
Vendetta

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He found two empty glasses and poured a healthy dose of the amber liquid into each, pushing one of them silently across the bar toward the other man, only the heavy breathing echoing through the room. He took a first sip, feeling the rush of his blood in his veins calm a bit as he took a long healthy swallow, grimacing as the liquid worked its way down his throat. He took a look at the other man, who was sitting across the bar corner on the old wooden stool, staring at the glass in front of him, again. What was he thinking? It was over; there were nowhere else to go. Was the man wondering what brought him here? Did the man even know why all of this was happening? If he should have bet an hour ago, he would have said that the man had not seen this coming; however, now, face to face, he looked like he had already made peace with himself. The cold-blooded killer, his arch enemy, seemed to be calm and ready.

A year ago, he was just a regular man living his ordinary happy life as a community college professor, married and in his early thirties. With the born of their son they moved in into a small family house outside of the city; one of those neighbourhoods good for raising a family.

He could not think of anything he had done to deserve this. He didn't even know if anyone deserved this kind of suffering caused by somebody. He survived. But for what? So he could be living with this pain eating and destroying him alive from inside with no hope of things getting better one day? No thanks. He wanted answers and not only the ones asking who and how. An assassination went wrong and it cost him everything that mattered.

The sorrow has swallowed him. But there was something even stronger than his desperate feeling of sadness and loneliness. Something that stopped him from doing what he wanted to do the most. The anger he was feeling running thru him every second of every day since the tragic afternoon the other day. Living with this pain was not an option. There must have been something to make the pain disappear, he thought. With every day the pain and the sorrow were being replaced with anger. As days went by, he was more convinced that the only way how to get rid of the pain and anger is to find out what had actually happened. And more importantly, who was responsible for it? That was when he has turned all his feelings against the unknown man. He was determinate to figure out who had done it, who had taken his most precious, valuables in the world, find him and seek his revenge. Days and weeks passed and every minute of every hour he was trying to reach the man

behind all of this. He became more and more obsessed with his plan. For him, it became the reason to wake up every morning and pretend to be doing just fine, continue being. Besides, that is what his friends and colleagues wanted him to be. The further he was getting the more he tended to get carried away. He lost his job and after a while his friends turned their backs against him too. But he did not mind, all he could think about was his vendetta.

He did a lot of digging. Not surprisingly, as a college professor, it was often beyond his expertise. Frankly, his field of work used to be a classroom full of bored students not getting the simple math he was trying to teach them and now he was chasing after a ghost after whom even the police gave up searching. But the idea of the man, who killed his family, being still out there somewhere, was more than enough motivation.

It was the little pieces he had to piece together; surveillance records, statements, snippets and crumbs that keep him on the track. The fact the man was obviously on a burner also did not help to find the man's whereabouts. He started thinking, what would happen if he did not find him? Or better, what would happen if he actually did find him? He was more than convinced he would do whatever was in his powers to make the man pay for what he had done. He was willing to be ruthless for once in his life. But first he needed to find him.

So he did. After what seemed to be an eternity, he found the man in one of the mustiest pubs in the south Boston. As he walked in, he saw the man sitting at the bar; sipping what could have been bourbon; a bitter one, judging from his twisted face, definitely not the top shelf. But more importantly, he was alone. The bartender was in the very back corner minding his own business, not even noticing the new incomer. The killer kept himself entertained by a very focused staring at the bottom of his glass. One would not guess him to be a hitman. His instincts probably became numb a couple glasses ago. The glass shattered.

There he was. He found the man, the one responsible for his lost. This moment has crossed his mind million times before and has been coming back every night since the day D. He was not determinate to get his answers anymore. This thought left him somewhere among the journey. Now it was only about one thing; getting justice for his family. The vengeance on his wife's and son's killer was about to be wreaked. He took a seat next to him.

He had prepared himself well. He bought a handgun and learnt how to use it. Fake IDs or escape plans were not necessary. As far as he was concerned, the man must have paid for his acts. Nothing else mattered.

They shared a look. He found himself scanning the man's face. The man was far cry from how he had originally imagined him. The man's eyes were full of emotions; he could not sort out which one predominated. He would give a penny for the man's thought. The man must have known these were his last moments among the living.

He had everything he desired in the last months, but there he was, sitting on a fence, not being able to act. It was not because he would be questioning his intended steps, certainly not. It was more likely a prelude for what was about to happen next. After all, this was it; his final destination. There was no plan, no goal, nothing after finishing this. There was no point in living if this could not take wash away his sadness a take away his sorrow. He was also more than sure there was going to be no coming back after his further action. When did this happen? When he, the man, who would never hurt a human being, turned into the machine trying to survive and get thru another day with the same routines only to keep himself distracted? He used to have life, job and family. He used to have strict moral and ethic principles... No, he was tired to go this way and think about that. It was too late. He had gone too far to step away now only in the heat of the moment.

He has always found endings inevitable. Everything eventually ends, that is a universal truth everyone has to face; last day of summer, the last chapter of a favourite book... But the last goodbye with his wife and son came way too early.