

CHAPTER 3: CONCERNED BARBARA AND THE HAM SANDWICH

‘OH SHUT UP YOU OLD HAG!’ screamed Concerned Barbara. Just Joany Joan chuckled, and licking her badly painted lips, went back to making a cup of tea. They were out of Earl Grey so she had to make do with fruit. What a pity. Tensions rose throughout the morning as Concerned Barbara’s sandwich looked more and more delicious. Just Joany Joan went to her bedroom and brought down her favourite hat, the one that always helped her think. A wide red velvet bonnet with green tassels around the fringe. Just Joany Joan placed her rocking chair directly across from Concerned Barbara whilst she prepared the sandwich. Just Joany Joan rubbed her hands together as she rocked back and forth in her seat, tassels swaying, concocting a plan. After much thought, it came to her. It was absurdly simple. Just Joany Joan threw back her head, screaming with laughter, ‘HAHAHAHA’, she cried. Concerned Barbara stared back, concerned though the ROOF! Just Joany Joan sat full of excitement as she watched the old woman. This went on for several hours.

At 4pm, Concerned Barbara added the finishing touches to the sandwich, and it was done! Exhausted, she went to get her favourite plate, the one that said *Jesus loves you, but he loves me more*. Concerned Barbara laughed as she got the plate down from the shelf, ‘AAAHAHA, ah, Jesus.’

Now she was laughing very loudly. Taking the biggest knife she could find out of the drawer, she placed it next to the sandwich. After all, if she wasn't going to share it with Just Joany Joan, Concerned Barbara might as well eat the whole thing.

Concerned Barbara headed to the conservatory.

Just Joany Joan spied her moment. ‘NOT SO FAST!’

Just Joany Joan jumped in front of Concerned Barbara, pure evil pulsing through her waggly octopus hands, which were held high above her head whilst she stood on one leg like a crane. ‘WHERE THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU’RE GOING SO EASY WITH THAT FUCKING SANDWICH HUH?!’ She bellowed through her teeth.

Just Joany Joan with full force smacked the bottom of the plate, and with the smack, plate and sandwich and knife went flying through the air.

The plate and sandwich landed at her feet, and with a scream of GLEE so loud and deranged you could barley make it out, Just Joany Joan looked up at the terribly too concerned Concerned Barbara. Horror grew across Concerned Barbara’s face, her heart beating in her throat. For there wasn’t any more ham in the FRIDGE!

Just Joany Joan sank to her knees, glowing with success, not minding the then spinning, now falling, blade above her head. And just like clockwork, plunging came down the long blade, through Just Joany Joan’s red hat, through the velvet, through the cushioning, through the middle of her scalp, and out through the center of Just Joany Joans left eye. Gushes of red pulsing out through Just Joany Joans head, spurting on the white lino floor. Concerned Barbara bent over, and piled the sandwich back onto the plate. Crouched down, Concerned Barbara gazed into the face of the shortly dead Just Joany Joan. Such a shame, thought Concerned Barbara. I suppose I’ll just have to eat it with my hands.

The End