

Still Waters

I plunged the knife into his chest in one smooth movement.

His eyes opened wide and his mouth formed a perfect shape to shout but the silence of the bedroom remained untouched, like me. The sedative I had secretly fed to him earlier had rendered him sleepy and weak.

The blood emanating from the wound had slowly spread to the sheets and twisting the knife, I unleashed a Tsunami of blood that seemed as eager as me to leave him.

I surveyed the now lifeless form of my husband and wondered when it had all changed. Was the first ripple of discontent when he laughed at my choice of dress for our first dinner party? Was it the sneer on his face when I mispronounced his colleague's name? Perhaps when I struggled to fully understand the brilliance of his work as a Marine Geologist, despite packing and following him to remote islands all over the world.

In time, I understood I was just another piece of equipment he needed to make his life easier and to be displayed to his clients. I showcased the depth of the man, as he demonstrated the depth and power of the oceans. His clients saw and bought his charm and storytelling, as I had.

I remembered that first dinner party when he explained, in crude terms I thought, that sometimes, somewhere under the Ocean, the Earth belches and that bubble rises to the surface and travels thousands of miles picking up waves and speed. That small, insignificant ripple, with time and distance develops into a destructive Tsunami.

'Hundreds of people die, thousands of miles away and all because of a belch.' He had laughed out loud at his masterful narrative and I watched the other guests, mainly young impressionable students, laugh with him. Maybe that was the first time I saw his cruelty, his lack of humanity. He studied solid rocks and vast oceans but didn't recognise currents and compassion.

What he needed, craved, and demanded from me was adoration and appreciation, when all I wanted was a home and children. A brief, brusque conversation after a missed period clarified that children were not, and never would be, a part of our lives. I was chillingly informed that when we were together, his work and the world itself was our home.

That could have been the biggest wave, the largest destructive force that crushed any residual feelings I had for him. But I think that it was the series of small, seemingly insignificant slights that had fed into that destructive wave. Given time, each nasty comment, every small betrayal crushed my love one drop at a time.

With my left hand I picked up the phone to call the police, my right hand still on the knife, embedded in his chest. I knew that my future would be in a small cell rather than the whole world but, I felt strangely comforted by facing a future that I had chosen.

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