The Kelpies

“If I ever needed to hide a dead body, I would bury it in Scotland,” Monica said.

“I wouldn’t dream of it,” Jack replied. To his right were large rolling plains filled with enough sheep to make an insomniac drowsy. The view out his window to his left was the perfect opposite--dismal enough to be the setting of one of his nightmares. The dichotomy was staggering, but he much preferred the view to his immediate right. By strategically removing his backpack when she walked by, Jack had finally gotten Monica to sit next to him. It had only taken three bus rides.

“Yeah, I guess that would be kind of weird,” Monica replied, closing her eyes and nodding her head to her music.

“I’m not saying the killing is weird, or anything.” Monica frowned, her eyes still closed.