

The Glove

“What is that smell...”

Awake now. Strangely awake.

He lay atop the bodies of 14 dead humans. Fourteen dead souls, some months deceased. They had been placed as a sleeping arrangement. The product of a sick sick mind. And here he lay. Atop this gruesome truth. Here he lay and, for a moment, wondered and screamed.

And then it occurred to him, it was he that had caused this carnage. It was he that, in a sleep, had gathered them all here. *He* had spent the hours caressing bloody stumps, *he* had arranged the leathery hides of humans to comfort his back after murder. *He* had done these things. But here, at this moment, he felt no regret. Instead, a sudden burst of elation struck his core.

“This is a moment of clarity! I have come to after months...*years* of not being here.” He began to laugh.

And then he saw what was the key to his triumph. Beside him, The Glove. He took in a deep breath of rotten air and gracefully touched the palm of the object. Gradually, and with a flair of grandeur, he grasped The Glove, quickly drew it to his crotch.

“Oh, what have I achieved? I threw them all away. All the laws and rules and constraints. I have succeeded! I have Won! I conquered those sheep, those pathetic runts. I found the way to dominate them all!”

“Oh my blessed thing. You are the great key. You are my solace and my savior. You have shown me the way. What can I ever do...you want to go out?”

“This moment! Oh, if only history could record this lost time. If only I could tell what joy it really is, to be here, at this moment; alive. No one will ever know the happiness I have brought to myself. They will call me a tyrant. Let them, my dear. They can never understand. They’ll never know what it is to have you. Blessed thing.”

“I know, I dawdle. This is a time for celebration! A new head rest. A little thing. A boy. Or a girl! No need to waste.”

And suddenly he was flooded with sadness. This was the last time he would ever enjoy his work. This was the last time he would know he was happy. But he knew he had to carry on. He had succeeded at his most important endeavor and he had to improve. So he gave a last loving look at The Glove, grabbed it with his left hand and put it on.

“Let’s go out.”