

# Last Laugh

“Nobody will never know about your sacrifice,” I sneered at my foe. “I’m going to kill you, and then it’ll be like this never happened. The end.”

Even then, the bastard still laughed. I made him scream for that, later. But before I ended him, he told me, “One person will know: and you can’t kill him, because he’s you.”

And he was right, damn him. I couldn’t forget what he had done, and it gnawed at me. And that weakness cost me everything, in the end.

I’ll still have the last laugh. Once I’m dead, nobody **will** ever know.

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