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Age/Category: 19 and above

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The Day Everything Changed

My wife and the neighbour's shadows looked like silhouettes through the window. In our house, dinner was set, two candles, cheese, fruit and her favourite French wine. I clenched my palms and felt trickles of blood seep out. I pulled the table cloth and watched as the food and glasses hit the floor and wall, the white carpet now stained forever. So much for a romantic evening to celebrate our first anniversary.

I always carried a gun with me wherever I went, you can never be too safe in this town. I stormed out of the house and went straight to the neighbour's front door. The gardener, Michael was standing by the door.

“Good evening, sir!”

It would be a waste of innocent blood if I also shot him so I ignored him and went straight for the door.

“How was your day sir?”

I shoved him to the side.

“We have fresh mangos for you...”

I slammed the door open and charged up the stairs. Michael knows about this! An accomplice to the crime of passion. The door to my neighbour's bedroom was ajar and I heard the coy giggles. That was my wife he had in his arms, that was my love he was stealing and on our anniversary. I squeezed the trigger to the roof, my knock on the door for today. The ring of giggles was replaced by shouts of terror. When I pushed through the door, I found our neighbour holding onto a great surprise.

“Have you lost your mind? What are you doing?” the neighbour screamed.

“Who is that?”

“This is Chandra!”

The woman's genetically enhanced lips trembled as she batted her eye lash extensions as if they might blow me away.

“This was a mistake.”

“Mistake! You were about to kill me!”

“Your house sir,” Chandra finally spoke.

I looked out of the window and saw my house on fire. My wife looked at the house, still as a statue, a crate of Heineken in her hands. At least brought me what I had asked for.