

# Waiting

Nobody cared that I killed him. They were *supposed* to care, dammit. Someone should have thought that he *mattered*. Somebody besides me, I mean.

After I killed him, I waited. I figured the cops would come, arrest me, and then it would all come out. But they didn't **do** that: oh, somebody found him, and the cops came to take pictures and the body away, but they ignored me. I was standing there, with the gun in my hand, patiently waiting, and they just ignored me. Eventually, they left.

Well, **I'm** still here. Waiting. For as long as it takes.

- © Moe Lane. All rights reserved.
- <http://www.moelane.com>
- <https://www.patreon.com/MoeLane?ty=h>