

## I don't get it!

By

P.S. Gifford

*"It was the darkest night that Victor could ever remember; he silently prayed to God he had never even begun this mission. As the eight foot tall fire spitting demon approached Victor rubbed the crucifix dangling around his neck and dug deep within his faith to muster every ounce of strength he could. He raised the silver bladed axe towards his tormentor, and briskly flung it into its flesh. The last thing the Demon saw was the glint of the blade just before it penetrated its heart. A blood-curdling scream bellowed into the black night, as the Demon finally collapsed in front of Victor. It is over Victor thought still shaking with fear, it is finally over."*

"So that's your latest story is it?" Gladys groaned. "Can't you ever write anything light-hearted for a change? I worry about you!" Gladys slowly shook her head as she spat the words out. "These stories you write are bound to have a queer affect on you. I will never understand your fascination with horror; I just don't get it at all."

With that cursive final comment, Gladys marched assertively out of her husband's office and over to the liquor cabinet in the front room. Scanning the array of half filled bottles she focused her gaze on one, and licking her lips, poured her self a generous measure of bourbon.

The glass was inches from her parched lips when she heard it.

"Fetch me a beer!" Eric hollered. "And make it quick, I have an amazing new story idea to share with you!"

Gladys dutifully placed her untouched drink down, went into the kitchen, opened the refrigerator and pulled out a beer. Then, sighing at her submissiveness, made her way back into the office, popped the beer open, and placed it on the only cleared part of her husband's desk.

"Listen to this!" Eric cried with his exuberant voice overflowing with excitement, "I have just got a brilliant idea for a plotline. It's all about a young explorer who gets

trapped inside some caverns, and he gets eaten alive by rats!" As the exhilaration of the unfolding story jiggled through his demented brain, he took a hearty gulp from his cheap, lager.

'Who would ever read anything like that?' Gladys thought to her self as she listened 'I just don't get it!'

"Well?" Eric prompted. "I told you that quitting my job five years ago to become a horror writer would pay off. I know this one is going to be my big break. This one could have been penned by King himself!" With that he gulped down the rest of the beer.

Gladys nodded "Yes...That's whose fault it is," she mumbled as she left her husband typing frantically on his computer, "Stephen bloody king. If I ever got my hands on him I would bury *him* alive."

Gladys picked up her drink, and continued to mumble.

"Yes, ever since he read *Misery* Eric has written all sorts of drivel about murders, witchcraft, and ghosts; poppycock, every word of it." She took a sip of the bourbon, swilled it about her mouth, and swallowed it. "If he wants to be a successful author why doesn't he write something lighthearted? Perhaps even a romance novel - Something I might enjoy for once...I just don't get it."

That evening as the sun gradually began to set on their modest cul-de-sac semi-detached house Gladys was, as always, preparing the evening meal. Just as she was tenderizing the meat with her large studded mallet, Eric's usual and well-rehearsed cry for a beer interrupted. Gladys put down the mallet next to the pummeled meat, and realized that she had been hitting it for over twenty minutes. The meat, what was left of it, was reduced to a pile of battered thin scraps.

"And make it quick," he added curtly, "I am dying of thirst in here...Writing is hard work you know."

Gladys, trying to comprehend why she had destroyed the *New York* steak, shook herself.

"Pull yourself together," she told herself as she begrudgingly bowed once more into the petite refrigerator to retrieve his beloved beer. As she was reaching in for it a weird and wonderful notion unexpectedly penetrated her reasoning. Just like the light suddenly flashing on within the coldness of the refrigerator as she opened it, an inspiration abruptly illuminated her usually lackluster mind. Clarity of thought and reasoning Gladys had never formerly experienced overcame her...

Retrieving the beer she closed the refrigerator to reveal her usual sullen features transformed by a devilish smirk.

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"What happened?" the chief detective exclaimed. "And why was I called out in the middle of the night?" She shook her head methodically as a stream of young police officers quickly flooded into the nondescript gray painted council house.

"Don't rightly know chief," replied Officer Haller. His well-manicured fingers twitched at his neatly trimmed moustache as he continued...

"There was a report of a woman screaming hysterically by the neighbors," he paused for a moment as his clear blue eyes began to glaze over. "Everyone assumed that she was in danger, so we raced here as quickly as we could. There was no answer when we banged on the door, but the screams kept going, so we quickly broke it down. The screaming lead us to a small, dark study where we discovered a horrible sight indeed miss. A bloody ghastly scene, it looked like it came straight from the pages of a Stephen King horror book chief-I swear it. We found the lady of the house, a certain Gladys Poe, screaming hysterically whilst still bludgeoning the poor lifeless fellow on what remained of his head with a meat tenderizer. She must have hit him bloody hundreds of times, and we had to drag her off. Blood, pieces of fractured skull and chunks of brain were all over the place. Here's the bit I don't understand though chief...the whole time she was chanting, 'I finally got it, I finally got it,' 'orrible it was, truly `orrible."

**The End**