

The Vindicator walks slowly past the house, seeing no one home, and the car at the curb. He glanced around quickly. He pulls the thin strip of metal from its hiding place down his pant leg and uses it to open the door. He then uses a screwdriver to pop the ignition and drives off.

Dominguez struts down the street toward his house, his girlfriend, upset because they are walking and not driving, marching angrily a few feet behind him. Dominguez is swigging beer from a brown paper bag. He has no worries. The cops can't touch him.

Dominguez hears the car before he sees it. He recognizes the thunderous exhaust and the slight squeal coming from the brakes. He recognized it as his own car. "What the..."

The Vindicator aims the Uzi out the open

passenger window and lets loose with a stream of nine-millimeter mangers. He smiles as he sees Dominguez's head explode in a mist of red, like an overly ripe watermelon. He barely hears the wailing screams of Dominguez's girlfriend as he accelerates and turns sharply at the next corner. A block away, he stashes the car and doubles back on foot to his own vehicle, still in the recreation center parking lot, where he left it.

He glides smoothly into traffic and heads toward home and a night of television and relaxation.

The story in this morning's San Garcia Dispatch barely merits notice to most, but since he is looking for it, sensing it will be there, he finds it easily.

*Juan Dominguez, 19, was killed yesterday in a drive by shooting. Dominguez's girlfriend, who wishes not to disclose her name, says the shooter was driving Dominguez's own car. His car was recovered three blocks from his home two hours later. There was no description obtained of the shooter and there is no motive at this time. According to police, the investigation of the crime scene revealed no usable evidence, other than the caliber and probable make of the weapon used. Further information will be provided*

*as it becomes available.*

The Vindicator smiles as he sets down the paper and heads out the door to work. Smiling, he turns around and heads back into his living room, deciding to give himself a few more minutes.

“Two down, and many more to go.” he thinks, “They need some way to know this is the work of one man. A man that is strong enough in his beliefs to provide justice in an unjust world.” He goes to his computer and composes a quick letter to the editor of the San Garcia Dispatch.

*This is the Vindicator speaking. I did what the courts and pigs failed to do correctly. I was not under the same constraints as they are. I was under only those constraints I chose to place on myself. I made Benson and Dominguez pay for their crimes. The pigs will never catch me. I am invincible. Benson and Dominguez were the first, but many more will come.*