Wishes

By Morgan Altland

#wishes, wendys, acid, bus, die

I wish you’d cut in front of a serial killer at a Wendy’s and he’d follow you home from work. He’d wait in your apartment, watching while you cut up carrots. Then, when a phone call distracts you, he’d sneak into the kitchen, grab the knife, and move in close to slice your throat. And then you’d die.

I wish you’d get an internship at a prestigious laboratory. You’d be able to meet your idols, all of whom inspired you to change from what you were to what you’d become. I want you to be nervous when your boss comes to check on the results of your latest failed experiment. Distraught, you’d chug what you think is tea only to discover it’s acid. And then you’d die.

I wish you’d contract a disease at a young age. It would be diagnosed early and you’d begin to evaluate your existence. I want your family to come visit. You’d all discuss any existing problems or strains to your relationships. I want you to start to fight it. You’d rally and some may call it a miracle. Then when you’d walk out of the hospital after being officially discharged, you’d be hit by a bus. And then you’d die.

All of this I wish upon you, as I walk into the classroom, see you and think, “That’s my seat.”