The Exterminators

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A plot against Peter?

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1 - The Exterminator

Know all, see all, tell all. The values of a rat. My exterminators are off on holiday, so what am I to do with this pesky varment living in my walls? I can not kill him and dare to allow the police into my home. I can not pawn him off on another for fear he shall give way my secrets. Torture would work but not well enough, for torture leads to death by ones own hands. I could wait, for my exterminators, allowing the rat to roam free; to eat my good linen; to feast upon my china. But alas! I am impatient! What shall I do, what shall I do?!? I know! Lock him in the cellar, bound and gaged, reacquaint him with his brethren. The lowly wine drinkers and belly scrubbers will come knocking for him, but only I shall know that her lay with the rats of my cellar. Oh the cellar. What a lovely cellar it is. Many a man have passed through. Few having returned. My exterminators (where are those devils?) love the cellar as much as I. A perfect home for a less than perfect rodent. A pest is he, telling all that care to hear. I fear he will fall into the hands of mine enemies. What horror will be brought upon us then! The conniving fool, I shall have his ears filled with worms, his tongue sliced out and his eyes gouged with a spoon. Should I wait of my exterminators? No, what harm would a little pain do to my lovely pet? Ah, but then he would not be able to see as the varment's run along his legs, would not be able to scream as they picked apart his skin. What to do, what to do?! The maid? Could I conspire with her? Would she dare touch another man not her own? I could have her prep the stage, bring out the props. Put the actors on point. But would she do it? Unknowingly she might but would that be enough? Damn them all then! She cannot help. She is as useless as the rat! Ha, I shall have her exterminated too, the little roach, just as soon as my exterminators come back, from holiday mind you.