

A Torn Mind Flash Fiction

Apologize?

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200711-25
403Words

On a bright day in Manhattan, the sun was shining off cars and storefronts, blinding the people. George had just come out of the pastry shop. Dick was turning the nearby corner. The two men slammed into each other. George dropped a loaf of bread from the collision.

"Sir, I believe you have insulted me," George said.

"Excuse me?" Dick asked.

"I believe you have insulted me and I would like it very much if you were to apologize."

"I see."

"— Well, how about it?"

"Oh, I don't believe an apology is in order," Dick said. "You see, you are in fact a scuttler. Yes, that is right. You are a lesser man than that of I. Therefore, the pertinent result of my apology would be illogical and quite frankly insulting."

"You twist words, you do. I shall not have such insults upon my person. I declare that you shall apologize this very moment, or there shall be consequences," George said.

"You have not only made my fist curl, you make my lips deform to snarl."

Dick slammed his fist into George's mouth. An upward spray of blood filled the air. Droplets fell, hitting over the men as a single bolt flew in a wobbling arch. George butted down to one leg and cocked his head to the side, looking up at Dick.

"What have you done?" George asked.

Dick's reply was the heel of his boot crashing down into George's ear.

"Fuck!" George yelled in an irritated spasm.

George attempted to rise to his feet, yet Dick's fist followed through to his chin.

George's mind echoed. His vision blurred and hung with the weight of sleep. Dick clenched his fist tighter and threw another punch into George's jaw.

Blood ran out of George's mouth like water from a faucet. The air of breath the sidewalk below absorbed.