

The Bitter End

Darlene had finally had it. Her husband Arnold was just too much. Arnold never paid attention to Darlene unless he needed something. He said he was too busy to remember anniversaries and birthdays. She had put up with him for thirty years, and now, she decided, the time had come for action. He knew Arnold's every quirk and his daily habits. Though she sympathized with Arnold's weakened, diabetic condition, she had had all she could take.

From the slough in back of their home, Darlene extracted a four-foot long water moccasin as her accomplice. Knowing Arnold's morning routine all too well, Darlene plunked the slippery fellow into the toilet bowl in Arnold's bathroom.

The next morning when Arnold's ample bottom shut out all light inside the toilet, the water moccasin, overcome with fear, struck. Arnold didn't last long, and Darlene flushed the snake down the drain, easily disposing of the murder weapon. The mysterious death remained on the police books for years, but no arrests were ever made. The death did not appear caused by human hand. And, Yes, Darlene felt quite pleased with the outcome.