

She Killed My Dog



Jenna sets out to exact revenge against her high school nemesis, Layla. Donning the above disguise, Jenna hopes Layla will not recognize her after thirty years. Jenna soon realizes her plan has flaws. Will she get away with her seemingly well devised plan? Both women are in for a surprise.

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A SHORT STORY

BY

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Jenna's hands gripped the steering wheel of her Camry with such intensity as to send fierce, jabbing pulses of pain through her shoulders and neck. Jenna's neck stiffened. She twisted right to left, in search of immediate relief, which only brought her more pain. She'd not noticed that the cause of her pain was something she'd brought onto herself. Tension. "Breathe." Jenna said to herself. This allowed her to loosen her white-knuckled grip on the steering wheel. "That's better. Relax," a mantra she'd often needed to repeat to herself.

Eager to have brunch with Kristi, her best friend since freshman year, Jenna had only one thing on her mind to chew on, or about, with Kristi. Their upcoming thirty-year high school class reunion.

“Hey Girlfriend.” Kristi said, jumping out of the booth while rushing to hug her friend.

“Hey Kristi.”

As they sat down, Kristi noticed an all too familiar and mischievous look in Jenna’s eyes. “Gulp. I hesitate to even ask. What’s going on in that busy brain of yours?”

“As you know, Kristi, our thirty-year class reunion is coming up. I’ve been obsessing about it.”

“Oh, good God, no. Didn’t you learn anything from our twenty-year reunion? The reunion that resulted in you hooking up with Jeremy, marrying him, and then divorcing him because he was cheating on you?”

“Not to mention his criminal behavior,” echoed Jenna.

“For which he served time, thanks to your anonymous tip to the authorities. Nice touch, Jenna.”

“He deserved it. He turned in a false claim that his car had been stolen, and then hid his car at his father’s wreckage yard. Pretty cold, I’d say. His dad could’ve lost his business and a shitload of money right along with it. But Jeremy didn’t care. He was just consumed by his own greed. A quick buck is all he cares about.”

Nodding her head in agreement, Kristi, added in, “And if memory serves, all he did while serving his two months at the workhouse was piss and moan.”

“A little common sense would have gone a long way,” chuckled Jenna. “Too bad he doesn’t have any.”

“Why the hell did you even marry him?”

“He swept me off my feet, Kristi. He’s got a warm and charming side to him. Of all of the classmates in high school who made fun of my Lisp, Jeremy wasn’t one of them. Anyway, Jenna said with smug satisfaction while stirring two her coffee, I’ve already heard he doesn’t plan to be at the reunion.”

“Let’s skip this reunion, shall we?”

“I want to go. Most of our classmates know I’m an actress. Most have seen me at the local clubs. I want to have a few laughs with the good people from high school. But there’s one person I definitely don’t want to see. Ever.”

“I’ll bet I don’t have to guess, Jenna. Layla, correct?”

“You got it. She was nasty to me in high school, and I’ve heard she’s still nasty.”

“You know, Jenna, that just comes with being an alcoholic.”

“I have no intention of giving her a pass just because she drinks until she’s numb. And she’s mean.”

“I never said you should. But remember, Jenna, alcoholism is a disease.”

“How sad for her. I plan to make damn sure she’s not at the reunion.”

“I guess that explains the look in your eyes when you arrived. What’ve you rigged up to assure this outcome? I don’t want to see that bitch either. I watched her take advantage of you all through high school. And since I’ve been working as a substance abuse counselor, I’ve thought about Layla. And I think she was an alcoholic even at seventeen.”

“And she killed my dog.” Both voices chimed simultaneously, as this was the subject Jenna groused about many times at their monthly lunches.

“I’m going to get revenge. I’m going to ruin her. One way or the other, I’m going to crush her. She deserves it. I thought about getting revenge by writing about her. In fact, once I even started to write the story about what she did to Snoopy, but then my fingers froze and I was stopped cold by an epiphany. I decided to actually *get* the revenge.”

“The hairs on my arms just moved, Jenna.”

“They should. I haven’t worked it all out yet, but she could end up dead. Sounds delicious, don’t you think?”

“Then I’m not so sure I want in. But I’ll keep your secret nonetheless. Frankly, I don’t care what you do to her. She’s an awful human being. Or rather, I should say, her behavior was awful. Just remember, Layla has a disease.”

“Disease-schmidease.”

“Ok, ok. What’s your big revenge?”

“All I need to do is give her enough rope to hang herself with. She’s a drunk, so I plan to use that against her. Why the hell not? That’s what she did to my dog. I know what bar she damn near lives at and I’ve heard she likes her scotch whiskey on the rocks. All I have to do is find her and make sure she gets doubles. Easy-peasy. My real challenge is hiding my identity and devising the perfect alibi.”

Raising her glass of orange juice to Jenna, Kristi said, “You’re an actress; so, act. Use a disguise and fill her with scotch. But remember, if she dies, there’s no statute of limitations on murder. You’ll be looking over your shoulder for the rest of your life. Do you really think she’s worth all that?”