

A Crime Story by Evelyne Marie

She took him captive. The body lay shuddering lightly on a slab. His appendages lifted sporadically but weakly. The eyes bulged, seemingly in appeal. She noted a focused attention in spite of his physical decline. There was apathy.

She bent lower upon his body to make eye contact. He was helpless and weak but still alive and waiting; the stillness was palpable, between them a communion. The eyes held her in a hypnotic state, she the dominant one, towering above a speechless slighter suppliant. He lay there abdomen upwards with his face towards hers.

The arms were motionless. The hand ends were fingers tied together. They had given her a valiant fight, strong and claw-like, ready for the kill. She untied the ropes.

Unbound, they started an opening and closing motion. A threat to hold an enemy in a strong grip. She was the enemy and instinctively withdrew her own hands to place them behind her back.

She surveyed this prone captive with compassion. Was it a life to be spared? She knew she had a Mossad-like mission and had come to do what must be done. She had been instructed to dispose of him. Yet, "thou shalt not kill" reverberated in her brain. Things had gone too far for that. There was no turning back. A mission and a purpose: such was her life. To kill or die herself.

She stooped over the body, closer. Words tumbled from the depth of a hiding soul. She heard her voice speaking softly to his face of sorrow to be doing this. "I do not want to hurt you, to take your life, forgive me." Their eyes locked in symmetry and comprehension. Suddenly, his body bolted upwards. Torso, arms, legs, hands and fingers jerked. The claw-like fingers opened and shut with determination and power. A dance for life it was.

He had responded to her words and voice. He now implored to be spared. She shot backwards. What was she to do before he would jump or fall from the granite slab in an attempt to fight her off. She had to end the struggle now. To move forward. To carry out the most torturous death devised by man. All is fair in love and war.

Reluctantly, but decisively, she grabbed the nearby oversized tongs and firmly caught and clasped the writhing short rotund body. She ran to the vessel of boiling water and plunged him, arms flailing, into it. Back upwards, in order not to see the eyes.

It took a long time for all body parts to be stilled. This was a formidable fighter. A noble crustacean warrior to be reckoned with. Death had come at last. Mission accomplished.

"Murderer, murderer," she muttered to herself. A sense of guilt and foreboding is hard to banish. She had taken a life. He had been a champ with a crustaceous shell hard to crack but had she won fair and square?

Once removed from the method of annihilation her curiosity and sadistic tendencies took over. She tore off one arm with a strength that surprised her. She sliced it with a knife to find a surprisingly succulent sweet meat after the first bite. He had not discharged a bitter poison to revenge himself. He was a better creature than her. After all, she was a cold-blooded killer and cannibal. What fate would await her?

Exhausted from the ordeal, she left the rest in the refrigerator for the next day's meal.

At last lying in the comfort of her downy bed, she mulled over the moral dilemma once again. A violent stomachache made sleep impossible. Killer, killer, vengeance.

One should not eat LOBSTER just before bedtime. Or, was the poor thing sending messages of his sacrifice for her survival and hedonistic habits? One cannot tell in a universe of the unknown.