

Into The Night

by Veronica Marie Lewis-Shaw

"It won't do... it simply will not do! Elizabeth, married off to that pompous ass? The woman is a hack!"

Slamming the book shut.

First impersonate... then consummate.

Mirror's fancy... elegant lace and brocaded silk draped over naked body... soon it shall be my words that are read by all!

Into the night.

"Good evening, Miss Austen." I step under the porch lamp. Polite interest on her face turns to puzzlement.

"Why... you look just like..." Darkness befalls fair Jane.

Under a conspiratorial moon... the shovel my silent partner... organ-less torso to the worms.

Home.

Quill and paper await me.

~finis~

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