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# The Pen is Mightier than the Sword

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M a r t i n C u s a c k

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When the police arrived at the hall, the writer was sat on the steps holding his hand to his mouth.

‘I’ve killed them ’, he sobbed, ‘All of them.’

The scene that confronted the officers was one of carnage. The tables had been arranged together so that everyone faced each other; and on each of the eight chairs was the torso of a decapitated body slumped on to the tabletops, their arms reaching forward whilst clutching at the bloody pieces of paper. In the centre of the tables where they had come to rest were the severed heads of

the Book Reading group, their horribly contorted faces grimacing at each other. No weapons were to be found, but in each bloody grasping hand was a copy of the writer's latest manuscript.

The caretaker told the police that everything seemed normal that morning, except that there had been constant laughter for more than an hour followed by eight loud thuds.

They say that truth is stranger than fiction, and that the pen is mightier than the sword: well here's the rub. That morning the writer offered his latest work for their consideration, and they loved it. They liked it so much that they literally laughed their heads clean off. There had been no foul play. So the police were confused when they told the writer that he was free to go.

'It's not your fault son. At least they died laughing!'

'Yes!' he shouted 'I know, but that was the first time I'd ever written a serious novel!'

End.

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