

What time you call this?

Philosophy



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

She returned a few seconds later, there was a little glimmer of satisfaction on her face.

She paused in the centre of the hall, as though wondering what to do next. Then, suddenly, she turned and went across into her husband's study.

On the desk she found his address book, and after hunting through it for a while she picked up the phone and dialled a number.

" Hello," she said. " Listen - this is Nine East Sixty-second Street . . . Yes, that's right. Could you send someone round as soon as possible, do you think? Yes, it seems to be stuck between the second, and third floors. At least, that's where the indicator's pointing . . . Right away? Oh, that's very kind of you. You see, my legs aren't any too good for walking up a lot of stairs. Thank you so much. Good-bye." She replaced the receiver and sat there at her husband's desk, patiently waiting for the man who would be coming soon to repair the lift.

" What time do you call this?" she said

The repairman replied, " well sorry for running late but my car broke down"

" Oh well don't worry but I will not be paying you full price" she declared

He replied in a rudely manner " Okay madam, I'm really sorry, it wasn't entirely my fault"

She interrupted " Quick, quick!!! I'll have to dust the house before my husband comes home, im tired as it is"

The repairman started fixing the elevator, it was continuously playing up. the repair man said " this is too dangerous to be in use and someone should have been called out weeks ago other than that it should be working in any second now"

She replied, " Oh thanks dear, I shall be paying you nineteen dollars"

" Oh yes that will do" he said with a disappointed sigh.

The repairman started fixing the elevator, he took out a few tools, a pner, screw driver and a hand drill, he tried and tried to open the jammed elevator but it wouldn't open, Mrs Foster saw this so she offered to help, " do you need help there mister?"

" Well", he said with a surprised face " mrs I haven't got the right tools so ill have to come back tomorrow"

" No you will not!!! I need it fixed now, so it will get fixed now also I have some tools under the sink in the kitchen" she declared

Ill have a look, hopefully you have a crowbar, that's all I need" he replied

Fast, fast I don't much have time," she said.

So the man got the crowbar, put one end in the gap and put all his weight in the other

, Then a little gap emerged and a sudden stench infested the nose of the repairman.

" Orrghh that bloody smells" he shouted

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" What, what is the matter?" She shouted

Mrs foster then went towards the elevator and said " open up we'll see what has made that ghastly smell if you be quick"

Then man opened up the rest of the lift so they could see what in the lift.

" Oh my little smooch, my cat, my cat its dead" she wailed

" I better get a bag" he said with a confused face.

He got a bag for the cat. Mrs foster was surprised and disappointed, and she showed a glimmer of dissatisfaction, the cry sounded rather unreal, not usual cry that her pet had got stuck in the lift and died but an obvious exaggerated cry.

" Here's nineteen dollars," she said

" Oh thanks, hopefully no problems should reoccur" he said

So the man left the house, she was slightly upset. She got in the elevator and went up to her bedroom, she put down the suitcase and lied down on the luxurious bed that she had, it consists of a king bed, which had a crown looking thing at each corner of the bed. Half asleep she heard a creeping noise of footsteps; she thought it was nothing but her mind playing on her. The noise got closer and closer, but she was getting sleepier and sleepier. With her eyes slightly closed she could feel a shadow over her,

She reluctantly opened her eyes and to her amazement it was Mr foster,

" Its alright your safe with me, go back to sleep" he muttered

While she was falling into deep asleep, he quietly went to the closet and opens the draw

He took a sharp object and walked over to the bed was went towards Mrs foster, put his hand in a plastic bag then stabbed her in the neck.