

The Love of a Hero

“You know this looks bad.” Maude was now insisting.

“What are you saying?” Clara was still lost.

“Honey, he’s never here. You can’t get a hold of him when you need to.”

“He’s busy with work, as I’ve told you before.”

“I’m telling you if you say that again...”

“He is!” Clara stood up so fast her chair toppled over. “That man is working to help people. That’s all I need to know. I trust him, completely.”

“Sweetie, he’s cheating on you. Plain and simple. I’ve seen this before. He isn’t helping anyone but himself. Listen, I’m worried about you. You’ve been spending too much time alone. When you’re ready, you know where to find me.”

Clara crouched down to pick up the chair without another word. When she was certain she was alone, she clicked on the television. Channel 8 News was on, and they were still talking about the vigilante.

“Last night, the man people are referring to as the vigilante saved yet another 4 people from gang violence. This is his third rescue this month. He has been described to us as tall, white and dressed in almost all black. If anyone has any information on him, we ask that you call the number below. And when we come back after the break, Sarah will have the forecast for...”

Clara got up and put other four tick marks on the white board. Then she went about her day. She cleaned, ironed and cooked until half past nine.

She jumped when she heard the door open. “Hello?”

A man, dressed in black and bleeding, walked in. “Hi. Do you mind if I clean up in here again?”

“No. Of course not.”

“Thanks.” She heard his feet shuffle down the hall. He reemerged a while later and sat next to her.

“How was it?”

“Saved another couple. They nearly got my mask off. I may have to stop again for a bit.”

“But you’re doing so much good.”

“I know... but I miss the quiet. And spending all my free time with you.”

“Oh, speaking of that. Maude, our next door neighbor, came in insisting that you are having an affair. She wouldn’t back down.”

“Babe,” he sighed. “I am so sorry.”

“Why? You are out there, saving people. I am proud of you. And I will stay glued to the TV for the rest of our lives, watching for anything about the vigilante. Such an unoriginal name.”

He chuckled. “You know, even if you were my only rescue, it would have been worth it.” He said, looking at the tick marks.

“I know. Just promise me you’ll be careful.”

“Always.” With that, she clicked the Channel 8 News off, and they fell into a deep silence.

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