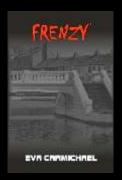
## **EXTRACT FROM FRENZY**



The old man died too quickly. Much too quickly.

He told me nothing. Instead he hurtled
towards me brandishing his walking stick.

One blow crashed down narrowly missing my shoulders.

He was definitely trying to kill me.

What I did then was in self-defence.

Surely you can see that?

It was him or me.

I must admit though, it did give me a thrill plunging the knife into his flesh, time after time.

I suppose gouging his eyes could be considered grotesque by some, but the adrenaline was pumping through my body by this time.

I couldn't stop myself.

Killing him was bliss.

Sheer bliss.