

Fatal Holiday

by Brian Judge

He had never visited Spain before so everything was new and foreign. Stepping off the Airport coach in the centre of Barcelona he firstly had to find a hotel room which he did fairly quickly. But what a strange place it was. More like a museum than a hotel and in the lounge area there was a huge swimming pool. The receptionist was a black dwarf who could barely see over the counter.

Later he took a walk down Las Ramblas where families, courting couples and others would either walk, stop to speak with friends or sit on one of the benches. He sat down. A young woman eventually joined him and soon they were in conversation. He asked her why she was wearing riding breeches and a straw hat. She replied that she had attended a funeral that morning. Did the Spanish ride horses at funerals he wondered. Their table was near to the kitchens where they heard the sound of plates and cutlery clashing throughout the meal, so they finished up quickly.

Out on the street they were confronted by a gang of evil looking youths who demanded his wallet. He tried to defend himself but was soon overpowered, his valuables taken, trussed up and put into a large sack. His companion seemed to know the youths and laughed whilst watching all of this. He was then driven to the harbour where the sack was weighted before he was thrown into the water.

Opening his eyes he was aware of a pretty face smiling at him. It said "How are you feeling?" Looking around he realised that he was in bed in a hospital ward and as his mind cleared he began to wonder how he had survived the ordeal. The voice then said "Your operation was a complete success. Did you have a lovely dream when you were under the anaesthetic?"

The End