

The Burnt Dress

On an average day, no different from any other, Caroline was ironing her favourite old-fashioned dress while humming peacefully when her husband, John, came home from a business trip. He wore a formal suit and he held a hefty jet black briefcase, looking with a tired expression on his face. He was exhausted but pleased to be home. Caroline greeted him warmly and walked up to him, embracing him in a warm hug, momentarily forgetting about her dress.

As John took a seat at the dining table, Caroline boiled his favourite tea. John waited patiently, occasionally glancing out the window. Caroline finished boiling the tea and settled two cups onto the small table in front of the television, one for her and one for John. They flopped onto the couch and sipped gracefully, enjoying the flavour of the Earl Grey tea. After finishing the tea, they chatted for quite a long time; Caroline talked about her day and John shared what he had done on his business trip.

Suddenly, a foul smell filled their nostrils. They gagged, covering their mouths. The smell was so hideous. Caroline followed the smell and gasped, stunned by the scene.

"My dress!" she exclaimed, her face a mix of shock and disappointment. She had forgotten to switch off the iron, which had left a massive hole in her dress.

Even as Caroline held her dress in despair, sulking, John laughed heartily, cackling and rolling on the floor. Caroline's face flushed and reddened with embarrassment.