One Hell Of a Gift

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Dreams can provide the answers ...

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I ripped the wolf's tongue out and it yelped. All the wolves disappeared and the grey sky became blue again. The man hit me hard across my cheek, causing me to stumble three feet back and into a dark hole which was like a neverending well.

My screaming woke me. The two separate dreams intertwined to form one crucial message: the name of my next victim. I showered and put on my sexiest underwear. Then I tracked down the man who had beaten his wife for three years and sexually assaulted two teeneage girls.

I met him in a hotel room, after he booked me. 'Hello sweetheart,' he said, rubbing his crotch. 'Do you have something for me?'

'Oh, yes,' I said, pulling the gun from my panties.

'Ooh, the sexy cop routine!' He laughed. 'Not going to cost me extra, is it?'

'Just your life,' I said, aiming the gun at his forehead.

'What?' He stepped back. His smile disappeared and he went soft. 'What's going on?'

I smiled. 'You've been a very bad boy, Wolf Manhole.' I pulled the trigger.

As soon as I got home, I went to bed. And within minutes, I was asleep, awaiting my next nightmare to show me the way.

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