

# Excerpt

## **LILY - ROSE TREMAIN**

She dreams of her death. it comes as a cold October dawn is breaking in the London sky. A sack is put over her head.

Through the weave of the burlap, she can take her last look at the world, which is reduced to a cluster of tiny squares of grey light, and she thinks, Whyever did i struggle so long and so hard to make my way in a place which was bent on my destruction ever since i came into it? Why did i not surrender to death when i was a child, for children's pictures of death are fantastical and full of a strange beauty?

She feels the noose, made of thick hemp rope, go round her neck and knows that the noose's cunning is to be in perpetual coitus with a huge and bulbous knot behind her head. The knot nudges the base of her skull. Soon, a trap beneath her feet will open and she will drop into the void, her legs dangling like the legs of a doll made of cloth. Her neck will snap and her heart will stop.

Nobody but she knows that her dream of death is a rehearsal for what will surely happen to her one day. Nobody knows yet that she is a murderer. She is seen as an innocent girl. in one month's time she will be seventeen. Her cheeks are dimpled and her hair is brown and soft. Her voice is quiet. Her hands are skilled. She works at Belle Prettywood's Wig Emporium, which is famous all over London. She goes to church on Sundays, wearing a blue serge dress. And she was named for a flower: Lily.

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