

Bitters and Bile
By
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Clara poured the bitters into the soup, splashing hot broth onto her hand.

“God dammit!” she cried.

“You okay in there?” Caleb asked.

“Just fine, dear,” Clara responded. “Accidentally splashed some soup on my hand.”

“Ouch. Sorry, sugar. Need some help?”

“No worries, dear. Just keep watching the match. It’ll be ready soon.”

Clara stirred the soup and brought the spoon to her lips.

“Mmmmm, that should cover it just fine,” she said to herself.

“What, sugar?”

“Nothing, dear. Just talking to myself.”

Clara poured the arsenic into the soup, splashing hot broth onto her hand.

“Son of a bitch!”