reached for my knob, and it just | |ignored her. Worse, she went to suck it, but it just lay there | |like a dead slug. 'Don't you fancy me' she asked, but given that | |she has told everyone in the office about what happened now, all | |the excuses I gave her on the drive back did answer that question | |satisfactorily. | | | |5 Kill them all | | | |5a The poison arrived today, the wife nearly opened it and I had | |to tell her that it was clear paint for my model airplane, she | |believed me, but not before she called me a sad, fat, bastard. The | |internet site said that the bottle was big enough to take down an | |elephant, though, given that the container is only the size of a | |small pill bottle, it might only work on small elephants. | | | |I can do it at the Xmas party. I need to get a bottle with a spray | |on it so it'll spread over the food. Either that or I could just | |mix it in the wine and water jugs, which they should have if | |everything is the same as last year. | | | |5b Kill them at work, go home and kill the family and then sort | |out myself. | | | |5c If the above fails, use the gun - GO POSTAL! |

Jake read over his words, the bitter insults from his wife stung and jarred his emotions. Every time he read over his list, made notes, added to it in any way, it was like the events had taken place for the first time. Like he was back standing in front of his wife, looking at her sagging body, wondering where the slim, fit, princess of a woman had vanished too – who had stolen her and replaced her with this 18 stone, fool-mouthed tyrant. Most of the time he managed to put all thoughts of his wife out of his mind, he had been with her nearly sixteen years, and over that time, he had managed to make her all but an irritating blur.

Jackie on the other hand he couldn't blank out. Mostly because he couldn't walk from one side of the office to the other without someone making a derogatory remark, or if nothing was said, the sound of laughter was always apparent.

He was just stressed, he couldn't believe that he wasn't able to get an erection, when he was by himself, practicing a1 he was able to get hard, and he did lots of practicing, so maybe he just didn't fancy the office bike after all.

Jake reached over and unlocked a draw in his desk. He took out a small bottle of clear liquid and a compact black, foe-leather toiletry bag and placed them on his desk. He looked at the bottle and smiled at the fact that such a small

container was going to bring an end to his pointless life, but better than that, it would bring an end to those people who made his life what it was. Jake put the bottle to one side for the minute and picked up the toiletry bag. He unzipped it and took out the three items it contained. Jake carefully positioned the five items next to each other in size order. First, a small plastic tray, second a packet of tissues, then an anti-septic wet-wipe, next a packet of plasters and last a packet of razor blades.

The ritual brought Jake a feeling of comfort. The familiarity of the items, the noise of the tissue packet being torn open, the rough texture of the plaster and finally the feeling of cold steel between his fingers made the blood leave Jake's head and course (wrote course?) down to his other head, which was rapidly increasing in size.

Placing the inside of his forearm over the plastic tray, Jake then took the razor and with a practiced hand made a short, deep cut into his flesh. Jake no longer feared the insertion. The inch long cut offered little or no pain. The agony came when Jake forced the wound apart. With his finger and thumb Jake worked the cut until it began to ooze blood. He watched it fill the base of the plastic try. As the dark red fluid ran from his body, Jake clenched is teeth against the pain and imagined the emptiness of his life draining from his body. He pictured his obese wife, his spoilt kids, Jackie the whore, draft 19, Jake saw it all and with perfect clarity he

watched it run from his body.

When the blood had reached the mark etched into the side of the plastic container, Jake let go of the wound and then after giving it a once over with the anti-septic wipe, he covered it with a plaster.

The wound sealed, Jake placed all the contents, except the tray of blood back into their bag, and placed them neatly in the draw. From the same draw it took another small plastic container, this time with a lid, and then took it and the blood off to the toilets.

The blood washed away; Jake locked himself in a cubical and dealt with the throbbing in his pants.

Three minutes later Jake was back at his desk, he placed the tray into its case, and then after checking that the lid was on tight, he tucked the pot of cum in the draw between a couple of files so that it couldn't fall over. Jake liked to collect any cum he produced at work – normally one or two pots a day – and then stay late after work, so that when no one was around, he could throw his sticky seed over his boss's desk.

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At midday the caterers began to set up the party. To Jake there looked enough food for a hundred people, though his office had fifty at most. Jake could see his target, the drinks table. Six large jugs of wine, two each of red, white and rosé and for the drivers/dull, a jug of water.

Jake waited diligently for the caterers to finish setting up and then when they had disappeared for a coffee break, he made his way over to the drinks. With much considered precision Jake opened the bottle of poison and shared the contents eight ways, the last portion being left in the bottle – he would need that for him and his family.

‘Starting early? I thought you were meant to be back here working hard.’ The voice belonged to Vince, a wanker from HR, who thought he was a god just because he’d had to make a hundred staff redundant last year.

‘If he is working hard that’ll be a first!’ This second voice was that of Steve, one of the managers from the IT department, and self-titled ‘office comic’.

Jake didn’t want to exchange any words with them. He mostly just wanted them dead. The website had promised that one drop was enough to bring a man to his knees. The death was said to be horrifically painful, the poison eating through the stomach lining and allowing the stomach acid to eat away at the internal organs.

Desperately Jake wanted to stay around and watch, see them gasp their last breaths. Watch blood drip from their eyes as they begged him for help. Instead in laughed off his colleague's comments and then after making a suitable excuse in went out to sit in his car and wait for the ambulances.

As Jake watched party goers continued to arrive. He looked at his watch, hoping that no one would die before everyone had chance to have a glass of wine. He doubted anyone would touch the water, his office being a bunch of work shy luses. And no one was allowed to touch on the booze until the party had officially been started by the section manager, who in this case was his boss, the policy director.

Ten minutes passed, each minute being filled by more happy people arriving. Jake cursed their smug faces, all of them in little cliques, none of which he was a part of.

Jake wondered if he would hear the screams. He hoped he would, he had been planning this day for over six months. It had taken days of research to find the right poison. Who would have thought it was so hard to find something undetectable when mixed with liquid, and one that didn't kill straight away. Jake specifically needed a poison that took around twenty minutes to start working – he had to make sure everyone inside had chance to take in a killing dose.

Finally, Jake watched his boss arrive in his new five series BMW, apparently he had wanted a three-series sport, but the seats hadn't been big enough to accommodate his fat arse, though Jake wasn't sure if this was true.

Jake watched him fight his way out his car, and then sweat his way across the car park. At 5'2 and at least fifty percent body fat it wasn't a pretty sight.

'Not long now.' Jake said to the empty car. He looked at the contents of the bottle he was clutching in his hand. There was just enough to take out his family, then settle in front of the football, and pour the last few drops into a nice cold beer.

Jake tapped his fingers on the steering wheel of his people carrier. A car he hadn't wanted, but his wife had told him that they had to have one for 'the school run'.

The fact that the school was two hundred meters up the road didn't seem to matter. A people carrier was the 'must have', though he had thought that slim, fit children was a far better 'must have' but his wife hadn't agreed.

'Come on!' Jake shouted, bashing his hand down on the dash. His watch had just clicked past the twenty minute mark since his boss had arrived. Time was getting on and

the football kicked off at three.

Another ten minutes passed and there was still no sound of screaming, and Jake had wound his window down just to make sure that he wasn't missing anything.

'Fucking poison, stupid internet crap bollocks!' Jake raged as yet another ten minutes past.

Out of the corner of his eye, Jake noticed a door open, someone had come out for a fag break, and the newly open door blew a wave of vocal enjoyment across the car park.

'Fuck it. Useless internet crap.' Jake yelled, then as he opened his car door to get out, he said in a more considered tone:

'Time for 5C'

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