A Thrust of Class

Michele Savage
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Short Story
Third Place, tie

I killed a man once.

It was in Algiers, March, 1939. A scirocco was blowing off of the Mediterranean, across the Sahara, and past the door of the sleazy little bar where I had taken shelter from life and the arid heat of the African night.

Suddenly, I couldn’t stand it anymore. I crossed my legs, pulled up my skirt, and drew my stiletto from the scarlet garter above my right knee. The sharp silver blade gleamed in the candlelight as I plunged it into his back, right between the shoulder blades.

His blood was very red. It soaked into his white dinner jacket. It spurted onto my black silk dress. It dripped onto the parquet floor and formed a pool around his lifeless body.

It was then that I realized that murder can be a very messy business. Had I but known beforehand...I probably would have done it anyway, since I’m basically a spoiled, brazen little vixen (not to mention a forward baggage).

I stood there, coldly observing my deed. I felt no twinge of regret, because he deserved it, the wretch.

It occurred to me that I should get rid of the body, but how?

Thinking quickly, I grabbed his heels and pulled him outside, leaving a trail of tell-tale red in my wake. His sleek, grey sportscar was parked in the street, and somehow I managed to load his corpse into it.

Then, I went back inside and wiped up the blood with a linen tablecloth. Luckily, there had been no one else in the sleazy bar to witness my revenge but the bartender and the piano-player, both of whom were deaf, mute, and blind. They weren’t going to talk.

Outside, I climbed into the driver’s seat. I calmly navigated the car through the dark, wind-blown streets of Algiers, thankful that the storm had driven
everyone indoors. Turning onto the desert road, I drove until the city was behind me, then pulled over into the shelter of a large sand dune and got out.

I shifted his lifeless form into the driver’s seat and searched his pockets for the cigarette lighter I knew I would find. It was a Bic, a red one. I took three steps backward and flicked the little lighter until its flame was high. Then, I tossed it into the car and ran. I hated to do that to a Ferrari, but I had no choice.

I heard the explosion just as I reached the top of the dune. Slowly I turned and sank down into the warm sand to enjoy the spectacle. Seeing him die had been a pleasure, but watching him burn was an ecstasy. It was, after all, no more than he deserved.

“Ha ha,” I said without feeling. “That’ll teach you to ignore ME when I’m trying to seduce you, you fool.”