

Little Deborah Dinwitty Dyslexic Ditz

By Richard Tornello ©2011

The land of gabled homes, in a town of renown, from which Roger Williams had fled, had a history of death, misogamy, burnings and dread. And therein lived little Deborah Dinwitty, a dyslexic ditz. She was not without reason and certainly had wits, but got her forwards backwards, her ups became downs, her brain hurt, then her tongue twisted.

As an animal caretaker, they were her friends. To them, Debbie's ailment needed no amends. To them she would talk and with and tell stories too. They taught her their languages, few humans knew. Her ailment was not an impediment.

Her boss, the vet, noticed her skills and overruled the manager and kept her on. Still, the mistakes she made were lettered wrong, and at best were usually bass ackwards,

mistakes professionals would consider dangerous. But her animal skills were second to none, at times suggesting the correct procedure, without the DVM training.

The vet marveled at her skills and said, "You have a job for life, if you choose to stay." He said scratching his head one day, with a quizzical look upon his face, "I read about someone like you, way in the past. I can't recall at all." He let it pass.

Debbie lived close to her Mom, not that the relations were ever toasty or warm. Statistics claim most people stay a few miles from home. Deborah was no different, and didn't like to roam.

Her peers from school remained in town too. And casual meetings brought on a frown.

All her life she was tattered and torn by the winds of ill speech, and earlier on, no parental care to protect her was borne. Abused all her life, it's a wonder she stayed. Any others would have up and disappeared, run away.

She had plans. Yes Debbie did so. A ditz, maybe yes, maybe so, (but be careful what you say to Deborah Dinwitty). And one day, oh happy day, she started to put them in play. The boy who had raped her, (it was the whole team) he would be the first of her game he was going to pay. He was their captain, he made the thing start, with a, "hold her down, spread her. Let's fuck the little tart."

She never said a thing. Who would believe a girl from the wrong side of town. Would good boys do those things?

He'd be the first to get what was coming. His puppy, Poncho, a cutie, was in for a checkup and brushing. Abusing her gifts and position of trust, "Here you go poncho", she said to the puppy. She mixed up a batch a potion she bought, from the witch named Haza-el that she met one dark rainy night. The witch understood her life and her shame. Her own family's past had been put to the flame, and offered to assist those who were historically were to blame.

"It might take some years to, get to them all dearie. But if you have patience, we'll make sure they fall."Deborah accepted the offer right quick. A kiss and a hug was all Haza-el required. Debbie was light and full of desire.

So back to that puppy so young and so cute. With venom she filled it in a manner astute. The potion was designed especially for his master's DNA, designer cancer. The venom became part

of the puppy's saliva. And when he licked his master the potion would enter, which first made him sick, no doctor could figure. And then, he recovered, or so he did figure.

But each time again the dog licked his dear master, another disease or another disaster.

The shakes and some blindness, then followed by sexual dysfunction. This was not fun. His wife thought he got a disease from another girl. It mimicked all those things sexual she had read, AIDS cancer and all thing of dread. And so she fled, from her house and out from her bed. He died slowly, alone as parts failed, lungs with mucus filled, hanging on to live, just barely lingering on, as then another infection was sent, like strands of a rope, upon which one dangles from a cliff, eaten by a mouse, one by one.

Deborah followed his history. Since he was a celebrity in her local home town, his fate and his story were carried in papers. She laughed and she thanked the witch for her favors. He died most alone, ugly, and ridden with sores and fever wracked. The dog, it was gassed. It went mad and bit him.

To the others she did slightly the same, while altering potions to fit the pet and assailant's name. Then one-by-one delivered them all to the mortuary as guest. One-by-one they, disfigured from pain, and were all put to rest. Their pets were destroyed, helpless little victims. They were tools to be used, and discarded when spent.

Even though the mystery solution all pointed to Deborah, and as fate would have it, she never got caught, 'Cause, who would have thought Deborah Dinwitty, the dyslexic ditz, ever had the brains to do something like this. She was given a pass.

Witch Haza-el, in her home, in the town from where Roger Williams fled, now smiling instead, and for the first time, was not wearing a frown. She was pleased as can be. It may have taken years, no centuries, but the families of her historical shame, were exactly the same that caused Deborah's pain. They were now suffering, or dead. And she watched in her ball, with great joy of it all, as their blood, so red, ran down the death house's drain.

“Sure the animals, bi and quad, had to go; stupid beasts all”, and she said so. “With plans best laid, those tools and that fool, I used them quite well, I used them all so.

“My family and friends avenged!”

The End

Epilogue:

The animal hospital closed, people thinking it infected, and Debbie was on the street.