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Two Probes

1

A strange little caravan strumbles in the desert. At the head of the procession walks a man dressed in a robe, his long beard sways in the searing wind. There is a leading-rein in his hand, on the other side of it a sacrificial lamb that ambles along, an old leather belt clenches it's mouth. On the back of the animal sits a young boy, with a giant knife in his hand, which was entrusted to him by his father. The light of the sun glints on it's sharp edge.

This is a long, long journey, the boy can hardly remember, when it exactly began. The child is ravenously hungry, his belly keeps growling. He also hears his father's rumbling stomach, but he knows, his dad is strong man, who pays no attention to these discomforts. He is sacrificing already in his head. But the boy could bear it no longer. With the knife, he cuts down a small piece of meat off the walking lamb. The animal whines in pain, but can not beat because of the belt.

They pass on, the search for the flat sacrificial stone continues. The boy's little mouth is all red, blood runs down on his chest, as he keeps biting out pieces of the raw meat. The steps of the lamb becomes ambiguous, but the man keeps pulling it. The animal trails a dark red line into the sand as it walks.

The boy is old enough to know, he's risking his life now. His dad is relentless, when it comes to sacrifice. If the lamb dies before they find the ancient rock, his father might lay him on the stone, so he could offer something to his God. The boy knows this, but still can't silence his hunger, he cuts more and more meat off the lamb, which might fall into the sand giving up the ghost any minute now.

„Maybe the stone doesn't exist the boy reposes himself. „Maybe this is a journey which has no end. And I am hungry. I must fulfill my needs.’

When the child finally feels repletion, there is still some life in the shaking lamb. But there is a new feeling, that torments the boy. And it is much worse than the hunger was. This is something, that can't be banished so easily. He was just tired and found wanting.

2

The mother got ready with the supper. The steamy lamb is now on the table. She sits down and waits. As minutes go by the woman keeps staring at the open door. She's thinking about her husband and her son. They left very early this morning, and should be home soon. They must be starving after the long trip in the desert.

The hours pass, and the lamb grows cold. The woman's stomach begins to rumble, she throws hungry glances at the food. Finally, she yields

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to the temptation, and starts to peck some meat from the bones. Just little pieces, the miss of them is hardly recognizable. But soon she forgets about herself, and starts eating more and more. Bare bones fester on the tablecloth. As she chews, her eye drifts on the open door. The mother's seized with compunction every time she fronts the sullen door. Her heart begging to beat faster. She tries to take no notice of it, unavailingly. After some time, the woman cannot bear to see it. She runs to the door, closes it, and turns the key in the lock, so she can finish her feast in peace.

The bones on the table clog together into a child's skeleton.