

Prologue

One man was shouting orders at the other. “Stop being such a fucking pussy!” he yelled as the other man vomited.

A third man lay on the side of the dark road. Even in the dark, it was clear that both his legs were severely broken. The left shin bone had pierced through the skin, and an enormous puddle of blood was forming on the road. The man wore a headlamp, offering the only light. The man appeared dead; his face a mushed-up mess. Their car had stopped further down the road, its headlights pointing away from where the man lay.

“Get the fuck up and help me!” the first man shouted again. The second man had stopped vomiting, and was now whimpering.

“I can’t!” he yelled back at the first man, who walked to where he was kneeling.

The first man bent over and slapped the second man hard, causing him to fall. He then grabbed him by the back of his shirt and pulled him up. “Help me move him,” he said calmly.

They both walked back to where the man was sprawled, unmoving.

“Grab his legs,” he ordered.

The second man did as he was told. He leaned over to grab the left leg, and felt the warm puddle of blood. “Fuck!” he said, then faced away from the leg and vomited again. The first man grabbed the corpse by his wrists and lifted him, careful not to get any blood on himself. The second man took hold of the man’s legs again, with more success this time. Both carried the body to the back of the car.

“Open the trunk. Hurry,” the first man said calmly again.

After fumbling for the keys, the second man opened the trunk. They placed the body inside and stood staring at it for a moment. Suddenly, the man in the trunk gasped for air and tried to sit up.

“Finish it!” he yelled at the second man. “Use that,” he said, pointing to the tyre iron. “Now! Hurry!”

The second man grabbed the tyre iron, took a small step back, and swung it hard at the man's head, cracking it open with one blow before dropping to his knees for a fresh round of vomiting. They both looked at the runner's lifeless eyes, knowing he was undoubtedly dead this time. The man placed the tyre iron next to the runner's head and closed the boot, then dropped to his knees, retching again.

That was the first time the first man had ever seen someone kill another person. "We have to go," he said calmly, reaching over and pulling the second man up by his shirt. "We need to go now."

The second man walked around the right side of the car to get into the passenger seat.

"No! You're driving," the first man said.

"But, I'm—"

"You are fucking driving," the first man said slowly.

"Okay," he said, defeated.

They left the scene without any traffic passing them.

The second time he witnessed someone kill another person was years later, in a different city, in another country, under entirely different circumstances. The same two men had kidnapped a girl and taken her to a forest. They tied her to a tree in a dark, secluded area they had found at the end of an old pathway. This time, both men participated in the torture, but the first man stood back to watch the other man take the girl's life.