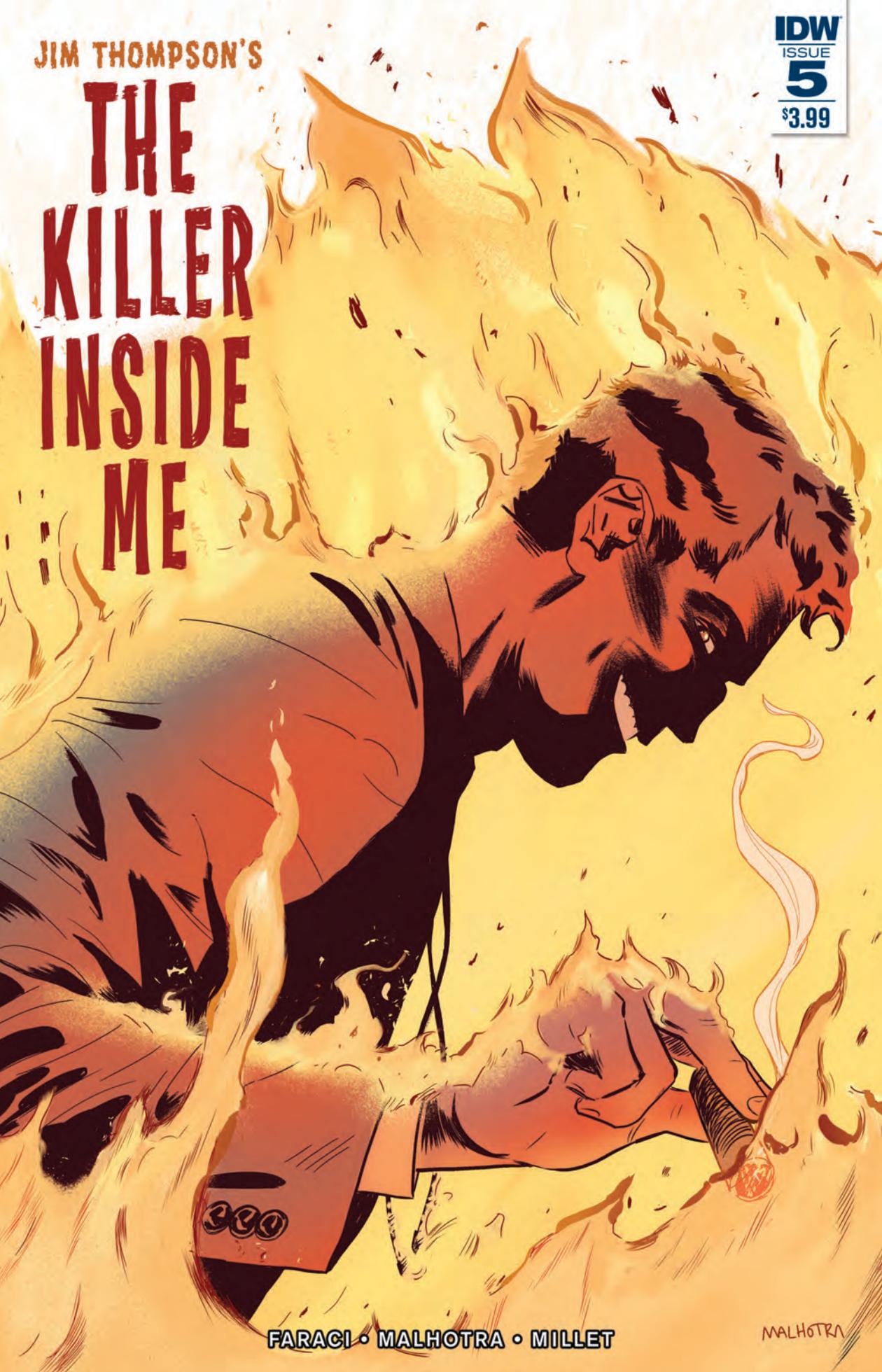


JIM THOMPSON'S

THE KILLER INSIDE ME

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JIM THOMPSON'S THE KILLER INSIDE ME

STORY SO FAR...

Lou Ford is a small-town sheriff's deputy who had a troubled childhood that formed a sickness deep within him. That sickness has bubbled to the surface once again, driving him to brutally murder Joyce Lakeland, Elmer Conway, Johnnie Pappas, and now Amy Stanton. Lou covered his tracks well, successfully clearing himself of any suspicion. Or so he thinks...

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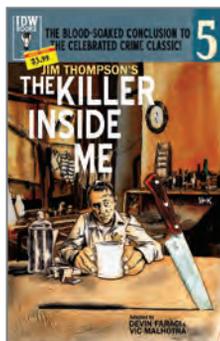
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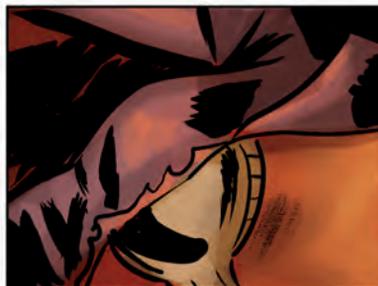
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I couldn't so much as move my finger for a minute. I was without a weapon.

I could have rolled over and hugged her, and we'd have been together like before.



Do you think he'd do it? Do you think he'd pick up that knife and use it, just a little thing like that, which shouldn't have been any trouble?



Oh hell no. All he could do was beat it, like they always did.



So I took off after the heartless bastard.



YEEEEEEEE!

MURDER!
STOP HIM!

HE KILLED
AMY STANTON!

Windows started banging up and doors slammed. People ran down off their porches.

YEEEEEE!

MUR-DER!!!

And then I heard a word.







I woke up a little after nine the next morning. I had been given a shot of morphine--

Why hadn't he used hyoscine like any damn fool should have?!

--and I woke up feeling like I had been on the mother of all benders.



I washed my face and combed my hair and went downstairs to find out the kitchen had been cleaned up while I was asleep.

Where were my friends? I shouldn't have been alone. I'd lost the girl I was going to marry.



That's why I was so all-fired glad to hear someone outside.

JEFF! HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN OUT HERE?

BEEN OUT HERE QUITE A SPELL.



WELL, COME ON INSIDE.

I LIKE IT OUT HERE. THE AIR SMELLS GOOD. SMELLS QUITE GOOD.



HAS... HASN'T THERE BEEN ANYONE ELSE?

TOLD 'EM YOU WASN'T UP TO IT, TOLD 'EM YOU WERE BROKEN UP ABOUT BOB MAPLES.

BOB?



SHOT HISSELF AROUND MIDNIGHT LAST NIGHT. PORE OL' BOB KILLED HISSELF... AND I RECKON HE HAD TO.

Joyce. Elmer. Johnnie Pappas. Amy. The bum. Bob Maples...

But he hadn't known anything! He couldn't have known, couldn't have had any real proof.

He'd jumped to conclusions, as they all had. Just because I had been around when a few people had been killed...



LOU, WE HAVE TO TALK. I'M NOT AT ALL SATISFIED, LAST NIGHT'S EVENTS... I DON'T LIKE THEM A BIT, LOU.

DON'T HARDLY SEE HOW YOU COULD LIKE 'EM, MR. HENDRICKS. I KNOW I SURE DON'T.



THIS ALLEGED ROBBER-RAPIST--WE KNOW HE WAS NOTHING OF THE KIND! HE WAS A PIPELINE WORKER.

AND HE HAD A POCKET FULL OF WAGES. HE WOULDN'T HAVE THE SLIGHTEST REASON TO BE IN THE HOUSE.



ARE YOU SAYING HE WASN'T HERE, HOWARD? THAT SEEMS MIGHTY EASY TO PROVE.

WELL, HE WASN'T PROWLING! THAT'S A CERTAINTY.

IF HE WASN'T PROWLING, WHAT WAS HE DOING?