

## Soup

The thick soup dripped from the spoon like a leaking tap. It plunged onto the cold floor of the abattoir, staining the white floor. He glared down at it, staring with unseeing eyes, the spoon still clenched in his hand, the soup stone cold. She walked into the chilly room, and smiled. It had been a good week.

A week before. She was slicing up the meat with the cleaver. He walked in, his hands covered in blood, his apron stained. His footsteps rang out in the empty abattoir, alarming her. She dropped the knife and spun around, her shoes squeaking on the shiny floor. He walked over to the industrial sink and spun the rusty tap, water causing over his stained hands, the stench of blood in the air. She continued to cut up the meat, the slamming of the hatchet as regular as the ticking of his watch. He walked out again, slamming the heavy door behind him.

She left the abattoir late that night. Walking down the steep staircase, that was where she found him. She stood on something slippery, grabbed the handrail to steady herself. The blood had congealed on the stair, leaving a trail. To his body.

He lay at the bottom of the stairs. As boneless as a puppet, his face was frozen in a grimace. She could tell he was dead. No sound from his body, no signs of life. She kneeled next to him. He grinned at her, his teeth shining in the white light. She grabbed his arms, and began to pull him up. To the abattoir.

She positioned him in his favourite chair. His soup in front of him, the spoon in his hand. He stared down at the soup, expressionless. She sat opposite him, eating the soup. That was the way she liked him. Silent.

Even the soup tasted like him.

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