

Destroy the Evidence

by Chad Smith

The oven door topples off of its hinges as she kicks and climbs out. She growls and quickly slaps out her still smoldering sweater shoulder. Taking a kitchen chair by the back, she swings it over her head and shatters the window. The chair breaks into splinters as she pounds it into the countertop. She snatches a handful of broken window shards and shoves them into her mouth. They crackle and tinkle as she chomps down. The kitchen sink faucet snaps and water sprays out when she yanks it free using her teeth. She punches a hole in the wall, pulls some planks out, bites and gobbles them up. Enraged and cursing, she knocks the kitchen table over. The door explodes from the front of the cottage when she puts her boot through it. On the porch she pulls a post off the railing and starts eating it.

“Great plan Ruth!” she screams. “Build a cottage in the forest made of gingerbread, cakes and candy. You'll attract all the children you could ever possibly want to fatten up and eat!”

What she hadn't planned on was the little monsters getting away. They would probably be bringing back their idiot woodcutter father who would demand an explanation as to why she tried to eat his children. Licking the frosting off of the mailbox, she looks at the cottage and moans. It was going to take forever to eat this thing and flee. She wonders where she has left her matches.

