



Self-Delusion - Serenade for the Dead

Dies ist eine kurzgeschichte aus meine kurzgeschichtensammlung "Serenade for the Dead".
Hierbei handelt es sich um kurzgeschichten auf Englisch die sich mit der emotionen und u.a. gedanken und gefühlen der leute befasst, die jemanden verloren haben. Feedback würde mich ehren.

Mfg, Shawn Dawson.

Self-delusion

"Never mind that", she said, as she looked in the mirror and rubbed her face. "Do you really think that is something we should talk about here?" Her face looked very white in the mirror, she didn't want it to look white. "Aren't we invited for dinner tonight? I thought I had put it in my calendar but nothing is planned for today", she said as she was putting on some cream. "Let us not go out tonight, dear, I don't feel very well. It seems I have caught a cold." She tried to cough as if she was really ill. She was exaggerating so much that no one would ever believe that she was ill. "Time to go to bed honey, don't you think? Well we can still watch some TV before we go to sleep. Some good movies should be on tonight." She didn't really want to watch TV, it wasn't her favorite thing to do. "I'd say, we had marvelous dessert tonight, hadn't we, darling?", she said in a very snobby kind of way. "I think I'll go to the bathroom first, then we'll watch some TV and go to bed. We still have some naughty stuff to catch up with", she said in a very amorous way. "I'll catch up with you darling in just a minute" She headed right for the bathroom. Some time had passed and she still hadn't come out. It seemed as something had happened. Suddenly the door to the bathroom opened and she stood there, a little tipsy. "Oh I'm sorry honey; I fell asleep in the bathroom again. It's not such a nice thing to do, I was in there for about 2 hours", she yawned. She kind of staggered to the bedroom and fell right into her bed. "Ah, it's been such a nice day, don't you think, dear? I haven't had so much fun in years! Come to think of it, I don't think that I've ever had so much fun. I should pay more attention to my car, it's been in need of repair for about a week now. I need to get it fixed", she gaped. "Have you heard of the rumor that I have not been the same since someone particular died? I don't remember who but word has it that I've not been the same since. My friends keep telling me over and over. I just don't understand, It's like the name they say is blurred out every time", she whispered loudly. "I wish I knew the name they are saying, it's very mysterious, don't you think so, honey?" She turned to the other side of the bed. "honey?..."

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