

The nihilist

THE futility of existence' was the synoptic title of the contemplation that was gnawing the marrow of my anxious psyche as I stepped out of my sumptuous mansion and I was understandably not endeavoring to get over it. In fact, I bestowed on it an implicit endorsement of acceptance from the most bewildered segment of my mind. The placid autumn sky had wrapped itself up with pallid layers of uncountable dismal clouds. A wave of humid breezes, emanating from the adjacent lake, patted my crippled face as I stepped into my car. As I started driving I felt baffled once more; 'Where am I supposed to go?' The question preoccupied my mind instantly and in fact, it was an extension of the thoughts that kept on inflowing into my traumatized brain for the last few hours. I parked my Ford at the parking of the largest departmental store of the city to buy a few things that I wouldn't require. Although I was never a man who really enjoyed shopping along with the bourgeois consumers of the city, sometimes I had done a lot of things that I'd never like to do. In point of fact, it didn't matter much whether I liked something or not as to me choices and dislikes of an individual were a few extremely ignorable matters which could be compared to the momentary craze of a group of starving ants for a grain of sucrose. If doing something that I wouldn't want to do was insignificant, to refrain myself from doing that was vain as well.

After shopping around for a while I hit the street again. I really didn't know where I'd go. In reality it didn't matter, since all destinations signified a uniform meaning to me. From my point of view, every 'end' seemed to be nothing but a conserved vacuity; in other words, an epitome of existence's futility.

It was around Nine P.m. when I drove into the parking lot of The Green Park that was one of the prime amusement zones of the city. It was an isolated recreational park that incorporated a flavor of pastoral charms into the explicitly urbane city, characterized by frantic commercialism and utilitarian norms.

I was really a person who would enjoy seclusion, far away from a conventional world, which is ever hungry to veil its multifaceted dimensions with counterfeit colors of progressive significance. I abhorred all their 'consequential rubbish' from the core of my heart. I had never longed to be confined in the tiny prison of social names and identities. I felt myself to be as illimitable as the anonymous airstreams that were blithely unaware of their own origin and climax, the sole purpose of which was to blow around without being slightly interested to perceive the underlying implication of their arbitrary, ephemeral existences.

I sat on a distant cement bench at the edge of the lake that faced westward toward the overpass that dissected the lake and through which flocks of moving vehicles were racing toward unknown destinations. I stared for long at the animated processions of hundreds of men and machines, each of whom had a different destination, a different worth of living, contrasting sources of woes, desperations and exultations. What meant to be a momentous matter of dying heart,

in lucrative trades, enraged demagogues, loyal employees, distracted vagabonds, diffident broken hearts and ardent lovers. A lot of stories..... Each of them was the hero of his own life..... all of them uniquely unrelated to each other. The bottom line was that everyone had been born to die.... Everything would meet an end...and then...perpetual darkness blank silence...

The weather began to alter all of a sudden and it was concurrent to the shift of mood in the

most desolate part of the park. Now I could seek for my prey without worrying about being interrupted. After roaming around for an hour or so my hunting eyes found what it had been looking for.

A dejected-looking young man was sitting on a park bench facing backward toward the lake. I stood at a distance in the darkness and observed the man stealthily for a while. The pitiable guy was completely unaware of the fact that his life would be extinct very

in the invariably constant course of the nature and neither would it be able to alter the lifecycles of countless restless beings who were sprinting through the illuminated roads and pavements in search of causes and reasons, that tantalized them to live on to achieve some utopian triumphs. In reality, like everyone, the man could also be regarded as nothing but the consequence of a transient sexual intercourse that had entitled him to the custody of instinctive passions and biological obligations, similar to the unrefined species of the world which just consumed and copulated.

It was better to free this man from conveying the burden of a futile existence. I pulled out the Magnum from the inner chamber of my coat and I set the silencer into the weapon. I stealthily reached the point from where I would be able to eliminate him with one single bullet. The man was still not moving, completely preoccupied by his thoughts. I pulled the trigger smoothly which was one of my most favorite tasks as it enabled me to annihilate something. The inert body of my prey fell down without making slightest noise as if it was already a mutilated corpse. Having finished my duty I contently walked away from the spot. I sighed and looked above at the sky with tears of stimulation in my brimming eyes. No, behind those looming clouds I failed to see any superior world of divine spirituality. Instead, I visualized the infinite nothingness, a meaningless vacuum a zero.....

I returned home right after midnight. After dinner I entered my personal chamber and I felt like including a new entry into my secret diary. Once a wise man said- 'To write a diary everyday is like returning to one's own vomit.' I was not the sort of person who would keep a diary, though I had already mentioned that I did a lot of things which I was reluctant to do as it absolutely didn't matter what each and every individual did.

I watched TV for a while. The headline of a news that reasonably caught my attention was that "the psychopathic serial killer who has slaughtered 36 people in the city to this date, has struck again in the Green Park area"

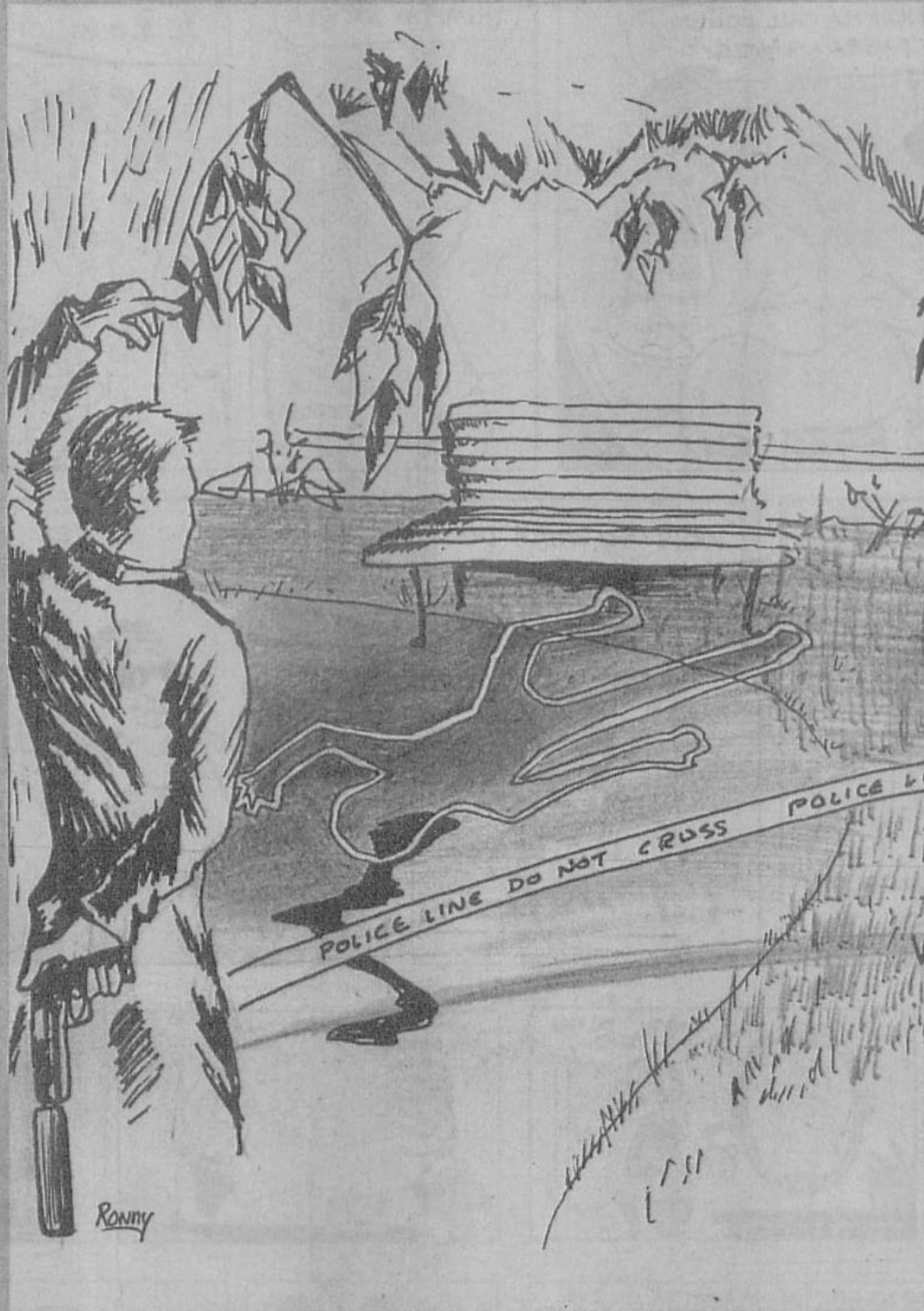
I never really enjoyed being popular, however, I felt humorously amused to know that I was capable of making those conformists frightened of being exterminated. I didn't want any of them to escape my agony.....

Beware at night.....

The serial killer is still at large.....

By Khasef safa kabir (upat)

'To write a diary everyday is like returning to one's own vomit.'
*A quote by Enoch Powell, (British Politician)



to one of those proceeding men, might mean nothing but an ignorable affair to the others. The world before my eyes seemed to be an infinite sea made up of clusters of relative troubles and glees that were as unstable as the melting clouds in the sky, which constantly modified their shapes in order eventually to degenerate into descending raindrops that would ultimately fall down to the ground like the miserable collapses of solitary 'human' entities.

In that crowd there might be successful businessmen involved

hypersensitive part of my consciousness, which was in fact a typical sign that I would soon be transformed into an indomitable monster. This was the time when the abstract ideologies that I conveyed in my mind would result in an applied action. It was the moment when all of my disgusts against the world that spiritually defied 'dialectical materialism' would culminate in an annihilative execution.

I began to search for my prey slyly. I had parked my car in the parking and I had come a long way from it. I began to wander in the

shortly. However, I didn't feel sorry for him as I felt that it would be a salvation for the person to be melted into the world of 'neutral zero', stuck as he was in a complex world which could only inflict insane bemusements, deprivation, anxiety, and discontent on futile human entities. In fact, it didn't matter at all whether a particular man would live or die. The termination of this man's life wouldn't bring any substantial difference to this world which would still revolve around its orbit even after his death. It wouldn't make any proportional difference