

## **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.**