

Thanks For Calling

His devious plan was so obvious. Leave me here with his kids and his dog while he goes on another “business” trip to Reno.

My heavy butcher knife slices easily, trimming the fat off the tender steak planned for supper. Meanwhile, he’s sitting there, faking looking sad. Such an actor.

Why, it’d be over in a flash! My story? He must have slipped; fell on the knife; bled out while I was in the shower.

My phone vibrates; his boss is calling.

“Hi, Jim. What? The Reno trip is cancelled... *Just in time.*”

“What?”

“Never mind, Jim. Thanks for calling.”