

Rainy Night

by Alexandra Morrison

"If you would stop crying long enough, maybe I could figure out what to do!" Sam's eyes were transfixed on the windshield. The wipers squeaked as they slipped along the glass hopelessly trying to clear the rain. The song on the radio had become nothing more than soft noise in the background. The rain pounding on the outside of the car and Martha sniffing on the passengers side made it almost impossible to hear anything else.

"We should go to the police. They won't be mad if we tell them it was an accident," Martha begged.

"If we go to the police, they'll ask people about it and they'll find out I hated him and then I'll be slapped with a murder charge!" Sam snapped while trying to adjust the volume.

"Why won't you listen to me? Why did you have to drag me into this mess? My whole future is probably ruined because of this!" Tears were now streaming down her face. Her mascara was nothing more than long, back smudges on her cheeks. She clutched her hands around the styrofoam cup and took slow sips. The coffee burned her lips, but it didn't matter; all she could think about was what they were going to do. When they came to the bridge that led over the river toward the cemetery, Sam pulled the car over so it was hidden behind spindly oaks. His feet squished on the soaking grass.

"Martha! Get out here and help me!"

Thoughts were now jumbled in her head. She couldn't make sense of anything. She stepped out of the

car and stood behind the trunk. Sam slid the key into the lock and turned it. He held his hand there for a moment, almost too afraid of the image he would see before him

The moment after he lifted the trunk door, they could see his body lying in the trunk, plastic bags covering his face. His shirt was bloodstained.

"You get his legs...I'll carry his shoulders," He stuttered.

"No way! You said I wouldn't have to touch him!" Martha quickly replied in retaliation.

"Well, I need your help. The faster we do this, the quicker we can leave." The bridge was only about fifty yards away but it seemed like a mile. Martha found it disgusting to hold the ankles of a corpse of someone who she had been talking to earlier that evening. With the rain falling through the trees, the sound was almost soothing, but what could be soothing after an evening like this? Finally, they made it to the bridge. They threw some heavy rocks into the bag so he wouldn't float.

"On three, we toss the body over the edge and turn around and drive away. One...Two...Three"

They didn't hear a splash. Sam leaned his head over the side of the bridge. It was too dark to see anything. He worried that maybe it didn't make it to the water. Suddenly, they heard the faint sound of tires coming down the road. The sound was getting louder and they saw the vague shining of headlights. The car came up to the bridge, slowly. Sam stood petrified, Martha's hand clutched his and their bodies were numb with fear.

The car stopped right in front of them and the tinted black window squeaked as it rolled down. Inside was a state trooper. His stare was cold and glassy. He grinned. He knew something. "So, kids, what have you been up to this evening?"

