

Edewlogics

*Ade Ronke*

Authors Notes

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## **Resurgence**

A hard blow filters in the wind as tears may taste on my skin—an energetic waste of time and effort. The air blew through the open window harshly, echoing against the blinds harmoniously—a strange phonic relief for the moment. And the stillness in my wooden seat was yet restrained, focused in the moment that seemed fleeting, heavy.

I lit the flames of the Dunhill international, a birthday gift from the cheating girlfriend who had gone missing six months earlier. Sad thing there wasn't a trace of her to be found by the detectives. I missed her, despite the wayward ways that could have been the reason there wasn't a trace of her to be found. She had asked too many questions in the beginning. I had given too few answers, showered her with love, affection and gifts. Her attention had been arrested by another, a younger more attractive man. I had grappled with the supposition her infidel instincts were survivable. They weren't.

I drew into the Dunhill and felt the relieving sensation of my nicotine addiction, one I had tried too often to overcome but had failed time over time. The Dunhill was for special occasions as the night was. There was the pain of her betrayal to relieve. The pain had grown slowly, crawling on me, downing, dawning, daunting over the happiness that was known

between us. Until it turned to sadness, one I sought to rid before she disappeared without a trace, never to be alive again.

And for a while I had forgotten about her, hadn't found anyone like her, any semblance or reminder of her until the coffeehouse breakthrough which seemed to have resurrected someone from some fated death, reformed some tasteless ashed residue from its deterministic purgatory. It was shocking. A carbon copy?

I had stalked her without encountering much of a life, much of an interesting life. She was unlike her, the one that got away without a trace, the one I lost. What was I to do with that but indulge in worthless self-pity? It was depressing until she met with the man. A younger man than myself, a reminder of the one I lost.

I drew deeply on the Dunhill without much of a relief. The pain had flooded back as if it had never left. I carried it for a while before seeking relief. I had debated it merely briefly. The resurgence of dead pain was to be conquered by all possible means. The relief was inevitable.

I caressed the crest of the assembly, the upper curvature of the telescope in front of me but decided on infrared thermal vision binoculars. I stood almost instantly, drawing another puff from the Dunhill as the sexual intercourse between the man and the woman commenced in the bedroom. My timing was impeccable and the relief was going to be episodic. One to remember for a while. The sniper rifle in the assembly had been the Barrett M95 before I reverted back to the Barrett M82 semi-automatic for the occasion. It was more versatile, lighter, softer for my hold, a reminder of the pain that got away without a trace.

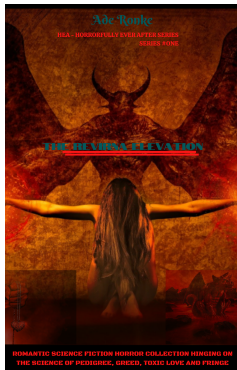
I allowed for the climatic event, watched until there was stillness before emptying three bullets into the room. The first pieced his head as he raised it to get off the woman. The woman hardly had a moment to react when the second entered her head sideways. Her head fell next to his. The third was a through for both heads.

I exhaled and took my seat with satisfaction, taking in another puff of the Dunhill. The relief was instant. I unpacked the assembly into my carriage and on my way out stepped over the body of the middle aged man in apartment #69, a necessary collateral damage.

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