

Stories for Lipreading



AFTER LUNCH, SHE RESTED.

WARNING: THIS STORY CONTAINS VIOLENCE

[This text is read aloud at the beginning of this video:]

Welcome to Stories for Lipreading. If you haven't used our website before, we suggest you look at our 'How to Use' page before you begin. We hope you enjoy this short story, which is called 'After Lunch She Rested' by Barrie Wickens.

After Lunch, She Rested.

After lunch, she rested. Waking, relaxed, she had some tea while waiting for the cover of darkness. The fading daylight briefly passed over the crisp folds of her white coat hanging on the back of the door, streaking it with sunset reds before subsiding into evening. She had long ago put her yearnings aside and minimised her needs to an annual occasion. Always on his birthday. That sated her inner turmoil, which twisted and mounted inside her, relentlessly, as the date approached.

She knew where she had to go and what she had to do. Needing anonymity for her mission, she eased a long, dark blue raincoat over her dark two-piece trouser suit. Fingering her instrument professionally, yet lovingly in anticipation, as it lay covered in one of the outer pockets, she walked through Birmingham and into New Street station. Crowds passed and jostled in the evening rush. She stood near Costa Coffee, sipping steaming Earl Grey from a takeaway paper cup, until there he was: a podgy, slow-moving twenty-something. On his own, he walked away, unaware that a skilled dissectionist had him in her sights. He moved down Morpeth Street, and pleasingly for her, into the underpass with no lights or CCTV.

Rapidly she caught him up and slipped the stiletto smoothly through his jacket and shirt. With barely a sigh he fell to the ground.

For her, revenge, on another of the type who had jilted her at medical school so long ago.