

“What Goes Around”

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Opening Narration:

Make the acquaintance, if you dare, of Miss Joan Lassiter; a purse-lipped, holier-than-everybody physical incarnation of a homeowner's association. She buttons her blouse up to her chin like a horse-bit, uses her spectacles like a pair of binoculars and wishes no one good news. But in a moment this lady will be unceremoniously bumped off her high horse. Miss Joan Lassiter will be getting her own personal lesson in shade and shadenfreude, courtesy of The Twilight Zone.

Closing Narration:

Miss Joan Lassiter who learned, a bit too late, that those you judge could well be your own jury one day. Karmic debt is always paid in full and what *goes* around eventually *comes* around, ending up in The Twilight Zone.