



REVISED EDITION
NEW FOREWORD BY THE AUTHOR

Jack or Jill

PETER ANDREW SACCO



A serial killer roams the streets of the Honeymoon Capital of the world, Niagara Falls. The police are looking for an individual who resembles a haunting and familiar killer from the historical past--Jack the Ripper! Dr. Thaddeus Michael Thomas, a former criminal profiler turned professor, is brought in to profile the case. To catch the modern day Ripper, Thomas, along with two students and his former lover, must piece together the original killings.

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The initial spatters of blood illuminated the stainless steel blade like a hologram in the early morning hours.

As the weight of the penetration on the blade intensified, metal met flesh like a hot knife sliding into butter. spurts of blood intensified into a surging fountain as the jugular vein was severed. Mercifully, Kelly Reid's attacker relieved the pressure on the blade as her dying body poured to the ground into a growing pool of scarlet.

Thirty-one year old Reid worked in the sex trade industry since becoming a runaway at the age of fifteen. The streets had always proven mean to any prostitute, or as Reid liked to be called, escort, but tonight's surprise was definitely overkill in more ways than one. So many women working the streets get beaten and bruised. Some wind up dead. This wasn't supposed to happen to Reid. She had promised herself she would turn tricks for a few more weeks and then get into rehab. Her crystal-meth addiction was draining her. Who would have thought it would "literally" drain her on this evening?

Anyone naïve to the drug scene needs to recognize the demoralizing effects crack and crystal-meth have on the user. It renders them helpless. Only five uses and you're hooked! Your day revolves around a fresh hit to relieve the crashing depression. Like prostitution, Reid was wrong about this euphoric wonder drug. She couldn't quit anytime she wanted.

As the assailant buried the blade into her abdomen, quitting her drug habit was the only thing saturating Reid's mind. She wondered if this was like the near-death

experiences some of the other girls had told her about. Your whole life starts to flash before your eyes. Was it the most important thought that came to the surface? If so, then this was disturbing because her last vision was about getting stoned. Was this her mind's way of distracting her from the pain? The funny thing was she felt no pain. In fact, she could no longer feel her body. She wondered if the psychological reservoir of stored up dope was being released as some kind of mental anesthesia. If so, thank God for small miracles.

The blade was now being plunged methodically and repeatedly into her womb. Reid was conscious enough to recognize the one-second, two-second rhythmic sound as she felt the holes in her belly opening. At first she thought the warmth seeping down her thong was her hot, fresh blood. Just before expiring, she realized it wasn't her blood at all. The cavernous gouges created by the razor-sharp blade had allowed her guts to pour onto her belly and lower torso.

Reid's dead body floated atop the growing puddle of blood. Her dead eyes, wide open appeared to stare at her killer. Her eyes resonated a sense of both shock and peace. She would no longer have to give bargain basement blowjobs to get her next hit of dope. She would no longer have to endure the anal rapings she received from spurned johns. There would be no more twenty-four hour lock-ups and conditional releases. Reid was going to the place most hookers wind up; the missing and/or dead and forgotten file. Tonight Reid wound up in a place she promised herself she would never be. So much for broken promises and famous last words.

The killer took one last look at the body and lowered his blade. As the light caught the blade, it resembled a candy-apple red paint job starting to fade. The killer took a long look into the distance toward the end of the park. The sirens

of the fire truck sped off in the opposite direction along the highway. It was time to leave. The kill was complete. Overkill had momentarily satiated solidified anger and pent-up rage.



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