

"The Flashing Blade "

The woman slowly made her way along the lane, in the drizzly darkness. Her torch barely lighted the road ahead.

Why had she listened to her husband. He had said living in rural Dorset would be fun. The fresh air, the views, the rural lifestyle. Idiot. Why had she married that idiot? All she could smell was manure, all she could see was fog, the rural nightmare, more like.

Where was the street lighting, where was the hustle and bustle? She should never to have left the city. And all she could hear was some tap-tapping somewhere behind her. And those bastard cobwebs, hanging down from the overhanging trees. She hated spiders. In that moment she became afraid, for she realised the tap-tapping had stopped. Silence. Darkness.

Then the moon appeared from behind the clouds, and glinted off the flashing blade as it swooshed through the air.

There was a short cry, followed by a muffled thump, as the body hit the ground.

Her husband wiped the blade clean and returned the sword to its scabbard.

"Sorry to startle you, my dear" he said to his wife. "This chap had been following you for weeks, up in the city, not meaning you well. And so I brought you here, to the safety of the countryside."

The village drunk, Blind Bob, finished pissing into the hedge, zipped up his fly and continued tap-tapping the way home to his cottage. Almost tumbling over the body in the lane, he muttered

"Bloody tourists, when will they ever learn not to drink the cider."