

Rusted Nails



(Emelina Minero)

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This short piece was inspired by Write Anything's Fiction Friday, on June 3, 2011. A few days prior, I picked up some old fiction and re-furbished it here and there with my editing wand, but this was the first piece I've written in a year (outside of blog/web content writing). It's a cross between short fiction and screenplay.

This was the prompt: Use this sentiment or theme for your story "I miss my best friend".

2008, Jackie's house, San Francisco, CA

"Amy! Don't touch me there!"

"Jackie, it's not like I'm molesting you! You need to take it out."

"I'll kick!"

"Last time you kicked me, you sprained your ankle. Give it break, and calm down."

"You don't tell me to calm down!"

"Calm down."

"Fuck you."

"Already did. It was awkward, and you weren't that good."

"And you were? Ha!"

"Just calm down, Jackie. If you don't get it out, you'll get infected."

"Infected from a rusted nail? Really? That can infect me? If only I knew that earlier, I wouldn't have stepped on it. Shit. Why didn't you tell me?"

"Sarcasm, nice. If only I knew you were infected, I wouldn't have fucked you. Why didn't you tell me?"

1998, Bradford High School, Santa Rosa, CA

"Mom, I'll be fine."

"I know Jackie. It's just - it's your first day at a new school - and - I don't want you to have to live a repeat of your last school. Just try to blend in, okay? For me?"

"Thanks for the ride, mom."

"Jackie, be careful."

1998, Santa Rosa, CA, Amy's House, Living Room

"Amy, change the channel."

"No."

"Change the channel. I don't want to watch this shit."

"You think you're entitled to boss me around because you hold the older sister card? Don't you have to go paint your nails or something? Where's Johnny? Why don't you go fuck him?"

"I will fuck Johnny. Why don't you go fuck yourself, and leave the remote with me, so I can change this gay channel?"

"I'm watching the real world. How is that gay?"

"I don't want to watch a queer kissing another queer. Change the channel."

"Why don't you go put on some makeup so you don't scare your boyfriend when he comes over?"

"At least I have a boyfriend. You repel guys like the black plague. You're worse than the black plague; they don't even notice you."

"The world doesn't revolve around guys. And fuck off. I'm not going to change the channel."

1999, Bradford High School, Santa Rosa, CA, The Track Field