

RIP, YOU FUCKING SCUMBAG!

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By : ShannonPrusak

Shannon cheats on her man with a lying scumbag and kills the scumbag in a fit a rage.



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THE WORLD IS AGAINST ME

My hands are shaking and my head is spinning. I came to the lake to ease my mind-itâs not working. The hoarse wind howls accusingly. The trees are like people, their branches are hands trying to grab me and punish me for what I have done. Calm down, your mindâs just playing tricks on you, no itâs not, whatâs happening is real. Tiny minnows swim by, turning into piranhas, looking for blood, looking for revenge for sweet, innocent Thomas. He wasnât innocent-he lied to me, he cheated on me, he used me, and he broke my heart. So what? He didnât deserve what you did to him. The calm flowing water becomes fast moving blood gushing all over the place. What have I done? The blackness of the sky creeps over me, covering me, becoming me. The stars are faces of people who want me to pay for what Iâve done. The moon becomes Satanâs face smiling at me, congratulating me on a job well done. I fall to my knees. I scream, âNo! Iâm sorry! I didnât mean to! It was an accident! Please forgive me!â I pass out not knowing if Iâll ever wake up, confused whatâs reality and whatâs nightmare-the two become one. I gasp for breathe. Thoughts race through my mind. I am so cold. Why didnât I wear my Lettermanâs jacket? Am I going to die out here? Will anyone forgive me?

CONFUSION

A bright light appears as I cautiously open my eyes. I see my boyfriend, Jose, sitting next to me holding my hand. âWhere am I?â I ask, barely making out the words. âYouâre in York Hospital. You were found last night on the ground at Lake Redman. You have pneumonia. You are going to be fine. The doctors injected some medicine into you. If you werenât found when you were, you would be dead. What were you doing at the lake late at night? It may not be winter quite yet, but the temperature was down to 26 degrees last night. You need to be more careful.â Jose says calmly. My heart rate increases, the machine starts making horrid beeping noises. âCalm down, itâs OK. You need to relax.â Jose says with a hint of worry in his voice. âThomas! Thomas! Blood everywhere! Iâm sorry!â I say incoherently. âHush Shannon. You need to relax. You need to relax!â Joseâs voice fades into the distance as I pass out again.

MY FIRST MISTAKE

I am talking to Thomas on the phone again; it is now part of our daily routine. Heâs my friendâs fiancé, so we have gotten to know each other overtime. Most the time we talk about our mutual friend, Jess, and whether or not he will go to Homecoming with me. Itâs my Senior year and I need a date, so I can at least say that I had a date my last year at Susquehannock. He has finally agreed to go with me. We are talking about which restaurant we should eat at before the dance and when we should get together to pick out our outfits for this joyous occasion. We have been sharing intimate secrets with each other, like the romantic problems Iâve been having with Jose recently. Everything is normal chit-chat until one day he says something so crazy, I donât know how to react. âI love youâ!Well arenât you gonna say it back?â he says convincingly. I am stunned and can barely believe that this is real. âIâm donât understand. I thought you were with Jess.â I reply confused. âNo she left me for Chris, you know, the guy she cheated on me with at Liberty University.â he says confidently. I think about how Jessâ eyes light up when she mentions Chrisâ name. His story seems genuine. *Wait, I already have a boyfriend and Thomas*

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knows that. "Even so, you know I'm with Jose. I can't cheat on him." I respond shaking.
"Come on Shanypoo, it's not cheating, it's just three little words." He is relentless. I know he won't let this go. I just want this conversation to be over. *Maybe if I tell him what he wants to hear, then he'll stop badgering me.* "OK, I love you. Goodbye." I give in to him and his devious plan to ruin my life.

DIASTER ZONE

Tonight is Jen's 18th birthday party. She's having it at her house. There will be drinking, so it's also a sleepover party. Jen's sister and Jose's ex-wife, Lisa, gets to meet Jen's boyfriend-I mean fiancé, Matt, better known as Taco, for the first time ever. I'm excited, but a little worried because both Tomas and Jose are going to be there. I put on my special black lace thong and my special black water bra with a see-through red polyester shirt with black spider webs designs and tight black pants, I feel sexy. Thomas and I arrive at the party and the chaos begins.

Tabby, a Middle Schooler, who looks like she could be Jen's twin and has a strict father, is at the party. She can only stay for a few hours and her father is coming to pick her up, so when she leaves, we can start drinking. After she leaves, I have a Smirnoff, but Lisa and her boyfriend, Bob, and her two boys show up, so I can't drink anymore until the two little boys gone. Jose is also here; as well as a few of Taco's friends and Jen's Aunt Judy and Uncle Dale and our friend, Brandy, and her boyfriend, Paul, better known as Moody. We sit in the kitchen, listening to "Save a Horse, Ride a Cowboy" by Big and Rich, "What's Your Fantasy" by Ludacris, "Bad Touch" by the Bloodhound Gang and "Because I Got High" by Afroman on the mixed CD that Thomas made for me last week. It's time to open the gifts. Jen unwraps Judy's gift-a box of flavored Trojan condoms. At that same time; Taco, who is totally drunk, shows the kids a Playboy magazine. Lisa yells in a rage of fury, "Bob, you and the boys need to get in the car because we are leaving." Taco had ruined his first impression on Lisa. The soap opera-like night continues. Jen runs upstairs to her room and cries her eyes out. Judy and I try to calm her down, but it's useless, Jose is, and has always been, the only one who can calm her down. She comes downstairs and blows out the candles on her cake and leaves the kitchen again; she needs time to blow off steam, that's how she is.

I start drinking again. One slice of cake is my only food for the night. After my third Smirnoff, Jess calls Thomas. Jess is apparently on the bathroom floor next to a pile of blood. Thomas grabs his keys. Jen interjects, "you're not allowed to drive because you've been drinking. That's the rule in my house." He is determined to go help his precious Jessica, "I don't care. I'm 22 years-old, I'm responsible for my own actions. I'm leaving!" I'm desperate to try to stop him, "Jess will be fine. She probably had a miscarriage. I told you she was probably pregnant with Chris's child. Please, just call an ambulance for her. You're too drunk to drive. Please don't go!" He looks me in the eyes and says, "Don't worry Shanypoo, I'll be back later." I start crying and drinking some more. Everyone is trying to comfort me; everyone, except Jose. He's pissed. He knows that I am going to the dance with Thomas, but it is obvious to him now that there is something more going on between the two of us. He starts drinking too.

While Thomas is gone, I stumble into the living room, where Brandy and Moody are making out on the couch. They see that I am upset and invite me to lay down with them-I am openly bisexual and mellowed out from all the alcohol, they know I won't feel strange about it. The three of us are just lying down together, just chilling, not doing anything weird. Jose walks in and joins us. Brandy is wearing a short light blue skirt, which Jose has his hand up. I think Brandy is hot and wouldn't mind having a threesome with her, so I see nothing wrong with this at the moment. Brandy, Moody and Jose all have one hand around me. I'm totally drunk. I find feel content with what is happening right now. I may not even remember it in the morning.

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Thomas finally comes back. At the same time, Jose goes with some of the other guests on a beer-run. Jen's mom, Alverta, better known as Birdie, who is almost as drunk as Taco, looks at Tomas and I and tells us, "Go have some fun, you can use my bedroom." We go upstairs into the room and get on the bed. It doesn't occur to me that Jose will be back in a few minutes and that this is a bad idea. I'm buzzing really hard and I want to try to have some fun at this party. The serpent has his slithering hands all over me and he injects me with his poison. There are loud voices coming from downstairs. The guys are back from the beer run. Jose is back and I am all wrapped up in the snake's evil tail. He's coming up the stairs. The snake retreats; he is afraid of Jose might do to him. Brandy is coming out of the bathroom, which is the room next to the one we are in. I hear Jose say, "Hey, what's up baby?" and then, I hear them kiss. I am so pissed at them right now. *Maybe there was more to what happened on the couch. Maybe Jose and Brandy are having an affair.* Jose throws open the door and says, "If you want more beer, come downstairs" and slams the door behind him. And there I lay, underneath the blankets with the evil serpent, completely covered up, laying down next to each other with our clothes on the end of the bed. I start shaking, I am terrified; Jose used to be in the Army and he has quite a temper, he might actually kill Thomas. We decide to deny what Jose saw; tell him we were just "talking under the blankets", hoping that he is too drunk to have noticed the clothes lying on the edge of the bed. We decide to lie, lie, and lie some more. We get dressed and head downstairs.

Jose is chugging beer after beer. I try to tell him that nothing happened, that Thomas and I were just "talking under the blankets". Jose looks at me with the scariest look I ever seen in my life and blurts out "whatever". Moody finds out Jose kissed Brandy, he's pissed. Moody and Jose go outside to talk. They are gone for about half an hour. Meanwhile, I am sitting at the kitchen table screaming, "What the fuck! What the fuck is going on?" continuously with tears in my eyes for about half an hour. Jen and Birdie and trying to calm me down, but they are not very convincing because they are still upset that Lisa stormed out earlier. Jose and Moody come back in; they have come to an understanding. Jose leaves soon after. Taco is in the bathroom kneeled over the toilet, throwing up all the alcohol he drank tonight; he is the only one who throws up the whole night. He goes to bed soon after.

I'm hysterical in the kitchen. I am sitting with Jen and Birdie. I start screaming, "I need a cigarette! Give me a fucking cigarette!" They look at me confused. "Shannon, you don't smoke." I sob and cry, "I know I don't smoke, but I need a fucking cigarette!" Birdie offered me one of her Gold Coast menthols. Jen interjects, "Mom, she's not used to smoking. She can't handle full menthol." She hands me one of her Camel menthol lights. "Here." "Thanks." I reply graciously. I let her light it for me, touch the filter to my lips and inhale a large helping of nicotine and tobacco. It tastes disgusting, but I don't cough; it's not the first time I've been stressed enough to smoke. It calms my shakes and makes me feel numb, but the taste is so bad that I have to drink another Smirnoff to get the taste out of my mouth.

I stay up talking with them for hours about all of the events that unfolded tonight. Jen and Birdie talk about Lisa's reaction to Taco and I talk about the big mess that I've got myself into. Finally, we decide to head upstairs to sleep. For some crazy reason, Birdie, Thomas and I all spend the night in Birdie's bed. It calms me, but is very awkward at the same time. I wake up and the only one in the bed with me in the bed is Bear, Jen's dog. I really need someone to be there for me when I wake up, but Thomas and Birdie aren't there for me. I go downstairs for breakfast. I stare awkwardly at my friends and the sneaky serpent and ask desperately, "What happened last night?" According to Jen and Brandy, I was giggling for half an hour straight and I put a Strawberry flavored condom on an empty Smirnoff bottle and pretended to give it a blowjob. I don't remember any of this. Why did I drink so much? I swear I'll never drink again.

FIELD OF INFIDELITY

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My birthday party is at the Field of Screams. I am worried because Thomas, along with his friend, Nick, and Jose are both going; along with my father. No fights can break out. My long-time friend Lindsey is going; along with Bre, Michelle, Zachary and two of the foreign exchange students, Sophie and Victoria. It is my first time here, so I don't know what to expect. I am hugging Thomas and giving him all sorts of attention because everyone at the party thinks that he is my official boyfriend. Jose is giving me dirty looks all night. On the haunted hayride, I lay in Thomas's lap to clam my nerves and Zachary lays in mine, he is younger and easily scared. In the fourth story of the den of darkness, I hold hands with Thomas, for comfort, and Zach, to comfort him. On the ride home, in Nick's van, I reflect on my behavior. I can't believe the way I acted tonight. I will never be able to forgive myself for hugging and cuddling with Thomas in front of Jose. What the hell was I thinking? I am practically begging Jose to punch Thomas out.

HE FUMBLES MY HEART

It is the night of the Homecoming football game. Susky is undefeated and is playing Red Lion, I believe, I am not sure exactly, it doesn't matter; either way we will win. Before kick off the float competition between the classes will start off the night. I am excited. I don't want to miss a single second. Jen is at my house; we are getting ready for the game, you know, putting a Go SHS in red and making black tribal lines to symbolize Warriors with lipstick on our cheeks. The black Dodge Neon pulls in my driveway-it is game time. We get in his car and he says that he needs to go to Jess's house to pick up his jacket because it is cold outside. That is fine with me.

We pull into Jess's driveway, and Thomas goes into her house through the garage. That is when Jen notices Jess grabbing her jacket and shoes and heading toward the car. I lock the doors and refuse to let her in. Thomas tells me to calm down and let Jess in the car. After several minutes, I finally unlock the door. This shit isn't happening, I must be dreaming. Jess sits in the back seat with Jen, but she seems pissed that I am in the front seat. Is he still dating her? Did he lie to me? What should I do? I am shaking uncontrollably and I am pissed off and upset at the same time. Jen holds my hand on the side of the seat. She assures me that she is here for me and that everything is going to be OK. We tell Thomas to stop at my house. I refuse to ride in this car with his ex-girlfriend; at least I thought she was his ex, in the back seat. I ask Jen if she would drive my car. Neither of us have driver's licenses. I have my learner's permit, Jen does not, but I am shaking so bad that I wouldn't be able to drive. She hands me a cigarette; she knows that I need it. The song Lips of an Angel by Hinder came on. I start crying hysterically and cursing like crazy-talking shit about Thomas and Jess. I can't believe that he would put me through this. If he was still with Jess, why would he swear his love to me? He was just using me for sex. That is not true, we are so close; we have told each other our deepest, darkest secrets; he would never do that to me. Damn, we are going to miss the floats and maybe even the kickoff. We finally pull into the school parking lot.

We park in the back-not only do we not want the car to be seen, but we are half an hour late and the parking lot is almost full. I am pissed. The first quarter is already over. This is bullshit. It is my Senior year and all I wanted was to watch all of my last Homecoming football game. I don't talk to Jess the whole time at the night. Jen and I tell Thomas to pretend that Nick is driving my car and we need to get to my house at the same time so that Jen can run into his car, so she can get home. Thomas agrees. Going along with lies seems to be the norm for him. Our team plays an amazing game and wins, no surprise there. We leave the game, and I am still upset and scared that we could get caught driving illegally, but I am not shaking, crying, smoking or cursing like on the ride up. The only thing on my mind is whether my mom would believe that Nick was driving my car. Jen sticks to the speed limit and stays calm. We do pull into the driveway at the same time, but my mom is not there. All that stress that she wouldn't believe our story for nothing. Jen tells me to stay calm and take a hot bubble bath. She ran into Thomas's car and they left. I will always be grateful that Jen was there for me when I needed her.

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THE LITTLE BLACK DRESS

I have a dress for Homecoming from DEB, a short, low-cut, tight-fitting black dress. When I was trying it on, Thomas said, "OK, turn around. Very nice. Now go take it off." in front of my mom. I also got shoes with flashing light heels. Thomas got a white suit from Express Men, which he ripped the tag off and pretended that it was on the sale rack and got it for 200 dollars cheaper. We ordered each other the traditional Homecoming flowers. I got my nails done-white with black flower designs. He told me I had to make my hair curly for him. We are going to eat at a nice Italian restaurant in Glen Rock. He just pulled in my driveway in his shiny black Dodge Neon to pick me up. He knocks on the door. He's drunk. He has an open bottle of Apple Schnapps in his hand and asks my mom if he can put it in my fridge. My mom, like every year, wants to take lots of pictures of us in our outfits. Thomas is in a rush to get out of the house. He is in a bad mood. My mom takes two pictures and we leave. The restaurant is so romantic, with candles and flowers, and the food is amazing, but the main activity for the night is the dance.

We walk in and say "Hi" to all our friends. Everyone seems surprised to see us together; they thought he was still with Jess, perhaps with good reason. The music starts up and we start to dance. Our bodies move to the beat of the music. He feels me up and down. We kiss intensely. Everyone around us is disgusted by our intimate dancing. The song "Run It" by Chris Brown comes on and our sexually charged moves increase. He touches my legs and grabs my breasts and pulls my hair and kisses me forcefully. I feel myself giving into his serpent powers again. I can't resist the temptation. We go to Jen's house after the dance and Birdie gives Thomas her traditional "if you hurt her, I'll chop your dick off with this butcher knife" talk, then tells us to go upstairs and use her bedroom, again. The deceitful serpent strikes me with his venom once again. *Why am I so stupid? This is how I will remember my Senior Homecoming dance for the rest of my life. God help me.*

MY FAVORITE HOLIDAY

Jen is at my house and we are getting all gothed up for tonight. We aren't going to trick-or-treat, we're just going to walk around with Thomas and be "protectors of the children in the neighborhood" (Jen's idea). The Black Dodge Neon comes up the road and parks across the street, instead of pulling in the driveway. I'm confused. Thomas walks up to the door. *What the hell is going on? This can't be good.* He explains, "Jess is in the car, and she wants to walk with us." I reply sternly, "I refuse to hang out with Jess! You go take her home right now! This was not part of the plan! You never said anything about Jessica coming along! Get the hell out of my house!" He slams the front door in my face, runs back to his car and speeds away. My mom looks concerned with his actions. She was in an abusive relationship years ago and she tells me to be careful. She looks afraid that Thomas might abuse me. Jen and I put on our sneakers and head out the door. I find a picture of Jess that must of fell out of Thomas' pocket while he was storming off. I pick it and put it in my wallet. We start walking towards Market Square.

I call Thomas' cell and leave several nasty messages on his machine. They are all along the lines of, "You lying, cheating son of a bitch! You told me you Jess dumped you! You said that I was your one true love! I hope you fucking die! Go to Hell!" I hope he plays the messages on speaker so Jessica hears them. I ask Jen for a cigarette and she hands me one without any question. When we get to Market Square, we see the dreaded black Dodge Neon. He somehow convinces me to walk with him and Jess. Jen keeps lighting cigarettes, forcing Jess to keep her distance from us, Jess hates cigarette smoke. Jess is dressed up as Herminie, from Harry Potter, and she is actually trick-or-treating; she's two years older than me. Thomas is holding Jess' hand and saying "I love you Jessiepoo" to her and kissing her in front of me. *He fucking lied to me. Jess never left him for Chris. How could I be so stupid? It's so obvious. I fucking hate him. But he's so sexy. His silky black hair. His soothing brown eyes. The way his wandering hands slither around my entire body. My lust for the sneaky serpent is overbearing. I'm so confused. What the*

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hell should I do?

THE PEESTICK

I'm two weeks late and getting worried. I call Thomas and he says that if I am pregnant; I better get an abortion. Bullshit. I would never do that. I'm strongly against abortion. It's killing an infant. What's worse? Well he won't admit to his two-timing ways and he is accusing me of giving him herpes. What the fuck is wrong with this guy? I tell him that I don't have herpes and never had. He says he read up on the disease and claims that my ex-girlfriend, Katrina, probably gave it to me in ninth grade and I never got symptoms, but still passed it to him. "What about Jess?" I ask. "She just took an STD test and it came up negative," he replies. This infuriates me because he just said that symptoms may not show up for years and can still be passed-plus it might not show up on a test unless it is taken during an outbreak. He then claims that he went to the doctor and was told that the bump he was worried about is just jock itch from not cleaning up properly. Whatever, I don't really care. The main thing on my mind is being late. I'm sitting in my room trying to figure out what to do, when the song "Listen to Your Heart" by DTH and Edmee comes on. That's when it hits me. I can't take the test at home, so I have to turn to the only person who cares enough to help me, Jose.

I go over to Jose's apartment and tell him that I have something important to talk to him about. We sit down on the couch and he looks at me concerned and ready for me to say anything. "OK, first of all, I have to admit to sleeping with Thomas. I know what I did was wrong and I'm sorry, but I really need your help and you're the only person I trust." I say shaking with tears rolling down my cheeks. "Ok, so what's the problem?" he asks intently. "Well...the thing is...I'm two weeks late." I barely make out the words. "Have you told Thomas?" he asks curiously. "Yes, he said...he said...that...if I am pregnant that he wants me to get an abortion. He made it very clear to me that he wouldn't take any responsibility for the child." I say crying uncontrollably. "So, let's go buy you a home pregnancy test. If you are pregnant, I'll raise it as my own. I will not let you go through the horrible guilt associated with an abortion," he tells me sincerely. I'm completely hysterical. Jose calms me down. "It's OK honey. Please stop crying, it's going to be alright. We're going to take it one step at a time, OK. Now go in the bathroom and wash your beautiful face, so we can go to Wal-Mart." *I was a fool to cheat on this man, he is amazing. What other man would actually treat me this good after I put him through so much pain?*

I am shaking in Wal-Mart. I am shaking on the car ride home. I am shaking while Jose and I are reading the directions. "OK, you pee on this part right here, but just a little bit, just a few drops, OK?" Jose explains calmly. So I take the stick into the bathroom and pee on it and open the door and look at Jose and ask, "what's next?" He smiles at me and says, "We wait for six minutes." Six minutes. Oh God, how am I going to last six minutes? It feels like six hours, six days even. Adrenaline is flowing through my body and I am shaking in Jose's arms. Six minutes. This is torture. Why can't they make a test that gives results instantly?

Just when I think I won't be able to take it anymore, Jose looks at me and says, "OK, go look what it says. I walk slowly from the bedroom, through the kitchen, through the boy's playroom, to the bathroom. My legs feel like lead. I close my eyes and pick up the stick, praying for a miracle. My heart sinks. I start crying and screaming. I am uncontrollable. Jose runs to me and holds me in his arms. "Calm down, honey. I have another test, maybe this one is wrong. So I chug some water and pee on the other stick. I'm crying through the entire six minutes, which seems to fly by this time around. I pray that the first one was wrong, but look down in despair at the pink plus sign. Why is it a plus sign anyway? This is not a positive thing. It should say, "You're screwed. A lying, cheating, two-timing, low-life, son of a bitch knocked you up and now you're at the mercy of the man you cheated on." Plus sign for you're pregnant-what the hell were they thinking?

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PLANNED DIASTER

I am in the Ford Explorer with Jose on my way to Planned Parenthood to hopefully get some good news, but I doubt it. Jose helps me fill out the paperwork. I put down Jose's phone and address for the contact information. I don't have my insurance card on me, so put down that I don't have any insurance. This means that these tests are free for me. I go back into the room, with Jose by my side for support, and tell the doctor why I am here. She explains that in addition to the pregnancy test, she is also going to test me for: HIV, AIDS, Gonorrhea, Chlamydia, and Syphilis. I agree to take the tests. I have to take a blood test, which is bad because I hate needles and I pass out after having blood drawn, and the doctor also has to do a cotton-swab test. The results will be in two weeks from now. I have to go in to get the results; they will not say it over the phone. Oh God, more waiting.

Two weeks finally pass and we go back to get my STD test results. I go back into that horrid room and sit down. I am shaking. Jose tells me to calm down in his deep, mellow, soothing voice. The nurse walks in and closes the door. She sits down and asks me how I am doing. I hate this small-talk; she is just prolonging my suspense. Just tell me the damn results. She smiles at me and says, "You're lucky this time. All the STD tests came up negative. You need to be careful so we don't ever see you back in here again; especially now that you are carrying a child." She hands me a condom and a pamphlet on safe-sex and another one with options on handling unexpected pregnancies. Well that's a relief, but how the hell am I going to be able to raise a baby?

WHAT A BLOODY MESS

I am on my way to the mall with Thomas. I know I shouldn't be hanging out with him, but I can't help myself-besides, I took one of Jose's pocketknives for protection in case things get ugly with Thomas. He turns on the song "Fuck the World" by Insane Clown Posse and cranks up the volume. We start flipping everyone off, it's our unique way of releasing the stresses of everyday life. I scream out the window to let off some steam. We do some shopping and eat at the Chinese restaurant at the food court, I have to pay as usual, and then we leave. He takes me to the local park-and-ride. I know what he wants and he's not getting it, not from me anyways. He can go to his precious Jessica if wants to get some. He pulls into the parking lot and takes the keys out of the ignition. The serpent reveals the bump that could be herpes, or jock itch, I am not sure. I look at him and make it clear that I don't want to risk catching something. He seems content with my decision, but the venom is boiling inside him, making him more dangerous than ever.

But then I tell him that I am in fact pregnant and that I am not going to get an abortion. The snake attacks. "I am not going to throw away my life with Jessica to raise some child that I don't want!" There it is. The truth. He was dating Jess and me at the same time. He was using me because Jess wouldn't give him what he wanted. I am carrying the child of a total bastard. My head is spinning. Adrenaline is pumping through my veins. I feel like I am dreaming. I have no control over my mind or my body. He keeps hissing on and on about his precious Jessica and how much he loves her and only her. She cheated on him with some random guy from college and he still loves her more than me? I was a fool to fall for all his lies. And then he calls me a slut. Who does he think he is? He was playing Jess and I and he thinks he has a right to call me a slut? I am not a slut. I am an innocent girl who simply fell for some jackass's lies. He calls me a slut again. I lose control.

I reach into my pants pocket and grab Jose's pocketknife. I slowly open it. "I am not a slut, you fucking scumbag!" I scream as I dig the pocketknife deep into the side of his throat. Patricia Cornwell was right; there is a lot of blood when you sever someone's carotid artery. Enormous amounts of blood sprays all over me like a waterfall. I try to remove the pocketknife. I can't get the pocketknife out, so I pull down real hard and finally manage to yank it out. This causes even more blood to fly out at me.

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He is making the most horrid noises. Since I had cut through his windpipe, he is making sucking and gurgling noises as air is flowing in and out of severed windpipe. It also appears that he is choking on his own blood. There are several minutes of sucking and gargling and choking noises until he finally grows silent. I am glad when the noises stop, they had started to make me gag. His body starts twitching slightly for several more minutes, this scares me a little bit, and then he lies there, still as a statue. The serpent can no longer hurt me.

Oh my God, he's dead. I just killed the father of my child. I am a killer. What do I do now? I have to get away. I can't get away; I have a dead guy in the front seat. I have to put him in the trunk. I slowly open my door and climb out. My legs fell like they have weights on them. Somehow I make it to the driver's seat and drag him around to the back of the car. I open the trunk. I don't think I can lift him; he's like 50 pounds heavier than me. Yes I can. I'm Shannon Prusak, I can do anything. I get a sudden rush of energy and lift the serpent's bloody corpse into the trunk and close it. I get in the driver's seat and buckle the seatbelt. It's a good thing it's dark because I'm covered in blood and so are the seats and I'm driving without a license.

Where should I go? I need to go somewhere to clear my head—the lake; I'll go to the lake. I get on the back road and head to Lake Redman; I have not learned how to merge on the highway yet. I stick to the speed limit—I can't risk getting pulled over. I can barely pay attention to the road because my head is spinning—very fast. I drive and drive, until I finally see the sign for the lake. I pull into the empty parking lot and step out to get some air.

THE DEED IS DONE

I stumble out of the car. My hands are shaking and my head is spinning. I came to the lake to ease my mind—it's not working. The hoarse wind howls accusingly. The trees are like people, their branches are hands trying to grab me and punish me for what I have done. Calm down, your mind's just playing tricks on you, no it's not, what's happening is real. Tiny minnows swim by, turning into piranhas, looking for blood, looking for revenge for poor, sweet, innocent Thomas. He wasn't innocent—he lied to me, he cheated on me, he used me, and he broke my heart. So what? He didn't deserve what I did to him, besides he's the father of my child. The calm flowing water becomes fast moving blood gushing all over the place. What have I done? The blackness of the sky creeps over me, covering me, becoming me. The stars are faces of people who want me to pay for what I've done. The moon becomes Satan's face smiling at me, congratulating me on a job well done. I fall to my knees. I scream, "No! I'm sorry! I didn't mean to! It was an accident! Please forgive me!" I pass out not knowing if I'll ever wake up, confused what's reality and what's nightmare—the two become one. I gasp for breathe. Thoughts race through my mind. I am so cold. Why didn't I wear my Letterman's jacket? Am I going to die out here? Will anyone forgive me?

THE AFTERMATH

I wake up in the hospital a second time. I look over at Jose. "How are you feeling?" he asks lovingly. "Tell me, is the baby OK?" I ask calmly, mostly because of the medicine I'm on. "Honey, I think you're a little confused. I'll page the doctor" Jose says carefully. "Tell me! Tell me if the baby is OK. Tell me if the police found Thomas and his car?" I demand desperately. "Honey, don't you remember what happened?" he asks curiously. "Of course I remember, I killed my baby's daddy and threw him the back of his trunk." I reply impatiently. Jose laughs and answers, "Honey, you have some imagination. You're not pregnant. You were so excited by the news that you hit your head on the chandelier. You've been unconscious for a few hours." It takes me a few minutes to realize that what Jose is saying is true. It was all a bad nightmare. It feels like I've been given a second chance. I swear I'll never fall victim to the serpent again. I swear I'll never cheat on Jose again. I swear to spend every moment of my life making up for the pain I've caused him. The guilt

RIP, YOU FUCKING SCUMBAG!

lingers on, but at least Iâ€™m not doomed to giving birth to a serpent-baby.

RIP, YOU FUCKING SCUMBAG!

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