

The Arsonist

He burns because it excites him.

He burns because he likes the feeling he gets when he wraps his fingers around the bottleneck of a Molotov cocktail and tosses it into house or business of some poor, unsuspecting victim. It amuses him how fragile humans are, both their lives and the things they create, and how with the right supplies he can choose who lives and who dies or what stays and what goes.

He burns because he likes to see the yellow-orange flames lick at the wood and metal of buildings and to watch as the walls slowly cave inwards upon themselves. He loves to watch as the firefighters struggle to put out the fire, and inwardly gloats because he knows that even if they succeed that there will be irreparable damage. He knows that his actions tear families apart, but he finds it amusing. Sometimes he even attends the funerals of those who die in the fires he sets, just to taunt the memory of the deceased. When the families ask him his name and his relation to the person lying forever asleep in the casket, he looks away in mock sorrow and claims that he is an old friend. They nod before moving off again to someone they know, still distraught over their loss. He finds this amusing too.

He burns to fulfill his desire. He is not very popular amongst the ladies, but when he burns he feels alive. Fire is his mistress, and he follows her lead. He moves where she tells him, because he loves her, is captivated by her, and can never get enough of her. He needs her influence, her passion, her light, and he will do anything to receive it, even if it means tearing apart the lives of the rest of the world.

He burns to feel in control of something. Working everyday at his nine to five job isn't enough for him. Society tells him when to work, what to eat, how to look, what to do, how he should feel, and he doesn't like that. He doesn't feel in control of his own destiny, so to have control of somebody else's life gives him an indescribable rush. To him, there is no greater pleasure than watching someone else's life collapse from underneath his or her very feet.

He burns to feel alive. Nothing is more exciting or enjoyable to him than destroying that which is precious to someone else. Without it he feels cold, dead, and lifeless. When his mistress calls him to do her bidding it's as if the very flame he seeks to manipulate and control ignites an inner blaze in him that is better than any drug-induced high.

He burns because of the danger and thrill that accompanies it. Everyday as he walks past the police station and hears the detectives lamenting about the unknown arsonist, every time he reads a newspaper article featuring his deadly fires, and every one of his victims' funerals he attends gives him a little more confidence. Soon, it's as if he's walking on Cloud Nine, or as if he's untouchable. It's marvelous, and he loves the feeling.

When the police begin to close in on him, instead of surrendering himself to the American justice system he wraps himself in the comforting embrace of his mistress and allows her complete control. He's always believed in his philosophy of "Live by fire, die by fire" because he believes that no human is ever the same after being touched, whether directly or indirectly, by the flames of Hell.

Fire is his escape from the chains of morality.