Very clever story - Good use 7 words - Good introduction A-

Heading

# Cold Chills

Man has allways had two ambitions: to build the better mouse trap and to comitt the perfect murder. I have done the latter to the man who did the former.

David Broma was my victim. He had been a friend and business partner for some time untill he dumped me from the company two months ago. We were in the pesticide business and our main product was rat poision. Business had been slipping because of bad talk about pestisides polluting the environment. People would rather clean up the trash to get rid of the rats than buy our poision.

Then I are came up with the answer. His formula affected only rats. It altered their chromosomes

so that only male offspring were produced. In a generation the rats would be extinct because there would be no females to reproduce. I have put the product on the market the week after our partnership was legally dissolved. He had ruined me, and I had to return the favor.

I once read a mystery story where a man was stabbed with a sharpened icicle. The murderer was never caught because no weapon was found; it melted away. The idea started out as just a wild notion, and I didn't take myself seriously at first.

Then, just to pass time I started to work out details, but just to pass time. The longer I worked on my plan the more it appeared possible. Also as my plot

started to sel; I grew more hatiful each day toward my lost partner. I would look out my bedroom window and stare transfixed at the glistening spears growing downward from the eves of my house

Then I did it. On the night of December 30, I left my house and walked around the side and carefully snapped off an icicle. As I walked toward my car, I chipped off pieces with my pocket knife till there was a clean sharp point. I left the heat off in my car so the ten degree weather would keep my weapon sharp. I knocked at the door with my icy weapon behind my back. Ivve answered the door.

"Well, if it isn't Bob Johnson my old partner. Come on in!"

I tried to stay calm, "I just wanted to let you know that I've decided I've been foolish about holding a grudge against you for putting me out of business."

He smiled, "Well now, isn't that sweet of you. Now, tell me why you're really here."

I slowly made my way over to him and patted him on the back. "Well, let me tell you about it." My arm swung around with every ounce of force in my body.

He dropped.

I pitched my icy weapon into the fireplace and left without closing the door. I drove down the street and went into a bar and got very drunk.

The police questioned me and never suspected me after I told them our partnership had been dissolved.

Three days later I attended the funeral. I was the last person to leave the church. As I walked out, I stopped on the top steps to watch the hearse drive away. I reached back to pull my collar up to sheild the cold wind ~~out~~ when ~~the~~ a lone crystal clear icicle bell from the eaves of the church and slid down my back.

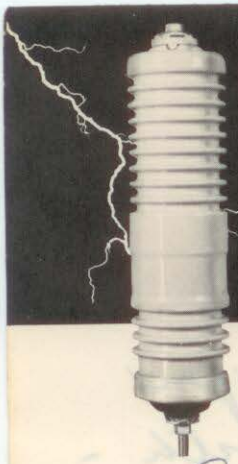
p. 13 Capital City Star
Jan 2, 1973

Robert C. Johnson died today in front of St. Peter's Catholic Church of a heart attack. He was attending the funeral of his former business partner, David R. Brown, who was mysteriously murdered ~~earlier~~ earlier this week...

myself from

I like the "irony of fate" ending.

Chris Manus
English [redacted] Per
March 16 1970



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Chris, This is a great story! You have a natural knack for telling a tale. This one is suspenseful & well organized. Your sentences and phrases are well formed.

The "better mouse trap" gimmick is worth repeating, or at least mentioning, a second time.

About the title — why not "A Partnership Dissolved", using, of course, a play on the word "dissolved."

GENERAL ELECTRIC (over)

As for myself, I prefer the story to end with - "- - - our partnership had been dissolved."

Knowing when to quit is a neat trick to learn.

Many thanks for sharing your story. You have the potential for a "selling" author.

Mrs. Allen