

QUIET REFLECTION

Lia Bartley

She wasn't completely sure he was dead, so she stabbed him again three more times, twice in the chest and once in the neck, just to be certain. Thick red blood pooled from his lopsided open mouth, now fixed in a surprised 'O'. She sat back, panting, and watched the colour drain slowly from his face with deep satisfaction.

'Violet? Violet!'

Violet blinked; she'd been staring out of the window of the classroom. Outside, a crow stood perched atop a chimney, arching its back in a silent scream.

Mr Whittaker, his knuckles white around his cane, was glaring at her, the skin at the base of his neck beginning to turn its usual mottled purple. The colour of his anger.

'Repeat that last sentence to me, girl, or you'll be in for a good hiding.'