

The Quiet-Minded One

by Smiley McGrouchpants, Jr-Esq-III

Sometimes, when it's quiet, I can remember what my life was like before moving to Cedar Springs.

Sometimes.

Mostly, though . . .

Wait, what *was* it?

Bloody.

Real bloody.

You wouldn't want to hear about *that*, though . . .

Oh, wait — loosen the ropes, you say?

Sorry.

Can't do that.

What's that?

They *hurt*?

Well, terribly sorry and all but . . . isn't that supposed to be the point?

Don't worry about it.

It won't be long now.

He'll be back, and . . .

Oh, quit yer cryin'.

You *knew* it'd come to this, didn't ya?

Behave . . . and maybe it'll go better for you.

Say — what'd'ya try to pull that crap for, anyway?

Running away like that . . .

Look, I know he's your brother, and all, but you shouldn't have tried to protect him.

Believe me, we're all better off now he's dead.

He never *told* you, did he?

Wait — you knew?

You *knew*, didn't you?

Don't try to lie — no point in that now.

Well, just as well.

You'll get what's coming to you, too.
Up — here he comes.
That must be his truck rattling up the driveway.
Shit — it's the POLICE!
Stay down — stay down.
I don't *care* that you're tied to the chair!
Duck your *head*, or somethin'!
I ain't comin' out of the house, let alone with my hands up .

..

Shut UP!
Damn it.
Damn it . . .
Damn it!
Shut UP!
You yell one more time — shut *UP!*
Shit — did I just — did I just . . .
Is that *my* blood?
Why is the window broken?
I feel dizzy . . . I feel dizz . . I fe—
(*clunk*)

THE END

