

Rage

by Jim Gold

Snorting, she grabbed the armchair and tore off the fabric with her bare hands. She squeezed the stuffing out of the pillow and stomped on the armchair frame, quickly turning it into a heap of smashed wood and splinters. Without bothering to open the window, she hurled the sofa through it. Shattered glass flew in all directions.

“I hate this house!” she yelled, driving her foot through the plaster wall. “I can’t stand looking at you, either!” she screamed at her husband, who was hiding in the corner. Grabbing him by the scruff of the neck, she crumpled his starched collar. It sent his shirt buttons flying in all directions.

“Estelle, you’re overreacting,” were the last words he uttered before she heaved him across the lawn into the rose bushes.

“I can’t stand the smell of those roses either,” she shouted as she started tearing out the bushes and ploughing them under with her heel.

Finally, her rage subsided. She found a pear in refrigerator and sat in the corner munching it while all the paintings on the wall hung trembling from their hooks.

from Carlos the Cloud

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