

# Everybody Dies In Alphabetical Order

By Mark Edgemon

A loner sits in his cabin, adding the most recent name to his enemies list, number three hundred and four. It was the meter reader, who had just broken his rusted gate. He believed there would be a day that he would settle up with all his enemies and that day was fast approaching.

It came on a day that started out as any other day.

He went out to do his laundry early the next morning. The only other person there was a pretty young girl. He would occasionally sneak a glance in her direction when she wasn't looking.

She accidentally bumped into him while she was buying cleaning supplies from the vending machine. She was a little chatterbox and talked to him for hours. She told him about her recent relationship that had just ended with a possessive boyfriend and was glad to enjoy the company of someone else.

When she was finished he offered her a ride home, since she had taken the bus. After he dropped her off, he headed back to his cabin, thinking about her along the way.

What he did not know was her ex-boyfriend was stalking her. He had been waiting for her at her apartment and saw the loner drop her off. When the loner drove off, the jealous boyfriend followed him home.

Although she had broken off the relationship some months earlier, the ex-boyfriend did not consider their relationship over till he said it was over.

The next morning, the ex-boyfriend paid the loner a visit.

The loner awoke to pounding at his door. When he opened it, he was face to face with a very large man wearing an angry visage.

The angry man said, "I know you've been seeing my girlfriend. If you don't want to wind up dead, you better leave her alone".

As the man drove off, the loner was able to get his tag number. He went inside to write it down as the man's face burned into his mind. One thing was for sure, there was no longer any doubt when he would begin to avenge himself.

Later that day, the loner called the motor vehicle department to get an address for the tag number from the ex-boyfriend's car. Then he went to the hardware store and purchased a portable blowtorch and a gas can. On the way home, he stopped off and filled the can with gasoline.

At 1:00 A.M. that night, he started out to find the ex-boyfriend's house. He arrived at his house at 1:45 A.M. and parked his car a half a mile away. He walked up to the man's house, carrying the can of gasoline and the blowtorch.

When he got to the house, he soaked the back of the house with gasoline, lit the blowtorch and set the house on fire. The loner pounded loudly on the door while yelling fire, then hid in the bushes out back. The man opened the door and seeing the flames, ran to the back of the house.

As the ex-boyfriend watched his house go up in flames, he unexpectedly felt someone tap him on the shoulder. As he turned around, he saw the loner, standing there with a large gas can, which he used to throw gasoline in the ex-boyfriend's face.

He cried out and covered his face with his hands as he dropped to his knees in torment. Then the loner soaked him with the rest of the gasoline and used the blowtorch to set the ex-boyfriend a blaze. He began screaming, his skin and clothes ravaged with fire. As he tried to put the flames out by rolling on the ground, the loner relit his clothes with the blowtorch. Minutes later, it became evident that his struggle to live was lost.

As the loner walked back toward his car, he looked back only once to see the ex-boyfriend's body make his final move before dying. The loner knew he had turned the corner that day and he liked it...a lot.

He made it back to his cabin by 2:30 A.M. and went to bed. He knew there would be no one pounding on his door in the morning, so he rested well.

When he awoke the next day, he went outside to pick up the newspaper and was surprised to see his early morning escapade on the front page. He was unhappy to find that they had put a blanket over the body of his enemy, which made the loner feel unappreciated.

As he read on, he liked the fact that the newspaper had referred to him as the unnamed killer. This way, no one else would receive the credit and he could continue his mission of revenge against all of the rest of his enemies.

Just then, he heard a knock at the door. He looked outside thinking it was the police and that somehow he had been discovered. But it was the girl he took home from the laundry the other day.

As he opened the door, he saw a gun pointing straight for his face. The pretty girl was standing there pointing the gun at him with tears in her eyes.

After a few moments, which seemed like an eternity, she pulled the trigger, splitting his skull in two. His body fell backwards as his spirit rose above him in disbelief.

The next thing he knew, he was standing on the edge of an abyss. He felt a force pick him up and throw him into a fiery pit, where he is still falling today.

The next day, in the obituary section of his hometown newspaper, his name and the ex-boyfriend's name were side by side, along with thirty other names, each having died the day before, all of their names arranged...in alphabetical order.

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