

I'd rather be a madman than a sage,
 For I wouldn't have to smile at the pain.
 I could loose my bonds and freely rage,
 Not waste my time pretending to be sane.

The procession moved along the dusty road. A figure fell often under his burden. There was much noise, almost a celebration; cheering and clapping. A crowd danced and sang as they came closer to their destination. The naked hill. There was laughter. The laughter, the cheers, the songs; they all drowned out the sound of weeping.

But Leamington Clair;
 He don't care,
 He don't dare,
 Beware:Beware:
 Of Leamington Clair.

Legions of men march past. There is no end to them. They come over the hill after centuries and after days. Even hours. Their uniforms are tatters;

Legions of men march past. There is no end to them. They come over the hill after centuries and after days. Even hours. Their uniforms are tatters; their weapons are broken; their flesh is rotten. They stink. They have been clubbed, speared, stabbed, burned, hacked, crushed, shot, gassed, bombed. Turned to vapour. They are mouthing obscenities, pleas, prayers, moans.

But Leamington Clair;
 He don't care.

The earth was protesting. The movement was constant, often violent. The contractions of death. Pitiful gasps to survive a little longer. Filthy sores spreading their viperine way to a feeble heart. Foul pools streaming through corrupt heaps of decaying waste. Death would be a mercy; end a rancid existence.

But Leamington Clair;
 He don't dare.

The boy was different. He had to be destroyed. Quickly. A threat; a threat. Hunt him through the bushes. Chase him through the trees. Surround the woods. There he is. Bastard bastard. Get more men over there. He must not escape. Watch that opening. Don't let him through that gap. Here he is. Here. Here. Come on. Now we've got him. Pick up those stones. Break down a couple of those poles. Throw. That's it. Again. Hah, another hit. Get him, he's down.

BY DALE ESTEY

But Leamington Clair;
 Beware: Beware:

There was beauty once. Do not be deceived, there was definitely beauty. She was not always old. Not always fearful to look upon. But, where there is no happiness — — there is no beauty. No love. No life. Mistreated. Destroyed. Twisted by someone who smiled and lied nice sounding words. Have you ever felt your guts rapped out? Have you ever screamed? Look at her. Take her face in hands and look. Do you laugh or cry?

Realization

Beware: Beware:
 Of Leamington Clair.

It Was Time To Close The Book On This Unpleasant Footnote Of Life. There Were Few Regrets To Do so, Save The Expenses Incurred And The Potential Wasted. There Was A MOMENTS Pause. A SIGH From The Silence. Certainly Something Had Done Wrong. It Was Time For A Change; Perhaps A Complete Change. A GENTLE FROWN DISTURBED THE SPACE OF SILENCE.

Leamington

But Leamington Clair;
 He don't care,
 He don't dare,
 Beware:Beware:

Of Leamington Clair.

Leamington Clair tossed about on the couchsins. It was so uncomfortable, he felt as if he couldn't breathe. He twisted his head back and forth, murmuring through his closed lips. Wasn't it awful stuffy in here? He rolled over on his side to try and get more comfortable. His hand hit something solid, and he found it hard to move his legs. Leamington Clair started to mumble as he moved his head from side to side. He was having some sort of dream, it was all very strange. And that feeling, it was there around his mouth. He tried to figure out what it was. Some sort of smacking sound. He saw himself in his dream. It was horrible. There were bugs eating his face. He opened his eyes.

They were still there.