

Impressionist Modern

by Michael J. Solender

I'd never seen a dead person before, let alone one that was living just seconds earlier. My point blank shot to his face sprayed his beloved Picasso with bits of cranial bone and brains. The end result offered an unplanned, but pleasing outcome.

I was trying to determine how I'd tell Myra that I was not likely to make it for the weekend. I called her making up crap about deadlines and how the project was flailing. Sighing, she understood and made me promise I'd be at her opening.

"Of course I will, Sweetie," I lied.

I hung up and called the cops.

