

Alternative Ending

Sarah Byrd

Chapter Thirty- nine

I look in the mirror. I was standing there in just my underwear. I look at my body then at Claire's. My hair, then her's. My face, her's. Even with her looking thin, fragile, and unappealing, I was jealous, beyond jealous. I hear her moan, I quickly put on my pajamas, and she then begins to gasp for air. *Gasp, gasp, gasp.* Stop breathing my air! I selfishly think. She does. Her raspy, shallow breathing slowly recedes until it stops. I go over and touch her neck, hoping for a pulse no matter how slight. She's dead. Dead and cold, like a statue in the middle of winter. But she finally looks peaceful, her eye-brows aren't scrunched together and there isn't a frown plastered on her face. I gingerly walk over to the phone and dial my mom's number. 5.. 5.. 5.. 3.. 5.. 4.. 5.. *Call.* She'll pick up as soon as she hears it ring. But I'm still praying I won't have to tell her.

"What's wrong?" she asks. I never call her. Ever. "Is she... alright?"

"Mom, she'd never be alright... well, until now..."

"Loann, what the hell are you trying to tell me? Is she... Oh God! She is!" I hear her go hysterical before the line goes dead. She'll never want to face this reality.

Chapter Forty

Everyone went to her funeral, and I mean everyone, from her best friend to the High School Janitor. But that was days ago. Now, I sit on the edge of my bed, holding my chubby legs to my chest, staring out the window, not sure what to do with myself in my gratuitously baggy clothes. The weather matches my mood, it's rainy and cold. I see Marcus; he's coming up the driveway. My heart starts to beat faster and a smile is creeping onto my face, I run down the stairs and fling the door open. With the momentum I have I slam into him, forcing a hug between the two of us.

"Oomph! Well hiya there Curly," he says, a wide smile on his face. "Guess what?"

My smile starts disappearing. "What...?" I should've known he didn't come to merely hang out.

"Come on!" he laughs, "Don't look so worried! I just want to use my three wishes if that isn't too much trouble..." still smiling he winks.

“Okay,” I laugh cautiously, “let’s hear them.”

“I wish you’d let me inside!” he exclaims. By now it was pouring and I knew we’d be drenched in a matter of minutes. I let him inside and we move to the couch. “Man, now I only have two wishes, but Loann, I really wish you’d kiss me...” I lean in, and our lips meet. It is more than I could ever imagine. It means something to both of us. Now I know Josh really was just using me, he didn’t mean the kiss or anything else that had happened. I pull away first, still feeling the warmth of his lips on mine.

“I thought you’d never ask.” I whisper in his ear before biting it. He looks at me and smiles, kneels down and starts to fiddle with his shoe-lace.

“Can I ask you to do something for me? It’s kind of a big favor and I’ll understand if-“

“No,” I say. “I’ll do anything...”

He chuckles under his breath, “Loann, will you marry me?” His cheesy smile and low voice makes me turn to jelly. So I have to nod speechless.

“Yes,” I finally manage; I lean in toward him for another kiss. The taste of him isn’t pleasant, but I like it. I start to go faint; thank goodness he’s holding me close. He pulls away making me lonely.

“I wish-“

“No,” I cut him off, “save that for when you really need it.” I kiss him again, but more vigorously shoving him onto my lumpy couch.

“I love you, Clai- Loann.” he whispers in my ear. I pull myself off of him in disgust.

“Did you just call me Claire?!”

“Sorry, I thought murderers sometimes changed their names to their victims.” He thrusts me towards him, nibbling on my ear ever so slightly. I feel his breath, then a sharp pain in my back. He presses harder on my back, and the pain intensifies. “I knew you hated your sister, but to kill her? Now, Loann that’s absurd, but I really *wish* you’d die.” He pushes me away and the pressure in my back is gone, but not the pain. Something red and thick had pooled over his arm, it came splashing to the ground as I stumble back. “Suffocating her really wasn’t the answer.”

“I,” the blood starts coming up into my mouth, making me gag, “didn’t.”

“But you wanted to, which is just as bad...”