

Smells Like Burning

by Chad Smith

Stanley had a crush on Sarah. They were in Ms. Goldman's freshman chemistry class together fifth period. That day they were working on homework at Sarah's house while her parents were gone. Stanley was in heaven.

"Break time!" Sarah woke Stanley from daydreaming, "I want to show you something."

She leads him to the closet in the hall. Inside the closet, they sit down on shoes and close the door. There is no light. Sarah pulls Stanley's tee-shirt off. He doesn't resist. Suddenly a spark and the closet lights up. Sarah had flicked a lighter.

"I read it was recently discovered kids born and raised in California have higher levels of fire retardant in their blood than kids in other places do. Chemicals used to keep our teddy bears, clothes and cribs from going up in flames have been leaking into our bodies."

She sticks her tongue out over the flame and rolls it in and out of the fire. Sarah puts the flame on Stanley's bare nipple. He's startled at first. When he sees it doesn't hurt, he reaches his hand out and holds it in the fire. No marks.

"Somebody's got to do something about this!"

"Actually, I think they have done us a huge favor," the flame goes out and it's black again, "When we go to Hell after we die, we won't burn."

She pulls him close and kisses him. Her tongue spreads his mouth open. She grabs his hand and puts it on her chest.

