

Life is Short

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He violently pulled her closer to him. They say you can't smell fear, but he was close enough now to dispute that. He could smell the salty, thick, smell that could only be best described of as fear, and it was emanating from her. He was close enough, that he could lick the beads of sweat that were on her forehead by opening his mouth, or, gently kiss her on the quivering lips if he so desired. He looked into her chocolate brown dilated darting eyes, as she frantically looked for a way out, an escape from this situation, an escape from this man. He could feel the panicked, quick, hot breaths of her on his chest, and see the goose bumps, and raised hairs on her neck, from the "fight or flight" syndrome that most people in this situation would experience.

He roughly grabbed her by the neck with one hand, shoving her head into the wall behind her. His fingers dug into the soft muscle of her neck, causing her eyes to widen, her fear becoming a panic cry for help, although, now she could no longer speak. His digging fingers found and rested on her wind pipe, slowly applying firm and strong pressure to it. He could feel the frantic beating of her heart as her jugular vein rested beside his groping fingers.

And then it happens. He hits the nirvana of serial killers. The moment when their victim knows that all hope for escape is lost, and the only thing separating them from life and death lies, quite literally, in the hands of their attacker. It is in this moment that they are the closest, and in tune with each other, than they can ever be. Being close enough to smell the fear, look into her moist eyes full of despair, touch her beautiful neck, and feel the quick beating of her heart. The closeness, and intimacy that they had achieved in three minutes, would take two lovers a lifetime to achieve. To get to the point where you could lie close to your partner, close enough to smell them, caress her soft neck, feel the gentle beating of her heart, and look longingly into her eyes and know where the two of you stand, understand your hopes and desires, and visions for the future.

Her vision, hope, and desire right now was to live for one more day, to do everything that she ever wanted to do, but hadn't, to experience living life to the fullest, a term often said, but least understood and implemented, and to savor each new breath every day that maintains life. When death comes knocking on the door, people are never ready, never expecting it, and it always comes as a surprise. It especially comes as a surprise, if death comes, grabs you by the neck, and stares you in the eyes.

He tightens his grip around her neck. The only noise that she can make is a pathetic gurgle of her last breath escaping from her lungs. Her pale pink skin is now starting to turn a sickening blue purple gray. The tense fighting of her body slows down and stops. The strength in her legs weakens, and she slowly slides down the wall as the hand that supports her around the neck allows her to collapse to the floor. The sparkle of life in her eyes fades, and is replaced by the dull look of emptiness. As he feels her heart laboriously beat for its very last time, he gradually releases his grip, leaving dark purple bruises in the impression of his hand.

He steps back closes his eyes, and takes a deep breath. The whole intimate experience has affected him deeply. For a brief three minutes he came closer to this woman than anyone else had in her life. In three minutes the hopes, dreams, and desires of all humans gets distilled into a single want. A want to survive, a want to live for one more day, a want to never die. Here, in his hands, he was able to have a pure religious experience

watching the bareness of her naked soul on display in front of his eyes. Although only God has the ability to see the true soul of a person, he was close enough for all intensive purposes.

Taking a step back, and after a quick survey of the area around him for witnesses of this religious experience, and finding none, he quietly hurries off like a thief in the night, a thief of lives.