

Purpose In
Line

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written by
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I stood in line, waiting, and growing more impatient every moment. Time was a hard concept to follow in this place, and there existed only the bare minimum of self-awareness. The unimaginable sights of the place consisted of no color and little substance. But there was still a line to wait in, and there I stood.

The girl in front of me turned to face me and smiled. I hated that smile. I know that now, though at the time I was unaware even of the existence of hate, or any emotion for that matter. It seemed like all I knew was the endless wait, the girl in front of me, and a few folks who had come, seemingly from nowhere, to continue the line behind me.

“Hi,” the girl in front of me said, though she didn’t have a mouth with which to speak. I remained silent. God, I hated this chipper bitch already. And I know what you’re thinking. How could that bitch smile without a mouth? I suppose it must be similar to the way I then proceeded to beat her to death without any fists. What you might consider the normal laws of nature did not apply in this place. It sure made murder a lot easier.

After the girl in front of me died, I felt a surge of power. The interesting thing about this feeling was that I had, in fact, experienced it before. Until now the whole of my existence had been spent waiting in line for an immeasurable time, advancing a single step, and waiting some more. With every step, as the line moved forward I had felt the same surge of power as I had felt upon miss smiley-Hi’s demise. It wasn’t much of a feeling, but it was the only feeling I had ever had and it seemed that each time I took a step felt even better than the last.

I waited a bit more, contemplating this existence. Surely there must be more to life than waiting in line. I began to wonder where the line was headed. Strangely enough, though I still had very little sense of self, I became ever more aware of the others in line and how completely unlike me they were. They were all happy, content, and completely uncurious. Some made idle conversation,

but not many, and nothing of any importance was ever said. I could hear someone a few steps in front of me, a boy I think, offer a “Hello” to someone next to him. It seemed like greetings were all that these people knew how to communicate.

I got the attention of the boy in front of me. Unsurprisingly, he said “Hi friend.” Wow, two words. This guy must have been a genius.

“Where are we?” I asked him.

For a long time he only looked puzzled. I was about to repeat the question when he exclaimed “Here!” as if he had come up with the answer to a difficult riddle.

I looked at him. He was smiling now, just like that bitch. I did not like that feeling. Why should I have to feel uncomfortable around his smile? Of course the solution came to mind immediately.

I killed him too. I had killed the bitch almost instinctively I’m sure, but this bastard; well, he deserved it so much more and I was fully able to reason out my actions. I was different from these people. Perhaps I was destined to kill them. But to what purpose? To move ever forward in line, gaining a bit of power with each step, with each kill? There had to be more. The line moved forward another step and once again I felt that surge of power, stronger still.

After the line had advanced a few more paces, I had reasoned out my purpose in line. The line had to lead somewhere, and I had to be the one to get there. I deserved to get there. I swore to myself that none of these idiots, so obviously inferior to myself, would steal what only I could possibly be worthy of. That’s when the real fun began.

Five more were dead before I began to realize that I was now the one smiling. Ah, but I told myself, I deserve this smile. I have earned it!

Somewhere between thirty and forty I lost count of how many I had killed, but that didn’t matter. Every murder brought with it a sense of power, now coupled with raw and unbridled ecstasy. I had surely found my purpose.

I reached a point soon thereafter, when individual murders were no longer separated in my mind. I lived for the slaughter of these inferior creatures and

moved through them as a wave of death, unstoppable with all my power. Those behind me didn't say a thing to me and I wonder now if they were afraid, or if they were only glad of the power afforded them as I moved us all ever onward to the head of the line.

Soon enough I could see what had to be the front. It was the only color I had ever seen and it was shining in a shapeless cloud not too far ahead of me. I suppose the color may be called amber by some, orange by others, but I could tell that this was not a single color at all. This was color itself! It was color, emotion, and still more concepts that I was unable to name at the time and unable to adequately remember afterward.

I rushed forward in blinding speed, killing with a furious exhilaration that could only be described as orgasmic, though I was unfamiliar with the word. I don't know how many died by my hand. Surely hundreds, probably thousands, possibly a great many more. What I do know is that I was right. I made it to the color-cloud. I had reached the end of the line. For a fleeting second, I thought of killing those behind me in line but two notions decided me against the idea. First, I was nearly positive that I would gain no more power because further murders would not advance the line. Second, and most prominent of the two, I was simply too captivated by the awesome presence of the color-cloud to do anything other than what I did next.

I plunged head-first into the cloud, leaving that world behind forever. Suddenly I existed in a whole new way. I could sense movement everywhere, a rush of activity all around me. As I grew, my shape gradually formed and I grew nerves with which to feel, eyes with which to see, and ears with which to hear. I needed nourishment, a new concept for me, but it came instinctively and was provided for me by some outside force.

I soon came to realize that I was captive inside a living being, however. I sought to escape, to seek my sustenance elsewhere, and eventually made my way through some sort of tunnel in this creature's body.

Oh what heavenly light I saw then. Oh what a joy to be rid of that prison. Oh what a joy to be born.

Suddenly I was overcome by strange sensations. There was a cord sticking from my middle, but it was quickly severed. Would I need that? I hoped not.

Then I was being rudely wiped, lifted, wrapped in a constricting cloth, carried, and handed to a person called “the mother” by someone called “the doctor.” It was next that the real horror came. This doctor person held out the appendage between my legs and at first I thought this was quite nice. Then came the sharpest pain in my life as the doctor severed a part of it he called “foreskin” and it was then that I knew he was not my savior. He had been involved in my imprisonment within the mother.

I was too weak to do anything for a long time. I had to learn how to control my appendages, but I practiced every chance I had. Fingers, toes, arms, legs, neck, hips, mouth. I was crawling before I knew it, and took my first steps soon after that. I knew then that my purpose in life was not so different than my purpose in line had been; my vengeance was not far off.

THE END



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