

The Time of His Death

by Dean West

...if something happened to you so horrible that you no longer felt like living, would it have been better if you had died at birth? Okay, that's probably too early. No reason to act in haste. Maybe you should die when you're eighteen years old, just before you married that disease who still calls herself your wife but stopped fulfilling her matrimonial duties the day you suggested something kinky. Or, maybe a better time is before you turned thirty and met Pamela, the whore who called herself your girlfriend but everyone else knew her only as the whore who dated Jimmy but refused to do kinky.

Anyway, something horrible is going to happen and it's better I not be around. But, for reasons entirely beyond my control, I am.

Jimmy typed, *sincerely, your love always, Jimmy K. Ruger* and hit send. He leaned back in his chair and years of tension melted away like ice cubes in a glass of thirty year old Scotch. Now, whatever happened, he had told her about his concerns. He trusted her to understand.

On the other side of the world, Shirley read the email before Jimmy had a chance to light his last cigarette of the night, bring the dog in, or take his blood pressure medicine. She wondered what he meant by kinky but replied anyway.

Good night, my prince. Sleep tight and don't let the bed bugs bite.

