

The Bond Trader Goes Hunting

by stephen hastings-king

The Bond Trader begins his morning with coffee and a hit of LSD. He finishes his immaculate Saville Row suit with a six-point linen handkerchief. He buffs his soft leather shoes until the surface reflectivity begins to disturb.

Jaunty and well-appointed, he strides to the den and takes a gun off the wall. He picks some shells out of a desk drawer.

He is now hunting pheasant with a shotgun in his driveway. He is a crack shot. Everything that is or becomes pheasant he hits. Then he laughs and laughs. For a while there will be no stopping him.

His explosive peregrinations bring him into the garden. He sees the gardener face-down among the roses. The Bond Trader cracks the gun, walks over to prone body and taps him on the head. When the gardener looks up, the Bond Trader says: "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to scare you." He flashes a winning smile.

With a spring in his step, he is moving through the garden. From the ground, the gardener watches him disappear.

