

The letter.

by Adam Sifre

I am useless. A freak. Different. They all hate me now. All except you, of course. You will never leave me. Never. I'd kill them all if I could. Every single one. But twenty-four, that's a lot even for me. I'm so sick of the cliques; the special groups and hastily strung together parties, always without me. But you. You are always here and yet ... and yet I know in my heart that you are one of them.

Do you laugh about me with your friends when I'm not there? Never there. Another poser? Do I need to extend my list by one?

No. I think not. I think I will just tighten the leash a bit, and keep you close. At my heels. Because perhaps twenty-four is not so large a number after all. And when it is done, when it is all done, I will need a friend. You.

And then the world will know me. Know us. Fear us. And we will be gods.

But for now, we'll wait and bide our time.

Just Q, with you at my side. Always at my side.

