

Wyatt

By Dahlia Hunter

"This sucks."

"You signed up for it."

"You kidnapped me!"

"I would hardly call it kidnapping." The pale girl looked at the not-so-pale boy standing in front of her. His chestnut hair glistening in the moonlight, shovel in hand.

"You came to my house in the middle of the night, through my window may I add? And basically dragged me out the front door."

"Well if you would have walked to the front door on your own, then I wouldn't have to have dragged you would I?" She stomped on the top of her shovel's spearhead, cutting through the moist dirt from the rain earlier that night.

"It's still kidnapping."

"Just keep digging." Her tone could lead one to thinking she was frustrated, even angry. But she wasn't. She actually felt quite calm considering the circumstance of them being in that clearing in the middle of a forest on that warm summer night.

"Why did you come to me for this?"

"Why does it matter?" She was still digging. He wasn't.

"Because it does?" He was now leaning on the long, wooden handle of his shovel. "Besides, I'm not going to keep digging unless you tell me why you chose me. I mean why didn't you pick one of your friends like Ashley or Sierra or something? It's pretty clear that I am the person you hate most in the world"

"Please," She has stopped shoveling now. "Don't flatter yourself. I hate plenty of people more than I hate you. For example, this person right here." She kicked the rolled up rug on the ground next to her, before taking a few steps closer to the boy. "And I didn't tell my friends," She whispered in his ear "because they wouldn't be able to keep their damn mouths shut even if I offered them a million dollars. Their gossipers. They have friends. Unlike you. You're scared of me too, so you won't tell anyone."

"You're kind of a psycho." He pushed her back, gaining some space between them. "And for the record, I am not scared of you."

"Whatever. The point is, you won't tell anyone, and I told you why I got you to do it. So get back to work." Now she was frustrated. Not that he wasn't working so much as he was asking so many questions. Too many questions in her opinion.

"You're weird." He said finally starting to dig again as she did the same.

"You're weirder for not running away knowing that we are digging a grave for someone." The boy froze and slowly looked up.

"Wait. What?"

"What do you mean 'what?'" She didn't look up. She didn't even realize that he had stopped digging.

"You didn't say anything about burying a body!"

"I literally just kicked the rug and said 'unlike this person!'" She stopped shoveling. "Referring to him making me mad. What did you think I meant?"

"I don't know! But I didn't think it was this!" He threw the shovel disgusted by what he unknowingly "agreed" to.

"Fine. Whatever. But if you go to the police, just know you might be next." She gave him a side eye.

"Ya. Well as much as I would like to leave, you drove me here and I have no freaking clue where we are so I can't." He picked up the shovel again. "And if the cops do relate this back to you somehow, just don't rat me out, and vice versa. Deal?"

She rolled her eyes. "I guess. But I swear to god if you say anything about me to get you out of trouble? You're next."

"Got it." He rocked on his heels. "Wanna get ice cream after this?"

"Oh, ya, definitely. But we might not have time because usually when I do this, it takes so long that I just go home, change and go to school so... But with two people who knows?"

"Yeah." He paused for a second, "Wait you've done this before!?"

"Done what? Buried a body? Of course. Who hasn't?" She thought for a second, the boy still stunned that this wasn't her first time. "Okay a lot of people haven't but it's not that big of a deal."

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She swallowed the spoonful of ice cream already in her mouth and asked the boy, "So, what's your name?"

"Wait. You're joking, right?"

"No? Why would I be joking? We have never even talked."

"We were best friends in middle school. Hanna, it's me. Wyatt"

"What? No we weren't. Wyatt died in eighth grade. Stop messing around. What's your real name?" Just then, the so-called Wyatt faded into darkness, and Hanna found herself in a room alone once again.

"Wyatt." She whispered to herself, beginning to sob once again. The nurse came into the room to calm her down. Leaving her only with faint memories of when he was alive.

She had watched her best friend die and couldn't do anything about it. And it corrupted her to become the villain she now is; Or was, now that she was in an asylum.