

## Prologue

December 22, 1980 – Wyton, Ontario, Canada

Amongst the hustle and bustle during the Christmas season there stood one man who could not stomach it all. His name was Jacob Goldstein.

Jacob hated Christmas and all the hoopla surrounding the holiday. In fact, Jacob did not like people at all. He had no friends. He no longer associated with his family. He held a job that allowed him to work from home. It didn't pay much, but it allowed Jacob to live the lifestyle he chose to live.

Speaking of home, it was rare that Jacob left his. He was only out today because he needed some supplies. He normally avoided the general public as much as he could during the Christmas season, but these supplies could not wait. What were these supplies that Jacob needed so badly? Only Jacob knew, and he didn't intend for anyone else to know. Well, outside of whatever jackass that would be checking him out on this day.

As Jacob got closer to his destination, he began to sweat and shake a little. It was something his body would do when he got anxious and excited. He double-checked that he had his credit card on him. He would need it in order to pay for his items.

While his hand was down his pocket, Jacob bumped into a man looking for donations. You know the ones – the ones with the coin container and the Santa bell. Well this one had the nerve to be in Jacob's way on this very special day. "Asshole" he said, as he looked up.

"Ho, ho, ho...excuse me young man. Would you like to help support the..."

"What?" Jacob interrupted. "No. No I would not." Not only was this man collecting coins for whatever *needy* people they claimed the charity would go to, but this clown was actually dressed as Santa. That simply made Jacob's blood boil. However, it made Jacob's mission today seem more urgent.

"Please sir, I only ask for a dollar or two."

"Only a dollar or two? Sure, let me just reach into my pocket..." Instead of reaching into his pocket, Jacob reached down to grab near the base of the *money pole*. Just what the f### are those things called anyway? With one massive swing, Jacob smashed the pole against the nearby wall. Coins and bills of all sort scattered all over. Jacob grabbed a five dollar bill and stuffed it in Santa's mouth. "There's five for you. Take your Christmas and choke on it fatty."

Oh the look on Santa's face. It was the same look he anticipated once he had all his supplies and his mission was over. However, that mission could be delayed if he didn't high tail it away from this scene.

Jacob fled across the street to the blaring sound of horns. A nearby car had to slam on its brakes in order to avoid sending Jacob into the pavement. He looked back to see the driver flipping him the bird. Yeah, whatever f####er. Your life means nothing compared to the task at hand.

Jacob ducked into an alley to complete his escape. He would have to backtrack a bit, but at least he had the satisfaction of ruining one poor Christmas lover's soul – at least for one day. That feeling only whetted his appetite for more.

After an hour more of walking, Jacob discovered that he severely needed to take a piss. He walked into a local burger joint, simply called "The Big Burger". He supposed it was named

after “The Big Dipper”. Either way, he thought it was lame and the food was even worse. No matter, he was not here for the food.

He strolled into the John, slamming a kid into the wall as he did so.

“Hey!” the kid cried. “Watch where you’re going mister!”

“Yeah, why don’t you come in the stall with me and eat my s### as it [text removed] you little punk! Outta my way.” With that, he shoved the kid aside again – this time on purpose. Man did he hate other people. He especially couldn’t stand bratty kids.

Jacob walked over to the urinal, whipped out his penis, and drained his bladder. “Oh f### yeah. Just what I needed.” While there, he decided to s##### his manhood a little. You see, instead of being turned on by women, Jacob was turned on by what he most desired in life. And what he most desired just so happened to be part of his plan. He was thinking of his plan now, and all the devastation it would cause. That’s what turned him on. That’s why he was about to c##.

“Oh no you didn’t.”

“Huh?” Jacob turned his head to his right to see a chubby black guy staring at him in disbelief.

“You’re a sick motherf###er dude! Show some damn respect when you’re out in public.”

“Listen Fat Albert, why don’t you mind your own business. I’ll stroke my c### where and when I please. In fact, I even have a mind to shove my c### right down your throat right now, so you can taste the seeds of the man who will one day be remembered as the one who forever changed Christmas.”

“What the f### are you talking about? Dude, seriously chill. I’m outta here.”

With that, Fat Albert was gone. Also gone was Jacob’s e##### and the verge of c#####ing. Oh well, at least he had some sort of entertainment.

He walked over to the sink to wash his hands. No matter how dirty his mind was (or at least how dirty his mind was according to others), Jacob was obsessive about cleaning his hands. As he washed his hands, he began to stare into the mirror above.

Looking back at him was a man of 18 years. He was 6’2” and weighed about 160lbs. Some people thought he was too skinny, but he thought those people were too fat. In fact, he thought most people were too fat. Society was becoming too dependent on eating out, especially at fast food places – fast food places like the hole in the ground that he was currently in.

Observing himself some more, he noticed he had not shaven in a few days. He had a shorthaired goatee and mustache to begin with, but he was now supporting some extra stubble across the rest of his face. His hair was a deep dark brown color – almost black. It was shoulder length, thick and a little wavy.

Jacob slowly became mesmerized by his own stare. He began to think of the coming events. As he continued to stare into his deep blue, icy-like eyes, his thoughts were on the coming misery that he had planned for the masses in Wyton. Only two more days; two more days until Christmas would be forever changed in this Northern Ontario town of about 25,000 people.

You see, each year on Christmas Eve, the people of Wyton hold their own public festival to celebrate Christmas. In the middle of the town, out front of city hall, there stood an 80 foot Christmas tree. The people would gather around the tree and sing Christmas carols. Those who could not make it up close would still partake in the event. They would simply backfill the streets leading up to city hall. Others would fill the overlooking apartment buildings – some would even take to the rooftops.

No one really knows how far back this tradition goes. Some say that Christmas originated in Wyton itself – at least the modern day version of the holiday. Of course, those people are crazy. There are even a select few who think Santa Claus actually exists and resides in Wyton. Those people simply need to be locked up.

Jacob didn't really care who started this tradition, or when it began. He simply knew that it needed to be stopped. The fact that over 80% of the town took part in this tradition simply disgusted him. Christmas disgusted him. Perhaps it was the fact that Christians believe Jesus Christ is the savior of mankind, and that Christmas marks the birth of this so-called savior. As a Jew, he found this asinine. Everyone knows Jesus Christ was nothing more than a false prophet. Or perhaps it was this whole idea of a plump old man dressed in red handing out presents on Christmas Eve. Of course, most people realized this was not the truth. However, these same people lied to their kids and pretended Santa had paid them a visit overnight. He didn't care about the kids – they deserved to be lied to. F####ing little brats is all they are.

“He's in there officer.”

“Yes, mister police man, the man in there shoved me and told me to eat his p####. No, mister police man, I am not making things up.”

“And you say this man was pleasuring himself at the urinal?”

“Damn right he was. He was s#####ing himself right in front of my eyes! I could not believe that f####er had the nerve to manhandle his c### while I was peeing right beside him!”

“Hey! Watch your mouth around my child.”

“Sorry ma'am, I'm just telling it like I saw it.”

“Ok, sir, miss, please back away. This could get ugly.”

Jacob finally snapped out of his dazed state. He quickly became aware of the situation. The bratty kid and Fat Albert had ratted on him. He knew he should have f####ed them both up. Oh well, time for a new plan.

He surveyed the room and noticed a tiny window up top of the stalls. It would seem his skinniness would pay off. F#### you fat people.

Thirty seconds later, the policeman outside the washroom door entered. He looked around and checked all the stalls. “There's no one in here.”

Fat Albert came in and checked for himself. “He was in here. Ain't no way he left. I had my eyes on the bathroom door the entire time.”

“Well he's not here now. I don't see how he could have gotten out without going through the door.” The policeman looked at both Fat Albert and the young boy. “I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll have both of you describe this fella. Separately.”

After another escape from trouble he had caused, Jacob decided he had to put his full focus on getting the supplies he needed. It was getting late in the afternoon. As it was a Monday, most stores closed at six. He knew it must be getting close to that time. If he were to guess, he'd say it was around five. Luckily, he was only 5 minutes away from his destination.

As he approached the front doors to “Surplus Tire & Hardware”, another moron asking for donations bothered him. Not again.

“Excuse me kind sir. Would you like to support the Centre for Homeless Children during this glorious Christmas season?”

Jacob tried to ignore the man and enter the store. It was useless. The bothersome individual grabbed his arm and pulled him in close to him.

“Please, *sir*.” The man pulled Jacob as close to him as possible. “I KNOW you want to support our children. I KNOW who you are and what you plan to do.”

“What? How?” asked Jacob.

“The Lord knows all. I am the Lord Jesus Christ in the flesh reborn. I am here to bless all the needy children in this world. I know you want to help too.”

What the f###? This guy was simply crazy. For a second there, Jacob had thought this man really did know who he was and what he intended to do. Instead, this annoying f### was simply a lunatic. He pushed him aside and entered the store.

Upon entering, Jacob observed the clock above customer service. It was 5:20pm. He still had plenty of time, but he could not afford to waste any of it. He knew what he needed, so it wouldn't be much of a problem. Of course, when you didn't have time to waste, it was usually wasted for you.

“Welcome to Surplus Tire & Hardware. Could I interest you in signing up for our discount card on this fine day?”

Jacob looked to his left and saw a buck-toothed, four-eyed, freaky looking girl gawking back at him. She held a clipboard in her hands that surely supported some lengthy application form for him to fill out. He simply shook his head, more in disgust than giving an answer.

“But sir, you can save 10% on your purchases today. Not only that, but you will be entered into a draw to win a \$2000 shopping spree, good only here at the one and only Surplus Tire & Hardware.”

Jacob now noticed that not only was this bitch ugly, but she also had an annoying voice. It reminded him of the Chipmunks. “Sorry, but no” he replied.

“But sir, did I also mention that you also earn points with each purchase that you use our card. Did I?”

“No, no you did not. But I don't care either.”

“But sir, I'm also authorized to give you a free gift today. You can choose between this handy pocket calculator, or this gold plated pen.” The annoying girl stood there like a game show hostess holding the two prizes. She displayed one of the goofiest looking smiles you ever dared witness, made worse by her enormous buckteeth. Her glasses reflected the light coming from the overhead fluorescent lights. It was almost cartoonish. In fact, it reminded him of some old Mickey Mouse cartoons – or at least something from an ancient black and white toon. Whatever it be, it be ugly.

When Jacob finally realized that she was not going to give up that pose anytime soon, he gave her another reply. “Look, I have no use for a pocket calculator. I could make use of that pen, though you wouldn't want me to.”

“And why is that sir?”

“Because I'd ram it down your throat, so I didn't have to listen to your squeaky voice ever again. I'm sure all the people who have to hear you each day would thank me as well.”

The sales girl stood there in disbelief. Jacob wasn't sure if she was going to scream at him or cry. Instead, she did neither. To his amazement, she kept trying to make the sale. “All right sir, you can have both the pen and the calculator. You can also have this coupon for an extra 25% off. Use that with the 10% you save with your first purchase using the card, and you save an amazing 35% off. That is unheard of.”

Stunned, Jacob simply had nothing to say. He looked at the clock again. Damn, it was now 5:30. This beaver bitch had wasted ten minutes of his time. He had every right to kill her on

the spot. For a split second, he gave that thought serious consideration. When he looked back to the girl, he noticed she had that same goofy smile on her face. “For f###sakes...sign me up.”

Another ten minutes wasted and Jacob was finally on his way. He would seriously have to hurry now. He grabbed a hand basket from the stockpile near the checkouts and made his way to the hardware section.

There were three things he required most: rope, a blowtorch, and some hair spray. He obtained the first two items from the hardware section. While on his way to the hair care section (despite being called “Surplus Tire & Hardware”, the store also doubled as a department store), he spotted a nifty looking survival knife in sporting goods. Instead of throwing it into the basket, he tucked it into his inside coat pocket.

“Attention customers, Surplus Tire & Hardware will be closing in ten minutes. Please bring your items to the front checkouts for purchase. Just a reminder, we will be open at 8am tomorrow morning for your shopping convenience. Thank you for your patronage.”

Damn it. Jacob had originally wanted some dirty magazines to go along with his other purchases. Nothing better than a self employed hand f### in the evening before bed. Well, short of the real thing anyway. Of course, he also hated people, so he'd rather have one of those fancy dolls that he'd seen advertised in the pages of his favorite skank mag. On the other hand, a good hate f### could also suit his needs. Come to think of it, he'd love to dress up that bucked bitch in a sexy Santa suit and give her the business right where she deserved it. He fantasized how he'd ram his [text removed]. Then he'd take the survival knife he was about to steal and stab her in the back of the neck. He'd turn her over and pound her mouth while her paralyzing body gave way to the afterlife. Oh, the look on her eyes, he imagined.

“Shoppers, you now have five minutes to complete your purchases. Please hurry to our checkouts as soon as possible. Again, we remind you that we open at 8am tomorrow morning.”

Now at full attention, in more ways than one, Jacob hurried to the hair care section. He grabbed several bottles of the largest sized hair spray he could find. This should do him nicely. He rushed to the checkouts only to find severely long lines. Just his luck.

“Excuse me sir, I can take you over here.”

Ah, the express checkout. Surprised that no one else was in this line, Jacob hurried his ass over to the blonde bombshell behind the cash register. She rang up his items to a grand total of \$21.65. Jacob pulled out his credit card and slapped it on the counter.

As blondie processed his card, Jacob noticed for the first time that the store was playing Christmas music. Not surprising for this time of year, but he had not realized the atrocity until now. Perhaps they were playing them louder now that it was checkout time.

“We wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year...”

“Yeah, I wish you a f###ing horrible death.”

“Excuse me?”

Jacob realized he had spoken out loud and the beauty queen had heard. “Sorry, I was just singing a song in my head and I guess I was so into it that I sung it out loud.”

“Uh, well, it sounds interesting.”

“Yeah. It's from the latest Slashed Veins album.” At least Jacob told some bit of truth. Slashed Veins was a metal band out of Quebec. In fact, they were pioneers of a form of heavy metal that would come to be known as death metal. He had discovered them while in Quebec to take care of some business for his employer. True, he normally worked out of home. However,

sometimes he was required to travel to earn his keep. He hated that aspect of his job, but it wasn't often he was required to do it.

"Slashed Veins? Never heard of them. I'm sure I don't want to hear them either."

"Probably not. I don't think you could handle them. Now, is my purchase done so I can get the hell out of here?" The Christmas music was now getting to him. He knew he couldn't tolerate it much longer.

"Sure thing Mr. Goldstein. Here's your card."

"What did you just call me?"

"Mr. Goldstein. That's your name, isn't it?"

"The name is Goldsteen! Not *stine*, *STEEN!*" The one thing Jacob couldn't stand more than all, was the mispronunciation of his last name. It triggered the deepest, darkest anger within him. Topple it off with the annoying Christmas trash playing from the tinny overhead speakers, Jacob was seriously about to lose it. All the pent up imagined violence and rape throughout this very day was about to spill over into reality.

"Sorry, Mr. GoldSTEEN, here is your card. Now you go and have yourself a Merry little Christmas."

"Christmas? CHRISTMAS?! You f####ed up Barbie doll princess! Take your Christmas red and green and die!" In an instant, Jacob had produced the green survival knife from his interior coat pocket. With the precision that a silent assassin would admire, Jacob had given the blonde cashier her final smile. Her neck bled from the clean cut from the blade. Her face only expressed one thing, "why?" From behind him, Jacob could hear the remaining customers and employers gasp and scream.

After glancing towards the crowd, he looked back at his handy work. With his madness spiraling deeper, Jacob could not leave the girl be. As she fell towards him, he snatched her blonde locks, sliced again with his knife, and severed her head cleanly from her body.

He turned back to the shocked crowd, proudly displaying the head of the cashier. Some screamed. Some gasped. Some tried to flee. Others stood there puking their lunches all over the place. Jacob simply grinned. What was this feeling that was coming over him? And why had he not done this sooner? He had originally planned on burning down the Christmas tree at city hall. This was so much better.

"You people want a Christmas gift? You want something to celebrate? Well celebrate the power of Jacob Goldstein." And with that, true evil was born. He quickly tossed the head into the crowd, the remaining blood splattering across faces and clothes. From the basket, Jacob produced a can of hair spray and the blowtorch. In a matter of seconds, the deed was done. With great speed Jacob had turned his blowtorch and hairspray bottles into a makeshift flamethrower. Dozens of people were burned alive. Some weren't so lucky. Somehow, someway, not one person made it out of that store, at least not the way they had come in. The massacre would not only become Wyton's worst ever, but it would also be one of the worst in Canada's history. Jacob would be caught, arrested and sentenced to multiple counts of life in prison, but few would know where he ended up.