

Amanda Jorgensen

The man sobbed, dry, fear-soaked wails that echoed in the small place. His beard was stale, and liquid dripped off his chin. He reeked of beer, an acrid dankness about him. His eyes were empty, staring off into space with a hollowness that followed only extremely life-changing events. His clothes had food stains etched into their fading fabrics, and the knees of his jeans were worn out. His hands were shaking, no, his entire body was vibrating with emotion barely kept in check. The face was screwed up in anger, hatred. The pocket knife in his hand was pumping over and over, a frantic motion fuelled by his anger. He slammed it down again and again, leaning over to reach his target.

To his immediate right was a woman. Her body was twisted in the bucket seat, mangled and bloody. Her face was frozen in terror, and blood clotted too late on her neck. In the back seat were two children, less bloody but still mangled: both dead. They were slumped over on the grey seat covers, a delicate black and blue hand rested on duct tape patches. The tangy reek of blood and garbage was thick in the vehicle, and the remains of a last snack littered on the floor.

The man sobbed harder and the water being sucked into the vehicle overtook his voice. He pumped frantically at the small hole in the windshield, the pocket knife useless against the glass. The hole wasn't large enough for a human body to slip through, but it was the right size for the biting cold water to enter and gnaw on numb, dead limbs. The man's limbs were numb as well, from the cold or from the wounds he did not know. But this mattered little to him now. Slowly and aching smoothly the rust-ridden Le Mans sunk into the lake. Its shabby bumper and chipped, tarnished tail-lights vanished beneath the surface. The crystal crust of the water was smooth and delicate, telling nothing of the lives it had engulfed. The only evidence was a trail of battered trees and assaulted bushes, all flattened and weeping.