

She fell like a dove, gently, serenely, truly, madly, deeply, until she found the letter in his pocket.

“Hey, you, get out of bed!

You might want to go find a job today ya'know...I'm sick of making all the money around here! For gods sake! I'M the WOMAN! It shouldn't be me working all day making money you're your sorry self. Come on! Get your fat face out of my view line, I'm so sick of looking at you. I know what you've been doing with Rachel; I've read the letter! Yes, you didn't expect that did you?! Your just using me for my money, and after all we've been through! You can't just leave when the going gets tough

You don't care one bit about me, about our house about our future
ABOUT THE FUTURE OF OUR UNBORN BABY!!”

She scuttled to the medicine cupboard and got out the horse tranquilises. Craning her neck around to see where her dire excuse of a husband was, she noted his absence and continued.

In the draw, a slight fumbling in which she felt a small sharp spine. “aha” she whispered and slowly drew out a long, thin, discoloured syringe. A forgotten moment, she quickly checked behind her for any sign on the rat. “Nick!!!!”

A small groan mildly resembling mhmm came from the bedroom.

‘Nothing dear’ she replied in her evil witch like tones. She stuck the syringe in the bottle of tranquiliser and slowly drew out the golden yellow liquid. She stared at the dirty syringe before her. Tap tap tap. She clicked on the syringe to make sure it was all mixed. Holing it behind her back, she crept into the dark bedroom, closed the curtains, and whispered “Nicholas....”

He rolled over in his sleep.

She pounced onto the bed placing the syringe on the table and like a cheetah, strangled his lower arm, pinning his struggling body down like a tonne of bricks. She slowly inserted the needle in, watching the blood mix around with the yellow liquid producing a putrid brown until it was no more. A stifled moan came from his snow white lips.

A second before his collapse she gently whispered in his ear “its better this way” and then he was gone.

She hung onto him, horrified, and remained there.

Remembering she dialled the phone. The ringing seemed like an alarm compared to the silence of the room “Jerome get here now!” and slammed down the phone

She paced around the room, making sure he didn't move. It seemed like an age until there was a slow, hard knock on the door, but Jerome came upstairs with a big black sack, Shoved poor Nicholas into it “Il finish him off” and went out.

“At last.....” Jennifer sighed,

Maya Bhogal 10W