

The End to the Means for the Means to an End

or should that be

The End of the Means Is not a Means to an End

by

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written

January 24th, 2016

or thereabouts

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Some people talk... loudly, I might add. Others, when the party is over and they are finally back home, are more than happy write it all down, even if they did miss a few choice details whilst attending to the guests at their own table and/or feel quite at liberty to rearrange more than a few of the pertinent facts...

Which is to say, all pronouns have been changed to protect the innocent, and guilty, alike!

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She was not surprised by his bouts of anger, his mutterings, his all too frequent indifference, or the way his eyes wandered afar.

Nor was she surprised by the positions, the acts, his kinky needs, or callous demands.

No, she was not surprised by any of that. There were, after all, only a limit number of possibilities... and besides, for the most, he had warned her of it all far in advance. But she was surprised by how much she needed it, wanted it, as if it satisfied some inner need, some pent up demand. Perhaps a metaphor is in order... no doubt, she would have been surprised if one weren't.

But would she be surprised if the metaphor called into play were that of her husband's car (or should I say, ride): one of those classic, sleek, European models, with weird ass doors that bang your head when you try to get in, but once inside, oh, yes, once inside, those soft leather seats, so young, so supple, you just know some poor lamb had given it's all; and him, smiling at the thought, running his hands over that upholstery. Have I mentioned the leather...

He took the keys from the start, well, that sure did surprised her, the way he peeled out of the driveway, she had to live there, you know, but he didn't care, yeah, she was sort of surprised at that, his callous indifference, the way he racked up the tickets as they cruised through the states... and the money, seriously, the money, at some point you have to mention the money, have I mentioned the money, she liked to mention the money... but we were talking about a car, revving the engine, running it hard, redline, topping one ten, one twenty, maybe a little bit more, on the straight-aways, hardly much less on the

curves, the mountain roads were the best, crooked and twisted, late night rendezvous at yet another five star boutique, Bed & Breakfast, ten out of ten would do it again and recommend to their friends...

She was surprised that first time... or more to the point, nervous, exactly how long do you stare into another's eyes, if your goal is to plumb to the depths, the very bottom of their soul?

Of course, if the truth be told, and why should it not, she was more surprised at how scared she was, of what he might find, and if he looked hard enough, deep down in the corners, what might he find there that she would just as well hide...

But we were talking of a car and riding it hard, pushing it to the limits and beyond, tires squealing, engine roaring; and that car, spending its time, being used as a suburban-hell commuter-special, what a waste of a fine automobile, but to be finally laid open, driven hard, used for what it was meant to be used for, built for...

She was surprised that you could finally have enough of the good things in life, how soon that moment would come; lying in bed, she had no need, to move, laughing, it hurt when did; she hadn't felt like this...

She was surprised, when at that last, she realized, she'd hadn't felt like this, not ever, not never before.

She would have followed him anywhere, down mountainous back roads, he liked the way she screamed when he nearly lost control, car slipping sideways on the loose gravel, careening around corners, bouncing off trees... roots in the road, far off the beaten path, all the bolts in that poor automobile shaken loose to the core... and because,

you know, we're big on metaphors, that last foreshadowing the darkest of nights to come, towards a destination, where, lord knows, no man was ever meant to go...

She wasn't surprised when he was gone, in the morn'. Yes, maybe surprised it was that particular morning, that he had chosen, here, in the middle of nowhere, of all places, but deep in her heart, right from the start, she knew someday, he had to go...

She found the note in the car. Why hadn't he taken the car? Yes, that surprised her. But then, upon reflection, she realized, when you don't bother to beg, the only thing left to parse is the slim difference between what it means to borrow or steal.

Yes, that made a sort of sense, did that make a sort of sense, she wondered if that made a sort of sense, as she read the note, carefully placed with the keys, in plain sight, on the front seat, a note, which, as you might guess, contained no surprises whatsoever:

By now, your husband must know...

Yes, he had been the right man for the job, a friendship dissolved, neglected, alone through the years, to churn on its own, what is left, so often, turns completely and utterly...

Yes, it turns...

Which meant that as far as she was concerned, all was going to exactly to plan; and thus, it should come as no surprise, yes, no surprise, none whatsoever, and not in the very last least, when she turned her attention back to herself... and realized, the smile, covering her face, grinning from ear to ear, she was, eye shed a tear, the joyous release, enjoying this moment of near religious

relief, as she stood in the morning dew light, shivering delight, waiting... waiting... finally, no longer waiting for that new day to start.

Thus, it was with a giddy sort of mirth that she wondered what he had done, how he had told him, her husband? Was it with pictures, a video, a story, a note? He was good with words, this star crossed, once lost, found again... friend; so no, if it had decided to go the story teller's route and made a good spiel with a nice sort of twist at the end, then no, that would not be surprising, to her, not very, at least.

And so with this last bit in mind, she was not surprised, for how could she be, when her husband ran out to greet her, upon her return; now, typically that would have been surprising, yes, the rising to meet, but given what had transpired in the last few weeks, it was to be expected, his anger, his rage, ah, if only he had shown such passion at any time earlier, over... almost any last thing.

And there then, that must be it, in his hand, the telegram, the letter, that sheaf of papers her husband was waiving about, around in the air, such details, such length, she could only imagine, as her husband chattered on and about, blabbering as was his want, but if he would only keep still, so she could grab hold, she would really like to read what he'd said, and whether, perchance, she been cast in good light, or at least, had he captured that moment of glow, that first morning dew light...

But then, she realized, and yes, this did, surprise her, that it was no note, no letter, no pictures on view, detective for hire, shot from afar; but rather, it was the sheer,

incredible number of digits on the credit card bill that was this month, just now, come due...

Yes, I suppose money is, now, how had he said that... oh, yes, right, 'Easy come. Easy go,' is a thing so easy to say, when one is hardly ever spending one's own.

And really, at this point, why mess with a chorus, which has served us so well, so let it be said, and this part is true, that she was very much surprised at this last little curve, reality had thrown... still standing in the yard, sunshine in air, wind dancing through hair... calling her back, to that time in the wild, wherein and when she could almost hear that other, that he, whisper darkly into her ear, telling her, almost exactly, with a smirk and a smile and double-dog dare, what it is, he would do in her stead...

Oh, yes, in this place, in her place, what exactly would he say? Eh, that would take too much time to bother to think, so go with the simple, the carefree... disdain.

'Sweetheart, I don't have time for this.'

No really, not now, not ever.

'I'm tired. I'm going to go take a nap.'

Yes, she was most definitely surprised at how good it felt and easy it was to leave others, to fend for their troubles, themselves...

'But... But... But...' her husband's refrain, and yes, there is always a but? But it never gets easier, so why dwell on that, when the honk of a horn, a metaphor's last dying gasp, can, so easily, call us back to the present, reality, that stinking, day after day... and through it all her husband waiving that stupid fucking bill about in the air.

Yes! Oh, fucking yes! Come to think of it, *She* was very much surprised that *She* ever thought *He* would ever

help *Her* with just about any fucking thing... except for maybe that trip to Italy, *He* had talked about taking, maybe someday, maybe next year...

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*Some folks read too much into a work of fiction...
others, not enough.*