

Must've Done Something, Right?

by Jerry Ratch

I hope you're happy, she said. Fuckler!

Whoa!

Bastard! *Fucker!*

I backed out the door to keep from feeling a knife square between my shoulder-blades.

And I ran, fast as I could down the street. At last, I was free! Free! This fuckler was *free at last*, as they say.

I hope you rot in hell! I heard her shouting from the front stairs. Fuckler! Fuckler! *Fucker!*

That last round sounded like it had at least two or three generations behind it, so I think she had somehow summoned up some wind from the past. I know how many red-faced drinkers there were from her past. They could certainly put some power behind their curses.

