

Bitch in the Woods

Emily Sinclair

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It was finally Friday. After getting permission from her parents to turn her favorite spot deep in the woods at the back of their property into her own personal oasis, Claire reassured them she was not only serious about it, but wanted to do all the work herself even if it would take longer to turn her dream into reality. Stuffing a cooler with bottles of water a few snacks, and sandwiches for lunch, he loaded it along with a wheelbarrow, shovel, rake, pickaxe and every other tool she could think to use in a wagon hitched to the tractor she sometimes used to mow the lawn when bored or her father was too busy to do it himself. Often termed 'odd' by those that knew her, she saw nothing wrong with loving the outdoors, or helping take care of the property and home her parents let her live in free of charge for the first eighteen years of her life even if it was their responsibility to do so.

Driving the large tractor with the blades up across nearly thirty acres to a path cut through the woods like an enormous serpent weaving its way between oaks, birch, and pine, she took every curve slowly and carefully to the large clearing another seven acres in. Measuring nearly a hundred feet by a hundred-sixty, she had fallen in love with the oblong glade the first time she stumbled upon it while out exploring one day when she was eight. It was isolated. It was peaceful. It was a place she could lay under the sun to work on her tan during the day and stare up at the stars at night. It was also the one place she could go to indulge in an act of perversion she knew no one would ever understand.

The sound of the tractor drowning out virtually all other sound, she saw the movement in the woods on the opposite side of the clearing. Thinking it was a deer as they had loads of them on the property, she gave it no thought until she turned the engine off to hear the sound of music blaring. Fingers of her right hand instinctively going to the holster on her hip, she hopped off the tractor, silently motioned for Bronx to follow, and then made her way across the field of grass she had mowed just the day before. Focusing on the movement, she saw two hairy legs disappearing under a pair of shorts. A gray tee shirt. The figure was male and in his left hand a machete made short work of overgrowth and vine.

"STOP! I don't know who the hell you are, but this is private property and you're trespassing!" Claire called out; gun now leveled. "Walk the fuck away or I'll drop you where you stand!"

"You're right, this is private property, *my* private property," the man said as he calmly turned around. "And if anyone's trespassing it's you."

"Mr. Sloan?" Claire said, recognizing the neighbor that lived behind the property her parents owned. "You've been told a million times these woods are ours to where they end fifteen acres that way," she added, pointing with the gun behind him. "And for eighty acres that way and another seventy that way," she said, moving the gun left and right. "Get the fuck off our property and if I find even one tree cut down, I'll make sure my parents sue your pathetic ass! MOVE!" she shouted. "I'll escort you to your property and if you've removed the signs again, I'll call the police and report the theft."

"You can claim whatever the hell you want, but that doesn't make it true!" Aiden Sloan – a 31-year-old stockily built man with short black hair, dark brown eyes, and deeply tanned skin seethed. "These woods have been in my family's name for a hundred years."

"Every word of that statement is demonstrably wrong and you know it. You've seen the land surveys. You've been told by my dad and the surveyors themselves where our land ends and

yours begins. Frankly, I'm starting to wonder if you're deaf, or a complete moron. Now move or so help me I'll drop you where you stand."

"I'll make sure to tell the police that when I call in you threatening to kill me."

"Not a threat, Mr. Sloan. Not only are you trespassing, you're brandishing a very dangerous weapon and I am in fear of my life. Now MOVE!" Stepping onto the trail her irate neighbor cleared through her parents' property, it did not take long for her to see stumps from all the trees he had removed in the process. "Oh, you're going to pay!" Claire smirked as hundreds of tree law Reddit posts came to mind. "Ever hear of tree law, Mr. Sloan? Look it up and prepare to sell everything you own to pay for all the ones you illegally cut down on our property!" she said as she escorted him from a safe distance for fear that he would actually attempt to use the machete on her. Counting more than a hundred stumps along the newly made trail, she actually fought the urge to shoot the entitled bastard.

Stepping out of the woods, Claire stopped after a dozen or so feet. Looking left and right, she saw the poles that had once posted the NO TRESPASSING signs had been pulled from the ground – the holes still there and very much visible. Taking her phone out, she took pictures. "I'm going to take pictures of everything to show my parents and the police. I'll be spending a lot of time in the clearing back there and if I see you or anyone else on our property, I won't hesitate shooting first." Backing into the woods, eyes locked on Aiden she did not look away until he was in his house. *Fucking bastard!* Taking pictures of the trail and every stump lining either side, she emerged onto the glade heart pounding in her chest. Knowing shit was about to hit the fan, she immediately called her father.

"Hey sweetie, I thought you didn't want my help?" 35-year-old Brian Moore teased his daughter.

"I don't. But I need you to do something about Mr. Sloan. I caught him in the act of cutting a trail on our property and I don't know how he did it, but he's cut down a hundred and thirty-seven trees to make it. I know you don't want to go to war with your neighbors, but this is bullshit. If you and mom don't make him pay, he'll just keep doing whatever the hell he wants. I don't feel safe in my own special place, dad. Please, do something or the next time he trespasses will be his last. He had a machete, dad. If I wasn't armed as you required for me being out here alone, God only knows what might've happened. The guy creeps me out, dad. He even ripped the poles posting the no trespassing signs out of the ground. I have pictures of everything."

"Alright, I'll make a few phone calls to see what we can do to keep him off the property once and for all. Why don't you come back to the house until this all blows over?"

"I'll be back for dinner. Until then, I've got a lot of work to do," Claire said, grabbing the shovel from the wagon. Love you dad."

"Love you too. Be careful."

Hanging up, Claire Walked to a line of neon red she had painted onto the grass. Plunging the shovel in, she pushed it down with her right foot, and then brought the tool back. Ground broken; she followed the line around until back where she began. The outline formed, she downed half a bottle of water and then began digging down and in towards the center. At twenty-five feet by fifty feet and a planned depth of fifteen, her massive endeavor was going to take time so instead of risking injury, exhaustion, or frustration by rushing through as quickly as possible, she paced herself.

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Irate now that his plans for his neighbor's secluded field had been thwarted, Aiden was pacing the living room – his wife and daughter hidden away in their respective rooms to avoid

his unpredictable wrath, when a knock at the front door interrupted his silent scheming. Yanking it open, he was greeted by a sheriff. “Can I help you?”

“Mister Aiden Sloan?”

“In the flesh.”

“You’ve been served,” Sheriff Cunningham said, holding out a sealed envelope.

“Served? What the hell are you talking about?” Aiden asked, taking the envelope.

“My duty is to deliver the papers, not explain their purpose. Have a good day.” And with that, the sheriff walked off the porch and back to his cruiser.

Ripping the envelope open, Aiden began reading a lengthy cease and desist letter against him for trespass on the Moore Property and harassment of the same family. “Motherfucking BITCH!” he yelled in anger. Crumpling the papers into a ball, he fast-balled them across the room knocking a vase off a stand in the process. All manner of vile thought going through his mind, he pulled his phone from his right pants pocket and rapidly typed out a text to one of the many names on his contact list.

Fucking cunt caught me cutting the trail and ratted me out! Property use no longer possible. We’ll have to find another plot for the garden.

There are no other plots. Put the cunt in her place and deal with it or seeds won’t be the only things buried there. The reply quickly came back.

They filed cease and desist letter against me. There’s no way in hell I’m stepping foot on their property anytime soon, let alone to deal with the cunt and her parents, Aiden shot back.

Plants aren’t going to fucking grow themselves. You promised us a hidden away spot so make good or else.

Taking the not-so-veiled threat to heart, Aiden knew his options were limited. Find a location to grow the garden, or end up fertilizing whatever fields they procured. As much as he wanted to get his hands on a free field so close to home, he knew he would need a serious pile of dirt on his neighbors to make it happen but, unfortunately, time was not a luxury he currently had. Weighing his very limited options as he resumed pacing, he whittled away at them until only one remained. Sure, he has spent the last decade breaking the law, but he had also been incredibly careful not to do anything to incriminate himself. His partners, on the other hand, well, they were about as sloppy as they came. Did he want to rat them out? Not particularly as it meant a lot of stress on himself and his family, not to mention a significant loss in revenue, but severing ties now was far more preferable than the alternative.