

Nervous shuffling, my favorite game...

“Anything wrong?”

“Hm?”

“You've been shuffling that deck for ages.”

“Oh. Sorry I spaced a bit...” Hastily I put the deck down and draw 7 cards. Bad hand, damn.

“You ready to go?” Well manicured hands draw from a perfectly stacked deck. First 7 cards, and then a cut.

“5”

Five, why not just take your turn? You know the chances of me beating that are slim to none.

“I'm waiting...”

“Oh, sorry.” I mumble before cutting my deck. 6, well color me all shades of the cynical rainbow.

“Six.”

“You taking the first turn?”

“Might as well.”

I draw a card, put down a card, pass the turn.

“So what's up?” Movements sharp, hands calm she draws a card and puts down a land. She made everything look like a surgical procedure.

“What's there to be up?” I ask, shuffling the cards still in my hand.

“That's what I'd like to know.” Turning the land on its side she puts down a spell.

“I take three?”

“You know it.”

Of course.

“My turn?”

“I don't see anything else here I can do, do you?” No need to get snarky...

I sigh before drawing another card.

“You still haven't answered my question.”

I still haven't drawn a single good card.

“Nothing's been up.”

I put down another land.

“Well if you wont start I can.”

Go right on ahead Mrs. Conversation.

“Got another bullet bag today.”

“Ah huh.” I reply feigning interest. If only I actually had a card to play right now.

“Domestic, wife was a control freak from what I hear.” How wonderfully appropriate.

“So who took the shot?”

“Now that's the best part; my turn?”

I nod.

“The husband took the shot, but only after the daughter tied her to a chair.” She draws another card from her deck, the gesture this time so sharp you'd swear it could make the air bleed.

“Really?” Damn this bad hand.

“Indeed.” She puts down another land and then just pauses. “And you know, it really got me thinking.”

“Hm?”

Curse this fricken hand. Some more land, another turn, I need something.

“You're a smart girl, right?” Anything...

“I fancy myself an intellect yes.”

“Of course you are, after all you are my daughter.” She smiles and her autopsy begins again. “And as my daughter you'd know never to hide secrets from me right?” With hardly a flick of the wrist she turns a land and lays down a spell. Thoughtsieze.

In resignation I reveal my hand.

“Well what have we here.” She says with all the playfulness of a cat toying with a mouse. “Now this looks like a dangerous thought doesn't it?”

Like an emperor deciding a gladiators fate she glides her finger over the only card I would have been able to play next turn.

“You could say that.”

“And you know what we do with dangerous thoughts.”

Suddenly my throat felt dryer then the Sahara during a drought. I swallow.

“I'm waiting”

Damn my luck.

With a sigh I remove the card from my hand and lay it in the graveyard.