

Deadly duel: Blow v. Teach

by Mathew Paust

"Hello! Mr. Mundaigh? It's your attorney Joe Stone. Hello!" He cupped his hand around an ear turned to the door, but heard no sound through the wood panels. Several arguing crows in a nearby tree, and a distant dog's sporadic barking comprised the outside audibles, but nothing from inside the house. Waiting to be certain before trying again, it occurred to him there were no other cars on the short lane leading to the turnaround circle in front where Mundaigh had parked. This might mean Mundaigh hadn't gotten home yet, as there didn't appear to be anywhere else nearby where he'd be apt to park. The yard wrapped around the rear of the house, but Blow saw no tire tracks in the soggy soil. He decided to wait awhile in his truck. He was starting to turn around when the door rattled open.

The face looking out at him had a disembodied effect. This was partly a result of the series of shocking recognitions the face instilled in him, starting with the certainty it did not belong to the man he'd come to see. Next were the darkneses. The room behind the face was dark, and darkness seemed to surround it, leaving only the face to reflect expiring sunlight. Most unsettling was the darkness in the eyes. Carbon irises joined with their pupils promising a nonrefusable respite from the surrounding aggressive globes of white. The contrast created a tension that both taunted and assured: escape from the glare via dual passages to oblivion. The eyes were cunning and treacherous. They held deeply rooted violence in check with a predator's amusement. Transfixed, Blow felt the hairs on the back of his neck flare in alarm and cold drops of sweat trickle from his armpits. He feared his throat had gone dry, but he had to speak. It came out a barely audible rasp.

"Teach."

[Read the whole chapter: <https://mdpaust.blogspot.com/2017/04/deaths-honesty-27.html>]

