A Man Called Peter

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A MAN CALLED PETER

In the early morning hours, while the goblins still flew and the moon was bewitching, there came a sound which struck the night like a bolt from above. In the aftermath a man lies in his own eternal fountain of blood. Time stands still.

The night being New Year’s Eve, there was to be celebration. The Christmas holidays were almost at an end, and a man called Peter in his home did celebrate the coming New Year with moderate enthusiasm. The night was warm for so late in the year, and the windows and doors were open to drive out bad air. As Peter sat with glass in hand, the shadow did approach. Driven by hatred or the full moon, no man can safely say, but the shadow came, his evil will to accomplish.

The various voices of people ran wild with the story, “Peter Commits Suicide.” The shot heard around the world is naught to compare with the shock felt around the nation. People’s spirits drooped, but there was no need; what was done was done.

I sit here now remembering that fateful night as if it were last night. You see, I was there only minutes before the final shot and many a time since have I wished the bullet had chosen me to lodge in.

Outwardly people say I look great; inwardly, though, I am dying bit by bit. Grief grows like a cancer engulfing my soul. There are times now when I foresee myself in a strait jacket, having to be bound to be considered safe even in the utopian world of insanity.

When finally I reach the blessed world of insanity, I can once again sigh a sigh of deep relief for I will never have to look back into the former self and be forced to remember that I shot and killed a man called Peter.

Kathy Lindsey