

The Rose Shaped Lock

There was an old house in the woods, and in this house lived a man and his wife. Now this man was curious, insufferably so. In their bedroom she kept a chest, with a rose shaped lock. They shared everything, except for this chest which she warned him never to open, or he would be pricked. Lo and behold one day that she was out shopping for feminine hygiene products he opened the chest, which she never locked, trusting him so. Inside he found, what else but a marvelous toy. When she arrived home and spied him narcissisticly glaring, he was indeed pricked, terribly so.

The End