

Sometimes Errands Take Longer Than You Might Think

by John Wentworth Chapin

He glared at his sister before tossing his cigarette butt to the forest floor, grinding it into the pine needles with a well-worn shoe greatly in need of repair. “You stupid fucking twat,” he muttered.

“How is this my fault?” She dropped the bundle of faggots she had collected and spun around with her mouth open.

“Well, where the fuck are we? You said you'd take care of it this time, and here we are.”

“You have been such a... a *jerk* lately.”

“We're lost, it'll be dark soon, and you want to have this discussion?” He rolled his eyes. “You're worse than she is.”

“Oh, you asshole, can't you see it? It's true. You've lost weight, you're short-tempered, you won't talk to me or Dad. This all started when *she* moved in. Do you think no one notices?”

“I don't care if anyone notices. I hate her.”

“I hate our alcoholic stepwitch, too, and if you want to blame anyone for us getting lost out here, blame her, not me.”

“Well, she's not the one who stuffed a handful of breadcrumbs in her pockets on the way out the door instead of using her friggin' brain.”

She held up her hand and sniffed the air. "Wait, wait! Do you smell that?"

"I smell pine."

"No, it's like... gingerbread. From over there. Trust me," she said, pushing him toward the scent.

"You're so naïve," he sighed.

"I got us into this mess, and I'll get us out," she assured him.

