

The Messenger

Volume 2007
Issue 1 *The Messenger* 2007

Article 28

2007

Emily Hunt

Emily Hunt

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger>



Part of the [Art and Design Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Hunt, Emily (2007) "Emily Hunt," *The Messenger*: Vol. 2007 : Iss. 1 , Article 28.
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2007/iss1/28>

This Artwork is brought to you for free and open access by the University Publications at UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in *The Messenger* by an authorized editor of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu.

after all.

It wasn't until Marcy bent down toward her daughter that she noticed how carved out Annie looked, how empty. Her intestines were entirely removed—so was her stomach and liver—but it looked like there were small teeth marks on some of the edges of her opened skin. Then she saw it, small and legibly written between her daughter's legs. It was the writing of a disinterested party, but there was a smile embedded in the words.

A debt repaid. How delicious.

Marcy stood up, feeling the chills run up her spine again, and reached for the phone one last time. The whole unclean thing was over and it was time to call her husband home, to tell him it was all done. *Who knows? Maybe we could try again*, the inner Marcy consoled. Yet when Marcy tried to press down the buttons, they stuck in their place. She noticed almost offhandedly that there was oil oozing out of the receiver and that it smelled faintly of pennies. She put the phone down again and made a mental note to buy another after the coroner had come. She also needed time to eat the food surrounding her. It all smelled so *good*. She grabbed a plate and an only slightly burned grilled cheese sandwich and poured herself some fresh lemonade.

How delicious.

—Jordan Trippier



Emily Hunt