Bomb

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This is a novel about the bomb plot narrowly averted. Don’t fret; it’s short.

Screenplay? you say, but how portray the protagonist’s conscience, the second thoughts? Flashback to his mother and her labor, the childhood taunts for his stammer or his stature or his second-hand shoes. Pan to his little girl in the playground.

That’s enough.

This is the script about the bomb defused—not the fire, not the flames, blue and brighter, not the metal molten, not the screams, the shards, the lightning.

You can almost smell burnt hair, blood’s tang, flesh roasting. But this is not about the pyre. In this one, your protagonist sleeps in.

The six-year old, brow furrowed, concentrates on jacks, her terrier licks his privates beside her. She hums a tune she just made up. Tonight her papa will cook their supper. Her mama touches her brush tip to her lip, then to her paints.