

The Banal Pleas

Written by Hasan Abir

Both feet sank in, cloaked in the ground. The coolness of the mud sent signals of tranquility. But the encompassing transformation of liquid mud to solid concrete brought panic. Only a few steps away from what looked like a barn. Shade in the shed. At its center, plenty of figures moved about in plenty of limbs, obscured by the bloom of the sun. Warm hearts. In eagerness to inch closer to the warmth, a leg plopped a step, then the other. Open shed gates, two feet away, suddenly closed with chains on approach. Not a thing to have done about that. But from there, it was clear that the moving figures were goats. Speckled with whites, the black and brown mammals could only wander so far before being pulled back by the pole they were tied to. Felt a sudden clench on the floor. Surrounded, it was only concrete then. No way of escape to consider. Then, from one of the corners of the barn, the silhouette of a manly stranger, heavy in his presence with a freshly sharpened machete, entered with pulsating, boiling blood. Vigorous too, as told by his wicked stomps. He walked towards the gullible beings with all his attention. And the goats remained unchanged for the most part until the man placed his feet right against theirs. Frenzying them more, he raised his blade aloft slowly with patience, along with taking a deep breath, which he let out, likewise, with the slow descent of his weapon.

—Quick! Heart can't contain seeing all this happen! Turn around, shut your eyes, and sit on the ground, words that never came to mouth but were orderly followed.

Oh, those wailing! What a miserable way of going out! The sounds of squishy meat split by the sharp edges only brought squeamishness. Then, one after another, age-old memories revealed themselves, just like the passing train, the falling rain. All very faint. Following, wrathful visions of the unsought came, leaving to linger a great taint.

*...The rest of this story should be published elsewhere
(This note is not part of the story)*