

Illumination, with grace

by kate gillespie

Jerry peered out into the dark landscape with no fear left.

The car had finally given up the struggle, the last series of hills knocking the fight out of the engine.

Even his meticulous skill could not coax it back to life.

An emergency flair went off like fireworks, the emptiness was filled for only a few moments. The cell phone made no answer.

Jerry settled in to await and finally dozed off, his fingers locked on the gun cradled in his lap.

Slowly dawn approached, and in the early light he could feel the change.

The teeth marks on his arm had oozed over, the poison spreading.

As Jerry's slight frame began shuddering from head to foot, he knew there was only one course left to him.

Calmly he drew a cross in the air and wordlessly asked for forgiveness.

The image of the Madonna taped to the dashboard inclined her head and smiled.

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