

I hadn't planned it. It just happened.

My husband was a wimp. He was scared of pretty much everything; particularly spiders, he was terrified of those. I had told myself time after time that I couldn't change him, and generally I could accept him as he was, but this time.

We were due at the Halloween themed weekend in just one hour. He had just told me that he wasn't going with me. Yet again I was having to go out alone, to face the questions of where he was this time.

I had put a lot of effort into making the costumes. A wizard's outfit for him, green wool was woven into a wig, and old purple bedspread sewn into a cloak adorned with sparkling silver stars. For me; well I wanted something a little different. I was always so placid and proper that I wanted to surprise people. I decided to become a serial (cereal) killer. I bought a variety pack of mini cereal boxes, stapled them to a long red dress, then stabbed each one with a plastic knife. I finished the look by dribbling a little red nail varnish 'blood' onto each packet. As I stabbed, I shocked myself by wondering how it would feel to drive a sharp carving knife deep into his puny chest.

The addition of long red fake nails, completed my perfectly simple transformation from a goody two shoes to evil murderess.

I was sick of him. All he did was eat and snore. We had been in separate bedrooms for years, he would never help out around the house. I had been asking him for weeks to clean the windows but he refused. They had got so bad that each one had spiders' nests in the corners, the eggs beginning to hatch.

I cooked each night but he refused to wash up. I felt like a slave, degraded, unloved and unworthy.

"I just don't want to go, I don't like your friends and I'm tired." Something inside me snapped. I could almost hear the 'twang' yet calmly and carefully I said "I think you need a good sleep. Your snoring is probably waking you up at night. I have some sleeping tablets in the cupboard. Why not take a couple and get a decent rest?" For once he agreed with me. The recommended maximum dose was one. I took two capsules from the pack, twisted them to separate the two ends, and filled one capsule with the contents of the other. I

replaced the end on the now extra full capsule. It worked! It worked so well that I repeated the process. I now had the contents of four capsules in two.

"Here you go dear, take these, two is the dose"

I went upstairs to change into my outfit. By the time I was ready he was comatose on the sofa. I grabbed my car keys coat and suitcase and a plastic straw from the kitchen drawer.

I knew I had to be careful as I placed the straw gently alongside each spider's nest and sucked, just enough to collect the eggs into the tube. Once the straw was half full, I went back into the lounge. I shook him firmly but got no response. Perfect! I placed the straw firmly into his left ear and gently blew until it was empty. "Well, that was easy" So I went back outside and repeated the process.

Once the next strawful was syphoned into his right ear, I left, dropping the straw into the drain beside my car, and drove off into the night.