Henrietta Rose-Jones

Poison

The Case File for African Writing
Poison
The moon was different that night. It was shining with a brightness that made the clouds glow. As I walked, I felt a sense of peace, as if the world was at rest.

I was her favorite, and she would often follow me around. Tonight, she seemed particularly at ease, wagging her tail as we strolled through the park. She would jump on my back, nuzzling my face, seeking attention.

As we sat in the park, a herd of deer passed by, their silhouettes blending with the darkness. The sounds of nature enveloped us, creating a sense of tranquility.

I took a deep breath, feeling the cool air on my skin. The stars were out, their twinkling lights guiding us through the night. I knew she would be happy to see the stars, and I smiled as I watched her eyes light up.

We continued our walk, the moon casting a soft glow on everything around us. The park was empty, save for a few other people who were enjoying the quiet.

As we reached the edge of the park, I turned to her, holding her gently in my arms. She looked up at me, her eyes shining with love.

"I love you," I whispered, feeling a sense of contentment.

And so, we walked into the night, the moon shining bright above us.
The door opened and the first floor was filled with the sound of laughter and chatter. The man in the suit stepped forward, his expression unreadable.

"You," he said, his voice low and menacing. "You were watching me."

The woman turned to face him, her eyes wide with fear. "I didn't mean..."

"Don't play games with me."

The man lunged forward, his hand closing around her throat. She struggled, trying to break free, but his grip was too strong. The room fell silent, the only sound the man's breaths coming in short, rapid bursts.

"Tell me what you were watching me for," he said, his voice growing louder with each passing second.

The woman's eyes darted around the room, looking for a way out. She saw the window in the corner, but she knew it was too high to jump. She saw the door, but she knew it was blocked by the man's body. She saw the man's face, and she knew what she had to do.

The woman took a deep breath, then lifted her hands. "I was watching your back," she said, her voice steady. "I wanted to make sure you were safe."

The man's grip tightened, then released. He stepped back, his expression one of confusion. "Your back? Why would you want to watch my back?"

The woman sighed, then stepped forward. "Because," she said, "I am a private investigator. I was hired to protect you."

The man's face twisted in anger. "Private investigator? Protect me? From what?"

The woman gestured to the room. "From this," she said, her voice firm. "You are in danger."

The man's eyes fell to the floor, then back up to the woman. "You think you know what's best for me?"

The woman nodded. "I do. And I don't want to see you get hurt."

The man snarled, then turned and walked out of the room. "You'll regret this," he said, his voice low and dangerous. "I'll make sure of it."

The woman watched him go, then turned to face the door. She knew she had to act fast. She didn't know how long the man would be gone, but she knew she had to get to the window before he came back.

She took a deep breath, then started running towards the window. The man was right behind her, but she didn't slow down. She knew she had to make it.

As she passed the window, she heard the man's voice behind her. "You'll never make it," he said, his voice filled with rage.

But the woman was already out the window, and she knew she had just a few seconds to get across the roof. She ran as fast as she could, hoping that she would make it.

And then she was gone.
The woman opened the window on the back of the motorcar, which was in motion, and she turned to the woman sitting opposite. She said, "I wonder what you are thinking about?"

"I don't know," replied the woman sitting opposite. "I'm just thinking about how much I love the sound of the wind in my ears."

"That must be nice," said the woman. "I wish I could hear the sound of the wind in my ears."
Gill Schönfeldt

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