Reaping, of the Grim Variety (*PREVIEW)*

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(*Larry is standing, watching for the bus; Grim Reaper casually enters and stands beside him)*

Grim Reaper: Evening! (*thunder and lightning*)

Larry: (*looking up*) Whoa! I didn’t know it was supposed to storm tonight!

Grim: No, I’m sure you didn’t.

Larry: Hope that bus gets here before the rain starts.

Grim: Oh, you don’t need to worry about that.

Larry: (*see Grim’s scythe*) Wow. That thing could remove a limb, couldn’t it?

Grim: What, this? Oh, yeah – it’s my scythe.

Larry: Your scythe?

Grim: Yeah. It’s used for harvesting. (*swings it a little to demonstrate*) Cutting things off, you know? Time to reap what you’ve sown! (*chuckles*)

Larry: What are you – some kind of organic farmer or something?

Grim: Oh, no. Not a farmer. A reaper. Of the grim variety.

Larry: (*looking at Grim’s clothes and thinking*) A reaper. Of the grim . . . wait! Grim Reaper! Ah, I get it! That’s good! (*laughs*)

Grim: (*laughs with him*) Really? I’m glad you think so. That’ll make this a whole lot easier.

Larry: (*still laughing a little*) What are you talking about?

Grim: The reaping. You know . . . I said it was time to reap what you’ve sown. (*thunder and lightning)*

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