

HANGMEN AUDITION

PIERREPOINT

PIERREPOINT. I remember him. I remember him clearly. I remember looking in on him through spyhole throughout night, that night that was to be his last. He couldn't communicate with his warders, of course, he was French, but at each tolling of the church bell throughout night, his final night on earth, he'd count off on his fingers the hour they tolled: if it were two he'd count two, if it were four he'd count four, but then he'd keep on counting, counting on up to eight, the hour of his impending doom. Then he'd point to himself, then he'd point skywards, then he'd smile. And with each passing hour he'd do same. Count the hour. Count to eight. Point to himself. Point to heaven. Smile.