

# Boxing Day



It was late December in London, and Becky was *so* looking forward to the upcoming holiday. No, not Christmas, but the day *after* Christmas. In the UK, December 26 is Boxing Day, a day when a person has the right to beat up anybody else, provided that leather boxing gloves are used. And Becky was determined to pay back her crummy landlord for never doing a lick of maintenance work on her flat. Trouble was, Carl (yes, *that* Carl) was avoiding her. He was good, too. For most of the day he managed to keep out of her sight. But he let down his guard a little too early. In desperate need of a late night haircut, he looked out the window of his flat, searching for any sign of his adversary. Seeing only the elderly woman in a wheelchair, he started to cross the street at five minutes to midnight. Which is when Becky jumped out of her wheelchair, landed on Carl's back, and began to pummel him. By the time Big Ben struck the hour, the sternly chastised caretaker's body was bruised nearly beyond recognition. Sure, Carl swore that he'd fix everything Becky wanted, and soon, too. But just in case, she already began to make plans for the *next* December 26<sup>th</sup>.