

Meet at the Town Clock at eleven. Danai Machado

Meet at the town clock at eleven. That was the plan but alas not all ideas go to plan.

“Where the hell is he?!” Marcus fumed as he thumped his fists against the wall, successfully knocking down a drain pipe. The five of them, Marcus, Marlin, Lola, Bethany and Aston had specified meeting at exactly eleven pm in the alley way behind the town clock. It was currently eleven thirteen and Aston still hadn’t shown up.

“Calm down will you, you’re going to get us all caught.” Lola hissed as she glared venomously at the boy in front of her. “We will just um... wait until half past for him to arrive.” She continued but her voice wavered indicating she was nervous as well.

Minutes, which felt like hours passed in complete silence until Marcus snapped. “Okay we need to do this, with or without him.” The others agreed with him as they all crept silently through the darkness of the night.

The wind howled as cold wisps of air danced through the night sky. The time was currently eleven forty five as the group arrived at their destination. They were outside of an old potting shed which had been abandoned years ago. It was said that the previous owner had gone stir crazy and killed himself so many teens over the years had been there ghost hunting. Luckily in the more recent months it hadn’t been as popular for ghost hunting, almost as if it had been forgotten.

“Here goes nothing.” Lola said in a hushed tone, mostly to herself. Quietly, they tip-toed into the shed, the smell hitting them immediately. The pungent scent of a decomposing body wasn’t one you’d forget in a hurry. Flies littered the place as fumes from the body wafted through the air.

“No no no no no, I can’t do this.” Marlin whispered tears pricking the corners of his eyes. “Why the hell do we have to hide... it? We weren’t even the ones who killed her. It’s all Aston’s fault! A-and if we could just go tell the polic-“

“No Marlin! This is our problem now! Our fingerprints are all over the place! If we went to the police we would definitely be getting some time as well.” Bethany ranted. Her eyes wide and frantic. “Now... we need to do this okay?”

Marlin nodded meekly. With that small, unconfident nod everyone got to work silently. They all went to their assigned jobs and no more had to be said. Marcus and Lola were digging the ditch because they were the most physically fit. Marlin and Bethany were assigned to make sure no evidence was left behind. Grabbing shovels, which were already in the potting shed; they began digging.

Hours and hours had passed, the thought of finally putting all this behind them was all that kept them going. Hardly any words had been exchanged between them but it felt fitting with the atmosphere. This was a situation nothing could fix. They had to get on with it. Get on with all of the nightmare which would be haunting their dreams. Get on with the constant lying they’d have to do to the faces of their family and friends. They’d have to get on with the fact they were hiding a body and were not technically accomplices to murders. It wasn’t really a choice now they had come this far.

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“Oi... were done.” Marcus muttered. The anger in his voice had been replaced with exhaustion as he finally let go of the shovel. Sucking up his tiredness, him and Lola grabbed each end of the body, with a little help from Marlin and threw it inside the dark pit. They had taken a couple minutes rest before they went onto filling the ditch back up. It was much easier than the digging but it was still tiresome due to their sore, achy limbs. Whilst that was going on Marlin and Bethany were cleaning where the body had been. The pungent scent of a decomposing body had been replaced by a too clean for comfort, chemical smelling bleach.

They had cleaned up where the body had been to the best of their ability. Now the two were just waiting for Marcus and Lola to be finished.

The time was roughly three thirty in the morning and they had all finally finished. Now it was time for their final task in leaving this all behind them. Changing into the spare clothes that Bethany had packed for them, they lit a match and set them alight. All their evidence burned up with the fire, and so was their innocence. They were no longer innocent high schoolers on their ways to turning eighteen. They were now a group of near adults who, at one slip of the tongue could be behind bars for years on end.

Only did one of them point out that they had been staring into the fire for hours when the sky started to turn lighter. Now was the moon’s turn to sleep as the sun came out. Bidding their goodbyes to each other they parted ways. An unspoken agreement to become strangers after this. When the moon had finally disappeared so had the teenagers. All at their homes pretending nothing had happened that very morning.

“Good morning darling.” Bethany’s mother had greeted with a kiss on the forehead. Bethany nodded in response as she sat down where her breakfast was waiting. She closed her eyes trying not to remember the events which happened only hours prior. Absentmindedly munching her toast, she listened to the television in the background.

“Breaking news! Aston Walton aged 17 committed suicide just 24 hours ago. Could this be connected with the recent disappearance of young Nora Westfield? We’re are waiting for more information. If you know anything please let us kn-”