

**B** The same as Pluto. Day by day the small white mark on its neck got bigger and bigger. To my horror I saw that the mark was identical to the gallows. It was a nightmare.

**O**ne evening I was very nervous so I went down to the cellar for a bottle of wine. We didn't have much money but I had a few bottles. When I felt particularly depressed I drank a bottle. My wife came with me and the stupid cat too. It ran between my feet, jumped up and put its claws in my legs. I yelled and dropped the bottle of wine. My precious wine ! I picked up an old chair that was in the corner to hit the cat with. I missed! The cat wasn't there. I hit my wife!

**I** called my wife, but she didn't move. There was blood on her face. It was terrible! My poor wife dead! I called it , but I couldn't find it. Where could I put my wife's body? My neighbours always looked out of the windows. I could carry her out of the door. I could put her in the fridge but it wasn't very big .I could put her down the well in the garden at night but she might pollute the water. Then I had a brilliant idea! I could put her in the wall.

**I** inspected the wall in the cellar. The house was old and in one wall the bricks were easy to remove. I worked very slowly and carefully. I took away each brick and made a space in the wall. I put my poor wife's body in the hole and built the wall again. I cleaned the cellar of bits of brick and cement and put the bottles of wine back in the same place. The wall looked exactly the same as the other walls. I was very satisfied with my work!

**M**y work in the cellar was finished, now I wanted to kill the cat. The beast was the cause of all my trouble. I looked in the house and in the garden. I put its favourite food and a saucer of milk in the kitchen. The cat was obviously very frightened and was avoiding me, .....(to be continued)