

Journey to Elysium

Death. We all have to encounter the reality that we are going to end up dead sooner or later. Nevertheless, death is usually looked down upon, when isn't it merely an activation of a new existence - not a conclusion? Much time and thought can be hatched from this focus, and you have also probably devoted some of your time to the matter. Though no one has put as much thought into it, as Ian has – he has many questions he wishes to negotiate, however he will never get to a conclusion. But there's one thing he is certain about death, it is a new start not a time where your earlier existence is evaluated and pulled apart by the heavens; no, death is a new slate, freshly wiped and sparkling spotless, and that's what Ian seeks.

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Ian arises dramatically pronounced, his eyes posed to the corner of his small humble bedroom. Feeling like a scared squirrel scampering up a tree, he held himself tight, curling into a ball and started weeping, rivers rolling down his cheek, as if a dam just had been unleashed. Every night Ian encounters hell. Every night he experiences the pain of his mum taking an overdose of crack and keeling to the floor, mouth foaming and eyes bloodshot, as if her soul was being hustled out of her body, all in public view. He couldn't help her no matter what he did, and no one else even tried. People all around her, crowding to see what had happened, doing nothing other than whispering, "Druggy - Crack head - Waster" but not acknowledging the pain she was going through. Every night his dreams re-enact the sight of his mum's eyes as she slowly suffered on the floor. She couldn't speak but Ian knew that she was in agonizing pain as her lids slowly shut. She was ripped from him, like a fish hooked on a line yanked from the sea. This was when he was fourteen and he has never experienced a good night sleep since, all because of a "small, non-addictive and controllable amount of crack".

Life has moved on for him now, but not enough for him to forget. He now lives on the very edge of a hill, with a stunning view of San Francisco, but the house has seen better days. It is caked in mud and on the brink of destruction. In two days, it will be bulldozed down and replaced by an upper-class block of flats. But for now, it is shunned by the neighbours and considered out of place.

Ian gets himself together, dresses in a long black leather coat, black mat shoes, black trousers and a black balaclava. He merges into the shadows of the dark room. He lifts a curtain: a redeemer in black; disguised by the murky light and an eclipse in the scenery. Thoughts, after all this time, of what the postman could look like or who he is, whizzing through his mind, while the smell of leather fills the atmosphere.

The postman, the sole murderer of his mother, a dealer too greedy for his own good. It has taken Ian a long time to track him down, but it was worth it – worth enough to get peace in his life, worth enough to have a rested soul. This is it, the closing point of his life.

A sound. Ian swivels his eyes to the door. Quickly, but gracefully he places his hand on his revolver. He takes a quick glance at the clock, 4 minutes to 12. Ian raises gradually, his long black jacket scrapping across the carpet, like an eagle swooping to its prey. He clutches his pistol, ripping it from his holster and aims at the door, the smell of sweat on his forehead. A knock on the door; Ian freezes.

The Postman slowly slides the door open, the bottom skimming the hairy carpet underneath. He scans the scene, nothing there and cautiously steps into the murky room. Pressure slowly is placed on his backbone and he flinches upright.

“Turn around you scum!” Ian’s growl filling the air.

“What! What do you want of me, I’ve got the crack - is that what you want?”

“No, I want you, and your brain sprayed all over that wall! You’re the Postman right?”

“Yeah, what do you want to make of it?” teasing Ian’s patience in a composed manner.

“You’re the one who supplied the crack to my mother!”

“Err... which client of mine is that?” says the postman cheekily.

“One which died because of you, which you’re going to pay for!” Ian rages.

The postman jabs his right elbow knocking Ian’s arm and slings Ian’s gun to the floorboards of the room. He swings around and hits Ian firmly on the side of his head. Ian collapses to the floor, but manages to grasp the Postman’s right leg and pulls the Postman down as well. The Postman slides like a snake for the revolver. Ian also reaches for his jungle knife in his leg holster. Both jump up, but Ian more rapidly: keeping calm and focused, as he isn’t, after many years, going to let this opportunity slip away. Ian has his end point of his jungle knife millimetres from the Postman’s throat. The Postman acts quickly and swings his leg into Ian, the blade scraps the Postman’s adam’s apple. Ian also responds swiftly, throwing himself at the Postman’s legs. The Postman anticipating the reaction has Ian’s pistol in both hands at Ian’s head as they fall to the ground. Silence. Ian rapidly, as a jaguar hunting a swift gazelle, rolls away to his right. The Postman shoots. The bullet glides past Ian and cracks into the wall. Ian raises his arm and smashes his elbow hard into the Postman’s nose. The Postman screams with pain, as his nasal bone splinters into his skull. His eyes wide open as his body sags.

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Ian believes his time has finished in this realm, time on loan and well used. He feels that now he could be at peace and is ready for the next stage of his life – death, because life is nothing more than a biological reality, only relative to other lives. He lets go of his muscles and his body crashes into the depths of the pool of water behind him. His body floats for a while and then is gracefully drawn into the elegant fluid. His lungs let go and the air bubbles float to the top of the pool. He is in a state of relaxation and was letting nature do its course. This was the only way to wipe the slate clean. Shooting himself would be no good, nor would be an overdose, so this is the only passive way he could foresee. The higher intelligence or whatever entity which decides on his fate, and others, will have to agree with his actions, as he has no more use with his life anymore. No one will miss him. He also sees it that he is too late to love, and it is also merely too hard, since too many terrible actions of his created a trailing negative gloom above his head, which everyone prejudices him against. His actions therefore are done purposefully. He had never had control over

his life, he was pushed down a hill and never had the opportunity to hinder his decent, he was in inclusive control now (ironically he wasn't) and he loves it. He has let his soul travel into a place of liberty, parting from his biological shell. Ian, torn from his body, was placed in a binding trance. This phase of life was ended by an external collective, composing an end of a physical nature of existence and the beginning of a new spiritual stage. Time nor paused, continued or stopped, however, flowed and waltzed with the fragile connection with space. The nature of physics was non-existence, as was anything the human mind could conjure or compute. Ian was announced in an illusional realm. Ian had at last pasted the barrier between life and death, and was pronounced in the Elysium domain. His slate finally wiped clean.

By Josh Levy-Kramer