

It Can Be Done, It Should Be Done

By Martin Willoughby

“Good morning.” The office door closed with a click and Colin looked up from the report he was reading. He looked carefully at the tall, smart-suited woman standing on the other side of his desk. She looked familiar, but he couldn't put a name to the very attractive face.

“Can I help you?”

“I was at the team meeting this morning.” She sat down in the low chair that Colin used so he could look down on everyone who came to see him. “I was impressed by a statement you made about our latest scientific breakthrough. 'If it can be done, it should be done.' Do you really believe that?”

She crossed her legs and Colin couldn't help but stare at them momentarily. Looking back at her face he noticed a sly smile.

“Yes.” He shuffled into a more dominant position and cleared his throat. “For the benefit of humanity of course.”

“Of course. But are you the one to make that decision? Are you the one to decide that this is for the benefit of humanity?”

“I have the power to do so.” Colin lounged back in his leather chair, looked her up and down once more and decided that he had an admirer. “If a few people get harmed along the way, we can rest in the knowledge that I...we have progressed scientific thought.”

“And made a significant profit for the company...and its shareholders.”

“As a by-product of the advance.”

She uncrossed her legs, shuffled and recrossed them. “You are a major shareholder?”

Colin smiled a little as she unbuttoned her jacket to reveal a pale yellow blouse that tried to hide her bosom. “I hold a significant number of shares in the company. But the greater good of humanity is what matters.”

“So anyone who has power, should use that power to improve humanity? No matter the human cost?”

“A short term cost in money, or lives, will always be paid for any advance. Some will undoubtedly...”

“Good. I'm glad you agree.” She produced a gun from under her jacket and aimed it at his head. Colin

froze. She pulled the trigger.

Colin watched as the bullet moved slowly through the air towards his forehead, but couldn't move.

“I can kill you, thereby saving the lives of others. Therefore I should kill you.” The woman placed the gun on his desk. She buttoned and smoothed her jacket, then her skirt and walked away. Colin watched on as she opened the door and strolled past his unmoving staff, ducking under two outstretched arms that held a piece of paper. Then, with a quick glance over her shoulder and a broad smile, she passed through the wall on the opposite side.

The bullet continued to edge its way towards him, cutting through the air, sound waves in its wake. Colin tried to move again, but his body was as frozen as those of everyone else.

When the bullet touched his forehead, he felt its heat burn the skin and fat layers that covered the skull. It twisted its way through them to the bone and, after shattering it, sliced through the nerves in his frontal lobe. Colin felt the intense pain as the now flattened bullet pushed through his brain to the back of his head, shattering the skull on its way out. As the bullet hit the brick and concrete behind him, the pressure waves that followed destroyed what remained of Colin's skull and plastered the grey mush that was once his brain around the office.

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