The Awful Truth

Chris Edwards

Despite the vast data at hand pertaining to his belief in the charm and ease of exposure, not much is known about Cary beyond the simple decency and consular good manners his roles only occasionally allowed him to exhibit. The outbreak of war had offered him boy scouts on the docks, followed by a few last letters to post, about which he was curious but remained none the wiser. Still, a pattern began to emerge as if from the wallpaper of his bedroom — a patter too, like roaches. Formidable omens? Probably not. Probably just roaches.