

A Quick Write-up of Pain

Günthner

Winter 2024

We all carry our demons within. Also we all carry our angels within. But it is our responsibility to listen only to the angels.

The door open as I enter our apartment. It was cold outside and I am glad to be back in the warmth with the woman I love. We have only been together for a couple of months, but it was love on first sight and we have been living together ever since. Of course it wasn't all easy, but we have always been able to get through it all. So far this day has been absolutely lovely, getting up in the morning next to her, then, going through our daily routine together: Her writing all day and me cleaning the mess we made during the week. Before I went to get some cheese for us we—of course—coo'd at each other like the lovebirds we are. Now she is in front of me. Dead.

"I had to do it."—he said—"I couldn't let you take her from me." This man in front of me is a "friend" of hers. At least that is what she always insisted on.