

The Bridge

by Kyle Eggleston

Susan stepped towards the edge of the bridge. The dead body in her hands felt like nothing. She had gotten rid of evidence many times before. This was nothing new.

Looking over the edge of the bridge, down to the water below, she saw the water was calm. Peaceful even. What a fitting end to a cruel individual. Go figure he would get it easy. Susan had hoped for choppy weather. Something to take the edge off of the madness that had become her victim.

Oh well, can't win them all. She thought.

Letting go of the bag, Susan smiled.