

The Sign of Nun

By

N.J. Matthews

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Chapter One

There is no moon; I stand in the shadows of the main door of The Soldier's Tower. It seems cold for early October; I pull my coat more tightly around me.

From where I stand, I am invisible to any others that might pass by, enveloped by deep shadows, I dare not move.

It's 11:15 PM and only a few stragglers cross the front campus, most likely divinity students from Knox College. Just figures until they pass the streetlights, even then it's difficult to make out faces. Will I be able to tell?

My heart is thumping within my chest my breathing seems erratic. Get control. I can do this.

Then I see her. She's coming directly towards me. Can she see me? Of course, she can't. Steady. Don't do anything stupid. She's at the sidewalk; I must make my move before she turns away.

I step from the shadows, she sees me.

"What do you want? Why are you here?" she asks.

I say nothing; I just motion to her to join me. Will she come? She hesitates but comes up the steps to the entrance a questioning look on her face. She stops directly in front of me with her hands on her hips. Her attitude stiffens my resolve. I can do it.

"Well are you going to tell me or not?"

I place a finger over my lips as though there was someone who might overhear.

"Look I don't want to be seen with you either." she says as she moves further into the doorway.

She's in front of me now and I'm suddenly calm, soon it will be over. I can feel the knife in its sheath, a comfort to me. I must do it now, before she can turn.

The knife slips easily from its resting-place and in one motion I place my left hand over her mouth and pull her head back. With the right hand, I quickly shove the blade through her back; it meets no resistance slipping easily between her ribs. Then a quick twist in a clockwise direction severs the aorta; she struggles. Then as her heart vainly pumps the last of her blood into her left chest cavity, she dies.

Her body slumps against me, I remove the blade and wipe it clean on her coat and return it to its sheath. I let her body slump to the ground. At once, a feeling of elation comes over me; I've done it. The sense of power accompanies my elation. I am again calm, breathing normally, just as though nothing has happened.

But I must complete my task.

I pull her by her feet so that they face the street and her head the doorway. In the process, her skirt rides up exposing the bare flesh of her thighs above her stockings. I make sure that she is decently covered and then take a cloth from my pocket and cover her face with it.

I stand back to check the scene; yes it's perfect.

Almost no blood to be seen, the wound would be small; all the bleeding would be internal.

I'll get the book from my briefcase, the last piece. There's her backpack, Good. I'll put it with rest of her things.

I stand and double check that everything is in order and that no clues are left behind. Smiling I enjoy my continuing euphoria. Picking up my briefcase, I casually leave the scene; I can easily walk to the subway from the building.

* * *

Dave Harris picked up the call regarding a murder. As Chief of Detectives he would not ordinarily respond to such a call but considering that the location was on campus and so close to Queen's Park it seemed prudent to do so.

It was after midnight when he pulled onto King's College Circle and parked alongside the squad

cars already on the scene. He could see that the crime scene people had the area cordoned off, he headed towards the man he knew would be heading up the site investigation.

"Hi Terry. Got anything yet?"

"Not much boss. We'll need to run a postmortem to make sure of the details. A friend of one of the students here found the body. They were probably lookin' for a place to 'make out' and stumbled on the body.

"I reckon she's been dead about an hour or so but I need to confirm that. She's a female Caucasian approximately 30 years old. That's about all I have for you at the moment."

"Wait. There is one other thing, her face was covered by a cloth."

Harris moved in for a closer look at the victim.

"Very tidy, don't see any blood. What's that mark on the cloth on her face?"

"I dunno, some kind of hieroglyph I guess."

"She seems kind of old to be a student, don't you think Terry?"

"Could be taking extension courses, or maybe a member of the faculty."

"You got a name for her?"

"Driver's license says Ms. Lila Sobering."

"Thanks Terry. Who's in charge of the investigation?"

"Would you believe, your old buddy Tim Cassidy?"

Cassidy and Harris had been partners before Harris was promoted to Chief of Detectives. They had worked many cases together; he still counted him as one of his best friends.

Harris walked to the curb where he could see a group of plain-clothes officers were in deep discussion. The meeting broke up as Harris approached.

"What's up Tim?"

"Dave, Jeez, it's good to see you. What are you doin' out at this hour?"

"Old habits die hard I guess. When I heard how close this was to Queen's Park, I thought it might be worth a 'look see'."

"I know what you mean. I don't have much to tell you yet, doesn't look like either rape or robbery although we won't really know about the rape part until after the autopsy.

"I've sent officers to the address shown on her license, which may give us a bit more to go on. I've got them running her ID through our computer to see if anything comes up.

"Then tomorrow I'll see the university registrar and see what that turns up."

"Good. Thanks Tim, keep me posted will you?"

"You bet Dave."

"What do you make of that cloth over her face Tim?"

"Yeah, that's kind weird. I guess we have all seen victims with their faces covered.

"Some kind of psychological thing I guess. But I don't know what the symbol is or what it means. Do you think we might have some kinda weirdo on our hands?"

"Let's not jump to conclusions, I just wondered if you had ever seen it before."

* * *

I did it. There wasn't a hitch, not even a sound.

I wonder what the people on the subway would think if they knew who they were riding with? The sense of power, I feel invincible and I have only just begun. I need a drink. Scotch; yes Scotch that'll do it. A celebration, that's what I deserve. I can just imagine the police trying to figure this out, those Neanderthals. They will soon realize that they are up against a superior intellect. They are all so stupid.

I must wash my blade, although I can see no blood. See how it shines, Could it be that it has a life of it's own? No. No. I give it life