

Act of Contrition

Prologue

A few miles shy of campus, as Julia Larson was heading east, past Little Punderson Lake, a man jumped out of the bushes in front of her car. Julia slammed her foot on the brake, managing to stop within inches.

Her heart was racing. She clenched and unclenched her hands. She was about to rattle off every expletive she knew when she realized two things. One, she knew the guy. Two, he was tugging on the driver's side door, and it wasn't locked.

[*Shit!*] Before she knew it he was part way in, managing to shove the gear into park in the process.

Julia began her slide for the passenger door too slowly. Strong hands yanked her by her left wrist back into position behind the controls.

She tried to fight. She tried to bite.

Her attacker smashed her head as hard as he could into the dash. It was lights out for Julia Larson.

His next movements had been choreographed with precision. This was a lonely stretch of road, this time of night, but an artist could never take chances. He had to move swiftly to "get her done."

He lashed Julia's left wrist and then her right to the steering column, using easily meltable, plastic ties.

He rigged her right foot to the gas pedal, from the passenger side.

"You don't like me, Julia," Terrence Miller said aloud, as he worked feverishly to complete his task.

"Did you really think I would allow you to come between Kae and me? No one's ever going to separate us. You have to be the first to really understand that."

Miller took a bottle of Jim Beam out of his knapsack and poured it on Julia.

"It's never healthy to get all liquored up. College girls should know better."

Terrence laughed at his joke. Wasn't he the wittiest, the sharpest, the most talented Miller on earth?

He pulled a lighter from the knapsack and set Julia on fire, hair first. He shoved the gear into drive and jumped back out of harm's way.

The car lunged forward, and began to pick up speed as it swerved down the road, faster and faster.

Terrence didn't wait for the crash. He knew it would be loud enough to hear.

He retrieved his cruiser motorcycle from behind a clump of bushes, and headed west, towards State Route 44.

The sudden ear splitting roar, startled Terrence momentarily. That feeling was quickly replaced by a sense of pride and accomplishment. It was time to sing!

Miller, Miller, Miller Man
Destroy Julia Larson as fast as you can.
Send her car spinning off into a tree
No one will know the artist is me!

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Miller, Miller, Miller Man  
Has a truly brilliant, secret plan.  
Marry young Kae and all will agree  
Miller is the man they hunger to be!