

Stained Glass

“There are plenty of other ways to do this.”

“Are any of them as fun as this?”

“Anything would be more fun than this! Going straight to jail would be more fun than this!”

“Well then, you’re in luck! We just might do both!”

“Kimmy don’t! Kimmy!!”

The sound of glass shards falling to concrete rang through the darkness of the night. The shards shattered further as they split against the foot of concrete hanging out from underneath the molded walls of the house that two silhouettes argued next to. A large glass window with jabs and edges of glass hanging from its frame sat four feet above ground level, a gaping hole now formed in the right side of it.

“Shit, Kimmy.”

“*Fuck* that’s savage. Well, get to scooping.”

The silhouette on the left side got down to her knees and grabbed a large bag that was on her right, reached a hand inside to buff out any folds and air it out, and then, with gloved hands, began rummaging through the glass on the ground in front of her. She would pick up a shard and hold it up, holding its corners with her fingertips, trying to examine it against the light of the street lamp behind the second silhouette on the right of the window. She dropped pieces after piece, then combed the ground, spreading the piles thinner. She sighed.

“These pieces are too small,” She said irritably.

“Well don’t you need small pieces too?” Kimmy asked, peering around the area tentatively.

“Yeah, and I’ll take a few of these, but I can’t use too many pieces from one source,” the girl on the ground said as she scooped a few small handfuls into her pale brown weaved bag.

“Seriously? Look I know I’ve been telling *you* not to worry about this, but if you get picky, *I* may start worrying,” Kimmy said, kneeling down and looking at the pieces of glass.

“It’s not about pickiness. It’s about the integrity of the sculpture. I never use glass solely from one original structure. It’s too uniform. You start to see where all the glass fits together. I want people to see something entirely new. Not some dirty window,” the girl on the ground said, Standing up and bending over to brush off her pants. She straightened up to see Kimmy staring at her.

“What?” The girl on the left of the window asked.

“Syd, your sculpture *is* gonna be a bunch of dirty windows. And nobody is going to know where the pieces came from,” Kimmy said, placing her right arm on Syd’s shoulder.

“Well,” Syd said tersely with pleading eyes. She looked down at her feet and shrugged. “I’ll know.”

Kimmy smiled and leaned forward to put her right arm around Syd's waist.

“Well boss, and you *are* the boss, I would never do nothin’ against your wishes,” Kimmy said. She then pushed Syd forward towards the light of the street.

Syd smiled and turned around. "Wait, the b—"

Before she could finish the brown bag was flying towards her. She fumbled it in her arms. She finally grabbed the top and held it out in front of her, eyes wild.

"Kimmy for God's sake it's filled with glass! Don't throw it around like a frickin' hacky sack," Syd said walking backwards into the light.

"Not *filled*. Not yet anyhow," Kimmy said, swinging the bat up and onto her left shoulder. She walked up next to Syd, a wide grin on her face. Syd rolled her eyes and walked on. They began to make their way down the street.

"Ok, We just hit up Mrs. Hansen's old shack. Luckily the hag sleeps like a rock, so no trouble. And that blanket we hung over the window definitely helped with noise... but it fell inside when I hit it. So we'll have to be faster from here one out. And seeing as that was only the first stop I say the odds of getting caught are only getting better," Kimmy said, skipping a bit. Kimmy was a brunet with wide hips and bulkier stature. She wore a leather jacket with a white and gray fur lining along the openings, which revealed a low riding white tank-top with thin straps with tears at the bottom seams. Her shirt had pale grey circles littering it, with bold black letters reading 'Fuck the Police'. She wore tight jeans with tears and holes on them, and a lanyard hanging out of her pocket. She had long hair and a round face with dark eye shadow. There was a faded and chipped pink hair clip in her hair on the right.

"To be fair I did say we should've wrapped the blanket around the bat," Syd replied, her shoulders drooping a bit. Syd was a thin girl with little to no curvature. She had a thin oval head, with blond hair that was pulled back in a ponytail, a pink clip

similar to Kimmy's on the hair closest to her forehead. She wore a small amount of dark eyeshadow that hid behind thick framed black glasses, and bright pink lipstick. She wore a plain gray sweatshirt and skinny jeans that stopped above her ankles. She wore blue-gray vans with white laces, pink and green striped socks sticking out of them. Her undershirt was white with a cartoon panda on it.

"Would that even help with noise?" Kimmy asked.

"Would the blanket over the window really help that much with shattering glass? I mean we're lucky we even got the glass we did," Syd replied, smirking.

"Fair enough. Now, we'll cross through Dom's yard across the street, and get that jackass senior from last year, Bill or Bob or whatever boring ass name he has," Kimmy said, making swinging motions with her bat.

"Why don't we just go down the street neighbor to neighbor?" Syd asked, moving further to the side as the bat swings got closer.

"And *you're* the brains of this operation? Honestly, where would you be without me. I swear I will make a criminal out of you yet," Kimmy said, looking up at the night sky. "If we go door to door smashing people's stuff, and someone wakes up, we'll have too obvious of a trail, and create a domino effect of pissed of hicks coming our direction. You gotta hop around. Robbers in movies always get caught because they hit up a banks that are right down the street from each other," Kimmy said. She stopped, holding herself up on a streetlamp and lifting her left foot up to adjust her boot. Syd pressed her head against the street lamp, closing her eyes and gritting her teeth.

“Can you please not compare us to robbers. Its making me anxious,” Syd responded weakly.

“You’re right. We’re vandalizing on American soil. We’re more like terrorists,” Kimmy said, beginning to chuckle to herself.

“For the- there’s Dom’s house. Let’s just hurry up shall we?” Syd said, stopping at the edge of the sidewalk. She leaned forward and looked to her left, then her right. She took a large step out and began moving in swift strides to the other side of the street. She peered behind her as she moved and nodded towards Dom’s house. “Come on, Kimmy!”

“Aye Aye captain!” Kimmy said, stepping off the side of the curb with a thud. Syd and her walked side by side in front of the house across the street. It was a small mobile home propped up on cinder blocks and metal legs. Across on the yard was the husk of an old car, rusted over with shades of maroons and turquoise patterns. Next to the skeletal figure was a moped that shined in the light of the street lamps. They began to move along the side of the house. Syd was almost around the corner, but looked to her right to see Kimmy leaning against the moped, her eyes scanning its frame. She moved her fingers across the light on the front of it and tapped the metal bat in her other hand against the back of her boot heel.

“Dom, Dom, Dom. What have we here. Oh! A brand new headlight for your dinky little tricycle. Fascinating,” Kimmy said, pushing off of it. The moped shook at a steady pace before holding still once more. Kimmy lifted her bat up and placed it gently against the headlight of the moped. Syd’s eyes widened.

“Aw come on Kimmy. Dom’s an alright guy. He’s always giving me the window panes of any cars he scraps before sending them over to Jimmy’s,” Syd said, walking back slowly toward the moped.

“Dom is alright. Most of the time. Last time I saw Dom, I was paying for his new little light here after he broke his other one against the back of my car. My fucking *parked* car, Sydney. Which now has a dent in it. But no, bitch boy Dom doesn’t need to pay for his own shit, or the shit he breaks. Just gets someone else to do it. Well you know what Dom?” Kimmy said, pulling back on the bat before swinging it against the headlight. The bat’s end dug into the headlight, and when Kimmy pulled it back once more, glass poured out to reveal the shattered bulbs inside of it.

“I said everyone tonight, Dom my man. *Every* single person,” Kimmy smirked, dragging the bat against the side of the moped while walking, then she turned the corner of the house. She looked behind her toward Syd, who was standing with her hand over her face. “Look Syd. Dom’s supplying glass again. What a pal,” Kimmy disappeared behind the house.

Sydney bent low and began rummaging through the glass on the ground. She then lifted her head to stare into the headlight. The patterned cover glass that remained on the fixture created a kaleidoscope effect against the light of the street lamps. The inside lit up in a tunnel of oranges with bright yellow spectacles where’s smaller pieces of bulb glass lay in the cave of metal. Sydney ran a finger inside and pushed the glass out into her brown bag, which she held up underneath that glimmering headlight

crevice. She then got up, brushed off her legs, and spun in place to face where Kimmy had gone, pursuing as she stumbled off balance for a moment.

“While I question the morality of your decision making, I’m quite happy with our haul,” Syd said with battered breath as they began to step through high grass tufts and weeds, sidling around trees. Their footsteps were muffled as they moved.

“Aw I aim to please, m’lady,” Kimmy said, taking a small bow. Syd laughed, blushing behind the cover of darkness. Her smile quivered. “Besides, this is just a little payback for all the bullshit I’ve gone through with the people in this backwater town. If you dish some out, you’ll get some full force. That’s written in scripture, girly. Technically I’m doing the Lord’s work.”

“I don’t think that’s exactly how it goes,” Syd replied, laughing.

“Whatever. You’re the the Bible thumper. I haven’t touched the thing since I got dropped off at Sunday school during my mom’s rehab sessions,” Kimmy said, leaning the bat against her shoulder and stepping over a clump of brush. She couldn’t see Sydney look over at her through the darkness. They made it through the thicket and back onto a paved road, which they began to march down.

“Did your mom ever get another job?” Sydney asked. Kimberly’s eyes squinted a bit at this question. She turned her head a bit away from Sydney.

“Uh. No. Not yet,” Kimberly stated quickly.

“We never did find out why she quit did we?” Sydney questioned again.

“Nope,” Kimberly responded tersely. Sydney caught on to Kimberly’s discomfort, sighing and beginning with a different line of questioning.

“So, what exactly are we gonna do if someone comes by and asks us what we’re doing with a baseball bat and a bag full of broken glass?” Sydney asked, holding the brown bag behind her back. It periodically hit the back of her legs, uttering a dull clanging noise.

“Oh, you know. I was just down at the batting range, practicing for this rousing season of softball!” Kimmy said, grinning over at Sydney.

“Oh yes, that sport that you’ve never tried out for, whose team is made up of, oh what were they? Oh yeah, a clan of dikes. That one, Kimberly?” Sydney retorted.

“I remember nothing of the sort,” Kimberly scoffed. “And it’s not my fault that half the team looks like they came from an all males prison.”

“Sounds like you’d fit right in,” Sydney laughed. Kimberly pushed against her with the weight of her body, causing Sydney to stumble off balance for a moment. Kimberly threw her bat into her other hand and reached out, grabbing Sydney’s arm and pulling her back to the center of the road. Sydney pressed against Kimberly, who looked down at her with a small smile.

“You good kid?” She said softly.

Sydney looked down at the ground. “Uh. Yeah. All set,” She stuttered.

“Alright. Then off we go! More mayhem this way,” Kimberly said, pulling away and pointing her bat skyward. “We only got tonight, chief.”

Sydney sighed and followed Kimberly with her eyes. “Yep”, she replied, her expression melting into a downtrodden stare. She breathed in and straightened up, forcing a smile. She caught up at a slight jog.

They stopped at a two story house that was thin in width, but seemed tall in the shadows casted by the creases in the woodwork where the streetlamps could not reach. They walked up to it and both stood at either side of one of it's windows. Kimberly winded back and swung through the glass. Syd quickly scavenged for pieces. She put a few ground level shards in her bag. Standing up, Syd put a hand on her hip.

"Not bad, Mr. Berkley's got some pretty sturdy windows. Hey, see if you can get some of those bigger pieces still stuck in the frame," Sydney said, waving a hand lazily in the direction of a rather large shard still sticking in the window pane.

"Gotcha," Kimberly said, slowly pushing the bat against the edge of the glass shard.

The glass shard slipped out and teetered towards the inside of the house. Sydney reached out and grabbed it. The girls smiled at the collection forming in their bag. They began to walk behind the house and make their way down past a few other houses, varying in size from large multi-story, to shack-like structures. Kimberly looked back at the previous house.

"Thanks for helping our creative process, Berkley, you old goat," Kimberly said.

"He was a pretty good AP teacher given the fact that none of his students liked him," Sydney said with a smile.

"He gave you a D on an obvious A plus paper. Dude's an asshole," Kimberly spat, kicking up dirt as she did.

"I wrote the paper a half hour before class. It was garbage," Sydney laughed.

Kimberly began to laugh. “Well / thought it was cool. The parts I could understand, at least. Besides even Steven said it was the best in the class, and he’s been riding your ass trying to get a higher GPA since freshman year”

“Oh yeah speaking of Steven, is he a pit stop?” Sydney inquired.

“Yes. Next one actually. Dudes gonna wish he didn’t put my number on that bathroom wall,” Kimberly growled. Her expression lifted a bit. “Although, that is how I met Cassidy.”

“Oh yeah, Cass,” Sydney said, lowering her head.

“And if it wasn’t for him I’d be stuck here for another year. Which is less than ideal,” Kimberly continued.

“You know,” Sydney said, starting quickly, then calming down to a normal speech pattern. “You... You should really just stay for senior year. We can graduate together. Wouldn’t that be something?”

“School is your thing, kid. I’m not gonna get anywhere with one more year of remedial classes and crowds of people looking down on me. I’m better off going out to seek my fortune. Besides, that’s how the story goes. Girl meets guys. Girl runs off with guy. They shack up, have more kids then they know what to do with, and spend the rest of their lives in crippling debt. It’s the American dream,” Kimberly said joyously.

Sydney slumped and uttered quietly, “Sounds like a plan.”

Kimberly turned her head when she heard the solemnness in Sydney’s voice. She smirked and put an arm over Sydney’s shoulder.

“Hey, you’ll find a guy perfect for you, too. Then you can head over to me and Cass and we can all be dirt poor together,” Kimberly scoffed, beaming at Sydney. Then under her breathe she added, “That’s how it should be.”

They stopped together as they saw a bicycle parked outside of a condo. The bike had multiple lights on it. Kimberly examined it, sizing it up with the bat. She began to pull it back, but something stopped her wind-up. She glanced over to see Sydney with her hand on the bat’s body.

“I... Just this one. Please,” Sydney said, a pale, wide eyed look on her face as she looked at the bat.

Kimberly grinned, bouncing vigorously. “Now we’re talking, kid. Let’s go!”

Kimberly handed the bat over to Sydney who lifted it up. It wobbled in her hands. She tried to tighten her grip, but the bat still shook against her grasp. Sydney’s breathing quickened as she looked at the bike. Her eyes closed and she began to lower the bat. She suddenly felt hands go over her own. Her breathing stopped as she opened her eyes to see Kimberly standing beside her with hands cupped over her own. They looked at each other for a moment that hung over ages longer than reality would have them believe.

“You scared?” Kimberly asked, not breaking eye contact but removing her hands. The bat raised level with their eyes.

Sydney stared into Kimberly’s eyes. “Yes,” she said bluntly. She then turned to look at the bike. “And no” She swung away, her entire body twisting to supply force from her to the bat. It connected, followed by the sounds of shattering glass components.

She pulled back and swung again. Then again. And another one after that. The bike toppled over. She swung once more, the bat hitting and then bouncing slightly off of the bike. She looked down at her creation with an expression of awe. Hundreds of minuscule shards littered the ground around the bike, which now lay, slightly contorted from the force of the bat. Kimberly leaned forward and looked over to Sydney, who stood motionless over her destruction. Kimberly slowly reached out and grabbed the bat, prying it gently from the hands of Sydney.

“Let’s just, uh, preserve those office hands of yours, shall we slugger? You’ll need them for your sculpture,” Kimberly said, tenderly patting Sydney on the back. Sydney breathed deeply and fell to her knees, beginning to scoop up the pile of shards before her.

Kimberly looked down at Sydney, a concerned, shocked look on her face. She opened her mouth one side as if to say something, but as her eyes slowly slide away from Sydney, Kimberly’s mouth closed. She released her breathe through her nose and laid the bat against the wall. Kimberly leaned against the wall herself, crossing her arms and keeping her head low, looking back to Sydney. She then groaned something unintelligible, pushing off of the wall and kneeling down next to Sydney.

“Alright, what are you generally looking for?” Kimberly inquired, slowly picking up small shards and rolling them gently in her palm. Sydney looked at Kimberly with her peripherals and smiled faintly.

“You’re gonna hurt yourself without gloves,” Sydney said quietly.

“Then give me a glove and let’s get cracking,” Kimberly retorted, patting Sydney on the back.

“I’m done with these. Next one you can help,” Sydney said, standing up and walking over to the bat. She picked it up and leaned it over her shoulder. She began to walk down the sidewalk, but stopped, her hip out to her right, looking over her shoulder. “You comin?”

“Sir yes sir,” Kimberly said, smiling with an astonished look crossing her face.

The two of them walked down the sidewalk leading left down the road. They moved swiftly through the dim light cast by flickering streetlamps which struggled to maintain a constant pale orange hue. As they moved down the street they occasionally walked through a section entirely void of light, to which Kimberly would poke Sydney in the back, saying “boo” and Sydney would threaten Kimberly with the bat. Then they would laugh, and repeat this process the next time there was darkness. Eventually they made it to the corner of the street and a four way intersection. They stopped and looked at the houses on each corner.

“Alright, now this is where it gets tricky,” Kimberly said, sighing.

“What do you mean?” Sydney said, looking at the houses across the street. Sydney looked at each one and paused for a moment. “Wait that’s.... Miss Borden’s,” Sydney said, looking directly across the street. She then looked to the right across the street at a pale green house. The yard was filled with deep green grass, which was leveled off evenly all across the yard. Flowers lined a walkway leading neatly up to the front door. The house was two stories tall, glass wind chimes hanging the overhanging

roof ledges on the first floor. There was a metal gate separating the front and back yards.

“Wait that’s... Sarah’s house. But that means,” Sydney looked diagonally across the street and directly at the cop car parked in front of a small house with tall grass surrounding it. “No. Kimberly. Absolutely not. This is insane.”

“So look. I know this is risky, but these are the worse of the bunch. If we’re quick we can do this,” Kimberly said, her frantic attempts at reassurance having no effect. Sydney fell with a thump down onto the sidewalk and put her hands on her forehead.

“Why do you do this? Why do you get so hot headed,” Sydney said, pressing her hands against her eyes and nodding her head slowly.

“Look we’ve been going strong so far. Depending on how much we get this could be it for the night,” Kimberly pleaded, sitting down next to Sydney.

Sydney shook her violently and threw her hands down in front of her. Turning to Kimberly, she growled, “No Kimberly! The fucking bank scenario, remember. I’m sick of you just running on emotional baggage. There is a fucking police officer right across the damn street. Are you serious with this?”

Kimberly looked down at herself. Her face was empty, with occasional twitches in her mouth. They both sat in silence, Sydney rubbing her eyes. Between them lay the bat, which glowed in the light of the streetlamp. The bat was rusted and had scratched and torn stickers of various animals and sports equipment. Half a horse was jutting out of a football. A baseball bat was being teethered by a hippo who was missing half a face.

Lions were torn to shreds, and gloves and stars were rolling off in defiance of their adhesive. Kimberly grabbed the handle of the bat.

“This is... This is all I’m good for, Syd. This is what I’ve got. I just want to end this, once and for all,” Kimberly said somberly, closing her eyes.

Sydney’s hand wrapped around Kimberly’s.

“One more night?” Sydney said, looking away from Kimberly. Kimberly smiled, her eyes still closed.

“One more night champ,” Kimberly replied.

Sydney sniffed in deeply, shook her head, and, clearing her throat, began to stand up.

“Here we go,” Sydney said. She helped Kimberly up, who put one arm around Sydney’s neck in an embrace. Sydney looked away from her, picking up the bag of glass.

“Lead the way,” Sydney said with a tremble in her voice, pointing toward the house behind them with her bag.

Kimberly shook her head in response, and turned to approach the gray white house behind them. They crept along the left side of the house that was facing the street and stopped at a low white picket fence that surrounded the stretch of tall uncut grass in the backyard. Sydney reached over the fence and dropped the bag on the ground, then began to step over, stumbling as her foot got stuck between two boards. Kimberly bumped Sydney’s foot over with her knee, which sent Sydney face first into the grass. Kimberly chuckled as she stepped over without any disruptions. Sydney’s head

popped out of the grass, glaring at Kimberly as she sidled past her, still laughing to herself.

They approached the back of house, where a large sliding glass door stood in the crumbling walls. Kimberly jogged slowly around the back and to the other side of the house. She disappeared for a moment behind the house, leaving Sydney alone in front of the door. Sydney stood quietly, looking up and down at the tall door. It was dark aside from a large orange streak across it from the street lamps. The streak moved and flickered as the street lamp gave out occasionally. Sydney turned away and looked behind her at a small pool that was dug into the ground in the yard. The pool was murky and clumps of leaves from the trees on the other side of it that hung over slowly drifted through the water. On other side of the pool was a cherub statue with a shattered and chunked face pointing a bow and arrow across the pool at Sydney. Sydney stared into the jagged and deformed face of the cherub. She breathed deeply. Her reflection in the pool water broke up and mixed amongst the specks of starlight that hit it. Another reflection approached hers in the pool. She looked to her right to see Kimberly, shaking her head.

“No lights. We’re good to go,” Kimberly said.

“This... this door”s pretty big Kimmey. It’s gonna make a lot of noise,” Sydney said, turning back to the door and examining it once more.

“Bob-Bill’s bedroom is on the side, miles away from this door. No need to worry about noise. We do need to worry about speed,” Kimberly said, lifting her bat up.

“Uh, ok, so, his name is Bob, for starters. I’m pretty sure I’ve seen him around the diner. Doesn’t he run it now?” Sydney started, then paused, her brow tightening up over her eyes with a strained expression. “Wait, how do you know where his bed is-,” Sydney continued, but was cut off by the sound of glass shattering, with small crashes and chimes echoing out.

Kimberly swung once more, hitting the second half of the sliding door. The ground became a sea of shimmering shards of various sizes. Large shards still stuck out of the frame of the door, which was now flooding light inside of a living room space. A table in front of a couch, and an entertainment center was propped against a wall on the left of the small room. The carpet was shag, with various tans and browns patterned throughout it.

Kimberly began gently knocking out the larger pieces with her bat. She looked down at the piles of glass, her eyes vacant as they scanned the area.

“I spent a few nights here,” Kimberly said, bending down. She began poking at the glass with the bat, moving it around. Sydney looked down, her mouth opening and closing, trying to find words.

“Oh,” Sydney finally muttered. “I didn’t know you two were ever a thing-”

“We weren’t!” Kimberly said, looking over to Sydney, who was kneeled down to her left, looking wide at at Kimberly's response. Kimberly looked back to the glass quickly. “I’m... I’m sorry.”

Kimberly cleared her throat and turned toward Sydney, breathing in with closed eyes. Her eyes opened and she said “It was a few times. Nothing serious. Just doing

stuff to do it. He got his own place half way through the year and I got impressed. That's all." Kimberly reached out a hand and motioned to herself. Sydney took off a glove and put it in Kimberly's outstretched hand. "He wasn't even good. Everything we did was for his benefit. When I started feeling like a replacement for his own hand I called it off."

They sat there in silence for a moment, aside from the clanging of glass. Sydney raised up pieces and held them up. When Kimberly found a piece she liked, she would hold it up to Sydney, who would look over and nod either yes or no, to which Kimberly would place the piece inside of the bag that was sitting between them, or toss it behind her. They continued this for some time in silence. Kimberly passed a shard to Sydney, but looked down at Sydney's uncovered hand. It was thin, and was covered in bandages, the palm bearing a white bandage. Her fingers were littered with a flurry of colored Band-aids. Kimberly smirked, her eyes drooping, and she looked back down to the piles of glass.

"Why do you do it?" Kimberly asked, moving her gloved hand through the glass shards.

"What do you mean?," Sydney replied, smiling at a large shard in her hand.

"Sculptures out of glass. Why do you do that? It just seems really painful," Kimberly said, holding a jagged shard and poking the tip with the index finger of her uncovered hand.

"It's not that bad," Sydney said, dropping a piece on the ground and waving her hand up and down, bringing a finger to her mouth in order to suck on a new cut.

Kimberly laughed with fatigue. "Do you remember when your mom and dad wanted to have an intervention with me because they thought you were harming yourself?"

"It took months to convince them I wasn't depressed. They started hiding the kitchen knives. I had to have them cut my food for me," Sydney said, beginning to laugh faintly. "They finally understood when they saw my sculptures."

Kimberly's smile faded. She looked through a piece of glass. "But why, then? If it hurts so much, why keep doing it."

Sydney looked over at Kimberly, about to speak. She closed her mouth and looked down at the ground beneath Kimberly.

"It... It hurts. But it's worth it in the end. You make the pain worth it. Something to be proud of," Sydney started, then stopped, looking away from Kimberly. "Something beautiful."

They continued rummaging through their bounty until a rustling noise became uncomfortably audible. They stopped, their arms frozen above the glass mountains before them. They slowly looked at each other, then around the yard. The noise had died down. The surrounding area was dark and as silent as the girls. Suddenly, grunting was heard through the shadows in front of the girls. They peered through the shaded living room and over to the couch. Illuminated by the orange light behind them was the stomach of a naked man, covered by a tattered blanket. The mass shifted and churned over itself, an arm raising and lowering over the silhouette of a head at the arm of the couch. In the distance was the sound of a water pelting the floor of a shower.

The girls sat wide eyed. They looked at one another again. Sydney put one hand over her mouth, her eyes contorting with terror, and another hand outstretched at the man on the couch. Kimberly raised her hands and overturned them as she shrugged. They looked back at the man, who lie unconscious on the couch. Sydney then turned away, cupping her head in her hands. Kimberly began to stand up slowly, wincing when she crack a glass shard under her shoe. She leaned into the house and looked around. Kimberly then glanced over to Sydney, who was staring with wide eyes at the man.

“He’s completely out cold. Geeze we got fuckin lucky as hell,” Kimberly said with a deep sigh.

“Ok we need to go. Right fucking now. There’s someone awake in there, and chances are, seeing the state Bob is in, they’ll probably be back to join him in a bit. Come on,” Sydney whispered anxiously, stumbling as she stood up and moving towards the corner of the house. She stopped and looked over to Kimberly, who was beginning to step into the house.

“Kimberly. What the- Fuck, Kimmey. Fuckin. Kimmey?,” Sydney said quietly but furiously.

Kimberly had stepped over the glass boundary and into dark overcast of the naked man’s house. She slid her feet across the long threads of carpet, knocking empty beer bottles as she did. Her eyes remained still, fixed in one position. She stopped at edge of the coffee table, which was the only thing separating Kimberly from the man. Sydney inched in front of the open doorway. Peering inside she saw Kimberly bending down over the table, then straightening up. Kimberly held up her hand,

stretching her fingers through something green that glimmered in the light filtering through the glass frame. The shimmering green spark slid down her wrist, and Kimberly raised her bat.

Sydney stood, her body straightened and stiffened in place. She looked sporadically from the glare of the bat to Kimberly. She waved her hands up and down, whispering unintelligibly at Kimberly, who stopped, the bat beginning to shake. Kimberly turned around, half of her face covered in the shade of the cavernous house. Her right eye hit the light, a wild stare crossing it. It locked onto Sydney, then closed. Kimberly breathed in deeply, and held it as she moved out of the house. She moved swiftly past Sydney, who bent down to grab the bag. Sydney moved quickly to catch up to Kimberly, who moved with furious steps.

“Hey. Hello!? Kimberly!” Sydney shouted with no discernable effect. Sydney ground her teeth together, reaching out and grabbing Kimberly’s arm, yanking on it to turn her around. Kimberly failed to budge, turning on her own accord.

“What the hell is your problem. Have you gone completely mental?!” Sydney began, but stopped herself when she saw Kimberly’s face. There was fury in her expression, yet her eyes were contorted in a way that softened her glare.

“The... diner,” Kimberly started, but broke off. She cleared her throat, looking down at her feet. “We never found out why my mom quit working at the diner right? Well I did. Apparently when she showed up with some bruises on her face, Bob told her that he didn’t want that to be the face of his establishment. He didn’t want that to be the first thing that greeted people when they came in. So he fired her.”

Sydney stood, frozen. She looked back towards the recently vandalized house, her mouth hanging open. She shook her head, turning back to Kimberly. She blinked furiously, opening and closing her mouth.

“Wait but... He can't do that. I... I thought she quit,” Sydney pleaded. She put her ungloved hand on her head, shaking it back and forth in disbelief.

“You think anyone gives two shits what he does. It's his place. And it's his word against hers. I should've broken more than his windows back there!” Kimberly shouted, her grip on her bat tightening.

“Kimmey I... I don't...Fuck,” Sydney said. “Fuck! Kimmey you can't start beating people!”

“I wasn't gonna hit him, Syd. Jesus,” Kimberly said, pinching the bridge of her nose with her fingers.

“Then what the fuck were you doing walking in there for?” Sydney asked, motioning back at the house.

“I went in cause I found this!” Kimberly said, holding up her arm. The jade gemstone bracelet glimmered in the light of the streetlamps as it slide down her arm. Sydney squinted at it, her eyes beginning to widen. She shook her head defiantly at the bracelet.

“That's... no. Come the fuck on. Why was your mom there. Was she the other person we heard in there?” Sydney asked, shaking her head in her hands.

“Guess she was getting her job back,” Kimberly said, dropping her arm at her side. Kimberly pressed a hand over her eyes, breathing heavily. She bent over. “Damn it. Damn it, why doesn’t she just talk to me.”

Sydney looked at Kimberly with pain in her eyes. “Kimmey, I am so sorry-”

Behind them there was sudden muttering. They both looked back to see a light cast over the back yard. They looked at each other and nodded in silent agreement. They turned to face the street and looked towards the house across from them. They began to sprint, Sydney looking back at the lights of the yard, Kimberly looking straight ahead at the house across the way. As they stepped upon the yard, Kimberly threw the bat over the wooden fence separating them from the backyard. She climbed over the fence, stumbling as she hit the ground on the other side. Kimberly caught herself, straightened out, and turned, beckoning Sydney over the fence with the wave of a hand. Sydney handed over the bag, which Kimberly took hold of and threw to the side. Sydney slammed a foot up onto the fence’s side, causing it to shudder and creak towards Kimberly. They locked their hands together, and Kimberly pulled Sydney over the top of the fence. Sydney feet left the ground, her feet scraping against the fence. There was a loud groan from the fence, and the sound of cracking wood under the weight of a girl. A board gave loose, broke in half, sending Sydney’s foot through the fence. Sydney flew forward against the top of the fence, causing it to crack and bend forward. Kimberly and Sydney fell back onto the grass on the other side of the disfigured and crumbling fence. Sydney fell on top of Kimberly, then rolled to the side. They laid next to one another, wincing at the fall. They opened their eyes, and turned to look at each other. The two

girls leaned forward and examined the fence. It was broken off of the wall of the house, and crumpled on the ground, chunks of splintered wood lying over the floor. Sydney looked in horror at the destruction she caused. Kimberly fought the smile forming on her face, before falling back into uproarious laughter. Sydney stare continued until a smiled cracked across her face. She looked down at Kimberly and started laughing, falling back onto the ground herself.

“Well, I guess we’re not sticking to glass anymore, huh?” Kimberly said, struggling to catch her breathe.

“Shut... shut the fuck up,” Sydney replied, her words breaking up through her laughs.

They continued to laugh a bit. Silence fell over them eventually, and they both stared up at the sky. They looked up at the pale stars that struggled against the lights of the neighborhood. Their expressions trailed off into the sky.

Suddenly Kimberly broke the silence.

“We gotta hurry,” Kimberly stated, holding her breath back.

Sydney eyes widens slightly. “Yep!”

They both leaned back up and fumbled around for their stuff. Sydney grabbed her glasses, which had slid off her face when she fell. She grabbed them from underneath her leg, rubbing them loosely against her shirt, then placing them back onto her face. She looked through a crack that had now formed across the right frame of them.

Kimberly turned in place and, with her hands outstretched in front of her, pulled herself forward with the grass, and crawled up into a jog, bending down to pick up the bat she had thrown. She moved along the side of the house. Sydney followed her, running a finger across the broken lens of her glasses, smudging them once more.

“Ok, crunch time Sydney. I’m just gonna break everything as fast as I can, you get your pieces, we move on,” Kimberly said, holding up the bat with two arms. “You ready?”

Sydney shook her head in response. Kimberly shook back before swinging the bat against the side window. She wrenched it across the frame, glass falling out from it in a uncoordinated flurry. Kimberly looked to Sydney and nodded once more before turning away and jogging to around the corner of the house. Sydney dropped down and opened the bag, beginning to search through the pieces that lay before her. She tossed only a few pieces into her bag before before the sound of glass breaking rang out from behind the house. Sydney looked in the direction that Kimberly had run off. Sydney looked back down to the glass, picked out a few more, then looked back towards the sounds of more glass breaking. She lifted up her bag and began to stand up. She made her way to the backyard.

When Sydney turned the corner she saw glass covering the ground of the overgrown backyard. Grass and weeds had overtaken the flowerbeds that still sat in neat sections around the yard. Sydney looked around for Kimberly, who turned around the corner of the other side of the house and walked towards Sydney.

“I got all of these windows, and some on the other side of the house. I’m gonna go check to see what’s going on with Bob’s house. See if anyones up or not,” Kimberly said as she passed Sydney.

“Why exactly are we hitting up Miss Borden again?” Sydney questioned, getting to her knees and gathering some glass shards underneath the windows on the back of the house.

“Do you know how many kids lost balls back here and never got them back? Not to mention the baseball field is through her hedges. Little league had to get new balls every year!” Kimberly said, snorting as she did.

“You sure know how to hold a grudge don’t you,” Sydney said, standing up and moving to another section of shattered glass. The bag was noticeably bulkier as she dragged it behind her.

“Damn straight,” Kimberly said. She turned around the corner they came from, and walked to the sidewalk in front of the house.

Kimberly peered over to Bob’s house. The lights were still out, and there was no light from the back either. Suddenly the front door opened. Kimberly knelt down and backed up and leaned against the side of the Miss Borden’s house. A woman walked out of Bob’s house, holding a jacket and her shoes. She began to walk to the sidewalk, then walked out of view around the corner down the street. Kimberly’s eyes followed the women as she left. Kimberly noticed the weight of the bracelet that sat upon her wrist. She placed her opposite hand over it and continued to stare where the women had

been. Kimberly closed her eyes and breathed in deeply. She then turned and walked back around the house.

“Alright I got all I need here. You know we’re pretty full at this point. Maybe we should just call it here. Especially since there’s someone awake in the general vicinity,” Sydney said, leaning against the house.

“Naw. Just saw my mom leave. Don’t think she woke up Bob. We’re good to go,” Kimberly said, walking past Sydney and going to the other side of the house.

Sydney watched her briskly move around the corner, a confused stare crossing her face as she pushed off and made quick pursuit.

“Wow. Hold up, you saw your mom? If she just left without telling Bob, he might blame her for his broken door. Shouldn’t we tell her?” Sydney asked.

“No, Sydney,” Kimberly said sternly, eyes forward as she began walking to the house next door.

“Well shouldn’t you at least tell her.... Shit I dunno, anything? At least a goodbye or -” Sydney pleaded.

“No Sydney!!!” Kimberly turned on Sydney, who stopped suddenly, a frightened look on her face.

Kimberly looked at Sydney, then sighed. “I already said my goodbyes. Her included. We finish, we go to your place, I leave. For good. That’s how this goes.”

Sydney looked at Kimberly with sullen eyes. Kimberly turned away from her and kept moving. Sydney struggled to keep up with her, the brown bag hitting the back of her legs as she walked. They made their way to the house adjacent to Miss Borden’s.

Kimberly examined it, then turned to the car parked in front of it. It was a tan color at the bottom with black streaks on top. Gold lettering was printed on the side. The lights that sat on the top of the car had glass that was stained blue and red on both sides of a streak of lights. Kimberly pressed hands against the side of the car, dragging them over the side of the smooth exterior.

“Ok, Kimberly? What the fuck are we doing. The last place is Sarah’s, remember?” Sydney asked, looking around at all of the dark houses.

“No. Fuck that. Fuck that, fuck this. Fuck everything about this hell hole,” Kimberly shouted, slamming her fists against the side of the cop car. Sydney stepped back, shocked as Kimberly threw her fists against the car. “But you know what. Really, all that aside. Fuck this man. Right here. Calls himself a sheriff huh?”

“Come on, Kimmey, he’s a police officer,” Sydney begged, holding her hands up towards Kimmey.

“He’s a fuckin disgrace! He’s an asshole, and he deserves to hurt, Sydney! Did you know,” Kimberly started, laughing and turning towards Sydney, who backed off slightly. “Did you know that him and my mom started going out awhile back?”

“Uh... no I... I never heard about that,” Sydney replied, taken aback by the outburst.

“Of course you didn’t. Of course nobody fuckin’ knew. Cause the sheriff, our treasured savior, protector of this pile of shit we call a home, could never have such a reputation be spoiled by the meth head down the street he decided to fuck, right? No that just wouldn’t do.”

Sydney opened her mouth to respond, but only stared on as Kimberly pounded against the car. Kimberly suddenly raised the bat high into the air. Sydney shook her head for a moment, then replied, “ Wait. Wait Kimmey. I... I’m sorry, but that doesn’t justify this. Not even a bit.”

“Oh no. Your right. As always, you’re right boss. But you know what does?” Kimberly said. Suddenly she brought the bat down onto the car door. The window cracked a bit, a few bits splintering off. Sydney raised a hand over her mouth.

“What justifies this, Sydney?!” another hit.

“Is that he was with her for months!” another hit

“And after months of her finally being happy, finally finding a half decent man?” another hit.

“She says one thing. One thing! That he doesn’t like?!” another hit.

“And he smacks her around a bit!!” another hit.

“She tries to defend herself? Stand up for herself?” another hit.

“He just smacks her around some more!” another hit.

“Until she finally learns to shut the fuck up!” another hit.

“But by that point, Sydney?!” another hit.

“He’s done with her. Beats her real good one last time, then tosses her aside like she ain’t shit. Because after all she really isn’t to anyone here anyways, right? Then what happened? She went to work with a smile. But her make-up just wasn’t good enough to hide the bruises. Just not good enough to hide the scars from those beer bottles he nailed her with. And since Bob can’t have any ugly people working the meet

and greet? Throws her out too!” Kimberly said swinging hard against the front window of the car. The car’s windows were entirely shattered, small glass fragments littering the ground. The windows still held a majority of the glass, holding up against the onslaught of bat hits. They had turned white from the large circles of cracks that spread across them.

“We... we have to tell... Kimberly, this is beyond getting fired from a job. We have to tell somebody that he did this,” Sydney yelled back, tears running slowly down her face.

“Oh yeah? And who do we tell, Sydney? The fucking cops? Don’t you understand!? Nobody is gonna believe her. The sheriff is a respected man in this little community. It’d be his word against hers. And who do you think everyone is gonna believe? The person who practically owns this damn town? Or the pregnant at seventeen high school dropout drug addict and her screw up mistake of a daughter?!” Kimberly screamed, smashing through a section of the front window.

“Well what then, Kimberly. So everything’s pointless. Everything sucks. Fine. But does this actually change any of that? Why is this the course of action you’re willing to follow through with!?” Sydney yelled furiously, a glare forming on her face.

“No. It won’t. But you know what?” Kimberly said, looking down at her bat before raising it up. “It’ll make me feel a hell of a lot better!”

Kimberly swung down once more, piercing through the window. The glass fell in a panel and small miniscule pieces over the front and inside the car. Suddenly, a high pitched screech emitted from the car. Its headlights turned on. It continued a constant

wailing that rang out through the streets. Kimberly's eyes widened, and she removed the bat from the inside of the car. She stepped back.

"Holy fucking shit. We... We gotta go, come on Sydney!," Kimberly said, taking a few steps towards the street.

"No," Sydney stated bluntly, walking towards the car with her bag. Kimberly spun around and stared as Sydney began scooping the glass into her bag.

"Syd? Sydney? Sydney!? What the fuck!? Come on, this thing's gonna wake up the whole damn neighborhood.

"Fuck them? Fuck this place? No. You wanted this. Fuck you, Kimmey," Sydney said with a bitter tone in her voice.

Kimberly's eyes stared in awe at her friend. Sydney continued scooping shards into her bag.

"What? What are you saying? What the fuck is this about," Kimberly asked, looking around at the other houses, which were still dark.

"Hey. You want to feel better, right? Well so do I," Sydney said, stone faced, beginning to yank on the glass panels still in the car's frame.

"Right now? Right now, Sydney, I want to get the fuck out of here," Kimberly yelled, grabbing Sydney's arm. She looked back out at the houses. Still dark.

"You know something, Kimberly?" Sydney said, grunting as she pulled against Kimberly's grasp, and tore at the glass panels with her gloved hand. "For somebody who wants so badly to get out of this abhorrent place. For somebody who wants to leave the people who actually do care about her and run off to play house. For

somebody who wants to never come back, you sure have been trying really hard to screw yourself over at every fucking turn. You sure you wouldn't love to be talking to this ol' bible thumper from the other side of some bars? I really think orange is your color!"

"Alright. I get it, you've thrown your little hissy fit!" Kimberly shouted, staring solemnly at Sydney, who thrashed against her. "I'm awful ok? I'm terrible, I'm fucked up. But let's fix it now ok? Come on!"

"For fuck's sake, this isn't about you! Not everything is about you and your quest to throw a pity party! You know there are other people in the world. You ever consider that? For the love of shit, you even turned what your mom has been doing for the both of you into a personal vendetta!" Sydney screamed. Kimberly let go at the mention of her mother. She stepped back and stared into Sydney's eyes. "I mean, do you honestly think she like's what she's been doing? That she has to bottle all this shit up by herself? Not fucking likely. But she obviously isn't doing it for her own benefit. She's doing it for you you indignant fuck!"

Kimberly looked down, her eyes beginning to water. She raised an arm and looked away from Sydney, grabbing Sydney's arm once more.

"Alright kid. I get it. Let's just go, ok," Kimberly said, looking out at the houses.

Sydney continued to yank on a giant glass panel that bent out from the window. Suddenly, Kimberly saw the lights at all the houses turn on in the surrounding houses across the street and next door. She turned to Sydney, her eyes wild.

“Sydney, come on!” Kimberly yelled once more, pulling at Sydney with everything she had left.

Sydney held onto the piece as Kimberly pulled on her. Suddenly she flew back onto the pavement of the driveway, Glass chunk in her hand. She opened her eyes and looked up into the sky. Suddenly Kimberly’s head slide above her view.

“Sydney, come on!” Kimberly shouted.

Sydney leaned forwards and got up, Kimberly helping her up. Kimberly grabbed her arm and pulled her across the street. The two of them ran towards the house across from the police car, which still rang out with it’s banshee call. The house it was parked in front of lit up like all of the others. The two girls looked only forward as they stepped onto the front yard of a large two story house with wind chimes littering it. They ran to the hedge on the left of the house and ran into it, struggling to climb through it. Kimberly broke through first, and reached in, grabbing and pulling Sydney through. They both looked around the yard.

It was dark with a small fountain in the back. There was a patio with an overhang, vines lying over the top of it. The ground beneath the patio had stone panels dug into the ground. Chimes hung up on the ceiling of the patio cover, gently knocking into each other. The moonlight hit the backyard hard with a pale light. There was brush growing up the side of the back fence, and a flower bed on either side of the fountain that stood ingrained in the patch of grass that laid out alongside the stone steps beneath the patio. In the distance, the car alarm still rang out. Kimberly walked underneath the overhang and threw the bat out onto the lit grass. She stood with her back towards Sydney,

looking at the ground. She placed a hand on her hip. Shaking her head, Kimberly turned around to face Sydney. Sydney glared at her. They both stood a few feet apart, remaining silent. Sydney tossed her bag and glove aside next to the bat. Kimberly shook her head.

“What the fuck was that, Sydney?” Kimberly asked, rubbing her eyes with her fingertips.

“What? You don’t want to live on the edge anymore? Was that not the kinda adrenaline rush you crave?” Sydney spat back.

“Sydney, look I don’t know what to do, ok. I don’t know what you want from me. I’ve screwed up tonight, ok? But what you did out there was just fuckin stupid. We could’ve been arrested,” Kimberly said, her face contorting with frustration.

“You don’t think I understand that? I’m here! I’ve been right fucking here with you,” Sydney said, tears beginning to form in her eyes,

“Then what is it, huh!? What the fuck do you want?” Kimberly asked sternly, continuing to glare into Sydney’s eyes.

“I want you to stay!” Sydney screamed, suddenly looking shocked at her own voice.

They both stood there. Kimberly’s face softened as her body loosened. She looked over to Sydney, who breathed in broken gasps, beginning to sob.

“What... What are you...” Kimberly started, but stopped as she looked at her sobbing friend.

“You keep talking about how horrible everything here is. Like there’s nothing fucking here for you. Well guess what. When you leave, I’ll still be here. Like I’ve always been. But apparently that just doesn’t occur to you does it?” Sydney said, wiping the moisture off of her cheeks.

“Of course it does. You don’t think it’s gonna suck for me without you around? You keep me fuckin sane. But I have to get out of this place, Sydney,” Kimberly replied, beginning to walk forward.

“Really? Cause when we’re together, this place doesn’t fuckin phase me. When I’m with you, I don’t feel any of the weight that this shit brings with it. I feel invincible with you. I... I just...” Sydney said, beginning to stutter, her breaths quickening.

“What is it Sydney?” Kimberly asked, still walking towards Sydney.

“I... I fucking love you Kimberly,” Sydney said, her eyes locking onto Kimberly’s.

“Well of course. I love you too Sydney. You’re my best friend,” Kimberly said, stopping and smiling at Sydney.

Sydney shook her head. “No. Th- That’s not what I mean. I mean I... I’m in love with you, Kimberly.”

Kimberly looked at Sydney with wide eyes. She opened her mouth quickly as if to respond, but remained silent. Kimberly’s gaze began to drop to the ground. Sydney exhaled quickly.

“Fuck this,” Sydney said bluntly before walking forward.

Sydney laid her hands on either side of Kimberly's face. Sydney then leaned in and kissed Kimberly. They held for a moment, then Sydney moved back, staring into Kimberly's eyes.

"W-W-Wait. I... I. Don't, I'm confused..." Kimberly stuttered, shaking her head.

"Kimberly," Sydney said. Kimberly stopped muttering and looked at Sydney. "Just shut the fuck up, ok?"

Sydney then leaned in once more and the two of them kissed for a long moment. In the distance the car alarm had been silenced. The moon hung overhead and cast pale beams through the overhang above the girls. The beams hit the chimes, which rang out softly as a small breeze passed through. Light filtered in around the girls, who stood suspended in their own time. Sydney then pulled away, stepping back. The moment passed.

"So... there, I guess," Sydney said coolly, her breathing back to a normal consistency.

"Well.... Well shit," Kimberly said. The two of them laughed a bit. "I guess I didn't know how much I wanted to do that."

Sydney smiled and breathed out slowly. Kimberly walked over to the edge of the fountain and sat on it. Sydney followed her and sat next to her. They locked hands between them. Sydney smiled shyly away from Kimberly, who still looked ahead in disbelief. Suddenly a concerned expression crossed her face.

"Shit, Cass," Kimberly stated, bringing a hand over her eyes.

“Oh no. Shit I didn't want to get between the two of you, this shit just came out,” Sydney said, placing a hand on Kimberly's shoulder.

“No no, don't worry. I pushed it out of you. I just don't... I don't know what to do,” Kimberly said. She looked up at the sky, which was beginning to have an orange hue to it as the sun began to rise in the distance. “But.... I do know.”

“What?” Sydney asked, looking at Kimberly.

“I gotta meet up with him. Then I'm off,” Kimberly said.

“Wait you... you're still gonna go off with him?” Sydney asked, strain in her voice.

Kimberly reached an arm around Sydney and pulled her close. “Look, Syd, you need to stay, finish school, and get moving on to better things. Because you can. Once this year is over, you'll be able to go anywhere you want. But me? If I stayed here another year, I'd never get out. I'd work at that shitty supermarket for the rest of my life. I'd never get out of here. That's why I have to go. I have to go while I can. And Cass can do that for me,” Kimberly said pressing her head against Sydney's.

“But... But then what do we do?” Sydney said, shuddering as she spoke.

“I'm gonna come back for you, Sydney. You're more than worth coming back for, you understand me? Then we'll take over the world together. We'll go everywhere. Anywhere. Wherever you go, I'll be right there with you,” Kimberly said enthusiastically.

Sydney began to shake, tears falling onto her jeans. Kimberly wrapped her arms around her, laying her head over Sydney's and rubbing Sydney's back slowly. Sydney cried into Kimberly, who just embraced her. They sat there for a long time, as the sky broke out into a flurry of reds and oranges. Kimberly eventually straightened up, Sydney

following her. They looked at each other for a second, Kimberly leaning forward to peck Sydney's lips. Kimberly then stood up, lifting the bat beside her, and motioned for Sydney to follow. Sydney followed suit, smiling as she lifted up the bag of glass. The two girls walked over to the back fence. Kimberly grabbed the top and lifted herself up slowly. Sitting on top of the fence she bent low and grabbed the bag from Sydney. Kimberly dropped the bat and bag over the fence. Then reached out to grab Sydney's hand. Kimberly pulled onto Sydney, yanking her onto the fence. The two girls sat, turned over the other side, and hopped down.

The girls made their way out of the yard and opened a gate leading to the sidewalk. The sun hit the streets, a yellow cast enveloping the landscape. The two girls looked around themselves. All was quiet and still. They both sighed and began walking to the left down the street, before turning right and walking down away from the intersection which was now behind them. They moved in silence, bruises and scrapes becoming visible on their bodies from the night's events. Their clothes were a bit tattered in areas, with grass stains on their jeans. They moved slowly down the street, their lack of sleep making their movements drifty.

"Well hey, that was little more exciting than our normal sleepovers right?" Kimberly asked, smirking.

"To say the least. Hey, do you remember when we were little and curled up by the fireplace with one big blanket?" Sydney said, smiling faintly.

"Oh yeah. You know, now that you mention it, I think that's when I started going gay for you," Kimberly said, beginning to laugh.

“Oh shut up with that,” Sydney said, laughing and blushing.

They continued to talk for a long time. They talked about old games they used to play, people they use to know. They spoke of teachers they loved and hated, and eating ice cream together, and the stories they came up with. They talked of sleeping side by side after long days, and sitting in the shade of trees, and the things they would talk about then. They spoke of crushes they had, boys they’ve kissed. They talked about how beautiful the other one was. They talked about how they really felt. Then for a time, they spoke of nothing. Only walked in a purposeful silence.

Suddenly the sound of a whirring engine echoed out in front of them down the street. The girls looked ahead and spotted a boy in a leather jacket riding towards them on a motorcycle. The boy drove quickly, before coming to a gradual halt right next to the girls. He was a tall boy, lanky. He took off the helmet to reveal bright red hair in a buzzcut. He smiled and looked towards Kimberly.

“There’s my girl!” the boy called out. He walked up to Kimberly, embracing her and pecking her on the mouth. Sydney turned away and looked at the ground, her eyes sullen.

“Hey babe, good to see you,” Kimberly said, wrapping an arm around his waist. “I was just about to go grab my bags.

“Looks like I beat you home, girly. Your bags are loaded on the back. You mom helped me find them all when I got to your house,” the boy said, smiling at Kimberly.

“Aw what a sweetheart,” Kimberly said, smiling, but then the expression faded as her face dropped a bit. “Then I... I guess it’s time to head off...”

“Yep. I was actually heading over to Sydney’s to pick you up. But here you are. So, I’m ready when you are,” the boy said.

Kimberly looked up at the boy, then over to Sydney. Kimberly ran her hand through her hair, then laid it on Sydney’s shoulder. Sydney turned around , avoiding eye contact with Kimberly.

“Well champ, I guess our night’s over,” Kimberly said.

“I...I...” Sydney failed to find words. She pressed her head against Kimberly’s shoulder. They embraced, Kimberly holding firmly onto Sydney.

Kimberly put her mouth to Sydney’s ear. “I love you too.”

Sydney’s eyes welled, then ceased as Kimberly pulled away. Kimberly passed her hand over Sydney’s palm, then turned away and grabbed a helmet from the boy. The boy stepped over onto the motorcycle, and Kimberly did the same, reaching around the boy and holding on tightly to him. Sydney stared into the black screen of the helmet that Kimberly wore. The boy kicked off and drove forward a ways before turning around and driving off down the road. Sydney watched as they drove away, flying across the road. She watched as they became smaller and smaller. Sydney opened up her hand and looked at the pink hairclip that sat inside. Sydney reached up and clipped it next to the one already in her hair. She stared off as the motorcycle disappeared into the distance. She stood there, still staring at the edges of the streets furthest point. She pulled away, lifting up the bag and bat. Sydney peered inside and saw the collection of broken glass. Light flooded in, illuminating the fragments. She closed the bag and swung it over her shoulder.

She turned around and began to walk the down street.

The end