

# **Do It To 'Em**

Brandon Lee

# Chapter 1

It was only then when the trees hugged us and not us hugging the trees, surrounding us with their warm, humid air and soft leaf blanket. They caressed us slowly yet lovingly, as would a mother and a newborn that lays in her arms, but we weren't newborns. We were teenagers.

We all still remembered every single phase The Woodlands went through. There was the time when the floor was covered with a half-foot of snow for a half-year's time, which only half annoyed us. The school rooms reeked of squeaky floors for months. Oh, and we can't forget the time when the migrating birds came to the forest all at once and made sounds of a thousand bird cages. Those were much simpler times, though.

Like a blade going through the arm of the weeping, we swept through the trees, undetected by any other beings besides ourselves. We knew where we were going: Stump Circle, a place in the middle of The Woodlands that was cleared out by the lumberers way back before we were born. After they were done, there were no trees within a fifty-foot radius of what used to be the biggest tree in the forest, but

they cut it down, too. Now, all that lays there is a wide crude stump that we sat on from time to time. Sometimes, we liked to just lay down on top of it and absorb the air and cream-orange leaves that stayed still for a split moment, almost as if someone had taken a photograph of the entire world.

Ethan had recently got himself a camera for his photography class, but we all knew what it was really for. It was going to print pretty pictures of the trees to show the rest of the school why our hang space was superior to any other. It was going to print flying polaroids of boys standing around with nothing else to do with their lives but get drunk and talk about girls and dreams until the day ended and the night fell upon us. It was going to print each and every single one of our moments 'till the day that we died, because we very well knew this camera was going to see each and every single one of our deaths.

He took pictures of the ground. He took pictures of the trees that were static because of the lack of wind. He took pictures of the deer that passed by us every few days. He took pictures of everything that The Woodlands could hold, and for that, he had nothing else to take pictures of for the day.

Afterwards, Ethan set the twenty-five polaroids on the stump and we took a gander at what had been captured in them. All of us were amazed at what this wave of technology had brought.

“That deer’s takin’ a crap.” Anthony blurted, pointing to a photo of a moose.

“Yeah, ain’t it beautiful?” Ethan questioned.

Outstanding. Now the question rose: How were we going to keep the photos? I mean, we can’t just hold them in our pockets forever. But, Ethan had a plan. You see, he had a box that he was going to use for some robot project or some nerd thing like that, but then something with his mom happened and he never actually got around to doing it. So, we kept the polaroids in the orange casing. Eventually, that box would be the central hub of everything we would ever experience.

“Alright, well, I’d better get going,” Ethan said. “It’s going to be a crazy night tonight. I’m eighteen now, so I can get me a shotgun.”

“Aw yea, that’s right,” I replied. “You’d better let us use it.”

“Well of course, you bludgeoning idiot. I’m buying it for all of us. That’s what I said, wasn’t it?”

“Ah, shush your hole, Ethan.”

## Chapter 2

All of us headed to Peter Piper Pizza that night. It was our second favorite place to hang out, only runner-up to The Woodlands. When it got dark, the forest crittered with bears and nocturnal predators to which we did not want to deal with, so why not have pizza instead? Besides, it was the only place open at the time. Anthony recently got a job here, working as a cashier. Unfortunately, that reduced our time together, but we could always go see him at work. Another upside to this tradeoff is that he could get us inside deals on pizzas and wings.

Tonight, one of his coworkers named Eric staffed the front while three cooks remained in the white-tile kitchen. The sound of sizzling oil resonated near the desk, but was completely inaudible at our table. According to Anthony, that sound can get really annoying after only a few hours of standing around it. The pizza itself wasn't all that greasy, though. When our double cheese pizza and chicken alfredo pizzas came out, they looked perfectly delicious, yet almost as healthy as one of their salads. I snickered at the juxtaposition.

“Oh man, I’m hungrier than Peter Piper himself. Yo, sauce me the chicken alfredo.” I requested. Ethan passed the pizza around the circular table over to me. He grabbed himself a slice on the way, and when it arrived, I grabbed two. Anthony didn’t like the alfredo sauce, so he took three slices of the cheese.

“So Ethan, did you get to shoot your double-barrel yet?” Anthony queried.

“Yea. I shot it in The Woodlands. It scared off a flock a’ birds, but I didn’t hit anything.”

“Man, you really need to get your aim up if y’ain’t able to hit anything with a shotgun.”

“No, just didn’t wanna hit anything.”

The table went silent with the sound of eating and pizza. After dinner, we were gonna go home, prep for the night, and go to school the next morning. At home, I walked immediately to my bed and slept the entire night for a good seven hour time frame. In the morning, we drove to school and parked our cars in the school’s parking lot and went to our first period classes.

“G’morning Mr. Proctor”

“Good morning, Noah.”

First period math might seem like absolute hell on earth, but it managed to be one of the best classes I was in. Luckily for us, Mr. Proctor was not like Mrs. Jane across the hall; He let us learn at our own pace, and he actually helped us when we needed it, much unlike the unstudious feminine non-parental unit that was my old algebra teacher.

The rest of the day remained normal. I went to history, then engineering, then English, then Spanish... then lunch. Because I knew everyone there, I could sit anywhere I wanted, yet Ethan and Anthony had always saved me a seat. Today's lunch was pizza. Go figure. I just brought my own food from home: pasta salad and taquitos from two nights ago that had gone uneaten.

But, I'll spare you the boring details.



# Chapter III

Tell me, Noah

Wh-h-h-h-h...  
(I can't speak...)

Why did you do it?

(...)

Well, go on! Speak up! Why did you shoot him? You  
**murderer.**

(I can't move...)  
W-why didddd...

What's that?

Why d-did you...  
(I can't think...)

What? What did *I* do? I did nothing! Your fingerprints are the  
one on the gun!

**YOU MONSTER! WHY? WHY ARE YOU ACCUSING  
ME?!?! YOU'RE THE MURDERER!**

Well, slow down there, bucko. Sometimes, we just have to think about why the world kills itself first. Tell me. Why did you kill my mother?

(I can move.)

Th-that was *years* ago, and you know that! I just wanted to go to Peter Piper for once, okay? I was six!

That doesn't justify anything, Noah. You know, I wanted to go too, Peter Piper. I wanted to go more than you did, but, I'll spare you the boring details. In the end, it was my mom with the exploded head sans-brain, not you.

(The shotgun lays on the leaf bed created upon months, maybe years, of falling tree limbs. He was right, I was the one with the prints, and he was the one with the shot. But, there was no way the police were gonna know that. They just was what was on the open surface of the gun. It didn't get asked any questions, but I was the one who was interrogated and jailed. Twenty-four years, they said. Murder of a minor, from a minor. It was only fair, right?)