



## The Woman Who Elbowed Her Way To The Top And Flew Off The Handle

by Richard Rewell

Davina Blackwood was a stonehearted, ambitious, tyrannical partner in the construction consultancy that I worked in after graduating. Every essence of her being appeared to be genetically engineered to reach the top of the corporate 'ladder'. Manipulative and controlling I believed her so evil, that had she been born in Nazi Germany Adolf Hitler would have personally kicked her out of the SS for 'being too nasty.'

I dealt with Blackwood, the daughter of Satan, as us graduates nicknamed her, back when we had the explosion. The rocket attack by ISIS? They aimed at Number Ten, but the missile went off course and hit the top of our building close to Trafalgar Square.

It was when my boss Steve and I got the company an opportunity to do a project presentation at an international bank: win the project and we would have a year's work and a magnificently fat fee. Unfortunately, Blackwood found out and jealous of our possible success being an impediment to her rise to the top, she pulled rank on Steve and elbowed him out of the presentation.

"Stick to the script Rewell. No jokes or small talk. I do that. Because I can talk to these people. Got it?" Blackwood said to me her tall skinny frame towering over me in her customary black pashmina as we approached our client's reception desk just before she elbowed two guys out of her way and jumped the queue.

The presentation went well for me, the client virtually ignored Blackwood, experienced enough to know it was Steve's and my work that had got us there, and so as Blackwood and I walked towards a cab, once outside, Hell's Handmaiden snarled at me "Don't you dare go to the chairman. I'll tell him we won the job."

"Wait a minute" I said, but too late the treacherous crone elbowed me in the chest and took off in the cab without me. Destination the chairman.

The rest of my tale is based on CCTV footage and witnesses accounts, including Steve's.

Blackwood exploded through our company's revolving doors, hurtled across our reception lobby and with black pashmina flowing behind her reminded one witness of badly burnt Christmas turkey. At the lift doors she elbowed a luckless graduate so hard he had to later seek medical attention.

The lift's car cameras showed Blackwood untangling her long lank hair and spraying on her perfume just before she sprung out of the lift while a visiting client stepped in and immediately collapsed. The victim later compared the aroma of Blackwood's perfume that had incapacitated him as "a combination of napalm and agent orange."

Blackwood charged through the Surveying department elbowing one of the secretaries into a large cactus plant before entering Architecture where everybody scattered for cover as the black ball of evil scythed her way through their cosy aesthetic space.

"Eff off" screamed Blackwood as she closed in on the lone cop standing in front of the door to the chairman's office on our top floor.

"Madam. This is a crime scene" shouted the cop only to be elbowed and thrown to the floor while the daughter of Beelzebub stamped on his forehead, turned the door handle and stepped through the doorway. But there was no office. ISIS had seen to that and Blackwood clung to the door handle as she and the door gently swung outwards over Northumberland Avenue twenty floors below.

"I hate you and Rewell" snarled Blackwood raging at Steve who stood and proffered a hand to help her only for the witch to spit and swear at him. Then she really did fly off the handle. A sudden wind from nowhere lifted her from the door carrying her Thamesward never to be seen again.

The incident was hushed up probably because when the poor cop was being examined at the hospital a strange wound had formed upon his forehead. It was a six-pointed star enclosed in a circle: the mark of the devil.