

Lamb to the slaughter

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and Lea Philipps



Now and again she would glance up at the clock, but without anxiety, merely to please herself with the thought that each minute gone by made it nearer the time when he would come.





She loved him for the way he sat loosely in a chair and especially the way he remained silent about his tiredness.



He lifted his glass and drained it in one swallow although there was still half of it, at least half of it left.



And I know it`s kind of a bad time to be telling you, but there simply wasn`t any other way. Of course I`ll give you money and see you`re looked after... It wouldn`t be very good for my job.



... The deep freeze, the hand inside the cabinet taking hold of the first object it met, a leg of lamb.



At that point, she simply walked up behind him and without any pause she swung the big frozen leg of lamb high in the air and brought it down as hard as she could on the back of his head.



She might as well have hit him with a steel club.

...

All right, she told herself. So I've killed him.



Hullo Sam. I want some potatoes please, Sam. Yes and I think a can of peas.

She ran upstairs to the bedroom. She sat down before the mirror, tidied her face, touched up her lips and face. She tried a smile. It came out rather peculiar, she tried again.



Patrick's decided he's tired and doesn't want to eat out tonight. We usually go out on Thursdays, you know, and now he's caught me without any vegetables in the house... I got a nice leg of lamb from the freezer.

It wasn't six o'clock yet and the lights were still on in the grocery shop.



...when she saw him laying there on the floor, it really was rather a shock. All the old love and longing for him welled up inside her, and she ran over to him, knelt down beside him, and began to cry her heart out. It was easy. No acting necessary.



A few minutes later she got up and went to the phone. She knew the number of the police station.

Quick! Come quick!
Patrick's dead!



... She opened the front door,
two policemen walked in. She
knew them both- she knew
nearly all the men at that
precinct.



Very cheerful...
wanted to
give him a
good
supper...
peas...

Which grocer?

She told her story again, this time right
from the beginning, when Patrick had
come in.



Would you do me a small favour- you must be terribly hungry by now because it's long past your supper time and I know Patrick would never forgive me, God bless his soul, if I allowed you to remain in his house without offering you decent hospitality. Why don't you eat up that lamb that is in the oven?



The doc says his skull was smashed all to pieces just like from a sledge-hammer. Whoever done it, they are not going to be carrying a thing like that around with them longer than they need. It think it 's right here on the premises. Probably right under our very noses.

... and in the other room she began to giggle.