

"The Adulteress"

The guilty look, the sparkle in her eye, will she lose her husband to a filthy lie?

She lay in bed, next to him. She stared at his face in shame and guilt; this was not the man of her last name. As she lay, a tear formed in the corner of her eye, was she drunk? Was she dazed? Now she realised, her vision was hazed. With regret, she hauled her body out of bed, only to be brought to an abrupt stop. The stranger she spent the night with clenched on to her hand and said, "Where are you going?" With a nervous laugh, she mumbled, "I'm going back to where I belong." His grip tightened against her hand, as he said "you leave, I tell." For some reason, Abigail was not shocked or surprised. She somehow saw this coming but pondered on her thoughts. If only she had thought like this before. Looking around, she saw a small window with the bright sun rays shining through, embracing her face.

As she began to recall the night before, a series of unfortunate events formed in her mind. First, the drink, and then the hug. As her thought continued to develop, shivers ran down her spine. As his grip loosened, she searched frantically for the clothes she once wore. None were in sight, not even on the floor. She opened the nearest cupboard, when suddenly a grey shirt fell before her feet. She picked it up, with familiarisation and hurriedly, pushed it over her head. She began to feel more comfortable and continued to search for the rest of her belongings. In the far corner, was her skirt on the floor resting against an unknown pair of Armani jeans. His gaze was still on her as she continued to scavenge around the room. Suddenly, she panicked, and began to run towards the door. As she ran down the apartment hallway, she heard him shout, "ABI!" His voice ascended in volume but gradually became distant. She could hear him scrambling to find his clothes and heard him slam the door shut behind him. He was looking for her, so many places to run yet so little places to hide. Her heart began to pound ecstatically as the fear within her increased by the minute. She could hear him getting closer and closer yet couldn't bring herself to turn her head.

Finally, she was out on the street, barefoot and tears of mascara ran down her face. She was oblivious to her surroundings but continued to run for her life. What will she do? Where will she go? As she continued to run, she knew it was time to make a stop. As she arrived at a cliff, she stared at what was below. She had two options, live and lie, or jump and die. As she moved closer and closer to the edge, a final tear fell from her face and she vanished into the abyss.