

100 Word Tale

published Newsletter 65 September 2020

The Dance

'But how will I know the dance if you won't teach me?' cried little Jeannie Moffat. Her mother half-smiled.

'Now Jeannie - watch and learn. The wedding feast's tonight.'

Later, Jeannie watched Amy Fairfax's tiny feet flash about the cutlasses. Amy's eyes never left those of her new husband.

Eight years later, another bride began to dance.

The pipes called to Jeannie.

Had Tom Fairfax not held her? Had he not begged her to be his wife?

Jeannie pushed aside the pretender. Dancing. Dancing. Her eyes met Tom's.

His look cut her heart as the cutlass cut her foot.

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