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The Last Supper

The cracking of twigs continued as Abe clumsily wandered through the forest.

Abe: Are we there yet? - he frowned while balancing the weight of his heavy backpack.

Kane: You think the deer will just appear at the outskirts of the forest, exposing themselves? Come on man. - he patted his friend's shoulder and continued forward. Abe looked at him with annoyance and started to inspect Kane's rifle.

Abe: A beauty, that one. - he pointed out - didn't know you've got a new one.

Kane: Yes, and a good one at that. It was a parting gift from my farther, before he died last winter. He surprised me while entering the dinning room, with Delta 5 in his hands. That was the most memorable dinner we had ever had, we were so close. - Kane's eyes glistened - The last supper.

Abe: Was that in your old house? Where we used to play? Kane nodded.

Abe: Oh, man...That place bears so many memories. All the mischief we did. Do you remember that boy we used to mess with, what was his name? - Abe inquisitively glanced.

Kane: Freddy. Yea, he moved to California last year. Decided to become a chef.

Abe mumbled: I feel bad for him. But I've got to say, messing around with him was the most enjoyable thing of that summer.

Kane smirked, and scratched his nape. - I guess. It's been eighteen years since, time passes quickly. We are becoming old. - he cracked into a laughter and so did Abe.

Abe: Yea, I can't believe I'm marrying Serenity next month. I'm all packed up and ready to go. You should move out of this city too, find a nice girl and settle down. I think this place doesn't do much for you. - he stopped for a moment and then continued reluctantly - I've heard things. They trouble me - he mumbled - you know... people talk Kane.

Kane remained silent and turned his gaze towards him, with inquisitiveness.

Abe: Well...I've heard you still visit your mother's grave each Saturday.

Kane answered after a long silence: Yes.

Abe: That sure ain't healthy! It's been ten years.

Kane: Smoking ain't healthy, but you still do it. Where is the pack you bought this morning? Have you already finished it? - he grunted, while checking the bullets in the rifle. He was completely focused in his search for the deer.

Abe: Don't change the subject. - Abe moaned - And that grave you made for Teddy...I mean, I understand how you feel. I liked that dog too. But making a tombstone for him...well, it's a bit odd, don't you think?

Kane remained silent. He walked lightly, with his shoulders moving like those of a predator.

Abe continued: I'm leaving soon. My parents are already in Washington. You are like a brother to me and I hate leaving you in this town. There is nothing left for you here, just sour memories. Tell you what, how about I fix you a job?

Kane: Shh! We're close. - he crouched and looked at Abe - did you hear that?

Abe lowered his head, following Kane who was now clutching his rifle.

Abe: Kane, I think we should call this off.

Kane looked at him haistly.

Abe: Come on. You know why I accepted your invitation.

Kane responded with a disappointed voice: You wanted to talk, yes. You always were a clumsy hunter and a horrible tracker at that. Your orientation is just the worst.

Abe stood up tall and started to stroll along, spreading his hands with his palms facing the sky.

Abe: Someone has to be handsome here. - he sneered. Kane rolled his eyes while reducing the distance between them, catching up to Abe.

Kane: What about the supper?

Abe: Lord of the Fries?

Kane: That won't do. We're going to have that supper. Come to my place. It's going to be our last one. The best one.

Abe: Thank god it's not far, my legs are killing me. - he paused for a second - I never took you for a cook.

Kane: I got into it last Autumn. While my father was still alive. I thought to myself: I might as well make something special for him, you know?. - Kane lowered his head, deepening in his thoughts. It didn't take them long to find themselves in front of his house.

Abe: Thank god, I hope Kelly still remembers me.

Kane: She's not here.

Abe: Oh?

Kane: She left recently, decided to travel for a while with the band.

Abe: When's she coming back?

Kane: I don't know.

They remained silent. Kane's expression grew dim. The thoughts of everything he has lost up to this point started to stir in his mind. Abe walked up to Kane and put his hand on friend's shoulder.

Abe: Don't worry. I'm here with you. You know what, let's use our time to the fullest. I know you can't attend my wedding, so let's just get hammered now.

Kane visualised Abe's departure. He was waving and smiling, happy to pursue a dream and a new life with that. Soon a mass of strangers blocked Kane's vision, making Abe disappear in a mass of strangers. He knew his childhood friend would never come back. He was ecstatic about his new beginning.

As Abe took towards the door Kane clenched his jaw and pulled out the rifle, pointing it at him. Abe grabbed the handle and turned his head towards Kane. His mischevious smile slowly disappeared. His eyes grew wider. A sound of the gun echoed.

Kane grabbed Abe's legs and pulled him inside of the house, through the corridor and into the kitchen. He was ready to dine with him now, making him the main course. He was happy about Abe's stay.

Inspiraton: D. Diehl and M. P. Donnelly's book: 'Eat Thy Neighbour: A History of Cannibalism'