

General News

It was a dark and stormy night. The winded air wafted the rain, first into a driving, chilling, all-pervading wetness, then into a soothing refreshing whispering mistiness.

Sloshing footsteps were wending their weary friendless way along the edge of the super-super highroad; the stepping was slow and steady; a wayfarer?

A gleaming bright-eyed chariot, speeded carelessly along the super-super highroad, the roar of its engine drowned in the wind, rain and shish of its rubber wheels parting the wet way.

Slosh, slosh, slush, slosh, slish, slosh, slosh, slosh, slosh, shisssssssSSSSHHHHSSSSHHHHH WHUMP!!

The driver of a bright-eyed chariot to follow, espied a mound beside the super-super highroad, the mound suggesting a familiar shape. With a bright-red glow and a SSSSHHHHIIIIssssshhhhhhhhhh whoa, the chariot halted in its fleeting dark-infested course.

The mound confronting one's eyes resembled the human form. Some blood could be seen staining through the scant and feeble wrappings; its bared head, greyed; its face crevassed, grimacing painfully; the hands inarticulate knobby looking things. Just so much crumpled matter. A little man who wore a khaki long-coat, who carried a knapsack on a sloshing journey to nowhere. In the knapsack one found six stale loaves and a very dead cat. Stark, my friends, Stark!

Brushed from the super-super highroad, the greyed relic of suffering, lonely, indigent humanity - so-called wayfarer - and mercifully, they argue. Did he take the step onto the highroad, purposely stepping his last? Was he aimed at by the daring, brazen, heartless, ruthless, half-crazed?

You hear what I say now - it doesn't matter how.

May God Bless him, for certainly nothing else contains the power.

Forgotten? Yes. Forever? Yes. Stark? Yes.

Incredible? No. It should be, but it is not. Now the enormity of pity rises up where love could have.

Laughable? Yes. The neglect is laughable; not a laughter that gives rise to relief, that satisfies some inborn urgency to mirth; but a demonic laughter that roars at humanity with mockery and condemnation.

Let it be said that a man assumed no greater identity and purpose; let it be said also, all the arts, sciences and commerce rank as naught while such anguish and suffering exist. Yes! let it be said!

I'll bet you think I invented this tale.

Rest In Peace; He suffers no more.