

A horrible revulsion was coursing through my body. The intense feeling of wanting to throw up, to run away, to escape the grotesque sight that was filling my vision. And yet the feeling was so powerful and almost mesmerizing that all I could do was bathe in that horrible scent that my body was enveloped in.

I think the only word I could use to describe it was 'horror.' What was coursing through me was not fear in the slightest --- although it very much should have been --- it was revulsion, utter nausea as I stared, unable to look away.

The air smelt like a hint of iron, the metal barely reaching my nostrils that experiencing the scent was almost frustrating. It seemed that the air grew heavier as a result of it too, or maybe it was just my imagination. My entire body felt like it was exposed to an open flame, and I felt the heat boiling my limbs and brain. I could only observe, but I couldn't think clearly. My limbs refused to move. I could feel what seemed more like steam than air burn the inside of my throat as I heavily exhaled over and over.

The body was less than a foot from my feet, a small pool of blood encircling the head, coating the hair in its horrific dye. For a moment, I thought steam was rising from the pool of blood, but it had to be my imagination again. It was odd how quickly the corpse on the ground I had once thought as a human, a person with living, breathing emotions, no matter how terrible they were, was now just a limp doll on the ground. It was an **object** now. A **thing**. And seeing how easily a person could turn into a thing only made my head spin more, and fear etch its way into my mind.

And then, a hand dropped on one of my shoulders, and I immediately jumped back into reality.

My first instinct was to vomit, and that's exactly what I did. The person behind me stood patiently, waiting for me to regain what little composure I had left.

"Don't act like that ... didn't you want this?" He was teasing me. How awful, for him to tease me in a situation like this.

"I -" I tried to choke out words while bits of bile still dripped out of my mouth. "I did ... but ..."
The phrase 'how awful' was all that could enter my mind. Not just how awful he was being, how

delighted he was in torturing my boiled mind, my scarred emotions as the result of our efforts lay right in front of us. But to me, too. How awful was I? I did want this, I did. Up until after it was done, I had relished in it, in the sweet sense of karma, of stopping all the awful words and thoughts and actions that came out of the mouth of what was now a thing.

And yet I did not realize how powerful taking away a life was. Not until now. As my eyes found themselves glued to the body once more, I could almost feel the last edges of a soul abandoning its home, leaving the husk, the shell, behind. I thought for a moment of an analogy, of a butterfly leaving its cocoon, but the reality was hardly as comforting.

He edged closer to me, grabbing both of my shoulders this time and pulling me up from my bent position. I realized then that there were tears in my eyes.

“You realize what will happen now.”

I nodded painfully. I was partially thankful that his words took me out of my reverie, my moral contemplation. If I had fully been confident that what I had done was wrong, I could imagine that in my partially delirious state I might have turned myself in, admitted to my crime. But his words brought me back to reality, and I was no longer selfless. I was no longer foolish enough to think I could be a hero.

It was not my own feet that moved away from the thing on the ground, but his as his hands continued to rest on my shoulders as he walked away. It dawned on me that I could never mention this. This past minute, or hour, or however long it had been, it would be a secret and must stay a secret if I wanted to live a normal life. A small gap in my life that must forever stay a blank space. How tough would it be, to keep something like this blank?

I suppose, then, it meant that a new chapter in my life had just started. The moment I had agreed to walk away from the body, a new section of my life had begun. After all, I could never take it back. So I simply had to erase it and keep moving. A new secret. A new person. Every time I would be in public, I would be living a lie --- it would *almost* be the real me, sure, but it would just be a few minutes short. Just one event kept out of sight.

Just One Event Kept Out Of Sight.