

# A Night not so Silent

*by Tomas Frydrych*

The night is crisp, the silver face in the sky defying the darkness, the citizens of Breadhouse peacefully asleep in their beds.



They came out of nowhere, organised, efficient, focused on the task ahead, swords glittering in the moonlight. House after house they move from one end of the village to the other, bursting into bedrooms, seeking out infants, plunging the tools of their trade into the tiny bodies. The soiled blades lose their sheen, the stench of blood filling the air.

They depart as they came, organised, efficient, focused on the task ahead, leaving the citizens of Breadhouse to their screams and sorrow.



A few miles down the road a young wife of a carpenter steps out for a breath of fresh air. Her nose catches a faint metallic smell on the breeze; it reminds her of the Passover, that sweet smell of the sacrificial blood. But this is not a festive season; perhaps her senses are playing games with her. No wonder, she barely slept; her son is having a bad night and nothing she does can get him to sleep.



A faint pink glow touches the horizon – soon the darkness will give way to the day.

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