



A Deserving Case

I crept up the stairs, the noise accumulating as I climbed. I swear I stopped breathing altogether.

Pushing open the bedroom door, I found him lying there, deep in the sleep of the nonchalantly guilty.

Don't ask me where I got the gun - ask me why I needed one.

I wasn't sure if I could do it, I wasn't sure if I had the guts.

Gathering my courage, the deed was done and I was glad then. Glad it was finally over.

The years of degradation and mental torture melted away.

He'd never hurt me or any other woman again.

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