

Wimber's SCAP

I shoved a branch out of my way. My mind was clouded with thoughts as I rushed over to my *SCAP*. How could she have done that? My best friend Tara had been so juvenile that day, insisting I was “too crazy” for her.

Once I made it near the decrepit bumper car, I released an angry huff and shook my head. Subconsciously, I trailed my index finger along the metal lining, digging my finger into the small hole that was just next to the door. The thought of wearing gloves had crossed my mind numerous times since I didn't know what I was even touching, but I always found some excuse to brush it away. Today, it was “I don't care.”

I sat down in my usual spot, just near the railing that separated the park from the river and stared grimly at the Ferris wheel. Every time I looked at it, the sight became slightly more terrifying. I suppose I *was* morbid back then to have such curiosity about what happened. The seat that appeared to be thrown carelessly onto the bank of the river across from the amusement park had always piqued my interest. What was the story behind it? Why was the park so lonely? Why was it considered trespassing to be there?

I then noticed the sound of the water trickling behind me and it helped to calm me down a bit. My mind went back to wondering what was wrong with me. Then again, maybe I wasn't the problem. Maybe Tara was the problem. Something shiny caught my attention, breaking me out of my thoughts. Just a piece of metal on another bumper car reflecting the light. It wasn't relevant then. What was relevant was the kid who was actually walking towards the bumper car in the middle of *my* *SCAP*. He was scrawny, and I mean really scrawny, I was surprised that the slight breeze hadn't blown him away. He was wearing an oversized black and green sweater and

some loose sweatpants. The kid's sneakers were getting dirty from walking around in the mud that covered the place.

"Hey!" I stood up and shouted at the boy. The boy froze up and I could see him shaking. Slowly turning his head to look at me, he looked like a deer caught in headlights. His brown eyes were widened in shock and fear, even his black hair seemed to reflect his mood because it was all over the place. "What are you doing here?" I had put my hands on my hips and scowled at him. He cursed underneath his breath.

"Are you a cop?" I narrowed my eyes at him, and I almost wanted to laugh. "Do I *look* like a cop?" The boy took in my ripped jacket, dark blue blouse, black skirt, fishnet stockings, red sneakers, blue hair and nose piercing all in, and seemed to come to the conclusion that I was not in fact a cop. "Sorry, you just look really old." He stuffed his hands in his pockets. "I'm sixteen. What are you, *nine*?" I stated in a biting tone. It wasn't as though I was feeling in a good mood that day. "I'm fourteen." The boy scowled. "What are you doing here?" "I was dared to come here by some friends." He shrugged.

"You're trespassing." I stated.

"I could say the same for you."

"But this is my SCAP."

This argument was making me more frustrated than I already was. "Your what?" He asked, confused. "Never mind, just leave!" "Fine, I'm going!" He turned around and started walking.

I sat back down, angrier than before. "My name's Howell by the way!" The boy yelled over his shoulder. Howell was staring straight at me. "So?" I shouted back. "What's your name?"

Was he serious? “If I tell you my name, will you leave?” I scoffed. “Yeah.” Howell turned back around and grinned. “Wimber.” The look on his face was one I had seen many times. “What?” “Wimber.” I repeated. “Nice name.” He said after a few seconds, and then left. No one had ever said that to me before. But instead of saying something back, I just closed my eyes and kept thinking about my problems.

Howell came back. The two weeks that followed that day, he came back every other day. It annoyed me to no end. I was very protective of my *SCAP*. But at some point, I gave up and let him talk to me. It turned out he was also into making up stories about what happened there.

One day, we were discussing one theory that there was a shooting here and that’s why it had to be abandoned. I said that was a terrible theory since there was no sign of any gun shots, but Howell kept insisting it was true.

My mind wasn’t in the game that day though. I had had another huge fight with Tara. This time, her jerk of a boyfriend was involved. His name was Simon. I hated him. I had called him many things that day. I expected him to tell Tara not to spend time with me. What I really wasn’t expecting was Simon and two of his friends to show up. At my *SCAP*.

“Hey *Wimper*.” Simon had shouted. He didn’t seem to want to actually go past the bumper cars, which was fine by me. “My name’s Wimber.” I shrieked and balled up my fists. Howell seemed perplexed. “And who’s that? Your brother *Dorker*?” “The name’s Howell.” He shouted. I didn’t expect Howell to have such a powerful voice, ever. He sounded so confident then. “Leave us alone, Simon.” I rolled my eyes. “I just wanted to let you know that Tara never wants to see you again.” Simon smiled. What happened next is something I’m still ashamed of because there was a lot of swearing and insults and threats. Eventually, Simon and his gang left, leaving me and Howell alone.

“He called you Wimper, right?” Howell asked sheepishly. “Yeah.” My hands were still balled into fists, so I decided to release them now that Simon was gone. “But your name is Wimber. What does that mean?” “It doesn’t mean anything. That’s the point. My parents want me to decide what it means.” Howell frowned. “Well, my name means ‘attentive’ so I can’t relate to that. But doesn’t it bother you that you don’t know what your name means? Isn’t that like not knowing who you are?” I had never thought about it that way.

“I guess I always thought I would figure it out one day after something big happened.” I looked away, at the river flowing quietly behind us. “Like finding out what happened to this place?” My head snapped back in his direction. “Something like that.” I smiled. “Perfect. Then that’s just what we’ll do. Come on.” Howell grabbed my hand and dragged me along with him.

Where did he take me? To the library. He took me to the library. Then he explained, using very big gestures, about how we would spend some time doing research, trying to find out what happened at that amusement park.

We spent about four hours looking. About seven times I said I wanted to give up, but Howell didn’t let me. I’m glad he didn’t. Because he finally found an article about it. Now that I think back to it, that moment was the biggest moment in my life.

Howell gave the paper to me. It explained how one day the Ferris wheel had stopped working, and a little girl had been so determined to get off she tried jumping into the river, but had missed and had cracked her skull on the way down. The parents had tried to stop her. An ambulance had been called and some firefighters had helped everyone down. The poor parents. She was dying, they knew, so the mother had sung the little girl’s favourite lullaby to comfort her.

“Lullaby.” I whispered. I smiled, I was ecstatic. It was as though everything was falling into place. “My name means *lullaby*.” My eyes had started to water. I couldn’t believe I was tearing up. But there it was. I hugged Howell and thanked him so many times. He seemed just as happy as I was. Lullaby. What a pure word. *My* word. “

So, Wimber, can I finally know what SCAP stands for?” Howell had asked. I laughed. It really did suit what had happened there. “Super Creepy Abandoned Place.” I replied easily. Howell and I laughed. I was beyond happy. Because Howell had helped me. The SCAP had helped me. These things had helped me find myself. I realized something too. I realized, I wouldn’t have ever found this out without them. So I owe me finding myself, what my name means, to them. And I wouldn’t have it any other way.