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The Last Laugh. A Short Story

Recoil; my body fluctuated backwards with the undeniable force of the metallic machine which would thrust me forward into my future. The Gun. I held it over his limp body, for the first time in my life I felt it – I was in control, I had power. He deserved it after the way that he treated me, after all he'd done to me.

I was confined to that prison he called “home” cleaning, cooking, and waiting at his beck and call. I was at his disposal. He strived for perfection but nothing was ever good enough for him. I was never enough for him “useless, worthless, and pathetic” that was the life he gave me. I took down all the mirrors in the house, disgraced at my reflection every morning; I saw what he wanted me to believe. Shattered confidence and no self respect; that was his parting gift. Well, I certainly gave him something to think about. It took me years of covering bruises (I was always the “clumsy one”) to realise that I wasn't the problem, it was him.

When I over-stepped the mark, the rifle came out. How ironic it was that his final demise was from his weapon of choice. After a late night he came home bringing with him the stench of booze and his infidelity. Blearing as usual, his fist made contact with my face – a shattering pain, my face immobilised, my wake up call, I vowed tonight would be the end of my affliction.

Hurling up the stairs with nothing but anger and sheer hatred fuelling my rage I went to our marital bed. The room that was meant to epitomise our love would surely reveal our relationship for what it really was. A façade, a mask under which horrors lay. As he stumbled in forcing abuse to me, I forced a bullet to his head. The frustration that was constantly brewing up inside of me was finally appeased, I felt release. Delirious, my mind became perturbed.

Police sirens I could hear them coming towards me, coming to get me. They know, how do they know? How could they know, I'm an honest person, I follow the rules, I didn't do anything it wasn't my fault, it was him, it was all his fault. Finger Prints. They'll know it was me – better get out of here before my new life comes to a bitter end. Head for the door quicker, faster. My legs tremble as I try to speed up.

His body got in the way, I tripped, I fell and now there's nothing but silence in this house of horrors – he got the last laugh.