

How To Kill Your Parents

Nathan was really really really really really mad at his parents. So mad that he slept underneath his bed instead of on top of his bed for two whole nights. His stupid old mom and stupid old dad wrote to the stupid stork and the stupid stork wrote them back and said he would bring them a stupid baby boy in nine months, well now, six months. Nathan's best friend in his first grade class has a younger brother and says that he is smelly, gross, and takes away all his parents attention. *Why would they want that?* Nathan thought. *I'm good enough!* He felt hurt, used, and disrespected. Nathan had never felt these emotions before, and he wanted them to go away. He discovered that all these feelings didn't feel so bad when he fantasized about his parents not being around anymore, and so that was exactly what he was going to do. Nathan was going to kill his parents.

Fortunately, in hopes of furthering his education, but mostly in hopes of keeping him quiet for more than 30 seconds, Nathan had received an iPad for his birthday, which would come in handy when devising a plan to off Mom and Dad. Tapping with one finger against the magic screen, Nathan quickly found himself browsing Google. H O W [SPACE] T O [SPACE] K I L L [SPACE] Y O U R [SPACE] P A R E N T S ? The results were endless! Nathan decided that the perfect answer would be the one on the seventh page of the results, obviously because the number seven was his favorite and thus the best number ever.

The first link on the seventh page read ">>THE COMPLETE GUIDE TO KILLING YOUR PARENTS! CLICK TO ENTER!<<" and so without hesitation,

Nathan clicked to enter and began skimming to find words he knew how to read. A bolded word began each paragraph displaying his options:

1. Scare
2. Shoot
3. Choke
4. Poison

Nathan considered his options with extreme care, finally settling on a plan to scare his parents to death. He knew it would be easiest and he also knew exactly how to do it. Nathan would dress up as a monster, hide in their shower behind the curtain, and scare them as they are getting ready for bed. So simple! So perfect! So innovative!

It was time for action! Nathan crawled out of his room, down the long corridor and into the closet, scraping his knee against the hardwood floor in the process. He closed the door behind him, braving the dark and the possibility of a real monster. Nathan used his puppy-dog flashlight to aid him in digging out his Purple People-Eating Monster Halloween costume from last year. The costume was extremely warm and plush like pajamas, even including a large pillow-like hood displaying two large eyes and razor sharp (fluffy) teeth that curved in front of his face and blocked most of his vision. He removed his pajamas and pulled the costume over his body, leaving his entire backside exposed due to his lack of behind-the-back-bow-tying skills. Nathan considered asking for help, but decided against it.

Leaving the closet, Nathan slipped and slid down the hallway, through his parents' room, and into their spacious bathroom. He left the light on as he crept behind the shower curtain and hid because he didn't want any real monsters to think he was a

monster too. This precaution might ruin the murder plan, but it was a risk he was going to have to take.

A while later, Mom and Dad traveled upstairs for bed, yawning and pulling themselves along. It was an unusually late night for them. Stumbling into the master bathroom, Dad called to Mom, “Honey, did you leave the light on in here?” This was Nathan’s big chance! The chance he had been waiting two hours for! Dad was in position! Now Mom was too, asking what he said. Quick! Before they leave! Dad opened the shower curtain quickly, almost violently. He planned to take a very very very hot and relaxing shower. But instead! Instead! Instead he stumbled upon his sleeping angel, curled into a C, sucking his thumb, and using his enormous hood as a pillow. Mom and Dad shared a heartfelt chuckle, followed by some iPhone photos and clever captions on Facebook.

The next morning, Nathan awoke in his bed, his cloudy sky blue sheets strewn across the floor and his body still enveloped by the costume. He felt sweaty and overheated as he tugged himself out of bed. Nathan’s groggy eyes searched his surroundings before a jolt of memory hit him. He had tried to kill Mom and Dad last night! Nathan darted down the hall and into the bedroom where he found his parents fast asleep, but due to his crusty eyes and lack of wits, he assumed his parents were perfectly dead in bed. Just to be sure they really were dead, Nathan stood over his father and using his index finger, poked him four times really hard between the eyes.

Dad moved! So did Mom by cause and effect. Nathan jumped and screamed. He bolted out of the room with a plan already in mind; He must concoct another plan! Nathan quickly swiped up his iPad and hopped into bed, hiding underneath the covers.

His tab from last night was still open. He quickly reread his options and chose according to the order listed. Nathan was going to shoot his parents to death.

After the usual morning rounds of coffee/juice, toast/Fruity Pebbles, dishes/spelling homework, Nathan was allowed to go up to his room and play, or in other words, prepare for bloodshed. In preparation, Nathan pulled out all three of his Nerf guns and pondered which would be the best for this special occasion. The decision was relatively simple: Nathan would use the Nerf Vortex Revonlx360 N-Strike Ellite RapidBlaster. He always knew to be very careful when using his Nerf guns, but this time, he was ready to let loose.

Nathan headed downstairs toward the kitchen where his mother and father would be scattered, accomplishing big person tasks. He took every step delicately and with control, there was no room for error when it was two against one. Once Nathan had reached the bottom of the steps, he knew it was go time for real. He crawled, rolled, then tucked into the front hall then underneath the long dark wood table holding family photos and the new baby announcement. Before he even had a chance to assess his surroundings, bang! Someone dropped a pot in the kitchen. Without thought Nathan's feet pitter-pattered down the long hallway, stopping at the corner just before the kitchen. He held his gun vertically against his chest, the muzzle pressing against his nose and forcing it into the shape of a pig's nose. Nathan peeked quickly past the wall and noted that both Mom and Dad were hidden behind the stainless steel refrigerator door.

Inhale...exhale...*one...two...three!* Nathan bombarded them. He sprayed them with ammunition. A bullet to Mom's forehead! A bullet to Dad's groin! A bullet to each of

their stomachs! The rest of the bullets missed target, but just barely. Nathan had done it! He won!

“Nathan Zachary Miller!”

...Abort! Abort the mission! Run!

“Where is your head, young man? We do not shoot guns in this house! And we *especially* do not shoot *people* with guns!” she called, untangling a bullet from her long brown hair.

Nathan was on his heels, out of the kitchen, down the hall, and on his way upstairs before Mom could even finish yelling. *How come they didn't die? I hit them both a bunch of times!* Nathan's frustration flamed his determination. *Back to the drawing board*, he thought, stroking his metaphorical beard. He furiously pulled his iPad out from underneath his sheets and quickly reopened his new favorite website. The next attempt: Nathan was going to strangle his parents.

After countless instances of encouragement from Mom while helping her to bring in the groceries, Nathan was convinced he was the strongest boy in the world. “Nathan Boy Wonder! The Miraculous Nathan!” she would call him, brushing her nimble fingers through his thick and curly blond hair. She had no idea that it was her encouragement that would bring her to her sudden death. Nathan knew he couldn't just walk up to his parents and strangle them, mostly because he wasn't tall enough to reach their necks. He needed a well-executed plan, one they would never see coming.

After several long seconds of pacing wildly back and forth, it came to him. Nathan hopped, skipped and jumped back down the stairs and into the kitchen, dropping into a sorrowful act as he arrived. He laced his fingers behind his back and dropped his

chin to his chest, being sure not to look either of his parents in the eyes. His movements depended solely on his peripheral sight of Dad's scaly pterodactyl feet. Shuffling his body to stand in front of his skyscraper of a father, he whispered, "I'm really sorry for being naughty and shooting you, Daddy. I was just trying to have fun." Nathan's arms now stuck straight up in hopes of being pulled into Dad's arms.

"It's okay, bug." Dad grabbed Nathan under the armpits and pulled his angel into his chest.

This was exactly how Nathan had planned it. With his arms laced around Dad's fat neck, he squeezed as tight as he could! Harder! Tighter! Dad would never get out of this headlock of terror and pain and...more pain! Like a snake looped around his prey! Like a bow taut around a present! Like a hair tie around a girl's beautiful long ponytail! Dad was toast this time! A goner! Nathan laughed, a hardy chuckle. But wait, that wasn't Nathan? That came from...Dad? He shouldn't be able to laugh! Preposterous!

Dad squeezed his son just as tightly as his son squeezed him, though he quickly grew tired of Nathan's meager aggression. "Buddy, I don't have time to wrestle right now," he whispered with a kiss to the temple before pulling Nathan off of himself. "You are forgiven for shooting me and your mother," he said, now crouched down and looking Nathan in the eye. "When I have a little more time later, we can play wrestle. Now, go pick up your bullets from the floor and go play in your room. I have work to do." He planted a hard kiss on Nathan's forehead.

Nathan turned from his father and frowned. He flashed his dimples as he begrudgingly picked up his bullets, which his parents had already collected for him and placed in a row on the marble counter. He stomped his way to the bedroom, knowing that

there was only one option left if he was going to get what he wanted, and that option was poison.

After throwing his bullets all over his bedroom floor, Nathan took his time researching which poison to utilize. Well, he didn't so much take his time, as he couldn't find a household item he was allowed to touch that sustained the capability to murder his parents. Several minutes passed with Nathan sitting in the corner of his room against his bookshelf with sunlight beating against his lightly freckled skin, enough to keep him warm. Internet, the miracle that it is, finally gave Nathan the answer he needed. Stated by Wikihow, "Pouring salt in coffee causes the drinker to immediately choke to death." This was perfect! Genius! Almost too easy!

This last attempt had to go exactly according to plan. Otherwise, Nathan would be left to suffer in a world with a stupid litter brother who would ruin his whole life. Once more, Nathan tiptoed down the stairs, landing just before the front door. He grabbed the doorknob, twisted it and pulled the grand door wide open. The next step was to hide in the front hall closet and wait.

Not too long after Nathan's disappearing act, Mom felt a cold draft in the kitchen. She checked each window over the kitchen sink for a sliver of space between windowpane and house. Nothing. She then walked past the dining room table where Dad was working and into the living room, but there still was no evidence of an open window. Circling back through the dining room and into the kitchen, she glanced to her right, noticing the front door gaping open. She stepped toward it but stopped at the banister. "Nathan?" she called upstairs. No response. She called again. No response. Mom became a distressed mother bear as she scrambled up the stairs calling for her cub. Due to the

creaking floors, her footsteps indicated that she checked for him every single room. Mom ran back downstairs and outside screaming for Nathan. Dad heard this and joined in her search.

Meanwhile, Nathan uncrossed his skinny legs and opened the closet door. Leaving it open, he strolled into dining room. Through the windows Nathan could see his parents checking for him everywhere: the front yard, the garage, the street, the back yard, the tree house, the bushes, they even spit up and checked the neighbor's houses. While keeping tabs on the whereabouts of his parents, Nathan grabbed one of the tall oak chairs, not one at the end with the arms on the sides, but one along the edge with no arms. He dragged it screeching across the floor to in front of the cabinet where he knew Mom kept the spices. Nathan struggled to mount the chair, but once he did everything was simple as pie. He pulled the Morton's Salt container from the shelf, hopped off the chair, poured a heavy amount of salt into each cup next to the sink, replaced the container and the chair, then plopped on the carpet in front of the TV with plenty of time to catch the last episode of *Phineas and Ferb*.

Mom burst through the front door with Dad not too far behind her. "You call the police, I'll call everyone else! Now!" She sprinted into the kitchen when she noticed a curly blond mob blocking TV screen. "Nathan?" she gasped hard.

Nathan turned to her, smiling, "Yes, Mom?"

"Oh thank God!" she wailed, stepping toward him and pulling him into her chest. "Thank you, Jesus!" Mom held Nathan hard against her. Nathan's arms and legs wilted to his sides. "Oh praise the lord Jesus Christ! Thank Him! Thank God!" she sobbed.

Mom eventually left Nathan's side, meeting Dad in the kitchen. They warmed their frost bitten hands on warm cups of coffee, sighing deeply before taking a large swig simultaneously. Wikihow was right, both parents choked almost to death on the salt-coffee, spitting strenuously into the hard metal sink. Nathan heard the commotion and ran into the kitchen screaming, "There is nothing you can do now! That's it! I killed you! And now I don't have to have a stupid baby brother and a stupid family that doesn't care about me."

Mom and Dad struggled to clear salt from their throats and mouths. Between gargles of water they attempted to question Nathan.

"Did you do this?" Mom spit. "Did you put salt in our coffee?" She kept eye contact with Nathan while Dad examined the coffee mugs. He turned one over. A large solid mass of discolored salt plopped into the base of the sink. Mom turned at the sound and threw up in her mouth. She swallowed the bitter acid back down.

Nathan, shocked by them recovering so quickly, fell to the ground in sobs. Mom and Dad both spit one more time before shrinking to Nathan's level. "Do you not want a baby brother?" Dad asked, rubbing his son's back. Mom cupped Nathan's head between the cross of her legs.

"No!" Nathan shouted between gasps of air.

"Oh, my sweet angel," Mom whispered. Dad pulled Nathan into his lap, forcing him to face his mother. Dad rested his head atop Nathan's and crossed his arms around Nathan's chest. "Just because we are having another baby, it doesn't mean that we love you any less. It doesn't mean that we are trying to replace you. It isn't a bad thing! It's a good thing! We love you so much, Nathan, and we wanted to bring a baby brother for

you into the world so you had someone to play with all the time and someone to grow up with. You will both learn how to share with each other, support each other, and love each other.”

“You know Uncle Mike?” Dad interjected. “Uncle Mike is my little brother, and when we were growing up we used to have the best time! We would play football and chase girls and help each other with homework and share chores.” Dad pressed his cheek against Nathan’s temple. “Having a little brother is one of the best things in the world.”

Nathan had stopped crying. He sat softly against his father and rubbed his red-rimmed eyes.

“How would you like to go get ice cream and then *you* can be the one to tell Uncle Mike that you’re going to have a little brother soon?” Mom proposed.

Nathan nodded with a menacing smile, remembering what his friend had told him on the playground no more than a week ago—brain freeze is the easiest way to kill someone. Mom pulled him from Dad’s arms and kissed his forehead. Once Nathan was set on his feet, he sprinted to the closet, grabbed his winter coat and yelled sweetly for his parents to hurry up.