Guillotine Love

The French Revolution…The Reign of Terror…the aristos mounting the scaffold.

Having about two more minutes to live, the Duke de la Jongleur, much feared for his rapier wit, peered up at the guillotine would soon be snuffing out his useless existence. Just ahead of him, the Countess de la Hauteur was screaming that they couldn’t do this to her—didn’t they know who she was?

Being a man could always appreciate a cunning jest, the Duke cocked an eyebrow at her: That, you shameless whore, they know only too well.

Merciless, they strapped her down and pinioned her head under the guillotine’s blood dripping collar. Now sticking out its hole, her face was an ugly shriek.

But that, at least, was on the end facing le peuple. On the end facing his insignificant self, the Countess’s much-pawed bottom humped the board holding her down. Despite her petticoat being somewhat dingy, still exquiste.

With a brutal CHUNK! the blade fell, the blood spewed, and her head hit the basket. In the spirit of the day’s grotesquerie, he wondered if the brutes would mind hoisting up her skirt on her still twitching derriere.

Alas, with the rabble incapable of appreciating the finer things in life…

The next second, grabbing him by the arms, those Sons of Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité had him bent over the board and strapped in. Cutting short his time at the fair—Madame Guillotine’s last ride. But what’s this? In one of those miracles God sometimes grants, the Countess’s head was still in the basket, staring up at him.

Mon cherie, he mouthed as the blade fell, give us a kiss.