

# The Uninvited Visitor

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Many of us hold the belief that our younger years are a time to practice sumptuous living and the art of disregard. We believe that youth is a time to act in the most flamboyant manners imaginable because we believe that we have the capabilities to make the past innocuous to the future. In a society where members are so convinced that they are well-furnished with common-sense, the ability to question the seemingly practical judgments is lost and the truth can often elude us.

The gifts were, at first, harmless. They were trivial objects such as skull shaped key chains that were in fact quite charming. But through the cold, harsh months of winter, the constant torrent became increasingly disturbing to poor Mr Whitlock. Upon hearing the doorbell for the umpteenth time that day, he felt a twinge of irritation at having to once again leave behind his earthly pleasures of alcohol and cocaine. Tossing his hair in frustration, the gentleman threw open the heavy oak doors of his mansion. Outside on the porch, a small jar wrapped in brown paper sat unassumingly – so still and innocent. Frowning his eyebrows in confusion, Mr Whitlock tentatively scooped up the uninvited visitor and felt an unexpected weight on his hands.

Several hours had elapsed before Mr Whitlock found the opportunity to examine the jar in question. With the last rays of sunlight flickering off the drawing-room window, the gentleman stepped across the room and wrinkled his nose in disgust. Amongst the sweet scent of the delicately prepared flowers in his chamber, Mr Whitlock discerned the presence

of a malodorous liquid within the parcel and shook it violently to get an inkling of what might be concealed inside. Thud! There on the floor, a lifeless head bathed in sanguineous fluid twirled and curtsied before rolling to a stop at the gentleman's feet.

Enthralled, Mr. Whitlock gawked at the seemingly familiar features. The periwinkle lips hang ajar; they were the perfect backdrop for the ghastly white teeth that glistened and scintillated. Behind a curtain of golden curls, a configuration of veins showed through the transparent skin like cracks in the face of an antique China doll and the spots of blood on the haggard face accentuated the well-defined jawlines. The once piercing blue eyes now sat dully as the gainsboro iris faded in and out as if conversing in morse code with the beholder.

Haltingly at first, the eyes spun around inside their now saggy home. Faint colours rose and grouped into moving pictures of kids dancing in meadows above the motionless head. Laughing with heads thrown back, two boys, a girl, and a man waltzed around a field of grass as the dingy clouds frowned overhead. The euphonious voice of the little girl rang akin to a siren as she sang Rock A Bye Baby. Mr. Whitlock could almost smell the sickly-sweet scent of death as the last phrase of the song ended abruptly. Losing his usual composure, Mr Whitlock jolted as the dagger of nature plunged itself into the man. Nonetheless, the children continued in their merry ways until they too turned into piles of ash by the seemingly never-ending lightning. There in a circle, four piles of grotesque-looking flesh sat until a gentle breeze nuzzled the meadow and took the remains as a souvenir of its travels. Drained of energy, the image of the empty meadow flashed and halted to a stop as the eyes once more stared at the beholder with an innocent gaze.

Outside, the sun was long set and impenetrable darkness surrounded Mr Whitlock. Weakly, he slumped into a parlour chair nearby. Before a few minutes had past, the shaken gentleman's features convulsed into an unpleasant mess as he violently stood up. It was him. The man was him.

A warm breath squirmed into Mr Whitlock's shirt collar as the swish of a blade greeted his ears. His head now hanging on for dear life by a single strip of skin swung back and forth like a pendulum as the decapitated body crumbled to a heap on the ground. A hint of blue bounced off the shiny blade as the assassin admired his handiwork.

As dawn approached like usual, a pair of gloved hands tenderly placed a jar into the passenger seat and sighed at the work still to be done. After all, time is a complicated concept to grasp, and an even more complicated one to manipulate.

Word Count: 745