

City of Assassinations is a story about Buddy Keats who finds himself returned home after an absence of six months – the details of which he cannot explain. Buddy attempts to unravel his mysterious disappearance by curing himself of his amnesia and discovering what his relationships with the people around him have been - particularly the melancholy Eliza Blue. When the truth is laid out in front of him, he must face what he has done. Here is the introduction to the novel....

City of Assassinations

I will stand on this road one last time and I will raise my eyes above me before I finally close them and erase this tale from the history of mankind.

It,
Was a memory,
Save City –
I was haunted by its landscape all my life.

It wasn't a city really, it was more like days misspent. A few tired thoughts in an unbreakable pattern of sleeping. When you slept, it was hard to wake up again, like you were trapped in some deep haunting dream and couldn't for the life of you pull yourself out of it. You could feel it consume you like the motion of a great wave pulling you further out to sea, laying you bare and blinded on its vast green ocean tide. But lay awake to long, trying to avoid the rush of that deep blue, and an ice cold would creep into your mind like the storms that had raged around you – rising from nowhere to hunt you down relentlessly and unexpectedly they would catch you out – freeze you – paralyse you, I remember, the dread of that September.

I wanted to sleep.

It was a cotton wool existence where I could convince myself that it had all just been a dream and that I would soon wake up in the restful bed of my youth, redeemed. I could find comfort in my blessed ignorance and nestle down in the calmness of my cradle, safely within the parameters of the childhood mind. I slept for many years over, a hundred it would seem or more - a wintry hibernation from myself that devoured all the seasons to follow. But when I awoke to the twilight of my life, my eyelids were fixed open by the cruelty of time and it made me bare eternal witness as it ticked on by. I was rendered sleepless. I felt like I was being watched. The eyes in darkness shone around me. They fenced me in. There was something at work; something in the air, the trees, even the buildings that lay depleting around me and that something was growing stronger. I couldn't see what it was but I could feel it controlling me, invading me, rushing through me like I was as thin as the air. I hung, helpless like a puppet on a string; tangled up in the very threads that had once animated me until I am suspended lifeless. The thrashing stops, the web weaver hovers and strikes and poisons as it tangles the last morsel of my consciousness, cocooned and preserved. The blood runs out of me and dries as I sway insignificantly in the breeze.

It is true –

This landscape once filled my mind like a madness.

There was not one moment that I was left without thoughts of it and the uncertainty of its directions creeping into my consciousness, possessing me like the sun possesses the sky. It was beautiful and complete – like a map of the destiny of every living thing and everything that lived was a vein in the heart of a bigger existence. I was standing in the middle of a great chain and I alone could see forever into the distance as it branched off into a million little trees that grew something new in the fertile soils of death. The powdery constellations that circled us far off drew our very lives to their end and then soaked us into the essences of another.

I felt myself falling.

My bones crashing to the ground with a snap as I knelt before this merciless terrain.

It was alive.

It was living through me.

And as the seasons ticked over from the coldness of summer to the freezing isolation of the winter, everything began to tinkle as it became preserved in a tomb of ice crystals encasing us like little glass ornaments, precious, so fragile. One bump from a passing element would shatter us all into a billion irretrievable pieces. It was thus precariously we lived out lives in Save City and the moisture that weighed down this thick mountainous air became yet another solid layer of melancholy to depress us. The blustering autumn wind blew and then dipped - fell into a nervous stillness and the leaves then died again at my wandering feet – a moment of silence a moment of sleep.

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And I will raise my eyes above me before I finally close them and erase this tale from the memory of mankind.

The skies are perpetually grey like the matter in my mind. The kind of grey that seeps into every corner digesting the colour before it – a silent grey – a conformer, a warden, a thick gravy that rolls into the air and devours it wholly before punishing the earth with ice stones, hard rain or amnesia. I am airborne, I am numb to my toes but my senses have deceived me for the sky will not burst. It will not rain.

It will remain tightly sealed for all these years and torment me with the madness of dry desire.

I gasped as I closed my eyes, swallowing the earth matter that has caught in my throat, threw my head back and listened to the timeless beat of its infernal life.

Save City.

Save

City.

Save

Me.

