

Mr. Chad

By A. C. Zito

"Hannah, have you been texting too much?" I ignored my dad; like I usually do. I mean, *c'mon!* I'm in 8th grade! I'm about to be in high school! And Todd has been talking about how high school is *not* going to be like middle school!

"Do you think that I'll be captain of the football team when we get to high school?" he texted me.

"Oh, *c'mon, Todd;* they'll practically *beg* you to be the captain! Just like how I'm going to be head cheerleader! We're going to *rule the school!*" I said this with *lots of caps!* Then, I added some cute *emojis* that were *adorable!* He's so cool! I'm pretty sure he's about to ask me to the middle school ball! I had to text Ashley this.

"I think *Todd's* about to ask me to the last middle school dance before we head off to high school," Ashley replied back:

"DUHHH," with a *bunch of caps;* and a *bunch of cute emojis!* "He's, like, going to do it in front of the whole school at the pep rally tomorrow! Like, *ILYYYY!*"

"*ILYYYYY,*" I texted this back before *finally* putting my phone down, putting my retainer in, and then snuggling up next to my big, fluffy stuffed animal, Mr. Chad; Chad's a frog that Todd got me at the school fair last spring. I named him Chad because that's what I want Todd's name to be *so bad!* He's *such* a Chad! I tell my friends that all the time.

"Mr. Chad," I asked Mr. Chad, before going to sleep, "Are Todd and I going to get, like, married and stuff, and will we live in, like, a super big mansion, and will he be on some football team where he'll make lots of money for us, and I'll just get to, like, get manicures all the time with my friends and stuff?" I'm pretty sure Mr. Chad was asleep already, but if he was still awake then he would've said:

"*Fo' show, Hannah, girl,*" because Mr. Chad's cool like that!

The fan sounded broken as I tried to turn it up, late into the night.

"DAD," I screamed out. He didn't answer. How stupid! It was only, like, 1:30 am, he should have only been asleep for, like, three hours or something. "DAD, YOU WHORE! MY FAN'S BROKEN, OLD MAN," That did it. He was ignoring me, and I could tell. Why would he do such a thing? I'm his little princess! He's *such* a little bitch.

I got up and tried to open my door. It was locked. I tried twisting the knob again. It wouldn't budge.

*Eerrrrrrhhhh* I grunted. I brushed my hair off my shoulders and yelled out:

*"Not funny! Peter, you little dweeb! I know you're playing a stupid prank on me! It's not funny!"* I was met with nothing but silence. I could already feel my face getting red. I needed that fan to start working again.

*I'll just open a window* I thought to myself. And when I wake up in the morning, I'll yell to dad to open my door, and Peter will get in so much trouble! He's such a jerk! I *hate* having a little brother! They're the *worst!*

I pulled the curtains back. The sky, at least, looked kind of pretty, for the most part. And the moon was, like, a crescent-looking shape tonight which was pretty cool. I unlatched the lock and pulled the window open only a smudge. I didn't want, like, bugs getting into my room and stuff. Bugs are the *worst!* They're so *disgusting!*

*Eww* I thought to myself. Bugs; why would God create bugs? I looked over to Mr. Chad.

"You'll eat all the disgusting bugs that get into the room, right Mr. Chad?" I'm pretty sure Mr. Chad was snoring.

*Stupid stuffed animal* I thought to myself. If only Todd was here. He would protect me from my *stupid* brother and his *stupid* pranks! They're the *worst!*

*Hannah* A whisper came from outside. It sounded like my name. But it couldn't have been; it was probably only the wind.

*Hannah* This time I could tell it was my name, but it didn't come from outside. I looked at Mr. Chad.

"Peter? Did you do something to Mr. Chad?" I let my voice carry out into the room like Peter was in there being a little creep. Nothing, only silence; I picked up Mr. Chad, took him over to the window, opened it all the way up, and chucked the ugly thing out! I didn't even like the stupid thing anyway! Todd should've gotten me the unicorn. It was *way* cooler!

*Hannah* Came the voice again; this time it sounded like it came from the broken fan. I stepped up onto my bed and began tugging on one of the fan's blades until the entire ceiling fan (blades, motor, all of it) came crashing to the bed. I was thrown back by this, hitting my head on the wall.

*"Dad; Help,"* I was barely able to whimper this out. My head hurt *really* badly. I may have gotten a concussion. Todd said he's had one. I should try calling him to see what to do.

*Ring ring ring*

"Hello, Todd, it's Hannah. I hit my head, baby, I think I have a concussion."

"Todd's not here right now, Hannah," A strange voice answered back.

"Todd? Who is this? Is this one of your football buddies? Hey, dude, this isn't funny! I may have a concussion so you should seriously give the phone back to..."

“Todd’s not here right now, Hannah,” the voice interrupted me, saying again.

“Well... where is *he*?” I asked. I felt like crying. I’m pretty sure I *was* crying now.

“Why’d you do it, Hannah?” What did the person mean; do what?

“Do what?” I asked.

“I thought you loved me, Hannah. I thought I was your *everything*. I thought I meant something to you. BUT THEN YOU GO, AND YOU ABANDON ME!” The voice screamed the last bit. I couldn’t stop crying as I screamed out:

“WHO ARE YOU?” There was only silence on the other end. But then the voice went on:

“It was a crisp, spring morning. The Ferris wheel loomed over everyone below. The air was enriched with the smells of fried foods, cotton candy; *funnel cakes*.”

“Funnel cakes?” I asked the voice, my mouth watering. I sniffled a little, enough to where I wasn’t hungry and my stomach was growling.

“Yes,” the voice whispered this with a sinister air to its sound. “*You* had a funnel cake. But *Todd* ate most of it! Do you remember how *angry* that made you?” I never get angry at Todd. Well, unless he’s playing *Fortnite* with the boys. But Saturday *is* for the boys!

“I don’t know what you’re talking about. I never get angry at Todd! Except...” then I thought back to the school fair last spring. I used up *all* my money to buy a funnel cake with the powdered sugar coated on top, but *Todd* took it from me and ate *all of it*! I didn’t think I would *ever* forgive him. But then he won me...

“*Now, you know how mad I am at YOU, Hannah! Just like how mad YOU were at that STUPID boy, Todd! He will never have what we have, you and me. All the love we have for each other. All the fun we’ve had together. We were meant to be together; FOREVER!*”

“*Chad?*” I whispered into the phone. The phone stayed silent. I began turning my head ever so slowly. The window was still barely open. I *had* to close it. I could feel a panic thumping deep in the bottomless pits of my heart. But as I got up, I felt my lips quivering as I wanted to scream out for help. As I realized something was terribly wrong. I could see a couple of flies gathering on the window sill.

“*Nasty, nasty bugs,*” Chad whispered over the phone.

*Bzzzt bzzzt* I screamed as the room began to suddenly fill with flies. The windows shattered as the swarm overpowered the thin glass that was the window. I lost sight as they flew all around me, leaving me entrenched into a thick darkness. The last words I heard as I had already dropped the phone were the same three that he kept repeating over and over again:

“*Nasty, nasty bugs; nasty, nasty bugs,*”