

A Matter Of Time

21.7.1993

After some time the smoke vanished. Still he couldn't recognise very much, it was quite dark. For a moment he didn't know where he was, but after a few seconds his memories came back, slowly, but still blurred. The cave - the hunters - the dread - the woman - it had become too much for him, had made him go insane. The woman - this woman - she had driven him into all this, she had started it. Though it was not her fault. It was none's fault. It just came how it had to come. It was his fate. It was his doom. He hated it. He hated himself for what he had done. His hatred was overwhelming. It would prevail in his mind, not now, but soon. He didn't want this hatred. He hated his hatred. And he hated the hatred against his hatred. It was a vicious circle - and he was caught within. He had tried to escape desperately, but the more he tried the deeper he fell. The funny thing was that he knew all about that, comprehended his entire situation. And yet he couldn't alter it. Suddenly his lips formed a sarcastic smile. He wondered if anyone else had ever experienced this.

Meanwhile the last glints of light had totally vanished. It was completely dark now. Yet he could see, could understand his life as an amount of eeries, a number of senseless events happening in an irregular order. He wished oblivion could overcome him, could stop him from unveiling more and more dismal memories. They afflicted him to the point of agony.

Now the end had come a little bit closer. He could feel it right now. It made him happy. Now he knew that this torturing would soon be ceased. It was just a matter of time.