

Revenge

By Helene Griffin

Eddie squat down behind the 1997 Ford F-150 truck and opened her purse. She pulled out a plastic bag which contained six melted snickers bars, all mashed together to make one ball. I grimaced as Eddie took out the ball and shoved it into the exhaust pipe of the truck. We both stared as a bit of the melted chocolate mass began to drip out of the pipe and onto the ground. Eddie sniffed.

"What kind of name is Candy?" she muttered to herself, staring at the blob of snickers now on the ground.

"I don't know," I shrugged, drawing circles on the ground with my sneaker. "I don't think it's that uncommon, though. I had a tap teacher once named Candy."

Eddie snorted.

"Was your tap dance teacher a boyfriend stealing skank, too?" she asked.

I tugged a bit on the black hat Eddie had told me to wear.

"Well," I mumbled. "I'm not really sure."

I was quickly finding out that the 'girls night' my cousin Eddie had promised me was not going to be how I envisioned it. That much probably should have been obvious to me when Eddie had insisted I wear all black and told me we wouldn't start our evening until eleven o'clock. Still, being a mere twelve years old and easily manipulated by my older and wiser cousin, I could not be blamed for tagging along as Eddie waged revenge on her cheating boyfriend. I watched as she began gluing candy hearts on to his truck.

"Have you thought about how he might figure out you're the one who did this?" My voice shook with nerves. I was trying to calm myself down by reminding myself that it was dark and no one was outside to catch us, but I couldn't do it. All I could think of was the risk Eddie was putting herself at and all the trouble that would surely ensue should someone see her.

Eddie scoffed at my question and though the dark of the night prevented me from seeing her, I could feel the condescending eye roll that she was surely giving me.

“No,” she said, drilling in as much sarcasm as she possibly could into one syllable. “I guess I figured he wouldn’t even notice that his car looks like Little Debbie shit on it.”

I could see her shake her head.

“Of course he’ll think it’s me. I want him to.”

My mind was screaming at me to tell her that if she wanted my help she should watch her tone, but I relented. Being in sixth grade, it wasn’t like I had some really hot party to be at instead.

“What do you think will happen to the exhaust?” Edie asked suddenly after a few moments of tense silence. She shook up a can of whipped cream and wrote a certain two-word phrase with it on the windshield. “You think the Snickers will ruin the whole engine or just the exhaust and muffler?”

I shrugged.

“I really don’t actively seek out articles about the effects of candy on car engines, so I wouldn’t know.”

Edie raised an eyebrow.

“Getting a bit bitchy in your old age, are you?” she said, nodding. “Guess I deserved that, though. Here.”

She tossed me some supplies.

“Pretend this is art class. Let the Nerds be the glitter to your syrup’s glue.”

I rolled my eyes but uncapped the bottle and went to work. There was something about being the one that Edie had chosen to accompany her on this adventure that was, for lack of a better word, awesome. Despite my original complaints at being lied to about the night’s events (I had been told I was being treated to the movies), I knew that I really didn’t mind being duped. Sitting down for an eighty minute, two star movie couldn’t have compared to spending a night spearing marshmallows with a car antenna and painting hot fudge onto a truck with my favorite cousin.

When we did all the damage we could possibly do with candy store items, Edie took out her camera. She snapped a couple photos of the car while I held up a black blanket she had brought along to help conceal the flash. We then sprinted from the truck to our own car, which was parked two blocks away, to admire the fruit of our labor in private. Though a part of me still felt sorry for this boyfriend who Edie would only refer to as ‘Joe Dirt,’ I couldn’t help but giggle at the whole mess we had created: destruction perfected in every detail, licorice

tied like on Christmas trees and stuck onto the rearview mirrors with caramel.

I turned to Edie to compliment her on these bows. Her long blonde hair stuck to her face making me notice the tears now quietly running down her cheeks. Unable to avoid my gaze, she swallowed and turned to me, staring straight into my eyes.

"I hope one day you love someone so much that when they hurt you, it feels this bad," she told me, giving my hand a soft squeeze.

I thought about her words, repeating them over in my head. I wanted to tell her that if anyone was to hurt me then they might not really love me, but I bit my tongue. Instead, I put my arms around Edie and hugged her, because despite all her flaws and her hotheaded ways, I loved her and never wanted to see her sad.

I let Edie gather herself before I spoke again.

"You know," I said quietly, desperate to make things light again. "You are pretty creative to put together such an extravagant plan."

Edie laughed.

"I was originally going to do it all to Candy," she said, wiping away her tears. "But as much I really want to blame her, his actions aren't really her fault." Edie smoothed out her hair and flashed me a smile, one that I returned without hesitation.

"Well, I think that's enough of Joe Dirt," I said after another minute of silence. "We have a lot of candy left and I know you have more ex-boyfriends to visit."

Edie looked at me with wide eyes before snorting.

"You know," she smirked, "I don't think there's anyone else in the world I'd want to smear candy on cars with but you."

And as odd as that statement was, I think that if I had to describe Edie to anyone I'd say just that - there is no one I'd ever want to smear candy on cars with but her.