

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

