

The Broker

The silhouette of a stocky, tall man appeared, hunched over a battered, edgy desk. The solemn man was working double shifts lately, but he didn't care, he had no wife nor child to attend to, not even a person's dinner, work was *life* for him. His office reeked of mildew and was dingy, despite a lively collection of antiques given to him from his late clients: an ancient Roman sword, a vial of hemlock, and his favorite, revolutionary musket, but he was not sure from what Revolution; Mexican, French, American, he had been around.

A pile of contracts on his desktop of rough ivory and petrified oak, beautiful organisms slaughtered and butchered to a practical item. The man had been sorting through them for a while, giving a pile to cancelled but pending agreements, mainly belonging to soldiers, mercenaries, and spies, cheating him while making business for him. An enormous pile for done agreements already middlemanned for, waiting to be incinerated. And yet another colossal pile with multiple clients a page, of long term contracts, souls surviving with the probability to pass childbirth, childhood, adolescence, adulthood, seniorship, just to be part of his ever-expanding clientele. A man of lesser will would have given a twisted smirk at the thought, but he had been in the business since it started, knowing trends, losses, gains, to know that the only way to approach his dealings were stoically. His dealings were vital for the "economy", but sometimes not understood by the people of hippocratic demeanor, who had contributing to the down trend of his sales. A life-saving vaccine to the majority of people was venom to his business. A cast for a broken bone or a prosthetic for an amputee were only a clubs to beat the middleman down. They checked him with medicine and he checked them with plagues.

There was a bold knock on the office's jet black door, the broker stood straight, impeccable posture, and walked to the door in suave gait. The dreary middleman pulled the door agape to find a neat pile of mail on the coarse mat. Confused on why they had been sent directly to him, he grabbed the top envelope and his ornamental letter opener, black and white in color, and gutted the envelope like plump Game to reveal four thick pieces of parchment contracts. Bright white parchment, doves and morning fog, profoundly stained with the broker's fountain ink pen, his signature winding and turning along along with the clients, deciding to accept the melancholy deed. he decided to carry out the deed himself, not letting an employee of his get to it first. He took a lazy view out the window and knew why the letters arrived directly to him, the Night would cover him nicely in the doing the deed.

The broker took slow steps to the pristine coat rack, grabbing his shroud and cap, along with his grim umbrella, long and raggedly sharp at the end, like a scythe, something the middleman also kept with his artifacts. Deep footsteps rang out the seedy alleyway when the being exited the shady office. The broker dived into the cloudy new moon darkness, inhaling and exhaling the viscous oily gas, absorbing it through his pores, tasting and smelling the delightfully bitter substance, hearing the pleasant sound of void and echoing footsteps mingle and combining in ancient relationship, seeing the awe of pure darkness and electric chaos the night offered him, the ego lived up. No buffer of pale light was going to restrain the darkness forever. Afterall, absolutely all was shadowed or stained, like he preferred it be.

He quickly approached a dimly lit, basic country cottage, the playthings of a small child littered the fair porch, a small lily garden stared back at the Dreary Middleman. Slow, measured steps were taken up the stairs, thudding, thrashing, and panicking, but always seemed calm in demeanor. He marched like a military man, strode like an assassin, and charged like mad cavalry to the beaten door. A brazen, gloved hand latched onto the doorknob and twisted it until it clicked and trembled, leaving the bright knob and its door smudged with black ink from the the broker's hands. The inner house looked lively, flickering

electronics, comfortable furniture, and excessive amounts of child paintings on the plaster walls. he faint buzz of an electric generator tickled his ear, he found it spewing out carbon monoxide in the basement. He refrained from searching the rest of the house, snapping his fingers to reveal a man, woman, and girl, dressed in bright white garments, but The Broker saw it as black. They all had subtle melancholy expressions on their deep scarlet, slender faces, not knowing what would happen, blinded by grim pictures of their mind. The broker strode to the man and held up the agreement.

“Signature.” Uttered the Dreary Middleman,

He signed on the behalf of the family, it was his fault. The Broker swiftly struck down his umbrella to the polished hardwood, the family vanished in an instantaneous puff of smoke. He had successfully carried out the contract, taking his clients out of their current “bases” and sending them off. Where to? He didn’t know. He was the middleman who sent his clients to an unsure destination, a hazy and absurd protocol that worked. However the job was done, now he couldn’t take them away to save them, only hearses could take away the byproduct of his work and deliver it 6 feet under. Their relatives would admire his morbid work and wonder how it felt and try to ignore and ridicule his business until The Broker found his way into their life. Serving everybody, whether they like it or not. He took a long stride out of the dark cottage, no longer illuminated by the generator-powered lights. The Broker dissolved into the voluptuous dark, leaving nothing but a presence.