

## Dirty Deed

By Mike Berger

Tears welled up in her eyes  
splashing down her face splattering  
where they fell. The knife in her  
hand trembled. She took several  
deep breaths to bolster her courage.

This was clearly a premeditated act.  
Mechanical efficiency guided the  
knife. Suddenly overcome, tears  
began to flow.

She looked away. The sight was  
too much for her. The knife slipped  
from her hand. Her mind was foggy  
and she began to shake.

When her mind cleared, she gulped.  
The trembling had stopped. Words  
formed on her lips. She choked out,  
"Ah! That onion is strong."

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