

“Who Could Do This?”

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[#Fictober18 \(October 2018\) writing challenge](#)

Day 12: “Who could do this?”

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“I don’t believe this. Who could do this?” Vinnie carefully stepped over a piece of broken wood—the leg from an end table—and bit down on her bottom lip. Casey’s apartment was thoroughly destroyed.

“An asshole.” Casey wasted no time in her answer. Her lips were pressed together into a thin line, white with the rage she held back. “Or a lot of assholes. What the actual fuck?” She ran a hand through her hair, the emotions drifting across her face from rage, to frustration, to confusion. Tears pricked her eyes.

One look at her and Vinnie knew the dam was about to burst. She couldn’t lie and tell her it wasn’t that bad because, frankly, it was destruction like she’d never seen before. Almost as if a tornado had whipped through.

The door had been forced open, the wood splintered so the doorknob had been knocked free. Furniture was overturned—what little Casey had to begin. Her love seat, which had served as the primary piece of furniture in the living room, was shredded. Stuffing littered the floor. There was nothing to be salvaged of her end table. The small television was smashed.

She was afraid to look through the rest of the apartment.

When hot tears began to roll down Casey’s face, she was at her side. Her hand gingerly touched Casey’s shoulder, but she shrugged her off.

“Don’t—I-I don’t know why—how—”

Vinnie hesitated a moment before she tried again to offer silent support. This time when she touched her arm, Casey didn’t push her away.

The blonde wiped furiously at her tears. “I hate this fucking place.”

“No, no you don’t. You’re just—it’s bad. You’re upset. We can fix it though.”

“How? Everything I had was here? Everything is ripped to shit!”

“I don’t know, but we can figure something out. My mom can help. So can Andy. Even Mason. We’ll just ask. We can find out who did this.”

Casey said nothing and wiped away the rest of her tears. At least she had channeled her frustration into something productive—fixing this mess and figuring it out. “Well, we can rule out vampires. They’d need an invite.”

“Yeah.” Vinnie rubbed her arm comfortingly before she withdrew.

Both girls looked around the immediate vicinity. “Shit... where do we even start?” Casey nudged a piece of stuffing with the toe of her sneaker.

“Um, tell you what? I’ll order some pizza and get us some Dr. Pepper—” Casey shot her a look “—and some Mountain Dew. Fuel for the work and we’ll just take it one section at a time, okay?”

Casey trailed her gaze over the ruin of her apartment and let out a heavy sigh. “Yeah.” She managed a grateful smile as she turned back to Vinnie. “Sounds like a plan.”