Admirable Laura Torrance

A Short Story

Laura Torrance was thinking about Brad Randall again. Brad was a special monster with grubby toes and greasy eyebrows.

Laura walked over to the window and reflected on her dirty surroundings. She had always loved noisy London with its thoughtless, thundering trees. It was a place that encouraged her tendency to feel angry.

Then she saw something in the distance, or rather someone. It was the a special figure of Brad Randall.

Laura gulped. She glanced at her own reflection. She was an admirable, energetic, wine drinker with ample toes and ample eyebrows. Her friends saw her as a thoughtless, thundering teacher. Once, she had even saved a friendly kitten that was stuck in a drain.

But not even an admirable person who had once saved a friendly kitten that was stuck in a drain, was prepared for what Brad had in store today.

The sleet rained like smiling blue bottles, making Laura anxious. Laura grabbed a ripped guillotine that had been strewn nearby; she massaged it with her fingers.

As Laura stepped outside and Brad came closer, she could see the sturdy glint in his eye.

"Look Laura," growled Brad, with a cowardly glare that reminded Laura of special humming birds. "It's not that I don't love you, but I want a resolution. You owe me 2992 pounds."

Laura looked back, even more anxious and still fingering the ripped guillotine. "Brad, get out of my house," she replied.

They looked at each other with ecstatic feelings, like two obedient, obnoxious owls skipping at a very thoughtless accident, which had orchestral music playing in the background and two wild uncles partying to the beat.

Laura studied Brad's grubby toes and greasy eyebrows. Eventually, she took a deep breath. "I'm afraid I declared myself bankrupt," explained Laura. "You will never get your money."

"No!" objected Brad. "You lie!"

"I do not!" retorted Laura. "Now get your grubby toes out of here before I hit you with this ripped guillotine."

Brad looked cross, his wallet raw like a poor, panicky piano.

Laura could actually hear Brad's wallet shatter into 2992 pieces. Then the special monster hurried away into the distance.

Not even a glass of wine would calm Laura's nerves tonight.

THE END